

The wind blew gently through the window, and before they realized it, extinguished the candle, leaving the room in complete darkness.

They had not to wait long, for the three—who were doubtless all mediocrity, although in what particular way it would be difficult to tell—seemed to form a strong battery, as the results which followed too plainly proved.

"My God!" exclaimed Cyril Manning, in a suppressed whisper. "There she is—the woman of the portrait! What in the name of Heaven shall we do?"

"Nothing," said the Professor. "Wait and keep silent."

It was only a moment, but it seemed a lifetime to at least one of the party, before the figure advanced, and a cold, chill air seemed to precede her, and then in a whisper, said almost heartrending, she uttered these words:

"The world is full of crime and misery; the air is full of unhappy spirits who are bound to this earth because of the sins and wrongs they have committed."

"What, dear spirit, can we do for you?" said her ladyship.

"Do!" shrieked the spirit, in a wild whisper. "Do for me! Pray to God that the chains which bind me to earth may be broken. For," she added, in a gentler tone, "the prayers of the good draw the angels nearer the unfortunate."

"We will pray for you every night, if we can help you; but where and when?" asked the Duchess.

"Here—at this hour—every night," was the answer.

Then in a subdued tone of voice, the Duchess of Dolmar, whom the world knows only as a woman of fashion and of strange ideas, and more renowned for the beauty of her gowns and jewels than for any other one thing, repeated the Lord's Prayer, in which the two women joined in faltering tones: "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; lead us not into temptation," followed by the "Amen," drew from the spirit a heavy sigh; then "Amen! amen!" echoed from her thin, pale lips.

"The form more indistinct, until it was lost, and the three alone in the darkness again. The silence was painful. Neither seemed to wish to move first; then her ladyship asked: "Mr. Manning, what did you do with my match-case? I gave it to you just as we were coming in."

"I laid it," he answered, "on the chair. No, here—here on the table; no—what the deuce did I do with it? Oh! I dropped it; no—oh! here it is in my hand."

"You don't mean to say," said the Duchess, "that you have held that match-safe in your hand all the time?"

"To be sure," replied Manning, confusedly, "or I might have lost it, don't you know?" whereupon he struck a match and lit the candle. The Professor had fallen back into a chair, with his eyes closed and his features set.

"Come here, my children," he said in a deep, strong voice; "you have witnessed one of the strange demonstrations of spirit-life. The world is full of earth-bound spirits, for while there is no devil to punish the evil-doer there is punishment just the same for all wrong and sin. No soul that has ever committed sin can escape the presence of that sin, so long as a vestige of exultation remains. The earnest prayers of honest hearts will serve to awaken in the mind of such a spirit, higher and holier aspirations, and it is the duty of all earnest men and women to set apart some time for working for the unhappy. This spirit already has started on her heavenward way. Your conjoined magnetisms have helped to burst the bonds that bound her, and she will never haunt this spot again. Good night, my friends, and let the lesson of this night sink deeply into your hearts."

The Professor moved restlessly in his chair, looked up pleasantly into the two faces and said smilingly: "And so we are still here?"

"Yes," replied her ladyship, "we are just leaving," and taking the candle in her hand, Cyril Manning held the door open for them to pass out. He could not refrain from taking one last look at the chamber where he had seen and heard such a strange philosophy, and then quietly closed the door behind him. They stopped for a moment in the corridor as they parted for the night. Each pressed the hand of the other without saying a word. This done, her ladyship retired to her chamber, (and eventually to the great world where she will ever be a shining light), the Professor to pack for the morning train that was to take him to St. Petersburg, where he would exhibit his extraordinary powers to the Court of Russia, while the artist retired to his chamber and hurriedly recorded the tale that you have read.

THE END.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in his "One Hundred Days in Europe," (Atlantic Magazine) thus enlarges upon it: "We find our most soothing companionship in the trees among which we have lived, some of which we may ourselves have planted. We lean against them, and they never betray our trust; they shield us from the sun and from the rain; they spring welcome to a new birth, which never loses its freshness; they lay their beautiful robes at our feet; in autumn, in winter they stand and wait, emblems of patience and of truth, for they hide nothing, not even the little leaf-buds which hint to us of hope, the last element in their triple symbolism."

Foreign Correspondence.

London Letter from Dr. Peebles.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Upon reaching this great smoky, foggy city of over four millions, we were met in the railway station by Mr. James Burns, of the Medium and Daybreak, and conducted to a temperance hotel, where rooms had been previously engaged for us.

It is about ten years since I was in London, and in cleanliness, in the removal of raggedness and drunkenness from the "Seven Diamonds" and other localities, it has improved wonderfully. It is eminently the great city of the world. The day previous to our arrival was the Queen's Jubilee, and the platforms, flower-wreathed arches and dazzling decorations were still visible along the streets and around the parks where prince and peasant, patrician and plebeian had so recently jostled against each other. The city was full of people, the Orient being well represented; and to an American it has the appearance of having been finished. I saw few or no new houses in process of erection in London, or through England, Scotland or Ireland.

Social life in London is in one sense exclusive, the cliques and clans being more sharply drawn as they approach royalty. The Queen, by common consent, is a good motherly woman, and has kept a clean court. She has had nine children, and he is said to be praiseworthy, she nursed them, as all mothers should. Uneducated Americans, with the recommendation of a "big purse," who bow and toady to the titled aristocracy, are only laughed at. My countrymen visiting London, or Paris, for the first time, would do well to arm themselves with letters of introduction from authors, editors, or well-known Americans. With these they will at once find entrance into excellent society, which, contrary to what is generally thought by Americans, is based upon neither blood nor immense estates. Homes in England are more sacred than in new countries—an Englishman's home is his castle.

IN PARLIAMENT, The other day I sat in the gallery of the House of Commons and listened to several speeches, especially Mr. Bradlaugh's upon the necessity of cultivating the twenty millions of acres now uncultivated, and mostly used for private parks or hunting-grounds for the lordly gentry. The speech was clear and caustic, making the rich landholders wince. A sharp debate followed. Gladstone sat listening, but silent. Whenever he does speak the multitude listen. He is the idol of the liberals, and the hero of Home Rule for Ireland. It is coming.

Prof. Tyndall's position relative to Home Rule surprises me. He not only denounces it but pronounces Gladstone's policy "wicked" and "cowardly," calling the "grand old man" "a desperate gamester, miscalculated statesman," and whom he declares he "will fight to the death." How is that for a scientist? Americans, enjoying the blessings of freedom, cannot understand why Ireland should not have her Home Parliament as well as Canada, Australia and other colonies of the British Empire.

