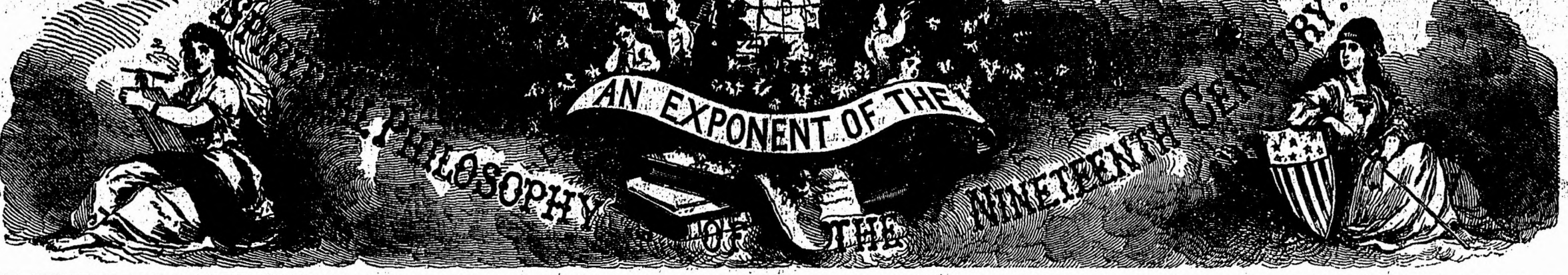


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. 73.

COLBY & RICH,  
9 Bosworth St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1893.

(\$2.50 Per Annum,  
Postage Free.)

NO. 20.

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 XX—CONTINUED.

Annie now arose, saying:  
"Mary, I must now leave you, and join my husband. My work is by his side, and one with him; but I will visit you shortly to see how you get along in the ways of wisdom."

She kissed me good-by, and took her departure. A slight feeling of homesickness passed over me, and I thought I should rather go with my sister than stay here. The young lady perceived my thought, and said:

"Annie must work on a higher plane than you are able to at present, dear Mary. We all must commence with the first steps before we can reach the top of the golden stairs, and Annie began to climb those stairs many years ago, therefore her work cannot lie on the same plane as your own. But be patient, dear lady, and persevere; you will surely attain to great heights, and be happy in the ways of wisdom and love. Shall I play for you?"

I assented, and she began to play some of the sweetest and most inspiring airs. My feeling of homesickness vanished, hope and courage filled my soul. All at once, strange sounds broke upon my ears. Heartrending and discordant shrieks resounded through the house. Muffled sounds and gurgling groans split the air. I started up, a great horror filling me.

"Oh! what is that?" I exclaimed. "It sounds as though murder were being committed!"

"And probably murder has been committed," she replied, rising with a graceful, benign air, and taking my hand.

"Oh! horrible!" I cried. "It cannot be possible that murders are perpetrated in this beautiful building?"

She glanced at me surprisedly.

"Certainly not!" she said. "You forget, dear Mary, that a spirit cannot be killed."

Surely, so I had! But such awful sounds could mean nothing short of murder. Again the dreadful shrieks, the horrible groans, the stifled, gurgling sounds.

"Let us go and help," she said, drawing me gently along with her.

My first thoughts were that I was expected to assist in committing a murder, for the frightful sounds had bewildered me. She drew me along through a corridor, toward a room which I intuitively knew the door of Error must lead into; she pushed aside the curtain and we stood within the room. The stained door was open, and bloody marks were upon it; little pools of fresh blood bedabbled the floor here and there, and the steps were also discolored as with footprints of blood. Everything swam before my eyes: I turned faint and sick with horror and fright.

"Mary," said the gentle voice of my companion, "don't give way to such feelings, for we need your assistance."

Her words brought back my failing courage, and I looked in the direction from whence the horrible sounds proceeded, and there, lying on a white bed, all bedabbled with gore, was the writhing, shrieking form of a woman. Her face was contorted with agony, her eyes were glaring wildly, and she was clawing the air as though to ward off murderous blows. Two lovely young girls were standing a short distance away, their white garments all stained with blood, their forms swaying and drooping as though in grief, the tears rolling down their sweet, angelic cheeks. They looked up as we entered, and one of them said:

"She cannot see us yet; we must wait awhile."

"Who has committed this deed?" asked my companion.

"Her husband and our father," was the sorrowful reply; "and we have just borne her spirit hither. Oh, mother, mother!"

One of them knelt by the bedside, and gently took the clashing hand within her own; the other daughter took fresh water, carefully wiped away the stains and marks about the door and steps, also from the floor of the room. The murdered woman's shrieks now grew less, her hands became quiet; the daughter who was kneeling by her side took fresh water, bathed the pale face and hands, then commenced to make gentle passes over the eyes; they gradually lost their terrified expression, the features became more calm, and at length a look of intelligence lighted up the countenance. The daughter, kneeling by the bedside, again called in gentle, loving tones:

"Mother! Mother!"

The other girl went to the opposite side of the bed, bending her sweet face above that of the prostrate murdered woman.

"Mother! Mother! Dearest mother," she softly called, "look at me, your own dear girl."

"Whist! Whist!" whispered the mother. "Is that you, me darlint, who calls? Me sweet girl that died of want an' neglect, this two year gone by? Oh! Oh! Thin Teddy has murdered me sure, an' ye are me blissid saints that want to heaven before me. Oh! Oh! an' Teddy will be hung, sure! Oh! Oh! me throwles are more thin I kin bear! Sure, it was not Teddy, but the liquor that was in him, that murdered me!"

The two girls bent above their mother with sweet caresses, and loving, encouraging words. I remained a spectator of the scene until they had restored the woman to her full senses, and together with her they had left this room for one across the hall.

My gentle companion and I now returned to the parlor.

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### A MURDERED WIFE AND MOTHER.

THE experience related in the foregoing chapter had rendered me very weak, and I threw myself down upon the sofa with a sighing moan.

"Oh, such things are dreadful—dreadful!" I murmured.

"And yet the earth is filled with cruelty and murder," said my companion. "We can neither shut our eyes, ears nor hearts to the cries of these wronged ones; but we must all work for the redemption of mankind. This husband

has murdered his wife, and, as she truly said, it was not the man but the whiskey that was in him. Those two young girls have been in this hall many months, therefore I know all about their troubles; and this murder has been expected by them for some time. The father's intemperate habits were the direct cause of their own death: they were obliged to toil early and late, in destitution and misery, together with their mother; their tender youth could not bear the strain, so first one dropped off with consumption, and then the other; but for whiskey the father would have been an honest workman, the mother would have been thrifty and saving, the daughters would have been sent to school and lived to be respectable women with little families of their own. To abolish the whiskey trade, and entirely stop the distilling of ardent spirits would do the world more real good than all the prayers of any church. The government first allows the manufacture of ardent spirits, allows them to be dealt out to those who drink them, providing a portion of the money thus obtained is paid into its own coffers; and when the poor victim of intemperance commits murder under their maddening influence, he is hung, and those in power pray to God to be redeemed of their sins. Mary, will you be one to help abolish the whiskey trade? It will be a great way to work out the redemption of mankind."

"I will! I will!" I moaned. "But how can it be done? Oh! that the gulf between heaven and earth might be spanned!"

"It will be," she replied, "and you shall be one to help span it."

"Dear young lady," I asked, "tell me your name?"

"My name is Agnes," she replied. "I am called 'Lady Agnes,' and am the Superintendent of this 'Educational Hall.'"

I was still lying on the sofa, actually prostrated by the terrible scene which I had witnessed. Lady Agnes, as I shall now call her, approached me, laid her hand gently upon my head and over my eyes; her strong, soothing magnetism filled and restored me; I rose strengthened and refreshed.

"Mary, do you feel strong enough now to see this poor woman once more? She needs other help besides that which her two young daughters are able to give her. I would like to have her come to this room, and receive the needed instruction to aid her in understanding things as they are."

Lady Agnes's touch had strengthened me so much that I now felt a desire to see and help this poor murdered woman. Lady Agnes touched an electric communication, and presently the young girls entered, with their mother between them. Lady Agnes gave the woman her hand, and turning to me, said:

"The ladies who are admitted into this hall help and educate each other, together with what assistance I am able to give them. As you two have but just entered, it is fitting that you become acquainted. You were both wives and mothers below; each has left children and husband on earth; each has children here in the heavens. You are Mary, this is Bridget."

I gave my hand to Bridget. She curtsied low. Lady Agnes went to the piano and struck a few soothing, harmonious chords. The mother and daughters seated themselves on the beautiful circular divan, and I took a seat not far away. The stains upon the white robes of the young girls had entirely disappeared, but the mother's garments were still dark and blood-stained; although her face had lost much of its agonized expression, yet it was deeply furrowed, the eyes wearing a look like that of a hunted wild animal, fear and fierceness about evenly blended; her manner was abject and slavish, her form bowed as by toll and deprivation, her hands large and coarse.

Lady Agnes played a soft, plaintive air, that filled the room with sweetness. Bridget sat with crossed hands and downcast eyes, occasionally casting furtive glances about the elegant room; her glances were stealthy, as though she had no right ever to look upon beautiful things, yet her two daughters were as beautiful as they were heavenly. The elder had dark hair, large, sweet, expressive brown eyes, a soft, peachy face, and rounded, graceful form, coupled with great refinement of manner. The younger was a sweet little blonde, with golden curls, large, spiritual, blue eyes, pure, oval face, and exquisite mouth. She was leaning her pretty head against her mother's shoulder.

"Och! me darlints!" sighed Bridget, tenderly stroking the soft curls with her rough hand. "Me purty darlints! an' it's mesel' that's glad to see ye once more; but, och! och! she wailed, 'an' vat's to become o' Maggie an' little Pat, an' the baby, w'out me? Their fayther's a murdering brute ven he's drunk, an' he's murdered me—he's murdered me! But the childer, the childer that's left? Ah! to look at ye, ye purties! There's no need ye hev o' me, but the childer that's left—the childer that's left! Och! vat will become o' thim?" And tears rolled down the grief-stricken mother's face. "It's freezin' an' starvin' they will be, sure! for their fayther canno' wurruk ven he's full o' the viskey; an' vat could he do at all, at all, w' the baby? Och! och! och! And she rocked herself to and fro in her anxiety and grief for her little ones. "An' it was all I could do to keep thim from freezin' an' starvin', washin' an' scrubbin' all the days long for the gintry, an' fearin' for ye, me darlints, that yer souls would no' be at rist; vy is't that I find ye here, an' no' w' the Mother o' God? This place is purty enough, to be sure," she went on, "but this is on'y a foine house, an' these leddies, beggin' their pardon, canno' be the blissid saints; an' sure, the one nor the other is no' the Mother o' God."

"You need not ask our pardon," said Lady Agnes, "for what you say is true; and no one need ask pardon for speaking the truth. I am not the Mother of God, neither am I a calendered saint, although my work at present is to receive, comfort and instruct the souls of forlorn and weary women, who are sent into this world before they ought to come. This place is merely an Educational Hall for Ladies, which I superintend."

"An' is this house in purgatory, thin?"

"We do not call this place purgatory," answered Lady Agnes, "but a house not made with hands, eternal and within the heavens."

Bridget's eyes lost their hunted, fierce expression, and opened to their fullest extent, in a wondering stare of amazement.

"Whist! she whispered. "Vat's that yees talkin' Within the heavens? Thin it's in hiven we are, afther all?"

"Yes," replied Lady Agnes; "you are in the heavens."

"Whist! whist! thin. Vay is the howly Virgin, the saints, an' the blissid Saviour o' mankind?"

"They are all here within the heavens."

"Then ven shall I go to them?" asked Bridget, anxiously.

"The heavens," answered Lady Agnes, "are very, very

large, as well as exceedingly high. We are, at present, far removed from Jesus of Nazareth and Mary his mother. The saints are few, and very far removed from each other; besides, in your present condition, to reach them at their high altitude would be impossible; it may be many, many years, dear Bridget, before you will be able to perceive them; and even supposing that Mary, the mother of God, as you call her, could enter this room at the present moment, what could she do for you—what boon would you crave at her hands?"

"Vat! vat's that you say?" asked Bridget, with mouth and eyes agape. "Vat would I ax o' her?"

"Yes; what would you wish her to do for you?"

"Och! Howly Virgin!" exclaimed Bridget. "But I'd fall at her feet an' kiss the hem o' her garment."

"But what possible good would that do you or her?"

Bridget's eyes and mouth opened wider and still wider, if that were possible, in the utmost astonishment; at last she found voice to say:

"Whist! oh, whist! Yeess must be a great sinner to talk afther that manner o' the howly Virgin, the Mother o' God! Ough'ten the Mother o' God to be worshipped?"

