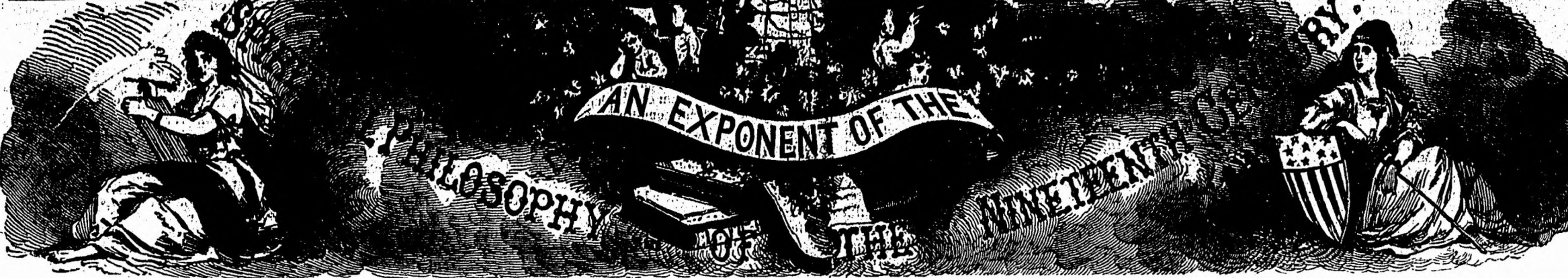


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. 73.

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1893.

(\$2.50 Per Annum,
Postage Free.)

NO. 23.

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 XXVI.

SCIENCE AND LOVE.

OUR banquet finished, Solon invited us into his Auditorium.

This grand hall would seat some thousands of spirits. The spacious room was circular in form; an immense, exquisitely stained window was just back of the speaker's stand, and on the desk rested a large volume in vellum and gold; on the cover was the one word, "SCIENCE."

"Within the covers of that book," said Solon, "all scientific facts known to mankind are garnered and preserved: from it my texts are taken, just as clergymen on the earth take theirs from the Bible: nothing is treasured within its covers but truth, positive facts that cannot be doubted. I expound nothing but absolutely demonstrated scientific truths. Truth can never be ashamed of itself. My hearers do not leave this hall without having learned one great truth at least, richer in the possession of one more valuable jewel."

"And are you able to understand all there is in that immense volume?" I asked.

"Not without aid from those wiser than myself," he replied. "The angels from yonder sparkling city often visit me here, and expound all that is mysterious to me, and then I am ready to discourse to the spirits, following the same method. The spirits have earthly mediums, to whom they give that which they have learned, and these same mediums give what they receive to mankind: it is but a chain, my dear lady, an endless chain, for all things repeat themselves."

Looking at this grand, wise man, with all his scientific attainments, the quenchless desire within me flamed up brighter than ever. Perhaps, in his great wisdom, he might be able to do for me that which Annie, Sigismund and myself had failed to accomplish, span the gulf between me and my former husband and children: but so many years had now passed, their memory of me had become very dim; more especially was this the case with my man of six and cherub of three, both now grown to manhood: but the deathless hope would spring up fresh and green, with the least breath to fan the nearly extinguished embers.

"Oh, sir!" I pleaded with clasped hands and earnest eyes. "You are so very, very wise; surely you can help me: your knowledge of the sciences will enable you to do that which I have been years striving to do, but without success."

"Lady," he replied, taking my hand, "I have looked upon thousands of other women, but not until this moment have I ever felt that I could scale the everlasting walls of heaven, and grasp the fruit from the tree of Eternity! Yes," he went on, "I have plodded deeply among the sciences, all the time feeling that I had not wings wherewith to soar. Ah!" he sighed, "with all my attainments I have not even been able to enter yonder beautiful city. To enter that city has been the greatest desire of my life. You tell me that your greatest desire is to span the gulf between the spiritual life and earth, while my greatest wish is to span the gulf between the angelic and spiritual worlds, for this lake or gulf lies between the two, and never, until I looked on your face, has it appeared possible for me to cross to yonder shining city."

His gaze was so ardent, so hopeful, filled with such passionate longing, that I trembled like a leaf in a strong wind. Annie and Sigismund had retired to a far part of the Auditorium, and the soft murmur of their voices reached us indistinctly. Solon still held my hand in his firm clasp.

"One would think," I said, "that nothing could be easier than to row over to that city. Why, Annie told me, not long ago, that her real home was in that city; and if she can go there, why may not you? I am sure your wisdom must be superior to hers."

"Therein you are mistaken," he replied; "that which science fails to find out love easily discovers, and when love and wisdom are united, as is the case with Sigismund and Annie, the road to that city is easy and plain. One might live on this island for hundreds of years, with that heavenly city in sight, and yet never be able to reach it."

"But why? tell me, why?" I asked, in great surprise. "I believe I could row over there myself, without the least trouble. It is very strange, though," I continued, "for Annie told me herself that, although her home was there, she could not take me."

"No," he said, shaking his head, sadly; "neither you nor myself can enter that city, at least not at present. With all my scientific knowledge I have not love, and with all your love you have not wisdom, therefore the gates of the city are closed to us."

"You have not love?" I repeated, slowly. "One would think that every spirit, who heard your wise discourse and looked on you, would love you."

His eyes twinkled rather mirthfully, I thought, as he replied:

"Being a scientist, dear lady, perhaps I can analyze love; for although you are the personification of love, yet you have not wisdom enough to understand your own attributes. First, then, man's love for man is not love, but emulation; there may be friendship, perhaps; love, never: all the male spirits who come here to hear me, come that they may gather riches unto themselves; they gather up and garner jewels of wisdom as they fall from the lips of my inspiration; but scientific jewels are hard and brilliant; love does not enter into their composition; few ladies come to hear me, and not one as yet has ever looked on me with eyes of love: admiration, appreciation, homage, these are not love; but until the priceless jewel is found, yonder city is locked and barred against me."

"You have told me what is not love," I said, "but you have not yet made it plain what love is."

"Will you not help me?" he returned. "How can I make plain that which I have never known?"

"You had a mother once?" I questioned. "Did she not love you?"

"I once had a mother, and have a mother now, but she journeyed into the cities of the angels long since," he replied. "She loved me with a mother's love, but mother-love is not competent to make of me an angel fit to live in yonder pure city; an angelic mother cannot make her son an angel, be her love ever so great."

"Have you no sister, then, who loves you?"

"Sisters I had, and still have two yet on earth, one in the spiritual world and one an angel; those on earth have families of their own; the one in spirit is still quite young and at school; we visit each other often; our love is that of brother and sister; she could not take me to that city if she would; the one who is an angel is to me what Annie and Sigismund are to you, and cannot take me (any more than they can you) to yonder city."

"Were you not married when on the earth?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied. "I had the good or ill fortune to marry twice."

"Twice?" I repeated, arching my brows.

"Is there anything surprising in that fact? There are many men who have two, three, and even four wives; we have heard of seven," he said laughingly.

"Surely, then, you must have known great love. Could not the love of two women lead you into the angelic city?"

"A Moslem of high caste often possesses a harem, within which fifty or sixty women are contained, but not one of them may be able to lead him into the angelic city; on the contrary they are so many sirens dragging his soul downward; but my earthly wives were both Christian women, and I had but one at a time, that is, the first one died before I married another; the one left on earth long since married again, is the mother of a number of bright-eyed children, and devoted to her husband; the wife who died within a year of our marriage has long been among the angels, long before I came into the spiritual world."

"Why did she not wait for you?" I cried; "then her love would have led you into the city."

"The love which I had cherished for her did not hinder me from taking another wife after she had departed," he said. "Why, then, should she wait for me? No; that which went by the name of love on earth was not the love which makes an angel—in fact, is hardly ever love at all."

"Did you not marry your first wife for love?" I asked.

"I thought I loved them both," he replied; "and when my second wife would ask me if I loved her as well as the other, my answer was invariably, 'Yes, better,' and I thought I did; but nothing promiscuous can ever enter yonder city. When a man thinks he has loved two women, he has loved neither. When a man thinks he can love a good many women, he loves none; promiscuity is not love, and the feeling which I cherished for both those women has long since faded and died; but love withers not; it is fadeless, immortal, and never dies, but grows brighter and brighter with the march of the eternal ages. No, dear lady; the real truth is that I have never yet possessed the priceless jewel, love. And now, tell me of yourself, for you are not yet among the angels, therefore you cannot have found the wisdom which completes you—the other half of yourself. Do not you also desire to enter yonder city, and live with the glorious shining ones, who sing the song of everlasting love and wisdom, whose united voices rend the veil before the temple, and the bright God of Truth bursts forth from his concealment, and, with uplifted sword, rushes downward to do battle with error? Say, do you not also look with longing eyes toward that beautiful city?"

But my eyes were looking into his, my hands were both within his.

"I am already married," I said, falteringly; "or, at least, I was married when on the earth. I am also the mother of six children. My former husband has long, long ago been married to another woman, by whom he has, already, many children; my own children are nearly all, now, men and women, thinking of a nearer and dearer love than that of mother-love; still, my love for those yet on earth is so great, I would make almost any sacrifice to be able to span the gulf between them and me—more especially my two young men—that they might recognize their mother."

"Then you still believe in sacrificial atonement?"

"Oh, no," I replied. "I have long since given up that absurd idea."

"Yet you tell me that you would sacrifice yourself in order to reach your children; and so long as you have this feeling you will never reach them."

"Why, one would suppose that to be the very way to reach them."

"How could you benefit your children by robbing yourself?" he asked.

"Well, really, I—I don't know," I stammered.

"What great treasure have you to give them now, suppose you were to reach them?"

"Well, I should tell them that their mother still lived, still loved them, still watched over them; that the spiritual life was not just as they thought it was; then I should try to tell them all that I have already learned."

"Yet you would lose nothing by telling them any of those things; there would be no sacrifice, no robbery; you would merely be giving them from a storehouse of treasures already garnered, and you would be none the poorer. Now, sweet lady, I shall tell you, according to scientific principles, that the more you expend yourself, the more you gather to yourself, the greater will be your power to benefit your children; but if, on the contrary, you continue to cherish the feeling of self-sacrifice, growing little and less, binding yourself down into the spiritual realm, allowing your inefficient love to blind you to true wisdom, you will not only rob yourself but them of that which you might gather for their benefit, as well as your own. Your feelings of self-sacrifice and sacrificial atonement are robbers always and wherever found; but to bestow from an abundance is the right principle, and the more one gathers, the more one has to bestow. If your eyes are forever fixed downward in longing love, you can never look upward into the heights of heavenly wisdom. No, dear lady, your true path is upward and onward; then, when the time comes in which you shall have wisdom enough to span the gulf, you will have greater and more precious gifts to bestow. You have already learned about all there is to know within the spiritual realm; and, really, your wisdom at present is not very far in advance of many of the wise ones of earth. The people within the earthly sphere think that those who are dead, or arisen, must necessarily know all things; many imagine that their knowledge is nearly equal, if not quite, to that of the God in whom they believe. If you had no more to tell your children than that which you have just said you would tell them—if you could but make them comprehend it was their ardent mother—it would not satisfy them; they would say at once:

"Why, if this were truly our angel-mother, she could

tell us all things; her knowledge would be so extensive that we could never find its limits. She could even tell us our past, present and future; she could also give to us all the united treasures of heaven and earth."

"So you perceive, dear lady, that merely to tell them that this life was not as they supposed it was; that you loved and watched over them, and could be near them whenever you wished to be, would be very inadequate food to satisfy their yearning desire for knowledge of the, to them, future or heavenly life. Would it not be far better to enter yonder shining city, and be as wise as those heavenly angels are, than to keep your mind bound down to earth?"

His words inspired me. The large entrance doors to the Auditorium were wide open, and I gazed earnestly across the water into that glorious city, whose brightness dazzled me like the sun. Yes, I would certainly enter that city if it were possible; but it was not yet quite plain to me how it was to be accomplished.

"You tell me, sir," I said, turning to Solon, "that if a man thinks he has loved two women, he has really loved neither—or, rather, not loved at all. I do not quite understand your meaning. I am very sure that Franz loved me."

"And you are quite as sure that he loves his present wife, are you not?"

"Certainly; I know that he loves her well."

"Then, when Franz comes to this life, and his present wife comes also, and some of her children, together with your children already here—if, as you say, he loves you both, do you feel willing to share your husband equally with her? or do you think she would be willing to share him with you? This is a far more important question than at first appears."

Share my husband with another? The very thought was horrible. It really made me sick and dizzy.

"Never! No; never!" I cried. "I could never share a husband's love with another woman."

"Then, like myself, your former husband, in thinking he has loved two women, has really loved neither with the true, heavenly, everlasting, conjugal love; and if he has never loved you conjugally, you certainly, have not loved him conjugally, for conjugal means equally—the same—that is, your love and his must weigh and measure exactly alike in order to be truly conjugal. The scientific facts are these: His love for you, and also for his present wife, is—and was—material and fleeting; it really amounted to little more than friendship; while your greatest love was for your children; maternal love was paramount with you; true, conjugal love, you have never yet known."

I heaved a long, deep sigh. Yes; plainly his words were true, and, as I glanced at him, tears nearly blinded my sight. Oh! how wise, how God-like he seemed!

"I think one could hear you talk forever and not grow weary. The more you tell me, the more eager I am to hear."

"And I am eager to awaken your soul from its long sleep," he replied.

"Sleep? sleep?" I questioned surprisedly. "Surely I am not asleep!"

"No; the outward, or spiritual, is widely awake enough, but the inner, the soul, has not yet awakened from its slumbers; it has stirred, and stretched forth its arms, but its eyes are still closed in sleep."

"You are talking in parables," I said. "Do you mean that the lonely, yearning feeling which I have had is the soul stirring and stretching forth its arms?"

"That is precisely my meaning."

"Oh! would that I had a little of your wisdom," I sighed.

"Oh! would that I had a little of your love," he replied.

"You wish for my wisdom, I wish for your love; quite an even thing, is it not? But this is not the way of it down below; at least, not often. A woman there seldom marries a man for love of his wisdom, but oftener for love of his material wealth, or material good in some form. A man seldom marries a woman because his wisdom comprehends her love, or he understands that she loves him for himself or his wisdom alone, but oftener because he desires her material form, and thinks she will make a home for him; such loves must all fall away before yonder glorious city can be entered, before man and woman can become an angel."

CHAPTER XXVII.

COURTSHIP.

ANNE and Sigismund now joined us. They invited Solon to go home with them. He accepted the invitation with smiling thanks, and as the boat in which we had come was not large enough to seat four comfortably, Solon invited me to go with him in his boat. I gladly consented, for I longed to hear more of his wise discourse.

Solon's boat was a wonderful piece of mechanism. I took my seat in the midst of soft, fleecy—oh, dear! what can I compare it to? Clouds? No; that would not give the right idea; but I will say this, the very finest that earth can manufacture, refined ten degrees more, lying lightly four feet deep, and my own form was but slightly heavier. This tuft was in color like a blush rose, with all its delicate perfume, and as I sank into the seat I was half-buried in all this fragrant beauty.

Solon sat opposite, holding a sculling-oar in one hand; the oar represented the feathered quill of a very large bird, enlarged to the size of a common sculling-oar; again, imagine this refined ten degrees more than the quill of a bird, and it will give one some idea of spiritual things. Solon's form was not more than two or three shades heavier than my own, and in form and feature he was more noble than one can imagine a God to be; his glance was sufficient to thrill me through to that degree that it stirred me, as effervescing, sparkling wine is stirred on coming to the light and air, throughout all my being.

The boat was formed something like a gondola, or, rather, the body of a swan, except that the neck and face were carved into the likeness of an angel. At the first glance it seemed as though there was but one face, but soon two faces were distinctly visible, and then again but one appeared. Certainly it was a consummate piece of art. We were seated within the hollow body of this swan-boat, and its wings were just trailing the water loosely with exceeding grace; our feet rested on what appeared to be the most refined swan's-down. The boat was white as a swan, excepting where the neck and faces appeared; these were life-like in color, with long, golden hair flowing to the water.

As Solon pushed the beautiful boat from the shore, I looked into the water. Now, dear reader, you must exert your imagination once more, that you may get a faint idea of all which I saw. If you were ever at Niagara Falls, you must have seen the beautifully-colored spray that is continually rising from the foaming waters below the falls; imagine a vast lake, extending nearly as far as the eyes could reach, colored, throughout all its vastness, ten times

more beautiful than the spraying falls, and you will comprehend a little of that which I saw, together with all the lovely islands, and the shining, sparkling, glowing, glorious city just over on the other shore.

As I glanced up I saw that Sigismund and Annie were a long way ahead, and Solon was sculling very indolently. He smiled at me, as one might say, "Two are company, more would be superfluous just now." I understood him without words, and smiled back a contented assent.

