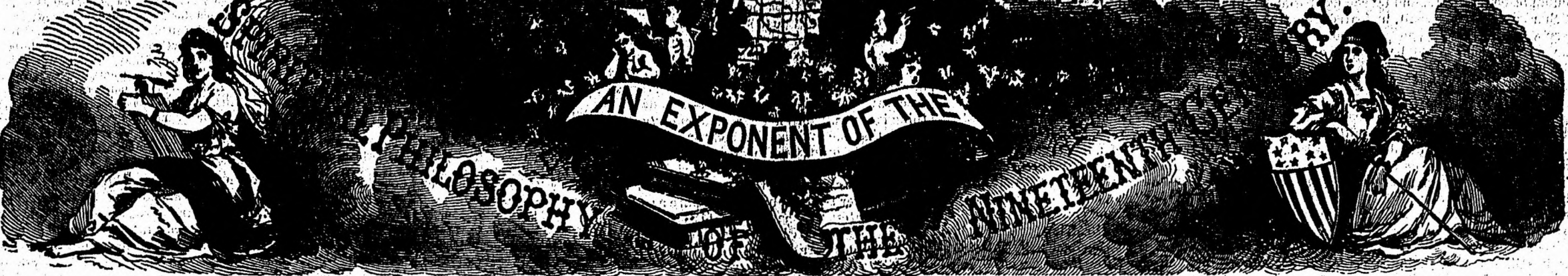


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 22.

For the Banner of Light. TO A FLOWER.

BY EDITH WILLIS LINN.

Look into my eyes, oh flower! What are you saying?
From the deep silence hither you came,
And from your heart of gold some thought is straying,
Touching my heart like a quivering flame.

Lift unto me that pure chalice with sweet insistence.
Why is this heart-swell, as if a loved friend
Had spoken to me from a grave in the distance—
Had risen to say, lo! death is not the end?

Were we once star-mist together, whirling and swing-
ing,
And sweeping and spinning through the blue space?
Heard we together the angel troops singing?
Left we together the glorified place?

Gaze into my face, oh flower! Memory is scornful
Long ages, the kinship with you to make known.
It was in God, in life's far-away morning,
You were then one with Him—I was His own.

Look into my heart, oh flower! The God within you
Speaks to itself in my innermost soul;
This, expressing, outworking, did woo you and win
you

From gloom; out of chaos toward Heaven we stole.
Look into my soul, oh flower! What are you telling?
You are the God-force that strives to express
Its infinite, soul of the universe dwelling
In visible form. Am I more? Am I less?
Gloria, Yates County, N. Y.

TWICE-TOLD TALES.

BY HENRY FORBES.

NO. I.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

IN these rapid times, when the events of yesterday are apt to be obscured or forgotten by the transactions and excitements of to-day, it is well to turn back the pages of time in order that we may not become unmindful of those achievements of the past that have made the present possible, and also that we may not deceive ourselves by confounding mere agitation and activity with real progress. The wheels of human progress make many rapid revolutions while this forward movement is being effectuated only with great deliberation and relative slowness.

There is an old adage which says that a good thing is always worth repeating, or words to that effect; and as the annals of Spiritualism are copiously abundant of good things, it should not be considered amiss to reiterate some of them. Those who have already heard will certainly not be injured by the rehearsal, while others may perchance be enlightened and benefited thereby, or at all events surprised and startled, to learn that much which they may consider new and unique is really not so, but merely a repetition of past occurrences, experiences and explanations. At any rate it has been thus with the writer. The spiritualistic movement had made itself felt around the world ere he had progressed far along the thorny and tortuous paths of earth-life; therefore much of that glorious and heaven-born movement is only history to him. History, moreover, that he considers a great boon to have had the opportunity to become acquainted with, even to the extent he has thus far reached in that acquaintance.

What marvelous phenomena, thoroughly and incontrovertibly attested to; what gems of thought; what masterly reasoning; what exemplification of true scientific methods of investigation; what an outpouring of heavenly bestowal through ennobling inspiration; what admirable and soul-stirring self-sacrifice are recorded in the literature of the grandest revelation yet vouchsafed to man, which means, perversity, ignorance and conceit have permitted to pass into unheeded oblivion! An oblivion, however, that can be only temporary; for the time must surely come when every scrap of spiritualistic lore will be searched for and scrambled after with hungry avidity.

As one gazes back into the fading perspective of the past through the pages of these records, he will be astonished at the rapidity with which the master minds of the early years of the movement—master minds they were, earth's noblemen in truth, although scorned by their silly brothers of the purblind world—comprehended the purpose of the phenomena; at their quickness to understand and heed the lessons of experience, and at their intelligence in perceiving and formulating the laws and conditions through the operation of which spirit communion is accomplished.

Certainly it is true that early Spiritualism, as well as the Spiritualism of this time, reflected and was tainted by the crudities of undeveloped and perverted human nature; the pure and lofty, however, far counterbalanced the mean and low.

Especially interesting is a comparison of the methods of investigation in vogue during those days among the intelligent inquirers and those complacently proclaimed as the only genuine "scientific methods" of to-day.

The following "Directions" to Investigators, contained in the work of Adm. Ballou, published in the year 1832, and entitled "Spirit Manifestations," quite clearly set forth the attitude of intelligent experience prevailing at the time of this publication toward the phenomena:

1. Be not ashamed, nor afraid, nor unwilling to embrace truth, come whence or how it may.
2. Respect your own senses and judgment enough to trust them decently.
3. Procure all the credible testimony you can, in print and otherwise, concerning spirit manifestations ancient and modern, weigh it deliberately at home, and be in no haste to examine cases until you can have good opportunities; then improve them.
4. Hold sittings with no medium whom you believe morally capable of trick. Confide or refrain.

5. Have few persons present, and none but candid, sensible and well-behaved ones.

6. Be serious, deliberate, frank and unaffected; propose what tests you please, but abstain from all pettifoggery, lawyerism, peritacty and over-urgency; be content with such developments as come freely, and set everything down for what it is worth. You may desire much and get little. Remember that you are not required to give credit for more than you receive, nor to take chaff for wheat.

7. Take care not to overtax the nervous energy of the medium by long sittings, nor undue excitement.

8. Take notes of all important phenomena and incidents.

9. Accept or reject, or hold in doubt, what purports to come from departed spirits, for what would be sufficient reasons if it came from spirits in the flesh. This must be the standing rule.

10. Treat all persons concerned, whether departed or undeveloped spirits, as enjoined in the golden rule; and if these be evil overcome it with good. Be uniformly just, considerate and kind.

These are directions for honest, sensible, common people. By such they can be understood and followed. And no one who decently observes them will fail of success and moral profit, in the investigation of these phenomena. As to those uncommon people, who cannot or will not conform to such directions, they must stand or fall to their own master. The truth will never bend to their crookedness, whether it be natural or artificial.

Evidently the "uncommon" people had already manifested themselves even at that early period. They are still with us in full bloom, but the truth has yet to conform itself to the "crookedness" of their exactions. Of this class of people and their position toward the subject he so ably and earnestly explained and defended, Mr. Ballou further wrote with unhesitating and virile pen: "Solid honesty, common sense and a decent judgment, are indispensable requisites to the investigation of all subjects of considerable importance, even in the ordinary affairs of life. This demands no higher qualifications. Common people are presumed to possess these. It is only uncommon people that are greatly deficient in them—those who are so low as to remind one of the monkey and the ass, or so high in the sophistications of artificial culture as to despise the virgin one of Truth. To these nothing is valuable but what has gone through the crucible, the retort and the entire laboratory, and come out in a state of polished manufacture. The former cannot treat this subject worthily; the latter will not. Such are not to be ranked among common people. They are either below or above that honorable grade. Men and women who are relied on for sterling honesty and good sense, in the graver matters of ordinary life, are the people to investigate this matter. Let them look into it and report the facts, as they do in other matters referred to their consideration by their neighbors. And then let their report have the weight commonly given to their testimony and judgment by those who know them. This is all the spirit manifestations demand, to insure a fair understanding of their merits. This is all that common people need in order to eschew delusion and derive substantial moral profit from them."

This forcibly expressed opinion may not accord with the view that "decent judgment" is only to be found within an intellect trained to experimentation with external appearances and skilled in the evolute of verbose theories; nevertheless history shows that to ordinary persons possessed of "sterling honesty and good sense," have been given the bulk of evidence upon which rests the present impregnable foundation of Modern Spiritualism. The structure is yet building, and would now be much nearer completion if all investigation, popular and "scientific," was conducted in accordance with the foregoing rules. The "uncommon" people, however, of both specified kinds, are still actively engaged in their labors of obstruction and retardation, and let it be freely though sadly acknowledged—they are by no means rare, even within the ranks of Spiritualism. These latter would not wisely toward themselves and confer benefit to the Cause by giving heed to the following advice of the same pioneer author:

"It is the imperative duty of every human being to exercise his own powers, faculties, reason and judgment, with modesty, humility and firmness, and not to be overawed, borne down, or led away captive by any assuming spirit, in or out of the flesh. Every one is accountable for himself, and ought both to judge and act for himself, with supreme reverence for God and his moral perfections, according to his own highest convictions of truth and duty. Thus he should examine the Bible and all books. Thus all human governments, authorities, powers, constitutions, laws, customs, usages, in Church and State. Thus try all spirits and their communications—all pretended prophets, philosophers and teachers—all professions and assumptions whatsoever. No one should imperiously dictate, or cower down before another. But truth, rectitude, reason and the suasion of wisdom should alone sway the minds of moral agents."

Can the added experience of forty succeeding years supplement much to this judicious advice and admonition? Had it been wisely heeded and faithfully followed, Spiritualism would now be in a vastly different position before the world, and what is more important even, the friends of the Cause would not find it so necessary to differentiate between Spiritualists and Spiritualism, between human nature and the heaven-born Visitor that has come with the mission to develop and ennoble mankind.

"Abstain from all pettifoggery lawyerism!" This is a bit of advice which is particularly suggestive and appropriate for a certain school of complacent investigators, that has sprung into existence in these latter days. Do not the leading members of this school, by their methods of "research," really pettifogger against Truth? They start out with a preliminary renunciation of all belief in even the possibility of spirit manifestation; reject all

testimony tending to prove the possibility; ignore all previous investigation and experimentation, no matter by whom conducted, and heedlessly disregard the advice and warnings resulting therefrom. Then they sift and resift the fruits of their own labors, through a sieve made up of ingenious theories and forced hypotheses until nothing remains but a mysterious something with an elongated appellation!