"Well," replied Lady Agnes, "that depends very much on what you mean by the word worship. To fall down on your face and kiss the hem of her garment would do neither her nor you any good whatever; in fact, I do not think such a proceeding would be at all agreeable to an angel as wise as Mary, the mother of Jesus, must be, after being within the heavens for eighteen hundred years or more. I will repeat my question: What would you ask of her?"

Bridget meditated in great perplexity.

"Perhaps you have more than one desire. Please to tell us what you wish for more than all things else."

"But if I am murdered an' in hiven, where's the good o' wishin'?"

"It is the only way in which you can obtain anything."

"But the praist toul me it were sinful to wish for anything that one could no' have."

"Bridget," said Lady Agnes, "there is not anything one may not have, if one earnestly desires and constantly strives to obtain it."

"Och! now yeess tellin' the falsest o' lies! an' it's in purgatory I must be, afther all; an' ye are one of the decayers, for I might o' axed to be rich all the days o' me life, an' that could ne'er o' bin."

"But your life is not ended, my dear Bridget; it is but scarcely commenced as yet."

"I could not help smiling at the ludicrous expression on Bridget's stolid face."

"Whist! now, vat's that yeess tellin' me? An' was n't it Teddy himself that murdered her?"

"Well, he sent you out of your body, certainly; but, Bridget, are you dead or alive?"

"Whist! now, it's both I am, sure!"

"No," replied Lady Agnes; "you, yourself, are living, and ever will live; all your wishes can meet with fulfillment, for eternity lies outstretched before you. I do not wish you to understand that your desires can be granted at once, but, unless you earnestly wish for something, you can make no progress."

"Can I wish for anything, at all, at all?"

"Anything, no matter what; but it is the real and greatest desire which you feel within yourself that I would like to have you manifest."

"Thin," said Bridget, "I want to see me baby, an' little Pat, an' Nora. But vay's the use o' that? I'm dead an' murdered!"

"You will soon find your desire a very useful one, which will shortly meet with its fulfillment. And now let me impress upon your mind, dear Bridget, that all your desires will at last meet with corresponding fulfillment. To wish and strive for a thing is the only way to obtain anything whatever. Your present wish is right and proper. Your wish to see Mary, the mother of Jesus, will also meet with its fulfillment in time. It is a matter of time only. You can also fall at her feet and kiss the hem of her garment, if you greatly desire to do so. I merely questioned the wisdom of it; whether much good would thereby be accomplished or not. I doubt much whether you will still retain those desires when you become as wise as she is, and I certainly know that she does not desire you to do anything of the kind; she would much rather that you should love and help those nearest and dearest to you. Mary, will you now relate to Bridget your experience? It will help and strengthen her."

"With pleasure," I replied; and in a few words as possible I told her all, from the time I had found myself an inhabitant of the spiritual world; of the many times I had already returned to those loved ones whom I had left there; I told her of my own little baby, of my boy of three and my man of six; of the two little girls here in the spiritual world, and of my husband.

"Och!" said she, "but your husband ne'er murdered yeess, loike Teddy has me."

"No; he did not kill my body, but he killed my soul, and every other soul in existence."

Bridget raised her hands, and rolled up her eyes with such a look of horror on her face, that I laughed quite heartily as I replied:

"That is to say, he killed them to himself alone, blotted them out of his own earthly life, besides killing his own soul to himself as long as he lives on earth."

"Och! vat can ye mane?" asked Bridget, with a look of incredulity.

"I mean that he is what is called a materialist; will not believe that people live at all after the death of the body. He has killed my soul to himself, because he will not believe that I have a soul at all; therefore I am dead to him while he remains on earth, and it will be impossible for me to reach him. I hope better things of my children; they are young; I shall send a great part of my time striving to impress their tender minds with the great truth of immortal life, growth and progress of the soul. Really, it now seems to me as though it were no worse to kill the body than to endeavor to kill the soul. Teddy has, in a moment of drunken fury, destroyed your material body to himself and the little ones on earth; my husband has destroyed my soul to himself and my little ones on earth; for he teaches them that their mother is dead forever. Bridget, is not my grief as great as yours?"

"Well, now, mum," replied she, light dawning on her stolid face, "yeess right, yeess are. Thin ye've seen yer babbles an' yer husband sin' comin' here?"

"Oh, yes, many times," I replied; "but they cannot see me, which causes me much sorrow. Oh, that the gulf might be spanned!" I sighed.

"An' vat gulf is it yeess mane?" asked she.

"The gulf of ignorance which separates the two worlds," I answered.

Bridget glanced at Lady Agnes.

"An' did yeess not tell us that we should have all our wishes?"

Never shall I forget the look of heavenly delight that rested, like the flush of rosy morn, on that lovely face, as she softly replied:

"I did, my dear Bridget; I did, my sweet Mary. The gulf will be spanned, and that very shortly; you shall both help to span it, and when the gulf is once thoroughly spanned, you shall lend your aid toward the destruction of the great monster, Intemperance; this will please Mary, the mother of Jesus, and all other angels, much better than it would to have you fall down and worship her or kiss the hem of her garment."

### CHAPTER XXII.

#### THE CIRCLE.

ALL the details of our conversation need not be entered into; suffice it to say that we all, excepting Lady Agnes, shortly after visited the squalid place poor Bridget had called home. Teddy had been arrested, and was in jail. Her disfigured body had been decently laid out for burial. The neighbors, together with one or two relatives, were preparing for a grand wake, which means, I suppose, to light her soul through purgatory. The children would be taken care of for a few days, at least.

Poor Bridget was bitterly disappointed because they could not see her, and wailed sorrowfully.

"Och!" said she, angrily; "vat's the use o' bein' a ghost, at all, at all? whin ye can neither go to hiven ner hell, an' yer own flesh an' blood canno' see ye?"

She prevailed upon to go with me to my dear ones, for I now made it a point to visit my husband and children on all available occasions. There had not yet been many changes in my own home worth mentioning, and as Bridget was determined to stay to her own wake, one of her white-robed daughters remained with her; the younger of the two, the graceful, dark-haired girl, returning with me to the Hall. When we entered the parlor, we found many ladies there conversing together in the most animated way.

Lady Agnes, on perceiving me, said:

"Ladies, allow me to introduce to your notice, Mary, a pupil lately admitted to this Hall."

I bowed. The ladies saluted me cheerfully, and I took a seat where I thought I should be the least observed, listening with some curiosity to the conversation.

"Yes," replied a large, fine-looking lady, to a question that had been asked her, "telegraphy has become a success on the earth, and together with it, *Spiritual Telegraphy*! Many spirits have been able to produce sounds similar to those made by the electric batteries; we have already been heard and heeded, sentinels have been appointed and stationed near all the greatest sensitives who live on the earth; we shall never cease in our efforts until heaven and earth clasp hands, and are united in an indissoluble union."

"But we shall be beaten back by the churches," said the first speaker.

"Yes; the war between spirits and the churches will be a desperate one; still, we well know that truth and right will at length win the victory."

"They are about to declare war between the North and the South, are they not?"

"Yes; and the result will be the emancipation of the slaves; the result of the war between heaven and the churches will be the emancipation of the creed-bound slaves belonging to the churches; but the war between heaven and the churches will be a long and bitter one; hundreds of mediums, or sensitives, must be sacrificed before the victory is gained, and all must suffer, be wounded, insulted and slandered, but the war will not end until every creed-bound slave is set free."

The large lady now turned and made her way to where I was seated; she took my hand with a smile, and placed herself by my side.

"Lady Agnes has been speaking to me about you," she said. "You are one of the vast number who earnestly desire to span the gulf; and, when your wish is accomplished, will you not tell the truth to your loved ones about this life? Will you not tell them what you find, and how you find it?"

"If I am ever able to reach my loved ones, and make them comprehend who I am, I will surely tell them the truth as I find it; as surely as I hope for happiness, as surely as that I love my widowed husband and motherless babes!" was my solemn and earnest reply.

"Very good! and we have thousands upon thousands here as loving and earnest as yourself; yet all must be taught how and by what means to accomplish the desired result. This little band of ladies present are about to pay a visit to a circle of friends who are yet in the body, for the purpose of communicating intelligently with them; that is, the earthly circle will be well aware that they are communing with the souls of the so-called dead. You will be able to learn much, and perhaps assist a good deal."

I gladly consented to go with this party of ladies; my heart bounded joyfully at the thought of soon being able to learn how to reach my husband and children. We were soon on our way, and presently entered a room where a small party of ladies and gentlemen were seated around a table; it was a common dining-table of hard wood, and the hands of all present were laid flat upon it.

"Now," said the large lady, who had informed me her name was Esther, "observe carefully all that is going on," and I gladly heeded her admonition.

I saw pale waves of magnetic light emanating from all the hands of those who sat at the table. The table appeared to be a conductor of these waves, and they all flowed toward one particular lady, who was sitting with the others, and were absorbed by her; thus she seemed to be filled more fully than the others, or the others were robbed that she might have a surplus of magnetism, the light of which radiated from her, surrounding her like a halo. Immediately one of the spirit ladies of our party entered this aura, which was a perfect conductor of thought, and by these means the spirit lady was able to stamp upon the brain of the sensitive her own thoughts, or the knowledge which she possessed; stamp them as clearly and forcibly as a photographer stamps the face and figure of the one who is sitting for the purpose upon the sensitive-plate. Soon, by force of great desire or will-power, she controlled this medium or sensitive; as a mother controls her child, to speak and write that which she wished her to speak and write, so that it really was the spirit lady who wrote and spoke, and not the lady seated at the table.

I looked on in wonder and surprise, and was so delighted that I clapped my hands for joy. Surely, the gulf was already spanned! but not known to me. Oh, it was a great thing to have wisdom!

[To be continued.]



## The Reviewer.

## A Proliferous Book.

**SPIRITUALISM EXAMINED AND REVERTED.** It being found contrary to Scripture, known facts and common sense; its phenomena accounted for, while all its claims for disembodied spirits are disproved. Also a discussion of its moral claims, showing that they have not been verified by results attained in the present condition of mankind, as proved by statistics and known facts. Some theories often reviewed by Spiritualism are briefly examined and answered. By JOHN H. DUNTON, Minister of the Gospel. Thirty-five years of investigation, including eight of mediumship, failed to make the author a Spiritualist. If you read this work carefully, you may discover the true position. Published by the Author, P. O. Box 1241, Philadelphia, Pa. 1893. pp. 408.

This elaborately drawn, over-loaded and much-promising title page, reminds us of the charge brought against the late Senator-politician, Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, author of the now historic "Kansas-Nebraska Bill," and his then pet political theory of "Squatter Sovereignty," that in drawing the enabling act for the admission of those Territories he "placed a stump speech in the body of the bill." The title militates against the book. Like those nostrums advertised to cure all diseases but which fall in each case, the compiler promises too much, and signally fails of performance. The promise is too generous, the performance too meagre. After a careful examination of these pages, we are in grave doubt whether by a brief review to advise our readers as to the character of the work, or let it find its quiet and natural death, "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

The work of a candid reviewer is not always agreeable. He stands between the author, compiler, or maker of a book, and the reading public, who desire some knowledge of its nature, character and real worth before they decide to give the volume a place upon their reading tables, or nest it among the treasures upon their library shelves. Frankness of statement often offends; want of frankness deceives, and creates a fresh offense in the person deceived.

There are books and books; authors and authors; compilers and compilers. If it is well-nigh impossible for a learned author to conceal his personality, his mental, temperamental and spiritual characteristics and theological bias, and even the animus which controls in the preparation of a volume, how much more difficult it is for a mere compiler who has a theory to conserve and defend through a careful selection and winnowing of facts and events, to be collated from newspapers, and covering more than a quarter century of time?

If the compiler, not to say author, is personally gifted with more than an ordinary cranial development near where the phrenologist locates the organ of self-esteem, so that a distorted conception of his own ability and the weakness and error of all who differ with him gives the point of satire to his comments, and leads to the profuse use of capital letters, italics, and to constant repetitions, in which to set forth the merest literary trash, or to give force to statements which have no force in themselves—intrinsically—then the personnel of the author or compiler stands clearly before the critic and even the ordinary critical reader.

