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NO. 2.

Written for the Banner of Light. PAIN VERSUS PEACE.

BY MARY WOODWARD WEATHERS.

Pain, like a whirlwind, blew one gloomy day;
Shook all my casements, battered more and more;
Ere I could gather of my strength to plead,
My poor protection in this hour of need,
She laughed, and fiercely strode across the floor,
This grisly guest, abidden at my door.
Stormed all her minions at my gates!
Round and around my feeble fortress clashed
Her trumpet voices, till my soul was dumb—
Myself a prisoner in my walls become;
Like a lone hawk upon the strand, when lashed
By crested waves, oh mercilessly dashed.
Sudden there came to me a strange, sweet calm;
A peace supernatural; and from out the light,
Where had been dark, a still small voice was heard,
Whereat my inmost being was bestirred:
"Child of my love, so precious in my sight,
Know I am with thee in the darkest night."

The Spiritual Rostrum.

TRUTH.

A Lecture delivered in the Parvian at Maranacook, Me., Sunday, Aug. 27th, 1893, by
MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES.

(Synoptically Reported for the Banner of Light by Flora S. Russell, M. D.)

MAN is ever thirsting for TRUTH. The desire is incorporated within his being, and expresses itself in words from the earliest inception of reason. There is no place, nation or race that does not respond to this feeling. But truth is complex, and ever exhibits itself in form and parts consistent with the nature and condition of man. What is a truth to one, is not necessarily truth for all, and no one people ever had the whole truth. We may fancy we have the whole, while we have but a part. That part, then, is only, relatively speaking, a fact.

In all ages man was never willing to credit the existence of a thing which could not be physically demonstrated to one or more of his five senses; all phenomena which could not be grasped by his feeble conceptions as tangible fact, were said to be born of the devil. Friends, you are phenomena to yourselves! Can you explain all the mechanism by which your body is enabled to perform its functions? How, then, can you, being ignorant of the properties of your grosser bodies, dare to declare the manifestations of the spiritual portion a delusion? Can we explain the mysterious workings of the planets, or control the laws which govern them in their course? We may as well undertake to set aside the one as the other.

Science, so-called, has endeavored in vain to give a tangible reason for the vibration of forces which produced the first physical evidence of the presence of spirits, known as the "raps." But the science of the Old World and the New has not yet been able to demonstrate the agency, or to give one single "scientific" explanation. Then the world became afraid, and ran away from all investigation; the superstitious regarding it as the work of the devil; and the credulous—but guilty ones, those who live a double life—giving it a wide berth from fear of exposure, well knowing that this religion of light delights not in deeds of darkness. So both took refuge under the wings of a righteous fear (?) and fled from "the works of the devil." Who has seen this "devil"? Who knows him?

When the spirits brought the "raps," it was the opening of the way for the inflowing of the great ocean of future development; this ocean, dotted over with the wrecks of affliction and bereavement, acting as messengers to bring comfort and hope to the sorrowing; for, could we live without bereavement of friends, we should never ask, "Why?" or "Where?" or "Whence?"

If Spiritualism has accomplished nothing else, it has accomplished a grand thing in this: It has given us the hope of reunion with our loved ones; it has robbed us of the terrors of the grave. The home rejoices when the light of Spiritualism has been allowed to brighten it; when a child is born therein, and when it is borne from it to be re-born into its heavenly home, we still feel to rejoice the same; for, have we not now a spirit of reconciliation and perfect trust, from the knowledge which this blessed belief gives us, knowing as we do that the little one is with us as ever, though clothed in a body too pure to be seen by mortal eyes?

The advent of Spiritualism came at a time when we were ready to receive it, and in a manner best adapted to our comprehension; these crude physical manifestations alone have carried us up to the psychical conditions of today. When we contrast the crude rappings by which spirits made their appearance known to that obscure family, with the abundant and indisputable proofs of spirit-power to-day, and see its thousands upon thousands of followers, who are eager to testify to its reality, who can doubt, or wish to doubt, its truth? And then, my friends, what is it but a tangible answer to prayer? If our friends had never left us, we should never have had recourse to prayer.

How can the scientist analyze these phenomena? He finds it impossible to give exact formulae of Nature's compounds, or to tell the action which takes place within the compass of the molecule. Substances palpable to our sight and touch are yet unsolved problems. Can the spirit be less easily brought into the crucible of finite thought and be analyzed by our crude perceptions? For what can we do with the Chemistry of Thought? Many are

opposed to the manifestations because they say they are so secretive, so dark; but does not Nature herself manifest in the dark scene every twenty-four hours, during which she is weaving silently that which shall give grace and beauty to the coming day? Look at these flowers. They have matured through the same graces of Nature that we have—all the same, only differing in degree, according to the forces employed.

As we feel our way along against the landmarks with which we have become familiar in science, and patiently hold out our hands ready to grasp at newer truths as they are presented to our unfolding perceptions, so it is with the facts of Spiritualism. Science keeps on undiscouraged through all the disappointments which experiment yields; even so should investigators of the Unseen still wait with patience for the full fruition of their labors. Unlike any other form or ism, Spiritualism requires individual research and investigation. The facts which it presents us individually are not adapted to the masses. Remember that what is truth to one may be fallacy in the eyes of another. Every truth must come within the realm of separate individuality. Many facts may be told you; but they do not come into your special province, therefore they are not facts to you.

If your hearts are attuned to spiritual communion you shall hear the messages which they bring. If we who are made selfish by education and environment can feel sorrow for and mingle our tears with those in bereavement, how much more can the spirits above, who look into our hearts and read our griefs—those spirits who are not only above but with us—mingle their sympathy with ours! Not until our every-day lives reach up to the highest moral standard can we hope to reap the full fruition in this life which Spiritualism teaches; until then we cannot truly say that we are living out its teachings in full.

Some people remark that they are afraid Spiritualism will reveal too much! Should we not so live as to be willing to stand before the tribunal of the spiritual world and let it show unto us our real selves? This is the grand mission of Spiritualism—to reveal the truth.

Although we have lost the terror of a literal hell, we still realize that we have a hell; but it is constructed wholly by ourselves through our fear and lack of faith. Spiritualism has shown us how to overcome that "hell"; how to avoid it; how to escape from it. Hell is not a locality, but a condition; heaven is not a locality, but a condition. Take, for instance, the situation of the financial world to-day: It is the result of the mental condition which has been aggregating, not for a few days, but from the atmosphere of selfishness, greed and cunning of the past, actuated chiefly by fear. Spiritualism lifts us out of this condition of cringing, selfish fear; it shows us the relative insignificance of this life; it impresses upon each soul the sublime fact that not only shall we live hereafter, but that we shall live for a purpose—live to bless others. By so doing we shall become a blessing unto ourselves. Remember this truth.

In the speaker's view all past institutions should be respected, because they depict the intellect of their age; but they have for the present time no mission to perform. Why do people now change their political opinions so often? It is because they must keep up with the spirit of the times and heed their convictions. It is legitimately just so to do, and in perfect keeping with the requirements of the age: Cannot we carry that thought into a higher sphere? While conceiving a new truth, or obtaining deeper insight into a fact heretofore seen but dimly, cannot we adjust our thought to the plane to which we have risen? When we confront the spiritual demonstrations, we ask, "To what end?" Let every one begin to think for himself, and he will surely find answer to his inquiry. It has been said that Spiritualism has marred the happiness of families, caused contention in the churches, and imperiled the moral welfare of nations. My friends, Spiritualism, *per se*, has done no such thing. If some of its so-called followers have been instrumental in doing that, charge it to them—not to Spiritualism! If we make improper uses of this divine gift which has come down to us from ages past, it is we alone who should be responsible, and who in the end will suffer for the evil done.

See the stairway over which our feet have trod in our ascension in the line of advancement—from the shuttle of the handloom to the highest pinnacles of art. As in art so in thought; we grow with the knowledge we feed upon. The ridicule and sarcasm which such enthusiastic followers of truth as Franklin and Newton suffered, are in keeping with the skepticism of their age, and must ever be the tribute paid by martyrs and heroes who have sacrificed all to their inspiration. The arrogance of the present age blinds to our sight the majestic simplicity of truth as shown to the red men, whose souls, imbued with the silent grandeur of the forest, knew naught of fear or distrust, nor had they the desire to question that which their own intuitions told them was far above their mental conceptions.

Go learn the lessons which Nature teaches. She gives us the type of immortality. Here in the lap of summer, sitting beneath the wide-spreading branches, can memory carry you back, and shall reflections sadden this hour? Nature herself tells us in every phase that man can never die. At no time do we have forebodings that the trees will never again put forth their leaves; we never have forebodings that the winter will last forever. We have learned the lesson that frost will come; but we know that spring and summer will return. Yea,

though we who are here assembled may not peradventure again mingle with the breezes which fan us to-day, these trees shall still wave over others their protecting branches; this lake shall ripple against its cool margin next year as to-day; and all Nature will be sure to welcome with as sweet a smile those who shall follow in our footsteps. "To be, or not to be," has been answered by the angels: "Our mother, at whose knees we bended in early childhood, is beaming upon her children to-day. Our children, who have been taken from us by the ministering angel called death, and cared for by the angels, are again with us; nestling as closely as before, and clasping our necks with hands as loving, though unseen."

The speaker then closed the services with a beautiful eulogy to this great blessing—the advent of Modern Spiritualism—asking that the desire may be given us to look upward; to realize the gates of love and beauty which are already open to welcome those whose eyes are yet sealed by fear and unbelief. Oh! that I had the power to read the veil which hangs between you and those you love—to reveal to you the excellencies which shall be yours, which may, like the beautiful flowers, enrich your lives with a divine beauty; that, like the bread which sustains your physically, shall become a sustainer and a staff of spiritual strength!

Original Essay.

THE THOUGHT-WORLD.

BY ED. S. VARNNEY.

"All worlds are thoughts, all thoughts are worlds;
In every brain there lies
Concealed the light of every star,
The scheme of all the skies."

This is the initial verse of a beautiful poem from that grand, wonderful inspirational epic of T. L. Harris, "A Lyric of the Golden Age." Let us glean what thoughts we can from its several verses.

"All worlds are thoughts!" How brief, yet comprehensive, is this true statement! The various worlds and planets of God's immeasurable universe are the outgrowth of infinite thought. Man may be, and is, a co-worker with God in the development of the individual, but it is as a subordinate. While he works the Almighty plans and manages.

"All thoughts are worlds!" This is equally true. We lead two lives—the exterior life that is seen, and the inner life that is not seen—that life of deeper meaning to our souls that is passed in the secluded realm of thought-land. And in that domain of the highest verities, how many worlds of aspirational conception rise in embryo, luring the mind to a discovery of their secrets, and spurring the mental energies to the noblest heights of attainment! When we consider what thinkers have accomplished, especially in the lines of scientific delving and astronomical observation, it seems almost as though all knowledge lies imbedded, piece by piece, within the human mind, awaiting the natal day of its evolution into the realm of the demonstrable. Can it be, as the poet says, that

"In every brain there lies
Concealed the light of every star,
The scheme of all the skies?"

The second verse reads:

"The thinker need not look without
To find Creation's plan;
The life, the form of all the worlds,
Pregloured, dwells in man."

It has been said that man is the resultant of all the lower forms of life, of all preceding evolutions; that all forces and powers, whether minute or grand, culminate in him as Creation's masterpiece. Certain it is that man, insignificant as he seems in physical stature, possesses within himself a varied, a wonderful dormant thought-world, ready to be unfolded and expanded as opportunity or occasion allows or requires.