Matthew Arnold's statement, while in America, that Americans—the better class of them—were against Home Rule and Gladstone, was absolutely untrue. Not only Americans generally, but Irishmen almost universally, a large majority of Welshmen, of Scotchmen, and the more thinking laboring classes of England, are with Gladstone. Bishops, lords and landlords are against him. He is in the moneyed minority to-day, and already—with the "Coercion Bill" and "Crimes Bill" in view—I may say with a distinguished Member of Parliament:

"The old familiar sights of blackened walls and quenched hearths and desolated fields meet the traveler's eye through the west and south of Ireland, recalling the terrible days of 1847 rather than suggesting this the fiftieth year of Her Gracious Majesty's reign."

Treading or riding along the crowded streets of this mammoth city, seeing the daily displays of soldiers in Hyde Park and various public places in London, I am reminded of the stinging words of the late Mr. Thackeray:

"Accursed, I say, be all uniform coats of blue or red; all ye epaulets and saber-sashes; all ye guns, shrapnels and muskets; all ye silken banners embroidered with bloody reminiscences of successful fights; down, down to the bottomless pit with you all, and let honest men live and love each other without you!"

The land question is the great question of England and Ireland. Why should some English lord in England or Ireland own millions of acres, and millions of the people own not even a garden spot? Land limitation must and will become a law in all lands and climes as the future ripens the principles of fraternity and equality.

Many new honors were conferred by the Queen in celebration of her Jubilee, yet, strange to say, no Gladstonians were made peers, baronets or knights. Blue-blood Tories got all the honors—if honors they are—and yet Gladstone, truth and liberty live.

"That which is crucified to-day The distant future shall adore, And truths which error seeks to slay, Live evermore."

DR. JOHN DEE'S SPIRITUALISM.

While in Manchester I spent considerable time in the "Free Library," examining the writings of Dr. John Dee, an author, celebrated mathematician and Spiritualist in Queen Elizabeth's reign. One of his works, edited by Dr. M. Casaubon, is entitled, "A True and Faithful Relation of What Passed for Many Years between Dr. Dee and Some Spirits." Also, "The Letters of Sundry Great Men and Princes, Some of Which Were Present at these Conferences (séances) and Apparitions of Spirits." The book was published in 1600. His "autobiographical tracts" and his "Monas Hieroglyphica" interested me deeply. They were published about the middle of the fifteenth century, and are very rare.

His principal medium was Mr. Edwin Kelley. He often used a crystal to help his clairvoyance. The crystal, or rather speculum stone, used in evoking these spirits was afterward owned by the Earl of Peterborough, the Duke of Argyll, and Horace Walpole. A late English writer says, "It is a piece of highly polished canal-coal, and was recently purchased as a relic, for about seventy-five dollars, by Lord Louderborough." The witty Butler, referring to this stone in "Hudibras," says:

"Kelley did all his feats upon The devil's looking-glass, a stone."

Poor Dr. Dee, though a most estimable and scholarly gentleman for his period, was slandered, misrepresented and maliciously slandered. So it was and is—the best fruit trees are most odious. His enemies, not content with their persecutions, despoiled his library of four thousand volumes. Writing of this, he

says: "I do not so much grieve my heart over the loss of my books and manuscripts, as I do over the rash, lewd, and most untrue fables and falsehoods against me, which have over-spread the whole realm."

SEANCE WITH EGLINTON.

As per agreement, I was at Mr. Eglington's residence, Nottingham Hill, promptly at eleven o'clock. Mr. Eglington had just returned from St. Petersburg, where he had given séances to the Czar and Czarina, Grand Dukes and Duchesses, princes, barons, counts, ambassadors and university professors.

Think of it! University professors, Czar, princes, scholars, Gladstone, and notables near the throne, whose names I am not permitted to mention, attending Mr. Eglington's séances—and yet there is a class of materialistic scientists and sectarian zealots who pronounce the whole matter, fraud and fable! Are not such individuals mental monstrosities? The facts of conscious intercourse between this and the invisible world are well established. What will the harvest be? Is a matter for the future to decide.

But to the séance: It was in broad daylight: The slates were washed before my eyes. I wrote my questions in a way that rendered it impossible for Mr. Eglington to have seen them had he desired to. Putting a bit of pencil upon the slate and holding it nearly under the table by his thumb and first two fingers, his other hand in mine, the slate was nearly filled with straightforward answers to my questions in an almost incredibly short space of time. And while they were being answered the table was floating in the air, nearly a foot from the floor.

The following communication was received while both slates, carefully cleaned, were lying upon the top of the table, a bit of pencil between them, and our joined hands over them; the table, in the meantime, rising and swinging in the air:

DEAR BROTHER—From the realms of the infinite we stretch forth our hands and grasp yours with the warmth created by respect. Nobly you have fought the great battle for truth's sake. Your books will live to yield their spiritual fruit long after your body has perished; and now in the declining years of your life do you with a fervent greeting, full of appreciation for what you have done for the cause of humanity. Sorrows and trials may have been yours, may be yours still, but you will have the recollection of having served your God and your fellow-men faithfully, all of which will make your way smooth. Prepare you for the life immortal. It is before you, and as you that bring and false theology have had to give way, and the higher and more perfect way shown to the people of earth. Lovingly, therefore, do we group around you, tendering you our thanks and imploring the blessings of the Father upon your future career, and his care of you when your labors shall be over.

THE QUESTIONS I asked I design to use at another time, with their answers. Mr. Eglington leaves England soon for Australia. I can assure Mr. Terry of the Harbinger of Light, and others, that he is both a genuine medium and a trustworthy man.

SEANCE WITH D. DUGUID.

Having read, a number of years ago, Mr. Duguid's book "Hafed, the Prince of Persia," with Mr. Howitt and others' criticisms upon it—none of which were satisfactory, while some I thought decidedly unjust—I was exceedingly anxious to have a series of sittings with this very remarkable medium. And thanks to him and his controlling intelligence, the long-desired wish has been fully gratified. In a room set apart and consecrated to the purpose, I conversed hours and hours with Hafed, the entrancing spirit, upon Palestine, Persia, India and Egypt; upon the seers, seers and magi of two thousand years ago, and upon Jesus of Nazareth, and the relation that he sustained to him.

You have not room for even an outline of the communications. Suffice it that I say this much: Hafed, the Prince and Seer, was one of the magi that proceeded with the gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh to Bethlehem, at the birth of the man of Nazareth. Persians, Hindus and Egyptians, as well as the Hebrews, were looking for a Messiah, or some great moral teacher. Hafed, expecting him to appear in Persia, was much disappointed that he should appear among the Hebrews, who, in Hafed's words, were at that time little better than "robbers and assassins—about the worst people on earth."

When very young, Jesus was sent to Egypt and put under the protection of Isha, who became a father to him. He studied in the same cell with Hermes, a warm personal friend of Hafed's. Upon "leaving Egypt," says Hafed, "I became his tutor, traveling with him into India, where he did many marvelous things. While here he was initiated into a small community, or brotherhood, who had banished themselves from the world. Here he became an adept, being taught the lore of ancient India, after which he returned with me to Persia...."