"Mary," he said, "it is time for you to comprehend the meaning of the word angel, in contradistinction to that of spirit. All human beings must become spirits: All spirits must become angels. All angels must become archangels. All archangels must become God-angels. All God-angels must become God, or the component parts constituting the Godhead; and not until a God-angel is all-wise, all-perfect, without fault or flaw, knowing and understanding all things, from the least to the greatest, can it become one with the Godhead. The Godhead-angels are the highest that I, at present, know anything about: what there may be to know beyond this I cannot tell you."

All this was startling to me, and I looked at him with wide open eyes.

"Oh! it must take ages upon ages to become a God-angel!"

"You are right," he replied. "It takes ages upon ages, and eons of ages, and yet I have seen a God-angel afar off. It would be impossible for one to approach very near to such as myself without consuming such an one by its glorious brightness; yet afar off I have seen and heard the voice of a God-angel."

"Oh! tell me: What did it say?"

"It said, 'Solon, be diligent, gather up thy jewels of wisdom as rapidly as thou canst, and follow on!'; then waved its hand, smiled and disappeared. Mary, all human beings who exist or ever will exist, must, at length, become angels: all relationships, such as brother and sister, father and mother, son and daughter, must at length be swallowed up within angelhood. I will try to make this plain to you, if I can. Suppose you had already been here a thousand years, which is but a drop in eternity; where, think you, would be your father, mother, brother, sister, son or daughter?"

I looked at him gaspingly.

"This is a plain, scientific, sensible question," he continued. "Do you think, Mary, that any of these relationships would be nearer to you or to each other than they would to any other angel? Each one of them would be merged into its own angelhood, that is, each child will have become developed and joined to its own other self, which state constitutes the first angelhood; each brother and each sister will also have reached the same state, and all fathers and mothers will also have become angels; where and how, then, can families be united in the heavenly spheres? Not one reaches the same altitude at the same time. How could the family you or I have left on earth ever again be reunited as one family here? Mary, such a thing is absolutely, as well as scientifically, impossible: by the time our families on earth reach here, all things with them and with us will be radically changed: your sons there will perhaps become old men with growing families of their own; your children here will have become angels themselves; those relatives of yours on earth will come here one by one, perhaps at long intervals of time, at different ages and stages of advancement, and at the end, we will say, of a thousand years, all relationships whatever will be merged into angelhood, each angel differing from another angel, as flowers and all things else differ, and no two exactly at the same point of their progress in wisdom and love. It is folly to think that all families will be reunited in heaven: the fact is, that the family institution is entirely one of earth, wherein are started on their road, rudimentary angels. Tell me, sweet Mary, if you can, how it would be possible for you to again gather up your former family as a united one in heaven? for yours is a fair type of most others. Your former husband has had two wives, and a family of children by both: your rapidly growing sons on earth will soon have wives and families of their own; your son and three daughters here will shortly become angels; your sister has long been an angel, and even she has not the power of taking you into the angelic city wherein her real home is: in order to work for you she has been obliged to leave her real home on visits of love and charity, and she is doing for others, whom she never knew on earth, the same things which she has been doing for you, and will thus continue to do. All spirits and mortals are yet to be taught by angels before they can become angels themselves; she but performs her appointed work in the great vineyard. Mary, have I not abundantly proved to you that a family can never be reunited as one family in heaven?"

What answer could I give? Tell me, my reader, if you can. I answered nothing, but drank in his words as a thirsty soul drinks in water.

"One more illustration, and I am done on this point. A mother in earth-life loses a sweet little babe: she mourns, and comforts herself with the thought that she will be reunited to it in heaven; the mother lives yet on earth forty, fifty, or even sixty years afterward; the little babe that was long before that time advanced onward into youth, and from thence into angelhood, perhaps into archangelhood, even beyond possible recognition by the mother; when, at last, she arrives on the confines of the spiritual life, to be united to her angel child on the same basis as before would be utterly impossible: she might, through unprogressed ignorance, be destined to remain within the spiritual sphere for a long time after that, while her former babe might be many spheres removed from her. Still, I do not mean you to understand that the child, already a fully developed and exceedingly wise angel, might not be able to visit that mother, and aid her on in her own progress toward angelhood, and this rule applies to all who go and all who stay."

It was all clear and plain to me now that my relations with my former family could never be the same again. While I had been looking downward, all things had been silently moving onward and upward.

"Oh, Solon!" I at length cried, "with all your wisdom how can it be possible that you are not able to enter the city of the angels?"

"For the very simple reason that I am not yet an angel, but merely a spirit. Wisdom alone does not constitute angelhood; man is but half an angel, or a spiritual entity. Love alone does not constitute angelhood; a woman is but half an angel, or a spiritual entity; when properly united the angel is formed, but not until they are properly united; and here again are the deepest and most profound love and wisdom required, to understand what constitutes the proper union, for unless the union is the right one, the gates of that glorious city can never be opened for them to pass through."

[To be continued.]

For the Banner of Light.
A CLANGING IRON SHOE.
(Suggested by George MacDonald's "The Portent.")

BY ZENAS UPHAM.

Few live but what within their lives
Some secret sorrow holds its sway,
An oft-recurring bitter thought
That they would gladly drive away;
Some woe of hour whose darkening power
Overshadows all their joy,
That will arise before their eyes—
Their visions bright destroy;
That will its gruesome way renew,
This dread portent
Of hours ill spent—
A clanging iron shoe!

While in the busy marts of trade,
With mind engrossed with greed of gain,
Despite your every effort brave,
You're haunted by its sad refrain;
It will not down by bid or frown,
But rides triumphant o'er you;
Against your will you're conquered, still
It rises up before you,
And sealding tears your eyes bedew,
Oh! dread portent
Of hours ill spent—
A clanging iron shoe!

When seated by your fireside warm,
Your children clamb'ring round your knee,
And soothed by prattling voices dear,
Of specters grim your mind quite free,
Aghast you start, with trembling heart,
A chill strikes to your brain!
You wildly gaze—to your amazement—
Upon the spectral form again;
The sound strikes on your ear anew,
This dread portent
Of hours ill spent—
A clanging iron shoe!

As years roll on with quickening speed,
And we draw nearer to the end,
The overwhelming mystery we will know
Of life, and why our years we spend
Upon this earth which gave us birth,
And to us brings such sorrow;
Will it be joy without alloy
That comes to us to-morrow?
Sure, death is kind and won't renew
This dread portent
Of hours ill spent—
A clanging iron shoe!

Philadelphia, Pa.

*The hero of the novel, "The Portent," was always advised of any event of importance that would happen to him, by hearing a loose or clanging iron shoe upon the hoof of a riderless horse, that in his mind's eye, or spirit sight, he could see galloping in the distance; this spectral horse occurs frequently through the novel, and so impressed the writer that it induced him to pen this little poem.

The Spiritual Rostrum.

MEDIUMSHIP.

A Lecture by
WALTER HOWELL.

Reported for the Banner of Light.



THE atom is a medium of spiritual force. The cell is the form through which life manifests its presence to the student of biology. The human organism is the medium through which mind is manifested. The ether is the elastic medium which makes the phenomena of light, color, heat and electricity possible. Were it not for the atmosphere, there could be no material sound. The eye and ear are organs through which the soul receives its messages from the outer world; molecules, nerves, muscles and limbs are the medium through whose agency the spirit within comes into contact with material objects; while the whole universe is the manifestation of the eternal spirit, and all things, suns, planets, flowers, grass, trees, beasts, birds, rocks, water, molecules and atoms are links in the great chain of mediumship, which unites all forms, from the throne of the Infinite down to the mote that dances in the summer air.

All will probably agree to recognize mediumship in the above universal sense; but there is still another or more special significance of the term. While everybody admits that everything in nature is mediumistic to some other thing, possessing the power to receive and transmit, all do not yet acknowledge that condition of receptivity and sensitiveness which constitutes persons of that particular physical and psychical quality mediums or mediators 'twixt the denizens of earth and the immortal people. Whatever be the opinion of the reader, however, the fact remains indisputable that our departed friends can, through the mediumship of persons whose organism is adapted for their use, communicate with us. The ability to do so does not depend on Divine permission, as that is usually understood; nor is the possession of the mediumistic nature a sign of God's special favor, as some imagine; nor is it in the sense generally employed "a gift." We shall discover some day that law rules universally as the manifestation of God's eternal order.

It is for lack of this knowledge that people, until they learn better through experience, think mediums must be angelic. The idea that an individual is a special favorite of God or heaven is a fruitful source of much misunderstanding. It is equally pernicious to suppose that any person is a special child of hell or agent of the devil. We are all an admixture of good and bad, and it should be our aim to overcome evil with good from within us. Of all people, sensitive persons should strive after the higher life; for being sensitive, they are more susceptible to influences either of a heavenly or hellish character. Mediumship, therefore, may be one of two things, or varied grades between the extremes: either the gate of heaven through which angels visit mortals, or the dark passage-way through which benighted souls come to make our gloom still more dense, and sometimes in search of light.

The ordinary investigator comes into the inquiry with a mixture of feeling; few, comparatively speaking, come in a purely scientific spirit. The result is that when an ethical or religious sentiment is outraged—and it sometimes is—they go away sorrowful. While it should be our effort to enjoy the highest spiritual and ethical blessing, we should, nevertheless, face every fact, and, if possible, solve it. Mediumship to most of us is an enigma; it is our duty to unravel it. Thousands of persons are mediums who have no knowledge of spiritual matters, and the world needs more light upon this important subject, so that the dangers of mediumship may be avoided and its blessings enjoyed.

Every one of us is mediumistic in a degree, for we are all inhabitants of two worlds at one and the same time. All have their angel attendants, and if not in a marked phenomenal manner, still in a subtle fashion, understood by the angels, we receive thoughts and emotions through the agency of unseen ministry. Perhaps it would be more correct to say, in

most instances at least, that thoughts and feelings are awakened within us through the influence of our unseen friends.

Where spiritual manifestations take place unthought, the mediumship is most natural because spontaneous. Where, through the magnetic manipulations of the mesmerist, the mediumship is easily unfolded, it is unattended by harmful consequences. Where it takes years of effort to evolve, if not accompanied by serious results, the time had been better spent in the development of such powers as would have served humanity more practically and with more immediate results for good.

If we could trace the evolution of the mediumistic nature in its more astonishing development, we should find it the result of prenatal psychical and physical conditions. Just as refinement or grossness comes as an inheritance from our forefathers, so the qualities of mediumship descend to us as a rich legacy to cherish and keep pure; or, if need be, to purify.

Matter is, as we have said before, the medium of spirit. There is every grade of density and refinement of matter. Where matter is most sublimated, spirit unites therewith, and this region of refined matter is the mediumistic sphere. We have observed how particles are separated from each other by interstices, which must be filled with something, for there is no vacuum in Nature. We say these interstices are filled with ether. Is ether in some way made up of particles having interstices, which need to be filled with some still more subtle medium, by means of which its particles communicate? Our clairvoyants tell us that every object is surrounded by an aura peculiar to itself. It is spoken of as the double vibration of the universal and vital light—astral light in the stars, magnetic light in stones and minerals, animal magnetism in animals and men—and this aura, like everything else in Nature, is not quite identical in any two objects or persons. Sensitive individuals can read the history of an object by its aura, and it is the quality of this aura which occasions many of the unaccountable likes and dislikes among human beings. It is aptly expressed in that most familiar couplet:

"I do not like you, Mr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell."

In the quality of the nerve and brain-aura of mediumistic persons, accompanied with certain psychical differentiation, we shall no doubt find the secret of their remarkable mediumship. In some, we observe the phenomena are confined to the cerebrum; they are mental media; while, in other cases, the phenomena do not appear to affect the consciousness of the medium, and the manifestations take place at a distance from the organism of the medium, but within the aural atmosphere. Of course, there is every shade of manifestation between these extremes, and there may be exceptional cases which are not included in this description, but the exception proves the rule.

It is, no doubt, this aural emanation of the medium interblending with the grosser elements, so to speak, of the spiritual world which renders physical manifestation possible. The psychical adaptation and brain-aura of the entranced or inspirational speaker make communication of intelligence from the spiritual world a possibility.

The constitution of the brain and magnetic temperament of the body, upon the physiological side of mediumship, determine whether the individual shall develop mental or physical mediumship. There are cases where these conditions are such that either might be cultivated, but, in order to attain successful results, one or the other should be decided upon. If the decision is in favor of the physical, the medium should take care what class of influences guide the experiments from the other side, for, of all forms of manifestation, the physical is most liable to be conducted by those who are nearest to the earthly condition; while if the aspiration of the medium is in the direction of moral and spiritual exaltation, there will come to such, by the law of spiritual affinity, minds who will instruct and guide in the ways of light and love. Not that physical manifestations are necessarily of low origin, but there is more need of caution, perhaps, in that direction than the other. I am inclined to think that there is more cooperation on the part of the medium with the spirits in mental phenomena than in physical; hence, if the mental influences be exalted, the tendency to uplift the instrument will naturally be greater. When we think of the wonderful polaric changes which are wrought in the organism of a physical medium in order to accomplish the desired results by the spirits, and the disturbance of the mental state which this sometimes involves—for mind and body are intimately related even in a state of coma—we shall regard such development with earnest solicitude. Spiritualism is no subject for an evening's entertainment. The séance-room should be entered in the spirit of sincere inquiry, of earnest devotion to truth, and love for humanity, embodied or disembodied.

Mediumship is receptiveness on the one hand and power to transmit on the other. The spirit must be attracted to the medium, and in the medium there must be the element of affinity. The spirit is positive, the medium sensitive; the spirit active, the medium passive. It would seem as if the connection between soul and body were not so well, or perhaps, more correctly speaking, not so firmly united. In the present state of mankind the material senses overpower the psychic principle as a rule; while in the case of highly-mediumistic persons the spirit triumphs over the body and its limitations, and manifests in cooperation with disembodied spirits, a force unknown to the physicists, a perception transcending bodily sense, and a control over material objects which moves them without visible cause, and evinces an intelligence which modern psychology cannot explain.

Those persons whose organism possesses the greatest amount of this subtle something, which has been variously called "magnetism," "psychic force," "odio force," "the universal fluid," "agasa," and the like, are most mediumistic.

During the process of evolution there have been in the past, and are to-day, those whose physiological and psychical make-up furnish the requisite conditions for the exhibition of abnormal powers. In one it is seership; in another, prophecy; in another, extra-natural strength; in some it is the spirit of poetry; in still others, the genius of the painter. In all these, we should discover abnormal convolutions of the brain made by the impress of the indwelling genius. If we had powers of still subtler insight, we should detect a brain-aura accompanying such forms of genius as would, if we possessed the key with which to decipher this mystery, enable us to determine the grade

and nature of whatever manifestations might occur, whether aesthetic or ethical in character. It is worthy of mention that when particles of the inorganic world are taken up into the vegetable kingdom, they are in a subtle way affected by their contact with the life-principle of that kingdom. When, again, the vegetable product is converted into animal tissue, it here receives an impress from the psychical principle of the animal. The next in turn to produce an effect upon the particles is humanity itself; and although we little dream of it, the moral and spiritual nature cannot come in contact with these particles without leaving an occult influence for good or ill.

The beautiful-faced woman or handsomely-built man, however much the looks may belie the character, causing us to expect that which we do not find, is nevertheless a representative of those qualities for which we look in vain. The noble form or graceful features are the inheritance of the noble and graceful which alone can give birth to these qualities. These spiritual traits may be sadly perverted, but they were the origin of the symmetrical and beautiful. In like manner, the qualities which unite the medium to the spiritual are those of refinement of nerve or brain, and hence the quality of the aura. Mediums, like the possessors of finely molded physiques or gracefully fashioned bodies, may, through the carnal character of their forefathers or self-degradation, pervert their heaven-born refinement of body and soul, and with the additional close proximity to the unseen world, intensify their pre-natal tendencies. Poets, artists, mediums and men who possess most exalted qualities of mind and elements of body, have exhibited some of the most deplorable appetites and brutal cravings. It is a sad picture to look upon, but, after all, it may be Nature's method of trying to establish an equilibrium. It should be our endeavor to reduce the action of those functions and faculties that are overtaxed, and increase the operation of those infrequently exercised. The depletion of a medium's strength in order to satisfy the wonder-seekers of the world, is largely responsible for such cases of intemperance as we occasionally meet in our ranks, although this is not a conspicuous evil among us. In other communities than the spiritualistic, this law holds equally good. There is a tendency to tax one set of functions and faculties at the expense of others that suffer for want of use, or exhibit violent outbursts because of the loss of that true balance which alone can steer us clear of moral quicksands and rock-bound shores of degradation.

Mr. John Fiske, in his invaluable work, "Cosmic Philosophy," points out "the reversal of the order of evolution," and shows most clearly "the triumph of the psychical over the physical." "During the period of primeval evolution, and in fact to-day, in the lower orders of life, the material predominated over the spiritual; but when the family was established, infancy prolonged and the moral and intellectual dawned upon the race, then from that point the psychical commenced to assert itself and gradually to master the elements of matter." I have not given his exact language, neither would he acknowledge such interpretation as is here given. Nevertheless, those who have witnessed the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism will see in them the most striking demonstration of the truth of his statement when carried far into the realm of the so-called "unknown."