When we consider the stupendous works of Nature—the impressive ocean, the mighty forest, the majesty of the mountain—and then ponder upon what man, whose material body is but as a speck in this wide universe, and whose brain, in point of exact material dimensions, may be, as Shakespeare says, "bounded in a nutshell," when we ponder upon what man has done in making these immensities of God the servants of the human will, we are appalled at the marvelously diversified capabilities of the brain of man—powers that are well-nigh limitless in the breadth, the depth and the height of their range.

"And all within, and all around,
As voices and echo blend,
All human thoughts take shining forms,
And unto thoughts tend."

The ennobling ideal, the uplifting sentiment, the wise conception, born in the world of thought, and growing stronger with the passing years and their accompanying thought-agitations, tend to universal expression, blessing the outward world with their light when the joyful period of general acceptance arrives. The Rev. A. J. Canfield once said: "A thing is the outgrowth of a thought; a thought is the inside of a thing." In this terse utterance a great truth is embodied. When we look at a powerful steam engine it appears strange that that big piece of mechanism should have been born, so to speak, from the "thinking cap" of a lad while watching his mother's teakettle boil. But so it was. That initial discovery by James Watt of the explosive power, the inherent force of steam, was the first in a series of evolutionary experiments which eventuated in the utilization of steam for wise and beneficent

(Continued on seventh page.)

Original Story.

FROM AGE TO AGE.

BY ALBERT E. ALLEN.

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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

It would have been an easy matter for a naturalist of the present day to trace the gradations between man and beasts among these different classes of men. We were next to the highest known. Those above us were far lower in human attainments than the most ancient beings of this world. They were less civilized, less inclined to the arts and customs that advance a people, and even more cruel than any people we know of.

The class of men to which I belonged were still more ignorant and animal-like. Our pursuits were, in some respects, similar to those of the North American Indian, but we were not so intelligent. We knew nothing of our sun or moons, (of the latter we had three,) nor did any one manifest a desire to know. We knew not the sources of our rivers, the length of our year, the extent of our ocean, the number of inhabitants.

In fact, almost everything that interests civilized people had no interest for us. To live from day to day, to while away the time by fishing, hunting or swimming, and go through a few wild ceremonies in the beautiful moonlight nights, were all that we cared for. We were too primeval to care even for traditions, and I do not remember to have ever heard one.

When I grew to be about ten years old, I was obliged to shift altogether for myself. Long before this my mother had given up her charge of me, and I had been huddled in the cave with other children to take care of the infants.

But now the time had come for me to learn how to handle the clubs which we used for weapons. For this purpose I would go with others on hunting expeditions, but when I was sufficiently skilled to depend upon my own exertions, I roamed short distances over the hills alone.

How expert I became with these weapons one can hardly imagine. Had not my food depended on my skill, perhaps I would never have learned to throw so accurately. Each male provided for himself. I never volunteered to help the women, who had to get their own food as well as that of the children; but I did what I could to suppress any objection they raised against the work all falling on them.

Occasionally there would be a general fight between the sexes on this account. When this took place it was my delight to see how many women I could prostrate by using a single club a great number of times. To do this I had to go after the club when thrown, and oftentimes this was dangerous to do: more than once I was prostrated by a blow; more than once I was almost maimed for life; but I looked on such things as a part of my existence, and never complained at what I believed to be inevitable.

When such a disagreement was over and the women had submitted, (as they generally did,) the victors compelled the vanquished to furnish food, not for the children only but for the whole number, until every one had eaten to satiety. When this servitude was over and they had expiated their "wrong-doing," our lives resumed their wonted course, and a stranger would not have known anything discordant had happened.

One day I left the cave, and resolved to take the long journey I had for years contemplated. Since no one else cared to investigate the mountains in the distance, I concluded to do so alone. But before I started I promised myself to be afraid of no one—to fight and destroy on the smallest provocation. By acting in this manner I hoped to intimidate any enemies I might encounter. Nor was this thought of destruction unpleasant to me; for I must frankly state that inflicting pain had ever been my chief delight.

When I had gone a short distance on my journey, I met some of our tribe laden with game from the hunt. Why they commanded me to return with them I know not. Perhaps they suspected my intention and were unwilling that I should leave, for it was one of our few laws to retain every one born in a company. It would have been easy enough to return and select another time to depart, but instead of complying I fled.

Immediately a club sped past my head; I did not stop to return it, they being too near and numerous, but being swift as foot I soon gained ground enough to pause a moment, and, taking careful aim, I threw a club and brought one of my late companions to the ground. I saw him fall bleeding at the mouth without a pang of remorse—greatly pleased, in fact, with my aim. By running swiftly I was, in time, out of their reach.

Once more alone, I fell to examining the ground, hoping to get on the track of some game. Several miles were traversed in this manner, until a neighboring band's exercising grounds came in sight.

Not wishing to be seen, I turned aside, and after walking a mile or two sat down by a brook to rest. I had not tarried long before a child wandered near. It had lost its way. Pretending to set it on its journey homeward, I watched it until the little one had gone a short

distance, and then brought it to the ground lifeless by a blow on the head with one of the clubs.

That I could continue my journey with a light heart, that I could fall again to examining the ground and forget what I had done, shows only too plainly the total depravity of my nature and the barbarous state of life I led.

All that day was spent journeying on, refreshing myself occasionally with wild fruits from the forest and water from the brooks. As twilight came on I lay my head against the trunk of a tree and fell asleep. The following day saw me trudging onward until evening. When the summit of the mountains so long seen in the distance was reached, I could now perceive other mountains higher and more majestic. It would not be the truth to say that I loved the grand and sublime, or that I had any real idealism in my nature; there was an undefined desire in me to reach the top of any height, so I resolved to continue my wanderings.

When evening set in I once more threw myself on the ground to sleep. This time I was very hungry. The wild plants I had gathered the previous day were not to be found on the mountain-top, and I had eaten nothing since morning.

This did not affect me seriously, however, for it was common with us, as with savage tribes of this world, to go great lengths of time without food. But being hungry I did not sleep as well as I might otherwise have done, and it turned out well that I did not.

During the night I was awakened by a cry I knew to proceed from a very savage animal of the forest. Hastily arising, I stood as much as possible on my guard, and soon saw it emerge from some bushes near by. Notwithstanding that my clubs were in readiness, and that it was very light (two moons were in the heavens), I was much concerned at so sudden an appearance of this formidable enemy.

Alone in a trackless forest, miles away from any human being, and having to depend on a few clubs to face ferocity itself, is not a remarkably pleasant situation in which to awaken and find one's self. Seizing a club, and taking as good aim as time would permit, I threw with deadly force, then springing up into a small tree near by awaited the result. Had the missile missed its mark I should have had to record my death. But as my aim had been true, the unfriendly visitor rolled over and over down the declivity until it lodged between two trees dead. Securing my weapon, I laid it at the foot of the tree I had climbed, and resting my head on its roots went to sleep.

The hunger I had felt during the evening, the distance I had gone, and that which I was to go, were alike forgotten under that mantle of forgetfulness with which nature covers her tired children.

When morning came, and the bright sun cast its rays into my sleepy eyes, I arose greatly refreshed, and continued the journey. My object in all this undertaking had originally been to gratify my curiosity, and quench my thirst for adventure; to see strangers, and to fight with them, or to be friends, as the case might be; to kill game, to encounter wild animals, to see new scenes and learn new things! This was what I wanted, and this, I may add, was about what I could expect from such an undertaking. My intention when starting was not to remain away, but since I had met some of my band, and so unkindly parted with them, I did not like to renew the acquaintance.

For this reason it was very desirable to join some other company. All that day was passed in search of exercising grounds without finding any, or any indication of one. Walking up and down hills was my chief occupation. Food was very scarce, my appetite was alarming. But when the day was done, just as evening set in, I came suddenly upon a party of the order next lower than mine.

Quite as surprised were they to see me as I was to meet them. They made no disposition to attack me, so I fell in with them, and joined their exercise of throwing stones. A mark had been set, at which, we threw. Had the missiles been clubs I would have felt more at ease.

At the mark, to throw back the stones, stood the largest man of all the band. This great sunburnt creature stood there, entirely naked, waiting to return to us the stones we threw. Every one was larger than I, and the giant was a foot taller than any one. I conceived a design to injure him, as I saw his immense figure towering above his companions. His savage countenance and small eyes irritated me from the first.

He was, I well knew, a man of authority; for next to the chief in importance was the giant. It occurred to me that it would be exceedingly pleasant to hit him with one of the stones, and to see his great body bend, and watch his contortions. To see him trying to hop toward me with his leg broken would be indeed great pleasure. When it came for me to throw, I made pretence of looking at the inanimate mark, but

my mind was on the giant. They crowded about me, their high proportions towering above my head, and their fierce, small eyes resting upon me. Previous to me their chief had thrown. They wanted to see if my aim was more accurate than his; had it been so they would have fallen on me to a man; no common pebble like me could be allowed to outshine their brilliant gem of a chief.

I took no notice of them, however, but threw when my turn came. A wild howl rent the air; the man at the mark, with one leg broken, came hopping toward me quite as I had anticipated. I sent a club at him, which finished the work of destruction. I saw I had made no friends. I saw, moreover, that if I was to make any one else feel the unpleasantness of my company, I must do so immediately. By my side stood the unsuspecting chief, overcome with surprise. Seizing a club, I dealt him a most dreadful blow on the head, and with a bound fled, before they had time to collect their scattered wits.

It was now my object to lie in wait, and reconnoitre, in order to learn if my victims died, for in that event it was according to custom that the slayer of the chief and giant was thereafter leader, providing he could combat any member of the band that came before him.

In giving vent to my wish in wounding these men, I had not done so with a view of becoming leader; but the thought of being one, now that it entered my mind, and the opportunity offered, were very pleasant indeed. I concluded this would be my home if I could make it so; that were I to become leader the time would come when I could return to my own band, and revenge myself for their having wished to prevent my leaving them.

When the long night had passed away, and the moaning of the wounded chief had ceased, I stole noiselessly toward the spot from which I had lately made such haste. There I saw the bodies of the giant and chief stretched out on the ground, dead. The children, the little innocent ones who even in that savage state had not learned the meaning of death, were led, according to a meaningless custom, to view the remains of their departed chieftain. They were too young to even pretend they felt any interest in the matter—their faces betraying neither joy nor sorrow. When the hands and feet of the dead had been tied, their hair bound closely to their heads, and their faces had been painted blue, they were rather rudely carried to a great hole in the earth and therein dropped.

The dull splash of the waters far down in that strange receptacle for the dead told the living ears that the great men of their tribe were no more. That these departed heroes would not be greatly missed by their followers, I well knew, as the dead and the past (as in my own order), were soon forgotten.

Having at a little distance secretly followed the funeral party, I suddenly started from my place of concealment, and with a wild yell rushed among them, throwing my clubs promiscuously about. From that moment I was undisputed leader and chief of over three hundred men and women—in a measure admired and always obeyed.

There was not one man in the company but was larger than myself. This fact in time had some weight with them. They learned to wish for a leader of their own stature, and the consequence was that my dominion over them was only maintained by cruelty extreme.

In my exalted position I indulged my propensity of destruction to a most wicked extent, killing many of the sick and weak as well as quite a number of children. For pastime I hunted, bathed in the beautiful lakes which abounded in that locality, and indulged and gratified every brutal desire that entered my unevenly balanced brain.