"Soon after commencing his public ministry his spiritual power became astounding. The Hebrews admitted it, but said he did these works through the magic he had learned in Egypt. We called him our prince—the Prince of Peace!"... "I knew some of the apostles intimately," said Hafed, "especially Paul, whom I heard speak in Athens. I knew about primitive Christianity. I aided in its origin and organization. I helped to plant primitive churches in Asia and along the seas of Southern Europe and Northern Africa. The first Christians were generally humble and poor, but rich in spiritual gifts and deeds of charity."... Hafed, often seeing Jesus in a magnificent temple in the heavens, with Pythagoras, Socrates, Confucius, Gautama Buddha, and other glorified souls of the ages, often reports to earth their exalted themes of thought and contemplation. Through Hafed, I had a corroboration of my séance in Jerusalem through Dr. E. O. Dunn, who still has his inspirations and visions.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

Cordially invited by the Council, I attended, June 30th, the Alliance Conversations. At the appointed time W. Spalding Moore (M. A. Oxon), the President, took the chair, and introduced O. E. Cassal, Esq., who read an able and most masterly address upon "Death." It was listened to with deep and profound attention. By request of the President and Council, I moved a vote of thanks, accompanied with such criticisms and off-hand remarks as I saw fit to make. There were between two and three hundred present, and I never met a more genial, social, and at the same time cultured assemblage of people. The order was perfect, the music excellent, the refreshments inviting, and the cordial handshaking universal. All felt fraternal and happy. The evening's theme was "Spiritual Manifestations, Spiritualism in its Religious

Aspects, and the never-ending Jubilee that are to be in that Better, Brighter Land of Immortality." Not a jarring word of discord was thought or breathed during the evening. Elder F. W. Evans, from America, and strangers from the Continent, were at once made to feel perfectly at home. The aura, the very atmosphere of the hall, was indicative of cleanliness, refinement, good taste, and a real soul-felt spirituality. This London Spiritualist Alliance is certainly a centre of power—a power that radiates over the kingdom and the adjoining continent. And further, during the whole evening there was manifest not a particle of that strained stiffness, that assumed superiority and pompous littleness, so characteristic of uncultured, uneducated, jealous, pessimistic grumblers.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS IN LONDON.

Though the lecture season has nominally passed, yet meetings are held regularly by Spiritualists in several London localities. At a large public meeting held a Sunday evening in Claremont Hall, Elder Evans gave an account of the spiritual manifestations among the Shakers before the Rochester marvels through the Fox sisters. Mr. Burns followed him in a thrilling speech, referring to our mutual work in the Cavendish Rooms, nearly twenty years ago. Mr. Burns is an earnest, impassioned speaker, and dares to speak the truth just as he sees and feels it. At this meeting, as at the Alliance, I met many old friends—friends of whom I cherish only pleasant and happy memories.

Barrister George Miller Stephen, called the "great Australian Healer," is still in London. He very much helped Elder Evans's hearing. He certainly has wonderful healing gifts, and belongs, as you know, to a distinguished English family. He was for a time acting Governor of New South Wales. He also had a seat in the Victorian Parliament, and was for a season Prosecutor for the Crown. Now he is an humble yet effectual healing medium, relieving human suffering.

I listened one afternoon to Gerald Massey in St. George's Hall, but did not see a Spiritualist present that I knew.

In Manchester there are many Spiritualists. Near there resides John Bright. When in this country a few years ago, Mr. Harper, a devoted Spiritualist of London, whom I had the pleasure of meeting a few days since, accompanied me to the residence of John Bright at Rochdale. He had attended a séance at the home of S. C. Hall, and was very favorably impressed with the manifestations of D. D. Home. Quakers, considering the visions, prophecies and spiritual gifts of George Fox, Hoag and others, should never oppose Spiritualism.

The Manchester vegetarians gave us, but more especially Elder Evans, a most gracious greeting in the form of a vegetarian supper, followed by speeches, that of mine being unpopular, because of the truthful confession that I occasionally took a bit of broiled steak—expressing the opinion that good lean beef and mutton were preferable to sour bread and soggy potatoes. And yet, from the study of man and his foods, I am convinced that vegetables, grains and fruits are cleaner and higher types of food than much animal flesh. The logic of the matter is, the drinks and foods make the blood, the blood makes the body, and the body affects the manifestations of the mind.

In New Castle, the home of such sturdy Spiritualists as Barkas, Kersey, Robinson, a book merchant, and others, we had crowded audiences. The people were enthusiastic. They drank in Spiritualism as the earth drinks in the dews and showers; and they listened with the deepest interest to the Elder's presentation of Shakerism.

In Sunderland, a ship-building city near New Castle, the Spiritualists opened their hall, and we had excellent meetings. Miss Eva Fay, with her troop of juggling tricksters, was exhibiting Spiritualism in the theatre in full gallant; the same night that we were in the city. I stated that the BANNER OF LIGHT and other Spiritualist journals in America had repeatedly exposed her.

I have been flooded, since coming to this country, with letters asking my "terms" for lectures. My uniform reply has been: "I have no terms; my field of labor is physiology, hygiene and laws of health."

On our return to Glasgow, we are to lecture several times to those good, devoted Spiritualists, and they are to give us a soirée before we return to America. The Glasgow Spiritualists, now out of debt, and relying upon home talent for speaking, are united and prosperous. Truth is immortal, and must come off victorious. J. M. PEEBLES.

Dr. Peebles and Elder Evans in Glasgow—Farewell Meetings.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

We have had quite a time of rejoicing in Glasgow, having been privileged to see much of these estimable men—Dr. Peebles and Elder Evans. It is not necessary that we agree intellectually on all points with people to appreciate their moral and spiritual worth. Had we, as a body, been at one with Shakerism, we could not have loved the Elder more than we did; more than one felt that here was not only a moral force, but a man of ideas, and so we have all, in a measure, been stirred by the sweet simplicity, the naturalness and purity of the man. Altogether a striking figure is Elder Frederick, with his large fund of common sense, throwing light on ancient errors, thrashing the absurdities of the churches, and trying to work out the problem of a community in which righteousness and peace will reign. To get at the better way is the object and aim of all reformers; and the Shakers are surely entitled to the credit of doing something to help the world to get at a higher truth than has yet been reached. Hepworth Dixon in his "New America," published over twenty years since, seemed to be much attracted to Elder Frederick and the people. "The people," he says; "are like their village; soft in speech, demure in bearing, gentle in face; a people seeming to be at peace not only with themselves, but with Nature and with heaven." And again: "After spending a few days among them, seeing them at their meals and at their prayers, in their private amusements and in their household work, I found myself, thinking that if any chance were to throw me down, and I were sick in spirit, broken in health, there would be few female faces, next after those of my own wife and kin, that would be pleasanter to see about my bed.... Life appears to move on Mount Lebanon in an easy kind of rhythm, order, temperance, frugality, worship. Every one seems busy, every one tranquil."