Let us read what Mr. Ballou said in 1832 about the phenomena, which are still compelled to run the gauntlet of scientific skepticism: "But they are facts, provable by as conclusive testimony as is requisite to the determination of cases in our highest judicatories of law, natural philosophy and religion. If any man presume to deny that they are facts, he is either one who, having never investigated the subject, is grossly ignorant of its merits, or who, pretending to have investigated it, is grossly dishonest. Such a man's negations are entitled, perhaps, to some indulgence and pity, but to no respect." This is strong and unequivocal language, which still holds good. Was its utterer justified in using it? The following demonstrates that his position had not been assumed without deliberate and intelligent observation and thought, almost "scientific" in their process and conclusions:

"I have spoken very positively respecting these rudimentary facts. I consider myself competent to speak thus, and am willing to take the responsibility. I have said that they occur without any perceptible or conscious mortal agency, either physical or mental. Let this be remembered. But let it also be remembered that some things are not asserted. It is not asserted that all the facts are equally common or equally provable. It is not asserted that there are no counterfeits, or illusive resemblances of these facts. It is not asserted that no phenomena resembling any of them are ever produced by minds in the body or by earthly causes. It is not asserted that the real manifestations are always easily distinguishable from concomitant ones produced by mundane influences. It is not asserted that there are no incongruities, contradictions and absurdities incidentally developed in these phenomenal facts. It is not asserted that the real agency which causes these facts is as knowable as the facts themselves. I am for just discrimination in all things. Therefore let me be held responsible for what I assert—neither less nor more. I believe that departed spirits cause many of these phenomena, but not all of them. I believe that spirits in the flesh, i. e., the mind of the medium or the minds of persons surrounding the medium, sometimes thwart, warp, peculiarize or modify the manifestations and communications. I also believe that low and very imperfect departed spirits sometimes manifest themselves. This is the ground I take. It enables me to account for the multifarious reliable and unreliable developments of this mysterious agency more satisfactorily than any other."

These statements still comprehensively reflect the attitude of free-minded, unbiased and experienced intelligence toward the phenomena. Who is now able to add anything to the conclusions embraced therein? And is it not very satisfactory evidence of the correctness of the spiritualistic hypotheses that they have so effectively withstood a half century of unsympathetic scrutiny and bitterly vigorous assault as to have remained fundamentally unchanged?

That the author of the work from which the above quotations have been culled was at least not unscientific in his methods of investigation is clearly shown by his manner of classification. Thus he divides the particular phenomena which came under his observation into three general classes: "I. Those in which all the important demonstrations were most evidently caused by departed spirits. II. Those in which some of the important demonstrations were probably caused, or greatly affected, by undeveloped spirits. III. Those in which the demonstrations were of a heterogeneous, incongruous or derogatory character." He adds: "No cases will be presented which I have not good reasons to regard as real and well authenticated," which assertion, it must be acknowledged, assuredly proves that he, in so far as he accepted the testimony of others, even when he was satisfied that they were ordinarily capable and credible witnesses, was utterly unscientific, according to the edicts of the prevailing "psychic science," which claims that no one is worthy of credence in psychical matters who is not endowed with a peculiar intellectual discernment that permits him to be endorsed as an "expert." However, as this rare quality, which has up to the present time been found in the possession of only a very choice few, all within the ranks of Psychical Research, had not been discovered when Mr. Ballou wrote, we must endeavor to overlook his tamerity.

Among the cases which he reviewed under class I. was one that occurred at the residence of Mr. A. H. Jarvis, a Methodist clergyman of Rochester, N. Y., in 1845. A friend named Ploikard spent an afternoon with him, and while there a séance was held at the tea-table. "Ploikard was requested to ask questions," writes Mr. Jarvis. "He desired to know who it was that would answer questions." The answer was: "I am your mother, Mary Ploikard." Her name or the fact of her death was not known to any of us. Several days afterward, while still tarrying in Rochester, Ploikard received a communication, at the house of Mr. G—, purporting to be from his mother, saying: "Your child is dead." He immediately started for his home in Lockport, sixty miles distant. After he had left, Mr. Jarvis received the following telegram: "Tell Mr. Ploikard, if you can find him, his child died this morning," the reading of which led him to remark that "God's telegraph had outdone Morse's altogether."

Mr. Ballou's comments on this case are interesting and instructive. They devote careful and logical thought and present unanswerable reasons for his explanation. He even an-

(Continued on second page.)

Literary Department.

A TRUE SUSSEX TRAGEDY.

DO not like to look at that clump of dark firs on the summit of the ridge—the one to the left, I mean, not "The King's Standing," so-called because one of our early Henrys chose it as his favorite spot of vantage when hunting the red deer and the wild boar, nay, the wolves also, which then abounded. The eye turns to it involuntarily, though never with a feeling of satisfaction; even on a moonlight night I take a look at it from my room, and then go to sleep none the happier for having done so. It is visible from every part of mid-Sussex—its corresponding heights on the South Downs opposite being Ditchling Beacon and the commanding hill of Wolstonbury. From Kent, Surrey and Hants you also see it; and the channel fisherman, who has been out all night off the French coast, hails it as a landmark (twenty miles inland though it be), through that remarkable gorge in the chalk-range between Brighton and Beachy Head. Near by, on Crowborough Beacon, eight hundred feet above sea level, the flames burst out when the Spaniards pursued by Drake and Howard, wearily pushed up the channel, and the response was caught from hill-top to hill-top, till London itself learned the whereabouts of the fleet.

Ghyll's Lap, as it is called, did not always stand out in this bold relief; at the time of the events we have to tell of, more than a century back, the whole of these miles of naked ground was covered with a dense woodland known as "The Forest." And as "The Forest," it is still known; people "live out on the Forest," or you'll have to cross the Forest, and half a hundred such expressions are heard every day all round. Well may it be so, for this is the very centre of the ancient forest of Anderida, that reached from the channel almost to the Thames in Caesar's time, and which the victorious general was forced to cross, it being then a hundred miles in extent from east to west. Roman remains in plenty show the skill of that people in casting and in metallic arts; but when we come to the Tudor period, the ferocious stone lying so near the surface were worked on an extensive scale. So the furnace fires flared, the water-driven forge hammers clanged through the glades, and the charcoal burners held away, steadily eating up the wood till almost naught remained. Down even to 1820, ironstone was worked in Sussex, the last smelting forge being at Ashburnham; but all had to succumb before the coal-smelting iron of South Wales, Staffordshire and Scotland.

If the question on which geologists are still divided—whether there are any workable remains of the great coal field that appears to have such a gap between Belgium and Somersetshire—should be answered by Sir Edward Watkins's further borings at Dover in the affirmative, then the district will become a veritable "Black Country," and the land-owners will reap a golden harvest. The stone is so easily got, and of such excellent quality, that it invites effort, as it invited it in the past; here were cast the cannon that gained us India, under Clive; here also the ordnance surrendered by Cornwallis at Yorktown, and here were cast the railings that surround St. Paul's to-day. Little wonder that the forest disappeared as snow before an April sun, for Lamberhurst furnace alone was stoked by law to two hundred thousand cords of wood yearly, in order to reserve oak enough for the navy, or, for that matter, for all the then navies of the world.

As to "Ghylls," of which there are several hereabouts—as Heron's Ghyll, one of the seats of the Duke of Norfolk and others—the term seems to define a sudden dip or gathering of the springs between one watershed and another.

Across the waste, leading by a trackway which still exists, a respectable tradesman of Tunbridge Wells drove on the afternoon of a spring day, to replenish the stocks of some of the shop-keepers in the adjacent villages, and to gather in the moneys due to him. Crossing the Beacon, he had to deviate to the right, just beyond the "Crow and Gate," a wayside inn near us, which has its crow and its gate still swinging in the wind as of old. It was a noted haunt of freebooters and smugglers then, as it still is a rendezvous of our many coming-and-going gipsy neighbors, who make a temporary encampment on the Common. The traveler was accompanied by his shopman, George Pender, a lithe-built young fellow, who belonged to our parish, and who knew every foot of the country well. The younger man had on his mind the burden of some hardly-veiled threats on the part of his master, owing to truthfulness in a business transaction, where a judicious shutting of the eyes would have put money in the till. So the employer told one and another that "he would pay him out for it."

It was, therefore, with a sense of relief that Pender, immediately after passing the hostel, was ordered to make his way back a-foot to another village, to explain why his master could not keep an appointment there; and thence to find his way to "The Wells" as best he might, the master going across the wild, Maresfield way, and thus driving home. Reach-

ing Rotherfield, George found no one at the farm, and not so much as a dog to give tongue against him. In fact, the countryside seemed deserted that hot afternoon; even the charcoal burners, whose work was a night and day one, were asleep, under protection of their temporary wattle shelter, and the squatters on the Forest away about their several vocations. The whole region is now fringed with freeholders, who anciently held by virtue of a "keyhold tenure." If a man could erect his hut and light his fire before morning, he secured a right to hearth and home in those primitive days; and need there was for some right or claim to supplement the miserable wages then current. The famous Poor Law of Elizabeth was employed as the means of keeping down direct payment, and half the laboring people were paupers, getting a parish dole to supplement the meagre remuneration given.

Leaving Rotherfield, therefore, the youth leaned over the parapet of the bridge that spans the brook at the foot of the hill, and was tempted to repeat the experience of school-days, when cares were fewer and hopes higher, by going down, lapping some of the water, and at the same time douching face and hands with the refreshing liquid. While so doing a man afoot, in a gray coat, with a rough beaver to match, asked the way to Rotherfield. Being suitably directed he walked off, leaving our young friend in a pensive mood by himself; for did not his thoughts revert to school-life, and to the sweet face of Jennie Garnett, the blacksmith's daughter at Crowthorne Town, and the thoughts that so often came to him when her form was recalled? So he sat down on the bank to rest a little before completing the six miles that remained. Overcome by fatigue he fell asleep, and on awakening saw that he must have tarried two or three hours at least. So he hastened home, only to find, to his astonishment, that the master had not got there before him.

Nor did he come that night, nor the night after, and inquiries were made in every direction; for highway robberies were common, and it was known that he must have had a considerable sum on his person. On the second morning the shopman was sent over the route that had been taken, and he thought it better to call on the old constable of the parish that was most in his way—a decrepit personage, whose physical feebleness was more than counterbalanced by a sense of the dignity and responsibility of his office. Here was the spot where they parted, there the track the master had intended to take. Coming down the hill they saw nothing, but ascending the other side they noticed marks which they traced right up to the fire, and found the dead body, with the skull frightfully beaten in, and every evidence of a fierce struggle.

"So you were with him last, George," said the old man. "Then you must go with me and make a declaration before the squire at the Hall." And to the magistrate they went, who was still in his justice-room, having had a case or two of poaching before him that morning. On the face of the tale told by the youth, nothing could be clearer than that a cruel murder and robbery had been committed by some person or persons unknown; but by the judicious hints of the constable, suspicion was directed to George, who was thereupon detained in custody till a fuller bench should grant a hearing. He was remanded for a week, and at the end of that time a considerable following of county magistrates put in an appearance. The chairman was a ruddy-faced squire of ancient lineage, not a bad sort at bottom, when things went his way, but as fierce and unreasoning as any one who ever bullied an inferior, or required obsequious hat-worship to gain his favor.

He regarded any defendant who quietly held his own as an intolerable nuisance, and he thought it his chief duty to his country to have as many petty convictions as possible, and to remit others to the assizes following. As to weighing evidence, or tracing cause and effect, it never troubled him—a word and a blow had ever been his way when in the yeomanry; it was his way still, and seeing opposition in any case only confirmed him the more in the blindfold course that lay nearest to him. So when a respectable local solicitor brought overwhelming evidence in favor of the prisoner's character, and traced his entire course that afternoon (though unfortunately not able to produce any one who had seen him on the road), the chairman's wrath-bolled over; he declared it to be a trumped-up lie, and the rest of the bench meekly acquiescing, Pender was committed to the Midsummer Assize as guilty of willful murder. For by this time the friction referred to as between master and man had oozed out, and was made the most of when carried from mouth to mouth.