We have great respect for all scholars in the ministerial profession. We have a still greater respect for those clergymen whose profound scholarship is wedded to a spirit of fairness and candor, and to a modesty of temper and bearing becoming the discipleship of such a master as they portray and serve. But even our respect for the cloth will not permit us to notice this work, composed largely of newspaper clippings, strung together by partial explanations and misleading deductions, in any other language than the book deserves. Its style is coarse. One extract in disclosing this style suffices: "Many will be surprised when we tell them that Spiritualism has no more use for prayer than a frog has for an umbrella!" (p. 65.) That may be deemed wit by some, but we remind the reverend compiler that it will not be generally accepted as clean, clerical humor. The volume is blemished with too much of that kind of literary "burnt-cork" to make it palatable to persons ordinarily sensitive, or with any pretensions to literary taste.

What are hostily called unanswerable arguments by the author, are largely sophisms. Even the profuse use of capital letters fails to hide the sophistry. A single illustration must suffice. He seeks, in the interests of Churchianity and against individual freedom of thought and conscience, to disprove the fact that, in building our superstructure of civil government, our fathers divorced the civil from the religious, and would not permit the church, even by implication, to found a claim to recognition as any part of the State. The history of this birth of the Republic is interesting and instructive to the present generation, and is pertinent also, in view of the attempts of certain church bigots to secure an amendment to the Constitution, incorporating in it the old Jewish, theocratic claim, or the more modern trinitarian conception of deity; and also by the later attempt to foist the Sunday of the church upon the government and upon all consciences, Jewish or Gentile.

The Convention which framed and adopted the Constitution of the Republic ignored entirely in the instrument any allusion to religious dogma. These representatives were laying the foundations of a purely civil republic. The governments of the Old World (excepting the republic of Switzerland) had been the perpetual sextons for the burial of personal, individual liberty, through some form of religious intolerance and coercion. Hence the Declaration of Independence from the mother country had announced in the broadest terms, that "the laws of nature and of nature's God" were their basis of right, of founding, and of defense; and having affirmed this, they said no more. The Constitution subsequently enacted and sent to the legislatures or conventions of the people of the States for ratification, did not contain one word of even reference to religion or religious concerns; and it was ratified by the requisite number of States within a year of its adoption by the Convention. But some of the States were sensitive, and desired the addition of restrictive clauses to the original document. In accordance with a provisional clause in the instrument, and to meet and allay this fear, the first Congress under the Constitution, held in the city of New York on the 4th of March, 1793, adopted the following preamble and resolutions:

"The Conventions of a number of the States having, at the time of their adopting the Constitution, expressed a desire, in order to prevent misconstruction or abuse of its powers, that further declaratory and restrictive clauses should be added; and as extending the ground of public confidence in the government will best insure the beneficent ends of its institution: Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, two-thirds of both Houses concurring, that the following articles be proposed to the Legislatures of

the several States, as amendments to the Constitution of the United States," etc.

"Art. I. Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

There were twelve amendments proposed, ten of which were ratified by the requisite number of States, and became integral parts of the Constitution. In order to more safely guard the liberties and rights of the citizen, Arts. IX. and X. of the amendments were also incorporated, as follows:

"Art. IX. The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people."

"Art. X. The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

Our fathers had before them, as rank illustrations of religious autocracy and religious oppression, the Puritan practices of Massachusetts and Connecticut, where the clergy were supported by a tax upon all parish residents, whether the forced tax-payer attended church or repudiated its service. The State of Rhode Island, founded by Roger Williams, who was banished from the Puritan Colony of Massachusetts because of his independence of conscience, resisted the ratification of the Constitution until the last; its convention finally passing the ratifying act on the 29th of May, 1790, nearly two years after its adoption by the convention, and then only by a majority of two; and not even then until assured, morally and politically by its sister States, that the first, ninth and tenth amendments should be legally ratified and made a part of the perfected Constitution.

Now, did not the reverend compiler of this volume know these facts when he penned and published the paragraph against the freedom advocated by all Spiritualists, and in favor of the church turning this republic into a religious government through or by an amendment to its Constitution, which should place the name of the Jewish Jehovah, or the Christian God, conspicuously upon its scroll? If he did not know these facts, we refrain in charity from properly characterizing his ignorance; if he did know them, our contempt of his sophistry is too deep for expression in type.

We quote from page 64, omitting the capitals: "But the candid reader will ask if God is now recognized in the Constitution? Yes, virtually, for he was recognized in the Declaration of Independence, and was not rejected in the Constitution; moreover, Congress has paid more than fifteen hundred thousand dollars to chaplains for prayers to Him that He might lead and bless its members in their deliberations and enactment of laws for the nation; and they have respectfully deferred the business of each day until such 'recognition' was made, and were listeners if not partakers in it. Again, this has been practiced for one hundred years. Once more: Many millions of prayers have been offered for the Government by as many of its subjects, who never saw its halls of legislation. Now what is the result? Well, despite the fact that the national government has been menaced by foreign power, by Indians, by slavery, by treason, by Mormonism, by assassination and by anarchy, with other 'isms' as underminers, at a cost of millions of lives and millions of dollars, it has increased its size, its population and its value."

Dare we suppose that some man will straighten up in his concealed wisdom and conclude that all this has been done, while God was practically ruled out of the constitution? We hope none of our skeptical friends will make such a mistake as to jump at that conclusion and emigrate with it on a fast train, believing it to be patent!

That will do as a specimen of its logic, and as another example of its chaste and elevated style!

The forty or more pages devoted to the advocacy of keeping woman in subjection to a male tutelage and tyranny, only disclose the glaring mistake made in publishing the book at all. It is "a back number." It is now nearly a quarter-century since it was compiled, notwithstanding its late date imprint, and it should have been allowed to slumber forever in manuscript. Generations of old fossilized ideas, customs and habits of thought have passed on. New thoughts, forces, social systems and aids, new facts and new disclosures have been leaping out of the great womb of Nature, the silent voices of Nature's God; mental pigmies and creedal bigots have ceased to dominate in the spheres of philosophy, science and law, and the sweep is still onward. So great is its force that it is brushing aside or engulfing ignorance, dogmatism, old conceptions and faiths touching God as an anthropomorphic deity—a man enlarged into infinity, with all the passions of hate, and all the leanness and indifference to pain and personal sorrow of the most stolid and unfeeling heart.

The sweep is still onward affecting every department, but not as to every individual of every species, for our reverend compiler of a book a quarter-century old, has been left among the exceptions, to air his sixteenth century theology, to exert his little utmost to check human progress and divine revelation, to resist all efforts to emancipate, enfranchise, and ennoble by an exalted usefulness and influence, the sex of the mother who bore him. Nay, more: he is left to furnish a fossilized specimen of ancient assumptions and sophistical methods in reasoning.

We will do the "man and brother" the justice of stating that while he is fully assured (though his assurance does not extend to us, our thinking and our experience,) that no person who has left the mortal, or departed this life, or died physically, has ever returned, or ever will return to visit the scenes of his former physical embodiment, yet the phenomena connected with Modern Spiritualism "is not all humbug, but has its foundation in fact." He knows it to be fact, for he asserts a personal mediumship of years. His mediumship, however, did not carry conviction to his mind that exorcised persons were conversing with him, or manifesting themselves to him; never did bring such conviction to his mind, and we may add, never could, because he was never willing to accept of such a hypothesis, according to his own statement.

In seeking a solution of the mysterious manifestations, one more in harmony with his old theological ideas, he found it in the work of demons. His demonology as a philosophy embraces good and bad demons, and is largely based upon it not wholly derived from the weird, fanciful conceptions of England's old, blind but stalwart orthodox poet, John Milton, to whom is due the orthodox conception of the imps who work eternally in burning sulphur, and whose only missionary employment is found in visiting earth to obtain fresh subjects for their congenial occupation.

We express sympathy with our unfortunate medium brother, over the class of demons which he seemed forced to entertain during his period of mediumship; and assure him that

to-day the laws of intercommunication between the two states of existence have become so well understood, that to an ordinarily intelligent and candid mind, no demon, good or bad, could easily, by simulation or device, deceive an honest heart as to its loved, lost and returning friends, bringing their wealth of love, their personal confidences, and their inspirations toward a higher, glorified immortality of life.

So far as we are conversant with the present popular taste, the venture of printing and issuing this book is untimely. There is no call for such. The spiritual-minded in the churches do not want it, for they are reading spiritual literature, and through family circles are studying with great personal comfort and joy to themselves, the modern revelations of God through phenomena and law, the great modern truth of continuous life for the soul and spirit, after the material "life's fitful fever is over"; the Spiritualists have no use for it; the scientists will not wade through its dreary platitudes, even though embalmed in capital letters; while the great, unclassing reading army simply receive what is accepted by society as in "good form."

While the volume, in its text, is a "back number"; a birth out of its time, a failure to "refute," and while the compiler is entitled to our profound commiseration, yet the book is very neatly gotten up and presents a very creditable appearance.

## From the "Other Shore."

(Medium and Daybreak, London, June 30th, 1893.)

**THE H. M. S. VICTORIA CATASTROPHE,**

FORETOLD AND REPORTED BY A MEDIUM.

Mr. Editor: Dear Sir—I write you the following of what took place at my house, to show the wonderful power of spirits to foretell future events.

On September 10th, 1891, a dear friend of mine, Mr. John Abrahams, a trusted and valued attendant of Admiral Tryon, left London to serve on board H. M. S. Victoria. He had been engaged to be married to a daughter of mine, who died in Torquay under very sudden and painful circumstances, and the grief for her loss had drawn us very closely together. He had been away one year and nine months out of the three years he expected, and letters passed very frequently between us.

On Wednesday last, June 21st, my wife and I received a call from Mr. W. Hensman, the clairvoyant medium, who often visits me; and after sitting talking some little time, a séance was proposed, and we sat down, the three of us round a small work-table. While we were sitting, the postman brought a letter, and on looking at the envelope I saw it was from my dear friend, John Abrahams. Mr. Hensman at once said: "There's a letter just come from across the water (he had then gone under control). I gave him the letter, which he placed to his forehead. He then commenced to describe my friend, told me what part of the ship he was in, and all he was doing. He then described my daughter, who had just shown herself. He described her as going backwards and forwards from the room to the ship, with an expression of great trouble on her face. He said: 'This fair young spirit is trying to comfort him, but cannot impress him sufficiently. He is sitting in a little room, with his head resting on his hand, and he is fearfully depressed with a feeling of something he does not know what. She wants to warn him of the darkness hanging over him, but cannot get his mind to power.'"

The medium then turned to us and said: "Your friend is in great danger; he will soon be in the spirit-world; pray for him." The séance over, I made up my mind to write off and warn him; which I did. As I was walking along on Friday to post the letter, I saw the placards with the loss of H. M. S. Victoria, the news having just arrived. There was then no list of the saved to be had, so I went on to my friend Mr. Hensman, and brought him on to my house, and he sat down at once and gave us a séance.

I wanted to know if my poor friend had perished, and he then described him, dressed as I know he would be at the time, with full white shirt front and dark coat. He showed him as coming up some stairs with glasses in his hands. All at once the things were thrown out of his hands, he fell down the stairs amongst a lot more people, and the ship then commenced to turn over, and went right under the water.

So graphic did he describe it all, so clear as if he had been on the ship, that it made us shudder. It has been a dreadful shock to both my wife and me, but I have received so many wonderful tests from this same medium, that I have no doubt whatever that it all happened in the way he described.

Yours truly, J. F. DUNTON.

## Surprising Tests.

(Condensed from the columns of the *Harford (Ct.) Times*, of July 5th, 1893.)

WINSTED, July 3d, 1893.—I have visited in Brooklyn, N. Y., Mrs. E. L. Dearborn, 149 Lawrence street, a medium for genuine messages from "the loved ones gone before"; and so satisfying are the tests one gets through her mediumship, that it seems a duty to speak of their remarkable character, notwithstanding Mrs. Dearborn herself has always shrunk from publicity.

Many of her callers are ministers in churches; others are more or less prominent in the religious field. Two-thirds of them come, if not like Nicodemus of old, "by night," at least on the sly, for fear their friends or neighbors will find it out! Mrs. Dearborn seems indeed to be a medium for ministers and deacons! She has not sought their attention to the possibilities of these testimonials that the gates are ajar; they have come themselves, after one or more has privately related his experience to others.

Among the callers at Mrs. Dearborn's is Mr. Kidd, a noted millionaire. For nearly a year Mrs. Dearborn never knew, in her waking state, who he was. One day he came, and he was told to be the spirit of Gen. U. S. Grant (a friend of his) came, and after speaking of the glorious character of this modern revelation of the truth of a future life, said, "I wish my wife to know this truth. I wish you would get her to come and see this medium."

"But," said Mr. Kidd, "what proof can I give her that it is really you who ask her to come?" "Proof!" was the answer. "Wasn't my wife staying in your house last night?"