About two years after becoming chief, I resolved to make an expedition to my old company—with my superior force add the best of their number to mine, and murder what remained. The more bloodshed I thought there would be, the more enraptured I became with the idea. So, acting upon the thought, I collected the men together and explained my plan. They were delighted with the project. We spent some days accumulating stones and clubs and practicing with them. By setting up marks and throwing at them, we became very skillful in our aim. The most expert I rewarded with praise, which, although it did not do much to incite them to excel, accomplished something toward it.

The women and children acted as pack-horses in transporting both weapons and food. To carry seventy to a hundred stones all day was no enviable work, but we little regarded each others' pleasure. It was very amusing to watch them struggle along, mile after mile, with their weary load.

The women, too, were good fighters, and might have been used as such had not their influence on the men made the latter uneasy. My object was to bring the men's attention to their work, and to accomplish this the women were finally left out of the number altogether.

One morning, just as day was breaking, we started. To make a certain distance that day and to attack a small neighboring company that night was my intention. By afternoon we had accomplished the distance. Lying down in ambush, we slept until after sunset; we were then called by some of the boys I had compelled to stay awake for that purpose.

Our weapons were in readiness and our minds in high excitement, for it was a long time since we had fought these people, and never in so methodical a manner. The coarse features of the men brightened when they knew that the time for the engagement was near; a savage joy lit up their faces, and I felt that a victory was certain. Giving imperative orders not to kill the men if they could avoid it, but to make their slaughter chiefly among the women and children, we advanced. With a babel of confusion we fell on them. The battle had prepared for never took place, for so surprised were they that we took all those we could find above ground easily; but, unfortunately for us, many of them were in their holes, resting after a day of idleness; they were always tired. These we might have captured when they came up to learn the cause of the disturbance, which must have awakened their curiosity; but in my excitement we let the chance pass by unnoticed.

After disposing of the women and children, we bound the men with long strong weeds, gathered for the purpose. My men were sent to the holes in order to make a complete victory, but so much resistance was now offered, and we met so much loss in trying to take them out, that I abandoned the idea entirely.

All told we had lost ten men. Twenty-six had been captured. We could not count, and

the figures I give are those I am able to draw from memory.

To the men we had captured, we proposed that they join our number, become companions with us in everything, having equal privileges, and sharing equal privations. They agreed. A share of the spoils we were to get at my old company's cave tempted them. In truth, there was scarcely anything there that was worth one's while to plunder; but one thing was certain, there would be fighting—and that we valued more than great riches.

Finding my victory so complete and so easily effected, I determined to attack several small tribes before I made my onslaught on my old acquaintances. While turning this thought over in my remarkable brain, the idea came to me: What if I continued my war—after I had vanquished all these comparatively little bands—and gave battle to the great seashore race that lived to the north of us!

These people I knew to be very numerous. They were in some respects more civilized than we; but to offset this they were less given to war, and on this account I thought I could overrun their land with impunity, concluding peaceful people kept few or no weapons of defense, and were in no way prepared for war. But that I was mistaken in some of my views will be seen.

I began the enterprise by overcoming all the small companies I knew of, including the one in which I was born. In each instance the men were bribed with promises to join our increasing numbers, while many of the women and all the children were slain.

Finally I had about one thousand men, all skilled in club-throwing, but none so well as those with whom I started. To engender a desire to be expert in their aim, I offered places of rank in the army to the best throwers; but the men, not used to such things, did not value my offers, and there was but slight competition to win.

I found at length that offering rewards of any kind was a failure, because the men were wholly unused to it. Moreover, women among us made the men less easy to manage. I resolved to do away with them, and in a moment of passion they were destroyed.

My own companion gave up her life with her sisters. It cost me a pang to think of her, for in my coarse, selfish nature there seems to have been a manifestation of love. It had for months struggled for life, and had come at last to make itself felt, now she was no more—although through my order. I laid the charge to the men, and resolved to never again make a sacrifice in anything; if sacrifice must be made let it fall on other shoulders!

One thousand men was more than I could manage successfully. I had already shown some slight ability as a soldier, but so many men I had never before seen together. There was among them a tendency to divide into small companies and act independently of me. This would have ruined my project of becoming chief of the great race I hoped to vanquish.

Although I had too many men for me to control, I had scarcely enough to accomplish the work in hand. If there was a division amongst us there would likewise be enemies, and then I would have more than ever to contend with.

My brain could rapidly comprehend that there was trouble in the camp, but it could not help me out of it. When I devoted my mind to pleasure, I was well satisfied that I was smart enough, but now that it came to thinking, devising schemes, planning in advance for a thousand men, I felt my insignificance keenly. I resolved to lessen the number of my men and still keep the best! Setting up a mark to be thrown at from a certain distance, I gave orders that every man who could not strike the mark at least two times in five should be instantly slain.

No murmur was raised at so audacious an announcement. The men fell immediately to practicing. At the expiration of three days, the time allowed for preparation, we all gathered about the spot where our utmost skill was to be exhibited. The largest man amongst us was placed at the mark to throw back the missiles. I being the leader, was the first to make the attempt. I succeeded better than I expected, but of those who followed me over three hundred were struck down—due to their failure! The next day we broke camp and started for the sea.

When we had journeyed about a week we reached the end of our hard march. The great race was within a mile of us. In numbers they were many times our equal. They outstripped us in intelligence, but I was conceited enough to think my very meagre knowledge of war sufficient to overcome all other difficulties.

Dissatisfaction among the men again threatened failure. One of the largest men in our number wanted to become leader, and had already many willing to follow him. I knew a little of the particulars of this, that little thought was given it. I had introduced into this world the idea of uniting one tribe to another. It had made me in their eyes a great warrior. But the men, who were not accustomed to living and moving in such large numbers, were constantly endeavoring to separate, and leaders were easily found to head these small companies. Had I been more efficient I might have prevented this, but as it was, I was at a loss to know how to act, and in the dilemma hurried my men on to the battle which would decide our fate.

One giant now controlled about two hundred men, and proclaimed himself their chief. Seeing there was no hope of defeating just then his ambition, I gave my consent, providing he would help me in the coming battle. The consequence of so much quarrelling and dissatisfaction was that when the time came that the strength and vigor of the men were needed, they had been wasted on internal dissensions.

The hour for the attack at length arrived. We crept as close to the enemy as possible before making our presence known. No one knew exactly what he was expected to do, or just how he was to do anything, but we rushed wildly upon the enemy, who, to our great surprise, were waiting patiently for us.

[To be continued.]

Rev. Geo. Cardow (Eng.) says, regarding the dangerous practice of vaccination: At present, however, as our ancestors thought that our Creator had given us too much blood, so we of this generation have seemed to think that he has not given us sufficient of the animal; and therefore we infuse into our system, almost at our very birth, a portion of the blood and of the impure corruption of a beast, which, blending with our blood, and tainting the tissues of our flesh, becomes a part of our animal frame, from which it is never more separated. To this infused unnatural corruption at the present time, as well as to the baneful habit of drinking and doing of the past, may probably be due the decay in great measure the increasing delicacy of our bodily constitution in the present generation, and the almost universal decay (from the age of puberty, if not earlier) of our teeth.

The Reviewer.

The Demon Theory of Rev. Mr. Dadmun Endorsed.

A few weeks ago THE BANNER noticed in its columns a book with a very pretentious title and a reverend paternity. As it claimed to be an examination and refutation of the Spiritualist Philosophy, its author affirming the possession of mediumistic gifts in earlier years, from which experience he claimed to have ascertained the cause of all modern psychic phenomena, we went to having been possessed with a lively curiosity—not in the Rev. Mr. Dadmun (of whom we had never before even heard) but in the book and whatever it might teach. To us it was of little moment whether it harmonized with or was antagonistic to our experience. We found "a back number," a stale rehash from the spiritualistic journals of a quarter-century or more ago, with weak comments and weaker explanations, clothed in a vulgar style, extracts of which we made part of our article. We found its pages sprinkled largely with weak sophistries which the merest tyro in reasoning could detect at a glance, and gave an example as a specimen of the falsification of history. We dealt as leniently with the reverend author of this mass of platitudes, sophisms and old orthodox speculations, as our sense of justice and a true charity would admit.

We looked for a fair statement of modern phenomena in its new and varied phases; as fair a statement of the accepted philosophy of Spiritualists, and the findings of so-called modern scientific investigators, but found neither. We were carried back to the age of theological superstition, to the creedal faith of Cotton Mather which governed the whole orthodox church of New England, and to the galleys trees upon which innocent men and women were hung by the order of a church judiciary issued to the executors of the civil law.

What is the cause of this late series of strange phenomena? the learned and the unlearned of the orthodox churches are inquiring. The reverend author of this book replies: *Demons!* In thus asserting he testifies to his ignorance of the wise, loving, helpful and unselfish forces and teachings wrought practically for the comfort and blessing of humanity through these new manifestations. They disclose human intelligences, who, in proving their former condition in earth bodies as relatives, friends or neighbors, settle the great question of the continuous life of the soul after the body has perished.

The Rev. Mr. Dadmun, medium, author, compiler and publisher, seems to have as sturdy a faith in demons, and demons visiting earth and disclosing themselves, as any of his orthodox predecessors in theological thinking back to the age of the supremacy of the Roman Church in Europe, the Greek Church in Russia and Greece, and the Puritan Church in early New England history. Their descendants in shame have abjured their ignorance and credulity and would blot out the bloody record of injustice and murder if they could. The Rev. Mr. Dadmun will find no believers or advocates of the demon theory for these psychic manifestations, not even among the most stalwart of his orthodox brethren. The civilized world has had enough of churchly obedience, through the civil state, to that old Jewish edict claiming its paternity in the bosom of a loving God: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

We believed, after examination, that the title-page of the book did not set forth facts; and to guard the readers of THE BANNER from an investment in the work which they would not make, if advised, we exposed its character, and were content to dismiss it from any further notice.

The *Weekly News and South Jersey Advertiser*, published in Palmyra, N. J., now editorially assumes to come to the defense of both the Rev. Mr. Dadmun and his book. As both the reverend author and his book hail from Philadelphia, and as that city contains some of the ablest journals and journalistic critics to be found in this country, as well as some of the most reputable publishers of books, we confess to some surprise that no imprint of any of the latter appeared upon the title-page of the book, and no home editor opened his columns to its defense or recommendation. An examination of its inanities, sophisms, and literary style convinced us of the cause in both cases.

Our New Jersey contemporary, in defending a very weak and puerile book and its author, does himself and his paper an injustice. He affirms that THE BANNER attempted "to suppress the book by ridicule." A plain citation of statements sometimes makes those statements themselves appear ridiculous, and presents their author and responsible patron in the same light; neither does their thoughtless endorsement escape. We honestly assure our New Jersey contemporary that we do not wish "to suppress the book," for the more of such sophistries, inane platitudes, and old exploded, repulsive, theological theories are sought to be foisted upon an intelligent and inquiring public to-day, the worse for orthodoxy and its "demonology," and the better for the cause of truth as disclosed in both the spiritual philosophy and phenomena.

Has the editor of the New Jersey *News* read the book he so earnestly defends? We judge that he has not. Will he please do penance in behalf of his friend, and set himself to its careful perusal? When the penance is completed, will he kindly review it and note in his article any feature which to him seems new, strong, scholarly, or even passable under a clear literary criticism?