Toward his parents, who lived in the parish, respected by all, though in humble circumstances, the most unbounded sympathy was expressed; entire and unqualified conviction of innocence was the belief of all, so that a subscription was readily made to secure counsel for the trial. The lawyer who had charge of the case said little; but when appealed to by the father, expressed the gravest anxiety, sole-

ly on account of the absence of any witnesses as to identity on the road. Could that single traveler who spoke to George at the bridge but be heard of, all would be well; if he could not be produced, and especially if Judge Richards were on circuit, he feared that the very worst might happen. But no tidings of the missing man could be had; no one knew him by the description, and the case was desperate.

I should, perhaps, have said that on that very spring evening a drove of red-coated horned Sussex cattle went down the hill past Oorborough town; footsore and weary they looked, for they had traveled from a country market out Fairlight way, and were now journeying toward the great summer fair at Epsom, a couple of weeks hence. They were intended meantime to invigorate for ten days in the rich bosky dells of Buckhurst Park, which then belonged (as it still does) to the ancient family of the Delawars. Just opposite the old church in the wood, on the edge of the moors, they were overtaken by a man on horseback, who, also, singularly enough, had a long gray riding-coat, which was finished off by a rough beaver to match. He spoke to the men in charge and rode on, one of them saying: "Good-night, Mr. Barland, we'll be there all right."

When he had passed the other remarked: "He's a hard 'un, is old Sam!" And a hard 'un indeed he was, but just what. As a dealer in cattle and sheep, he was not often at home, and the loss of his only child, Ruth, at 16—who had always exercised a softening and tender influence upon him—seemed to make him harder than ever. Yet, when he thought of her, in his lonesome rides, a feeling of tenderness came over him, and he did many a kind act which appeared unlike his rough exterior. Jennie Garnett, with her knitting, had got across the hedge, out of the way of the beasts, but had seen and heard all that passed. So, timid as she was, she spoke to one another about it, after her friend's case was the topic of general remark. No one, alas! could give her any information, and no one suggested that the foot-traveler who spoke to George on the bridge at Rotherfield, and the man riding on the Wythian road, five miles off, could have any connection the one with the other. But she was not satisfied; every one who passed with live-stock on the old drove road was questioned, though little encouragement she had for her pains. At length an old drover said:

"Why, as like as not it was old Sam Barland, out Midhurst way, for he wears such a coat and hat, and most generally rides just such a horse."

"And that was the very name—Barland"—said she, "when the men bade him good-night"; for the events had come so suddenly that even the name fled her memory. As her grandmother lived in West Sussex, she determined to find out more about it; but on arrival, she learned that Mr. Barland was then away among the sheep fairs in the West, and it was not known when he would return. Hope died in the maiden's heart, time sped on, and the asses—then held alternately at East Grinstead and at Horsham—were now on, with a heavy calendar to get through.

Getting home late, tired and weary, one night, after his long ride from Overton Great Lamb Fair, Mr. Barland had gone directly up stairs, and was soon fast asleep.

"What was that?" said he to himself. "Only the chestnut bough blown against the window," he thought; when, to his surprise and astonishment, a voice rang out, in girlish clearness: "Mr. Barland, go to Grinstead!"

It was Ruth's very own tones, and it said to him, clearly enough: "Father"—not "Mr. Barland"—"go to Grinstead!"

Again, when just asleep, was the sound repeated on the window-pane, the same message given, and the same tones also, that had so often blessed his heart.

He could not rest; he got up and told his wife he must go to Grinstead. Looking out into the darkness night, his eye caught sight of a retreating figure—or shadow was it, rather?—that was his very own Ruth's, let the world say what it might.

A clever counsel for the crown made the most of the unpleasant relations known to exist between master and man, and of the fact that the youth's movements for the afternoon were not satisfactorily accounted for. "No doubt," said he, "he accompanied his master as far as Ghyll's Lap, and then did the cruel deed, which is so clearly brought home to him to-day. For he had plenty of time at his disposal to do all that, and then to conceal his whereabouts by a supposed journey in another direction; that he knew well what money his master had with him—money which he no doubt concealed, but which would never do him, or any one else, good in this world. There never was a clearer, as there never was a more painful case"; and he left himself with entire confidence to the decision of the intelligent jurymen before him, with whom it now lay, to vindicate the sacred interests of life and property.

Nor did Mr. Justice Richards incline much to mercy's side. His summing-up was even more deadly against the accused than the speech of the crown prosecutor. What mattered it that it was proved in evidence that no one person was actually at the farm at Rotherfield, which the prisoner alleged he was sent to visit?—a mere accidental coincidence, no doubt! Nor did it matter that no one had ever been brought forward on behalf of the crown to trace the prisoner's whereabouts (if otherwise than stated) on that spring afternoon?

"What had become," said his lordship, "of the mythical individual seen on the bridge?"

"There he is, my lord!" said the prisoner excitedly, and every eye was directed to the door, where a burly farmer, in a gray overcoat and with a rough beaver in hand, was elbowing his way into court to see what was going on.

By consent of the Judge, the stranger was called and questioned as to name, residence, whether he was known to any one in court (which he fortunately was), and why he had come there.

"Was he at Rotherfield in April last?"

"Yes, on his way home from Fairlight market. He had sent his horse on with the drove to be left for him at the Red Cross while he took a near cut to see a friend."

"Did he see any one on the road?"

"Yes; he saw a young man, of whom he asked the way across the fields."

"Should he know him again?"

"Yes; that's him in the dock now."

"And you have come here to testify in his favor?"

"No; I never heard of him, nor of this trial, neither."

"Then why are you here?"

"You may laugh if you like, gentlemen, but

I heard my daughter, that's gone these eight years, say to me in the night, 'Father, go to Grinstead,' and I'm here."

At this stage the foreman intimated that the jury need not trouble his lordship to conclude the summing-up, for they were quite satisfied. Whereupon, the clerk of arraigns said: "Then your verdict is 'Not guilty'?"

"Yes."

"And so say all of you?"

"Yes; we're all agreed."

"This," said his lordship, "is the most remarkable ending of a trial I have ever met with in the course of a lengthened judicial experience. You, young man, are restored to your friends and to freedom without a stain upon your character, and I congratulate you upon the narrow escape you have had."

His aged father and his friends received him as one raised from the dead; the jailer congratulated him, and the farmer, who so providentially appeared, took them all to dinner with him at the "Lyon," where he had put up. The bells of Crowborough rung out a merry peal, for men's hearts were glad everywhere—the honor of what was then an uncouth district being at stake.

In due course, also, Mr. Barland made the acquaintance of Jennie Garnett, whom he took to his heart at once, so like was she to his own dear Ruth. He dowered her handsomely when she married and settled at the Wells—then but an insignificant though rising place; and even the widow of the murdered man showed her feelings of respect by help in the business which George established there. A prosperous career, too, was in store for the man of integrity and truth.

It only remains to be told that in the tap-room of the "Crow and Gate" two loafers (or worse) had strayed on that April afternoon, and that they had seen the younger man sent back, and the solitary traveler pursue his way across the forest. Taking a near cut, they accomplished their purpose at the place described, though not without a severe struggle, which left its marks on one of them for months after.

"There," showing a bared arm, and enlargement over a lately united bone, "that's what he done for me."

Lying under sentence of death for another offense, they emitted a declaration before a magistrate, the chaplain, and the governor of the jail, that they and they only had done the deed which gives to Ghyll's Lap its sad and tragic interest. So you will not wonder that I have never found it in my heart to join any of the picnic parties that so often visit it in the summer days.—Ellen M. Bowick, in *Cultivator and Country Gentleman*.

Foreign Correspondence.

My Twelfth and Last Trip Across.

BY HENRY LACROIX.

Per S. S. *Bourgoigne* (French Line) I left New York 2d June en route for Paris. The trip of eight days turned out pacific, without wind or squall and accident of any kind. Hard times seems to increase the number of tourists going across, as our steamer was quite full.

Paris has been experiencing for nearly two months, I am told, nothing but rain and chilly weather, and it appears as if the lease was not yet at an end. In fact, a grate fire in my room would be a comfort. What a month of June! in la belle France.

A few days after my arrival I assisted at a conference or lecture of Mrs. Annie Besant, in the large and sumptuous "Conference Hall," in the grand mansion, newly built, of Lady Calhoun, Duchesse de Pomar. The subject was *Theosophy*, and Colonel Olcott acted as chairman. The Duchesse, like Judge Edmonds of old in New York, has seen fit to stir up the little of Paris by getting up conferences, delivered by marked men and women, on subjects akin to occult sciences principally, and going to the trouble and annoyance of having her palace invaded by five or six hundred guests at a time. After each lecture the banquet hall doors are opened and the guests are invited to feed their stomachs after having fed their brains. The assembled crowd, principally ladies, formed a bevy of young and old belles, attired in the height of reigning fashion. Many nationalities were represented on this occasion, and each vied with one another—in being up to the mark—of exquisites. Even Mrs. Besant and several attending ladies, as they appeared on the platform, struck me as wearing a rather theatrical appearance, simulating ancient Greece. That style was thought quite becoming to introduce such an Athenian-like subject. The mise en scene was quite novel, and seemed to please, quite so the Parisian belles in attendance. The Duchesse, or host, who sat on the fine platform, did not indulge in such display of antique paraphernalia, but wore a stately dress with a crest of glistening diamonds on her head. The Duchesse is said to have the finest *parures* of any woman in Europe. Parisian gossip among the *beau monde* claims that the Duchesse is Marie Stuart reincarnated, and that she owes it to herself to be—queenly! "Haut soit qui mal y pense."

Mrs. Besant spoke in French, tolerably well, and gave a general survey of the question, in such a way as not to commit herself, in antagonism with modern revelations, which Spiritualism embodies in *tole* and *par excellence*. As a thoughtful woman and tactician she excels in handling ideas and words, and her peculiar face and expression are such as to lend quite a charm to her delivery. She has an antique cast of countenance, and therefore the dress she wore on this occasion fitted her to a nicety, with its classical folds. As to the underlying merits of the treatment of the subject she held forth; I must say that she does not rise above the note which all Buddhists, of the past and present, enunciate: "She holds on to the religious or limited view, transmitted from clouded ages—which confounds the fluidic with the ethereal world, and the spirit with the soul—the essence with the quintessence." Philosophy alone reaches above that half-way or limited knowledge, which priestcraft of all times and kinds have held and preached as the uttermost of possible acquirement of truth. The world, it must be admitted, is scarcely yet prepared, even among Spiritualists, to take in a full scope of what lies beyond—not only of ethereal conditions and things, but of spiritual ones as well. The dogmatic lurks here and there, in every advancing step which humanity makes, in endeavoring to cast off the crude and noxious ideas which beset it in accord with prevailing conditions.