It turned out to be true: Mrs. Grant had stayed with Mr. Kidd's family the previous night—though few people probably knew it. A woman from Jersey City visited Mrs. Dearborn to see if she could get from her husband, who had died suddenly only a day or two before, the secret combination of the lock to the safe of the firm with which he was connected. His sudden death had taken away the key. She refused to give the name, and next day Mrs. Dearborn nor her friends knew who the woman is; but an intelligence, certainly outside of the medium, purported to be the husband of the inquirer, and did give a combination, which, he said, would unlock the safe. The woman went away. A day or two later she returned, and said, "That combination I got through you. Did you unlock the safe?" She went away without revealing her identity.

Another case, in which the names can be obtained, I am told, at Mrs. Dearborn's, was this: A lady came "to consult the spirits," and her father was very ill. She asked, "Will my father get well?" The answer came, "Your father will die in exactly six months from to-day."

The lady left her name and address; and six months later she testified to the literal and exact truth of the mysterious prediction. She had not told her father of the prediction, so his own mind could not have influenced the time or fact of his departure.

Here is another case. A woman, at the time quite unknown to Mrs. Dearborn, came to con-

sult her mediumistic powers. The first thing she got was a message purporting to be from her mother.

"My mother!" she exclaimed—"my mother is not dead."

"Your mother," came the response, "is here! I am your mother. I passed out of the body last Sunday night."

[It was then, I think, on Wednesday.] After Mrs. Dearborn came into her waking state, the caller related her story. "My marriage," she said, "was in a sense a runaway match. I lived in England. My parents opposed the match. But I married; and my husband and I came to America. Our parents would not correspond with us. But I had a friend living in the same town who would answer my letters, to let me know occasionally, how things were getting on in the old home. Ten years have passed without my getting a letter from my father or mother; but I ought to hear, even if only through my friend, if either of them have died—and I shall write to this friend at once to ascertain."

Subsequently this lady came back to Mrs. Dearborn with the announcement that she had written to her friend in England, and that her friend had written to her—that the letters had passed each other, one going to England, the other to America; and that the mother of Mrs. Dearborn's caller had actually died on the very Sunday evening named in the purported message. How can such facts be explained on any other theory than the one so uniformly maintained, in all the ten thousand messages themselves, that these messages are from the friends departed?

Mr. T. Pease, a Wall street broker, in forms me that he, also, has through Mrs. Dearborn a wonderful test. He had a near friend in Springfield, Mass., Mr. Edwin Barr, whose son, George Barr, also was his friend. This latter, or what purported to be George Barr, came to him through Mrs. Dearborn, and said he had just killed his wife—shooting her twice—in the Hotel Warwick (a place Mr. Pease knew was kept by George Barr)—adding that he would up the tragedy by shooting himself. Mr. Pease was doubtful about this story. He never had known a message given through Mrs. Dearborn to be wrong; but this one startled, and made him hesitate. The next mail brought him the news (and so did the newspapers of the next morning) that every word in this spirit message was true.

## THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, OR WORLD'S FAIR.

BY HENRY LACROIX.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

[Concluded.]

MIDWAY PLAISANCE forms a sort of by-way, and is considered as a by-show by the Administration. It is the most frequented portion of the grounds, on account of its exotic character. Every part of it almost is an extra pay affair, from ten cents to seventy-five cents. The principal points of attraction are: Algeria and Tunis display, American Indian village, Austrian village, the Captive Balloon, the Chinese village, tea house and theatre, Dahomey village, Dutch settlement, exhibit of Irish industries, houses, Blarney castle and its "soft soap" stone, French castles and older brass, Hagenbeck Animal Show, Ice Railway, Indian bazaar, Japanese bazaar, Lapland village, Lecture Hall, Libby Glass Company exhibit, Moorish Palace, Morocco exhibit, Natatorium, National Hungarian Orpheum, Nursery exhibit, Pano area of Bernese Alps, and of Hawaii, of Klauen Volcano, Persian section, street in Cairo, German village, Turkish village, bazaar and café, Venice Murano Company, Vienna café, and Workmen's Home, etc. There is also a Swiss Indian village, from Pacific Ocean, which is quite interesting. The natives are a good-looking lot of women, men and children, who take after the aborigines of Society and Marquesas French Islands. They go through different performances, and are under the care of an American who has lived among them for over twenty years. They attract a good deal of attention, and they deserve it. The Ferris wheel, seven hundred and fifty feet diameter, does not take the place of an Eiffel Tower.

Choral or Festival Hall, near Horticultural Hall, is an ordinary-looking building. It is much frequented by lovers of music; the auditorium seats six thousand five hundred. There is a chorus of two thousand five hundred voices. Entrance fees are exacted here to the daily concerts, etc.

The Art Building, in same neighborhood, is a model piece of architecture, the main building being 320x500 feet, with two annexes, each being of 120x200 feet; the whole cost \$670,000. It is necessarily fire proof. All countries are here represented, in the way of paintings, drawings and statuary, even to Japan. The arrangement within is well planned, and consecutive galleries are easily traced and followed by visitors; that is an essential point. The leading foreign countries in fine arts, such as France, Italy, Spain, England, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Austria and Russia, make a fine show, on a rather limited scale, however. All the above display excellent specimens, and one is apt to think himself in the regular galleries in Europe, where masterpieces abound and surround. Grace, strength, vigor and originality, all combined or separately figuring on canvas, etc., make objects of study and admiration which the mind and senses dwell on *à la course*, or hurriedly, as move on is a stringent rule in these precincts.

As to the American exhibit here some of the Chicago papers have gone beyond bounds in its praises, and went so far as to class it as superior to European exhibits. The *Herald*, however, has seen fit to express the following criticism:

"The relative inferiority of the American section of fine arts is the theme of every thoughtful tongue. Foreigners accustomed to fine arts exhibitions are amazed and disappointed to find so many hundred thousand feet of valuable wall-space on mediocrity. There are altogether 1,000 paintings in oil in the American exhibit. Out of that total there is not one worth mention, drawn from the history of the nation which this exhibit of art professes to represent. The nation is thus derided by its own painters. Absence of American historical subjects is made more striking by the few exceptions to the general rule," etc., etc.

The attainment of excellence in fine arts, always maintained, never takes place in any nation before its approaching decadence. History is there to prove it, and beside it is a logical sequence. Thanks to the gods, as some would say, this nation is going upward, growing more and more—and not moving downward; therefore, we must be satisfied with our opportunity and ability of achieving greater or more many attainments. Poetry is considered very fine; but I prefer poetic prose. The first is feminine-like, the other masculine. Excellence in fine arts will come soon enough in this Western sphere.

While in Paris last winter I had occasion to visit the American Club of student painters, etc., to find a young relative from St. Louis. I saw there a long list of members, comprising several hundred. These would-be artists are striving, as a rule, to profit by their lessons, and to repay—later on—the sacrifices of their parents or friends who have to pay the expenses. Some of these young men get up, now and then, some good tableaux, which they offer for sale to their riot countrymen who visit Paris. Do you think these promising painters would be able to sell to their countrymen a genuine American subject, however good it might be? Not Most of our rich men—millionaires—are ignorant of fine arts, selfish and unpatriotic. They want foreign subjects; home things are too common for them. Hence, the demand being null, almost, the production necessarily becomes naught. So, then, who is to blame?

I met in Paris, a few years ago, a young woman from California, who, it seemed, had made her mark there as a landscape painter, in oil, and realized a handsome sum to travel in Europe with her sister. She went around to several studios with some of her specimens, and was told that she had better begin to learn to draw—which she had the good sense to do.

During the last Exposition in Paris, 1889, I examined two large paintings by American artists—which astonished me. They represented Indian scenes of the Far West, and the squaws thereon depicted were so idealized, made so angelic-like, with fine wavy hair, as to lead me to imagine that those painters had never seen a squaw. Truthfulness is obligatory in art as in everything else. "Copy nature! and that is sufficient," they say in Paris.

**Fisheries Building.**—This is called by some an architectural poem; its cost has been \$224,000. It is situated opposite the Government Building. The dimensions are large; the main building being 305x108 feet, connected with two annexes. The French and American exhibits here are very numerous and interesting. Canada makes a fine show in this edifice and many others. But the

**Aquarium,** or live fish display, both fresh and salt water fishes—connected with the main building by a fine arched gallery—entraptures every visitor. The collection is so large and varied, so beautiful indeed, that the most indifferent wake up at the sight and get deeply interested. This aquarium is no doubt one of the finest in the world.

**United States Government Building** is a stately edifice, and its great dome is seen far away. It is 345 by 415 feet, and cost \$400,000. The materials used in its construction are iron and glass. As to the interior it is immensely crowded with most valuable and interesting things, so much so as to bewilder one at first inspection. The governmental treasures are surprisingly varied. There are the Post-office, Treasury, War and Agricultural departments, and the north half is devoted to the rich Smithsonian Institute exhibits and Interior department. Apart from that the Government has an Army Hospital, Signal Service Station, a large Naval exhibit and others outside. The historical relics of the nation are immense in number, and would occupy a week in their survey. There is a facsimile of the original manuscript of the Declaration of Independence; there are also other precious papers which came from Washington enclosed in a steel chest. The exhibit of innumerable objects dating back to the time of the Colonial régime forms a quite valuable museum. There is also the Indian department, which claimed my liveliest attention. It is an invaluable historical record, depleted with full-form life-like figures of many tribes, engaged in various scenes, from the wigwag to the war-path. There are also many engravings, lithographs and photographs which illustrate Indian life. Early pottery, arms, stone-instruments, etc., are systematically arranged for inspection. This is the largest and richest collection that I ever saw.

Almost every State in the Union has seen fit to have its *State Building* for the use of its commissioners, and as a rendezvous for its citizens. Most of them contain exhibits, and the majority are large, costly and fine buildings. Those of Illinois and California are the largest. The cost of the first was \$250,000. Both are great points of attraction, on account of their large exhibits. All those buildings are grouped from Midway Plaisance to the Lake, northern part. Many foreign governments have also fine edifices for their officers, and beside a great number of Americans and foreigners have erected costly buildings and pavilions to exhibit their wares or sell their products. Pavilions for the sale of Waikukua and Hygeia spring waters are numerous. They are sold at one cent a glass and go like "hot cakes."

After perambulating a good deal I will take my readers back to the starting point, where most important buildings and exhibits have not yet been described, or rather broached—as I have done nothing else all along, for the very best of reasons—want of space.

**Electricity Building.**—Its dimensions are 600x345 feet, occupying nearly five and one-half acres; the cost was \$401,000. It has two stories. In front of this edifice is a sixteen-foot statue of the Father of Electricity, Benjamin Franklin, with his kite and key. The elevators inside are worked by the weird power. In this immense interior are ranged all sorts of appliances, models, from every country, which reveal the history of electricity, and its executive capabilities.

The electric lighting of the buildings and grounds is a demonstration of are and incandescent features—eight thousand are lamps of two thousand candle power, and about one hundred and thirty thousand incandescent lamps of sixteen candle power, teach a lesson of latter-day progress.

The intra mural railway, which goes over all the grounds, and connects the various buildings—fare ten cents—is worked by electric power.

The Electricity Building offers more attraction, no doubt, to the scientifically inclined than to common folks; but it contains as well many features to interest the latter, more numerous groups, such as telephones, phonographs—with late improvements—and the new kinetograph, by Edison, which transmits scenes to the eye as well as sounds to the ear. There is also the application of electricity in surgery, dentistry, etc., for the diagnosis of disease and its treatment—also the mechanism for inflicting capital punishment.

**Mines and Mining Building** is seven hundred feet in length by three hundred and fifty feet in width; its cost was \$265,000. Here each State and foreign countries are fully and beautifully represented. The mineral resources and products of each make a dazzling display. Precious stones, such as diamonds, opals, emeralds, etc., big nuggets of native gold and silver, are to be seen in profusion, in many of the Western shows. Pennsylvania, Michigan, Missouri, California, Montana and Colorado, are the greatest exhibitors. In the Montana section is the Relian life-size solid silver statue, resting on a plinth of gold, which attracts much attention; it is finely executed, beautifully natural-like.

**Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building** is the mammoth structure of the Exposition, and the one which offers the most attraction of any. Its dimensions are 1,687x787 feet, and its cost was \$1,600,000. The flooring alone represents three million feet of lumber, and five carloads of nails. It occupies forty four acres of floor space. The trusses of the Central Hall represent twelve million pounds of steel, and two million pounds of iron in the roof of the nave. There is a gallery fifty feet wide, which encircles the four sides above. Thirty great staircases connect the lower floor with the galleries. Fifty tons of paint and thirty thousand panes of glass were used in this building. The elevators in this, and some other edifices, should have occupied lateral space (as at the Paris Exposition), instead of taking valuable room in the middle. There is a chime of nine bells—above the great central clock tower—which is often heard enlivening the air with its notes and tunes. England, France, Germany, Italy and Russia have rich pavilions in this building, but I think that the exhibits of those countries in this case are inferior to the displays they made in 1889 at the Paris Exposition, excepting, perhaps, Germany. Japan has also a fine pavilion, and a large show of ceramics and bric-a-brac things. Her paintings here, and in the Fine Arts Building, rather disappointed me, painfully, I must say. I thought the Japanese were far ahead of the Chinese in that respect; but they are not, according to specimens. The exhibits of American firms are very extensive and fine. Canada, and other British Colonies, show great vitality and spirit of enterprise by their exhibits. The first, principally, does credit to its official recognition as the first and foremost colony of England.

**Machinery Hall,** lying on the south side of Administration Building, is 846x492 feet, without counting its annexes; altogether it covers nearly twenty acres; its cost was \$1,285,000. The leading exhibits here are American, and comprise an incredible number of machines of all sorts. One machine carves from wood intricate designs and statues in groups. Another, exhibited by O. L. Goehring of Allegheny City, Pa., turns out four or five groups of wood statuary in the course of a few minutes. Some sewing machines are operated by a leader riding them as on a bicycle for a hundred feet, guiding an electric motor, which sews the carpet as he moves along. What next?

**Agricultural Building** faces the Court of Honor on south side; its dimensions are 600x500 feet, and the annex 300x500 feet; the whole cost was \$918,000. Although only one story high, this edifice presents a grand appearance. The interior is all dotted with rich pavilions of each State or country, representing in each case a local character, determined by general products of each. The Western States, for instance, have pavilions made very often with corn-cobs, etc., arranged fantastically, and the effect is very peculiar. There are all kinds of agricultural implements, dairy affairs, etc. Canada exhibits an eleven-ton cheese.

I have endeavored to give the patrons of THE BANNER an general outline of this great Exposition, and I hope I have succeeded in this sketch far enough to induce my readers to go and judge for themselves, *de visu*.



## ABST OMEN.

The following poem I copied some time ago from the *British Medical Journal*. I have forgotten the name of the doctor who wrote it, but it is so beautiful, and that it would interest many of your readers, I enclose a copy.—B. W.

Here's our subject, tall and strong,  
With the blood on his cheeked along,  
Ready now to be dissected,  
Some one never claimed, it seems,  
Friendless, amid London's Babble,  
Did he ever, in his dreams,  
See this table?

Here's a hand, that once held fast  
All things pleasant to its liking;  
Now its active days are past,  
Or for friendship or for striking,  
Nothing colder here could lie,  
Yet on some one's palm there lingers  
Sense of its warm touch, while I  
Strip the finger.

How the dead eyes strangely stare  
When I lift the lids covered there,  
Yet some woman, I dare swear,  
Lives, who well had learned to love them,  
Some one, since their final sleep,  
Holds their smiles in recollection,  
While I put them by to keep  
For dissection.

Then the heart, I take it out,  
Handling it without compunction;  
Once it wildly pulsed, no doubt,  
Well performed each wondrous function;  
Bent the life-blood on its race  
With miracle and mystery,  
Felt, responsive to one face,  
Palpitation.

Where was life then? Was it hid  
In its curious convulsion,  
Packed beneath the cranium lid  
With such ordered distribution?  
Can we touch and feel entered—  
Here, it was but the other day  
Life was centred?

No! that puzzle still remains  
One unsolved supreme attraction;  
Here are muscles, heart, and veins,  
Where was that which gave them action?  
Though the scalp's edge be keen  
Comes no answer from the tissues  
Telling us where life has been,  
Whence it issues.

We can bid the heart be still,  
Stop the life blood's circulation,  
Paralyze the sovereign will  
Through the contents of sensation,  
When the clay lies at our feet  
We can light no life within it,  
Cannot make the dead heart beat  
For one minute.

Still this fact remains with him;  
Dead he is to outward seeming,  
Yet those eyes, so gazed and dim,  
See what lies beyond our dreaming,  
Know the secret of the spheres,  
Truth of doom or bliss supernal,  
Read the riddle of the years—  
Life eternal.

So we leave him, ready now  
For the morrow's post mortem lecture;  
Little reck that placid brow  
Of our wayward, wild conjecture.  
It may be our fate to die,  
All unwept and missed by no men;  
Where he lies, we know not, may lie,  
"Abst Omen."

## Banner Correspondence.

## Massachusetts.

ONSET.—Mrs. E. S. Loring, Vice-President of the newly-formed "Onset" Harvest Moon Association, writes from Fitchburg: "This Society is not intended to conflict with any other, but to work in harmony with all, especially the O. B. G. Association.

The object of the Onset Harvest Moon Society is to keep in perpetual remembrance the Harvest Moon Festival, between the red race and the palefaced, which was instituted at Onset some twelve or thirteen years ago by our ardent brother, Dr. I. P. Greenleaf, who, with the assistance of some of the first residents of Onset, gathered at the Flag Staff Park to fittingly celebrate the event for the first time with remarks by the controls and singing by those assembled. When the hour arrived for the exercises to commence, B. H. Bourne and Capt. Nash threw our national colors to the breeze.

In the evening, services appropriate to the occasion were held at the cottage of Dr. Greenleaf. Many of the red race took part in the exercises, as did also our ardent loved ones, and it was with hearts overflowing with love for the oppressed and banished ones from New England shores and the Western wilds that we repaired to our cottages. Therefore we deem it befitting that we perpetuate the memory of this sacred event by some testimonial on these grounds that will be a lasting monument to a banished race.

The second year the festival was fittingly observed at the Auditorium, it being tastefully decorated for the occasion with fruits, vegetables, flowers, trees, shrubs and evergreen. For several years when the weather was propitious we observed these gatherings here; when stormy, holding them at the Pavilion; but of late years the seating capacity has been insufficient for the many that desired to be present, so the Association kindly tendered the use of the Temple. These anniversaries have thus become the red race's day of Onset.

This Society has some projects in view which it will submit to the O. B. G. Association for its approval at some future time. We hope all will cooperate with us in this grand and noble work for the uplifting of all nations and creeds, all races and conditions, and of according equal rights to all.

This organization has taken its name from the old Indian chief Onset (the "I" having the sound of "e"), from which the waters of the bay derive their name.

WORCESTER.—H. W. Hildreth writes: "As I read in the daily papers of the different souls being sent out into the next sphere of existence by the hand of the law, it shrouds my life in sadness and almost darkness for the time that such conditions still exist in this so-called enlightened age. How will it read to future generations as they peruse the pages of history that we are writing to-day? Will they imagine that this was a Christian age? Rather, will they not consider the gallows and the execution-chair invented by civilization and Christianity, as cruel as those implements of torture used in that of the heathen? Is there no way whereby the law of loving kindness shall more fully prevail, and something be done to help these diseased unfortunates? Is there no better way to govern? No more humane method by which (I will not say to punish) to educate and to heal these poor sin-inheritors, these weak, impulsive brothers? May the angels with the torch of truth and love pierce through the clouds of ignorance and cruelty until a better way shall be found to seek and save these that the world calls criminals.

## Ohio.

BELLEFONTAINE.—James Cooper, M. D., writes: "Mr. R. R. Oder of Rushsylvania, this County, informs me that he has written you in regard to work of some kind. He is honest, industrious, capable and strictly temperate. He has been superintendent of the public schools of that place, and was successful and very popular as such. I called him, to which he belonged, and I made him a Spiritualist about eighteen months ago. 'Let him serve out his time, but refused to reappoint him, though no man in the place has a better moral character or education. This is not the worst, for they have done everything in their power to prevent him from getting anything to do, Methodists, Baptists and Covenanters joining the Presbyterians in outcroaking him. His case is like that of Bro. Henry Kiddie, except that Kiddie had means, while Bro. Oder has but a little home (house and lot), and has a family—wife and three children, I think. His wife is also a Spiritualist, and a noble woman, who is willing to suffer for her faith, and is developing for some phase of mediumship, physical, I think.

He don't want pecuniary aid, but work. If you can give him anything to do, or suggest anything that will aid him, he will be very grateful, and it will please me much.

[We have no opening, we are sorry to say, for

your friend Oder; but some good person may, after reading your appeal, Bro. Cooper, write to you in regard to this case, which surely deserves immediate attention. And as the Secretary of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union has been written to, we understand, it is to be hoped that Mr. Oder may receive aid from that source.]—Eos. B. of L.

## Colorado.

DENVER.—Under date of July 6th, "Pioneer" writes: "I hope the readers of THE BANNER do not think, because they seldom hear from Denver, that she is in any way behind the rest of the world. The Cause you advocate has many followers here, and a host of investigators, and we all know that when an honest individual begins to investigate this matter with the light newly given him, he always turns out a believer.

On the Fourth of July it was my privilege to attend the wedding of an old pioneer and wife. Judge P. A. Simonds came to Colorado in 1838, and has, with his worthy wife, borne all the ills and hardships of the early settler, besides doing his full share in settlement and improvement of the Centennial State. This invitation to his old friends was not only to participate in celebrating the fortieth anniversary of their marriage, but in dedicating a beautiful new house they had just built and taken possession of, and the hearty congratulations tendered them must convince them that the friends of thirty-three years are friends forever.

Judge Simonds is a veteran Spiritualist. He was one of the first to investigate the phenomena, and one of the few to stand by his convictions at all times, and he now has the satisfaction of finding many of his old adversaries coming over to his side.

Among the guests on this occasion were the celebrated mediums Mrs. Ada Foye of San Francisco, and Mrs. Brown of Portland, Ore., besides several local mediums who have never appeared before the public.

Many hearty congratulations were tendered this bride and groom of forty years, and when the Judge attempted to reply to them, he found his remarks and statements verified by 'raps' by some unknown friends on the other side. After thoroughly enjoying this triple celebration of dedicating a new home, attending a wedding and commemorating a national holiday, the guests departed, wishing their hosts 'many returns of the day.'

## Michigan.

ROCKFORD.—Geo. E. Gibbs writes from Grand Rapids: "Spiritualism in Rockford is a vital force. The seed has been planted in good soil; the roots are running deep, and are far-reaching. It was my happy fortune to attend the June quarterly meeting at that place. The people are hospitable and social. Hospitality and sociability have become important factors in their philosophy, which they have woven into their lives practically. I went there a stranger, but was kindly entertained by the venerable veteran Spiritualist and medium, Dr. Hicks, his estimable wife and amiable daughter aiding largely in making me feel welcome to their genial home.

During each session Mrs. Stranger gave tests from the rostrum, and many of her character readings were acknowledged as correct. Mrs. A. E. Sheets of Grand Ledge was the speaker for the occasion, filling the place with marked credit to herself, and giving complete satisfaction to the large and intelligent audiences which packed the hall. The number of carriages outside attested to the fact that the farmers in that region are a thoughtful and progressive people, living not on bread alone. It must have been encouraging to the speaker, who was filling her fourth engagement with this people. A new feature of her public work is the giving of an occasional test, even with names.

One by one our great workers are being transferred to the higher life, and it is an oft-recurring question: How shall the depleted ranks be filled? But as I beheld our sister, Mrs. Sheets, in her work at Rockford, I said to myself, she is solving the problem; she has fallen into line where others stood, and whether she is called East or West, North or South, throughout our nation's broad domain, the friends of Michigan can with confidence and trust say 'Godspeed,' knowing full well that she is fulfilling her life's mission and that the angels in her have found a co-worker and humanity a wise counsellor and an uplifting friend."

## New York.

NORWICH.—George H. Smith writes: "In renewing my subscription for another year I cannot but express my deep conviction of the good you are doing through the agency of the noble BANNER OF LIGHT, which is of untold service to mankind, enlightening the ignorant, comforting the sick, consoling the mourner, and strengthening the spirit of the weak. May long life and strength be given you to continue your work in behalf of this glorious Cause."

## Verifications of Spirit-Messages.

Allow me to acknowledge the correctness of the communication given through that most excellent medium, Mrs. Longley, by SISTER AGATHA, which appeared in the Message Department of THE BANNER, April 18th, 1893. All that the spirit prophesied has come to pass to the letter in the rosy days of June, as she so truthfully said. I have only to tell you in time in order that all might be fulfilled, as it has in every particular, and I cheerfully and without solicitation pen you these facts as an acknowledgment due the medium, the angelic spirit who gave the message, and the spirit-world at large. DR. W. L. JACK.

Haverhill, Mass.