We may not comprehend Shaker theology, cannot make much out of the Second Advent; some of us may not be so certain of the first advent; but we can admit to you that it is a sweet picture which not only Hepworth Dixon

but so many other writers have drawn of their life, in marked contrast to what is got out of the gas-lighted and gas-impelled Christianity we are triumphant in.

John Ruskin forcibly says, "You might sooner get lightning out of incense smoke, than soul-action or passion out of your modern English religion." The Shakers have undoubtedly made a road upon which we can travel a long way; they have given us many lessons as to life culture, given us many seeds of future life for our little garden. Men might go leagues to listen to such a man as Elder Evans, and come back well paid. One feels that the realization of heaven on earth looks a bit nearer than ever it did before, and that it does not belong to dream-land, but is practical and present. "Measured against the millions of Christian people," says Dixon, "six or seven thousand Shakers may appear of small account, and this would be truth if the strength of spiritual and moral forces could be told in figures, but one man with ideas may be worth a parliament, an army."

The greatest work is one which the world does not talk about, does not even see. The Shakers soar above the level of all common vices and temptations, and from the height of their unselfish virtue, offer to the worn and wearied spirit a gift of peace and a place of rest.

Dr. Peebles, by his books, which, like sacks of corn, are carried from land to land to be sown and bear their manifold fruit, was closely known to all of us. It is a great thing, even once in a lifetime, to come in contact with such men, to be cheered and comforted in your way-faring, and yet filled with new vigor and new faith. Dr. Peebles is certainly a representative man amongst Spiritualists; he is read and admired in every quarter of the world, and seems to be growing in the esteem of spiritual workers. With much poetic feeling, his keen eye sees mines of wisdom not quarried before, and brings a power of ununsung gold to light. Called "Iconoclast" by one school of thinkers, Christian by another, he seems neither; but he is undoubtedly a man whose mind and conscience, heart and soul are all well developed. The striking characteristics of the man, as of his books, is his warm, affectional nature. The affections, after all, take the lead of the intellectual powers. Men trust the heart more than the head. Dr. Peebles breathes a spirit of love to all mankind; has an affection transcending family and kin, which has gone beyond all private friendship, overleaped the barriers of land and people, and got to humankind. In every man who lives a true life the affections grow continually, and a sure belief in immortality idealizes and embellishes our daily life. Born to a large estate of spiritual wealth, Dr. Peebles makes the most faithful use of his opportunities, and however widely we might differ from such a man, no one could call him narrow-minded, sectarian or bigoted.

On Sunday last our hall was open for the first time in a holiday season; but the desire to hear our visitors was so great that we had quite large audiences. Each of the speakers did real service to us, quickening the feelings, imparting ideas, seeking to supply pure religion to common life. At the evening meeting Mr. J. C. Macdonald, from Manchester, presided and gave forth some pleasing thoughts previous to introducing the speakers.

On Thursday last a farewell soirée was held in honor of our visitors, Mr. James Robertson, President, in the chair. Again was the dry ground watered with the eloquence of Dr. Peebles and the homely teaching of the Elder. The Doctor said that the books which he had written were as nothing compared to the books which were yet in his head and which never could find full expression. The Elder said his theology did not recognize the Bible as the word of God, that Jesus was not the Christ, and that the God of Israel was not the God of the universe. Songs and readings were rendered by Mr. James Bowman, Mr. Ernest E. Barker, Mr. Jno. Robertson, Miss Griffin, etc., while short addresses were delivered by Mr. Gavin Findlay, John Griffin, Mr. David Anderson, Captain Fash, Mr. McNish, etc. A nicely-bound copy of Burns's poems, amongst other gifts, was presented to each of the guests. It would make too long a paragraph to report all that was said and done, and words would but faintly echo the cordial feeling that prevailed. Every one felt deep regret at parting with the friends, who seemed much affected at the warmth of their reception.

Yesterday, July 23d, quite a number of friends followed them on board the steamship State of Georgia, to say farewell to the kindly hearts and attractive souls who had blended us together so closely. A strong wish was expressed that it might be our lot to meet them yet again in the form. All were deeply moved when the time had come to say the final words. When Dr. Peebles's new book on "Spiritualism, Past, Present and Future," comes out, we feel that it will be brave and good, and that it will quicken the progress of mankind. Glasgow, 23d July, 1887. JAS. ROBERTSON.

New Publications. For Boys: A SPECIAL PHYSIOLOGY. By Mrs. E. B. Shepherd, author of "For Girls," 12mo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 804. Chicago, Ill.: Sanitary Pub. Co.

The high estimate placed upon the author's book, "For Girls," by parents who have desired to direct their children into right paths of living, is equally due to this. Treating upon matters seldom written or spoken about, Mrs. Shepherd handles her subject with the delicate touch of an artist, throwing around it invulnerable safeguards of purity of thought and life. The manuscript of it was examined and endorsed by Dr. D. S. Lamb, of the Howard Medical College, and is recommended by Dr. Alice B. Stockham, author of "Tokology."

GILMAN'S HISTORICAL READERS. I. The Discovery and Exploration of America. II. The Colonization of America. III. The Making of the American Nation. 12mo, bds., pp. 124, 100, 100. Boston and Chicago: The Interstate Publishing Co.

The purpose of these books is to place before the youngest readers in schools and families a simple and clear account of the growth of our nation, and of the events that preceded its birth. They are based on the latest works of history, and adapted as readers of text-books.

ES. An Indiana farmer, who told his boys to burn every huckleberry's nest they found on the farm, and who was complaining at the failure of his clover seed crop, was surprised when Maurice Thompson, the naturalist, said, "That is why your clover seed fails you. Huckleberry makes things grow, and if you burn the clover seed, you burn the huckleberry's nest. A clover seed is worth twenty dollars to the owner, for these insects are the chief agents in fertilizing the blossom, thereby causing a heavy crop of seed." In Australia there are no huckleberries (our kind), and they could not raise clover there. Hence, they imported huckleberry seeds from America. For more particulars see the "For Girls" and "For Boys" books.

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Written for the Banner of Light. THE STAR.

BY HELEN STUART MORRINGS. Above you highest mountain peak Bright gleams a radiant star...

How to Attain a Knowledge of Spirit-Life.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Some time ago I wrote you that there were hundreds of people who knew more of the operation of spirit-laws than they dared give expression to...

offerings completely filled me with their aroma. As my father returned, he asked why I did not eat, and I sent this thought to him: "I can't. They smell so good that it fills me all up."

Banner Correspondence.