Mrs. Besant asserts (theologically) that the soul, as a sensitized plate, is developed (!) only through its material experience—which asseveration lends to our world and condition an undue importance. Were the word spirit substituted to that of soul, in that case, the anomaly would not be so startling, so out of the way. But Theosophy, like every other religion, ignores logic and does not move ascensionally in physical or metaphysical subjects: it glances along the surface of questions, and condemns readily all aspirations and efforts, made by man to liberate himself of past sorrowful sorrows and ailments. Spiritual philosophy of modern times teaches that there is no good, no evil—that everything is controlled by necessity and opportunity—and that the soul, being a body or organism, made of the quintessence of matter, is never affected by either spiritual or material conditions—never stained in the least: the soul of the murderer being as bright and pure as that of the greatest "archangel." This philosophy teaches that our mission is material and in no ways intended to rehabilitate ourselves for past "sins" or errors—as theology imagines and asserts. The soul animated directly by intelligence—the Godly or supreme principle and power—is our all luminous, true being and individuality, which merges itself into unselfishness and governs itself and all things according to its innate nature and wisdom! Therefore, let no one, in the face of that true or complete view of facts, belittle himself any more. Look deeply within yourselves and you will find therein all potentials, all capacities: conditions only making yourselves appear vile or inferior—for the time being. Know yourselves! and you will know all. Bright Pantheism said truly and beautifully: "All is in one, and one is in all." The part is equal to the whole, viewed in the broad sense.

For some years past Buddhism has been quite fashionable in Paris; several reviews advocate its tenets, and a scholarly Japanese, named Saizau Motoyosi, often delivers lectures on that subject in French:

"I have nothing to do with mediumship, and I was never a medium, as I once believed. I was simply mistaken."

"I agree with you that mediums are a dangerous and very poor lot of mortals. I have no faith in them any more. I believe they are all 'obsessed.'"

"My gifts are the result of genius, and are therefore natural gifts."

The above three paragraphs, copied *verbatim*, show how low a paradigm can descend when vanity, ingratitude and servility are allowed to gain possession of him.

It is well, as a caution to others, that the said "medium" should be exposed and scourged with his own words. "It is a long road that has no turn," as is well said; and the American medium who so expressed himself lately to a Parisian lady, and who beside, after joining the Roman Church, made no secret of such sentiments to others here and elsewhere on the continent, may find before long that the spirits are neither blind nor deaf, nor incapable of teaching a lesson to such presumptuous and ungrateful beings. I have always found it to turn out so in previous cases. The author above alluded to is Jesse Shepard.

It is refreshing, alongside such betrayal, to see here Victorien Sardou—the greatest dramatic writer—affirming the spirit-world the direct source of his inspirations. To deny inspiration is in fact a sure sign of a lack of common-sense and logic. Inspiration, like everything else, is of many degrees. That which is authoritative, as "Thus saith the Lord!"—which would rob man of his prerogative of inquiry and judgment—cannot suit spirits or men who have acquired the sense and ultimatum of freedom. "To be, or not to be!" is required to make up manhood and even womanhood, and so it comes to pass that in becoming adepts of the new or renewed order of things or revelations, we must cast off the shackles which bound us through education to churches, of any kind. That outcome is imperative, and defines the strong man from the weak or incomplete man. Those who attempt to link Christianity to our cause, or try to get them to blend together, may be honest and sincere, but they are sure to fall in the attempt, because intelligence cannot sanction such a hyperbolic situation. A basis wanting in strength and proper adjustment will bear but a tottering edifice. It is a constant struggle for us to hold on to our own, to defend it from intrusions that would be harmful to its growth and welfare. Our cause is distinct from religious ideas, from all their enthrallments, from all their objective and subjective ends and motives. Faith is one thing and knowledge is another, a higher, more progressive standing. One engenders weakness and servility—the other befits man for great attainments and contentment with himself and surroundings.

Those reflections are suggested to me by the perusal of five or six numbers of a monthly review published here, entitled *L'Aurore*, which aspires to marry the past with the present in closer bonds than the practical lends itself to such conjugality—deprived, as it is, of sterling maternity. The attempt, of eight years' duration, is not such as to prognosticate a promising end: Christian Spiritualism, since the days of Wm. Howitt, has not taken a strong foothold anywhere, and *L'Aurore*, it seems to me, is not called to operate a revolution among the *beau monde* of Paris, toward which it fondly leans, nor among the masses of *Spiritists*, who look to Kardec as their master and guide, through his works, which have merit and prestige to sustain them. As a rule such publications here, apart from the *Revue Spirituelle*, seldom surpass a few hundred subscribers. *L'Aurore*, so poorly sustained and read, has so far—answered the purpose for which it was intended by its originator. Money is not always spent to bring material profit, nor even as a venture to educate others in some cause or other. *L'Aurore* announces on its title page that it treats the following: Logosophy, Psychology, Spiritualism, Esotericism, Oriental and Western Theosophy, under the direction of Lady Calhoun, Duchesse de Pomar; but that review seems, according to my inspection, to treat personal history, in preference to other subjects. The last sixteen pages of reviewed numbers are devoted to the life of Marie Stuart, in the eulogistic sense, of course. Spirit communications are also published, coming from different sources or names, but all bearing a religious, Christian or mystical sense.

I noticed an assertion in one of those, which is quite misleading and untruthful, that "spirits require no food nor rest." That spirit may enjoy both unconsciously, assimilate in that way what its organism requires to make up for expended vitality or forces by activity. Most communications want a good deal of sitting, and one so occupied should have experience, and be clairvoyant and clairaudient.

As a practical prompting it has been announced, after one of the late conferences at the Duchesse's, that next season none will be admitted in the hall but subscribers to the *Revue*.

I am leaving Paris for Antwerp, Belgium, while the International Exposition there is in full glow. So I end hastily, to renew soon an account of further experiences.

Paris, 30th June, 1894.

TWICE-TOLD TALES.

(Continued from first page.)

anticipates the theory of "sub-conscious mind" now so popular in certain quarters, and the objection he offers thereto has still to be overcome, i. e., the assumption of a particular name and personality by the intelligence communicating:

"What are we to do with these facts? Was it the departed spirit of Mary Pickard that caused these rappings, and through them intelligently and correctly spelled out to her son, 'your child is dead'? I must believe it was. I may doubt; but why should I? Shall I do so because it seems to me impossible, or incredible? Why impossible? Why incredible? Shall I, because it is so extraordinary? This will not answer. I am bound to be rational and candid. Can I otherwise account for the facts, so as to get rid of the marvelous? There are minds who will bolt outright, and pronounce the whole statement a fiction, rather than be decent enough to admit that they are ignorant of innumerable wonders in the unexplored regions of being; I cannot let myself down to that grade of mentality; I prefer being laughed at as a simpleton. A more elevated class of minds, however, will say: 'It is very mysterious; but probably Mesmerism or Clairvoyance, acting upon and through the medium, caused the phenomena.' How is this probable? What is Mesmerism? What is Clairvoyance? Or what is that something which acts on and through a Mesmeric or Clairvoyant subject? No doubt it is a very fine, elastic, subtle element of the mental or spiritual nature. Some call it Spiritual Magnetism; I call it *spirituality*. Well, this can be passed from a *positive* to a *negative* person. But it has no consciousness or will of its own—has it? Certainly not, while existing in an unorganized, impersonal state. It is a spiritual atmosphere, or element, serving as a medium of communication to conscious intelligences. By means of it, under favorable conditions, its subjects are brought to recognize persons, things and events far from their bodily location. Are departed spirits less able to make use of this same medium than un-departed ones? Are they less likely to make use of it? Probably not. Probably they are more able and more likely to make use of it; since it must be the *principle*, if not the only elementary medium through which they can communicate with spirits in the flesh. It becomes, therefore, a simple question: Did a departed spirit really tell Pickard that his child was dead? Or did the medium, or some positive mind through the medium, communicate this fact? If the spirit purporting to be Mary Pickard really communicated the fact as set forth, all is natural, simple and consistent—however wonderful.

But on the other supposition, the fact was found out and communicated by the medium, incited by some other mind or minds *magnetically*. Was the medium conscious of going mentally to Lookport and seeing what had taken place in Pickard's family? Was any person conscious of sending the mind of the medium on such an errand? There is not the least reason to presume that any one was conscious of such a process. But might not the whole process have transpired unconsciously to the medium? It is *barely possible*; since we know so little of the laws of mental and spiritual nature, that we can hardly say what is or is not possible. Yet there is little probability of any such unconscious process having taken place. We have no right to assume any such thing. Yet it should, we have not escaped the marvelous, nor lightened the exaction made on our faith. Suppose it for a moment. It is now *unconscious clairvoyance* that works the wonder—or unconscious *spirituality*. How can an unconscious, unorganized element understand specific questions? How transmit itself to a particular place, ascertain important facts, return and express them by rappings? Why pretend to be a particular person—a departed spirit—with a particular name? Is this natural, rational, consistent or at all probable?"

Under Class One, other convincing cases are narrated with clear and thoughtful disquisition in explanation, which space limits will not permit to be transcribed.

Under the Second Class, where "some of the important demonstrations were probably caused, or greatly affected, by undeveloped spirits," the comments of this early investigator indicate a watchful and discriminating observation, and are worthy of an attention induced by a more serious motive than mere curiosity to look back into the past. They are too copious for full quotation, but the following indicates his attitude toward the very important branch of psychical study under consideration:

"I have known cases in which the bias, prejudice, predilection or will of the medium, evidently governed and characterized the demonstrations. In these cases the answers given to questions, the doctrines taught, and the peculiar bearings of communications spelled out, were so obviously fashioned by the medium's own mind, as to leave no doubt of the fact. In absolute confirmation of this, questions have been written out and presented to the medium, with a request that the answers should, if possible, be given *this and so*. And they were given, by raps, accordingly. I myself gave questions in this way to a certain medium, and found that answers could be obtained in the affirmative or negative, or in flat contradiction to previous answers. If the medium would but agree to *will it*. At the same time, I made myself certain that this medium could not procure the rapping agency at will. It came, *staid* and went as it would, and in that respect was uncontrollable. But when it chanced to be *present*, it could be overruled, biased and perverted, more or less, by the medium. In other cases, there has been an overruling psychological influence exerted by some powerful mind or minds present with the medium. In such cases, this powerful influence, *with or without* the consciousness of the medium, has elicited answers, just such as had been wished or willed by the managing mind. And these answers have alternately contradicted each other in the plainest manner, during the same half-hour's demonstrations. In one instance, a strong-willed man resolved to reverse certain disagreeable predictions, frequently repeated through two *typing* mediums, who often sat in conjunction. The result was he could overrule one of them, sitting *alone*, and get a response to suit himself. But both of them together overmastered his psychological powers.

It may be set down as certain that there are cases wherein some of the important demonstrations are caused, or greatly affected, by undeveloped spirits. How far influences of this sort extend and characterize spirit manifestations remains to be ascertained. We can positively identify them in many cases. In some they are known to the parties concerned, and acknowledged to have been, consciously and intentionally exerted. In others, perhaps, they may be justly suspected where no distinct consciousness of them is felt by the medium, or by any dominant mind.