I was overjoyed to see in the Message Department of THE BANNER of June 17th a communication from my old teacher and friend, REV. A. JUDSON BARRETT, who was for several years the principal of the Kingsville Academy. His home was in Kingsville, where he lived for a long time, and he has a sister who resides in the old homestead. The family are all spirit Baptists. The message is just like him in every respect. He fears he will be rejected by his people, and no doubt he will be, but I could get a hundred people to verify this communication. Thank the kind Father, the angels are coming closer to us every day, and by-and-by we shall all see them face to face. STUART L. ROGERS.

Kingsville, O., June 23d, 1893.

## Meetings in Townville, Pa.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:  
On Saturday and Sunday, July 8th and 9th, W. J. Colville lectured at the Temple of Progress, three miles from Townville, Pa. The building is situated seven miles from a railway station in the heart of a thickly settled farming district, the inhabitants of which are largely Spiritualists and Freethinkers. The hall seats about four hundred people; it is plainly but comfortably furnished, has a good organ, and on the occasion of conventions is tastefully adorned with flowers and evergreens. Mr. Colville's forcible and eloquent lectures and pleasing poems on subjects selected by the audiences were greatly appreciated by the large number of persons in attendance at all the gatherings.

The exercises opened on Saturday at 2 p. m., with fine music, after which the speaker was introduced as ready to accept topics for the discourse. "What is Man's right to Immortality?" was proposed and accepted, and it was handled in a convincing and exhaustive manner. Among the statements made were the following:

We may reasonably claim that right is founded upon constitutional ability to enjoy; therefore man's inherent ability to perceive and enjoy immortal life is his strongest claim to the possession of immortality. Science not only makes man appear a mote on the one hand, but it elevates him to divine rank on the other; for, if the telescope humbles him, the microscope emboldens him, and the telescope which

sweeps the skies is the invention of human genius. The animal man who is sordidly content with a base lot has no evidence of a spiritual heritage unless he becomes conscious of an uprising sense of something higher needed to complete his life; but to all who yearn for heavenly blessedness Nature offers assurance that it shall be theirs.

We speak glibly of desire, but seldom trace its genesis. It is correct to say we desire what we desire because we are what we are; were we other than what we are, we should have different aspirations. Desire reveals character and possibilities. The desire to do something great is a motion of impotent or potential greatness within the wisher; the desire for perpetual self-conscious existence, coupled with an intelligent view of the nature of a less restricted sphere of action than the present, is the claim of the claimant to immortality.

The distinctive phenomenal evidence furnished by Spiritualism supplements all intellectual and intuitive demonstration, and clinches the fact for those who accept it; but the varieties of human need are so great, and the types of mentality so diverse and opposite, that no type of phenomena reaches everybody; therefore we should endeavor to look at a great subject on all sides, and welcome every ray of light from every quarter.

To prove a negative is impossible. Death is negation of being, and no one has ever proved that death affects the real individual. If a man die shall he continue to live? Is the paradox of Job, and this question is triumphantly answered in the book which contains it in the words of the matchless solo, "I know that my Redeemer (vindicator) liveth, and though according to my flesh worms destroy this body, yet in (or out of) my flesh shall I see God." The purpose of the passage is that every human longing will be honored, every need satisfied, sometime and somewhere. A creature that does not desire immortality is no immortal, but a soul demanding everlasting life realizes the power of such life in it impelling it to demand its realization.

The Intelligent Modern Spiritualist can interpret all bibles, and explain human history as no one else can. Modern facts corroborate ancient testimonies, and though we do not believe as our fathers did, we give the facts for which they vouched a wider meaning, for while they considered them miraculous, we regard them as fulfillments, not violations of universal order.

On Sunday three services were held. The first, at 10 A. M., was attended by residents from all the country round, the congregation completely filling the edifice. In the afternoon the attendance was even bigger, the seating capacity of the building, and there was another large audience in the evening. The subjects chosen by the people were all of a highly spiritual character, founded upon Bible narratives and present-day wonders.

Though the hall is situated far from any large centre of population, whenever conventions are held it contains a much larger audience than many far more centrally situated buildings in other districts. Efforts are being made by earnest workers in the neighborhood to sustain more frequent meetings than in the past, as the country all about is full of earnest inquirers into the Spiritual Philosophy, and people who are seeking religious teaching of a far broader character than that furnished by the Orthodox societies.

## Last Call for Delegates.

The International Spiritualists' Association of Chicago wishes to announce that as soon as they receive the promise of one hundred or more delegates, the time and place of their convention will be immediately announced through the spiritual press.

The object of this delegation is to meet and devise the best means and methods of organizing "Spiritualism" to insure the greatest liberty of thought, and make the best conditions for human happiness and progress throughout the world. No money is needed at present, and it is hoped that every Spiritualist Association will see to it that they are fully represented by at least one delegate.

Our hall is already engaged, and by charging a small fee at the door of ten cents the expense of the same can readily be met without any trouble. The Convention will last one week, commencing Sunday, July 24th, and closing on August 1st. Societies sending us immediately the name and address of their proposed delegate will be entitled to the lowest possible rates for accommodations for said delegate while attending the Convention. All letters of inquiry, containing stamp, will receive prompt attention.

Address Dr. C. T. H. BENTON, President International Spiritualists' Association, 6236 Morgan street, Englewood P. O., Chicago, Ill.

## Advance in the Price of Coal

Need not increase the cost of other necessities. Housekeepers and mothers can still obtain the Gall Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk at a reasonable price. Its quality is just as good as the finer over thirty years without an equal. Grocers and Druggists.

## A Valuable World's Fair Book.

The Passenger Department of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company has prepared for general distribution a handsome pamphlet descriptive of the scenic and other attractive features of that road from New York to Chicago. This book should prove invaluable to those visiting the World's Fair in that city, and to those who are planning to visit it. It is fully up to the high standard which has been fixed by the B. & O. for publications of this character. The scenery en route, which has gained for the B. & O. the richly deserved sobriquet of "Picturesque," the public buildings at Washington, old Harper's Ferry, Luray Caverns, and other attractive points, are faithfully portrayed. The value of the publication is increased by descriptions and illustrations of the principal buildings at the World's Fair. The book can be procured free of charge upon personal application to ticket agents, B. & O. R. R. Co., or you can have it mailed to you by sending name and address with five cents in stamps to Chas. O. Seull, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md. Wonderful Fair tourists should bear in mind that the B. & O. is selling tickets at very low rates good going via Washington and returning via Niagara Falls.

## Any Time

is the right time for everybody to drink

Hires' Root Beer

A temperance drink.  
A home-made drink.  
A health-giving drink.  
A thirst-quenching drink.  
A drink that is popular everywhere.

Delicious, Sparkling, Effervescent.

A 25 cent package makes 5 gallons of this delicious beverage. Don't be deceived if a dealer, for the sake of larger profit, tells you some other kind is "just as good" as Hires'. No limitation as to good as the genuine Hires'.

GLASGO LACE THREAD CO., GLASGO, CONN.

July 22, 1893

Flao's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. B. T. Haseltine, Warren, Pa.

Do You Crochet?

Then you should use Glasgo Twilled Lace Thread.

It is pre-eminently the best thread for every sort of fancy work. Ask your dealer for it, or send 10 cents for sample spool. Numbered from 20 to 100. Sent 10 cents each for Illus. Crochet Books, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

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## A MEDICINE THAT MAKES GOOD BLOOD

Will completely change the blood in your system in three months' time, and send new, rich blood coursing through your veins. If you feel exhausted and nervous, are getting thin and all run down, Gilmore's Aromatic Wine, which is a tonic and not a beverage, will restore you to health and strength.

Mother, use it for your daughters. It is the best regulator and corrector for all ailments peculiar to woman. It enriches the blood and gives lasting strength. It is guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia, Dysentery, and all Summer Complaints, and keep the bowels regular. Sold by all druggists for \$1 per bottle.

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## BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Colby & Rich, Publishers and Booksellers, 9  
Hosworth Street (formerly Montgomery Place),  
corner of Province Street, Boston, Mass., keep  
for sale a complete assortment of Spiritual, Pro-  
gressive, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Books.  
We have also a large stock of Bibles, Prayer  
Books, and other religious literature.  
Orders for books, to be sent by Express,  
must be accompanied by all or part of the cash. When  
money forwarded is not sufficient to fill the order, the balance  
must be paid O. O. D. Orders for books, to be sent by  
Mail, must invariably be accompanied by cash to the amount  
of each order. We would remind our patrons that they can  
remit us the fractional part of a dollar in postage stamps—  
ones and twos preferred. All business operations looking  
to the sale of books on commission respectfully declined.  
Any book published in England or America (not out of  
print) will be sent by mail or express.  
Subscriptions to the BANNER OF LIGHT and orders for  
our publications can be sent through the Purchasing De-  
partment of the American Express Co., at any place where  
that Company has an agency. Agents will give a money or-  
der receipt for the amount sent, and will forward to us the  
money order, attached to an order to have the paper sent  
for any stated time, free of charge, except the usual fee for  
issuing the order, which is a cent for any sum under \$5.00.  
This is the safest method to remit orders.

In quoting from THE BANNER care should be taken  
to distinguish between editorial articles and correspond-  
ence. Our columns are open for the expression of impor-  
tant free thought, but we do not endorse the varied  
shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance.  
No attention is paid to anonymous communications.  
Name and address of writer in all cases indispensable as a  
guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve  
or return canceled articles.  
Newspapers sent to this office containing matter for  
inspection, should be marked by a line drawn around the  
article or articles.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1893.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK  
ENDING AT DATE.[Entered at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class  
Matter.]PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE,  
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(Lower Floor).WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS:  
THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY,  
14 Franklin Street, Boston.THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,  
39 and 41 Chambers Street, New York.COLBY & RICH,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.Isaac B. Rich, Business Manager.  
Luther Colby, Banner Editors.  
John W. Day.Matter for publication must be addressed to the  
Editor. All business letters should be forwarded to the  
BUSINESS MANAGER.Before the coming light of Truth, Creeds  
tremble, Ignorance dies, Error decays, and Humanity  
rises to its proper sphere of knowledge.—Spirit John  
Pierpont.THE BANNER will give its readers next  
week a report, made especially for its columns,  
of a discourse delivered at Lily Dale, N. Y.,  
by W. J. COLVILLE, entitled:"Concentration: Its Development  
and Value: How the Soul  
Controls the Body."We have also on file, and shall print at the  
earliest possible date, a lecture by WALTER  
HOWELL (reported for THE BANNER) on

## "Mediumship."

## Obsolete Statutes.

It is self-evident to every truly reflective,  
liberal-minded individual in this Commu-  
nity, that there are too many practically  
obsolete enactments on our statute-books which  
are still liable to be enforced; they were  
brought into being many years ago by our  
bigoted ancestors, and still later by a class  
of assumed self-righteous individuals, who, while  
claiming to be loyal to justice and right and  
equality, were far distant therefrom. Just  
such a class at this very time is influencing  
those in authority in this State—the Railroad  
Commissioners—to debar the railways from ex-  
ercising their right to run excursion trains on  
Sunday, to accommodate the working classes  
who cannot escape from the heat of the city  
during the week.

This step, in our view, is a most shocking  
relic of the bigotry and fanaticism of a past  
age, when in this State Quakers were hatched  
to the tail end of carts and dragged through  
the streets of Boston, without one word in  
their defense from the clergy-ridden populace.

Are we to have a renewal of this tyrannical  
action for theological benefit forced upon us  
by such means as are in process of being car-  
ried out by the Railroad Commissioners in their  
decision that no railroad shall use its cars to  
convey passengers to the seashore on Sundays  
unless the said passengers pay full fare over the  
route? This is a most cunning device of Mod-  
ern Phariseism to oblige the people to re-  
main in town on their day of rest and recrea-  
tion—the idea being that if they will not go to  
church, they shall not (except at the greatest  
expense) go anywhere else.

The managers of railways and steamboats  
should at once (as we have stated elsewhere)  
enter a solemn protest against this resurrec-  
tion of "ye olden time" spirit that fined a man  
who sawed a hoghead in two on "the holy  
Sabbath day" to make two tubs! This action  
of the Commissioners is of a piece with that of  
certain self-righteous bigots in the vicinity of  
Boston, who not long since prosecuted a farm-  
er who put his help at work on Sunday—as he  
feared rain would spoil his hay—to gather it in;  
under the unrepented un-Christian law now on  
our statute-books that farmer was adjudged  
guilty and fined!