We judge from the tone of the critical editorial of this New Jersey contemporary that he does not read THE BANNER, and has not examined the philosophy of Spiritualism, or its teachings of later years, or studied its phenomena with special reference to what those phenomena teach or must teach, or else be relegated into the limbo of orthodox "miracles," and the vast crypt of "mystery" which has been a kind of receiving tomb for all the perplexing questions which have troubled the orthodox mind and heart for long centuries. If he had so read and kept himself advised, he would hardly have preferred the following request to even so genial-spirited a man as the veteran editor of THE BANNER OF LIGHT, a paper which he generously acknowledges to be "the chief Spiritualist paper in the United States":

"We should be pleased to hear a logical argument or some positive proof that the soul is immortal, except through Jesus Christ. Will the BANNER OF LIGHT accommodate us?"

This courteous request must be answered alone by the veteran editor of THE BANNER. But we may be permitted to say that for nearly thirty-seven years it has poured its loaded

columns weekly upon the intellectual, moral and spiritual world of thought and inquiry; chronicle the advent of our celestial friends; publishing their messages; giving the particulars of their exit from earth; their descriptions of conscious life in incarnate realms; the nature of the laws and forces by and through which they manifest themselves in modern phenomena, answering questions, setting forth the entire philosophy of Spiritualism and recording every phase of its phenomena, not a single feature of which has failed to teach the conscious, continuous life of each individual of the human family, be he or she African or Asiatic, European or American, Esquimaux or Polynesian, Mexican or Terra del Fuegan, Brahman, Buddhist, Jew, Mohammedan, Christian, Infidel or Atheist. To either or all there is no permanent hiatus to conscious life at their exit from the mortal body. This continuity of conscious life is not revealed as contingent upon faith in any being or person, but is the original endowment of the human race, by its all-wise and loving Creator and God. Every fact, every illustration, every message, every lecture and every editorial has been part of a continuous argument, extending through a period of nearly forty years in its several parts, and as a whole, proving man's conscious, continuous life. To reproduce it all would take a printed sheet nearly covering the whole State of New Jersey.

Without having possessed himself of this continuous and convincing argument, can the editor of the *News and Advertiser* endorse the claim of the Rev. Mr. Dadmun that a loving and wise God has turned his spiritual and moral empire over to demon forces for its control and the deception of honest souls, and the destruction of every hope of man, his immortality of nature and being included? S. D.

Camp and Grove Meetings.

Verona Park, Me.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light: Thursday morning, Aug. 24th, Mrs. Mary C. Donnell gave us an earnest talk on Mental and Spiritual Science, and its application to the needs of the physical, both as a healing agent and a promoter of true progress.

In the afternoon Mr. Tisdale discussed the igneous and sedimentary rocks, the structure of the earth and growth of our planet. His guides presented with great power facts to demonstrate the truth of the circulatory theory, and showed the inevitable upheaval and destruction attendant upon the igneous theory. In the evening the program of the literary and musical entertainment was held. A good audience of cottagers was present, and it was pronounced a success. It was voted to repeat it on Saturday evening, hoping for a larger audience.

Friday morning F. Harding of Boston read an interesting and able essay entitled "The Voice of God." He said "The voice of God is the voice of truth in nature, and God's voice is the boundless universe. The God of every race and people of every time and place is the same. The spiritual or moral unfoldment of that race. The liberal movement of the church to-day is due to the progressive unfoldment of the people, not because God has changed."

In the afternoon Mr. Wheeler gave a powerful discourse on "Beliefs and Unbeliefs," and in conclusion said: "Unbelief has done a grander and mightier work in the world than belief has. Belief is the erecting of a nation and a lack of positive knowledge. Unbelief implies doubt and doubt is the beginning of wisdom. By unbelief the torch of truth has been lighted and applied to reason. Belief has abounded, yet unbelief has much more abounded. Every man should apply the torch of truth to his own mind, and the world's progress will be hastened. In the evening Mr. Anson Blackinton, and the mediums on the grounds, gave an entertainment, the proceeds to go toward the purchase of an organ for the Association. Mr. Tisdale, Dr. Harding, Mrs. Nettie Dean, Mr. Wheeler, and Mrs. Smith participated in the exercises, and the meeting was a success both financially and otherwise.

Saturday morning the few who gathered in the pavilion had a rare treat in the inspirational music given by Mrs. Gena S. Farwell. This lady is a verified medium also, and her prophetic visions have been verified again and again. Her musical development is marvelous. Blended and delicate in appearance, slender as the organ, a wonderful power and strength is manifested through the slender fingers, and the music carries one into the realms of harmony presided over by the great masters of old. We feel that the angel world have a grand work for her in the future.

In the afternoon Mr. Tisdale gave a lecture on "The Causes of the Present Condition of the Race." He spoke of the influence of heredity and pre-natal conditions; also of the influence of disembodied spirits who linger in the atmosphere most congenial to them. He emphasized the fact that we call about us those in harmony with our true inner selves and the aspirations and desires of our souls.

In the evening the concert was repeated, and a large audience attended the musical and literary selections rendered. Sunday morning Messrs. Wheeler and Tisdale occupied the platform. The subject treated of was "Belief and Its Application to Spiritualism." Mr. Tisdale gave an inspirational poem on "The Religion of Spiritualism," and Mrs. Fairfield's inspirational improvisations on the organ closed a grand out-of-doors session. In the afternoon Mr. Tisdale recited impressively "There are no Babies in Hell." He said "Truth is the essential Christ. Old truths come under new names. Keep the fount of inspiration clear, and God will take care of the rest." Our venerable brother, Sidney Dean, followed with a few impressive words, closing with the statement that "A Spiritualist is an emancipated soul."

Dr. Charles H. Harding and Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding followed with satisfactory tests, and thus closed the most enjoyable meetings of Verona camp-meeting. At the business meeting Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 24th, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, Mr. Charles H. Ware, Bucksport; Vice-President, Mr. Smith, Rockland; Secretary, Mrs. Matilda Cushing-Smith, Rockland; Treasurer, Mr. Rufus H. Emery, Bucksport; Directors, Mr. Peter Abbott, Verona; Mrs. Kate C. Platon, Bucksport; Mr. Charles H. Ware, Bucksport; Mr. Wheeler, Philadelphia; Mr. Oliver C. Eddy, Brewer; Mrs. Susan Stubbs, Bucksport; Mrs. H. M. Ware, Bucksport. It was voted to commence our next meeting Friday, Aug. 17th, 1894, and continue ten days, the highest tides in the world, and to the possible Thursdays and entertainment days.

MATILDA CUSHING-SMITH, Sec'y.

Queen City Park, Vt.

Friday, Sept. 1st, there was a conference in the forenoon. In the afternoon, in the absence of the speaker who was engaged for the day, an experience meeting (if I may call it such) was held, conducted by Mr. T. W. King. Many gave their reasons for becoming Spiritualists, and the meeting proved very interesting. Mrs. Hatlie C. Mason of Boston made remarks which were well received, as were also the tests which followed.

At 6 o'clock P. M. the elegant cottage of Mr. John Withell of Montreal was dedicated to the fallen soldier who died for his country and the cause of liberty. The program of the day was a most enjoyable one, consisting of fine music and speeches.

In the evening there was a large gathering in the hotel parlor, the occasion being the presentation to the Association by Mr. Lucius Webb and his beloved mother of the portrait of Mr. Lucius Webb, the father and husband of the donors, now in spirit life, and his companion still spared to us; also the gift of a painting from Mrs. J. R. Thompson, obtained by her in the Fair. Mr. Smith presided with his usual grace, and altogether it was an enjoyable occasion, the exercises consisting of good music and speeches.

Saturday, the 2d, the last conference of the season was held in the forenoon. These meetings have been given by Mr. T. W. King, and have been a source of great pleasure and profit to many. In the afternoon Mr. T. W. King gave an excellent address, full of comforting and sensible suggestions. Mrs. Mason followed with tests. In the evening an entertainment was given under the patronage of Mr. Atkinson. It was suddenly given up, but was a success.

Sunday, the 3d, the day was cool, and in the afternoon rainy, yet the attendance was very good. The morning address was given by Mrs. A. W. Crossen. It was regarded as one of her best efforts, and so full of tenderness that it reached the hearts of her hearers. Spiritualism comes, she said, in part, as the times demand, and calls the attention of the people to the highest truths in the world and to the possibilities of the individual. If we would have the soul filled with spiritual light we must send out a demand for it. The great thought of to-day is to lift the fallen, to educate the ignorant, and there is a constant growth of the human race. The most desirable condition of creature in the world is the person who has no forgiveness in his soul.

Mrs. T. W. King lectured in the afternoon to a good audience, many coming from Burlington on the "Hudson River." She professed her address in reading a poem entitled "Communion with the Dead." It was

anely rendered. The subject of her address was "Prayer." She would hardly have taken a better or more suitable theme. It was adapted to the occasion, and her words dropped into the hearts of her eager and attentive listeners like refreshing raindrops on parched earth. In prayer, she said, but believed that he prayeth best who worketh best.

The exercises throughout the five weeks have been satisfactory to the public, and the season of 1894 will be looked forward to with fond anticipations by those who have been so abundantly blessed the present year.

The call for mediums has been greater than the supply. It indicates a growing interest in the Cause, and an earnest effort will be made to supply every need another year.

The camp has been visited by people from every section. Montreal has been well represented. Mr. James W. Withell, of the latter place, who has been here, is endowed with good healing powers. Being a gentleman of means, his ministrations are gratuitous, and his motive is to do good. A. E. S., Sec'y.

Memorial at Lake Pleasant, Mass.

The closing Sunday at Lake Pleasant was rounded to completeness by a service memorial to those friends who, during the past year, have gone to the higher life. The suggestion of such a service was made by Dr. G. C. Beckwith-Ewell at the meeting of the Ladies' Improvement Society the Wednesday previous; it had been in his mind some weeks before, from one hitherto prominent in public work at the Lake who had passed on some eight months ago. It was received with unanimous and enthusiastic approval, and to Dr. Ewell was entrusted the work of carrying the proposition into effect. A committee of seven, selected by him to provide floral decorations, arrange the hall, secure speakers, etc.

Although the day had been crowded with spiritual exercises as well as the foregoing weeks, and it was the eve of departure with most of the camp, yet the hall was full. A large half-circle of chairs occupied the center of the platform, draped in white and bordered with green, and across the front in large gilt letters were the words "In Memoriam." Around this on the floor were posted in great variety, conspicuous among which was the palm. The top of the table was covered with bouquets, each tied with a white ribbon, with name of the departed one attached, for whom it was specially contributed.

Dr. Ewell opened the meeting with a few remarks, giving an ardent spirit, Miss Marcia Hillsgrove, credit as the originator of the idea of bringing them together on this occasion. It seemed, he said, but a day since she was conspicuous on that very platform as chairman of the Harvest Moon service at the close of the last year's camp, and her sweet animating presence was visible to every mind's eye, whether clairvoyant or not.

And Mrs. Hayes were called upon to open and close the musical part of the program, and the service throughout was interspersed with solos by Mrs. H. H. H. Wakefield and Mrs. Kate Wentworth.

Invocation was offered by Mrs. Sweet of Hartford, which touched the hearts of all, as she stood crowned with silver hair in the center of the very verge of borderland, the oldest medium in camp, who has been identified with Spiritualism from its start.