.... There is obviously a great difference in media. That element in or about them which constitutes them media, and which, for want of a better name, I have called *spirituality*, probably differs in quality and degree of strength in various individuals. Hence, as well as from deeper causes, the great difference, and variety of phenomena. I have found that some media were so imperfect, or had been so sophisticated by the management of overruling minds, that scarcely any reliance could be placed on what purported to come through their mediumship. Nevertheless it remains true that there are clear, passive, independent media, worthy of all the reliance that ought ever to be placed in persons sustaining such a relation to the spirit-world. It is a remarkable fact that some media, who, during the first few days or weeks of their mediumship, knew themselves to have considerable power over the manifestations, have gradually become clear and passive, and found themselves at last utterly unable to affect the responses and communications made through them. ... Finally I conclude, for myself, that considerable information, discrimination and judgment should be brought into requisition on this subject in order to do it justice. Some examine a single case or two and jump at an opinion. One believes everything, making almost a fool of himself

at that extreme. Another will believe nothing, and so make a still greater fool of himself than the man whose credulity he sneers at. Some take for granted that if anything about it is real or reliable the whole must be. Others, that if anything is unreal, false, or unreliable, nothing about it can be otherwise. An obstinate, self-conceited skeptic goes against his will to witness manifestations, perhaps of the lowest and most awkward kind. He is forced to admit, in spite of himself, that there is something unaccountable; but as he finds several uncouth or extraordinary demonstrations, he goes off satisfied that it is only a freak of mesmerism or nervous eccentricity. Some can make capital enough out of one poor case to set up philosophizing in the public prints for the settlement of the whole question, etc."

Proceeding to Class Third, in which are embraced manifestations of a "heterogeneous, incongruous and derogatory character," there also may be found interesting and suggestive explanations that, although now quite generally accepted by Spiritualists, are not often enough considered:

"Many cases of this class have taken place in various parts of the country, some of which have been published to the world. ... Specimens of almost everything incoherent, contradictory, deceitful and absurd have come from what purported to be spirits. I have personally witnessed very few such, but there is no doubt whatever of the facts. How, then, are they to be accounted for? 1. Many media are partial and imperfect. The grade of their *spirituality* is comparatively low, or it is small in quantity and feeble in strength. In some the intellect and moral stamina are inferior. It is through media of this general description that most of heterogeneous, false and contradictory manifestations come. What passes through such media must be greatly liable to the influences of undeveloped spirits. Their own prejudices, will, imagination, low ideas, perverse sentiments, and peculiar absurdities of interior conception, must bias and characterize the communications which any spirit should attempt to make through them; mesmeric and psychical influences from controlling minds near them would be likely to have the same effect. Hence the communications, even of a decent and well-meaning departed spirit, might come out in a very awkward translation—something quite unlike what was intended. It would be like the message of a Frenchman to an Englishman, rendered through a Dutchman, who had only a smattering of French and English. The Englishman might be puzzled to make anything decent out of it. In such cases we can never be sure that the communication received is precisely the one intended. This may explain some apparent absurdities and contradictions, otherwise unaccountable.

2. It seems reasonable to believe that the lower secondary spheres or circles of the spirit-world are filled with gross and crudely developed human spirits—with almost countless multitudes of souls, whose ignorance, or moral deficiency, or positive perverseness, still remain such, in spite of the general tendencies favorable to progress, as predispose them to sympathize with congenial spirits in the flesh, and to repeat, when opportunity allow, their old follies, deceits and mischievous exploits. The ruling love and distinguishing peculiarities, rooted in the very elements of their spiritual constitution, have not yet undergone a sufficient moral change to render them new creatures. They are still much nearer what they were in the flesh, than like what they must be to enjoy heaven. Their delights are not yet those of the good and the pure. ... Is it morally possible that those who leave this state of existence, indisposed to almost everything dictated by divine love and wisdom, should at death become suddenly devoted to that very love and wisdom? I have never seen the semblance of a sound reason for believing in any such leaps of the human soul from very low to very high spheres, whether moral or intellectual. ... All such notions are contrary to the laws and processes of the divine order."

The work from which the preceding passages have been taken is filled with most convincing illustrations of the truth of spirit-communication, while it contains also a wealth of advice and admonition to those who would seek the practice of this communion that emanated from a mind of lofty spiritual and intellectual attainment. Adin Ballou, judged by his writings, is a soul with whom Spiritualists may well feel proud to claim fellowship. Let us all endeavor, by the cultivation of wisdom and purity, to be worthy thereof. Then can we say with him: "I can say in truth, speaking for myself alone, that my whole moral nature has been purified and elevated by the influences which have flowed in upon me during the investigation of this subject."

New York, July, 1894.

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Only the true in mind and pure in heart have linked their souls with God; 'tis only they can see the truth that lies beyond the bonds of earth that bind them—that, while here, they may rise through the allotted hours by gradual step into the footstep, and in life foretaste the spiritual freedom of the life beyond.—Through a Writing Medium in London Daybreak.



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DOLIBER-GOODALE & CO., Boston, Mass.

Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Spirit Messages published from week to week under the above heading are reported by Miss Ida L. Spalding, an expert stenographer.

Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in the departments of thought and labor—should be forwarded to this office by mail or left at our Counting-Room for answer. It should also be distinctly understood in this connection that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of Truth as they perceive—no more.

It is our earnest wish that those on the mundane sphere of life who recognize the published messages of their spirit-friends on this page, from time to time, will verify them by personally informing us of the facts for publication. As our spirit visitors are very fond of flowers, it behooves the friends in earth-life, so disposed, to place natural flowers upon our séance-table, the reasons for which were stated in our editorial columns of a recent date. Also, we are requested to state that all letters of inquiry, or otherwise, appertaining to this Department, should be addressed to the undersigned.

LUTHER COLBY, Chairman.

SPIRIT-MESSAGES, GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Séance held May 11th, 1894.

Spirit Invocation.

Our Father, who art all wisdom, love, charity, patience and knowledge, we ask at this hour that thou wilt send out thy bright messengers from heaven unto thy mortal children, that each may feel uplifted and become more spiritual. We ask that we may come into a nearness to thee and thine angel ones, and that we may know more of thy laws that govern us.

We thank thee, our Father, for the sunshine; we thank thee for all the manifold blessings thou dost bestow upon all humanity to-day. We would ask that we may be more charitable with our sisters and brothers, for all humanity are one great family. We would ask for more light; we would ask that we may be patient to lead others and to teach them, that we may go out into the ways and be able to uplift those that are sorrowing and ignorant. We thank thee, Father, for the discipline thou dost see in that we as thy children should pass through, and may uplift us and make us more in harmony with thine angels. We would ask that every word uttered may be guided and guarded by the heavenly ones who are able to teach us, and we ask for the divine blessing to rest upon all humanity to-day.

JOHN PIERPONT.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Thomas Stevenson.

I call this a great privilege, Mr. Chairman, to be permitted to speak here. This is the third time I have asked permission to come, and a good opportunity one of these days. I have found his words true, for to-day I am invited to step forward and give my communication. I have often listened to what others have said here, and I have gained a great deal of light and knowledge by so doing. If for one moment we could remove the veil that hangs between us, and you could behold the assembly present, I think it would astonish you.

I can express my feelings but faintly when I say I appreciate the invitation extended to me to speak to-day. I'm not much used to speaking in public, for this certainly is public where I see so many eagerly listening to the words spoken by the controlling spirit.

How sweet is the book of memory! We delight to look over it; but some parts are more pleasant to peruse than others.

A few yet in Providence, R. I., will remember Thomas Stevenson. It is a gratification to feel that we are remembered by some on the earth-plane.

I was conversing with Mr. Foster, the older gentleman, a few hours ago, and he said: "Many wait for a word from the spirit-world; when they receive it, some are pleased and some are disappointed."

These words I send to all my friends.

Katie A. Kinsey (Spirit-Violet).

Let us look up a little higher, Mr. Chairman. I am one who has never spoken in this room before, but I have in your other Circle-Room.

I would say to my friends everywhere, Do not think for one moment that I forget any of you, or that I am no longer interested in the greatest and grandest work that any mortal or immortal could be engaged in—that of establishing the truth of spirit-communication.

[To the Chairman:] We will never fall you while you labor for the Cause; we shall fulfill every promise. Often do we call for aid to the bright angels in realms beyond who are wiser and more advanced than ourselves, and they assure us that all who work for the truth's sake shall be upheld. A strong attraction draws me, not only to you handful of mortals right here in this private Circle-Room, but to all who are in sympathy with the purpose of those who carry on the good BANNER OF LIGHT.

Father, mother, brothers and sisters ask me to kindly speak of them as having an interest in all good valiant workers in the Spiritual Cause. There are many who clothe themselves in the garment of Spiritualism who have no claim to it. Let them study first, and learn if they are really upon the spiritual or the material plane.

We of the spirit-world seek to do all the good to those on earth that we can, whether kindred or not, whether in the East, the West, the North or the South. Wherever we feel we can do good there we seek to labor.

I was called Katie A. Kinsey, or Spirit-Violet, yet I am not confined to any one locality nor to any one medium. Wherever I see I can give good sound teachings that will be received, there I endeavor to enlighten mortal minds. I am strongly attached to the Rev. John Pierpont, that good, humble, spiritual teacher, for such I claim he is.

I am grateful for the privilege of speaking here to-day, and I extend the kindest of greetings to all humanity. I have friends in Cincinnati, O., and other surroundings.

Carrie Trask.

[To the Chairman:] I would like to speak a few moments, and the Spirit Chairman, Mr. Pierpont, has kindly granted me permission.

In Cleveland, Ohio, I shall be remembered. I have not a lengthy message to give to-day. I would like to say to mortals that the more spiritual your lives are the nearer you live to us. I am not personal, and I know mother would not want me to be; yet sometimes the feeling pervades my spirit that I would like so much to say to certain ones on earth. While you are so material you cannot be spiritual, for you cannot be with the one at the same time; therefore come with us; we will do you good; you will learn more spirituality, more charity and sympathy.

I am very happy in my spirit-home, yet I have a desire to come upon the earth-plane, and to do all the good I can. Whether strangers or friends, we always feel a sense of duty overshadow our spirits to do all we can for you here upon the earth-plane through the influences we may leave with you.

I am pleased to announce myself as Carrie Trask of Cleveland, O. I know Mr. Thomas Lees and Tillie Lees.

Bessie Peck.

[To the Chairman:] I want to talk a minute—only just a minute. [You may.] I'm Bessie Peck. I lived in Waterbury, Vermont.

I want to tell Aunt Annie that I go to school. My teacher is Miss Annie Thompson.

Don't weep for us, dear friends, for that makes us sad. We come to see you every day and try to make you glad.

I've got a lovely flower-garden. We have dogs and cats, and birds that sing so sweet! We're just as happy as we can be in the Summer-Land.

Good-by, Mr. Chairman.

Dr. Joseph H. Burr.

I am very much pleased to receive the kind invitation that has been extended to me at the opening of this Circle, where I have been present as a listener many, many times. As I come into this room to-day, a feeling pervades my spirit that it is about time I voiced my thoughts in this way.

I was no stranger to spirit communion; I knew much of the laws that govern spirit control, although in passing on to the higher life I found I was only in my A B C's comparatively, but what I had learned while I was in the flesh had aided me a great deal.