The evolution of the aesthetic faculties gives birth to the arts; the development of the religious sentiment creates temples, bibles, priest-hoods and ecstasies; the unfolding of the purely rational faculties gives rise to literature, philosophy and the sciences. In each of these departments there are specialists, and these are the result of the development of a given order of faculties: Not a conscious development on the part of the individual primarily, but during generations of natural and spiritual selection, until at length we have a specialization of intellect, or artistic genius, or religious zeal and insight. These forms of variation are generally admitted, but the peculiar psycho-physical development which constitutes mediumship is not so readily acknowledged.

Those who have investigated spiritual phenomena are familiar with the form of clairvoyance which is not possessed by the medium save when under the control of some spirit. The clairvoyant faculty exists, of course, but is not developed so as to be of use to the individual except when controlled. Now, all the senses are capable of being exercised by disembodied spirits through the aura of the medium. They can set up a form of vibration through the aura, by means of which they can produce sound, or touches which we feel, and yet for which we can perceive no visible cause; or coming into the nervo-vital fluid of the medium, they, the spirits, may attract still grosser particles, until the spirit body is temporarily clothed in material form. Just as the will of the individual, acting upon the most refined substances of matter, produces all the voluntary movements of the body and causes objects within the vicinity of the organism to be moved by volition, so the disembodied spirit, through the refined elements of matter found in and aurally surrounding a medium, effects its purpose. If we had the spiritual discernment to see the invisible agent which moves an object, we should behold a hand so clothed with matter as to be invisible to us, and yet possessing sufficient power to move that object. The hidden forces that lie concealed within the atoms of the interstices of material bodies, which are available to the disembodied spirit, and perhaps to the embodied when they shall know how to use them aright, are beyond the power of man to imagine. The force that lifts a heavy piano as though it were a feather is evidence enough to convince the skeptic.

Chemists recognize about sixty-eight primary elements, but, as suggested elsewhere, the several elements pass through a given cycle, and are usually thought to ultimately return to their original state; whereas, Nature has demonstrated that, in the case of these so-called primary elements, they take a spiral rather than a circular course. Now, in the mediumistic organism, we may expect to find an abundance of sublimated material, which, as yet, has not received chemical recognition, owing to the very nature of the substance itself. When we ask information of the spirits in relation to their methods and the substance they use, the answer given is usually vague. It is sometimes stated that elements are used for which we have no names, and methods so foreign to ours are employed that were they to try to give us a description, such effort would lead only to misunderstanding, owing to our earthly experience furnishing no parallel.

We cannot claim to have reduced the phenomena of mediumship to a science as yet;

hence its laws and methods employed by the invisible co-workers are only dimly comprehended, and much speculation takes the place of explanation.

In all forms of physical manifestation and materialization, a white substance or vapor is not infrequently seen emanating from the body of the medium, and where this subtle substance exists in large quantity there may appear full-form materialization of the denizens of the spiritual world. Where this vapor exists in less quantity, hands, faces and partial forms appear; while in other cases rappings are heard, musical instruments are played, objects are moved, and various forms of physical phenomena take place. I have witnessed this mist of which I speak, and have seen a full-form materialization in good light. At first we could see a stove on the opposite side of the room through the vapor. It became denser and denser, until it was opaque. Presently a female figure stood before us. She passed from sifter to sifter, so that we knew it was a materialized form if we could trust our senses, for the medium was locked in a cabinet. The figure dissolved before our eyes, and became a mass of vapor as before. From dense vapor it reassumed its original transparency, and was reabsorbed into the cabinet and restored to the medium. My friend, Mr. Oxley, witnessed a vapor of similar description coming from the side of Dr. Monk. They were sitting at the table, and the white mist was observed to fashion itself into the form of a lady, who stood by Monk's side, and communicated with those present. The witnesses were close to the medium, so that deception was impossible. When the form had fulfilled its mission it dissolved, and the mist was reabsorbed by the medium. I give these illustrations to show that a substance is used which, at times, is visible to all the sitters. You may call this vapor by what name you please, but it is evident that whatever its actual nature, it is the substance upon which the spirits act in producing physical manifestations. Spiritualism is in its infancy, in its modern form, and there is yet time for much discovery.

I have dwelt at length upon the physical phases of mediumship, and yet have given it but very meagre treatment. We must now pass to the consideration of other forms of medial development.

There are two forms of clairvoyance. Hudson Tuttle gives these two the distinction of "dependent" and "independent" clairvoyance. The first of these may be developed in two ways: either under the influence of a mesmerist or by submitting to spirit control for that purpose. In each case the mind of the operator causes the vision by suggestion or impression. Most test mediums possess this kind of clairvoyance. An old lady wants to be identified: she finds a suitable medium, and throws upon the sensitive brain a picture of her former self, which is recognized. Now, it is obvious that one of two things happens in such a case: either the old lady actually assumes in form the appearance of her former self, or, without change of form, she impresses mesmerically her picture upon the medium's mind and brain. If the medium really could see her as she is, she would appear vastly different from the description given, for the medium's description of the spirit is, as a rule, a description of her as she was, and not as she is.

Independent clairvoyance is the open vision of the soul without relation to control, as is the case in dependent clairvoyance. Just as you receive impressions from the outer world through your physical eyes, so visions of the spiritual world undulate upon the eye of the soul. We spoke some time ago about the loosened relation of soul and body in mediumistic persons. Well, you only need this separation of body and spirit in some degree to cause the senses of the soul to receive spiritual vibration and undulation; and in these you have seership or inner sight, and sometimes clair-audience or spiritual hearing. So long as body and soul are so united that the physical imprisons the spiritual, so long the vision of the unseen universe will remain unopened; but let there be a partial severance, and lo! visions and sounds of the two worlds interblend.

The vibrations of the spiritual atmosphere are too rapid to be caught by the physical tympanum. The undulations of spiritual ether are too delicate to be sensed by our dull physical retina. Our sense of touch lacks the requisite sensitiveness to enable us to feel the spiritual hand of our angel-mother upon our shoulder. Let there be this partial separation of which we speak, either through severe sickness, prenatal sensitiveness or developed passivity, and some of these forms of spiritual sensation will most assuredly show themselves.

The hypnotist often discovers in his subject a fine clairvoyant, and it has very frequently happened that when the magnetizer thought his subject thoroughly under his control, another intelligence, foreign to both mesmerizer and subject, has seized the opportunity for demonstrating the existence of those whom a materialistic world calls dead. The possibility of mind embodied being able to control the embodied subject, as in the case of mesmerism, affords the student of psychology an opportunity of rising to the recognition of another degree of the hypnotic art, viz: the control the disembodied mind may, under favorable circumstances, gain over the mortal, and thus unite the two worlds of angels and men in the bonds of one fraternal brotherhood. In the light of this philosophy we may heartily sing the good old hymn, "Come, let us join our cheerful song with angels round the throne." Never before were the two worlds so consciously united.

There are varied grades of trance mediumship, and many degrees of impressibility. The influence which the denizens of the other world have upon the mental and moral nature of earth's inhabitants, range from imperceptible generation of vague emotion and the awakening of slumbering thought up to the profound trance state, where the organized thought and sentiment of the controlling spirit is expressed with the accompaniment of idiosyncrasies of former personality, and sometimes in a language foreign to the medium. Every conceivable shade of impression, from the vague to the most vivid, from semi-consciousness to a state of utter oblivion, is here included. When we awaken some bright morning upon the sun-kissed summit of Mount Transition, we shall be surprised to find that many of the thoughts we regarded as original came to us upon the wing of heavenly ministrations.

In the trance-medium we observe, if the entrancement be deep, that the extremities of the body are cold. Sometimes pulsation is imperceptible. What has happened? The vital forces have been updrawn and withdrawn so that the brain has received additional acceleration, and its dormant powers are awakened to their fullest extent while the exalted spirit, on the other hand, has to reduce the rapidity of its

normal thought so as to meet the requirement, and blend its thought-aura with the mind and brain-aura of the medium. When these conditions are met, the auras blended, undulations harmonized, and affinitizing qualities in the spirit and soul of the medium brought into their proper relationship, then a permanent rapport is established, and the trance-lecturer when developed may stand before a cultured world and meet its demands. Under favorable conditions, the trance-speaker may debate, lecture upon subjects chosen by the audience, answer the most abstruse questions in science, religion or philosophy; and, though the instrument may be regarded by the world generally as incapable of more than an average display of intelligence, the knowledge manifested on all subjects is truly phenomenal.

If the trance-medium's organism be well adapted to the use of the controlling spirit, every evidence of personal identity may be obtained. If the brain of the medium does not contain the necessary elements, or the spirit is unaccustomed to such experiments, the probability is that there will be for a time a lack of ability to establish its identity satisfactorily to the investigator; but in due time, and with good conditions, these difficulties will be overcome, and the fact of communion with our so-called dead will be well established.

We speak of illumination sometimes, and while the term may involve many forms of spiritual influx, I will here treat of one phase of it. There are treasures of mind and heart within us all, undreamed of by us. It is not always for want of eyes that we do not see, but for lack of light. Now, if by establishing exalted relations with the spirit-world an angel of light becomes our companion—or rather conscious guardian, for angels are ever with us—our soul will be illuminated by its presence and conscious relationship. We have gazed around us upon some dark night, and inly said, "How dismal! Presently the moon arose, and all was transformed into loveliness; after the night had passed, the sun came forth and all was glorified. In the darkness every object appeared grotesque; in the moonlight, all forms were transformed, and everything appeared like the veiled goddess of the Egyptians, suggestive of concealed beauty; but when the orb of day illumined the earth, it seemed as if Osiris had lifted the veil of Isis, and all stood before us God-lighted and God-loved."

This illustrates in a degree the different states of illumination. While we walk in the darkness of materialistic night, objects and even our brightest thoughts have the shadow of death upon them. When the light of faith arises, we hope, we aspire, we trust and wait; but when the sunlight of demonstration comes, when the celestial angel reveals to us the glory of the immortal world within us, we rejoice in the possession of a world of truth, beauty and goodness which had been ours all the time, but which had been concealed in the darkness of our unilluminated nature.

What is inspiration but the same thing put into different expression? The spiritual lungs dilate with upper air, and the thoughts and feelings within us which appeared non-existent come to life, and every faculty and function is stimulated to its uttermost. In such cases one cannot decide just where the mind of the inspired ends and the influence of the spirit begins.

It seems to be a perfectly mutual advantage which this intercommunication affords. On our side it brings life and immortality to light; it offers a new interpretation of things from that which the senses and an unspiritual mind give. In the light of the spiritual we behold the material from above, as it were, instead of on a level with matter. On the spiritual side I am taught to believe that intercommunication gives opportunity to those who wish to work out their own salvation, and, in some way, make reparation for mistakes committed on earth. In addition to this there is the pleasure which all usefulness generates, and those who work from the spirit-side of life in the interests of human progress, experience the inherent enjoyment in doing good and instructing the teachable. Then comes another phase of the intercommunication, the coming into the memory, experience and conditions of their old state with the light they have gained in their exalted sphere, with which to reinterpret the old, and see divinity where only a devil was visible, heaven where the hells appeared, and thus discover precious gems which had been concealed from view during their career on earth. When we shall in like manner return with glory to seek for hidden glory, we shall be astonished to find that in the very conditions we thought God-forsaken, lo! God abideth forever, and heaven is everywhere, if we have but the eyes and light to behold it. The Lord of life thus resurrects, so to speak, the dead past into the eternal and living now, so that, as in all other departments of nature, the law of reciprocity holds good. The thought and feeling of the angel is never consummated until it finds expression on earth. Heaven needs earth as an ultimate sphere where its life and thought may find embodiment.

There is another aspect of the mediumistic nature which we must consider before we conclude. We spoke of mediumship being universal, and we affirmed it to extend from the throne of the Infinite down to the atom. This is true, and, therefore, it involves the thought of both the controlled and the controlling.

While we should be ever receptive to that which comes from above, we should always seek to control that which is beneath us. This suggests the idea of a union of adeptship with mediumship. Koot Hoomi is, no doubt, a mythical personage, but he may represent a principle. The spiritualistic medium is not always as progressive as we could wish, and if we could blend strength of character with sensitiveness of mind and brain, we might couple the Oriental ideal of adeptship with the West-

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ern passiveness to receive the imprint of an angelic thought and sentiment.

The abnormal powers of the medium are prophetic of its future normal activity, and when a higher normal is reached, may we not look for abnormality which again shall foretell still further attainment? If mediumship is really progressive, then it involves adeptship in relation to the lower, and mediumship in respect to the higher. If there exists within soul and organism the mediumistic qualities, then by unfolding the intellect, developing the affections, and strengthening the will, we shall attract to us the spirits of wisdom, love and power. While to remain in ignorance means to attract the like, to neglect the development of the heart will unite us to the spirits whose self-love rules; and to continue a weakling, will bring into our atmosphere the impotent of the lower world. Let us, then, cultivate the companionship of the wise, the loving and the strong, by evolving these characteristics in ourselves.

In reviewing the ground over which we have gone together, it will be remembered that we dealt with the physiological side of the mediumistic nature at great length. We do not wish to leave the impression that our opinion is that material conditions alone determine mediumship, for, in reality, material conditions are the outcome of spiritual operations. But just as in the normal action of body and mind we see a duality of phenomena, molecular and mental, so in spiritual manifestations we observe physical changes accompanying psychical exhibitions. There is a mutual interdependence. There is no manifestation without a medium, and that fact should prove the truth of my assertion. Those who maintain the independence of spirit may state a partial truth, but those who stand for interdependence have the dual foundations well laid in spiritual and material spheres. Somewhere, no doubt, we may expect to discover in our existence that whereof spirit and matter, as we vaguely guess them now, are but the positive and negative poles. Meanwhile we must be content to recognize their mutual relations and interdependence, and by obeying the laws of each kingdom as we understand them, enjoy the blessed privilege of a conscious relation with the two worlds.

Then we may look for all those sweet benedictions which heaven showers so copiously upon those who are capable of receiving them, and earth will bestow her richest treasures upon those who are worthy. We shall realize not only the blessing of receiving but the pleasure of giving. The power to receive and transmit is ours; the active, controlling potency lies within us; and the passive reflective state is also our heritage; by the one we create, by the other we are re-created through all eternity.

THE NEW UTOPIA, AND HOW WE SHALL REACH IT.

Abstract of a Lecture Delivered at Casadaga Camp, N. Y., Sunday, July 10th, 1898, BY W. J. COLVILLE.

(Specially Reported for the Banner of Light.)

THE old adage that history repeats itself is very liable to abuse, for the reason that people speak blindly rather than understandingly of the relation between effects and causes. The same cause may produce the same effect in all cases, but do we not often hastily jump to the conclusion that causes are identical when they only appear similar?

No comparison is made more frequently by many modern pessimists than the threadbare statement that the very plutocracy which led to Rome's downfall is now at work in America. We do not deny that there are plutocratic tendencies in the United States, and that these tendencies need counteracting; however, the conclusion is unwarranted that Columbia will soon share the fate of ancient Rome. It can not be denied that artistic and other achievements of olden times were in some respects superior to those of to-day, but it cannot be proved that in past ages the whole people were offered the educational advantages freely presented to those of America at this hour.

Ballots, not bullets, must settle disputes in coming generations. The Swiss system of Initiative and Referendum could be successfully introduced into this country, and if there were more constructive Nationalists and Socialists and fewer calamity-howlers, the condition of the entire community would soon be immeasurably improved. We need educators, not demagogues; leaders, not anarchists.

It may be quite true that money-power is far too rampant, and that millionaires are undesirable in a republic because contrary to the true genius of democracy; still we must not be blind to the fact that the original money-kings brought intellect and perseverance to the task of building up monopolies, and what the "people organized" have not yet done, private capital has certainly accomplished. We are ready for integral cooperation now, but we were not formerly. It is useless to cry "shame!" upon autocrats when we have left the field to them.

There are several immense railroad companies in the West which owe large sums to Congress for grants furnished to complete the roads. The roads are now paying well, but the debts are not paid; here are opportunities for the Government to take this valuable property under its own control. The men who engineered these vast schemes have been liberally rewarded by the financial revenue they have already reaped, and we need not grudge them a single dollar, for their efforts, though not free from error, have resulted very usefully to the nation. To oppose a system in the interest of a better one is legitimate, but it is never warrantable to condemn mercilessly the individuals who have operated the system.