Short addresses followed from Mrs. Waterhouse, Mrs. V. Lincoln, Mrs. J. Clark of Worcester, Mrs. Cunningham of Boston, Mrs. H. Holcomb of Springfield, as representatives of the older and oldest campers, addresses full of tender memories of the "gone before," and such sweet hopes, nay, confident assurance of their presence in the present happiness. Mr. Newcomb of New York, and Mr. H. H. H. Wakefield, of the man Weeks of Utahland, Mrs. H. H. H. Wakefield, of the past, and each in his or her own characteristic inspiration, the speaker considered the ever delightful theme of a progressive immortal life and reunion with the loved ones gone before.

Improvisation of alternate verses, by Dr. Ewell and Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds of Troy, followed on the subject, ever soothing and restful to the tired human heart, "Gone Home."

A vote of thanks was passed to spirit Marcia Hillsgrove for her suggestion of the memorial. After a beautiful benediction pronounced by Mrs. H. H. H. Wakefield, the service closed, and thus concluded an unusually impressive meeting, especially befitting the close of a camp season.

TESTIMONIAL TO MRS. REYNOLDS.

Closing an engagement in Brooklyn in midwinter, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds of Troy, N. Y., answered a call from Baltimore, and from there crossed to Texas, stopping at many places on the way. At Dallas, Tex., she ministered to the spiritual demands of the people with great acceptance for a season, and with the opening summer commenced her return north, scattering at many places the pearls of truth, and reaching her Lake Pleasant home with the camp season somewhat advanced.

Her friends were zealous of publicly testifying to their appreciation of her untiring labor for the Cause, and an interesting meeting was held at Lake Pleasant on Saturday evening, Aug. 26th, in Association Hall. The grand test medium, John Slater, the inspired worker, Dr. G. C. Beckwith-Ewell, and the long-trusted, trusty test mediums, Mrs. H. H. H. Wakefield, and Mrs. H. H. H. Wakefield, of the past, and each in his or her own characteristic inspiration, the speaker considered the ever delightful theme of a progressive immortal life and reunion with the loved ones gone before.

Mrs. Reynolds is one of many in our ranks who sacrifices the comforts of home, and all that they imply, and goes forth at the call of the angels to minister to humanity, though weak physically, she is doing a grand spiritual work.

The meeting did not close without a substantial material testimonial being made as well, nor did it lack a feeling, grateful response from the recipient.

Onset, Mass.

The Onset Wigwag Co-workers held a meeting at the residence of Mrs. Bullock, Saturday, Sept. 2d. Mrs. J. R. Stone presiding. The Secretary read a very promising report of the financial condition of the Society, and under the head of new business recommended the purchase of a lot on Crescent Park, near the New York Boulevard, upon which to erect a lodge or wigwag, for the use of the Society in its own controls. The members went in a body to the ground, and upon the spot decided to purchase it for one hundred and twenty-five dollars. A soliciting committee, consisting of Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Wilcox and Mr. Graudau, was appointed to obtain funds to carry on the enterprise, Mrs. Stone being ex-officio Chairman of the Committee.

The meeting adjourned to meet in one week at Mrs. Bullock's.

The Treasurer has in his hands funds sufficient for the purchase of the lot in question. All that may be donated, however, will be needed in procuring materials for the wigwag, and incidentals.

The object of this meeting was to join the ranks which they can do by sending their names, with fifty cents as admission fee, to Jas. H. Young, Secretary. The season of the Harvest Moon is approaching, when it is expected that a regular and brilliant powwow will be held by this Society upon its own grounds.

D. N. Ford, Cor. Sec'y.

Annual Meeting

Of the Harmonical Society of Sturgis, Mich.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light: As required by law, the Harmonical Society of Sturgis (Incorporated) held its annual meeting Sept. 3d for the election of officers and the regulation of its affairs for the ensuing year.

Of the prominent members present I noticed Mrs. Mary Peck, Mrs. Susan Watt, Mrs. L. M. Francis, Mrs. Ben Buck, Mrs. Cressler, Mrs. H. P. Wilson, and Messrs. John Keller, Peter Burt, J. Cressler, Ed. Cook, H. Rawson and Dr. A. D. Howard.

The meeting was called to order by the President, H. Rawson. The minutes of last meeting, and the history of the Society for the past year, were read by the Secretary and the report of the committee for officers was then proceeded with, which resulted in the election of H. Rawson to the presidency (the vote was unanimous on the first ballot). Dr. A. D. Howard was re-elected Secretary and Mrs. Cressler elected Treasurer.

It was then moved and supported that the rules be suspended and that all other officers be elected *vice versa*; carried. The following executive committee (of five) was required by the law to be elected, viz.: John Kelly, Mrs. M. Francis, O. D. Buck, Cressler and Mrs. Susan Watt. The Soliciting Committee chosen consisted of Mrs. Mary Peck, Mr. Ed. Cook and Mr. Peter Buck. The meeting closed in harmony. THOS. HARDING, Sturgis, Mich., Sept. 4th, 1893.

New Publications.

JOSEPH ZALMONAH. A Novel by Edward King, author of "The Gentle Savage," "The Golden Spike," "My Paris," "A Veneer of Love," etc. Lee & Shepard, publishers, 10 Milk street, Boston, Mass.

The author depicts in a vivid style the horror and misery of the life of the poor in the slums of New York. The hero, who is a Jew, is a noble, unselfish man, and though poor himself, devotes all his energies during the best part of his life to the amelioration of the unhappy condition of his oppressed people. The descriptions of the fields, the sea and the city are attractive and entertaining, and the reader is which is at the first, engaged, is maintained throughout.

THE NEW YORK CONDENSED MILK COMPANY have issued a finely illustrated pamphlet of sixty pages, giving a full description of the methods employed in the production of the "Gall Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk." Views of the interior and exterior of the company's eighteen plants are presented, and the cover is embellished with an illustration representing the company's Columbian exhibit in the Centennial Building, New York City. The pamphlet is free of charge, and may be obtained by sending a card to the Office, 71 Hudson street, New York City.

Written for the Banner of Light.
EDWIN BOOTH.

BY MRS. M. A. STONE.

He sleepeth not, nor is he dead—
A soul like his can never die!
Triumphant over ever death,
It goeth far and cometh nigh.
The soul unlimited can reach
Untrammeled, endless worlds of space;
New strength and power it ever gains;
And never tires in the race.
I see him now with form more grand;
I hear his voice in sweeter tones;
He speaks, and "Hamlet" lives again!
The soul a heavenly mansion owns.
I look, and in the years to come
Greater than he will take the stage;
Whose voice with eloquence will thrill
The people of the coming age.
And "Hamlet" with his father's ghost
Will walk again this earth of ours;
And Denmark's woes will be rehearsed
With greater force and mightier powers.
For Edwin Booth will touch the hearts
Of unborn millions yet to come;
And golden words will ever fall
From lips that never can be dumb.
His voice can never more be hushed,
Since first it thrilled a human heart;
Like all great men he, too, must live,
And ever act and take a part.
Swampscott, Mass.

Banner Correspondence.

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.—Henry Forbes, under date of Sept. 6th, writes: "Will you permit a mere private in the ranks to again call attention to the matter of first importance, which you forcibly stated several weeks ago in an editorial entitled 'Hold Fast to the Truth as Known'?"
There are at present various attempts being made to promulgate and popularize certain philosophical systems as being the latest and best discoveries and importations from the realms of absolute truth. No paltry modicum of spiritual truth vouchsafed to man is worthy of attention in comparison with these glittering chunks of Divine Wisdom, and especially is Spiritualism looked upon as a thing of abhorrent insignificance. This is the inevitable position taken, while at the same time, there is not one of these pretentious cults which does not expose the conscious or unconscious appropriation of sufficient of the facts and teachings of the New Revelation, known as Spiritualism, to lend to it a certain basis or tinge of genuineness.
It is neither easy nor necessary to examine into the motives, often undoubtedly sincere, of the deivers and advocates of these embryonic sects, although facts which have been brought to light too recently to be yet forgotten, tend to denote a deliberate determination on the part of certain parties to lead the people away from the light which heavenly guardians are endeavoring to shed upon the earth at this time, by fabricating a system of mysticism as fascinating as it is mainly delusive. But Spiritualists, who realize the importance of the advent of their noble and benign Cause, should not only do all in their power to promote the success of its mission by making its realities known, but also should endeavor to prevent its light from being dimmed or hidden, by resisting the incitation of sophistical and insinuating half-truths or subtle intellectual creations, which have done so much in the past to retard and stunt man's spiritual growth.
Mortals must share with immortals the responsibility and labor of conserving truth as it has been given, so that it may be bequeathed to the coming race free from error and the dross of worldliness. "Hold fast to the truth" is not as partisan of any particular sect, but as defenders of the truth against the world."

California.

SAN JOSE.—A correspondent sends us the following as the experience of a bicyclist on the racing track narrated in the words of the latter:
"In the beginning of the ninth lap, as I was tolerably well in the lead, I thought I would spirit little, each of the riders having done this in turn before me. I had been in the lead seemingly only a second, when, to my surprise, I saw just ahead of me a strange-looking rider on an old-style solid tire wheel. I had not seen him pass, and did not know that such a man had entered the race in the first place. The stranger was well in the lead, and I felt so much ashamed of myself to think that I was plodding behind on a new style racing pneumatic while he was making the pace at a swinging gate on a solid tire that I did my utmost in an attempt to pass him. It did me good, however. I could not decrease the distance.
I felt that he must tire out at last, so I did not relax, but rather increased the great strain to which I was putting every fibre of my being. When we neared the grandstand I could hear the thunders of applause rolling up to greet us, and when I was within fifty yards of the scratch I made a last desperate effort to pass the stranger. When I crossed the tape I looked up just in time to see a terrible spectacle. The wheel of the rider ahead struck something. He was thrown forward and hit on his head. I was sure his neck was broken, and blood gushed forth from his nose, mouth and ears. The sight was horrible, and I fainted and fell from my wheel.
The next thing I knew I was stretched out on a blanket in the rubbering-down room with a crowd around me. They congratulated me on my wonderful victory, all declaring they had never seen anything like it before. They all wished to know, however, why I had exerted myself so much when I was so far in the lead, and I left all the rest of the riders far behind, and yet I swept forward and saved that race, coming in just inside of the fifteen-minute limit.
When I spoke of a rider that I was trying to catch all were dumb with amazement. They had seen no such wheelman, and the judge had given me the race. When I described the man I saw, and his wheel, he was recognized as being identical in appearance with a man who was killed under similar circumstances several years before. In a five-mile race on the same track."

Great Britain.

LIVERPOOL.—John Chapman states that a "Psychic Church" has been founded by Dr. Charles Williams in Liverpool, "in the most populous part of the city." He has also established a Lyceum No. 2. On a Sunday evening some time since the doctor delivered a lecture in Albert Hall, subject, 'Are We Mistaken? A Sermon for Skeptics.' He also read from the BANNER OF LIGHT the sketch written by Mr. Wm. Foster, Jr., entitled, 'The Clock Struck Seventy-Six.'
After the service a public circle was held, which a goodly number of strangers and skeptics attended.
It would be a great blessing if a materialization medium would come over the Atlantic, and help to convince the skeptics on this side of the water."

Illinois.

ALBANY.—T. D. Eber writes: "There is an endless chain of causation, each link of which is both a cause and an effect—an effect of the preceding link and the cause of the following link. Therefore how absurd it is for man to think that with his imaginary free will, he can incorporate a new link into the endless chain. Man is subject to inexorable law. His actions are largely determined by

his character, and his character is determined by what he has received as an inheritance, and by his environment.
The a priori idealism of the individual is experiential in the race. Each generation is improved by the experiences of the preceding one, and this proves the fact that progression or evolution is a part of the universal scheme."