Illinois. CHICAGO.—"B.S." writes, July 20th: "Notwithstanding the extremely hot weather of the past few weeks, our Lyceum still continues to grow in numbers as well as interest."

Connecticut. NEW HAVEN.—O. N. Gallup, M.D., writes: "I would like to be informed, through your columns, whether spirits have ever been known to sew."

Massachusetts. BOSTON.—A.S. Hayward writes: "I am constantly meeting persons who have had experiences which cannot be accounted for in any other way than by the Philosophy of Spiritualism."

Mississippi. Vicksburg.—J. W. and M. A. Darling write: "The cause of Spiritualism is growing, although we have no camp-meeting this year."

California. SANTA BARBARA.—Mrs. Minnie F. Drake furnishes the following account of incidents occurring before and after the recent demise of her husband, Dr. John S. Drake.

demise a trumpet medium came from San Francisco, and held a séance at the house of a friend. Six persons were present who were well acquainted with my husband, and knew his feeble voice—made feeble by suffering. They all stated that near the close of the séance the trumpet was carried to Captain Shields, and a spirit said: "I am Dr. John S. Drake. I wish my Minnie was here."

New York. OTEGO.—K. S. Harrington writes: "I feel it my duty to the cause of truth and our spirit-philosophy to write a few lines in regard to Mrs. Dr. W. Still. I have known her husband the past ten years, and met Mrs. Still about three years ago for the first time."

Connecticut. NEW HAVEN.—O. N. Gallup, M.D., writes: "I would like to be informed, through your columns, whether spirits have ever been known to sew."

Massachusetts. BOSTON.—A.S. Hayward writes: "I am constantly meeting persons who have had experiences which cannot be accounted for in any other way than by the Philosophy of Spiritualism."

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Miscellaneous.

The Esoterio.

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Before the coming light of Truth, Creeds tremble, Ignorance dies, Error decays, and Humanity rises to its proper sphere of Knowledge.—*Spirit John Pierpont.*

Herbert Spencer and Evolution.

The last of Mr. Savage's liberal and instructive Sunday discourses was on the great philosopher of the age, whose name will grow brighter with the passing generations of intellectual man for an indefinite future. Herbert Spencer is, all things told, the first and greatest name of the age, for there is no thought, movement, science or development, which the comprehensive philosophy he has established does not include. Mr. Savage describes him as "a quiet, unassuming gentleman, with no assumption of greatness, with no air of pretence, with not the slightest approach to an appearance of patronage toward those who may be considered as less noted or great than himself"—a description which the mere conceit of passing riches cannot understand.

The aim of Mr. Savage was to estimate Herbert Spencer's influence on religion and morals. He began with a concise statement of what Spencer had done in the last quarter of a century—an accomplishment which he declared to be without a parallel in the history of human thought. He has made himself, said Mr. Savage, so vital a part of science, of philosophy, of education, of the science of government, of sociology, of ethics, of religion—he has so mastered and entered into the possession of all these great realms of human thought and human life, which in their totality almost make up what is meant by life itself, that to-day no serious and intelligent thinker can discuss any one of these departments without being compelled to reckon with Herbert Spencer. You cannot discuss science, philosophy, education, politics, society, and the laws that underlie them, nor touch ethics or religion, without either agreeing with or differing from this quiet scholar.

This is to be regarded as an achievement unparalleled in the history of human thought. No writer of a book in our day, who does not either work along the lines which Herbert Spencer has laid out, or else proclaim why he does not do so. The philosopher is not ignored, and cannot be ignored. He is about sixty-two years of age, the son of a teacher, and largely educated by his own father. He never had a university training, and in the largest sense he is a self-made man. He studied to make himself a civil engineer, but when not more than twenty-two he conceived the idea of this great scheme of scientific philosophy which has filled the thought and now dominates the imagination of the civilized world. All the events in his life have been only such as are caused by the intangible movements of thought in his brain; and these, which we do not ordinarily think it possible to characterize as in any sense events, have nevertheless revolutionized the thought of this modern world.

He had conceived the idea and the outlines of a philosophy of which the work of Darwin was but a subordinate part, long before it was ever known that the latter was brooding over the great problem which he has done so much more than any other living man to solve. Darwinism and Evolution are in one sense identical, but the former is, strictly speaking, only a subordinate province in Evolution. Darwinism, as Mr. Savage explains, concerns itself simply with the development of organic life on earth, culminating with man. Evolution concerns itself with the totality of the universe, the development of systems, of suns and planets as parts of the grand scheme which includes not only stars and the flowers and dust-grains under our feet, but the development, also, of life and all things into which life enters. Spencer, more than any and all others, has identified his name with the scheme of scientific philosophy which goes by the name of evolution.

It is, says Mr. Savage, no scheme wrought out of the moonlight of his own fancy. It is not evolved from his own inner consciousness. It is a scheme of philosophy based on the everlasting facts of the Universe, built by laying solid stone on stone and cementing it in its place in the everlasting walls. Mr. Savage, however, does not set Spencer up as infallible; still, he quotes with admiring approval the recent expressions of a Cambridge Professor, who said—"The scheme of evolution by natural process is apparently destined, with whatever modification, to supersede and swallow up every other theory of the transmission of life and the inheritance of natural good and evil." Such a scheme Herbert Spencer has developed

In a way to almost make it his own. It is, in brief, an explanation of the principles by which this universe has grown from its first beginnings in the cosmic mist to the highest development of human life, human thought, and human character.

It is a development in accordance with natural laws and by natural processes; that shuts out of its thought and takes no account of even the possibility of any intervention from any supposed supernatural source. It explains the growth of the universe as simply as a botanist explains the growth of a flower, by natural laws, and in accordance with forces still at work, and going on everywhere around us. It asserts only what can be tested and verified. And, with a sufficient reach and extent of time, it claims to account rationally for all that exists, and for all that may be evolved in the countless ages that still stretch out before us. So vital and enduring a scheme, Mr. Savage thinks, as all other intelligent persons must, has some sort of a vital relation with religion and morals. It must touch these somewhere, either to confirm, modify, or destroy. Some men have hoped it would mark the end of all religion and morality; while others hail it as a grand revelation of eternal truth.

The latter believe that if Evolution can destroy religion, it is only because religion should be destroyed; but that, if religion remains, it will be because it is discovered to be a part of the nature of things, and, if it can live in the light of Evolution, it will stand on a basis more impregnable than ever before. Now Evolution teaches us the existence of a power practically omnipotent and eternal; without conceivable limit in place or time; outside of ourselves entirely; not identical with the phenomena which are its manifestations; incapable of explanation according to the ordinary materialistic philosophy; a great, infinite, omnipresent power. Sun and systems are a part of its manifestations, but are not identical with it. The smile of the child's face and the blush on the bosom of the rose are alike its manifestations, but they are not it, nor do they exhaust it. The universe is but its phenomenal manifestation.