Evolution does not teach the condemnation of lower forms, but the gradual development of higher ones. Moral culture is at the base of every reform, and next to this stands industrial training, which, as yet, is sadly neglected in public schools. College graduates seem to know far more than they can do, and when they apply for business positions, their lack of practical usefulness is painfully felt. Industrial training is imperatively demanded everywhere; no boy or girl should leave the public schools unfit to engage immediately in useful work of some kind, and the kind should be selected, as far as possible, to conform both with the natural aptitude of the pupil and the special needs of society. As higher moral standards are set up, there will be no difficulty in creating and fostering a public sentiment favoring the reconstruction of society on a reasonable and humane basis. Once make all really useful occupations of equal worth and dignity in the eyes of the world, and there will be no lack of recruits for any branch of needed ser-

vice. False sentiment lies at the root of much needless oppression, difficulty and unhappiness. Take away the odium attaching to domestic service, and you see that the work is not in itself disagreeable, but the social penalties accompanying its faithful discharge are humiliating in the extreme to a sensitive, aspiring person.

The absurdity of plutocratic theories consists in the fact that neither worth nor intellect are counted first, but mere possession of money, or at least the reputation of possessing it, is the all-in-all. Nothing more indefensible can well be imagined than Ward McAllister's hints to aspirants for social honors, and it is indeed complimentary to character and intelligence at large that only four hundred New York families are supposed to be thoroughly in the swim, or within the ring.

Practical educational measures are not dreams, and from the vital interest taken in the great social and educational congress at the World's Fair, we are prepared confidently to predict the near beginning of a new and far higher social development, not only in America but over the entire world. If the lower influences held undivided sway, and the higher intelligences were indolent, we might well dread an impending cataclysm; but good will vanquish evil, truth will slay error, peace will banish war, wisdom will dethrone folly.

Pessimism is a poisonous weed, not only because it predicts the worst, but by reason of its paralyzing the nerves which would otherwise be strong, and also exerting a deadly psychic influence tending to retard the progress of all useful reforms. Optimism not only prophesies the good time coming, but inspires all lovers of our race to work for it; and as no successful work can be done if we pursue but a forlorn hope, we must cultivate high ideals, hitch our wagons to blazing stars, and bring our anticipations into full accord with our best desires, to the end that we may exert a powerful spiritual force actually conducive to the realization of our highest ideals.

Though the spirit-world can do much for us, it demands our earnest cooperation, and this we must render in thought, word and deed. Let nothing dampen our ardor, nothing induce us to relax our efforts, for through inspiration and heavenly guidance—the powers behind the scenes—the actors on the visible stage, must play their parts well. Let each do his or her best, and what would be impossible for a few isolated toilers is easy for a united host. All work meets its reward, and no kind of work is so fruitful of result or so richly compensated as silent, continual mental effort called in Scripture "effectual fervent prayer."

Camp and Grobe-Meetings.

Lake Brady Camp.

No one can remain long at this beautiful campground, nor at any other well-regulated one, without realizing the power such meetings exert in spreading the glad tidings of this nineteenth century Philosophy. Yes, I know away back in the early centuries the same Philosophy occasionally cropped out, but it's the last forty-five years that have done the business; and the camp-meetings, starting up and multiplying as they have the past fifteen or twenty years, have given Spiritualism its great boom. While it may be true that some local societies may have suffered by these summer gatherings, yet on the whole organizations have been strengthened through them. We must not overlook the fact that these very same camp-meetings would not have been so eminently successful had they not been so ably and extensively reported from the very start; first by the BANNER OF LIGHT, and then by the spiritual papers that have come into being since. The fact is, even if we think the Spiritualists at large do not fully realize the influence of such a newspaper as the stanch old BANNER, and the important factor it has been for nearly forty years in adding all worthy efforts and new enterprises that have been and are being carried up. Spiritualists often complain of the outside "ads" in our spiritual papers, as if any newspaper could live entirely on its subscription list! If one in ten or even one in every fifty Spiritualists subscribed for, say, one of these papers, the publishers could then afford to fill up eight pages every week with solid reading matter. Reader, it rests with you—DO YOU SUBSCRIBE FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT? or DO YOU KNOW IT OF A SUBSCRIBER? Well enough said; now to the main point, which, of course, is the Lake Brady camp-meeting. It is making in the fifth week of its second season.

New tents are constantly going up, many cottages are being built, and others are still in contemplation. The latest building, Russell, M. D. D. H. and the late Clark of Cleveland, and Mr. Z. S. Holmes of Alliance, O. Mrs. M. E. Wallace of New York City, who was unavoidably absent through illness, was well and ably represented by that very earnest minister of the gospel (of Spiritualism), Rev. W. J. Colville. The new light that has recently dawned upon the spiritual horizon.

At present England is reaping the most of the glory of our camp, for three particularly bright English stars are shining there. The first is the late, but beautiful American moonlight of the present week can eclipse. The stars comprising this constellation are of the first magnitude—W. J. Colville, the indefatigable spiritual phenomenon, J. Clegg Wright, the minister who aims to be scientific, and the late, but beautiful, the warm-hearted, who, while almost blind, saw spiritual principles clearer than most people see material things. These are the three stars now shedding their light over the beautiful Lake Brady; this is the first time they have ever been seen all at once through any camp meeting telescope.

Mr. Colville's first appearance was in conference on the 26th ult., when he sang and spoke, and also did the Rev. W. H. Hicks, who, while here was the life of these morning gatherings. The doctor's mind was full of bright thoughts, which he states clearly and fearlessly. The subject of his last lecture was "Modern Spiritualism, as we Understand It, is Nothing More Nor Less than Christian Christianity." He begged the Christians to publish his lecture, and the lecture was replete with good things, inspired by Henry Ward Beecher, several present claiming to have seen his spirit by the speaker's side. Good-by, Brother Hicks! May you long continue in the good work you are doing.

W. J. Colville filled the date assigned to Mrs. M. E. Wallace on the 28th ult., and answered a multiplicity of questions in his usually clear and metaphysical way; and on Saturday, the 29th, Mr. C. gave a grand lecture on "The Old and New Atlantis," concluding with a poem.

If the World's Fair is not a success on Sundays, spiritual camp-meetings are, for notwithstanding the regular exorcisms were prevented from coming to Cleveland (Sunday, the 8th) by the wreck of a freight train on the C. & O. R. R. (disappointing at least one thousand people), an audience as large as any previous Sunday greeted Mr. Clegg Wright, who lectured in the morning. As usual, the gentleman started many of his listeners by his very radical utterances on the absurdity of the God-idea of Orthodoxy. Mr. Wright reasons closely along physical science lines, is very rare, terse and cogent in his address, seasons them generously with caustic wit that startles and frequently shocks his audiences, raising the perspiration and sometimes ire of those who are in a more metaphysical and transcendental line of thought, as was those of Orthodox proclivities.

Probably none in the vast audience followed the speaker more closely than his two English brothers, Messrs. Colville and Howell. The former's face during the address was a grand study for an artist, and immediately after the meeting, Mr. Colville said he would reply to the question, "What is the meaning of the pavilion, and did Mr. Wright follow the brilliancy of such an intellectual conflict between two such able advocates of two such distinct lines of thought as these two well-known Spiritualists?"

In the afternoon Mr. Walter Howell occupied the rostrum, when, after the most delightful instrumental music, he very methodically and sagaciously requested the audience to stand and sing three stanzas of "Nearer, My God, to Thee." This harmonizing and preparing the audience for his very entertaining and instructive address on "Spiritualism: Its Appeal to the Head and the Heart." While alluding but slightly to the morning lecture, the address, presented in his natural warm-hearted emotional way, had a tendency to soothe the ruffled minds of those who had been previously disturbed by the strong wine at the morning communion.

Both services were closed with tests by Mr. Frank T. Ripley in the morning, and Miss Maggie Gaul who had just returned to Lake Brady, in the afternoon. Both mediums as usual were highly successful. Mr. and Mrs. Eise of Alliance added much to the meetings by their cultured and intellectual addresses.

The physical mediums in camp are all sustaining

their reputations by the daily demonstrations they are giving of their various phases of the phenomena. Mrs. E. Chase, the Cleveland clairvoyant, the graphic and psychographic, has done some excellent work this season, principally in the former phase, although he has given many fine tests of the genuineness of independent state writing. Mr. and Mrs. Chase have a code of their own here, and are interested in the permanent upbuilding of Lake Brady camp. Through an oversight Mr. Chase's name was not mentioned in connection with the two benefits tendered the invalid medium, Mr. Harry W. Acker, Mr. Chase not only contributed to the cost of the business on this occasion, but is ever to the front in deeds of benevolence.

Mrs. Effie Moss, the materializing medium, is very busy. Her sittings every night are largely attended. Mrs. E. Chase has been very successful in her work most frequently telling the most positively to the genuineness of the phenomena through her mediumship. Her manager and nephew, Mr. John Randall, is also credited with some very good specimens of genuine spirit-paintings and photographs.

Mrs. Mabel L. Aber of Kansas City has, while here, given some wonderful proofs of independent slate-writing and drawing as well as materialization. Mr. Harry W. Acker is sufficiently recovered to hold his sittings for materialization. We hope to speak from experience of his already well-attested mediumship later. We trust the friends will now rally at his sittings, for his seven weeks' illness has been a great pecuniary loss to him and his faithful and charming wife.

Signor Greene, materializing medium; Mrs. Maggie Stewart of Piqua, O., test medium and psychometer; Mrs. Curran and Miss Emma Utz, the child medium, fifteen years old, of Allegheny, Pa., are among the most notable arrivals, and will be made later. Prominent among the other arrivals are: Mrs. M. Knight, C. B. Ellis, Toledo; Mrs. L. Jacobs, Millersburg, Mr. Samuel and Mrs. Anna E. Fertig, Mrs. J. C. Nugent and Jacob S. Sterling, Canal Dover; Mrs. E. E. Humphrey, Willsborough; Mrs. M. E. Beattie, Fairview; Mrs. M. A. Lewis and M. A. Hyde, Alliance; James Z. Baillie, Shawnee, all of Ohio; and A. G. Wilkenson, Meadville, Pa., Dr. W. E. See, Lily Dale, N. Y. The Clevelanders are Mrs. Carrie L. Hopkins, Prof. C. L. Hote, Mrs. Sara A. Rogers, Mrs. Mattie Reddy, Mrs. M. E. Young, the very faithful worker, earnest missionary and affable lady—was here a week in the interest of W. J. Colville's magazine, "The Problem of Life," and his published works on Theosophy and Metaphysics in general.

The speakers for Sunday, August 13th, are Mr. G. W. Waldron, Canada, and Mrs. Colby Luther, who will stay during the week, and will be followed by Moses Hull on the 13th, and Mrs. Cella M. Nickerson and Moses Hull on the 14th.

Three very large picnics have been held here this week, by the Newburgh M. E. Church, Young Men's Hebrew Association, and Sons and Daughters of St. George, and others are to follow. All are welcome to these social and beautiful grounds, where the largest gatherings of picnickers do not interfere with the campers nor the speaking in the natural amphitheatre, so far removed from the amusements patronized by them. Come, friends! there is room for all.

THOMAS LEEB, Special Correspondent.

Haslett Park, Mich.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light: Again for the eleventh time the hospitable grounds of Haslett Park, Mich., are thrown open to the Spiritualists and truth-seekers for a Camp-Meeting that is to hold over five Sundays. The camp is in a very prosperous condition, having a much larger number of tents and campers than at any previous opening, and besides, extensive improvements have been made on the grounds.

The meeting was formally opened Sunday, July 30th, by Mr. James H. White, the President of the Association, in a few well-chosen remarks. Mr. G. F. Brooks gave the address of welcome in his own happy manner, making the occasion a spiritual feast spread for us one which will please the most exacting as well as reflect great credit upon those earnest workers who prepared it all. Mr. Brooks introduced Michigan's adopted daughter, Mrs. Anna L. Robinson of Port Huron, formerly of Lockport, N. Y., who Robinson gracefully greeted her new friends before her little control "Alice" came to make all hearts glad with her good words of encouragement. She closed her address by giving a number of fine tests and descriptions.

The afternoon session was opened by Mrs. A. E. Sheets, who was the bearer of greetings from our sister camps at Casadaga and Lake Brady, where she has been sojourning for the past few weeks. She paid the leaders of Haslett Park a very flattering compliment, and the excellent program of Wednesday evening, Mr. Robinson, who was the speaker for the afternoon, took for her subject, "Concentration of Thought and Forces, and Spiritual Development," and "Alice" gave to the audience a beautiful bouquet of thought, led with a number of tests and descriptions that were exceptionally fine.

Sunday evening was devoted to a conference, led by Mrs. Mattie Hull, who always makes her hearers feel well repaid for listening to her. There was a number of content mediums in the camp, among them James Riley of Marcellus, who has given several good materializing séances. Some of the social features of the camp are the Saturday evening entertainments and receptions, and the camp picnic parties on Wednesday evenings. By no means the least, among the good things here is the Children's Lyceum, which meets three times a week, with Mr. Brooks as Conductor.

MARY MCLENN.

Canby, Ore.

The New Era Camp-Meeting was brought to a close on the evening of the 23d of July. It was better attended than any other meeting ever held on the grounds, and each one present seemed to be much interested in the ideas advanced.

Moses Hull was in attendance throughout the seventeen days the meetings were in progress, and gave us on an average two sermons each day.

The other speakers were Mrs. Laid Finigan, Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. D. Wilder, Mrs. Cooley, Mrs. Baxter and others.

Public tests of spirit identity were given from the platform, both in the grove and in the hall, and public séances were held for the benefit of strangers and sick.

The Society elected the following board of officers: Green Love, President; Mrs. Thompson, Vice-President; W. E. Jones, Secretary.

A new list last year the Society has improved the grounds, enlarged the hotel and added new furniture. A well has been sunk, which promises an abundant supply of pure water.

The camp-meeting for 1894 is announced to begin on the first Friday after the Fourth of July. The program will be the same as last year, and the speakers pointed in advance to have charge of the various departments.

Donations were made to the Society by its various members and friends. Rev. Moses Hull contributed a collection.

The weather was fine throughout the course of meetings. Scarcely a drop of rain fell, and when the warm days came, the fir trees cast their grateful shade over the grounds.

WM. PHILLIPS.

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BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1893.
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Before the coming light of Truth, Creeds tremble, Ignorance dies, Error and Ignorance rises to its proper sphere of knowledge.—Spirit John Pierpont.

Symbolical and Spiritual.

That is, in point of fact, the actual and real issue in and out of the churches and all other associations of a religious character or tendency. Shall the symbol constitute the object of worship, or shall it be the thing which the symbol is taken to signify? Shall it be the idolatry of a book called the Bible, or shall it be the unrestrained worship of the unfettered spirit? Shall it be the continual restraint of a creed, the limitations of a merely human statement of belief, or shall it be the liberty of thought, the pursuit of knowledge, and the flight of faith, that acknowledges no curb of human authority and refuses to rest while it still remains for the spirit to acquire experience and assimilate wisdom? In short, the issue lies between tradition and living things, between superstitious reverence and healthy appreciation, between sheer authority and native freedom, between what is external and mechanical and what is internal and spiritual. Shadow and substance are joined in a final conflict for victory. The apparent and the real are at open issue in men's minds. The outward and the inward are engaged in a struggle for the mastery.

This is just what the multiplying cases of heresy now going on within the churches mean. This is precisely what is indicated by the growing tendency to broader preaching in the pulpits of almost all denominations. This is what is signified by the increasing dissatisfaction with naked and sharply defined doctrine and the growing demand for instruction in the lessons of divine charity, without which all doctrine is dead and profession is but empty mockery. It is an era when the heart of humanity cries for a religion that is more than form and rule, and is altogether and entirely spiritual. It cannot with truth be said that it is a period of decay for religious ideas so much as for Christian dogma. What is happily styled an ethical passion demands that we should be willing to sacrifice ourselves utterly, if that is the condition on which the coming man may stand erect in larger freedom and in fuller joy. Still a religion of ethics only is not all. Where there is duty, there is joy and worship likewise. In no compression of the intimacy of the relation between man and man can we expect to escape the sense of our relation to the universe and to God. Herein consists man's harmonious development, and not in simply acknowledging his moral obligation.

It is out of this unlimited range of the human spirit in the fields of speculation and contemplative thought that all the world's known religions have come, and all its accepted Bibles. The irresistible tendency of the present time is to restore its native freedom to the human spirit, and release it from the restraints which have so long diminished its life and impeded its action. Instead of worshipping the Word as a past existence and power, the insistence is that it is all the time and evermore becoming flesh, showing forth its glory full of grace and truth. This is not to make God less, but more; not to degrade, but to exalt him. That the God of our allegiance and love has spoken but once, and then in faulty and contradictory terms, to men, is as childish and almost atheistic a doctrine as to deny his presence altogether. True and real religion insists on an always present God, and refuses to be satisfied with a God of mere hearsay and tradition. We do not wish to live, exclaiming one of the most profound, eloquent of modern liberal preachers—we do not wish to live on the report of dead men's truth and dead men's virtue. Our God is a living God. Shall the Eternal One be further from the life of man than from the life of woods and streams?