Spiritual Phenomena.

Early Materializations and Predictions of the Phenomena.

The committee on the Fox Monument, in their most able and comprehensive address, make one mistake in asserting that materializations did not occur through those mediums. At quite an early period, in presence of Katie, I believe, some three hundred seances were held for a retired merchant in New York, in his and the well-known Dr. Gray's presence. During many of these the wife of the old merchant, Estella, materialized. In the beginning merely an eye and part of the face were visible, and the little girl became frightened and ran away.

A long and minute account of these manifestations was republished in either THE BANNER or the Religio-Philosophical Journal about 1893. It is one of the most wonderful histories of seances ever printed.

A very interesting fact connected with the appearance of the phenomena is that for a few years prior thereto mesmeristic subjects startled operators and audiences by their declarations that they saw and conversed with spirits, and in Davis's "Divine Revelations," published in 1846, he declares that the spirits are preparing to communicate with earth, and that millions will rejoice at the phenomena.

Underhill, on "Mesmerism," speaks of the strange language of clairvoyants in connection with their sight of the spirits of the departed. Very little attention seems to have been paid to the prediction of Davis made two years before the great invasion by invisible intelligences from "that bourne whence no traveler returns." By the way, no traveler does return in the real sense of the words, but he often sends word and makes a temporary visit.

Oregon, Mo., Sept. 4th, 1893. "HOLT."

(From the Two Worlds.)
Mediumistic Experiences of John Scott.

(Conclusion.)

While residing at Stockport, working at what is known as the Lane End Farm, occupied by Samuel Rigby, I had about one and a quarter miles to walk to my work, down Manchester Old Road, and past a public house, the "George and Dragon," at the back of which there was a horse-stable, belonging to a man who did not rise very early. About three o'clock one Saturday morning, fully four hours before his time, as I turned the corner I saw a horse and a medium standing close to the wash-house, and I naturally thought it was some one looking for "little Abraham," as we used to call him. I crossed the road with the intention of telling the man that "little Abraham" did not come so soon, when, on getting close, he vanished from my sight. I looked around, but could not see him anywhere. I became very nervous, and began to tremble, not knowing anything of Spiritualism at that time. On arriving at the farm I went into the stable, where my fellow-workman was bedding the horses, and dropped down upon the corn-bin he asked, "Whatever is the matter, Scott?" I told him I had "seen a ghost!" when he commenced to scoff and make fun of me; but it was no fun with me—I could not forget it all day. The following morning (Sunday) I went to attend to my horses as usual, and my mate asked, "Have you heard about Tipping of Lancashire Hill?" I said, "No; what is the matter?" He replied, "They found him almost out to pieces on the railway this morning; he is at the 'George and Dragon'; we will go and see him when done." We did so, and right under the very window where I saw the man on Saturday morning, lay the same man, dead. I recognized his features directly. I never knew the man, therefore it could not be a trick of memory or imagination. I could enumerate many such cases.

Speaking at Sunderland one Sunday, I described to a gentleman in the audience, named Blacklock, some spirit forms, which he recognized. After the meeting he invited me to his house to spend the night. On arriving, to my surprise, I found a number of ladies and gentlemen—one was very skeptical. I commenced to describe something to him which had taken place many years ago, when he told me to stop, that I knew too much for him. A spirit then desired me to ask if any one present could speak the Italian language; the same gentleman asked, "Why?"

I explained that a spirit present desired to speak in that tongue through me, as it was his native language. Another gentleman said, "The spirit speaks through you, and you are the medium." I said, "Only a good scholar could speak that language so plainly, as it was very difficult for an Englishman to learn." This was speaking with an "unknown tongue," such as St. Paul speaks of in Corinthians, as, being only a working man, I do not know foreign languages. Some time after, when in the United States of America, I lived with an Italian, and we frequently entered into conversation, but I was not, nor am I now, able to understand the nature of the discourse which I was made to utter.

At a physical seance at Ferry Hill, the medium being Miss Nevens of Sunderland, we formed a cabinet of one corner of the room by tacking a string from one wall to the other, on which we hung some black cloth. After a hymn had been sung, a form appeared in front of the cabinet, all in white. A thought, or doubt, crossed my mind as to whether it was a spirit or the medium. It seemed that the spirit could read my inmost thoughts, for it returned to the cabinet and came out at the side of the wall and passed along the centre of the circle. The robes trailed under her feet. Had it been the medium she would have been thrown down by them. She returned to the cabinet, and another form—an elderly lady—walked straight to me and my wife; the features, which neither of us will forget, were those of my mother, as perfect as she ever was in earth-life. Other "forms" appeared, and were recognized by friends. This seance completely convinced me of the reality of spirit-returns. Some time after I was speaking at Sunderland, and went to a young man sitting in the audience and told him there was great danger before him, and he must be very careful on Thursday; that he and some others would be removing some very long rails, close by the mines, and he would feel something drop on his back, and at that moment he was to make a jump. He took particular notice of what I told him, and on the day mentioned went to work as usual at Pemerton's Pit, Monkwearmouth. He began his mates to be very careful. They worked with care till late on in the day, when they were engaged in removing some plates. He knew that the danger spoken of on Sunday had to do with these, and greater care was therefore observed. All went well for a time, when he felt something drop on his back. He made a leap, calling on his mate to do the same, but was too late, for he was killed on the spot. I was living about four miles from Sunderland, and this man and another named John Warren, now at 37 Hood street, Monkwearmouth, Sunderland, came to tell me of the fatal accident.

When in Pennsylvania, America, myself and a friend belonging to Leeds had been to a place called Falling Timbers on the Allegheny Mountains. To return home we had to go through a dense wood, close to the railway track. Twilight, which is of very short duration, passed quickly over. At a certain point the track was

crossed by a road, which led through the wood on to Altonia, about one and one-half miles from Frugality. As we were crossing the road a podder came up: "Hello, there!" said I. My mate asked, "Who are you speaking to?" I replied, "To that man," but he could not see any one. "I saw him very plainly, with a pack on his back, and I told my mate what he was like in features and how he was dressed. We passed on, and on reaching home my mate said to an old man who was living with us: "Scott saw a spook at the crossing in the wood." The old man gave me a strange look. "Yes, if you call it a spook, I did see one," said I. The old man asked what he was like. I gave him a full description. He then said: "That man was shot there, right on the place you saw him, three years since this fall—at which time I was in England. The name of the person who was with me was Henry Birch, and his parents are living in Leeds."

While living at Haddock, in Lancashire, we were awakened very early one morning by an old man calling, "Old man, is it not time to get up?" This was heard by three. We thought some one had got into the house, therefore the three of us went down stairs and looked all round, but could not find any one. We went to bed again, and all slept too long for our work, and one of the men, named Christopher Parkinson, grumbled very much; but about eight o'clock that morning the pit fired, and almost every man in the pit was lost. What or whose was the voice, or where did it come from? We did not know, but it was a fact to us, and was the means of saving our lives. The name of the pit was, and is yet, the Queen Pit, Ashton-on-Willows. I predicted the explosion at Clifton Hall Pit, a month before it happened, to Mr. Jackson, Mr. Brown, Mr. Prindle, and others too numerous to mention. These names are given as proof of the accuracy of my statements, and the people can be called, if required, to prove this fact and many others likewise. We are permitted to speak of the past through the press, but are forbidden by the laws of an intelligent country (?) to speak of the future, but I hope and pray that the time is not far distant when man and woman will be allowed to speak of the things transmitted to them from the higher sphere. The time will come, and ere long, when these things will be looked upon as coming from intelligent beings who once lived and talked with us upon earth, and are yet interested in the welfare of the people, and are ever waiting to prove to mankind that they are not dead but gone before.

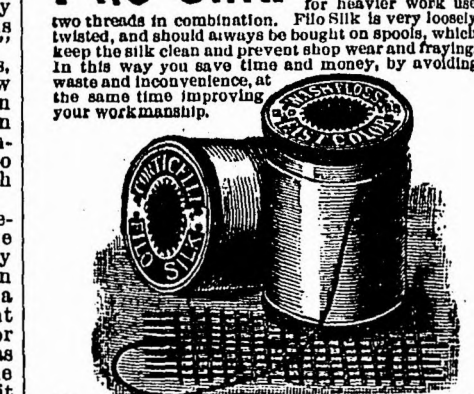
I hope my record of facts will be the means of causing many more to investigate for themselves, for God is no respecter of persons. Let them "try the spirits," and see whether they are of God or not; and if they go into it for the sake of good and truth they will be rewarded tenfold.

Gail Hamilton's Orthodoxy!—In a recently published book entitled "A Washington Bible Class," Gail Hamilton, though born in orthodoxy and still fully adherent to it, calls Genesis a pictorial representation of creation, and the story of Adam and Eve an allegory. She affirms that the story of a snake talking cannot be received as historical; that the marvelous stories told in the Old Testament are either purely allegorical or else picturesque descriptions of actual occurrences by inexperienced writers; that God's speaking to Abraham and Moses was in no way different from his manner of speaking to us; that the Jewish law was not necessarily a divine law; that the Jews were not "a chosen people" in the sense commonly accepted; that the idea of the popular hymn—"There is a fountain filled with blood"—is frightful, ghastly and repulsive; and that only long usage prevents us from seeing its bloodiness; that blood does not cleanse, but stains; that, as to the inspiration of the Bible, no translation of that collection of books is infallibly inspired, and when we go behind the translations to the original Scriptures, we are launched on a whirlpool of contradictions; and that our own reason must sit in judgment, and show us where error ends and truth begins. Finally, she declares that "every thing which substitutes authority for reason is to that extent paganism; reason is God's own revelation to every man; he may use his reason in judging authority, but nothing has authority except so far as it is founded on reason." She says of the contradictions in the Bible: "They are there. One might as well deny day and night as deny the contradictions."

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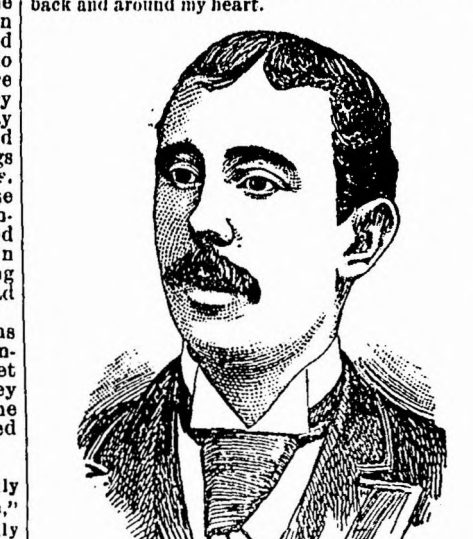
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Thanking its regular subscribers anew for their continued kindness, THE BANNER'S publishers desire that this—the veteran journal of the spiritual movement—shall receive its share of support from the new comers into our household of knowledge. With this hope the above offer is made.

"The Body of Desire"—"Pictures in the Astral Light," etc.