I am very gratified with the institution here. How often have I read the communications in the BANNER OF LIGHT; and certainly there is a depth of meaning in those words. When mortals will study to understand more of God's laws, they will know more of why we are so earnest to give each one all the proof possible from the spirit realms of the truth of immortality; and not only that, but of our work, our lives and of the interest we still hold in you, our friends, after leaving the material plane. Every one that I have associated with since passing on into the higher life has expressed himself in substance like this: "Life in the spirit-world is only a continuation of life on earth, and we do not lose our desire to aid those yet upon the earth-plane." Many times while in the mortal the thought would come to me, "They must be close beside me, very near." It was an impression that I received. Many times have I stood beside the bed of those who were suffering, and sympathized with them in their anguish. Being a physician, I realized more of their condition than others perhaps. I do not advocate what so many do: when calling a physician they throw themselves wholly into his hands, and count themselves merely as a cipher. Each mortal should hold his own individuality and do some thinking for himself.

In Connetquot Valley, O. I was well known as Dr. Joseph H. Burr. I am much obliged for the few moments that have been allotted me here at this hour, and I certainly feel pleased to say to you, Mr. Chairman, that I was an old subscriber to THE BANNER.

Mary A. Parker.

Oh, how tired I was in the old form, but how rested in the new! I have been a constant listener here at each Circle since you have gathered here, Mr. Chairman. We have a large gathering each time assembled to listen and gain instruction as we may do, for each spirit will have some idea to advance that is new to another. We always feel a welcome here, for it matters not where we dwell in the flesh, all who can are permitted to approach this medium and voice our thoughts. In this way many upon the material plane have been led to know their loved ones live; and not only that, but that they still hold an interest in those here upon the earth-plane.

How sweet are the words when we enter the higher life, uttered by some spirit-friend: "How glad I am you have come to dwell with us!" Their gladness is your sadness upon the material plane; yet if you mortals would learn more of the laws that govern us, I feel to say there would be few tears shed for us. Only a step from you to us, as has been said hundreds of times; we are not in a far-off country, but very near you still.

Think not, Mr. Chairman, that I was a resident here in mortal in Boston a part of my life, and did not know of this Circle-Room, for I did, although I never entered it while mortal. Many times have I cast a thought here while at my daily avocation, and with a mystified feeling wondered what you did here, and how these thoughts could be placed upon paper. If I had used my better judgment, I should have come to learn all about it. I have listened to what has been said by others in regard to your Circle-Room, and many times have I felt very skeptical about dead people coming back to communicate. I did not understand why our friends, if they did come to us, should come to strangers and not to us direct. It is very easy to solve that problem now. If you had a desire to send a telegraph message to New York, you would not think of sitting down in your dining-room to do it; you would go to the office where it might be sent for you.

I am Mary A. Parker. Harvey D. Parker is beside me.

David Hopkins.

How true are those words, that you would not think of sitting down in your own room to send a message to a person in New York without any wires. I never could understand how people could be so ignorant as to make this assertion,

which I have often heard, for it is a long time since it was said David Hopkins was dead. The house I dwell in has crumbled back to Mother Earth, but David Hopkins never was more alive than to-day.

In old Cambridge I am not wholly forgotten by a few; but, Mr. Chairman, many who dwell there when I did have moved on with the large majority. Many new ones have come to take their places, but never fill them; each one fills his own place, whether for good or ill.

This is a grand, a noble institution, but no institution can be carried on without funds; it requires money to carry on any good work on the mortal plane. Therefore I make an appeal in my own name to those who have means not to forget to aid in sustaining this paper, established by the spirit-world; and when you enter the higher life you will look back with pleasure to what you helped to do toward uplifting many who were in darkened conditions.

When I passed on I knew very little of what is called Spiritualism. I felt many times that those who had passed on before me could not be so far away as we were sometimes taught. And, dear friends upon the material plane, I would make this statement, that heaven is just what you make it. A filmy mist—very thin at that—is all that is between you and us. Your lives build your own heavens, and you can have your heaven here if you do as nearly right as you know how.

I am very much pleased to know that there is a great interest all over the land in this grand spiritual truth.

I am grateful to be able to say these few words, for every message repeated here gives a great deal of light to some poor suffering one.

Martha M. Boyington.

They tell me it matters not in coming here where you passed out of the old house of flesh you dwell in.

When my spirit took its flight I was perfectly conscious of all that was passing. I well remember making this assertion many times when in the mortal, that I would not be buried until I was dead; that is, that while I dwell in the form I would be up and doing, active in the spiritual ranks. I felt that it was right that I should use what talents had been bestowed upon me. I know I had medial power, and I tried to use it for the benefit of others. I find it has been asked many times mentally by the old workers yet upon the earth-plane, "Why do we not hear from such and such ones who had an interest in this grand work?"

I have often asked: Why was it, dear child, that all should be taken, and you left alone? But God knew best. The angels whispered to me and said: "Come, you cannot longer stay; he will be provided for"; and he has been. I know well those promises have been fulfilled. When in your spiritual meetings here some one has spoken of the old workers who have passed on, how little did they know that we were a part of their assembly. I have been a frequent visitor in the spiritual meetings here in Boston when in the flesh, and I love to pay my visits there.

My dear boy, remember mother never will fail in one of her promises. I will come near when you need me; ask, and I know your prayer will be granted. My children and husband, father, mother and all were so eager to receive their own when I passed on, and when the time shall come for another to be added to the happy number, I will not fail in my promises. Through all my suffering was every promise kept to me, and it aided me so much when I realized that I must leave the old tenement of clay. Then I ask all mortals, for their own sake, to learn more while here upon the earth-plane of the life beyond, for it will aid them so much when they become one of our number in the spirit-world.

Spirit Messages.

The following messages from individual spirits have been received (according to dates) at THE BANNER CIRCLES, through the mediumship of Mrs. B. F. SMITH; they will appear in due order on our sixth page:

May 11 (Continued).—Sarah B. Rockwood; Asa Thayer; Jane Woodruff; John Gray, to Dr. Terry.
May 12.—E. H. Conant; Mrs. Winifred G. Martin; Capt. Isaac J. Davis; William J. Wellington; J. W. Butler; Annie Folsom Thayer; Jennie Foster; Dr. Milton Parker.
May 23.—Adelaide Lethrop; Horus S. Leland; James Malbone; Hester W. Cranston; Nellie Welch; Sallie Snow; Tracy Nichols; Joseph E. Merrill; Samuel H. Williams; Rev. Lyndar Fay; Charlotte A. Rice; Lottie Wood.
June 1.—Sadie Evans; Oliver Watkins; Henry Jacobs; John McGuire; Mary Hatchelor; George O. Sherman; Nellie Conley; Katie Donnellson.
June 2.—Robert O. Cummings; Almira C. Spaulding; Sally Reed; Rosa T. Amodey; Henry C. Wright; Sarah A. Bruce; Jonathan Allen.
June 15.—Col. Sablin Pond; Joseph Kinsey; Huldah B. Russell; Lydia Morrill; Arthur Russell; Samuel Hazen; Benjamin Brinball; Margaret Meyster; Peter Kingman.
June 22.—James Mason; Mary A. Moore; William S. Arnold; Winifred Mason; Capt. Richard Freeman; Thomas Gales Foster; Rosie Chick; George Draper.
June 29.—Martha A. Oberley; David Dale; James Woodworth; Charlotte Colson; Dr. Dock; John Pierpont.

Written for the Banner of Light.

Lantern-Slides.

Age is the distance we all measure from youth. Questions are agitators of answers we already possess.

I may not know what price you paid for your knowledge, but certain am I that you bought it.

The silence of all night-time is the speaker for eternity.

Slide-lights of Iniquity are often seen on the doors of righteousness.

Breath of purpose fashions heights of greatness. A Savior travels with every love-word spoken.

I may not know the height nor breadth of your ladder, and I cannot leave mine own to find out.

Suspicion is the devil's storekeeper. Sight-seeing is a wearisome business—if we have only one pair of eyes.

The bow of promise glances from the shadow of sorrow in every sky.

AUGUSTA ADAMS.

Rockland, Me.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From the home of his eldest daughter, Elizabeth E. Wass, June 19th, 1894, John Hawkin, at the advanced age of 92 years 1 month and 21 days.

For forty years he has been an ardent and avowed Spiritist, holding fast to his belief to the last in the continuity of life, and the endless advancement and progression of the soul over there.

He earnestly desired and longed to be free from the trammels of this mortality, and to enter those realms where old age, sickness, pain and death are known no more. He was the husband of Mrs. Sarah Hawkin, well known as a pioneer Spiritualist and the clairvoyant in St. Joseph Co., Mich. In the early days of Spiritualism—where she led many from darkness to light, from error to truth. She was also well known to many readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT residing in New Haven and other towns in that portion of Connecticut, as an indefatigable worker in the Cause, and a very successful healer.

Peculiar, May 10th, 1894.

From Bangs, Mass., June 6th, Charles Kendall, aged 75 years.

He was called suddenly from this to the other life. He was a believer in the early days of Spiritualism, and a medium—having fast to his belief to the last in the continuity of life, and the endless advancement and progression of the soul over there.

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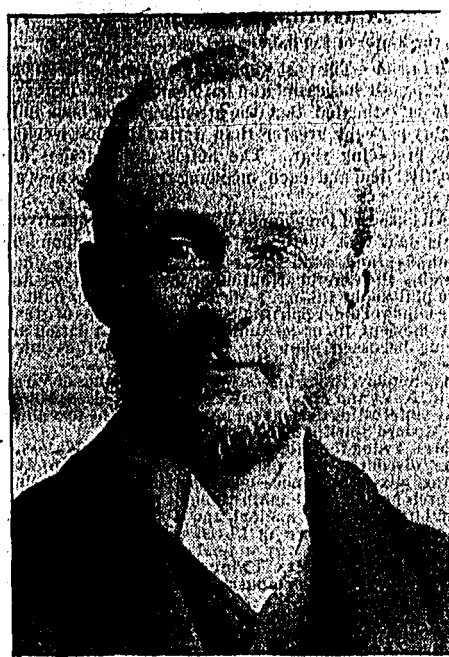
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ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By William Sturges, Litchfield, Conn.] In the BANNER OF LIGHT of June 30th, 1894, appears the following paragraph: "Tremble, Columbia! Prof. Rudolph Falb of Vienna, who last year predicted the great earthquake of Zante, his prediction being printed in newspapers all over the world the day before the seismic disturbance occurred, says an earthquake will engulf the Atlantic coast cities in July or August of this year. Florida and California are to become islands; and in 1899 a climax will come, when the comet which was in sight in 1866 will reappear and collide with the earth." Will the inspiring intelligences inform us what is thought of the above on the spirit-side of life, and give us what light they can on the matter?

ANS.—Without seeking in any way to disparage so learned a man as Prof. Falb, and certainly with no desire to deny the facts of prophecy, we do consider it entirely within the range of our rightful liberty of thought and action to declare our utter disbelief in the approaching destruction of the Atlantic coast cities during the present summer. Tidal-waves have often been predicted of late, and they have not arrived. A few years ago the doom and wreckage of the city of Oakland, Cal., was vociferously declared as immediately pending; and so high did excitement rise in that locality that several people sold real estate at any price they could, and betook themselves to neighboring hills, expecting, from their elevated station, to watch the total destruction of the city at their feet. But the tidal-wave came not; and to-day, five years later, Oakland stands unshaken, growing and flourishing.