We need to draw closer and still closer to this ever-present God; to take him to be a God who lives and speaks to day or else never has lived and spoken. He must be to us, says the same preacher, either a revelation that is bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh and spirit of our spirit, a revelation that is inherent in our inmost, or else he must be the eternal silence still unbroken. The belief in the "supernatural," held by so many to be essential to the progress of mankind, is to-day in process of daring and successful dispute. If it is faith in miracle, instead of faith in law, on

which the history of mankind has hung so long, then that shall account for the world's slow progress, its contradictory centuries of purpose, and the ravagingly wasteful cost of its experience. But for the prevalence, at all times and among all people, of a blind and even unintelligent belief in the stability of natural order in the place of law, and the impotency of "supernatural" intrusions to effect its permanent disturbance, it is perfectly safe to assert that there would have been no stability of human life. It is the "supernatural" that has been the irrepressible nightmare of the centuries. The only wonder is that man has advanced as far as he has in spite of it.

It is the symbolical that is deservedly losing its power over the minds of men, that the spiritual may wholly supersede it with its life-bestowing grace and power. With the decay of the authority of the symbol will inevitably ensue the decay of superstition in all its manifold forms. Traditions will fall away and be forgotten; immemorial customs, with their shivering and starving influence, will disappear; the clouds of fear will lift from the human mind, and the clear sky of a faith begotten of conviction will break with its measureless promises above man's head. The spirituality that is to supplant symbolism in all its various forms will trust implicitly, and will worship reverently, that Power which continually manifests itself in the qualities and relationships of all material things. It cannot be less than it has been during the prolonged reign of symbolism; it must inevitably be vastly more. Under its domination the world's advancement will be more unimpeded than it has been since history began its records.

A New Belle of Salem Witchcraft.

It is no less than a moderate revival of New England dogmatism and religious bigotry that hung innocent women in 1692 on Gallows' Hill, Salem—that is, if the daily press has correctly chronicled the facts. The scene—extraordinary, it seems, was enacted at Old Orchard Beach, in the State of Maine, and the time Sunday, August 6th, 1893. It was the finale of the late "Christian Alliance" Camp-Meeting Convention. Here are the facts of the case as reported:

Just after the close of the last service, when nearly everybody had departed from the grounds, a New York lady, who has been in constant attendance at the meetings, but had of late taken no part in the services, approached the platform and informed one of Dr. Simpson's elders that she was possessed of a devil, which she wanted him to drive out. The Elder called to his assistance several of the brethren and sisters for a season of special prayer. The applicant for the removal of the "evil spirit" knelt on the ground while the supplications were being offered in her behalf. Suddenly she began writhing and tossing, and uttering incoherent exclamations. "Lord, cause the devil to come out of her," prayed the Elder, which supplication was echoed by those who surrounded the prostrate woman. "I won't come out," came a response, in a piping voice, from the woman's own lips, the declaration being oft repeated. The prayer was continued about a quarter of an hour, and then the Elder and his assistants laid their hands on her head and renewed their plea for the devil to come out. As suddenly as she went into the tormented state, the woman emerged from it, arose, rubbed her eyes, looked about her, and declared that the devil had been conquered, and was no longer in possession of her. A short prayer of thanks to the Creator for His reign over the evil spirit was offered, and the woman passed out of the camp-ground singing a Christian Alliance hymn.

Now everybody of nineteenth-century common sense knows, or should know, that such a scene as is described above is a disgrace to Christianity. The woman who had listened for days to the exhorters who had vividly pictured a "personal devil," no doubt through her overwrought feelings really believed the Orthodox devil had got possession of her; and when they finally placed their hands upon her head—their prayers producing no effect—thus imparting a soothing mesmeric influence, she imagined that "the devil" had been exorcised. They all thought "the Lord" had heard their prayers, no doubt, and any common-sense argument that "the Lord" had nothing to do with it would have proved of no avail whatever.

The whole thing was a disgrace to the closing days of the nineteenth century. Had the Spiritualists enacted such a farce, the religious and secular press of the country would have sent up such a howl that the echoes would have been heard around the world!

Onset's Success.

Great crowds were there last Sunday to listen to the fine music of the Band, and hear the lectures that were given by the talented speakers who were ordained by the spirits to go out into all the world and proclaim the Gospel of Truth—and that is exactly what Mrs. Jennie Hagan-Jackson did at the morning service, to the entire satisfaction of the great audience.

Then Bro. Wiggin filled "the desk" in the afternoon. His grand tests of spirit presence were unmistakably true; such was the unanimous opinion of the multitude in attendance—many of whom came to the grounds in the New Bedford Island Home steamer, also by railroad and carriages from all the surrounding country.

It was the most orderly gathering we ever witnessed. We met many old friends from different parts of the country, who had, they said, taken THE BANNER for over thirty years, and several from its commencement in 1877. We desire our foreign contemporaries especially to know this fact—as many false reports in regard to our arduous labors in the Cause have gone abroad in times past through the machinations of scheming individuals calling themselves Spiritualists, to the detriment of the work we were called upon by the spirit-world to perform so many years ago. But we forgive them all.

On Tuesday last we had a pleasant interview with Mr. Arthur Engel, of Paris, France. It is his second visit to this country—the first occurring eight years ago. He is deeply interested in Spiritualism and its phenomena, and intends to be present at the meetings next Sunday at Onset Bay, weather permitting. He has been stopping in New York for several weeks, but he was disappointed in not seeing as many mediums as he desired to, and wondered why they did not advertise in THE BANNER. Can anybody explain?

THE BANNER is extremely sorry to learn that the Spiritualists of San Francisco are quarrelling—and especially over minor affairs. Some of the latest adherents of our Cause, we regret to know, don't seem to imbibe much if any faith in our beautiful harmonious philosophy, otherwise they would exercise more discrimination than they do in many ways.

THE BANNER is the recipient of a very elegant cabinet photograph of Mrs. Jennie Hagan-Jackson, for which present we cordially thank her.

Another Great Heresy Case.

The case of Prof. John Campbell of the Montreal Presbyterian Church, who is charged with heresy, was brought up before the Montreal Presbytery on the 1st inst., and preoccupied a warm discussion. A committee had been appointed at the last meeting of the Presbytery to formulate a libel on which the case should be tried. The committee accordingly submitted its draft to the present meeting, and it was duly discussed. As finally approved, the original draft was somewhat amended. The indictment charges Prof. Campbell with the guilt of heresy on two grounds: first, in holding and teaching a view of the Holy Scriptures which impugns and discredits them as the supreme and infallible source of religious truth; and, second, in teaching a view of God which sets him forth as one who does not smite either by the way of punishment or discipline, and who has nothing to do with the judgment or punishment of the wicked.

The discussion opened over the relevancy of the charges. Principal MacVicar, the head of the Montreal Presbyterian College, in which Dr. Campbell holds the chair of biblical teachings, and another member of the College faculty, together with other leading divines, supported the charges as relevant.

The defense of Prof. Campbell was attempted by several members of the Presbytery, but it soon became plain that they were in a hopeless minority, and on taking a final vote the charges were decided to be relevant by an overwhelming majority. It was thereupon decided to summon Dr. Campbell to answer to the charges before the Presbytery at a meeting to be held on the 2d of September. Everything points conclusively to his being condemned by the Presbytery, from which an appeal will be taken to the General Assembly; and if that body shall likewise condemn him, the only course left him will be to resign his professorship in the College and leave the church.

And thus there will be another great heresy case on trial in a little while, this time in Canada. The Presbyterian Church has had its hands full of late in dealing with such cases, and one would think it would by this time suspect that its creed was wrong and needed reformation, instead of being so determined on punishing those who merely point out the shortcomings and inconsistencies of the church's declaration of belief. But it will inevitably be found that putting such men outside the church's pale by violence, as it were, and thus stoning the prophets, is the poorest possible way to escape from the brightness of the new light that is everywhere breaking.

Tribute to Mrs. Richmond.

As noted in THE BANNER at the time, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond was one of the regular speakers at the opening of the Lake Brady (O.) Camp-Meeting. The reporter of the Akron Beacon (for the 3d ult.) thus comments on her address:

"The afternoon exercises were signalized by the brilliant lecture of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond of Chicago. . . . When Mrs. Richmond is to speak no apology is needed. Without apparent effort, almost without gestures, as easily sustained as a conversation on matters the most trite, her sentences are pronounced, every word as clean-cut as the facets of a diamond, while the idea contained in the sentence is as complete and perfect as the diamond itself, and the whole discourse is finished and perfect in plan and proportion as we would expect it to be when built of such material as her exalted subject affords, and wrought by a workmanship so superb. To the young orator wishing to cultivate a style at once dignified, clear, stripped of every weak or unserviceable word, finished almost to burnishing—while not a trace of labor comes to the surface—warm, earnest, full of heart and sympathy, I could name no living model equal to Mrs. Richmond. At her best Wendell Phillips was her equal in repose, but his matter was often pungent with the asperity of a political cartoon; hers is not—it is nearly always an appeal with argument admitted only to support the appeal. Add to these a fine presence, a voice as low, as smooth and almost as musical as a flute, and you have Mrs. Richmond, one of the finest living examples of forensic serenity combined with great intellectual power."

Filly Spoken—and Timely.

"Spiritualism"—wrote Epes Sargent—"can now take care of itself. For the last quarter of a century, those who hate and fear it have been comforted almost daily with the assurance that it was at last dead and buried; that some great exposure had taken place which explained its tricks and proved it to be all a fraud. Yet here it is, more irrepressible than ever, though its exponents multiply and its calumniators call it bad names. It goes on, not at all affected, it would seem, by all these assaults of anger, malice, levity, charity and pseudo-science. (And we would add the innuendoes of "psychical researchers.") These are the utterances of one who before his transition to the spirit-world was enabled to clearly perceive and justly understand the situation in reference to the Cause so dear to us all. He saw and knew, as since the utterance of these words he sees and knows so much better, that neither craft nor calumny, neither hostility nor stupidity, could be able to bring to naught its divine purpose.

Special Notice.

The friends must have their camp-meeting reports at this office sooner than Tuesday of each week, as this is the time our forms are put to press. These accounts come to hand—some of them—so late last week it was only by the utmost exertion that our compositors "set up" the types in season for the press. The result of the hurry was a few misprints; besides, we had to leave out three columns of editorial and other matter previously put in type. The friends will either curtail the reports, or get them to this office sooner.

Prof. Petersen's Story—of which the reader will find an installment on our first page—is winning golden opinions, as it deserves, on every hand. For instance, our friends and correspondents, Lita B. Sayles and Wm. Foster, Jr., say, respectively: "I think Mr. Petersen's story a very fine one." "The story is capital, covering a wide field, and is well received. It will bear fruit, as there is a naturalness about it which tells."

Believers of the Bible in its entirety (a la Rev. Mr. Talmage) do not mince matters in regard to the biblical account of the deluge. They believe it literally, just exactly as the Bible gives it. In the British Encyclopedia, on the contrary, under the article "Deluge" (vol. vii.), the whole subject is treated from the folk-lore standpoint, i. e., a myth!

In the abstract of the "New Utopia" discourse, on our third page, W. J. Colville gives expression to valuable thoughts, which have a specially practical bearing amid the storm and stress of the present business conditions throughout the country.

X-Zalla.

We desire to call particular attention to the advertisement of the X-Zalla Medicine Company, which appears on page 5 of this week's issue. We are personally acquainted with the Managers of the Company, and can vouch for their good standing and honesty. The medicine, beyond question, is a specific for the diseases for which it is advertised. It is purely a vegetable preparation, and in no way can it injure or harm the most delicate constitution. The Company possesses certificates from some of the most eminent chemists in our State that X-Zalla is a bona fide discovery in the pharmacy of this class of remedies. Anything which will allay and cure the ills of suffering humanity commands our fullest support, and we bespeak for the Company that has placed this medicine within the reach of the masses, the success to which the proprietors are entitled.

I. B. R.

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

Mrs. Julia M. Carpenter is one of the most competent of our trance mediums, having exercised her medical gifts in the cure of disease for many years. Her address is 303 Warren street, Boston.

Robert Dale Owen's views concerning spirit-return and its outcome receive a highly appreciative analysis at the hands of Mrs. Love M. Willis, on our sixth page.

AN ANNUAL EXCURSION from Boston to the Isles of Shoals will be made Friday, August 25th, on the steamer John Brooks. See card on our fifth page.

The lecture on Mediumship, by Walter Howell, which THE BANNER gives its readers this week, is eminently worthy of the most extended perusal.

Oration to Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing.

The Onset people enjoyed a specially refined entertainment on Monday evening, July 31st. The Temple was the scene of a reception given to this excellent medium by her numerous friends. "Ikabod," the unique spirit that controls her, was therefore highly delighted.

The exercises were opened by an original poem by Mrs. Emma Miner; Prof. A. Dolph gave a successful exhibition of his ability as a mesmerist; J. Frank Baxter recited a quaint Scotch poem, which was received with great applause; Miss Lucette Webster gave a couple of recitations, which were encored—the last of which was responded to by her reading the boy's composition on "What I know about a Woodchuck." (This lady is a brilliant elocutionist.) Mr. L. E. Bullock gave a scene in sailor life; Miss Nellie DeShell delivered with tender pathos "The Hero Boy of the Dike in Holland."

Mrs. Twing responded to all the good wishes of the friends by a touching address, alluding feelingly to the many happy hours she had spent in Onset, and the sweet memory she always carried with her of the kindness she had received from every one.

"Ikabod"—witty and pathetic, as he always is—not only cheered the audience, but poured the balm of sympathy into mourning hearts.

Other musical services—participated in by Mrs. Geo. Lowell Tracy (of Boston), Mrs. Cora A. Frothingham, Mrs. Alice Chapman, Mrs. E. V. Tufts, Mr. S. J. Smith, and Miss Lulu Morse—closed the delightful ovation to a deserving medium, which we have not the space to chronicle. Dr. Storer presided.

There is one thing we wish those who are attempting to get at the bottom facts of the Spiritual Phenomena to know, and that is that the lady we have thus briefly alluded to, is a fine automatic writing medium.

We have tested her powers repeatedly, and are sure of what we now state: Frequently, since his demise, WILLIAM WHITE (who was Chairman of our Free Circles) has given us communications of importance through her mediumship, which were invariably signed in fac simile of his own chirography while in the form.

The Gipsy Moth.

Several hundred thousand dollars have been expended by the State of Massachusetts to obliterate this abominable pest, but with as yet very little effect. Now we learn that there is a reliable gentleman in New Bedford, Mass., who will agree to exterminate the nuisance entirely, and at the same time re-leave the trees, for one thousand dollars.

Jurors Hesitate.—It is well said by Mr. Joel B. Dow, in the Beloit (Wis.) Daily Free Press, a propos to a recent election by the State of New York, that the killing of men as a penalty for crime is repugnant to the civilization of to-day, which accounts for the increasing reluctance of a jury to render a verdict entailing death. Neither of the ends sought to be attained, the punishment of the murderer and the protection of society, is realized. Jurors will readily convict of lesser crimes which involve imprisonment, but the perpetrators of the highest crimes, by reason of the brutalizing penalty sought to be enforced, largely escape. The infliction of the death penalty in civilized states or countries is the exception rather than the rule. New York still clings to the rule, though her Assembly has twice passed a bill abolishing the death penalty. A hundred years hence the student of history will be puzzled to account for the church spirit and the gibbet standing side by side, and over the archway spanning the two the significant inscription, "Christian civilization." Matthew Arnold says "civilization is the humanization of man in society." But humanization cannot be attained by carrying out measures so repugnant to the finer sensibilities; their tendency is to brutalize rather than to refine, humanize or elevate. In time to come, the criminal will be recognized, as one diseased. Instead of exercising brutally humanity will prescribe, the sanity of human life being recognized as blinding not only upon the individual but upon the State.

The Run of Mackerel, it would appear, from a writer in the Popular Science Monthly, is becoming notoriously and improprietly uncertain by reason of the peculiar habits of this peculiar but appetizing little salt-fish. A study of the mackerel fisheries of the southern coast of Ireland in the seventeenth century shows that they were all but wholly destroyed for a season by the French fishermen undertaking to catch the mackerel on their way to the spawning ground. These gregarious fish are a kind that are incapable of changing their habits, which really govern and include their habits. Year after year they seek the same spawning ground without fail, and will make a wide swimming circuit to find it if they suffer from any interference. The frequent disappointment of fishermen to find their customary schools on the familiar fishing ground is the result of the fish taking these new routes. Another cause of the failure of the persistent attempt of fishermen to catch the fish before the roes had delivered their spawn on the usual spawning ground, thus putting the expected supply of the next season wholly out of the question. These are facts as important to know as they are interesting. They show that there is a law of failure, as well as of supply, precisely as the pathology of disease is as interesting and important as the pathology of health.