A matter of excursion transportation like  
this, which is of vital importance to the well-  
being and health of the community in general,  
should be especially protected against the  
forced resurrection and application by time-  
serving bigots of obsolete statutes, framed  
when the country was younger, when popula-  
tion was more sparse, and the minister was the  
claimed mouthpiece of all law—human and di-  
vine!

On the senior editor's return from Onset  
July 9th, he incidentally met an old gentleman  
at the Wareham-Junction Depot, who said he  
was eighty odd years of age, and that he had  
been a subscriber of the BANNER OF LIGHT  
for over thirty years; he further remarked  
that he had always wished to see the editor-in-  
chief of that paper. As a matter of course, he  
warmly shook the editor by the hand, saying  
most earnestly that he had enjoyed so much  
comfort from perusing the columns of THE  
BANNER for so many years that he really be-  
lieved it had prolonged his existence in the  
material life according to natural law. He  
also introduced his daughter, a middle-aged  
lady, who asserted that THE BANNER was  
indeed a great consolation to her father in his  
old age, and (previously) as he had weighed  
"Old Theology" in the balance, and found it  
wanting.

## The Second Sunday at Onset

Was a brilliant affair, the weather proving au-  
spicious in the highest degree. The fine Island  
Home steamer brought hundreds of people of  
both sexes to the grounds from New Bedford—  
making two trips. The boat didn't have any  
constables on board, we are glad to know, to  
keep guard; neither did the Onset Bay Corpora-  
tion have any "guardians of the law" on the  
premises last Sunday, or Sunday before, as  
there was no necessity therefor; although (we  
are told) when the Methodists held their camp-  
meeting in the western part of the town of  
Wareham, they were obliged to call for four  
constables, which the town had to furnish and  
pay \$5.00 each. The Onset Camp-Meeting folks,  
who make the town no such expense, are  
molested, notwithstanding, by the Wareham as-  
sessors in the sum of \$15.00! "How is that for  
high?" as one of the tax-payers ejaculated in  
our presence. How is it?

The morning services at the headquarters, as  
well as those of the afternoon, were fully at-  
tended, and the proceedings highly appreci-  
ated, as will be seen by THE BANNER's reports  
on the eighth page.

Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, who is a fine medi-  
um, had to say something from the platform in  
regard to the senior editor of THE BANNER,  
perhaps prompted by Spirit Bro. White, who  
kept THE BANNER on its feet during the dark-  
est days of its eventful career, and who to-day  
can write with facility through the hand of  
this excellent instrument, automatically—sign-  
ing his name precisely as he did while in the  
earthly life!

Edgar W. Emerson, too—a platform speaker  
who is always welcomed wherever he goes—  
kept the large audience in the closest atten-  
tion during the afternoon.

We must not omit to chronicle the fact that  
our Charley Sullivan—the grand delineator of  
character, and a beautiful singer—enlivened the  
occasion by one of his nice songs.

In the course of the week it should not be  
forgotten that there are grand lectures to be  
given from the headquarters' platform. Mrs.  
Twing spoke again last Tuesday; Mrs. Nick-  
less, Thursday, the 20th; Edgar W. Emerson,  
Friday, the 21st.

Next Sunday forenoon (the 23d), Bro. Em-  
erson will again hold forth to the edification of  
the multitude, while Mr. George Colby will  
discourse upon the merits of Modern Spiritual-  
ism in the afternoon; he will speak again on  
the following Tuesday, and Mrs. Ida P. A.  
Whitlock of Boston will lecture on Thursday,  
the 27th—when on Friday, 28th, Mr. A. E. Tis-  
dale is to be the orator of the occasion, as well  
as on Saturday, the 29th.

## Prof. Campbell—The Latest Heretic!

The heresy case of Prof. John Campbell of  
the Montreal Presbyterian College, an account  
of which was given in last week's BANNER,  
was brought before a special meeting of the  
Montreal Presbytery on the 11th inst., to con-  
sider what action should be taken. The com-  
mittee appointed to confer with Dr. Campbell  
reported that he admitted the substantial cor-  
rectness of the published report of his recent  
address before the students of the Queen's  
University, Kingston, and while allowing that  
he may have spoken somewhat strongly in the  
address, he reaffirmed his disbelief of the Old  
Testament as commonly accepted. The chair-  
man of the committee urged the presbytery to  
serve a "libel" on Prof. Campbell. Thereupon  
the accused arose and addressed the presby-  
tery, practically reiterating all the arguments  
of the address. He said he could not apologize  
for the statements therein made, nor insist on  
the absolute accuracy of every expression then  
uttered. The general conclusions, he said,  
were the result of twenty-five years' study,  
reasoning and personal experience. He pro-  
ceeded to elaborate on the doctrine of a grad-  
ual growth of a true knowledge of God.

He declared that he nowhere in the lecture  
questioned the inspiration of the Scriptures as  
the supreme rule of life, but he recognized  
that Jesus Christ alone fully revealed God,  
and that all other revelations knew only in part  
and revealed in part. While the Old Testa-  
ment contained the germs of all truth, even of  
the teaching of the sermon on the mount, yet  
it showed God as either superior to his own  
law or else imperfect.

After several hours' deliberation, the com-  
mittee presented an indictment to the presby-  
tery, charging him with being guilty of heresy,  
first, in expressing his disbelief in the entire  
inerrancy of the inspired revelation of the Old  
Testament, and second, that God does not  
smile either in the way of punishment or of  
discipline, and that He has nothing to do with  
the judging and punishing of the wicked. The  
presbytery received the indictment, and decid-  
ed to hold a special meeting on the first of Au-  
gust, to consider whether the charges are rele-  
vant.

## Spiritual Summer Reading.

The exodus of Spiritualists, and those whose  
tendencies turn to Spiritualism, to the summer  
camps by lake and ocean, and in the templed  
groves, serves as a reminder that no time is  
more favorable for the perusal and study of  
Spiritualistic books and literature generally,  
and that the numerous works on the shelves  
and tables of THE BANNER bookstore present  
a list which it would be difficult, if not impos-  
sible, to rival successfully in this country.

A well-chosen book will prove a most wel-  
come companion in the solitudes and leisurely  
quiet that may at all times be enjoyed in the  
summer camp, and may cause the season's ex-  
perience to sink deeper in the nature and cre-  
ate a more lasting memory than if it went by  
without the welcome yield of its silent and  
meditative suggestions.

## Maranacook, Me.

Don't forget that J. Frank Baxter will lo-  
cure at this beautiful resort on Sunday next—  
July 23d. Special Excursion Trains will be  
run from all points at low rates. We hope the  
Spiritualists of Maine will be on hand to hear  
this fine singer, grand speaker and gifted test  
medium.

We have received word from Mrs. B. F.  
Smith, of Crescent Beach, Mass., the well-  
known, excellent trance medium, that she will  
not receive visitors after the present week, as  
she will be absent during the months of August  
and September.

## What the Spirits Say.

It is our conviction, after experimenting on  
the material plane of existence for many years,  
that the death of the mortal body is only the  
beginning of a larger life—LIFE IMMORTAL  
FOR THE SOUL.

The ancients had only glimpses of this fact.  
Now the world is ripe for practical evidence  
of its reality, and that evidence is unquestion-  
ably afforded through the revelations made by  
MODERN SPIRITUALISM!

All the baser contentions that have hereto-  
fore taken precedence over the intellectual,  
have owed their existence to the fact that  
through the law of evolution we mortals, hav-  
ing sprung from the lower orders of the animal  
kingdom, have been necessitated to arise by  
suffering and trial above the primitive condi-  
tions of things, and the ideas they naturally  
suggested.

Standing in the deepening glory of this Nin-  
teenth Century, it behooves all to acknowledge  
that Reason was given to man for use by man;  
and while all can and should worship the Di-  
vine Intelligence, they should do so because  
that deity is supremely intelligent, rather than  
specially divine.

We boldly state this fact, as the time has  
come for us to do so, without fear or favor  
from any quarter.

Old Theology has fulfilled its mission on  
earth, and is now to give place to the grand,  
demonstrated facts of immortality in lieu of  
faith only.

The voices of returning spirits proclaim that  
the hell of conscience is the only "hell" known  
to them (and that is bad enough); this in-  
formation we have derived from "spirits in  
prison," who have gone to the other land, with  
the sins of omission and commission bearing  
witness against them—which good acts and  
humbleness of heart will in time eradicate;  
while what of heavenly delight comes to the  
individual does so in response to good deeds  
done while in the body for fellow-men needing  
the help of their kind.

## Psychometry.

THE BANNER has printed in times past many  
essays in regard to Psychometry, which was  
discovered by Dr. J. Rodes Buchanan, one of  
the most learned men in the United States, al-  
though not fully recognized by the "diploma"  
medicos because he is an out-and-out Spiritual-  
ist, knowing that direct spirit intercourse with  
mortality is an incontrovertible fact, notwith-  
standing the ebullitions of certain clergymen  
to the contrary.

We advise all investigators, as well as the  
new generation of Spiritualists (sic.) who  
would have the world understand that they  
and they only know it all, study well the  
laws of Psychometry; and in order to do this  
thoroughly, they should consult Dr. J. R. Bu-  
chanan of Los Angeles, Cal., who we have no  
doubt would willingly respond to every sincere  
inquiry.

We would also recommend to all those inter-  
ested in the subject under consideration, that  
they communicate with Mrs. A. B. Severance,  
one of the oldest and most competent psychom-  
etrists in the known world. The late Dr. H.  
F. Gardner once declared to the senior editor  
of this paper that he tried in every way imagin-  
able (still doubting) to detect Mrs. Severance,  
if possible. He went so far, in the first in-  
stance, as to send a portion of his handwriting  
with his name spelled backward; but, notwith-  
standing, a full delineation of his character  
and other cognate facts were presented. In  
order to be more thoroughly convinced, he  
wrote another letter to Mrs. Severance the  
following year for examination, this time sign-  
ing his letter correctly. To his surprise, the  
delineation returned was verbatim with that he  
had received in the previous year.

This lady's address (as will be seen by re-  
ferring to our seventh page) is 1300 Main street,  
White Water, Walworth Co., Wis. We advise  
inquirers into this order of the phenomena to  
give her their patronage.

We have personally tested the validity of this  
excellent medium, and have implicit faith in  
her psychometric powers.

Those who pin their faith upon "Psy-  
chic Research" as an explainer (?) of the men-  
tal phenomena of Spiritualism, are requested  
to read what is contained under the heading  
"From the Other Shore," on the second page  
of this issue of THE BANNER, and decide for  
themselves what relation their pet theory has  
to the various tests mentioned in the *Harford*  
*Times* article, and that regarding the loss of  
the *Victoria*, as related in the *Medium and*  
*Daybreak*!

Dr. J. Higbie, Berlin, N. J., sends us \$1  
in aid of Mrs. ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN,  
the invalid medium. Who will be next in this  
good work?

Read the announcements made on our  
fifth page by the authorities at Onset and Lake  
Pleasant, Mass., and Cassadaga, N. Y.

W. Busch, the St. Louis author and dramatist,  
in a recent interview as given in the *St. Louis Over-*  
*seer*, puts his views of reform into what he styles  
"The Four Rs"; he would see reform carried out in  
the drama, in the standard of womanhood, in the  
relations of labor and capital, and in church matters.  
His ideas are free, and as freely communicated,  
whether his individual energies are equal to their  
practical application or not. Yet he feels obliged to  
confess that he hardly expects to see, in this decade,  
the "Four Rs" in their full manhood. Still he thinks  
they have already taken form, and will continue to  
live and bless mankind, because they are based upon  
truth and right. The dangers which accompany mod-  
ern advantages are, in his opinion, an inclination of  
the masses to individualism, dissatisfaction, dispa-  
sation, and a too early assumed manhood and woman-  
hood. Christianity he would make more practical,  
applying itself to the immediate wants of the people.  
He would make the Church more of a school, in which  
to learn to fight the battle of life more successfully.  
If that is done, he thinks the soul will take its rank in  
that state of beatitude commensurate with the progress  
it has made here.

Dwight S. Wheeler, a well-known Board of  
Trade man of Chicago, Ill., passed to spirit-life Satur-  
day, July 17th. He was fifty-three years old, and had  
been a member of the First Spiritualist Society—  
which is presided over by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond—  
for eighteen years. Services were held at his late  
residence Sunday, July 17th, Mrs. Emma Orvis officiat-  
ing in the absence of Mrs. Richmond, after which the  
body was conveyed to Detroit, Mich., to be cremated  
the following day, in accordance with the often ex-  
pressed wish of Mr. Wheeler.