Seismic disturbances are certainly prevalent at present, and in volcanic districts we may expect to hear of many shocks of considerable importance; but these will be most severely felt in old-world centres which have become almost utterly effete.

Columbia has no need to tremble at the thought of any physical catastrophe; her only danger is from the ungoverned passions of some elements in her population. We are quite willing to predict that next winter the great cities on the Atlantic coast will remain standing, and, so far as any literal fulfillment of the earthquake prediction is concerned, it will require an exceedingly overwrought imagination, coupled with a most ingenious intellect, to explain how a prophecy was fulfilled and at the same time unfulfilled.

There is a spiritual significance attaching to the prevailing agitation in the human mind which deserves the closest and most earnest attention. A great moral and mental earthquake is assuredly at hand, and sensitive people feel keenly the unmistakable premonitions of coming mental upheaval which are everywhere to be detected. The present summer is a phenomenal one in many ways, and those few wise people who know how to take advantage of exceptional occasions are already making good use of the advantages it offers, though the multitude are too dense to discern the signs of the times.

The planet is at present in an extreme condition of super-normal sensitiveness. The atmosphere is charged with electricity to a very unusual extent, the consequence being that persons who are in any unusual degree mediumistic are apt to feel unaccountable sensations within and around them; and as these peculiar feelings are not always easily interpreted or traced quickly or readily to their source, those who feel what they cannot explain very readily give ear to the sensational anticipations of purely physical convulsions, which are the only disturbances clearly comprehensible to the materialistic intellect.

A great tidal-wave of unwonted inspiration is already sweeping over this continent, and wise indeed are they who will use the coming coming month of August as a special period for retirement, as conditions are thoroughly ripe for a great demonstration of spiritual energy.

We do expect literally several electric storms, which will come up very quickly and as suddenly clear away. Here and there slight earthquake shocks will be felt on this continent, but the destruction of New York or any other great American city is only a chimera of overheated fancy. It is difficult for physical scientists to see the inner meaning of the signs of this season, and to discriminate between the effects of the present electrical agitation in different parts of the world where the psychical conditions are widely opposed. Let Columbia learn at this time the greatly-needed lesson of social reconstruction on a spiritual base, and she will ward off betimes the only real earthquake which threatens her.

Q.—[By A. E. Wilson, Dover, N. H.] Could there be conditions under which one would be justified in committing suicide?

A.—We are not prepared to rashly condemn any human action, and we have officiated at the funeral of suicides when many ministers of religion utterly refused to tolerate a religious service on such an occasion. At the same time suicide is to us an abhorred and cowardly act, never to be justified. Death is no release from mental weakness and discontent; we carry our limitations with us beyond the tomb, and are still, until we have progressed out of them, a prey to the same unhappy conditions which held us down on earth. All attempts at escape by a rash act are, to say the least, futile, because, though we may not make our condition worse, we certainly do not better it.

A suicide owns himself defeated; he has weakly succumbed to an adverse force, against which he felt himself powerless to battle; he has confessedly gained no victory; therefore

on the other side he is a weakling, and as the source of misery is within, not without; he is a dejected, earthbound spirit until he has found a way, through the performance of useful service to others, to rise above the wretched limitations which still hamper him. Every ill can be conquered if one is only brave enough to suffer through; and as conquest alone leads to glory, we cannot counsel, or even admit, the lawfulness of a weak, rash act, which brings no happiness.

Written for the Banner of Light. ENCOURAGEMENT.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Songs of great souls are singing,
To inspire responsive mind;
Like the morning music bringing—
To our hopes in faith enshrined.

They instruct us how to master
All conditions, hard and cold;
They discover how disaster
Makes the hero brave and bold.

So their martial measures round us,
Help us strive with worthy grace;
In discouragement they found us,
And they made us take our place.

These true workers, saints and sages,
Stars of light and suns of love,
Shine for us through all the ages,
And our nature's greatness prove!

We amid like toll and danger,
Some commanding good would see—
Living not as slave or stranger—
Where the world is blest and free!

We have here the same sweet seasons,
We enjoy like earth and sky,
Still abide compelling reasons
Why we strive for gifts on high.

And our fellows still are willing
To receive whatever we give,
If our destiny fulfilling,
We will only aim to live!

We may win high grace of manners,
And accomplishments most fair;
We may follow floating banners—
Be the soldier-souls that dare!

Nothing good that men have chosen
For forbidden are to seek;
In torrid climes or regions frozen,
New success we may bespeak.

In the place where we are standing
Wait the chance that we desire;
Pressure in our hearts commanding—
That like angels we aspire!

As the seed from ground uprising
Seeks the sun and drinks the dew;
As the lark the dawn surprising,
Wakes the heavens to echoes new.

So the soul has goodness given
To itself by earth and men;
So where hope for song has striven
Melody returns again!

Mind, rejoicing in its powers,
Grows by peacefulness or war;
Celestial strength meets all the hours—
Making us the kings we are.

Let us, then, with grand endeavor,
Be the best our manhood may;
Firm and fearless, may we ever
Do our duty in the fray!

Whitman, Mass.

A Good Test.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It being asserted by disbelievers in Spiritualism that the mediums never give any communications of any value, or which prove that their controls know anything which mortals do not know, I ask permission to give a case which proves that spirits do know more than mortals about even earthly things, and that through good mediums they can give information in advance of even the telegraph.

On the 23d of this month (July) I was sitting on the veranda of Mrs. Dillingham-Storrs' cottage, at Lake Pleasant, engaged in conversation with a party of friends—among them Mrs. Nora Doud of Hartford, Conn., a medium whose chief control is an Indian known as "Fly Eagle."

I was anxious to learn whether or not I would get a sum of money which had been promised me this month by parties in South Dakota. My anxiety prompted me to ask if "Fly Eagle" could tell me anything about it. Almost immediately Mrs. Doud went under control, and "Fly Eagle" said: "Dr. Chief, you ask for 'Fly Eagle,' and here I am. What you want to know?"

I said: "I want you to go to Rosebud, South Dakota, and find out whether Dr. D. and Mr. C. (giving full names) have sent me any money yet, or are going to send me any."

"Yes, I'll go; how far is it?"

"Two thousand miles," I replied.

"Dr. Chief, your mother squaw is here now, and she says the money is on the way now; and when you get to Boston, to-morrow, you will hear from it; so she says I need n't go to find out about it."

Just twenty-four hours from that time I reached Boston, and found awaiting me a telegram dated Valentine, Nebraska, July 23d (the very day I got the message from "Fly Eagle"), informing me that a draft had been mailed to my address that day.

Comment would be superfluous.

Boston, July 25th, 1894. T. A. BLAND.

New Publications.

MODERN THEOSOPHY. By Claude Falls Wright. With an Introduction by William Q. Judge. Cloth, pp. 188. Boston: The New England Theosophical Corporation, 24 Mount Vernon street.

Mr. Wright was for many years the personal friend and pupil of the late Madame Blavatsky, and it is needless to state that his latest work is full of interest to students of the principles of Theosophy. The volume is one of the best expositions in its line yet issued, and cannot fail to excite favorable comment and enthusiasm among those who have given its subject attention. The contents are sufficiently varied to please.

REV. DAVID DEVINE, D. D., AND THE DEVIL, OR THE DEVIL IN HIS OWN DEFENSE. By Richard McAllister Orme. Paper, pp. 193. Savannah, Ga.

This somewhat curious and phenomenal book starts off by stating a truism: "Spirits do manifest themselves." It is a racy book in the fullest conception of the term, and endeavors to show that God uses the devil for the former's own purposes. The devil defends Eve; afflicts Job to do God's will; denies the inspiration of Peter, Paul, John and others; says these apostles were contentions and were unable to agree; comments on sectarianism, cre

Camp and Grove-Meetings.

[Continued from fifth page.]

'man was and is enters into the immortal man—the spirit—as a part of him in the world. There is not an act or neglect, not a word or thought, but casts its influence forward into the to-morrow that lies beyond.

Now, do we really desire greater success for modern Spiritualism? We do, and we can have it. We must make it this success so far as we can by our every word, by our every act, by our cooperative effort, and our liberal and scientific attitude.

The speaker referred to the pronouncement of some Spiritualists to ride a special hobby.

"These years of Spiritualism," said he, "the past quarter of a century, have shown us that we are in a position of great advantage, and we can be thankful that so much chaff has been blown from our grain, till now we have the genuine grain for delivery."

If our interest ends with the external manifestation of spirit, we have no clear view of the grand practical aims of our philosophy. The great and pressing need to-day among Spiritualists is unity of action; cooperation and wise organization; Spiritualism should be presented by competent lecturers. Spiritualism should be exemplified by honest mediums.

Much more was said in this vein, all of a highly instructive character, and the speaker said in summing up:

"Now, friends, feeling the importance of what I have said, allow me to recapitulate in brief what I would have each bear in mind as some of the demands of Spiritualism:

First. Spiritualism demands from each individual Spiritualist, a careful consideration of the practical bearings of its teachings.

Second. It demands a scrupulous discrimination between what it teaches and what it does not teach. It is unqualifiedly against, and some thoughtful advocates assert that it teaches.

Third. It demands the establishment of naturally revealed facts, the exact truth in accordance with the laws of a naturalistic principle.

Fourth. It demands a true manhood or womanhood, as the case may be, on the part of every individual, especially if a Spiritualist and preeminently a medium.

Fifth. It demands a strict accountability from each for all his deeds done, words spoken and thoughts entertained, since an equal responsibility naturally obtains with each human soul.

Sixth. It demands a pure platform; not only exemplified in its teachings but in the lives and characters of its teachers; and this, too, whether free-will, inspirational or trance instruments—i. e., whether mortals or spirits.

Seventh. It demands a just and due protection of mediumship; an unqualified denunciation and renunciation of all known charlatanism, mountebankism and fraud, perpetrated in its sacred name.

Eighth. It demands the establishment of training rooms for the children, of inquiry rooms for the young and mentally growing, of rooms for friendly discussion, and halls or houses of its own for lectures and illustration.

It demands not only individual effort, but cooperation from a harmonious brotherhood and sisterhood, that it may not alone attract attention of a part but command the admiration and respect which are due from all.

In the peroration the speaker adjured his hearers to high endeavor, and to efforts to loyally fulfill whatever mission had been bestowed upon them.

The closing poem was a fine, earnest and the speaker followed with a graphic character, the words being fully recognized by the different ones to whom they were given.

Mrs. Cella M. Nickerson of Buffalo, N. Y., has given two lectures with the mediumship which have been well received. She possesses a personality of superior spiritualism, and her teachings are on a high plane of thought, such as inspire the hearer with aspirations for the good.

Mrs. Carrie E. S. T. W. gave her closing lecture for the season on Friday P. M., and left on the evening train for Lake Pleasant, Mass., to continue her labors as a lecturer. Mrs. T. W. has long been a thorn in the side of the people here who are not of her devotion to principle and her unrelenting labors in the promulgation of truth; and she leaves behind many tender recollections. Her lecture on Friday was upon the subject, "The Thought of Heaven."