The well-known and successful healer, Dr. Dimont C. Dake, of New York City fame, will visit Lake Pleasant during this month.

"Pacific Notes"—Prof. J. Madison Allen—next week.

The Rev. Philip H. Moxom, a distinguished preacher of one of the largest Baptist churches in Boston, has openly announced himself from his pulpit (as reported by the daily press) a believer in evolution. How many ambitious, but snail, discourses we have heard from the clergy in attempted ridicule and strained denunciation of this great scientific discovery and demonstration! The tide is turning now, and the clergy are compelled to accept it. The power has become so familiar with it that the pulpit could neither resist nor ignore it any longer. Theology changes its shape according to the growing necessities of the case. It is highly interesting, however, to note the fact that the clergy, when they do accept the doctrine, accept it with intent first of all things to make it serve an ecclesiastical turn. Rev. Mr. Moxom put the question, whether evolution will not destroy Christianity; and unhesitatingly answers it by saying that it will no more do so than astronomy, geology, or any of the other sciences did. Nothing that is true, he said, will suffer from it. Yes, but the thing to decide is, what is truth? as Plato of old wanted to know. Dr. Moxom, however, candidly confessed that evolution means that man has found the key that opens the lock to the mysteries of creation, and it takes away nothing that ought not to go. The essentials of Christianity, he believed, will endure forever. What he considered was to be gained by evolution was a more rational and a better idea of God, and, he added, a more strengthening hope of redemption. He implored his hearers to remember that even with our growing knowledge, we need God. Yet that hardly seems necessary to say; will Dr. Moxom take the ground taken at last by Henry Ward Beecher, that religion itself is obedient to the universally operative law of evolution, and is yet to become something which it neither is now and never has been? Let him speak as to that.

Report to the Point—"Father" Baker writes with a sharpened pen to the *Troyka* (Kansas) Capital, replying to an article on Spiritualism recently quoted into its columns from the *Troy Chief*, in which the writer chooses to stigmatize a Spiritualist as "a hypocritical pretender, a person who is so nearly insane as to be useless for practical business, and a person who has the sympathies of all his friends." Mr. Baker replies by stating the three cardinal points held by Spiritualists—the continuity of life, that there is no change at death, and that, under certain conditions, the so-called dead can and do appear to the living. He thinks there is no doubt that at least a fourth of the people of this country believe and preach these three cardinal points, and that a great majority of the remainder would give all they have to be able to believe what Spiritualists know to be true. Summing it up, Mr. Baker would have this blatant and ignorant calculator know that this charge of "unbalanced mind" is a worn out, antiquated and baseless one against the believers of the New Dispensation; that the literature of Spiritualism is as voluminous as that of any professed religious denomination in the United States; that there are Spiritualists in every walk in life; and that Spiritualist teachers rank as high in point of ability to present its claims to the public as do the occupants of the denominational pulpits in their special work.

The Cry of "Bad Dog!"—The usual shout heard each summer is again raised now that a heated term is upon us. In every quarter, by aid of telegram, letter and printed page, the scribes of the daily press are, in their search for "news," really fanning the flame of an unreasoning public fear to the most fervent heat. But these periodic scares over hydrophobia are entirely wrong, and without foundation in fact. Very few, indeed, of the dogs that are reported mad are really so, as has been frequently proved by the researches and published accounts of the State societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in New York and Massachusetts. Prominent medical gentlemen have also made the same statement. Caution is very well in the matter at all times, but the rule of treatment for a pet dog when he is taken sick is that of extra kindness, instead of arousing a general terror against him and casting him off to be run down by a mob even more infuriated than the poor animal was ever capable of becoming. A frightened and over-excited public is apt to be far more mad than the outcast of a dog can be; the madness, or rabies, much more often lies on the side of his human persecutors. Remember this, friends, everywhere, in the midst of the present panic!

Prof. Briggs Again.—In the *North American Review* for July, Prof. Briggs, the condemned Presbyterian teacher and preacher of heresy, makes a sort of friendly and familiar proclamation for the liberals of the denomination, who are in sympathy with him, assuring them that in his candid opinion they are the salt and savor of the earth and church. He does not dare to express the hope that they can organize a liberal Presbyterian church, although their meeting recently in secret convention to assure him of their determination to stand by him may have meant something very strongly inclining to that result. He more than wonders himself what they will do or ought to do—whether they will remain in their various churches and thus promote the unity of the denomination, or whether they will feel obliged to come out altogether and either organize a new Presbyterian church or unite with the more liberal communions of the various nations.

Mrs. Jennie Hagan-Jackson, we understand, has a fine collection of photographic views of the different spiritualistic camp-meetings she has visited the present season. We have examined the views, and pronounce them, as works of art, superior to any similar work we have ever seen. They are like those used by Mr. and Mrs. Jackson when giving their stereoscopic lectures, with illustrations. The views are for sale, and any one desiring them should apply to Mrs. Jennie Hagan-Jackson, 399 South Lafayette street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

This lady will also take subscriptions for the BANNER OF LIGHT. Hope she will secure hundreds if not more, for this paper, which, as every practical Spiritualist in the land knows, is the best journal devoted to the Cause in the world.

The "Fresh Air Fund."—This is the very time to turn in the voluntary contributions to a blessed charity for poor women and children. The truly beneficent work of this Fund is widely enjoyed and appreciated by the poor children of a populous city like Boston, who, else, might not gain a glimpse of the country in summer-time. Contributions of any amount may be made to Rev. D. W. Waldron, 7A Beacon street, Boston, by whom they will be promptly and gratefully acknowledged. The season is now at its height for outings for the children of the poor, and the quicker the offerings the larger the number of children that can be accommodated.

Grand Family Reunion.—L. Berry, Haverhill, Mass., writes us that the Berry family of New Hampshire will hold a reunion at Rye Center, N. H., on Sept. 10th next. "William Berry, of Lancaster, Eng., came over in 1631, and settled at Portsmouth, and many branches of the family have spread from the original root to all parts of the country. They are now invited to gather at their starting place, to exchange greeting and experiences. Joseph W. Berry, Rye Center, has charge of arrangements, to whom all parties interested will report. Papers will oblige the family by copying."

THE BANNER extends its grateful thanks to Mr. John Tobbs of Brooklyn, N. Y., who—through Mr. Charles R. Miller's kindness as transmitter—has just forwarded us ten dollars in recognition and for the furtherance of our work in the cause of Spiritualism. Mr. Tobbs, we are informed, is now in his eighty-third year, and has been for thirty years a subscriber to THE BANNER OF LIGHT. He came from England in 1842; he was an earnest disciple of Robert Owen, and has for many years been a faithful adherent of the spiritual revelation.

We cheerfully give up much of our editorial space, this week, to Camp-Meeting Reports. We hope the Managers of these meetings will, in return, call attention to THE BANNER'S claims on public patronage.

FROM THE WOODS AND THE FIELDS!

X-ZALIA,
A NEW AND WONDERFUL DISCOVERY

FOR THE CURE OF

WZEMA, SALT RHEUM, PILES, ERYSIPELAS, BURNS, SCALD CUTS, BRUISES, POISONS FROM PLANTS OR THE BITE OF INSECTS, DISEASES OF THE SCALP, SORE EYES, AND ALL SURFACE INFLAMMATIONS ON MAN OR BEAST.

no matter how chronic your case may be, this remedy will cure you. We mean just what we say in making this declaration. The proprietors of the Banner of Light have been personally acquainted with the Manager of this Company for years, and you that under no circumstances would he state or advertise anything but the exact truth.

his Medicine in the short time it has been upon the market has cured hundreds, and in no instance has it failed to give relief.

READ THIS TESTIMONIAL FROM ISAAC B. RICH, ONE OF THE PROPRIETORS OF THIS PAPER. WE HAVE HUNDREDS OF OTHERS FROM PROMINENT AND RELIABLE PEOPLE

Boston, Mass., August 7th, 1893.

Gentlemen--For several years I had been greatly troubled with inflammation in one of my feet. I

ral Physicians' prescriptions and various remedies suggested to me by friends without any perceptible
 March last a friend gave me a bottle of X-Zalia, and by its use I was entirely cured within a week, and
 gained so since. Several of my friends have tried this remedy for Piles, Eczema and other diseases for
 recommended, and in every instance have been benefited. From my own experience, and what I have
 know of this remedy, I believe it is a great Medical discovery, and will prove of unparalleled benefit to
 ing humanity.

Yours truly, (Signed) ISAAC B. RICH.

X-ZALIA—an external remedy—is put up in an honest ten-ounce bottle, and the price is \$1.00, six bottles for \$5.00. It is delivered, securely packed, express charges prepaid, anywhere in New England and east of Chicago, on receipt of price.

Address all orders to

X-ZALIA MEDICINE COMPANY,
2 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass

MEETINGS IN BOSTON. The American Spiritualists' Association has discontinued its Monday evening meetings at the First Spiritist Temple, 100 N. Washington St., Boston, Mass., on account of the small attendance. The Association has decided to hold its meetings at the First Spiritist Temple, 100 N. Washington St., Boston, Mass., on account of the small attendance. The Association has decided to hold its meetings at the First Spiritist Temple, 100 N. Washington St., Boston, Mass., on account of the small attendance.

Dr. E. B. Russell, after several years of work in the West, has decided to again engage with societies in New England for the coming lecture season, after September, which month is engaged with the Spiritual Alliance of St. Paul. Address 80 Seventh street, Sec'y, 14 Grenville Place, Boston, Mass.

South Minneapolis, Minn.

AMERICAN HALL, 724 Washington Street.—Meetings held at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Good meetings, music. Miss A. Penabody and Dr. S. H. Nelke, Confreres.

Water of Life

attended. The costs given were very remarkable especially those of a "new" medium—Mrs. Fred. This lady went for the first time in her life on the platform, but the tests given during her orism were of the highest order.

from those who have used it, giving a forty-page and all particulars about this remarkable water, to

J. R. PERRY, Manager
34 South Main Street, Wilkesbarre, Pa.
Mar. 18, 1891

the month of December, 1893, also for the months of March and May of '94, may address him at 647 Bank street, New London, Conn.

Jennie Reed Warren is now located at Mr. Richmond's cottage, corner of 9th street and Longwood street, New London, Conn.

Anglo Hall.—Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 2d, an interesting meeting; remarks, tests and readings by

Spiritualist Camp-Meetings for 1893.
The reader will find subjoined a list of the localities and the dates of the above Camp-meetings, as arranged by the
Friday, Aug. 25

also answered mental questions; Mrs. A. K. W. and Mr. J. H. B. James (both of Lynn) made remarks; Mrs. Dowland and Mr. Tuttle contributed songs and readings.

Closing.—Invocation and poem, Chairman; select song, Miss Piper; readings and tests, Mrs. J. E.

ists, Dr. Wm. Franks, Mr. E. H. Tuttle; mental questions answered by Mr. Tuttle. Singing was rendered in an acceptable manner by Prof. Pierce and Kate Shepley.

Meetings in this hall every Sunday 11 A. M., 2:30, 4:30 P. M.; also Wednesday evenings 2:45.

WINTER CAMPAIGN OF LIGHT for sale each session.
—
HARTWELL.
—
Miner's Hall.—Sunday, 11 A. M., developing and
ring circle, conducted by Dr. Willis.

Harris Grove (near Lowell), Mass.—Sunday meetings during the summer.

Jackson's Grove, Mass. (Upper Swampscott).—Sunday services.

Queen City Park (So. Burlington, Vt.).—July 30th to Aug. 12.

AMERICAN TOUR OF
Belmer and Seabor
"OCCULT WONDER-WORKS"

Combs; Mrs. Jennie Hill and Dr. Willis, readings.
 singing at each service, Nellie Carleton.
F. W. MATTHEWS, Conductor.

improper and deficient care of the scalp will cause

ness of the hair and baldness. Escape both by use of that reliable specific, Hall's Hair Renewer.

PLAIN WORDS.

Temple Heights, Me.—Aug. 11th to Aug. 20th.
Niantic, Conn.—Commences July 1st; continues until Sept. 8th.
Etta, Me. (First Maine Association).—Commencing Aug. 1st, to Sept. 1st.
Etta, Me. (Second Maine Association).—Commencing Aug. 1st, to Sept. 1st.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

the world whether *they* have always walked in "straight and narrow path."

↑ ↑ ↑

re you up in the matter of buying fish? See to it

Ashley, O.—Opens Aug. 20th, closes Sept. 4th.

Indiana Camp-Meeting (State Association, near Anderson, Ind.).—July 20th to Aug. 14th, inclusive.

Clinton, Ia. (Mt. Pleasant Park).—Opens July 30th, closes Aug. 28th.

\$12.00. We ask for the united
of all good and true Spiritual
its and our behalf.
COLBY & RICH, Publish

the fins are stiff, the eyes full and clear, the scales bright and the body firm. Under these circumstances they are fit to eat—not otherwise this hot weather.

↑ ↑ ↑

Chesterfield, Ind.—Commences July 20th and continues to Aug. 14th.

Delphos, Kan.—Commences Aug. 17th; continues two weeks.

Liberal, Mo.—Aug. 19th to Sept. 4th.

Elizabeth, Mich., Aug. 11th to 27th

When one through policy looks for something he
 n's n't want, is n't he liable to make a bad mistake?
 ↑ ↑ ↑
 Greed of territory has been the cause of many

Dr. F. L. H. Williams may be addressed at
Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Jan. 7.

W. J. COLVILLE lectured in Washington Temple, Ordan Avenue and Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., Monday, Oct. 10, 1910, at 8 p. m. **What is Life?**

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

Young Mothers

Apply to Galt Brothers Eagle Brand Condensed Milk
nursing babies as well as for general cooking. It
stood the test for 30 years. Your Grocer and Drug-
gist sell it.

Message Department.

It should be distinctly understood that the Messages published in this Department indicate that the spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We are the readers to receive no doctrine purporting to be from the dead, that does not comport with his or her reason. All expressions of their spirit-friends will verify them by informing the publishers of the fact for publication.

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

Report of Public Séance held April 11th, 1893.

Spirit Invocation.
Oh! most Holy Spirit, thou Infinite Presence of Light and Love, baptize our hearts, asking for the nation of glory from thy great font of truth and wisdom, and inspire our minds that we may be quickened in spiritual perception to realize and to grasp those secrets which are now mysteries to us concerning life and humanity, and also that we may be willing and ready to press forward seeking experience and profit by that which is outlined as a lesson to our lives. We would be touched by angelic ministrations; we would catch the breathings of love from tender souls that desire to bless and befriend human beings. May we receive into our lives something of the beneficent atmosphere and influence that shall be a guidance unto us in our gropings, in our weaknesses, in our reaching out for that which is beyond. We ask that the gifts of the spirit may be ours, that the qualities of the inner life may receive something of the power that comes from divine worlds, and thus being acted upon give forth a hint of their possibilities and an unfolding of their working powers.

We are thy children, and we seek to know something of the nature of our Divine Parent. We are reaching on and groping along over the hills of darkness, asking for the nation of glory from thy great font of truth and wisdom, and inspire our minds that we may be quickened in spiritual perception to realize and to grasp those secrets which are now mysteries to us concerning life and humanity, and also that we may be willing and ready to press forward seeking experience and profit by that which is outlined as a lesson to our lives. We would be touched by angelic ministrations; we would catch the breathings of love from tender souls that desire to bless and befriend human beings. May we receive into our lives something of the beneficent atmosphere and influence that shall be a guidance unto us in our gropings, in our weaknesses, in our reaching out for that which is beyond. We ask that the gifts of the spirit may be ours, that the qualities of the inner life may receive something of the power that comes from divine worlds, and thus being acted upon give forth a hint of their possibilities and an unfolding of their working powers.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will now attend to your questions, Mr. Chairman.

Ques.—(By C. B. Wysox, Pa.) Is it true, as asserted, that the majority of public manifestations are and have been spurious? and if so, who is to blame, the mediums or a class of undeveloped spirits?

Ans.—We cannot make the statement that it is true that the majority of public manifestations through mediumship or in the name of Spiritualism are spurious. We would be very slow to make such a claim. Unfortunately it is true that there have been many fraudulent practices in the name of Spiritualism, and of mediumship which have originated in the earthly conditions of external life, and with which spirits of a high character have had nothing to do.

Who are to blame for this? Why, we know that many of those who have descended to fraudulent practices in the name of mediumship possess fine medial qualities which, under proper conditions for unfolding and exercise, would be given expression for high and useful ends. In many cases the responsibility lies not only with the medium and with the class of spirits who may be attracted to him by his course of conduct, but also with those who are closely connected with that sensitive on the mortal side, who are allied to him by family ties, and who encourage him in his daily work, as well as those who cluster about him for selfish ends and aims of their own.