In an article in the September issue of *The Arena*, Ella Wheeler Wilcox regards spiritual phenomena from a theosophical view. She says: "Spiritualism is merely the ante-room to the vast cathedral of the 'wisdom religion.'" She does not hesitate to say that "only the ignorant, the egotist or the fool to-day disputes the fact that Spiritualism is founded on a great truth." She states that "to investigate so-called spiritual phenomena, we need first to realize that death does not permit a soul to step from this brief earth-life into another life which is final and eternal." Her conception is that what mediums see are but apparitions, lacking in spirit and intelligence; and she asserts that most mediums communicate with "these shells which once held the spirit." She says we are surrounded by the astral light, in which are photographed all thoughts, words and deeds ever committed by us; and the clairvoyant, or possessor of the sixth sense, is like one who should step into a vast photograph gallery whose walls were composed of the negatives of its patrons. He has but to look about him to see who has been there, and in what attitudes they were pictured, and yet it is easy to make a mistake in these negatives. She says the astral world, or the one adjacent, contains the "body of desire," which the spirit drops behind it in its upward flight, just as it dropped its body of clay in the grave. This "body of desire" retains a certain amount of memory and intelligence which it received from the spirit during life, even "after that spirit goes about its business." This "body of desire" is called an "etheral double" of the physical body. It becomes magnetized from the spirit, and retains this magnetism some time after the spirit has gone.

We have repeatedly used the expression "she says" advisedly; surely a string of such confident assertions ought at least to be supported with the shadow of a foundation; but in this case there is absolutely nothing but the bald assertion itself (whether the assertion be that of the lady herself, or of the whole Theosophic movement). One might most naturally ask how she knows what she so complacently affirms. Who has told her that we live here surrounded by the "astral light," in which all our thoughts, words and deeds are photographed? Or that the clairvoyant sees only the "negatives" of those photographs, which are no more than "apparitions," as lacking in spirit and intelligence "as an old suit of clothes"? How does she know that when we leave this earth-life and the physical form, it is only to cast off also our "etheral double," this so-called "body of desire" (which Spiritualists will directly recognize as an intended Theosophic equivalent for what is called the spirit-body), and soar away forever and forever until individuality ceases, and ultimate and final absorption in the great central creative power of the universe is attained?

The theory thus expounded assumes to teach that the spirit of man no sooner leaves the mortal state than it entirely drops and discards all its attachments and associations with earth—almost as if it were tired and disgusted with them—making unnatural haste to forget all former friends and experiences, as if it were glad to escape from not only its prison-house of clay, on the mortal side, but also its spirit-body, "etheral double" of that mortal form. That it cares nothing for what befalls those left behind who during its "entire" earth-life have been its closely endeared companions;

throwing away its last shred of love and sympathy for them all, changing its nature wholly by the mere act of physical separation called death (as also taught by the old-style Orthodox creed, though in somewhat different fashion), and leaving them a mere shell of appearance to represent its former embodied self, while it goes on its selfish way to realms where the past and all concerned in it can be richest and most completely forgotten—although that "spirit-body" thus left behind has a dying magnet power, left to "pain" its "sorrowing friends" with the admixture of "truth and lies" in its "messages" to them. And this is the naked assumption, the bald and featureless theory, erected into a quasi-belief, in most respects as heartless and cruel as any creed or catechism with which we are boldly confronted.

THE WHOLE HISTORY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM, FROM ITS ADVENT TO THE PRESENT DAY, IS ONE UNITED TESTIMONY TO THE UTTER FALSITY OF THIS POSITION! The multiplied thousands of honest, intelligent men and women all over this continent and the world who know that they have received direct and reliable messages from their "loved ones gone before," should hurl back with indignation this theosophic vaporing to "the Hindoo huts" wherein (as the veteran Eastern traveler, Dr. J. M. Peebles, rightly states,) it mainly originated!

The self-chosen professors of Theosophy patronizingly mention Spiritualism as a convenient and pleasant vestibule to their gorgeously visionary and vague temple, named the "wisdom religion," and simultaneously accuse those who investigate it "by following after mediums, and attending séances" of being "still greater fools" than those who dispute the fact that "Spiritualism is founded on a great truth"—unless (mark the qualification!) they are "armed with such defensive knowledge as *Theosophy alone can give*!" Oh, immensity of conceit without knowledge! Dreams more misty and nebulous than the recorded imaginings of the blindest faith! Assumptions stuffed out with a complacency unmatched by any of the creed-builders, synods, councils and conclaves of entrenched sacerdotalism! Whence cometh this superhuman wisdom, this universal, all-embracing, exhaustive, remainderless knowledge of life beyond this life, beginning on this little mortal threshold and suddenly gyrating after the style of a balloon away through the interstellar spaces, vast and uninhabited, to the dread goal where a comorant creator swallows his own offspring with a relish whose description could not be cast in the terms of human phraseology?

"Many a 'sensitive,'" says this writer in *The Arena*, "sees an apparition which is as lacking in spirit and intelligence as an old suit of clothes; and most mediums communicate with these shells which once held the spirit." She is willing to admit that "now and then we (she) find one who can call back some spirit which has not broken all earthly ties, and which is more strongly attracted by the interests it left behind than those which urge it onward." More preciptuous and perpendicular assertion could with difficulty be crowded into the same limitation of type. And yet, if, as she admits, a medium is to be found who can "call back some spirit which has not broken all earthly ties," and whose interests do not yet urge it onward into the vast untried and unknown—why is it not quite as easy to "call back" (as she chooses to express it) some other spirits, in whom human sympathies are not yet wholly extinct and cast off like "old clothes"? Does Theosophy, as thus interpreted, presume to discriminate in its assumption of superior if not supreme wisdom between spirits that can communicate with mortals and spirits that cannot? Yes, it assuredly does presume to do so; asserting, in the words of this writer, that "the dead who die in selfishness, avarice and lust, and with the higher spiritual qualities dormant, hover about the borders of this astral world, and are eager to communicate with earth."

These, then, are the spirits who really communicate with mortals, all the higher ones leaving nothing but their "shells" behind to deceive mediums and torture still loving friends and relatives. This is the "stone" Theosophy tosses to men and women for the "bread" they crave with a never-satisfied hunger! How exceedingly small must be the number, according to the estimate allowed by this theoretic assumption, of those whose "higher spiritual qualities," while on earth, emerged from their "dormant" condition sufficiently to start them on their boundless career through the vast spaces of the universe toward the destiny that is at last to swallow them up!

It seems—according to the theory under consideration—that the most spiritual of those who leave earth are the only ones who "fool mediums" with the "shells," "negatives," and "cast-off suits of clothes" which they leave behind; while the only honest, sincere, and true spirits, those who can be "called back" by mediums, are "these earth-bound spirits." Of the two classes—the "earth-bound spirits" and the "cast-off clothes" spirits—which would one say was the most truthful, the most humane, the least disposed to torture the feelings of those left behind by practicing a needlessly cruel deception upon them? Every reasonable person will at once say that the former class is, and will take his chances by communicating freely with them. Yet Theosophy, thus stated to us, affects a deep sympathy with "sorrowing friends" for the "deceptive illusions" which mediums most frequently encounter in the trance state, and nevertheless insists that these same "deceptive illusions" are wholly and entirely the work of those who at death were possessed of "the higher spiritual qualities"! The poor "earth-bound spirits," in whom those higher spiritual qualities are "dormant," are at least above the cruelty of deceit and are perfectly willing to announce themselves to "sorrowing friends" as nothing more nor less than what they are, and not an apparition of "old clothes" or a magnetized bundle of photographed memories. What a travesty of childish conceits and absurd contradictions is not the whole of it? It is wholly senseless to call it, in the language of the writer in *The Arena*, "a knowledge which is the marriage tie between Science and Religion; and an armor of strength to every soul who seeks and finds it." Even Science would ridicule one who seriously proposed the banners of a marriage like this!

"S. D." in another column, gives reference—really amounting to an answer—to a special request made of us by the editor of a paper published in New Jersey (which journal endorses the Rev. Dadmun's book on Spiritualism). We are thoroughly content to adopt this answer as our own—meeting as it does, succinctly and to the point, the question raised

The Steerage Passengers on the Ship of State.

An article particularly pertinent to and illustrative of the relations sustained by labor to capital, written in the style of a narrative, recently attracted our attention in *The True Commonwealth*, from the pen of J. L. McCreery. It puts the case quite as practically as it does ingeniously.

Having listened to a lecture on the labor question, full of optimism and cooked statistics, in which the speaker asserted that there is no real cause for complaint in the condition of the working masses to-day, that it is as good as could justly be expected, better than it ever was before, and growing still better every year, the writer says he started homeward in a mathematical frame of mind, doubting the accuracy of the speaker's statistics, yet unimpressed by them, even taking them at their face value. And there were still other statistics that set him to musing as he walked. With none of either kind have we either time or space to deal now. The lecturer gave an eloquent peroration relative to the Ship of State, and that it was that colored the writer's dream that night. He dreamed he had taken passage in an ocean steamer, belonging to a line of which he was one of the owners and directors. He thought, too, that every one on the vessel was a stockholder as well as himself, having a right to a voice in its management.

He went wandering all over this magnificent and luxuriously furnished specimen of naval architecture. He stumbled upon things that troubled and shocked him, because they were in such strong contrast to what had first been shown him. He found dark and narrow rooms down in the hold that he could scarcely believe to be meant as receptacles for human beings. They were dungeons, in fact, dimly lighted, admitting not a tenth of the air needed for health, reeking with filthy odors, and alive with vermin; and into them men, women and children were indiscriminately crowded. Ragged and hungry, they clamored for a crust of bread or a cup of water. When food, such as it was, was thrown down among them, they scrambled for it, trampled one another, and crowded one another over the railing into the water. Shrieks, groans and blasphemy filled the air.

Upon this he hastily sought the captain of the ship, and first of all asked him if there were not provisions enough on board to furnish a full supply to everybody on the vessel. He was answered—"Certainly." Next he asked if there were not rooms enough to comfortably lodge every one on board. Again he was answered—"Certainly." That portly gentleman, exclaimed the captain, "younder at the gaming-table, has twenty rooms, beside those occupied by his own family; and he is quite ready to dispose of them at a reasonable advance on what he paid for them at the clerk's office when we started out; and nearly all these other gentlemen have more than they need, that they bought on speculation on purpose to sell again. If you will bring them purchasers, I have no doubt they would give you a handsome commission."

The dreamer at this began to grow heated. He protested that that was no way to carry out the published declaration and promises of the company, the invitation to all people to take passage, and the pledge that all passengers shall be treated alike, be regarded as having equal rights, and be guaranteed equal opportunities for life, liberty, and all the comforts and luxuries the boat affords. At this the captain smiled, wondering greatly that he should have taken things in such dead earnest. He told the inquiring and indignantly protesting passenger that he evidently did not fully understand the system on which the affairs of the boat were conducted, which, said he, is the only true and safe system ever tried, and whose key-note was expressed in a single word—*Competition*. The word means simply, "get all you can, and hang on to all you can get." And he went on to explain how it was the lucky ones locked up all the rooms on the vessel, while the majority were saying farewell to their friends on the wharf. He said all had the same opportunity, but only the shrewd ones—meaning the selfish—knew enough to improve their opportunity and secure for themselves all they could before the others thought of it.

And so on with explanations of how it was that the food as well as the rooms on the steamer had been locked up; so that the poorer class were forced to buy of them; and how this self-created aristocracy of the passengers occupied the cabin and drove the others into the steerage, afterward employing them to sweep the cabin, make up beds, care for children, set the table, wash the dishes, and perform like menial service; all of which the captain considered a great kindness on the part of the cabin passengers. And the same way in respect to the food they floundered the steerage passengers—the corn, pork, liver and other coarse but wholesome food, which was thought to be good for them. As for the protestation that some of these poorer passengers got nothing at all, and lost their very lives in the vain struggle for sustenance, the captain said that was the crowning beauty of the system; for nature's great end, the "survival of the fittest," was thus perfectly accomplished. The puny and feeble are weeded out.