Evolution further teaches that this eternal and omnipotent power is not blind chance. It is not chaos and disorder. It is not aimless and purposeless, but has a tendency which is always more or less intelligible to man. It teaches a grand cosmos; that the unfolding of this infinite and eternal life is infinite and eternal order. It is a power that perpetually plagues curiosity, inspires investigation, and crowns it with ever new and grander discoveries of truth. It is a power toward which we stand in the most intimate relations; that has brought us into being, on which we are dependent every moment of our lives, in which we not only live and move, but think and hope and love, to know which and to obey it is life and progress, but to be ignorant of it and disobey it is stagnation, disorganization, death. It inspires us by the strongest motives of self-regard, and it presses on us the duty of seeking and knowing it to the utmost of our ability, and of obeying it implicitly when known. The knowledge of it is life, and ignorance of it is death.

It is true that the Unknowable can never be known by mortal creature; that the Infinite can never be conceived by the finite. But is not all that we know a manifestation only of that which in its essence and extent can never be known? God can certainly never be known; yet all that we do know of his is so far a manifestation of what is forever unknowable. Therefore Evolution, though it may destroy the peculiar claims of all religions, supplies a solid foundation on which religion itself may forever stand unmoved. In the domain of morality, Evolution teaches an unchangeable ethical standard; one that can be seen and recognized, yet takes full account of the consciences of different civilizations, nations, religions. It shows how they all originated, and forces into harmonious relation all the conflicting ideas and notions of right and wrong. This standard is simply Life and Human Welfare. Good and evil are such only as the fruit of human experience.

What mankind agrees to call good is what conduces in the long run to the life and welfare of man; what it agrees to call evil is what conduces in the long run to the death and destruction of man. This is the eternal standard. All men, all nations, all tribes have, consciously or unconsciously, recognized this eternal standard; it is only through their half-perceptions, their ignorance, their lack of development, that they have differed as to its application, in respect of what courses of conduct are beneficial to man, and what are injurious. Evolution, therefore, has given us what the world has never found before—a standard of ethics, concrete, objective, eternal and changeless; and it likewise explains the conflict and contradictions of consciences all over the world. It teaches us that all our ethical knowledge is the fruit of experience. Everything which the world has learned from a priesthood or out of a book has been but the result of experience.

Right and wrong are ascertained by Evolution not to be capricious distinctions, resting on the irresponsibility of human will; but the eternally just results of natural causes. The law of cause and effect is forever at work in this world and in all worlds, in this life and the next life, and in all conceivable lives. Each one receives the reward of his deeds. Evolution has done destructive work and it has not; it has destroyed crude conceptions and incomplete theories, and it has laid down an eternal and impregnable foundation under them. It shows the reason in the very nature of things for the existence of the noblest religion and the noblest morality. They do not exist by any one's leave, but supply the foundations on which everything else must be built. Evolution has emancipated the intellect. It has shown that progress is not in piety; but that this mysterious power, this order, this divine life, is at the very centre and heart of all things. And the deeper we study, the further we look, and the higher our flight of thought, the more of this order only we shall discover.

The Band of Spirits who manage our public free spiritual circles desire us to state that the little Indian spirit, LORELA, who often delivers messages for spirits who are unable to use the organism of our medium to speak for themselves, controls no medium in a similar manner elsewhere.

The editor-in-chief of the BANNER OF LIGHT, who has been on duty through the heated term to this date, will take a vacation the rest of the present month. All letters of a private nature will therefore necessarily remain unanswered until his return.

British Folly and American.

In an article on the "Seybert Commission" of the University of Pennsylvania, for the investigation of Spiritualism, the London Saturday Review takes precisely the same view of the investigation as that which was given in the Commercial Advertiser a short time ago, and calls the investigation just as we called it, a piece of "tomfoolery." Of Mr. Farnes, one of the commissioners, the Saturday Review says: "He wore a piece of blotting-paper for which he paid the medium four shillings a sheet—next his skin day and night for six months, and on every individual evening of those six months he shut himself up in total darkness and sat thinking about nothing for half or three quarters of an hour, with his hands on a black muslin pocket containing two slates. By this method he succeeded in showing that, if you carefully fasten up two slates with nothing written on them, and nobody gets at them in the interval, there may still be nothing written on them when you take them out after six months of this subject tomfoolery. Does the University of Pennsylvania really think it dignified to accept aims on condition of making grown-up men behave in this way? It would not be at all less useful or sensible for a man to sit with his mouth shut for sixteen years in order to prove that when he opened it at the end of that time there would not be a sovereign in it unless somebody had put it there."

Our own illustration was drawn from the English Psychical Society, which despatched a commission to India to see whether Madame Blavatsky could be in two places at once. The commission was actually sent, a report with drawings was made at an expense which must have been considerable, and the English commissioners were no less fools than the members of the Seybert Commission. The Psychical Society did all this of its own motion, and without any such temptation as that which led the University of Pennsylvania to take up Spiritualism, so that the only difference between the university men and such psychical persons as Professors Sligwick, Crookes and Wallace is, that the latter were spontaneously foolish, while the former were voluntarily so. If the Saturday Review can find any comfort in this distinction it is welcome to it.—N. Y. Com. Adv., Aug. 9, 1887.

The allusion made above to the London Society for Psychical Research having sent a man to India to investigate the claims of Madame Blavatsky, calls for some notice at our hands. From information in our possession we are led to infer that that mission was more for the purpose of proving Madame B. a fraud than of ascertaining the real facts concerning the remarkable occult powers claimed to be held by her. Like the Seybert Commission in its proffered investigation, the London Society appears to have prejudged the case, and it is alleged sent one Richard Hodgson, under pay of fifteen hundred dollars a year, to prove that their judgment was right.

Now to the point at issue: It is no secret that the London Society for Psychical Research is inimical to mediumship, and has exerted itself to an extraordinary degree to destroy the confidence of all whom it can influence in spirit-phenomena and the agencies of their production. When the American Society for Psychical Research was instituted, it was given out that it was to be the counterpart of its English prototype. It will be remembered that at its start the American Society announced that it had no idea of employing the services of professional mediums. It seemed to act on the hypothesis that, in order to investigate a subject, its best course would be to avoid all approach to it, and all intercourse with those who from years of study were supposed to know something of it.

We have before us the circular of the Society, issued last June. It gives the names and addresses of ninety-six members and two hundred and forty-seven associate members—three hundred and thirty-five in all, only one of whom, so far as is known, claims to be a Spiritualist; while, on the other hand, we find Prof. G. S. Fullerton, the head and front of the Seybert Commission, and Prof. James of Cambridge, a well-known antagonist of mediumship, on its Council; and Richard Hodgson, the man the London Society sent to India, as its Secretary and Assistant Treasurer!