It is true, however, much Spiritualists and the world may scoff at the assertion, that the quality and character of the manifestations received through a medium depend very much upon the character and aspirations of those who visit him and those who are associated with him in daily life, because a sensitive must of necessity be acted upon by those waves of magnetic force which impinge upon his atmosphere, whether they come from spirits emanated or from those in the flesh who walk the earth. And that we are exorcising a medium who willfully and with full consciousness prepares the way for deception and for the representation of that which is not what it claims to be; but we must take into consideration all the factors which produce such a state of affairs as your correspondent hints at in his question—and these are factors of great importance of which we speak—the character and the desire of those who are associated with the medium in his daily life.

Again, many individuals who are really possessed of fine mediunistic powers do not pay strict attention to the rules of development, but, learning that they have psychic qualities, they make haste to enter public life, claiming to be mediums of great power and ability to produce wonderful forms of spirit-manifestation. Consequently, these individuals who may have done very well in giving evidences of spirit-return in their own homes or among a few private friends who are in sympathy with them, find that the conditions are very largely changed when they invite a promiscuous assembly from the outer world to investigate their claims, and it may be impossible for the spirit-guides and operators to collect the elements and material which they require for the production of their manifestations, as well as to gain the necessary control of the various individuals who come about them whom they must have in order to obtain the best results.

We advise those who find themselves possessed of medial power of any phase to be slow in making their entrance into the world as professional mediums, because they will and must be subjected not only to the criticism of an investigating public that may not understand the rules of development, but also to the psychological power and atmosphere of all classes of individuals who feel they have a right to demand their own conditions and their own line of manifestations in return for the dollar which they pay into the medium's exchequer. We would also counsel all mediums to be very careful in the selection of friends and associates, to see that they are not only in sympathy with them in the affairs of life, but that they are of good character and possess sterling qualities which are helpful in a magnetic and spiritual sense, giving an elevating influence to the medium in times of depression as well as a cheering one in times of prosperity and peace.

After all this is attended to, Mr. Chairman, and before it is attended to also, the medium should, in every place and on every occasion, aspire only for the attendance of wise and good spirits, even if they do not produce such marvelous manifestations as may be desired—aspire for the guardianship and guidance of those who are pure and sweet, and who desire to bless mankind by good works. But all the aspiration in the world will have no effect unless the one who aspires tries to live a pure and good life, seeking not for personal aggrandizement and influence, but rather for the gifts of the spirit which may be utilized in beneficent ways for humanity. Rest assured that those who are strongly mediunistic, and who live such a life as this, will find an increase of power, a stimulus and spiritual strength that will enable their guides to utilize their mediunistic qualities and give through them such evidences of immortal life and love as will attract the attention and command the respect of thinking minds.

Q.—(By the same.) How can we distinguish between reliable and unreliable spirits?

A.—It may not at first be easy for a novice in investigation to distinguish between those coming from the spirit-world who are reliable and those who are unreliable, but if he goes to the task with an earnest mind and a desire to receive only the truth; if he is candid and fair-minded, anxious only for that which is good; is not over-critical, but, at the same time, is ready to exercise his own judgment and pay due attention to the intuitive powers that belong to his own spiritual nature, it will not be long before he will be able to determine that which is reliable and sound, and whether

it be a claim made by the medium or his friends, or something set up by the spirits who come from the other life.

It is the undoubted right and privilege of every investigator to use his reason, to ask questions—mentally or orally—concerning those things which appear to him. He can scrutinize them closely, if he does so with a pure mind and the desire for truth alone, and weigh in the balance of his judgment these manifestations, drawing his own conclusions therefrom. We believe that every thinking man who will give to the subject the same attention, care and investigation that he would give to any other weighty problem in the universe that challenges his thought, will discover the true and the false, the right and the wrong, the reliable and the spurious, and be able to make up a record of experiences which will be a valuable guide to himself in his future researches.

We can draw up no code of rules for any individual to follow in such cases. We can only advise him to follow his own judgment and sense of right and justice, which are innate in his own soul. In his investigations of any law, whether it pertains to mediumship or the sciences of the external universe.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Lieut. J. M. Webb.

I feel very happy to-day, Mr. Chairman, that I can express my gratitude to my friends on Cumberland County, Me. I have friends not only in Portland, Westbrook and other places, but also those who have gone out from the State of Maine, yet whose hearts still beat warm with the sentiments of regard and remembrance for their old-time comrades and associates.

I am glad to say that this is an open way through which those who have passed from the body, who have fought their last battle on earth and gained the victory of release from suffering—in at least a physical sense—can send back over the lines of communication dispatches concerning their welfare, the situation of the country, the affairs of State and of individuals, and give tidings of the immortal world.

It seems to me, sir, that I have been long in coming, and yet only a few years have passed by since I went out of the body, while others I know have been many years seeking a passage over some line such as this in order to make connections with their friends of earth. I am assisted to come here to-day by Judge Cleves, who has been but a little while in the other life—less time by far than that which I have known—and he has already expressed himself, and is trying to induce or to assist others to come in this same way. That is why it seems that I have been long in coming.

Will you kindly say, sir, that Lieut. J. M. Webb is here, and that he is all sound and well in limb and body? I feel strong and active, and there is no indication of a suspension of vital action with me, nor has there been since I went to the higher life. It is a higher life in the largest sense to my understanding, for it gives a freedom to human activity that was never experienced here. Some of those who, like myself, left a limb upon the field of conflict, and who have yielded up their life as far as earth goes, I have seen in the spirit-world sound and full of faculty and power. The reunions have been pleasant indeed, and I can truly say that this immortal life is life in every sense of the word, and that if there are death and decay, they do not belong to those who have gone on, but to those who linger here.

I give my greeting and my love to all dear souls on this side of the great border, and I shall truly be pleased and grateful for an opportunity of reaching them in an intelligent manner, that I may give them something of a private nature concerning my life in the past. I think I can do this if they will find me the right channels of communication.

Benjamin Lindsay.

[To the Chairman:] Benjamin Lindsay is my name, sir, and I am happy to present myself to you as one who is searching after truth and glad to find it in whatever place he may. I am an investigator of this great and wonderful Cause which Spiritualism outlines, and I visit your office to note and to learn of the progress of intelligent individuals in the spirit through this strange psychological law of communication. I was an old man. I lived years and gained much experience on the mortal side. I received all that I had a right to claim here, and when my summons came I felt at once that it was right for me to pass on and enter the other country, which proved to be one of light and advancement.

My life was spent largely in the journalistic field, in the management of certain publications in the city of New Bedford. There I have been well-known, for I identified myself somewhat with the interests of the city and its people. I feel a fondness for the place still, not only because there are those living there endeared to me by ties of association, but also because I have made my impress there, have left a magnetic note, and in the past have received magnetic forces from the life of the good city. I feel that I am a part of it, and that it is a part of me, because, while it has given me much that can never fade from my memory, I have also, as I now understand these laws of magnetic impression and reception, imparted to its atmosphere something of my own life-forces and qualities.

ardon me, sir, for speaking so much of myself. These thoughts have been expressed on my mind, and I voice them not because I desire to enlarge anything that has directly been the outgrowth of personal work, but because I wish my friends of earth to learn something of these laws, and to inform themselves upon great questions affecting the mortal life and the eternal life as well.

I bring my greeting to all who care to receive it. I assure them that I am working along the lines of human progress and growth, not as an old man with failing powers, but as a quickened spirit rising out of the ashes of the old conditions into the clear light and atmosphere of the spiritual state.

Moses Noyes.

For a long time, Mr. Chairman, I have been anxious to come here and say a few words to friends in Haverhill, of this State, especially some time ago when a terrible experience came to my companion, and she had to pass through an affliction, trying and severe. I thought if I could come and speak of the heavenly life it might do some good among them, and their nearness and of the conditions of that other world. But light comes after darkness, ease follows pain, and the old conditions pass away after a while whether we come or not; but, as I have been so anxious to make myself known, and finding the way open to-day, I thought I would just slip in and say that Moses Noyes is here and wishes to have it known that all is well—yes, all is well as far as I can see from the spirit-side.

I would be an old man if I was here, but I am not bowed by the weight of age in the spirit-world. I have seen intelligences over there that have been glorified, and whose lives are surrounded with beauty, with wonderful things of art and of usefulness, and I know that they have won these things by their own lives. I have seen others who have been shadowed by coldness and blight, and I know that is the outward expression of the inwardly spirit that is not working for better things; but, for all that, I think it is well even with them, because the condition will certainly at last make its way, do its work, and cause those spirits to reach out for that which is higher and more beautiful.

I feel, Mr. Chairman, that I will linger. I just came in to say a few words, and let the good people know that we do not forget those who are in bodies of flesh.

Maria F. Carey.

I come back feeling pretty good, and very grateful that I can speak in this way. I do not know very well how to make myself known, but I want to give my friends the idea that I am well and strong, and that the old conditions have passed away with the body. I feel like a new person, with faculties sound, and with the power to go from place to place and get so much of life that I never had before.

I want to send my love, and tell all that I would like to help each one, and will do all I can to make their lives brighter and more beautiful. I thought if I could get near enough to George, in Groton, I might be able to tell him some things about the old affairs that would help him along. Perhaps sometime I can, and that is one reason why I come here, to learn the way, and to ask that I may get a chance to come in a quiet manner.

I am Maria F. Carey of Enfield, Mass.

George N. Horne.

I felt good before I came in here so close to your machine, but when I tried to take hold of it, it gave me a sort of shock, and carried my mind back to the last minutes of my life on earth. They were very hard ones to me, for I was foully dealt with by an unknown hand. I felt a sudden blow, and in a few moments I lost myself.

[To the Chairman:] Well, I hardly know how it happened, but I am sure the one who did the deed was frightened off, and did not get much for his pains and for his wickedness. I do not know, sir, as I was very badly off, but I feel uneasy at first, and wanted to be back here to look after affairs that were not arranged as I would have had them had I known that I would never see to them again. I also had some things in mind that I wanted to work out, and so I was uneasy and not at home in the spirit-life; but I grew out of that condition, for I came to the conclusion that I could not help myself, and I might as well make the best of things. After that I began to take more interest in the spirit-country. I tried to see how many were about there, to get acquainted with those who lived there, and so I came to feel at home.

I am known better in Jasper County, Mo., than I am here. At Carthage I have friends that might get a bit interested if they heard that my name had been mentioned here. I hope so, at least, for I would like to keep up the old associations and have my friends know that I am a living man.

My name is George N. Horne. I thought I would just look in here a bit to say a word that would let the folks know there is such a thing as the dead coming back.

I suppose some of my friends will want to know why I don't tell more about that which sent me out of the body. I don't want to; I have no desire to refer to it in any other way than I have. It is done with, and although I felt bad at first, I have no feeling of revenge, and I have no desire to do anything of that sort at all. I am just satisfied to go on with my own work as best I can.

I have a work in the spirit-world. I do not keep store, but I do find a use for my faculties and energies. I have had a deal of traveling over the rough road to knowledge. I have been as ignorant concerning these spiritual things as a grown-up man is likely to be, and I wanted to learn something so that those about me would not be ashamed of me. I have been living a sort of school-life, trying to find out the true from the false.

Junius Gridley.

I have been told by some of the spirits who have come here that it is a very easy matter to step right in, take possession of the instrument, or whatever you call it, and set it to work; then I have been told that it is the most difficult thing in the world to manage, and to manage intelligently; so, you see, there is a division of opinion. I thought I would try for myself, and came to your circle two or three times, but did not get near enough to say a word that could be understood. To-day I step in and find it a little easier than I expected. I am glad of the opportunity to give greeting to Brooklyn friends, in New York State, and to any one who remembers me and would like to get a word from over the river.

I come to-day with my daughter Mary, and she would like her dear ones in the family-life to know that she can come, with love and blessing for them.

I feel that it is a privilege to speak, if only a few words, and to say that all those in the spirit-world (and many of our friends have gone on after passing through the experiences of mortal life) are living their own lives, and following their own plans and hopes, in as sensible and vigorous a manner as they ever did on earth. Our people that have gone on are not lost, nor are they idle. They are not being to an idle sea, and they are just as active now as ever. Every one of them would send a word back if he could.

We would like to have the good folks here know that it is all right with us in the spirit-life, and that it will be all right for those who come after us, only they must do as well as they can, live as nearly right as they know how, be faithful and honest, deal fairly with their fellow-men, and they need not be afraid to meet the future, for it will be pleasant to them.

I am Junius Gridley.

Harriet Richards.

I do not come with any great story to tell, or strong, wise words, but I come with a heart full of love for my friends in Boston, and I send it to them in a wave of influence just as the flowers send out their waves of incense upon the air around them.

I feel that my friends are dearer to me than they ever were when I was here. We do not always understand each other in this earth-life, for sometimes little shadows will come and make their power felt; but when the spirit is free and trying hard all the time to rise above the outward limitations and conditions, it comes to know and understand its friends better and to realize just why and how certain things arise and what causes the conditions that have before been so unpleasant, perhaps, or something of that kind.

I would like to have my dear earth-friends know that I have got through the suffering that belonged to the earthly life, and that in the spirit-world I have more peace and harmony than I ever found here of a mental as well as a bodily kind. I have a form, of course, as we all do, for the use of the soul-life that acts upon it, but I do not have the old conditions that troubled my physical body, and so I am truly as one who is at ease.

I send love to friends in New York State. Some of them know of spirit-return, and perhaps they will be pleased to know that "Hattie" has returned from the other life with a warm thought of remembrance and a kindly word of cheer for them.

One of my friends, away up in St. Lawrence County, has been suffering a good deal the last winter, and is not now comfortable. I would say to her: Your spirit-friends are watching over you. They try to give you an influence that will help you to bear the pain. I think it will not be long before you will rise out of that condition of suffering into one of peace and comfort; and rest assured that the dear ones on the spirit-side will rejoice with you when the pain is passed.

I am Harriet Richards.

INDIVIDUAL SPIRIT MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.

April 14.—Lewis Merriam; Charles Marsh; William Baird; Ella Scott; Daniel G. Littlefield; John Morton; Mrs. Margaret Hovey.

New Publication.

ESAU, OR THE BANKER'S VICTIM, by T. A. Bland, author of "Farming as a Profession," "Life of B. F. Butler," "How to Grow Rich," etc., is a thrilling story of war, love and tragedy. In a graphic manner Dr. Bland relates the history and fate of a brave, patriotic man, who was driven to the brink of financial ruin and to death by the grasping avarice and never satisfied greed of his only brother. It is not a fiction, but every statement is founded upon fact. Published by the author at Washington, D. C.

It is stated that Lieut.-Gen. Dunham Massey, C. B., of the English army, who has served in Africa, India and other genial climes, is of opinion that the weather in New York beats for heat anything he has encountered anywhere. Bostonians think it is warm at "the Hub" these days.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

THE MODERN PIRATES.

In the days of old
The pirate bold
Clung to the rolling seas.
On the vast expanse
Of the blue billows dance,
He felt him the lord of the sea.
When he scouted a boat
Or cut a throat,
'T was quite convenient then
To be up in the "Spanish Forties,"
Or down on the Spanish Main.
At least it was so in the days of old—
When rogues were timid and honest men bold.

The sea is sweet clean
From the robbers' spleen,
The black flag flutters down.
By inlet and bay
For the pirate has come to town.
He has doffed his boots
And outlandish suits;
He is dressed like a good citizen:
Disguise and weapon he needs no more
For dishing the purse of the citizen;
For these are not the days of old—
The good man is timid, the rogues have grown bold.

Instead of the sea
The men must be seen
The fount whence fortune flows;
He will pocket a street
In a fashion neat,
Without ever coming to blows.
He will intertwine
Himself with a resolute few,
Who are keen and strong for work ahead,
And can go with a rush straight through,
Since they know that gone are the days of old,
When rogues were timid and honest men bold.

At a figure high
Lawyers they'll buy,
Gifted to make it appear
That statutes stand
In the pirate band,
And not for the people dear.
With whispers low
To counsel they go,
With stock and with contracts and cash;
They make them a strange majority—
The thing is done in a dash.
For to-day the people are out in the cold:
To the rich who purchase, the laws are sold.

In a major key
With wicked glee
Loud rings the pirate's laugh.
The people freeze.
I have chained," quoth he;
"I have sifted the city like chaff,
Its streets are mine;
A harvest fine
They will bring to my palace door."
He stands in the sun and loudly cries:
"Liberty lives no more;
Dead and gone are the days of old,
When rogues were timid and honest men bold."

A moment hold,
Good grate hold,
Be not so sure, I pray,
That black is the west
With storm on foot.
That may burst at the close of day.
The smiling wave
May prove a grave,
And the sea may prove a song.
May die, as the livid tempest wrack
Sweeps the quivering sea along;
For though we are not in the days of old,
Rogues may turn timid and honest men bold.

The people asleep
Poor count may keep
Of trials that are played by your crew,
But the people awake
A turn may take,
Sternly to reckon with you.
To wrong and greed
With storm on foot,
And of outraged justice the sword
May be lifted at length,
To smite and slay
The enemies of the Lord.
Then our day shall be in the days of old,
With rogues grown timid and honest men bold.
—Harper's Weekly.