Then, after a number of explosive epithets by the dreamer and writer, the captain proceeded to give some of the statistics of the vessel's experience with passengers in a single year.

"In short," concluded the captain, "statistics show that we have only to keep right on in the course we are now pursuing in order to achieve a grand success in the administration of the affairs of this mighty and majestic steamer." Great are statistics, beyond all question. They will pull in and chew up human beings as machinery does cotton and wool, and afterward turn out a product of any required pattern!

The explosion of the dreamer's honest indignation at the unblushing statements of the vessel's commander made splot reading, and fairly conveyed an idea of the injustice and rapacity practiced, chiefly from custom, by one class toward another, though all possess equal rights originally.

Miss Maggie Gaulle, 514 Dolphin street, Baltimore, Md.—widely known to the Spiritualists of the country as a superb instrument for the giving of platform tests—writes us a kind letter, in recognition of what this paper has wrought for her, in the way of mention of her services the past summer, etc. We thank the lady most cordially. While on this kindly theme, we would ask all Spiritualist workers to mention THE BANNER at their meetings—thus doing what they may to afford it a share in the public patronage.

The Old-Time Boston Whipping-Post.

Not very long after the settlement of Shawmut peninsula, now Boston, by the early Puritans, they set up a public whipping-post for the primary correction of all classes of offenders, before they received more severe punishment. The first whipping-post in the town was set up in front of the meeting house, the First Church of Boston, an unpretending wooden structure, located near the head of State street, where Brazer's building now stands. In this first meeting house, preached John Wilson and John Cotton, and there worshipped John Winthrop and Richard Bellingham and all their zealous puritanical followers. In 1640 this meeting house was removed across what is now Washington street, to a point nearly opposite the head of State street, on the site of what is now the Rogers building, directly in front of Young's Hotel.

The whipping-post, however, remained after the meeting house was moved away, and was not disturbed until its removal, some years afterward, to near the West street gate of the Common; and public whippings continued to be inflicted up to as late as the year 1803. In his *Recollections*, Samuel Breck describes the whipping-post as painted red and standing conspicuously and permanently in the most public street in town, on State street, and directly under the windows of a great writing school, from which the scholars could witness all kinds of punishment. Women were taken from a huge cage on which they were dragged on wheels from prison, and tied to the post. Thirty or forty lashes were laid over their bare backs, while they screamed and the crowd kept up an uproar. The public pillory was a little further along in the same street, where three or four fellows could be seen on almost any day, fastened by the head and hands, and exposed to the grossest and most cruel insults from the multitude, who pelted them continually with rotten eggs and all kinds of garbage.

In the early days of Harvard College, President Dunster whipped publicly two of his students for some offense, applying the lash himself without mercy. In August, 1677, Margaret Brewster was publicly whipped for "making an horrible disturbance on the Lord's Day, and affrighting the people in the South Church in Boston, in the time of the public dispensing of the word," etc. This charge is specifically contained in Bradstreet's warrant for the arrest of a number of women. Her offense consisted in taking off her riding clothes and shoes and going into the South Church in time of meeting, in sackcloth, with ashes upon her head, barefoot, and with her face blackened. She originally came from Barbadoes, and on her arrival warned the people of the speedy approach of the black-pox, which did indeed come soon after and carried off no less than eight hundred persons.

Not long afterward a number of harmless and unoffending Quakers were publicly whipped at the post. Almost every kind of misdemeanor was punishable with whipping. One man was whipped in 1630 for shooting at a fowl on the Sabbath day. Another was not only whipped at the post, but had his ears cut off besides, for using his tongue too freely against the public authorities. In 1632 a man was severely whipped for "cursing, swearing, then justifying the same and glorying in it." Another was whipped and branded in the face with a hot iron, for selling a gun, pistol, powder and shot to Sagamore James, an Indian. A Mrs. Oliver was whipped in 1640 for reproaching magistrates; afterward she wore a cleft stick on her tongue for half an hour for reproaching the elders.

In 1651 Obadiah Holmes was whipped with exceeding severity for being a Baptist; yet he told the magistrates it was as with rods of roses, although the blood was streaming from his cut and bruised body. In 1657 a woman with a child at her breast was whipped for being a Quaker. In the midst of her sufferings she kneeled down and prayed the Lord to forgive them. In 1725 a lad of seventeen was whipped for a felonious assault on three little children, receiving seventy-seven lashes in all. In 1769 a negro drummer received one hundred lashes for beating time at a concert of music at the Manufactory House, between School and Winter streets, where manufactures in the town were carried on.

In 1774 a man was whipped for striking a boy. In 1779, one Capt. Taylor was whipped for larceny, and sold into servitude. In 1784 nine persons were whipped on State street at one time for burglary. In 1791 sixteen persons were whipped with the "nine-tailed cat" for various offenses. In 1792 eight men and three women were whipped on their bare backs at the post in State street. A sentiment of humanity began to awaken not many years after; whippings became less frequent, until in 1806 the whipping-post was banished altogether. It was only a cruelty in itself, and tended to brutalize the whole community.

The Progress of Cremation.

Referring editorially to the fact that a public crematory is about to be set up in Boston, *The Transcript* recites the progress of this method of disposing of the dead. The cremation of a human body in a closed receptacle first took place at Milan, in January, 1876. Cremations had occurred before that, in 1869, and later, at Breslau and Dresden, the former under the charge of Professor Brunette. In Italy, where the custom has rapidly gained favor, there were five hundred bodies cremated in 1888, and at Dresden two hundred and fifty. The custom has of late increased in Germany, and received a wide endorsement in England through the encouragement of Sir Henry Thompson. This year it has been legalized in Denmark, though Bishop Clausen has addressed a pastoral to his clergy concerning the introduction of what he calls a "heathen rite." A crematorium in Gotha disposes of six hundred bodies annually, and two more are now in operation, one in Oldendorf and the other at Carlsruhe. One branch of the legislature of Australia has unanimously indorsed it, while in the other it has been discussed but not confirmed. The clergy have not seen fit to interfere in any way.

When the Church Congress at Manchester, Eng., discussed the matter, one member advanced the plea that it would imperil belief in the resurrection of the dead. To which Lord Shaftesbury replied with the question: "What, then, had become of the holy martyrs who were cremated?" Other members referred to the words of the church burial service, "ashes to ashes," as being convincing evidence to them that this method of disposing of the dead by reducing them to ashes had at least a "quasi-endorsement from the church." Even the Jews, in peculiar circumstances, allowed cremation,

and their descendants in Berlin, Portugal and Spain, are practicing it to-day.

But it is on its sanitary side that cremation is every year making friends and supporters. The revolutions of the past are no longer sufficient to settle the question. Even admitting that the Greeks and Romans burned their dead, and that Christians, inaugurated, intent on to make more plain and impressive certain teachings of their own, nothing in Christian teaching stands affected by cremation; the sentimentality that attaches to burial could be easily transferred to cremation. "When Sir Henry Thompson," says *The Transcript*, "writes understandingly of the dangers attending burial, especially with reference to zymotic diseases, one feels inclined to hold one's breath, and wonder whether the risk of infection and contagion from corpses is duly considered. Be this as it may, the clergy are no longer silent, and one of their number, holding a prominent position in an adjoining city, has allowed his name to be associated with this method, and written with good effect in favor of it. Other conversions, like the recent one of the Duke of Westminster, may assist in disarming prejudice."

The only contention now is between the sentimental and the sanitary; the religious element has been effectually taken out of the question by the searching powers of science. And as for the sentiment that is rooted in the custom of burial, it ought to be comparatively easy to effect the steady and quiet removal of that. One has but to indulge his imagination in reference to the slowly changing condition of bodies buried in the earth to turn his preference sharply to incineration. Fire does not at any time come in contact with the dead body it is reduced to ashes in a comparatively brief time by sheer heat. It is decomposition in the purest manner possible. Then in the sanitary aspect of the question there is nothing what ever to be said for inhumation, but everything against it. That alone ought to determine it in favor of the cremation of the dead and the protection of the living.

Our Spirit-Message Department.

In accordance with not only the consent but by the special advice of the Band which inaugurated THE BANNER SPIRIT MESSAGE DEPARTMENT, the publishers of this paper have decided to permanently close its Free Public Circle Room.

In this step, we repeat, we have the concurrent advice of Spirits Henry Clay, John Pierpont, S. B. Brittan, Wm. Berry, Dr. Kitredge and many others who have given us their aid in the past, and will continue to do so in the future.

Instead of the Public Circle so long held, the séances, whereby individual spirits can communicate with their mortal relatives and friends, will be given in private—as was the case many years ago, when this Department was first organized—and be published from week to week as usual upon our sixth page. It is our intention to engage a trance medium for this purpose at an early day; and also another competent medium will be employed to answer such proper questions as may be sent to this office for the purpose. It is necessary that such questions as the friends may desire to have considered should at once be forwarded, preparatory to the inauguration of the new arrangement, which will follow the conclusion of the residue of the messages given through the organism of Mrs. M. T. Shelhamer-Longley, whose connection with THE BANNER as its public medium closed last July, as our readers have already been informed.

These séances will be held twice a week, as in the past, thus giving the anxious ones on the other side of life ample opportunity to communicate with their loved ones in the earth-life. Their messages will be reported verbatim, as in the past, by a competent stenographer.

The names of the mediums to be employed by us will be made public as soon as our new arrangements are completed.

The Foreign Element of our Population.

The Census Bureau has issued a bulletin showing the foreign born population of the United States in its aggregate, from the year 1850 to 1890. The statement is so tabulated as to indicate the principal foreign countries of birth, with the increase of each nativity for the four decades. The comparative total at the beginning and end of these four decades was as follows: In 1850 the foreign-born numbered 2,244,602, or 9.68 per cent. of the total population; in 1890 they numbered 9,249,547, or 14.77 per cent. of the total population. The foreign-born population increased 2,669,604, or 38.47 per cent. in the last decade, 1880-1890.

The principal countries from which this increasing element of our population came in 1890 were—Canada, Mexico, South America, Cuba, Ireland, England, Scotland, Wales, Germany, Austria, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, China.

The largest foreign-born population in the cities of the United States are in New York and Chicago. In New York there are 639,949, and in Chicago 450,666. In other words, 42 per cent. of the population of New York is foreign born, while that of Chicago is 41 per cent. In Philadelphia, which is the third largest city, it is only 25.7 per cent.; in St. Louis 25.5 per cent.; but in Boston 33 per cent.; or over one-third of the whole population of the city.

These plain facts would seem to sufficiently disclose the urgency of laying down and strictly adhering to a new policy in regard to immigration that shall impart a substantial value and a fixed responsibility to citizenship have heretofore received far too slight a consideration. "Above all, it is rapidly becoming a purpose with, at least, all native-born citizens to insist on a rigid compliance with certain restraining and qualifying conditions, as a guarantee of worthiness for the possession and enjoyment of the broad and large privileges of American citizenship. It is none too early to shape and enforce such a policy of safety at once.

That well-known medium, Mrs. S. S. Martin, will resume her public séances at 55 Rutland street, Boston, the first of which will take place on Sunday afternoon, the 17th inst., after which they will be held as specified in the advertisement on our fifth page.