It is reported that, evidently to enable the American Society to follow "in the footsteps of its illustrious predecessor," this agent of the London Society has been sent to this country "at a salary of £300 per annum, to investigate mediumship, and break down and destroy, as far as possible, all mediums."

In addition to the above quoted remarks, which are going the rounds of the public press, is the following from a lady in New York City, who states that she had just received a letter from Mr. Eglinton, in which he says, "You can render a genuine service to the mediums you know and respect if you warn them against the individual who has been sent over to the States by the Society for Psychical Research to expose (?) and report upon mediums in America." To this lady adds: "As our mediums suffer persecution enough from our own people, without any foreign interference, it behoves every medium to be on guard." So every true Spiritualist in the land should say.

Charles Dawbarn

Will speak at Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting on Friday and Sunday, Aug. 12th and 13th. On the following Wednesday he will leave Lake Pleasant for Onset Bay, where he will lecture on Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 20th and 21st, his theme on the afternoon of the 20th being "The Future of Modern Spiritualism."

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond

Will address the Spiritualists at Onset Bay Camp-Meeting on Sunday forenoon, Aug. 21st—a fact which readers hereabout should bear in mind.

Indications of mediumship are visible in the account given by Julia Ward Howe, in the August Century, of the manner in which she wrote her famous lyric, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," an adaptation of words to the melody of the celebrated John Brown song. In December, 1861, Mrs. Howe attended a review of troops several miles from Washington, the manoeuvres of which were interrupted by a sudden attack of the enemy. On her way home, in company with friends, the John Brown song was sung, and a wish was expressed for other words. Mrs. Howe says:

"I slept as usual that night, but awoke before dawn the next morning, and soon found myself trying to weave together certain lines which, though not entirely suited to the John Brown music, were yet capable of being sung to it. I lay still in the dark room, like after I have shaped itself in my mind, and verse after verse. When I had thought out the last of these, I felt that I must make an effort to place them beyond the danger of being effaced by a morning nap. I sprang out of bed and groped about in the dim twilight to find a bit of paper and the stump of a pen which I remembered to have had the evening before. Having found these articles... I began to write the lines of my poem... completed my writing, went back to bed, and fell fast asleep."

Dr. N. H. Pierce, of Ann Arbor, Mich., called at our office recently, and announced her intention of remaining for the present in the East. Her location in Boston will be found by reference to her card on our fifth page.

"Haunted by Fire."

Under the above startling heading the Boston Herald of last Sunday published a special dispatch from Woodstock, N. B., stating that during the previous twenty-four hours the people of that town had been greatly excited on account of no less than forty fires having broken out without any visible cause, in a house occupied by Mr. R. C. Hoyt and his family, consisting of his wife, five children and two slaves, placing them in a state of great fear and anxiety. Without premonition, and with no lamps lighted or stoves in use, various articles would burst out into flames. Now it would be a curtain, high up out of reach; then a bed-quilt in another room would begin to smoke and smoulder, and, as if, to still further non-plus the theorists, a carpet-covered lounge was found to be all afire underneath among the jute stretched above the springs. A basket of clothes in the shed burst into flames, and the basket itself was partially consumed. A child's dress hanging on a hook, a feather bed, a straw mattress, no two articles in the same room, were ignited, and would have been consumed but for water copiously poured on them.

James Walls, editor of the leading newspaper, while standing in the parlor talking with Mrs. Hoyt, was astonished to see a white cotton window-curtain burst into flames at a point near the ceiling, and when no one else was present. He rushed to the spot, stood on a chair, and with his hands, which were somewhat burned in doing so, extinguished the fire, only to see it break out at a point far removed from the original blaze. He came away puzzled and completely nonplussed.

There was no evidence discovered of human agency in any of these fires, nor could the reporter, by a most rigid cross-questioning, elicit any information tending to clear up the mystery. On the contrary, it was discovered that fire had on one occasion broken out when no one was in the house. Even scientists are staggered by these occurrences, and no theory yet advanced has satisfactorily explained the mystery that envelops them.

The Cincinnati Walf Fund.

In the Message Department of our issue of June 4th appeared a communication from Spirit John Pierpont calling public attention to a worthy and noble charity which has been inaugurated in the city of Cincinnati by the single efforts of one individual. The message of our Spirit Chairman has been reproduced for a number of successive weeks in these columns, and must be so familiar to our readers as not to require further repetition.

As is now well known, its purport is to commend the philanthropic work of Mrs. Hattie D. Mackenzie, of 114 Broadway, Cincinnati, O. This lady has taken in charge a number of hitherto homeless waifs, and intends to rear the little ones in such a manner as will insure their becoming honest, self-supporting men and women.

We have personally inquired into this affair, and find it to be all that is claimed for it by the spirit intelligence at our elbow. Mrs. Mackenzie will enlarge her home and provide for more waifs just as soon as she can secure the means for doing so. The lady has made no appeal to the public for pecuniary aid; but hers is a work that should receive noble responses from the benevolently inclined, and every contribution, however small it may be, toward this noble work, will be thankfully received.

We will gladly acknowledge in these columns any donation which our friends may forward us; and earnestly trust that the philanthropic in every part of the country will feel to contribute to the assistance of this worthy enterprise. At present the list of contributions stands as follows:

Prof. A. R. Wallace.
 The distinguished English savant, has, during his sojourn in the United States, wrought—in addition to his valuable labors before scientific bodies—good work for the spiritualistic cause which is so dear to his heart, by his dignified bearing on all matters trenching on the spiritual domain, and his immovably-persistent fealty to the movement whenever and wherever it has been attacked since he came among us. His attitude toward the New Dispensation—as his address delivered in San Francisco has already informed our readers—is solidly poised upon its phenomena, and rightfully so, since they furnish the ground alone upon which Spiritualism can hope to successfully endure.

We were making efforts to secure his services for a lecture in Boston on his return from the West, but a recent letter from him informs us that his engagements are such that he must return at once to England, though it is possible he may be in America again next year. We trust that this may be the case, and that the Spiritualists of this city (and the nation also) may have the opportunity of extending to him some time in 1888 the hearty recognition he deserves at their hands.

The publications of Colby & Rich, and the BANNER OF LIGHT, can be found at the Onset Bay Spiritualist Association Headquarters. Those wishing food for thought will find in these spiritual publications sufficient to satisfy them. Do not fail to leave your names with Mr. G. T. Albro as subscribers to the BANNER before you leave the camp. Back numbers can be had containing very interesting letters from the several Camp-Meetings now being held.

We are in receipt of a communication from Dr. N. H. Pierce—late of Ann Arbor, Mich., but for the present located in Boston—in which the writer speaks in very decided terms in favor of the materialization of spirit-forms witnessed at a séance given by Mrs. Amanda M. Cowan on Wednesday evening, August 3d. The article will appear in next week's BANNER.

We had a pleasant interview last Saturday with Mr. W. S. King of Chicago, Illinois, who is on his way to the Onset Camp-Meeting. He is a very intelligent gentleman and a firm Spiritualist, and we commend him to the special attention of the friends at Onset Bay.

We exchange with quite a number of foreign spiritualistic magazines, and of late very little information is contained in them of interest to the American reader. A late number of the Annual Dello Spiritismo quotes several articles from THE BANNER.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Four more numbers complete the present volume of the BANNER OF LIGHT. Those patrons whose subscriptions expire at that time are earnestly requested to renew them. In the meantime we hope the friends who have aided us in the past will solicit new subscribers to begin with volume sixty-two.

Engineer Melville, of Arctic fame, has been made the head of the Bureau of Steam Engineering of the Navy Department.

On Rhode Island—Up at Ansdover they are still fighting and quarrelling in order to decide who shall carry peace and good will to gentle Pagans of foreign lands.—Investigator.

Mr. Jacob R. Huntington of Amesbury, Mass., we understand, designs erecting on the public square of that town a heroic bronze statue of his paternal ancestor, Dr. Josiah Bartlett, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and the first Governor of New Hampshire after it became a State. Mr. Huntington has had this project in mind for a long time, as he told us last spring that such a monument ought to be raised in Amesbury.

It is computed that the death rate of the world is a minute, and the birth rate seventy a minute; and this seemingly light percentage of gain is sufficient to give a net increase of population each year of almost 1,200,000 souls.

From the Modern Dictionary.—LIFE: A method of self-justification exacted by the demands of fashion and the higher influences of civilization.—Life.

Great Britain is now, according to report, strengthening with her naval forces the hands of Canada, who wants "all the fish"—if not "the earth."

Harvard's gymnasium cost \$110,000; Yale's, \$125,000, and Columbia's, \$150,000. These are all-important aids to modern education.

A letter addressed to a party in "Father, Mich." was sent to a post-office expert, and he forwarded it to Paw Paw, Mich. He guessed right.—Burlington Free Press.

Whitely's drapery and general stores in London were damaged by fire on Sunday last to the extent of \$1,250,000; believed to be uninsured. A connecting bridge gave way during the conflagration, and five persons were killed and many injured.

Upon a handsome sheet, 19x24 inches, the Treasurer of the American Secular Union has published a work of art that will be prized by all Liberalists and is well worthy of framing. Upon a panel, printed in conspicuous type, are the Nine Demands of the Secular Union. Within ovals surrounding these are excellent portraits of Washington, Jefferson, Paine, Franklin, Lafayette, Girard and Ingersoll. Beneath each of these is a radical sentiment from the writings of the person represented. Copies can be obtained of The Truth Seeker Co., 28 Lafayette Place, New York.

During a recent storm at Franklin, Pa., lightning fired a 15,000 barrel tank of oil, and caused a damage of \$20,000. Three men were fatally and others seriously injured.

Denmark is considering the feasibility of fortifying Copenhagen against German attack, and the latter country is warning the former—through the press—that an alliance between France and Russia might lead to the conviction that the annexation of Denmark to Germany was a maritime necessity.

Italian astronomers place the age of the world at eighty million years, and are agreed that it has been populated for about fifty million.—Boston Herald.

Spirit friends inform us they have records on file giving the information that this globe is thirty-two thousand millions of years old—and a good deal younger planet at that than many others which could be named.

The island of Cyprus suffered from a severe earthquake shock on the 7th inst.

Cotton mills in the South will eventually close up all the cotton mills in the North, as the former can be run at much less cost.

There is an area of perhaps 75,000 square miles in the North-west, so it is reported, by a Chicago paper Aug. 8th, where drought, prairie-fires, ruined crops, etc., have wrought their deadly work on the hopes of man, and where the dust lies heavily upon the earth. The district is bounded by Madison on the north, Bloomington on the south, Lake Michigan on the east and the Mississippi River on the west.

Ordinary carriage varnish is a good cement for broken china, and if the pieces are joined neatly, the fracture will hardly be perceptible.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
 I know exactly who you are;
 A glowing ball of burning gas
 Revolving round your central mass.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
 I know exactly who you are;
 For to my spectroscopic ken
 I see you're only hydrogen.

In the Sydney (Australia) lighthouse is the largest electric light in the world. It has a power of one hundred and eighty thousand candles, and may be seen from ships fifty miles out at sea. The next largest is in the Palais d'Industrie, and has a power of one hundred and fifty thousand candles. The largest light in America is twenty-four thousand candle power. It is at San José, Cal.

The constitution of Costa Rica prescribes hospitality as a sacred duty, and declares citizenship to be forfeited by ingratitude to parents, the abandonment of wife or children, and neglect of any obligations due the family.

"It is the 'Last Days of Pompeii.'" "Last Days of Pompeii," Pompeii—Pompeii—who was Pompeii? What did he die of? I never could bear tragedy. "I believe he died of an eruption. Yes, that is rather tragic," replied the librarian, with the faintest imaginable smile. The lady departed after securing something "light and amusing," and without the slightest idea that she had furnished any amusement.—Fletcher Post-Express.

A Berlin dispatch says that Alfred Krupp bequeathed \$250,000 for the benefit of his employees. His son Friedrich has added \$125,000 to the amount for the people of Essen. The town council of Essen has voted \$15,000 for a statue of Krupp.

The cholera is spreading in Italy.
 The fund of £200,000, or \$2,200,000, left by George Peabody for building improved houses for the poor of London has, through rent and interest, grown to £210,688, or \$4,213,840. There are now 5,014 separate dwellings, containing 11,150 rooms, and the average rent of each dwelling is less than a dollar and a quarter a week.

When a black pigeon flew into the engine-room in Syracuse where the fire engine was being tested, he felt sure that it was an omen of approaching disaster. Two days later Mrs. Murphy presented her husband with a bouncing pair of twin baby boys, and at the end of the week Mr. Murphy got an increase in his pay.—The Society Value.

Prudence, patience, frugality, industry, self-denial, politeness, punctuality, in fact every virtue that combines to make the strength of a great character, and give it sufficient momentum to move men and manage things—these the poor boy finds he must have to secure a position, and to keep it when obtained.

Luzifer is the title of a new theological monthly magazine, the first number of which is to be issued in London September 15th. It will be edited by W. P. Blavatsky and Mabel Collins, and published by H. B. Downey.

Lily (secretary of the cooking class): Now, little, we've learned nine cakes, two kinds of angel food and seven pies. What's next? (Gasp.)
 Dick's father says I must learn to make bread.
 Indiana's "Chorus" Bread! absurd! What are bakers for?
 W. Advocate, August 10, 1887.