It was prefaced by a fine poem, and the entire lecture abounded in hope-inspiring thought, and illustrations at once tender and pathetic, which many times brought tears to the eyes of the hearers. Ample notes were taken, and the speaker's words were already extended articles admonishes us to certain—knowing that notes could at the best do but poor justice to her remarks.

Mrs. F. Gordon White of Chicago, Ill., made his debut as a platform lecturer, at the close of Mrs. T. W.'s lecture, and as though by magic won at once the confidence and admiration of the entire audience, who listened in silent amazement to the graphic and impressive lecture, and the speaker's words were already extended articles admonishes us to certain—knowing that notes could at the best do but poor justice to her remarks.

A meeting, or rather a society, of the "Thought of Heaven" was held on Friday evening, the 27th, with the Rev. W. W. Hicks in the chair, from whom no more earnest or able exponent of the "truth which makes us free," could be found. He opened the meeting by stating the objects of the society, and the tests which it might expect to find in the spiritual and religious cooperation. A large number of people were present, many of whom participated in the exchange of thought. An hour is to be devoted each evening to this purpose.

The first of these exercises of the season took place in the auditorium, Friday morning, under the leadership of Mrs. E. W. Tillinghast, assisted by Miss Hattie Danforth. There was a good attendance of pupils and friends, and the speaker's words were already extended articles admonishes us to certain—knowing that notes could at the best do but poor justice to her remarks.

Mrs. T. W. Tillinghast, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has opened a course of lectures upon "Mediumship and How to Untold It."

Mrs. Bach, of St. Paul, Minn., is also giving a course upon "Mesmerism and how it leads up to Mediumship," both gentlemen and ladies are interested in the subjects announced, and will, we have no doubt, do much toward educating their classes in the principles of Spiritualism.

Mrs. R. S. Little has arrived, and her voice is a most welcome addition to the list of lecturers, though her return as lecturer has not yet come.

Miss Clapp, Miss Clara Clark, Mr. Lane and Mr. Sullivan are members of the happy household of "the Ladies' Fair Club," and will, we have no doubt, be again taken his accustomed place as our bard of the rostrum.

An excellent choir has been organized, and the famous Northwestern Orchestra are each day discoursing most charming music in the auditorium, and also concerts in the Park. Your correspondent is a firm believer in the pacific power of music over both bodily and spiritual life, and surely none could ask for more delightful and cheering music than that which we are having this year at the Camp.

Mrs. Mary Ramsdell (a former and universally beloved resident of this Camp), her accomplished daughter, Miss Bessie, and son, J. D. Ramsdell, are again with us. Miss Ramsdell is a member of the famous Northwestern Orchestra, and her many friends are justly proud of her attainments. The last year or two they have spent in Chicago, Miss Bessie being a member of a lady's orchestra, and her voice has been improved in the art musical, and is capable of filling a high position.

Saturday, July 28th.—Our own beloved Jennie B. Baggs-Jackson, the platform lecturer, morning, and was cordially welcomed by her hosts of friends. Mrs. Jackson is one of those growing spirits whose unfoldment toward a perfected woman is observable each year that she appears as our speaker.

Her subjects on this occasion, given by the audience, were: "What is the present attitude to-day of the unbelieving world toward Spiritualism?" "Is Spiritualism a Religion or a Science?" "Look Within."

The speaker said in part: "For the past few weeks I have been constantly hurrying from one place to another. I have come in contact with a great many classes and kinds of people. In one place we met with the wisest and the most enlightened of men, and in another we were face to face with the foolish, struggling work-a-day world at Fall River—that place of manufactures and machinery. There was a difference in the two places, and in the latter place, the sermon that we took home with us. From Fall River we went out upon that magnificent steamer the *Priscilla*, one of the finest boats in the world. As we glided along on the water, we were struck by the beauty of the little boats, with their many times unkept children and impoverished surroundings, and it was an object-lesson which spoke to us of the importance of education which will bring the masses in closer sympathy with each other, enlarge their horizons, and, from that point, and endeavor to impress her hearers with the great principle inherent in every unfolded soul, the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. In speaking to the point, 'What is the present attitude to-day of the unbelieving world toward Spiritualism?' she remarked: 'I want to say first of all if we are going to call Spiritualism our first religion we must grasp our laurels very tight, for Spiritualism is to-day so permeating the churches—and I might say the entire world—that we

can hardly discover the dividing line. A fervent gentleman in the city which is my home said in one of his discourses, 'I believe that this matter of so-called mediumship is a trust, taken from the hands of the gods and charlatans. The manifestations are the same that have been taking place for thousands of years. But these people called mediums are simply people endowed with the sixth sense—that is, the sense which enables them to come in contact with the spiritual world. It is to-day, said he, 'are ignorant, and it is important that the cultured take it out of the hands of the educationally and scientifically.' 'I was told that a gentleman had read, and if he was endowed with that sixth sense.' Several anecdotes were told illustrating different attitudes of religionists and Spiritualists toward Spiritualism, but it was clear that in each instance there was the seed of truth and the spirit of inquiry. 'The position of the world,' said she, 'is that of questioning; and it is the business of Spiritualism to teach the people how and how to prepare for it. When we stop for one moment and see how all religions are merging toward one center we rejoice, especially when we discover that that center is a spiritual one, and that it is a religion and a science. Her process of reasoning was self-evident to all thinkers, and need not be here repeated. The subject, 'Look Within,' was treated practically.

The choir furnished the opening music, and Messrs. Lane and Little gave two or three fine duets.

Rev. W. W. Houghton speaks this afternoon, but our duty of preparing correspondence prevents our attendance.

The phenomena are well represented, and the seekers for proofs of immortality are legion. Mrs. Mary Andrews, the first and most famous materializing medium, of Moravia, N. Y., is on the grounds; she has been the wonder of the world, and will give séances during the season. Mrs. Moss, the materializing medium from Boston, arrived this week, and is located on Second Avenue.

Mrs. Donovan from Cincinnati, is located at the Whitaker Cottage, back of the Amphitheatre. Her gifts are the most unconditional of any we have ever seen. Your correspondent, feeling that it is a duty of a sitting with him; he personally cleansed the slates—six in number—and only the question: 'Will some spirit-friend communicate?' being written upon a slip of paper, two pairs of slates were placed together, and we medium with them. He earnestly exclaimed: 'Oh! anything you please. You can throw them out in the grass, or lean them out against yonder tree. According to the laws of the spirit world, the slates are made of another pair on the grass beside the tree. In a trice they were written full, and six faces were also drawn upon them. There was no pencil between the slates, but two persons casually peering in among the slates out of doors, leaned over and heard the writing.

On Thursday, giving points in the Brooklyn debate with Dr. Watson, and reading Mrs. Wright's book, 'The Thought of Heaven,' she submitted to the control of George Rushton, who told us of his experiences on entering the more purely spiritual life, and sought to make mortals understand that our limited senses here give way to immortal perceptions. The speaker's words were already extended articles admonishes us to certain—knowing that notes could at the best do but poor justice to her remarks.

On Friday, Lyman C. Howe's address was on "The Relation between Phenomena and Philosophy and the Brotherhood of Souls." He said that our philosophy is the key to the understanding of the phenomena, and the suggestions to which they lead. The phenomena will be repeated, but there are letters beyond the original alphabet. We know our friends here, because we know the spiritual world, and the spiritual world is the natural outcome of all that goes before. Nebula become worlds. Organisms develop to higher conditions. That the progress has been always onward and upward shows that it will always be so.

On Sunday morning, Mr. How's address was, his theme being, "The Destiny of Man." He discussed this thought nobly, and brought his conclusions clearly before the minds of all by the special method adopted by him of controlling the spirit. He placed before him a soul not yet embodied, and telling him to what he might be subjected if born according to the conditions of the different religious and non-religious modes of thought, and asked it to choose between the two. He told him that he must run his chance of being the one out of ten thousand to be elected to be saved, makes the terrified shudder of terror, and the speaker's words were already extended articles admonishes us to certain—knowing that notes could at the best do but poor justice to her remarks.

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day before yesterday, and Hatfield Pettibone of Oregon is expected to-morrow.

There are glad to have M. E. Williams with us, and the fact that he is here is a great help to the cause. The medium, before she crosses the Atlantic to give demonstrations before the European savants in Berlin, Petersburg and Paris. Among the remarkable features of her work is the degree of mental display, and the independence with which male and female forms come out from the cabinet, converse, frequently dematerializing in front of the curtain.

Instead of one tricky spirit, as Prairie Flower, Maude, or Sunbeam, assuming the principal charge, Mrs. Williams' little Bright Eyes does her full share, but is dominated by the intellectual force, the will and the practical power of the other control, Frank Cushman. His wise words, expressed by a mellifluous deep base voice, are constantly interrupted, and constitute a fine feature in the séance.

It is a great pleasure to have Mrs. Frank Cushman evidently the helm, and we feel that we, as well as the manifesting spirits, are under the direction of one who has real force of mind and character.

At the séances Henry Ward Beecher gave me a private interview and imparted valuable instruction and encouragement. The vigor and clearness of his materialization were wonderful. It was the same Beecher the late home in the earth. The words he uttered accorded with his mind, genius and heart; and when on each occasion his majestic head, so close to mine, slowly went down till it melted into the ground at my feet, I could not retrace his words, uttered in the presence of all, but they were so stood before me at the same séance, "Thank God, thank God!"

Yes, thank God that the well is sometimes rolled completely away from the shore, and the water flows and then return up the shining pathway, whither we shall soon so joyfully follow them. Thank God that we have come into individual being in a universe where progress is the supreme law, and never-ceasing advancement the reward of each endeavor.

ABY A. JUDSON.

Onset Bay, Mass.

The speakers at the grove for Sunday next, August 5th, are Mrs. Carrie E. S. T. W. in A. M., Mr. F. A. Wiggin, P. M.

A RESUME

Of the Lecture Delivered on Last Sunday, July 29th, at Onset Bay, by J. Frank Baxter.

Mr. Baxter began by saying: "That which you most hear at Onset Camp, especially from me, is on the subject of Spiritualism; but for good reasons, and under the direction of my guides, my theme this afternoon will be 'The Genius and Stature of Evolution and Revolution.'"

It is an enviable position to stand before the bar of public opinion an advocate of unpalatable truth. Though in the progress of the race toward better conditions individuals may not tip the scale much, yet principles outweigh the universe. In the elucidation of the principles of evolution, the speaker said, whatever tenor, should be allowed to stand in truth's way to defeat the aims of justice; nor should any one, however humble, be down-trodden or despised for the sake of the principles he advocates. The responsibility for these are the basic stones of all advancement.

History ever has recorded mankind as divided into conservative forces and progressive forces, as we find them in the past, and as we find them in the present. These two elements have acted as centrifugal and centripetal activities, and have so held the human race in a healthy pulse in its progressive march. The conservative forces, as we find them in the past, and as we find them in the present. These two elements have acted as centrifugal and centripetal activities, and have so held the human race in a healthy pulse in its progressive march.

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