On another page will be found an article in re  
the "Brookside Farm." Since the forms containing  
it went to press, we have received a note from Dr.  
Watkins, which shows us that the predictions made  
by the writer of that article have proved true, as he  
(Dr. W.) is now at Onset for a short time—and pur-  
poses attending other camps further on. His letter  
addressed until August 1st is Onset, Mass.

## Phenomena Extraordinary.

We have received the following letter from the vet-  
eran physical medium, ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN,  
which while it reminds her friends one and all for  
the aid they have extended her, narrates an occur-  
rence which will be of interest to those who call to  
mind the remarkable powers that have been exercised  
in the past through her instrumentality. We would  
add that the spirit mentioned—Mrs. Mary Webster (of  
Amesbury, Mass.)—was well known to us while in the  
mortal, and was, herself, a medium for spirit writing.  
MESSRS. COLBY & RICH:

Dear Friends:  
Your letter, mailed and registered July 10th, which  
contained \$14, is at hand, and the kind donors have  
my most sincere and heartfelt thanks. I am also deep-  
ly grateful to you for your interest and kindness in my  
health, for I am very feeble, and I was up with  
her last night; I got no sleep at all; and Spirit Mrs.  
Mary Webster came and helped me care for her; she  
materialized herself so we both could see her, and she  
for a moment took the fan from my hand and fanned  
me. She looked as natural as life.

She impressively sends her regards to all con-  
nected with the dear BANNER OF LIGHT, but, par-  
ticularly, special love and high esteem to her friend,  
Luther Colby—telling him to take the best care of his  
health possible, for he has a great and mighty work  
to do yet while in the body. Respectfully yours,  
ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.  
274 E. River street, Hyde Park, July 13th, 1893.

## The Churches of Christendom.

Many of them, are so completely imbued with  
the power of wealth and secular position that exists  
among their membership, that they cater to this class  
almost exclusively, and have done for years, although  
professing to be guided by the precepts of the humble  
Nazarene. In consequence of this the Congress of  
Spirits has impressed certain individuals in the earthly  
life to inaugurate various movements as offsets to this  
undue sentiment of pride.

Among these may be noted what is called the "Sal-  
vation Army," which (despite its ultra-orthodox char-  
acter) is, in a way, accomplishing much humanitarian  
good, by aiding the poor unfortunate in the  
lower walks of life—giving them food and clothing,  
and proffering them advice based on the position that  
they are not outcasts from the human hive. This is  
why philanthropists, who can be impressed by angel  
visitors, are contributing of their pecuniary means to  
aid this "Army" in its manly work.

Mr. Savage preached a sermon some time since  
on the glory of a common life that contained a number  
of thoughts and reflections deserving of our very ser-  
ious attention. He said the lives of most of us must be  
commonplace; few are out of the ordinary in business,  
in action, in any department of life. The most of us  
walk this life by the commonplace highway, and there  
will be few to mourn or even to note our final depart-  
ure. Nevertheless, the light of a divine glory shines  
through it all. The important things are not the ex-  
traordinary at all, but they are the common things;  
the things of most use and consequence are the every-  
day things. We could spare all the gold in the world  
for the commonplace iron. In our human lives, we do  
not need nearly so much the men whom we call great  
as we do the common multitude and their common  
virtues; the thousands of unobserved people are the  
ones we cannot spare. The world's beauty depends  
more on the grass blade than on the few brilliant  
flowers. Poetry and romance is only the common  
which has been pointed out. Use, beauty and power  
are the commonest of the commonplace things. Health  
is the simplest of simple things; we are not  
willing to keep well by observing the simple laws of  
health. We all of us want distinction in some way,  
to perform our good acts in the sight of men. Yet  
we may all be distinguished without seeking ap-  
plause. The way to find greatness is to serve; the  
greatest man is the greatest servant. The greatness  
of the world is common virtue meeting unusual oppor-  
tunities. We all want to be happy, but happiness is  
not to be found in striving for the great places of the  
world. The things that make men happy are not the  
unusual things. Happiness does not belong exclu-  
sively to the few. The world always looks for God in  
the extraordinary, in "miracles." A law kept has  
been no sign of God's presence. People want to see a  
law broken before they believe in the presence of  
God. But He must take the common order of the  
world to prove His presence. The way to find God is  
in the common experiences of our everyday lives.  
The angels of God cannot lead grander lives than any  
one of us may lead—the commonplace lives of the sons  
of God.

The World's Fair, at Chicago, is on week days  
proving a success, while its Sunday opening—or clos-  
ing—seems to be a bone of contention over which  
every sort of interest is warring. THE BANNER's po-  
sition on this topic ought to be known by this time,  
i. e., we would have the Fair open on Sunday to the  
working men and their families, et. al.—to all, in fact,  
who—in obedience to the heavy demands which civil-  
ization makes upon her children—find their most  
available time for a visit on the Sabbath. Report  
averts that the directors have become discouraged at  
the small attendance on Sunday since they opened the  
gates on that day, and they are in turn informed by  
the fearless among the daily press that they are not  
dealing justly by their Sunday audiences, but are only  
giving twenty five cents' worth of "show" for fifty of  
admission! The question of opening the Fair on Sun-  
day has been badly and most unfairly handicapped  
from the first by the boycott threats of the bigoted  
element in community, and these, joined with the fact  
that the general public don't like to pay full fare and  
see only half as much as they should on the Sabbath  
(hence refuse to turn out), are said to have resulted in  
a decision to close the gates on that day. Now come  
the "stockholders," and through their attorneys pre-  
sent against said closing. So at this moment it is im-  
possible to decide who will win. The attendance on  
Sunday last, "Heroes' day," (which was specially se-  
part in a pecuniary sense for the benefit of the fam-  
ilies and relatives of the firemen killed at the "cold  
storage" conflagration last week,) was very good, we  
are glad to note.

A small sheet (four pages, three columns to a  
page) has just made its appearance at Onset, entitled  
*The Onset Review*. One of its solicitors has informed  
us that it is set up personally in Boston by a worthy  
printer, who expects to make money and gain  
fame by his efforts on the spiritualistic line of thought.  
We welcome all worthy members of our Cause, and  
hope our contemporary will reap a reward for his  
labors, both temporal and spiritual; but we fear he  
will be disappointed, as all new truths—or old truths  
rejuvenated—don't pay for the labor and effort ex-  
pended upon them by their most sincere and upright  
advocates. This has been our experience for over  
thirty-six years, and is still.

We received recently a visit at our office from  
the spiritual veteran, Mr. Wilson Macdonald of New  
York. While the world outside knows him best as a  
sculptor, whose works are in most of the principal  
cities of the republic, the spiritual Cause remembers  
him as one of its earliest defenders. He was well ac-  
quainted with the most prominent among the first spir-  
itual workers, and himself brought the Fox Sisters to  
St. Louis, Mo., in 1851, that they might victoriously  
confront the Orthodox conservatism of that locality—  
which they certainly did!

Rev. Percy B. Grant of Fall River recently  
shooked the bigots thereabout by saying that the Y.  
M. C. A. must "keep up with the procession" if it  
really wanted young men to join it. He would have  
billiard and card tables, etc., put into the rooms of  
the Associations (there and elsewhere). How the old  
folks did stare, and the "wheel-horses" leave the  
house during his remarks—and growl about them after-  
ward (as reported); but this brave young clergyman  
only told them the truth!

Dr. T. A. Bland, of Washington, made a spe-  
cially powerful plea for the Indians and their rights  
in this country, at Onset Bay, Mass., on the afternoon  
of Monday, July 17th.

The Dayton, O., Spiritualists' Library Associa-  
tion meets at corner of 5th and Jefferson streets.  
Read "Meetings in Towanville, Pa."—third  
page.

## Sunday Reception Excursions.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

I see it is announced in the daily prints that the  
Railroad Commissioners of Massachusetts have inter-  
dicted the running of excursion trains on Sunday, but  
permit the regular trains to run as usual. If there is  
good reason for inhibiting excursion trains, what are  
the special conditions which exempt the regular trains?  
Sunday excursion trains need of great convenience to  
thousands in the course of the heated season. Many  
poor people cannot afford the expense, especially if  
there be a family, of paying a full fare, and many who  
are obliged to labor week-days can take advantage of  
Sunday commutation trains. But the Railroad Com-  
missioners have issued a *wednes*, and thus incommen-  
surable scores upon scores of good honest people.

We in Providence, or near by, would like to visit  
Onset Bay on a Sunday, but cannot, unless there be an  
excursion train. That is the only available day;  
but an excessive *spasm* of *plety* comes in and objects.  
Now the question is, has the old bigoted, puritanic  
spirit that animated Cotton Mather and his *whilom*  
*cranky* coadjutors been revived in the latter end of  
this liberal nineteenth century—or what? Have the  
Commissioners had a recent baptism of bigotry, that  
they essay to thwart the people in their recreations,  
and their desires for rational and intellectual enjoy-  
ment?

Massachusetts has many *shua* to answer for. She  
hung alleged witches and Quakers, kicked Roger Wil-  
liams out of her jurisdiction, and committed divers  
other offenses of a like kind. In her clergy-ridden  
days, in the town of Mendon, the cow of my grand-  
mother, Ruth Chilson, was sold to pay the minister's  
salary! She was a poor woman, her cow was an es-  
sential in her support, yet the Orthodox tax-gatherer  
levied upon it! I cursed Orthodox when a boy. I  
was told by my mother of the outrage, and have never  
forgotten it. All the foregoing things were done by  
pious, zealous pious men, and I suppose the Com-  
missioners are also pious (?) men. I have known  
many alleged pious men in my day—pious as the world  
and its religious side goes—but their *plety* was of a  
peculiar kind. I am reminded of a current anecdote  
in my native town—Brooklyn, Conn.—which I heard  
many years ago: Isiah Whitney, D. D., was pastor  
of the Orthodox Church. He was quite sociable and  
jovial, and when his neighbors made an evening call,  
Susan, his niece and housekeeper, was invariably  
called upon to draw and pass around a mug of cider.  
One evening the cider was passed, but before the  
glass was drained the visitor looked up and asked—  
"Doctor, who made this cider?" "Deacon Butts,"  
was the reply. "Well," said the querist, "I should  
think you would teach your deacon better than to  
water his cider." "I must confess, sir," said the  
doctor, "that Godward, Deacon Butts is a very good  
sort of a man; but worldwide, sir, he is a little *twist-  
ed*." The moral of this incident has a wide scope,  
and he who has watched the church fold's stork with  
only half an eye must have seen very much of the  
"twisted" tendency which Parson Whitney declared  
to inhere in his deacon!

So, when I see men extremely anxious to ostensibly  
conserve the morals of the community by proclaiming  
a *close Sunday*, I recall the memorable words which  
fell from the lips of the Judean reformer:

"Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, *hypocrites*!  
for ye pay tithes of mint and anise and cummin, and  
have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judg-  
ment, mercy and faith: these ought ye to have done,  
and not to leave the other undone. Ye blind guides,  
which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel."  
Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!  
for ye are like unto whitened sepulchres, which indeed  
appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead  
men's bones, and of all uncleanness."

WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.,  
16 Peace street, Providence, R. I.

[We give the above with full endorsement of  
the views of our friend and correspondent.  
There is no question but that a number of the  
ological bigots are combining in this country  
to stultify free thought, and, as far as they may  
be able, to silence free speech on the part of  
the people, by the revival of obsolete statutes,  
the amendment of others, and the passage of  
new laws in the different States to curtail the  
rights of the people in the interests of old The-  
ology. The spirit-world, however, under whose  
guidance the modern spiritual movement has  
been thus far successfully conducted, will, we  
feel sure, set itself actively to work for the  
benefit of the human race, which has suffered  
so much in the past for the advantage of the  
bigoted few at the bitter expense of the toiling  
many.]

We trust that the corporators of the various  
railroads leading out of Boston will be moved  
to ignore this recent edict, and will carry the  
question involved to the Supreme Court of the  
United States for adjudication.—Eds. B. or L.]

## Fund for the Destitute Poor.

## DONATION MONIES RECEIVED.

A. B. Gardner, \$5.00; Miscellaneous Contributions  
of Circle, \$2.75; E. H. Hastings, 50 cents; Wm. L.  
Crowe, 50 cents; E. A., \$1.00; Benj. B. King, 50 cents;  
A. G. F., \$1.00; G. A. B., 25 cents.

As is well known, the BANNER OF LIGHT has  
for years received from kindly and charitable  
givers, and has forwarded to worthy persons in  
want, large sums of money—the special name  
given by our spirit friends to the work being  
"The Fund for the Relief of God's Poor." These  
amounts have found acknowledgment in our  
columns, bringing joy to those who have  
been assisted, and calling forth their grateful  
thanks to the donors.