THINGS WORTH RECORDING.

BY OBSERVER (MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS).

How many books stand on their shelves—for gotten treasures! They have served their day and are no longer sought, perhaps not even remembered. Taking one of these books from its place, the fly-leaf revealed a history: "Presented to Mrs. Love M. Willis by her friend the author." And this book is Robert Dale Owen's "THREADING MY WAY."

When did I meet this friend? What did he say? Can I recall any of his words? Alas! memory will not help me answer; and yet the word friend will not let me pass by this great and good man, if I cannot give reminiscences.

Twenty-five years ago we all read his books: "The Debatable Land Between this World and the Next," and "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," and we were assured of his sympathy with the spiritual movement. At that time he said: "The occurrence among us of spiritual phenomena under law, not only tends to reconcile Scripture and sound philosophy; not only helps to attest the doctrine of the universal reign of law—not only explains and confirms the general accuracy of the gospel narratives—but it does much more than this: It supplies to a struggling religious minority, greatly in want of aid, the means of bringing to light, even before unbelievers in Scripture, the great truth of immortality, and it furnishes to that same minority, contending against greatly superior numbers, other powerful argumentative weapons urgently needed in the strife."

It was about the year 1861 that Mr. Owen publicly declared himself a believer in the spiritual side of humanity, and a little later he avowed his belief in the phenomena that under the name of Spiritualism were attracting public attention.

Robert Dale Owen descended from a long line of thinkers. His grandfather and father both out deep dashes at the root of the tree of Error. They were social reformers. Their names have become famous, and their ideas concerning cooperation have been recognized as useful and important. Therefore he inherited a power of reasoning without the fear of public opinion.

It is, without doubt, the fear of the criticism of the world that keeps very many earnest men and women from avowing their convictions, therefore we are likely to respect a man who is true to his convictions, even if back of him is a line of distinguished ancestry that the world has honored, for it seems to us a grand thing to have a great name associated with new ideas or principles. But it is the very fact that the great name is behind him that gives a man the power to think and to act in harmony with thought.

To give the results of Mr. Owen's reasoning is quite impossible in a brief article, but with a few extracts we can lay before our readers the drift of it, and realize better the courage of the man who had inherited and perpetuated a great name. He says:

"As for Spiritual Science, I firmly believe that we have the means of studying it, and therefore of advancing in its various branches. When we declare that 'Truth is mighty and will prevail,' we must not except Spiritual Truth, for that is the mightiest of all. . . . There is, among spiritual phenomena, a class rare of occurrence, but wonderfully convincing when we happen to meet with them. They teach us much more than the reality of the next world, invaluable as that is. They give us glimpses into that world, dispassionate pre-conceptions touching its character and its laws."

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

Inhabitants. We learn from them that our friends there may still have earthly thoughts and human sympathies; may still recognize us; may still, for a time, interest themselves even in petty matters that are going on in the world they left. They do not, by any means, prove to us that every ultramundane communication is truly from the spirit who professes to communicate; but they do prove to us that this is sometimes the case. In doing so, they establish—in certain cases—the identity of spirits. They give us satisfactory assurance that we shall recognize our friends in the next world, and that we shall find them there much less changed than theological fancy has painted them. Such proofs are the more valuable when they come unsought, unexpected, at first unwelcome even, in the privacy of home; where we cannot imagine motive for deception nor chance of jugglers' tricks.

"If the religious world is ever to attain the vantage ground that was occupied by the Christians of the apostolic age, it must convince itself that an apparition is a natural phenomenon, of occasional occurrence. Till then, a large fraction of the intelligent portion of society—its scientific leaders especially—will continue to deny, like Strauss, and stand out like Thomas, saying, 'I must see before I believe.'"

"Whenever the facts which go to attest the substantial coincidence between the signs and wonders related in the Gospels and the spiritual epiphanies of the present day are fully recognized, the results to Christianity will be beyond calculation. After eighteen hundred years, we cannot conceive any evidence in proof of the gospel narrative so strong as the fact that wonderful works and spiritual gifts of similar character to those mentioned in the New Testament come to light among us now. If they do occur now, it is not conceivable that they were imagined or invented by the evangelists and by Paul. If they do appear to-day, and if we set down the gospel narrative as a fable, I know not what fact two thousand years old can be established by any historical evidence whatever. Caesar may not have lived in Rome nor died in the Senate Chamber. Socrates may never have spent his life in teaching philosophy, nor lost it in defense of the truths he uttered."

"I do not doubt that, as the years pass, additional proof will accumulate that Christ's promise to his followers to the effect that they should do the works he did, and greater works still, is in progress of fulfillment among us."

Mr. Owen always recognized the dignity of the subject he was investigating. Nothing trivial enters into his argument. A fact is before him as a sign pointing to fresh revelations of truth, no matter if the fact seemed of little importance. The conditions necessary for a successful series of experiments were looked at as reasonable requirements. He spent faithfully the leisure of fifteen years of active life in the study of the spiritual phenomena, and yet he declares himself unqualified to set forth all the conditions necessary to obtain the surest and most useful results from the manifestations of Spiritualism, saying, "such knowledge must come, like all important knowledge, through the labors of many and the gradual unfoldings of time."

In endeavoring to bring again before the spiritualistic public some of the results of the reasoning of so clear-headed and sincere a man as Robert Dale Owen, we find a difficulty in stating concisely his ideas. He seized on a fact as a benefaction, something to be considered and held up in the clear light, as a means of measuring facts of history. Thus he made Spiritualism a revealer of a pure religion, and a confirmation of true Christianity. It was the weapon against infidelity; it was the fresh proof of immortality; it was the lever to lift the indifference and skepticism of the age; it was the balance of power to give to religious liberty the impetus to combat ecclesiastical error. His great mind, like that of an Araxiss, could discover in a fact, however insignificant, the connection of such fact with the great volume of truth; and his analysis of it, and ability to show its relations to truth, were almost an inspiration. He says:

"During the partial segregation of the soul from physical impressions and worldly concerns, its native powers, less subjected, it would seem, to the earthly cloak that habitually weighs upon them, exhibit clearer perceptions and higher knowledge; as Socrates expresses it, 'the soul retires within itself'; or as Cicero phrases it, when we 'recall the soul to itself and to self-communion.'"

This kind of inspiration is the result of a calm survey of truth and fact, and Mr. Owen certainly is entitled to the appellation of Prophet through this insight. The relation that Spiritualism was to bear to the future seems never to have been doubted by him. He recognized the facts of history, and remembered that great epochs in the history of the moral and spiritual world were due to a "descent of spiritual power," or an opening up of the spiritual vision of humanity.

"The simplest and most usual form of inspiration is what is termed the inspiration of genius; its results appearing in eminent literary efforts, in masterpieces of art, possibly in some of our most wonderful scientific discoveries and mechanical inventions, more evidently in the highest order of musical composition. The best of patrimonies, genius, may owe its triumphs to agencies that are invisible, like attraction, except in their effects." "Great poets from the earliest times have had a dim feeling that they were aided from above. So among painters; and we have direct evidence in the case of two of the world's most renowned musicians, for Beethoven said to Bettina: 'From the focus of inspiration I feel compelled to let the melody stream forth on all sides. I follow it passionately, overtake it again; I see it escape me, vanish amid the crowd of varied excitements. Soon I seize it up again with renewed passion; I cannot part from it; with quick rapture I multiply it in every form of modulation, and at the last moment I triumph over the first musical thought—see now! that's a symphony.' And Mozart says: 'The gift of hearing the entire whole of a musical work, as it were, all at once, is perhaps the best gift I have my Divine Maker to thank for.'"

Why Robert Dale Owen has not had a greater influence on modern thought it is impossible to determine. Perhaps his books were too expensive for general distribution. Perhaps he was considered, because of his advocacy of social reforms, as a man of one idea, and not of a broad, humanitarian spirit. Surely we do well at this time to recognize his power as a thinker and a reasoner, and to rejoice in his justice and equity.

Why are our great thinkers unwilling to identify themselves with truths so ennobling as those that relate to man's spiritual progression? Is there not inherent in man the recognition of the bond between the spiritual and the natural?

Mr. Owen publishes full accounts of sances held with Leah Fox Underhill, D. D. Home and Charles H. Foster. He also has preserved to the world the history of some of those wonderful sances held in New York at the house of Mr. Livermore (under strictly test conditions), of materialization, occurring thirty years ago, and Mr. Owen copied directly from Mr. Livermore's record. They afford most excellent matter for the consideration of the Psychical Congress. We cannot but say, "Oh, that Mr. Owen could attend in physical form the coming meetings, and present in his forcible words the truths he so bravely enunciated thirty years ago. As that cannot be, we can only hope that by this brief study of his connection with our Philosophy and Facts, we may open a way for the outpouring of the life from the region where he now sojourns, and thus that a fresh wave of truth may flow into our sphere to be an illuminating power."

Banner Correspondence.

Massachusetts.

QUINCY.—Wm. G. Prescott writes: "I attended a very fine séance at Mrs. Hattie Stafford-Stansbury's, No. 80 West Concord street, Boston, on the evening of July 20th, an account of which may be of interest to your readers. Mr. Stansbury (who was the son of the well-known slate-writing medium) last winter when quite sick, received a sealed book from a gentleman in Washington, D. C., which he used to hold in his hand when he felt able to sit for spirit manifestations, which was not often, as his health was failing very fast. During the last week of his sickness, in talking with his companion of the many things he wished her to do after his death, he said to her, 'I have requested her to always keep the sealed book, which was an unfinished work of his spirit-friends, as a souvenir of his spirit-band.' A short time since Mrs. Stansbury received a letter from the gentleman who sent the sealed book requesting her to return it to him. A séance was held, that Mr. Stansbury might materialize and tell her if it was still his wish for her to keep the book. A few friends were invited to be present, and, before the séance, we were shown the sealed volume, which was done up in heavy brown paper, tied with a strong string, and sealed with wax in as many as eight or ten places, each one being stamped with a seal. It was placed in a chair that Mr. Stansbury used to occupy when managing the séance. After Mrs. Stansbury had entered the room (used as her cabinet), Rosebud, the cabinet spirit who controls the outside manifestations, came out and spoke to us, and returned to the cabinet. Then Mr. Stansbury came out, perfectly recognizable in stature and features. After addressing us in an audible tone of voice, he went to the chair, and taking the book, broke the string and seal. Rosebud came forward, saying she would finish opening it, which she did, and found it contained several drawings of female features in different colors. Mr. Stansbury then said it was still his wish that his wife should retain the book. He thanked us all for the strength that he had been able to draw from us to help him materialize, and then bade us good-by, hoping sometime to come and shake us by the hand. Several of us had our friends materialize very finely at this sitting."

Michigan.

MIDDLEVILLE.—Under date of July 20th, M. Wright says: "I would be pleased to be remembered to spirit brother John Pierpont, with whom I was acquainted when he was with us in earth-life. He was a guest at our home in Ontario County, New York, in February of the winter 1861. At that time he was old and feeble, but patient, kind and thoughtful. His hair was very white, and he walked with trembling step. I loved him for his gentle nature. I will remember placing extra covering over him upon a cold and stormy winter's night, after he had retired, in order to keep him warm and comfortable. In the morning he expressed his gratitude for it, and said he was sure the 'good messengers' had not forgotten him. He was, indeed, a free, independent and noble soul, and it is no wonder he was led to accept a position on THE BANNER, as President of its circles, after passing to spirit-life."

August Magazines.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—Charles Egbert Craddock's continued story, "His Vanished Star," has in this number a thrilling continuation; Henry L. Dawes pictures matter in "Washington the Winter before the War"; Ellen Olney Kirk contributes "A Strategic Movement" (story); "A Boston Schoolgirl in 1771," by Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, will find many interested readers; Rev. G. E. Ellis, the historical "expert" of New England, presents a pen-sketch of "Jonathan Belcher, a Royal Governor of Massachusetts"; there are other papers, poems, etc., not here mentioned, which with good reviews and well conducted departments, constitute a sterling number. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass., publishers.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.—Madeline S. Bridges contributes a charming poem, finely illustrated, entitled "The Docks at Night"; "A Niece of Robert Burns" is a delightful sketch by Theodore F. Wolfe; an installment of William Dean Howells's serial, "The Coast of Bohemia," appears, and one's interest in the heroine continues to deepen; "My Star," words by Clifton Bingham and music by Kate Llewellyn-Fitch, given in this issue, is the ballad which received the award of one hundred dollars in *The Journal's* recent series of prizes for original musical compositions. Many other timely and entertaining articles are contributed, and the several departments are full of interesting matter. Philadelphia: The Curtis Publishing Co.

THE HUMANITARIAN opens with an installment of Walter Besant's serial, "To the Third and Fourth Generation"; "The Morals of Manner and Appearance" by Sarah Grand, contains much food for thought; "The Curse of Drunkenness" is an able paper by the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, D. D.; "Electricity and Life" is discussed by H. Newman Lawrence, whose course of reasoning leads him to conclude that electrical energy is not the immediate source of the vitality of the body. Among other interesting matter may be mentioned "Notes and Comments" by the editor, Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Paternoster Square, London, E. C.

NEW OCCASIONS.—Edward Montgomery contributes an able article on "Industrial Freedom"; "State Education and Crime" is discussed by Victor Yarros; "Economic Harmony" is a thoughtful paper from the pen of "Pax"; Florence Griswold Buckstaff writes of the "Coming Struggle," and deals with the industrial problem on the broad platform of justice, equality and peace. Other articles not mentioned here will also be read with interest. 176 Monroe street, Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

THE ST. LOUIS MAGAZINE contains the usual number of complete stories for the entertainment of its readers, with much matter of interest and value in the various departments, including "Health and Hygiene," "Time Topics," "Around the Home," etc. Published at 2810 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

THE HOUSEHOLD.—Esther T. Housh contributes an excellent biographical sketch of Lucy Larcom. There are besides interesting stories fascinatingly told, instructive "Health Talks," and valuable hints and suggestions relating to "Housekeeping," "House Gardening," fashions, etc. Published at 110 Boylston street, Boston, Mass.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.—Besides the two serials which are running in this magazine several complete stories appear, that will prove entertaining reading these sultry summer days. Among the miscellaneous papers of special interest may be mentioned "In Parliament Assembled," by Alfred F. Robbins; "New Laws for Old"; "A Little Feverish," by a "Family Doctor," containing hints best to be heeded; "In the Isle of Purbeck," by Edith E. Cuthell; "How a Wilderness Became a Garden," a talk about roses, illustrated; "Royal Princes and their Brides," illustrated by portraits contemporary with the weddings, etc. 104 and 106 Fourth Avenue, New York: Cassell Pub. Co.

THE JOURNAL OF HYGIENE AND HERALD OF HEALTH.—Among the many sound and instructive articles in this issue may be mentioned "Gymnastics in Sweden," by Isabel C. Barrows, to the practice of which this writer attributes the fine complexion, graceful carriage and great height of the people as a rule; "Notes Concerning Health, No. 23," by the editor; "Magnetic Healing," by Dr. Palmer, etc. Published by the Editor, M. L. Holdbrook, 40 East 21st street, New York.

The following have been received: PEN PICTURES OF THE WORLD'S FAIR, by Samuel P. Putnam, a number in the Truth Seeker Library, issued monthly by the Truth Seeker Company, 28 Lafayette place, New York.

THE CORNAGE HARBOR, published by W. A. Wilde & Co., 28 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.

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To THE EDITOR.—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. T. A. Slocum, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York. Dec. 31.

Mrs. Lillie's New Pamphlet.

MY CANCELLED ENGAGEMENTS.

WHY?

THIS treatise of a matter in which all Spiritualists should be interested. It costs by mail, postage free. Address Lily Dale, Chautauque Co., N. Y. Price 15 cents. Aug. 5.

\$25 to \$50 per week, to examine in any of the following: **Electricity and Life**, **Electricity and Health**, **Electricity and Wealth**, **Electricity and Power**, **Electricity and Love**, **Electricity and Joy**, **Electricity and Peace**, **Electricity and Prosperity**, **Electricity and Success**, **Electricity and Fame**, **Electricity and Honor**, **Electricity and Glory**, **Electricity and Power**, **Electricity and Love**, **Electricity and Joy**, **Electricity and Peace**, **Electricity and Prosperity**, **Electricity and Success**, **Electricity and Fame**, **Electricity and Honor**, **Electricity and Glory**, **Electricity and Power**, **Electricity and Love**, **Electricity and Joy**, **Electricity and Peace**, **Electricity and Prosperity**, **Electricity and Success**, **Electricity and Fame**, **Electricity and Honor**, **Electricity and Glory**, **Electricity and Power**, **Electricity and Love**, **Electricity and Joy**, **Electricity and Peace**, **Electricity 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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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1. The following information is for the year ended 31/12/2018:
