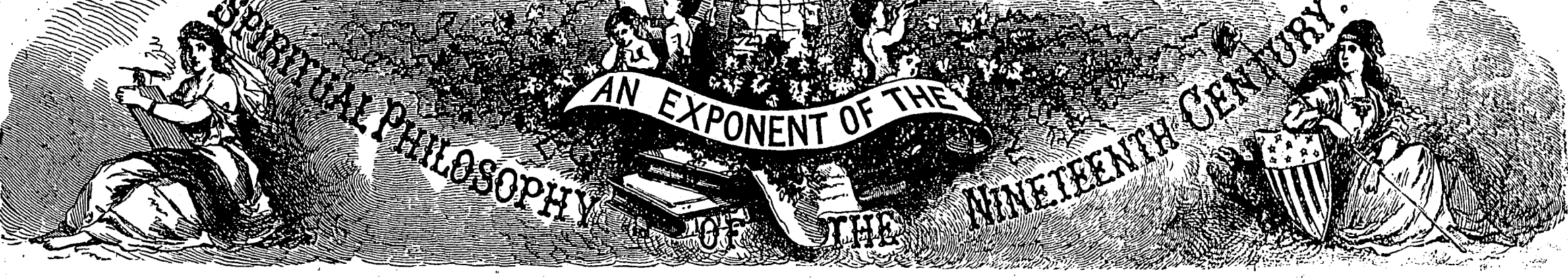


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Original Essays.

PHANTOMATIC WHISPERS.

I.

BY JOHN WETHERDEE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I honestly believe—in fact I actually know—that we are surrounded and influenced by invisible spirits, at least I am, and I am not a privileged person, so I say we. Some, from organization or condition, are more sensitive to and sensible of such influences than others. I expect the time will come, and is drawing near, when this will become a generally recognized fact, and become one of the known factors in the activities of life. It is a factor or force now without being known, as electricity was before it was discovered and utilized; but by recognition of the fact referred to, I mean the intelligent utilization of what is now to most of the world a blind or a superstitious influence.

I think thought and attention to this subject, with a recognition of its truth, have increased such influences with me. We can educate our senses and faculties in a thousand ways, and results in ordinary affairs are obtained by culture and practice that seem astonishing to one out of such tune. The sailor educates his eye and sees a craft in the distant horizon where the retina of the landsman gets no impression. Perhaps if I had not been convinced of the fact that man survives death and lingers around the familiar spots and friends of earth-life, I might never have noticed the manifestations of unseen presences which now are so pleasant to me. It is possible that knocking at my door, so to speak, and getting no recognition or intelligent welcome, they might have ceased applying, or paused until they were wanted. As it is, I am never lonesome when alone, for I am never alone. There seems to be an intimate connection with persons in the past tense (through the portals of the grave) with things around me so often manifested and tested that at once, when alone in my stillness, I am in good society, and I am the wisest and the happiest for it.

A very dear friend, the father of a large family of adults, has, since he passed on, drawn very near to me—and there are reasons for it—and has become almost my "familiar spirit," always announcing himself when I sit with a medium, and on such occasions seems to know my general income and outgoings. I cannot tell him any news of myself or surroundings: he seems to have kept himself informed. I have no living person with whom I am more intimate, and he takes almost a worldly interest in me. He knows an unseen but not an unperceived presence this moist afternoon while I am writing these words; I am sure he will tell me so the first time I sit with a person that he can intelligently communicate through. I have tested this many times. There! hear that rap! In the old place that I long ago labelled in my mind his name. If I had not a knowledge of this subject this sound might have been unnoticed, or thought to be a mouse in the wall, or a snapping of the furniture. In that case it would be, he signifying his presence and I noticing him not, or thinking of mouse-traps. How stupid, I was going to say, spirits must think us, to be so blind and deaf to their efforts—except they were blind and deaf in the same manner before they awoke into the Summer-Land. How happy I am that I am awake now and can and do say to that mystic sound, "Good-evening, Mr. B.," and feel and know at the same time that my head is level. Does any one say, "Is it?" I am satisfied, if they are.

I asked this valued friend why he was with me so much, and hoped he was not neglecting the others of his large family who need skillful supervision as much as I do. He said it was difficult to see them or to reach them except through me. That surprised me, for he loved them in the form, and some of them as well as myself had griefs, which always draw the spirits. He said they all thought of him as being dead, and that obstructs connection and influence, while I, or we at our home, thought of him not as being dead, but as alive, and that opened the way to him; he could come to me when he could not see or reach them. Well, this is true; to me he is actually alive; his buried body, his tomb, has in my thought no more connection with him than the clothes he wore; the real man, the part of him that recognized me day after day during his earthly life, has never died; and that sound I just referred to reminding me of him, reminds me of him as being now a living, conscious being, and if my

spirit-eyes were opened, as the prayer of Elsha opened the eyes of the young man of Old Testament memory, I should see Mr. B. as a substantial reality, and as such I now recognize him and hold meditative converse with him. Suppose now the view my friend presents—and which I believe to be the true one—that our condition and belief opens and shuts the avenues for spirits to reach us, was generally believed, would it not answer many questions why some find so much and others so little in this subject? If my friend B. associates with me because I recognize him as a living presence, then his other human attractions would have his company the same as I do, if they thought of him as alive and not as dead. So of the world: if this idea, born of Modern Spiritualism, should prevail, what an influx of intelligence and consolation would be poured upon us.

Some day there will be a right-about-face in current thought on spiritualistic matters; a revolution as complete as when the Copernican system was demonstrated, and the sun no longer in fact rose in the east and set in the west, but the solid earth was a globe and turned upon its axis. The central point was the sun, not the earth; so in the revolution referred to in spiritual matters, the central point is the spirit, and all things in the world are the manifestations of invisible spirit; that human thought, the bright child of the human spirit, is not the blossom, or the phenomenon of the human organism, but the reverse if anything. If the antiquity is in either, it is in the spirit. It is a hard question to answer, as the philosopher said of the egg or the bird, "which was first"; logic favors the egg, and it certainly does the spirit, but the fact is and always will be beyond reach. Christ or Solomon could not answer the question, and God never does, unless it be by intuition, and that means, I think, our spirit communing with other spirits, or the spirit of all, the Soul of the Universe, and which sometimes seems to say (though the saying fingers just below the horizon of the intellect), "before Abraham was I am."

At this moment the sun's bright rays shot through my room, and the neighboring westward looking windows returned the compliment with an equality of effulgence, for they dazzled with the borrowed light; even the vane on the church steeple seemed newly gilded. The day had been rainy, as I have before said, but as it drew toward its close the wind had changed, and blowing freely from the west had thinned the clouds, and then swiftly scattered them, and now on the approach of sunset the western sky was radiant with golden glory, the bright sun-tipped clouds had arranged themselves in fantastic shapes beyond painter's skill or pen's description, and a heavenly tableau closed the day. The sun dropped below the dark blue cloud that rested seemingly on the earth's rim, while above, all the way up to the zenith, was radiant with golden beauty. The air had become motionless, the narrow streaks of cloud long drawn out seemed not to move, but quietly lay stratum above stratum like a staff of music, and resting before and on it frescoes of fiery cloud that may have been the notes of music; it was sublimely beautiful, and St. Paul, with a keener ear on such an occasion, might have heard "unutterable words." A few thin vapors feebly bright and near comparatively, passed quickly across this rare picture without eclipsing it or mingling in any way with this glorious, and golden background. I never saw such a beautiful sky; I rubbed my eyes to see whether the tableau was wholly objective, or whether the train of my thoughts had not supplemented my vision by a subjectivity that made the tableau in part abnormal, but I found it wholly real and enjoyed it, and looking at the whole and into the clear, I cannot say blue sky, but subdued green and rose-tinted in the interstices of the seeming "staff and notes," it only seemed to require the accompaniment of airy spirits to be a landscape from beyond "the footfalls," or a scene from the land of Beulah.

Long I looked, rapt and charmed; my pen had rested an hour. I had forgotten my table and writing materials, and was living in spirit, amid imaginings that may not have been wholly imagination; wandering in dreams. "What shadows we are, what shadows we pursue." Arousing myself, I made connection with earthly thoughts and matters again by the old sign familiar to us all. I said to myself and to Mr. B., if his spirit had remained with me during my hour's absence, or absent-mindedness—"We will have a fair day to-morrow; this bright sunset forecasts it." But is this altogether a worldly thought? Is there not a silver lining of the spirit back of it? Shall we not after a stormy life, and then a clear setting of our sun, or self, bespeak a fair day for us on the to-morrow of death?

So run my thoughts of evening and morning, of sunset and sunrise, it growing darker all the time—too dark, now, to take the pen and catch the thought from which this day's sunset had beguiled me; but still I thought, and did not grow weary in this vesper hour. I felt just then a touch from the unseen. It is very strange, that in an absent moment I occasionally feel a gentle touch, very slight, just grazing the ends of some of my back hair. I cannot analyze it, for on the instant of my noticing it, it is always gone. I am always too late to question it. I hope some day it will stay and be intelligent. I feel very nervous now, but it is an agreeable nervousness. I have good reason for thinking the state which I have just called nervousness, and which is not nervousness, is due to the presence of spirits; or, using the words of the poet in reference to the same thing:

"In palpable impressions on the air;
A sense of something moving to and fro."

The lighting of the gas seems to drive these

ghostly or phantomatic disturbers away—no, I do not mean exactly that, for if so my gas bills would not be heavy. I would sit in the dark if the light, like "cock-crowing," said adieu to the departed. I feel that they are just as much with me in the light as in the dark, but they have less power of expressing themselves.

Did you never feel sleepless and nervous without cause when in bed at night? It is often a spiritual influence. Strike a light—let it be even a subdued one—and you will go to sleep; the "art magics" leave you, or, what is practically the same thing, they are feeble in power or influence to affect you in the light. Spirits are not always discreet in their dealings with us, and sometimes the indiscreet command the situation; and when it is so strike a light.

I think as a general thing that matter, or material life, is as invisible to spirits as spirits are to us. I have heard it said, and I am inclined to believe it, that we, when visible to spirits, look like phantoms to them, and spirits appear substantial to spirits, and so of objects generally. Is it not probable, too, that our light is darkness to them, and our darkness is light to them? A spiritual sun shines for them that pales our luminary. If spirits wanted to read what I am here writing, the light would have to be put out; of course they could read it otherwise from my mind, and I suppose that is the way they see anything material, for that is our way too, as we are now spirits. I am not contradicting what I said of spirits as a general thing not seeing material things, for they, like us, must use a material eye, or optic fixtures, to see material things; and they are not always at command by spirits, as everybody's retina is not adapted to every spirit who wants a sight. Neither is it necessary, for spirits see the images in our consciousness as we do ourselves, whether they get there through sight, hearing, or any other of our senses. "We are fearfully and wonderfully contrived," and we must remember that we in the form do not see anything, or touch anything; no man ever did. Take what we call seeing a thing, as I do now this paper, only I do not; I see the image of it, as any image is seen in a mirror; we look at an object, it is painted upside down, (as we would see the picture,) and that image right side up reaches our sensorium; it is an unsolved problem how a ray of light conveying an image to the retina of a human being becomes a fact of consciousness. When the ray of light carries an image to the mirror in the eye, (this page, for instance, now before me is there,) it is very comprehensible that more than one can see it as I do now, and that other beholder may be and must be a spirit. If I was a "departed spirit," and required the sight of a material object, this paper, for instance, it might be a shorter and more convenient cut to use some one's consciousness after the fact had got there, than to seek a human organism and do it, so to speak, a little more directly.

I do not know as I am very lucid. I say what I have said to show the reader that I am not careless or contradictory in what I have said in these closing paragraphs. The subject really needs elaborate and careful expression to be either intelligible or interesting. If I ever feel like it, I will write upon the subject just touched upon in a special article, but I rather avoid the depths as a general thing, for I had rather be silent than to be dry, so I will make no promises, but follow my impressions, phantomatic or otherwise.

I have left the subject I began with rather abruptly, but it may not be wise now to add to the length of this article by wandering back to the idea of invisible intelligent surroundings, but I will add, in closing, a few verses that I lately read with pleasure, and to the suggestive mind they will connect a little with what I started with:

"So many fond ties hold us here,
So much hath Earth to give,
We often say with thankful hearts,
'Tis sweet to live.
So many are the treasures lost
Heaven only can restore,
We sometimes think 'twere better far
To live no more.
"Two lives are ours: the earthly way
Is with the heavenly bent;
Between two worlds that share our love
Our days are spent.
Scarce caring, when Sleep's angel comes
Our tired lips to kiss,
If our awakening morning be
In that, or this."

MONEY AND MEDIUMS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I am glad to see this subject touched at this time by one who, basing my judgment on the knowledge of others, is an elevated, thoughtful, cultivated and true soul—a lady who, I doubt not, sees clearly and far the needs of the world—Jennie Leys. And, emphatically, the great need of the world at this special time, is honest, well-developed mediums between the two spheres of existence—the physical and spiritual. This need can never be supplied until a spirit of justice and large-heartedness shall everywhere prevail. Oh, man! oh, woman! into whose lap has fallen by inheritance, or through effort, the shining gold which buys home and wins friends, what are you that you should not remember the man or woman whose gift is not this, but is rather a sensitive and finely attuned soul, incapable of battling in the common pursuits of life, but able to interpret to you the melodies of the spirit, or to demonstrate to you the continued existence of your dead?

What are you, fortunate Spiritualist, with your large bank account, that you should not remember the shrinking soul struggling to enunciate or to prove the truths which you profess to consider priceless?

I confess I do not see how it is that sincere,

sensitive souls, thoroughly in earnest in their work, but pressed on every hand by physical want and mental distress, are able to continue in the path they have chosen, and for which they are especially fitted. Night and day they are burdened with the same physical necessities which cling to other mortals, but without the same ability to provide for them, unless the use of their gift is paid for fully and adequately in dollars and cents. The same necessities? Yes, and many more; for the medium developed to a point of reliability and genuine spirituality is made to suffer excruciatingly at every turn in life by being compelled, because of lack of means, to encounter those elements which drive daggers into the very soul. Then, again, lack of means is always humiliating, and the worst ill which can befall a human being is a loss of self-respect. These are a few of the reasons why mediums should be roundly paid for every test they give, and for every inspired utterance. Until we do this we shall have the disgraceful spectacle of mediums wandering about the country as they now do, dependent upon the generosity, not the justice of Spiritualists whom they encounter.

If the Spiritual Philosophy is the grandest truth of the age, if the spiritual phenomena are the only things upon which we can rest our hopes of a hereafter—as no sensible person can deny—why cannot those who have means in abundance see to it that the teachers and demonstrators of this Philosophy are paid for what they give? There is another and an important question connected with this subject, and that is the development of mediums. In all this broad and bountiful land, I know of no spot where the medium, during the different stages of development, may be surrounded by such conditions as shall tend to promote his rapid and permanent growth. I know of many, largely endowed with this wonderful gift, who, conscious that they are not sufficiently developed to enter the public field with credit to themselves and satisfaction to others, are, because they have not the means, and no place is provided for their progression, obliged to bury their talents in hard manual labor for the commonest subsistence.

There is manifestly something wrong in that system which imposes upon the most sensitive souls the meanest and most miserable conditions, while those who are not keenly affected by their surroundings can command whatsoever they desire.

I would suggest, in view of all this, that these persons who have been fortunate enough to possess organisms which attract money should turn their attention to establishing a school for the development of mediums, and that they should pay reasonably those already competent and in the field, to the end that there may be an interblending of the material and spiritual spheres, and a fair exchange of the properties of both. Thus may we be able to bring something like harmony out of the present discord, and to change this state of feverish unrest wherein the great souls labor into one of comparative comfort and tranquility. Until this is done we shall have the tricksters who can and will imitate some of the simple phenomena, advertise them glowingly and get their cash, and the fine souls overburdened with great truths tremblingly standing in the background, suffering by reason of unsupplied needs, or prostituting their gifts for actual necessities. Let us have plain talk and prompt action in these matters.

I have the honor to be respectfully yours,
MRS. HENRY S. LAKE.
107 Fifth street, San Francisco, Cal.

ITEMS BY THE WAY.

NO. FOURTEEN.

BY J. MADISON ALLEN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A little incident in my experience may be worth relating, *apropos* to the query sometimes put by doubting ones, "What good?" It is but one of many that might be culled from the receptacle of memory, illustrating the ever-watchful care and kind protection of our loving angel-friends. I was in Richmond, Va., a little less than a year ago. Desiring to take the fast train for the far South, I arose early, and departed hastily to the depot—in ample time, as I supposed, having cast a glance at my watch before dressing. But the train was gone—I was an hour too late! Reason: the watch had not been wound the previous day, and so concluded to "stop" an hour before I awoke, and thus make me believe I was in time. But I was bound to go, whether the watch did or not, and therefore took the next train moving southward—not an express. After riding a hundred and fifty miles, it may be, we approached Danville, and I began to feel uneasy. The feeling grew upon me, and took definite form, until it seemed as if it was intended that I should get out at Danville. I had not intended to do so, but to leave the train some thirty miles ahead, where, after a few minutes, the next fast train would arrive. But "get out, get out," kept sounding in my ears, until the train was about moving on. After an hour or two (delightful employment, waiting for the train!) the express arrived. I had proceeded pleasantly for some distance, I do not remember just how far—twenty miles, perhaps—when suddenly the whistle shrieked the alarm—down brakes! and we came to a halt just behind the wreck of that train I had been so faithfully warned to leave!

In this connection it may be mentioned that my traveling experiences date back to my sixteenth year (twenty-five years ago), at which time it was my fortune to leave the paternal roof for the classic shades of "old Andover," in pursuit of knowledge "under difficulties." (The difficulties were chiefly poverty. I overcame them, in part, by teaching, in winter, public schools—commencing at eighteen—by daguerreotyping, shoemaking, canvassing, teaching music, photography, etc.) The theology was alto-

gether too diabolical, let me remark, the cloven foot of tyrannical priestcraft too conspicuous, also the masculinity too entire to suit one who had been trained in Universalism, and who had somehow imbibed a feeling that the sexes ought to be educated together, in the seminary as well as at the home-hearth; and Andover could not hold me a second term. I sought a more liberal element, which was found at last in the Green Mountain Liberal Institute (the fourth institution tried)—open to both sexes, and Universalist. Here the FEAR of God was discouraged, and the super-excellence of LOVE—to God and man—inculcated. Here were spent several happy years, as student and as teacher, years which have left a golden glow on memory's tablet. At length, a little later, still unsatisfied, I determined to drink a little deeper at the

"PIERIAN SPRING."

and started from home with trunk labelled for the "New York Central College"—Tufts College, which most of my classmates had entered, not being satisfactory, through Universalism, on account of excluding females, a Dr. Orthodox Trinity ("Father, Son and Holy Ghost.") Arriving in Boston by Old Colony railroad from East Bridgewater, several hours were before me of waiting for the departure of train for Albany. I strayed to the wharves to see the shipping. After awhile, being a little weary, and finding myself in a lumber-yard, I sat down upon a pile of boards to rest a few moments before returning to depot. Thrustrated I presently felt a peculiar, deep, meditative influence stealing over me, and yielding to it was soon in a profound magnetic slumber; from which I awoke suddenly at length, with a feeling that I ought not, must not go to the New York Central College, but instant push on to Ohio, and enter Antioch College (then under the presidency of the noble Horace Mann). External considerations seemed wholly against the change of plan; but somehow, when I came out from that peculiar state, which I now recognize as a spiritual, magnetic overshadowing, I felt no misgivings whatever, but seemed to have fully determined—or rather felt that fate had determined for me—to change labels and purchase ticket for Buffalo (or Cleveland). I remember my friends' surprise when my first letter was received, at the sudden and inexplicable change of base. To me also it all seemed strange. But the sequel revealed plainly the hand of an overruling and wise power, and I have never ceased to be thankful for its intervention. The New York Central College one year later suspended very unexpectedly. By going to Antioch instead I was saved from much inconvenience, and also—greater and better than all—was brought into personal relations with Mr. Mann. These relations, severed temporarily and partially by his departure to spirit-life while I was yet a student, were renewed a year or two later, when having returned to my father's house, and become developed into trance mediumship, clairvoyance, chair-audience, etc., my revered and beloved friend presented himself, with John Quincy Adams and others, and stated that he would be pleased to be considered as still my friend and counsellor. His blessed presence and benign influence, in conjunction with others of a numerous band of immortal educators and philanthropists, has cheered me on, sustained and invigorated me through an incessant and weary pilgrimage of many years, and over almost every part of our land this side the Rocky Hills. Now, fatigued high unto death, I call upon the heavens of purity, peace and progress to bear us up yet a little longer, until the work whereunto we have been called shall have been finished. But little understood, never appreciated duly even by Spiritualists, mediumship in its multifarious phases is destined to become

THE WORLD'S SAVIOUR.

By its operations the race will be ultimately lifted up into a serene, pure and lofty atmosphere of health, harmony and happiness. The brotherhood of man, the unity of humanity, the mutuality of human interests, the divinity of human nature—behold the sublime inculcations of our blessed gospel of the angel! so different from the barbaric fulminations of pulpit theology, or the death-dealing, bayonet-thrustings of politico-governmentalism! so unlike that greedy basic thought of all commerce and trade through-out civilization which says, "My neighbor's interest and my own are not far apart; but divergent, and I can rightfully fatten myself by reducing his flesh, my enrich myself through his poverty, and go scot-free." No, no! Communion with the celestial life, and consequent development of man's spiritual nature, will change all that. MEDIUMSHIP, so long an exile upon the earth, banished by priest and king, driven from Dan to Beersheba, without where to lay its head except through the venturesome hospitality of a brave soul here and there, shall at last have a resting-place—yes, an abiding place; for some souls, touched with the organizing fire, shall in the right time withdraw from the Babylon of antagonistic circles, and upon their own domain establish circles of homes, where the fraternal interests shall have recognition, where mediumship can have its legitimate action and fruition, where a spiritual system of life shall be inaugurated, where justice shall be done to labor, where integral education shall be the leading, life-long object and pursuit, where liberty and love shall go hand in hand with truth and purity, where devil-worship, mammon-worship, fashion-worship, gossip-worship, office and power-worship, gossip and scandal, will be absent, and fruits, flowers, angel-children, worship of nature and nature's God—communion with the human soul, and the soul of things, be present to bless. Heaven speed the day—let it come!

Was It Superstition or Not?

Louis Napoleon in his will emphasizes the solemn declaration, "With regard to my son, let him keep as a talisman the seal I used to wear attached to my watch." Wolsey was warned of his doom by a crozier head; Senjuns by flight of crows. Dr. Johnson objected to going under a ladder. Montaigne avoided giving his left foot priority in putting on his stockings. Alexander was believed to have cut the Gordian knot with a slice of his sword. For good luck's sake, Augustus wore some portion of a sea-calf; Charlemagne, some trinket of unknown value. Mahomet was all fate, Bonaparte all star and destiny; Cromwell believed in September 3d, and Louis Napoleon in December 2d. Sylla called himself Felix—the child of fortune—and Timeo turned his house into a temple of chance. No doubt there was a good deal of imposture in alchemy; no doubt, too, the wish for gold was father to the thought of alchemy; but this itself will not account for Jean de Lisle exclaiming, "My early death in the Bastille has bold attempts to persuade Louis XIV. and his Ministers that he possessed the gold-making stone."

I fully believe in predestination; if a man will drink whiskey, and won't work, he is predestined to become ragged and go to the devil.—Josh Billings.

Children's Department.

TALES OF THE SUN-RAYS.

Illustrated by the Rev. Mr. S. J. Smith, of the Spirit of
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.
Written for the Banner of Light by the Rev. Mr. S. J. Smith, of the Spirit of
the Banner of Light by the Rev. Mr. S. J. Smith, of the Spirit of

No. XXIII.

When I rose this morning with the sun I saw a band of merry children walk through the fields. The hay had just been cut, and they searched for birds' nests. "There is a little bird!" cried a fair-haired girl. "He belongs to me!" The poor birdy, however, was quite naked; had no feathers at all, but only a big yellow bill, which it always kept open. "Poor little bird!" said the girl. "I will bring thee up and be thy mother, and thou wilt become quite tame and sit upon my shoulder."

Thus the poor little naked sky-lark came into the room of that child. She fitted a round box, filled it with cotton, and said: "There now, that is thy nest!" And the birdy crouched in. Then the girl took a pan, filled it with hard-boiled yolk, and fed the bird with it. "Peep, peep!" said she, "open thy bill, my sweet babe!"

But then came the call for the lessons. The little girl had to go to school. Oh, how hard that was to-day! Outdoors the sun shone so bright and beautiful, and the little bird was so quiet! The little girl could not resist a lesson to-day; she had forgotten all the rules of grammar she knew to-morrow. There were fourteen mistakes in spelling.

"I'll take that bird from you," said the school-mistress, "for you are too much distracted."

"Oh, pray, pray, no!" the child pleaded fervently. "To-morrow I will do better. I am not yet accustomed to my motherly duties to-day."

The lessons were finished, and she hurried to her birdie. But what was that? There it lay on its back, its body was swollen. It lay there, cold and dead! "The poor thing!"

The little girl wept and sobbed. "My baby is dead!" during my lessons it has been starved!" On the contrary, you have overfed it; it was not used to such coarse food," said her mother. "Let us give the poor little thing a decent burial," said the brother of the girl. And they put flower leaves into the box, and there in the midst of them lay the naked little lark. The children went into the garden, the boy dug a little grave. The girl in tears closed the box with the lid, "that the earth might not fall upon the bird," as she said, and thus the little lark lay quietly in the mother earth. And when the sun was about to set, the girl planted a rose upon the little grave. She sighed in doing this, for she had rejoiced in the idea of raising the dead little creature—and now all was over!

Out upon the field, however, the bereaved mother-lark fluttered anxiously, twittering around an empty nest!

No. XXIV.

This Sun-ray spoke with the whisper of a far-off bell:

"I will tell you something about dying in nature. I saw a slender white lily hang its head in the hot sunbeams. For days, no dew! not a drop of rain! The earth is parched, and there is nothing but dust! dust! No cooling breezes, only hot, scorching sun rays! The white lily grew yellow, the pollen was gone, the leaves hung down flapping, and it sighed for one breath of cool air, for one kiss of zephyr, for one tear of dew! The morning comes hot and dry, a parching sun drives the ugly white dust of the street into the slender cup of the lily, even the night is hot, and weary and exhausted the lily has to meet another torrid, scorching day. Her sweet flower soul is sad, alas, deeply sad! She longs for the flowers' Elf Kingdom!"

"At last a thunder-storm is coming with a refreshing shower, breezes cool the air, zephyrs kiss the weary plants, but our lily remains withered and dead! Leaf after leaf drops slowly off—the soil has flown from the cup of the flower. Too late, too late come the kisses of zephyrs, the tears of rain—nothing can bring the fugitive back to life. You behold only the barren stem of the flower, the yellow leaves—the weary soul is in the flowers' Elf Kingdom!"

"And a poor little bird sits upon a bough in hard, freezing winter—nothing but snow, and snow again! It lies yard-deep on the earth, not an inch of the soil, not a grass-blade to be seen. Birdie is sitting on the bough, shivering badly. He sits with his head hidden between his wings, his legs quivering. Alas! he thinks of the past summer, of his comrades that have gone beyond the sea, of his beloved little wife, who could not go along, and whom he would not forsake, and who was now frozen to death last night. The children coming from school have carried her away; and the lonesome little bird twitters and prays: 'Oh, for one sun-ray, one atom of heat, for one crumb of bread, ye men! He then flies with a last effort to the window of a cabin, and tries to peck at it with his bill. Alas! too late! his heart beats once more, and then stops suddenly, and he lies dead upon the snow. His soul flew into the realm of the animals' souls, where he finds his mate."

"A blue-eyed maiden, however, sees the frozen bird lying on the snow. 'Perhaps he is only seemingly dead,' she says. She holds him between her hands and breathes on him; too late, child, too late! this heart has suffered its last! Your windows were closed, not a crumb of bread lay at your door; the sun would not shine, the snow continued to fall, and the poor bird's heart is broken from cold, and woe, and pangs! He is now singing splendid melodies in the animals' spirit-world, in the perennial spring of a better sphere, in the midst of blooming, fragrant flowers."

"All this I saw; and I also saw a maiden whose heart was consumed by profound longing. I saw it in her eyes when she looked up to me. They entreat and pray in despair: 'Oh, but one word from him! One glance from his eyes, one kiss from his lips! All remains silent, quiet as death. No greeting, no news, and thus life flows on—and the poor child is consumed with nameless longing! This is worse than the burning, parching sun, worse than frost and snow. And I thought of the lily, which had died in drought and dust. I thought of the bird, whose heart had broken in the merciless cold; and I heard the maiden's wail: 'Toll me, oh Sun-rays, how long shall I be longing and pining this way? How long shall I wonder full of despair on this cold, dreary earth. Is there no Elf-land for me, and will no soft fairy dream embrace me there? Alas, my soul is weary—my heart is heavy! Oh, so heavy! Oh drop, thou consoling dew! breathe, sweet zephyr! open, ye portals of mercy! let all the snow melt down before it is too late! for I remember the withered lily and the frozen bird. If I had a heart it would certainly break.' And the light of the Sun-ray darkened, and rushed up to God. Will he yet send the consolation in time?"

No. XXV.

I come from the high Alps; I shone on the sugar-white snow-peaks of the glaciers, and made everything glow brightly. I shone where the chamois were browsing on steep rock-walls, where no tree grows any more, and only low brushwood thrives; but the beautiful "Edelweiss" raises its stately head toward the sun. In a crack of the rock before me there grew such an Edelweiss. The little flower, formed as of ice, was clad with a soft fur, and delighted in the glance of the sun. No wanderer had ever come there yet; the flower on the towering castle was secure from all robbery. I greeted it every morning and kissed it every evening. But one day there came a bold hunter. He had followed the chamois, had climbed rock after rock, and stood now before the steep bare wall, and his eye fell upon the Edelweiss in the crack. He then remembered that his love had told him this morning: "Bring me some Edelweiss." "Yes, this one and no other shall she have," he thought. And now he commenced to climb up the steep rock wall. Below him yawns the abyss; he knows it; he is lost if he slips!

There! there! He stretches out his hand already, and soon the Edelweiss will be reached; but the stone on which rests his foot gives way! It crumbles, and rushes down into

the abyss. For a moment the bold hunter is terror-stricken, for, impeded by his rifle, he feels that he is gliding—falling! giddiness already threatens to confuse his head, but he gathers all his will-power; he grasps, he holds on to a small brushwood that thrives there. Swinging yourself up—alas! the root is broken off! Bold man, bring the dearly-won prize to thy beloved. Yes, now he holds the Edelweiss; he hides it in his bosom, and begins the dangerous and laborious descent again.

Look! this morning he had told him: "Bring me some Edelweiss," and it almost cost his life!

(Continued in our next.)

Banner Correspondence.

Interesting Granite State Items.

I have been sojourning for the past few months among the hills of New Hampshire, drawing in the vitalizing, health-giving magnetism of the grand old mountains, lakes, and streams, here and there, as the opportunity has been granted me, scattering germs of spiritual truth; also gathering up the fragments by the way-side—fragments of spiritual wisdom which glisten like precious stones amid the rubbish heaps of creeds and churchly dogmas. May we not hope that, with this mouldering debris which the present age is leaving in the background, the vagaries of doctrinaires and spiritual dreamers may find a lasting resting-place? Our divine philosophy, born amid the highlands of heaven, echoing through every attainable avenue throughout the world, passing through some channels, mingling with earth-impurities; but through the higher and more refined, sensitive organism pour the waters of living inspiration, clear and sparkling as the crystal water of the hills. The teachings of Spiritualism, when rightly understood and lived up to, lead not away from but toward the fount of inspiration. Kind words, good deeds, pure thoughts, ceaseless labor for humanity—these alone are stepping-stones to a higher life. Our aim should not be to draw the angels down to our plane of physical existence, but rather we should seek to be lifted up to their plane of spiritual existence.

April 8th, 19th, and May 6th, I lectured in Nashua to very good audiences. This society was organized in June, 1874, and for nearly three years meetings have been held every Sunday. The officers are as follows: J. M. Fletcher, President; John Cook, Vice-President; Jonathan Hosmer, 2d Vice-President; Mrs. A. M. Cook, Secretary; and B. D. Brigham, Treasurer. They have a large hall, good singing, and plenty of home talent to take the interest in the meetings from flagging. Mrs. Carrie Fryer is a very fine speaker and good test medium. Mrs. Lovejoy holds circles at her residence every Wednesday evening, and gives good satisfaction. I was present one evening, and was interested in her remarks while under influence. Mrs. Harwood, clairvoyant physician, is kept very busy, and in her avocation meets with the best of success. Mrs. A. M. Cook is a powerful physical medium. I had the pleasure of being present at one of her circles. There were eight of us seated around a table. All of a sudden, after we had been conversing with our friends by means of raps and tips, the table was raised into the air. We were only resting the tips of our fingers upon it. It was elevated four or five different times, one time nearly two feet from the floor, and swung gently to and fro, and finally turned completely over in the air. Many other wonderful manifestations were performed. I had a very pleasant time in Nashua, made many acquaintances, and I trust not a few warm friends. I left to fill other engagements, with the pressing invitation to return at my earliest convenience and help on the good work.

On Thursday, April 19th, I found myself at Lake Village in season to attend the marriage of Mr. Jacob M. Cook and Mrs. A. C. Sanborn. The Rev. Mr. Scribner, of the Free-Will Baptist denomination, was to perform the ceremony, and I was to officiate with him. At half-past seven in the evening instrumental music was finely executed by Miss Lizzie Hendley, after which an invocation was pronounced by the writer, which was followed by more music. Then Mr. Scribner performed the ceremony. After another place upon the organ by Miss Hendley, I made a short address under influence. Then followed more music, and the closing prayer by Mr. Scribner. We all partook of the refreshments, which were furnished by friend Cook, and the rejoicing occasion concluded with a circle. May Brother and Sister Cook be blessed with many pleasant anniversaries of their marriage, be the sincere wish of one of their friends. Brother Cook has been a great worker in the cause of Spiritualism in that portion of the State where he resides.

April 21st, I lectured before the Reform Club of Lake Village. A very large audience greeted me, and I trust some good was done.

While at Lake Village I had related to me a wonderful cure performed by Dr. J. R. Newton, the healer, last winter, in Guilford, N. H. Mr. William L. Johnson, a member of the Free-Will Baptist church, a highly respected man in the community, related the following to me: His daughter was taken sick soon after the death of her sister. Previous to the death of her sister she was a very lively and intelligent girl, but after this affliction she became sober, "moped" around the house, and gradually passed into what the physicians pronounced hopeless insanity. Doctors tried their remedies, and ministers prayed, but all in vain. Under the influence of this kind of treatment she grew worse. Mr. Johnson was talking with Mr. Cook one day about the sad condition of his daughter. Mr. Cook advised him to write to Dr. J. R. Newton. He followed Mr. Cook's advice, and one day some time after he had written his daughter fell into a sound sleep, and when she awoke she was cured! A few days after this Dr. Newton's letter arrived, stating that upon a certain day she would be healed, which corresponded with the day upon which she fell asleep and awoke in perfect health. I asked Mr. Johnson if he thought "the devil" performed this cure, and he replied, "I know not by what power it was done. I only know that my daughter was sick, but now is healed. If the devil performed the cure, all I can say is this: I am very much obliged to him."

Sunday afternoon, April 29th, I lectured in Brann's Hall, at Lake Village, on "Spiritualism." The audience was rather small, on account of the stormy weather.

May 11th, 12th, and 13th, I spoke at the convention at Bradford. We had good attendance, and considerable interest was manifested. As a full report of the proceedings has been printed in the Banner I will not repeat here. Saturday evening, May 12th, I spoke before the Reform Club at Bradford; also spoke before the same club May 19th. A great interest is manifested here in the temperance cause.

I shall remain in New Hampshire probably through the summer months, and do what I can to get the State Association well established, and help on the good work every way that I can.

I have heard many good reports of Mrs. Pickering's séances for materialization. When she was at Lacombe one gentleman recognized his mother. Other forms were recognized. So the good work goes on. One phase of mediumship succeeds another, from the lower and more insignificant ever reaching toward the higher, toward that which is more demonstrative of spiritual power. In materialization all doubt of spirit-manifestation will yet be swallowed up. Soon shall we behold the destruction of the last enemy—death. Oh may we not even now exclaim in the fullness of our joy—

"Lo! they have rolled the stone away,
Oh death! from thy cold, silent tomb,
And the beams of glory stream
Stream through where once were clouds of gloom!"

GEORGE A. FULLER.

Bradford, N. H.

California.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Mrs. H. F. M. Brown writes, July 12th: "By request I send you the MS. copy of the good words regarding Robert Dale Owen spoken by C. M. Plumb, Esq., before the 'Spiritual Union' of this city. We all want a copy of them. Mr. Plumb said: 'Since I last addressed you one more has joined that innumerable throng constantly passing from earth to spirit life—one who was personally known to some of us, and well known to all through his faithful life service—I allude to Robert Dale Owen. I am glad to celebrate my first appearance in this new and cheerful place of meeting by a brief but joyful tribute to the newly risen soul.'

Robert Dale Owen's life has passed into history. Such men do not live vain. Earnest, untiring and faithful are qualities that leave a record. Add to these such marked ability as none denied to Mr. Owen—so spotless and crystalline a character, with a devotion to humanity that he inherited with his first breath, and duplicated and emphasized by his whole life, and we may well feel sure that the slower, later judgment of the value of his life, the excellence of his work, will be the just one.

Shelley once wrote respecting poets: "No living poet ever arrived at the fullness of his fame. The jury who sits in judgment upon a poet—belonging as he does to all time—must be composed of his peers; it must be empaneled by Time, from the select of the wise of many generations." If this be true, as it doubtless is, we need not wonder that Robert Dale Owen's life and character has not yet been empaneled. We can afford to wait, nor need we heed the idle scribbling which seizes upon the simple incidents of overwork, consequent illness and temporary derangement—occurrences that pass unnoticed in all lives save those of Spiritualists!

It matters little what men may say of him. Whether Rob-

ert Dale Owen was sane or insane, and if the latter, whether or not it was because of Spiritualism, should, and will, weigh little in the scales of a just judgment against such a life! Better one such insane man than a thousand hopelessly, helplessly sane ones, such as curse the world to-day! Mankind have always been most indebted to those that are counted insane by their contemporaries. One generation stamps that as insanity which succeeding generations may recognize as genius.

Now that Mr. Owen has gone, passed quietly away, as befitting his modest nature, with fully ripened sheaves, we need only express our satisfaction at the peacefulness of his exit and our joy at the change which has come for him, and happily awaits us all.

Tears for the enfranchised spirit? Mourning for his loss? Nay, rather gladness and joy that, having finished his work here, he has gone to wider and happier fields of effort yonder. Let us keep our hearts for those who must live—who cannot die! There, immured in the clouds of heaviness, weariness and decay, may feel the bitterness of desolation, of misunderstanding, sneering and contempt. But they reach not the enfranchised spirit. For him, oh—

"We have need of a song of great joy;
Of a hymn, of an anthem of joy;
Dim, dark, dismal, dreary, dread
Out of darkness the place of the dead,
Into light, into joy overhead!"

The apotheosis of the human spirit is the most beautiful and joyful event of life. Though but an incident it is the final and glorious one, full of rich, redeeming beauty, even in its external aspects, as in the bud or flower we pluck the autumn leaf that falls; and full of blessedness and joy in its deeper mystery and immortality. So shadowed by the terrors of our mortality have we been that we have chanted the praises of heroes and martyrs of the old time and the Christians of the new, who have simply gone calmly out of life. It is time we began to sing praises to death—that beautiful, strong deliverer. How divinely inspired and inspiring is the song:

"Oh, beautiful white mother, Death!
Thou unseen and shadowy soul,
Thou mystical, angelic soul,
How soothing and cooling thy breath!
"Oh, beautiful Angel of Life!
Germes thou bringest, and burst into bloom;
Sowest thou seed, and rise from the tomb;
With rapture and loveliness life
On earth thou art named cold death,
Dim, dark, dismal, dreary, dread
But in Heaven thou art Angel of Life!
"We are one with thy spirit, oh Death!
We spring to thine arms unafraid;
One with thee are our glad spirits made,
We are born when we breathe thy full breath,
Oh, mother of Life, lovely Death!"

EUREKA, HUMBOLDT CO.—W. J. Sweeney writes: "It is seldom we intrude on your space or the patience of your readers, from the fact that we have little to the point to communicate. But occasionally we send greeting to prove that we still keep our glorious flag unfurled on this the most western portion of our extended domain. For the last two months we have been favored each Sunday with a lecture from Mrs. C. M. Stowe. She is a person of fine talent and pleasing address, and has drawn large houses. She is one of the most fluent lecturers that has ever visited this place. Possessed of a quick perception, clear ideas and eloquent delivery, her arguments are convincing. Her speech is graceful, rapid and without hesitancy. Her diction is faultless, and she has a touching facility of improvising poems on the subject of her lectures. She keeps her audience in rapt attention from the time she commences repeating a poem until the close of her lecture. She has made many friends here who hope for her early return, and a more extended stay amongst us. During the last week we have had quite a revival and feast of good things. Our Progressive Lyceum on Sunday afternoon is a decided success. Benjamin Todd is now occupying our platform, and has good audiences."

SAN FRANCISCO.—Harry Wiggin, 402 Geary street, writes: "Mr. W. F. Peck, the physical manifestation medium, has returned to the fold. His excuse for going astray is ample, and I, knowing some of the peculiarities of mediums and mediumship, readily understand how it could be. He has been cruelly punished, and has, I think, suffered more than any one else. And as I believe in progression, I say 'Give him another chance.' I feel assured he will never go astray again. He has been giving séances (in the dark) in my house for a number of weeks with good acceptance; the manifestations being simply marvelous. He goes to Washington Territory and Victoria, B. C., soon. I recommend him to all Spiritualists and investigators."

One of our finest mediums, who is now at the East, will be with you soon. I refer to Mrs. Lou M. Kerns, who will attend some of the proposed camp-meetings to be held in your State. Her phases are clear and very satisfactory, and being honest I can cheerfully recommend her to those who long for the bread of life."

District of Columbia.

WASHINGTON.—J. B. W. writes: "Thirteen years ago, more or less, I advertised in the Banner for speakers to visit Colorado. Laura DeForce Gordon came. She spoke to a large audience in the Theatre; the speech was a success, and Denver gave tribute in money handsomely. The next morning the Denver News, then edited by Mr. Byers, contained an unkind article full of blind insinuations. A late number of the same paper contains a half-column article endorsing Manifesto, and recommending the citizens to call on him if they could not hear from the other side. Still more, the article shows that the writer has acquired some little knowledge of the facts and laws governing these phenomena. To this I add that the Sunday Chronicle of July 8th, 1877, contains a full account of the last séance attended by R. D. Owen, without a single fling at the man or the science. Surely the world moves, no matter how much the old fogies hold back."

Appropos, there is now going forward a work which will, if successful, startle the scientific and theological worlds. The spirits, under the guidance of a celebrated physician, formerly of the 'Hub,' through a medium of humble pretensions and no mean ability, have undertaken the cure of a mute. They are working with a purpose, a will and method which entitles it to do not guarantee success. The blind, lame and sick have been restored, and I believe in one case a mute, then why not in this case? Let all good people and spirits say 'amen,' even through Christians should say, 'By Beelzebub, the prince of devils, he casteth out devils.'"

Texas.

GALVESTON.—A correspondent writes: "We are now trying to get up a permanent organization through the very kind assistance of Mr. J. W. Eldridge (who is an excellent lecturer) and his esteemed lady (who is a good test writing medium). A great many of our best citizens have visited Mrs. E. at her rooms, and have been forced to believe in Spiritualism. In many instances parties receive fresh flowers, figs, grapes, geranium branches, etc., from the spirit friends. I think we shall succeed in forming our association now on a solid basis, and then we will feel the need of some good mediums here, especially materializers, as it is my impression that no good medium of that class has ever entered this city, and I imagine that a few good public séances would cause great numbers to investigate, and very naturally become believers and workers. Our people (I think) are as a rule pretty free thinkers and actors, and there are very few of us who will not go into investigation of any subject (without regard to early training of churches or parents) if the subject be of sufficient interest to justify the end; and if it was not that we have to pay so dearly for séances, many more would have investigated. The prices charged by the mediums who travel are so high, viz., \$3 to \$5 for a sitting, that it very nearly amounts to prohibition of all poor persons. All should have the opportunity to investigate and become workers in our great and glorious cause."

Michigan.

NAPOLÉON.—Franklin Jones writes: "We have instituted a circle in this place for the purpose of investigating the spiritualistic philosophy; and we feel to congratulate ourselves on our success so far. We felt like giving Spiritualism a fair trial at the tribunal of reason and investigation before condemning it, and from our own experience we feel to say that no man, or plurality of men, can investigate Spiritualism untrammelled by superstition or predisposition without rendering a verdict in its favor. This can hardly be expected, however, for all departures from long established formulas have to pass through the crucible of criticism, and have the venom of sarcasm heaped upon them before they are accepted; and, seemingly, the more worthy the departure the more intense the opposition. As for me, I will follow the truth wherever it may lead. Henceforth and forever I am a free man. Never in my life have I realized the amount of superstition and theological extravagances that I to-day, viewing them from a standpoint of reason and soul freedom, find. My entire views of human nature have changed. I have learned to think, and believe that man, instead of commencing a god and developing downward into a devil, commenced a devil, and is developing upward into a god. I mean by this that man commenced imperfect, crude and undeveloped, and is growing toward perfection, fulfilling the prophecy of his primitive condition. The idea that man started perfect, and is retrograding, is in dispute of every law ever discovered (I was going to say every law that will be discovered) by man. Our circle, when first started, was very unimpressive. The first demonstration we had of the presence of spirits was by slight raps. Then the table began to tip; then followed the development of a medium, and now we have a very strong battery. The great object I have in writing this letter is, not only to let you know of our theological but of our geo-

graphical whereabouts. We are in need of help. There is a strong element of opposition here. Orthodox 'rides the elephant' in this locality. We need a good test medium here; it is the only thing that will set the people thinking. We need something that will drive them out of their old, conventional thoroughfares of thought. 'Come over to Macedonia and help us,' as the Orthodox have it. We hope that no mediums knowing of our great need will fail to call upon us if they should be passing through this locality."

Indiana.

YOUNGSTOWN.—Elder M. A. Fullerton (of Lowell, Mich.), writing from the above place, under a late date, says: "I am very well acquainted with you, and I address these hastily written lines to introduce myself to you. I have often thought of writing to you, but on account of my superabundance of correspondence and much spiritual work, have seemed to lack the time. I am an elder in the Friends' Progressive Church, Osborn's Prairie, Fountain Co., Ind."

I have traveled many thousands miles, devoting myself to the diffusion of this most beautiful philosophy of immortality. I have always traveled alone, and have always paid my own current expenses; I have generally been entertained by the friends of spiritual progress. I speak in churches when I find the people liberal enough to let me occupy them; at other times and places I speak in halls, in school-houses, or in parlors, as the time or occasion demands. I always speak under inspiration. I am a psychometrist and practical pre-natalist; I give delineations of character and furnish charts. Have been successful in finding friends and much spiritual work for the angels to do through my organism; but, like nearly all the spiritual workers, I must say that because of the lack of organization, and consequent lack of provision, it is with but small reward as the result. Spiritualists, everywhere, listen to the summing up of my experiences: my conclusions are that you are doing yourselves far more injury than your opposers can possibly do you, by your lack of zeal and want of concentration in the form of organization."

Oh, awake, thou that sleepest! quicken yourselves to the work of diffusing this gospel, that it may be known by every creature, to the end that we may know ourselves immortal, and that we may make answer to every thought as well as every deed outward. The gospel of an intercommunion of the two worlds, through the power of spirit-ministry, is the gospel that finds a hearty response in the souls of men. So that the barriers of superstition and bigotry are removed, so that they can but see its beauty and holiness—for this we labor, for this we live. Help, angel guardians, for our work may be well done if that all who have felt the light of spiritual love and wisdom flooding their souls may be earnest, zealous workers in the cause of progress!"

Minnesota.

CHAMPLIN.—Mary J. Colburn writes, July 18th: "I read the communications of your correspondents with a great deal of pleasure, and have been hoping to gather up a few items of general interest to add to their department. But there is little that is encouraging to communicate. The cause of Spiritualism in Minnesota is in a languishing condition, our meetings and Lyceums have mostly died out, and our attempt at permanent organization seem to be a failure. Many of the pioneer workers have passed on to the higher life, and the few who remain are compelled by the pressure of circumstances to attend to things temporal rather than things spiritual. Yet I know of none who have apostatized from the faith."

Our magnetic healers are doing a good work, and are patronized by all sects of Christians. Thus far they have been unmolested by the civil power. A law was enacted a few years ago to proscribe irregular practitioners of the healing art, but it was never enforced, and was repealed by the next Legislature. If I were to sum up the work accomplished, it would be thus: a general weakening of faith in the dogmas of the Church, and a tacit acceptance of the cardinal doctrines of the Spiritual Philosophy. We have had a signal illustration of the superiority of works over prayer and faith. Our State had been so often devastated by grasshoppers, that the Governor, early in the season appointed a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, to prevent the reappearance of these ravagers. Protestants and Catholics alike observed the day with due solemnity, but notwithstanding this fervor of piety the grasshoppers came upon us, and now the farmers are at work with common sense and coal tar, confident that they will be able to save a large part of the growing crops."

So you have E. V. Wilson in the old Bay State. He was with us last year. He is a tireless worker, and highly respected by the Spiritualists of the West."

Massachusetts.

GREENWICH VILLAGE.—A letter from Dr. H. P. Fairfield informs us that during the last six months he has been lecturing and healing the sick in body and mind through the northern part of Massachusetts and southern part of New Hampshire. As the results of his labors, two new Spiritual Societies have been formed and are in a living, active condition—one in East Swazey, N. H., and one in Fitzwilliam, N. H. The Doctor closes thus: "The old and new friends of the cause are very much interested; doubts and fears are passing away; love and good will, with intelligence, bear sway. The friends in Baldwinville, Mass., have started anew, with fair prospects of success. My meetings there were fully attended by all religious denominations. The prevailing views of the people everywhere are spiritual. The first inquiry that I meet with among the people is concerning spiritual things. I am now engaged to speak for the Society in Friendship, N. Y., and vicinity, all the Sundays in August. Would like to make engagements for September, October and November, in one or more places. Address Dr. H. P. Fairfield, Greenwich Village, Mass."

P. S.—Will hold public discussions with clergymen who think that they can do away with spiritual things, or with doctors who do not believe in the power and wisdom of the spirits to heal the sick."

Ohio.

SPRINGFIELD.—John P. Allen writes: "We need some persons in this State to work for the cause, as you and others are doing in Massachusetts. There have been efforts made here in years gone by, which, though successful in some respects, generally have resulted in pecuniary loss to the managers; and of late years there seems to be a lack of union of interest in the cause. Our State organization has not been called together for years; and there are other States, with less than half our number, holding regular State and district meetings, to the advantage of all, and with growing interest. Mediums and lecturers travel rapidly through our wealthy State without employment to other sections of country where the friends of progress are less able pecuniarily, no doubt, but more willing, and with more earnestness, to receive them, and help along with the good work. The last lecture I heard in this place was delivered by E. V. Wilson. I wish that he could have given some of the same kind in one of our beautiful groves near here. There would have been hundreds to hear him. Certainly there are few lecturers better calculated to do more for the masses than Bro. Wilson, and few that stand higher as a seer. Ohio Spiritualists in general need waking up."

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.—William Wiggin, magnetic healer, remitting for another new subscriber, says: "I always have the Banner in my mind when I think there is an opportunity to urge its claims as one of the best exponents of the Spiritual Philosophy, and if I do not always succeed in my endeavors to induce acquaintances to add their names to your subscription list, you must not think that I am getting lax in my efforts. I should be very much gratified to learn that each person whose name is on your list had got an additional one placed thereon."

Maud E. Lord, after being in this city for about three weeks, has gone to her home in Quincy, Ill., to recuperate her health and rest from her mediumistic labors for the balance of the summer, and she expects to return to New York about the first of September."

Oregon.

NEW ERA.—Thomas Buckman writes: "A meeting was held on the ground belonging to the Spiritualists of New Era, Clackamas Co., June 23d and 24th. We had some very good test mediums present, among whom were Mrs. Howard, of Astoria, Mrs. Smith, of Portland, and Mrs. Patterson, of Oregon City. Our order was soon dampened by a heavy rain. While we sat in our tents, however, many good tests were given through the different mediums, showing that our spirit-friends were with us regardless of the rain. We returned to our homes, happy to see our crops growing in splendid style. Oregon never had a better prospect for crops than she has at present, and a failure she has never known. With the exception of professional men, Oregon presents many attractions to those who are inclined to look westward."

Wisconsin.

MILWAUKEE.—Juliet H. Severance, M. D., writes, July 18th: "To the Spiritualists and reformers of the West, greeting: I am engaged to occupy the rostrum on the 12th of August at the Shawshen Camp-Meeting, and would like to spend a few weeks speaking to the friends in New England, hoping thereby to be able to bring to them some different ideas from the general speakers, especially upon the subjects of health and the treatment of disease. Societies or persons wishing to secure my services can address me care of Banner of Light, early in August. I expect soon to clasp hands with many friends whom I have known personally and by correspondence, and receive as well as impart spiritual strength."

under the auspices of the State Association. Dr. Spinn and other good speakers will be in attendance.
MRS. L. E. BAILEY, *Secretary.*

tial science. It is time that the great and well-known fact of clairvoyance way placed beyond the cavil of such pretenders to final knowledge on the subject as Dr. Carpenter. If anything can be established by human testimony, concurrent, intelligent, and fortified by the most stringent conditions, it is the fact of clairvoyance.—The following is the letter which has suggested these remarks:

T. the Editor of *The Medical*

SIR—Nearly a twelve-month ago I asked, in a letter addressed to the Times and other London newspapers, for any facts, within the knowledge of the readers of my letter, concerning the apparent transference of thought from one individual to another; that is to say, any well-authenticated instances wherein a true mind reading, and not information derived merely from the muscular indications of the face or body, can be adduced. I also requested instances, beyond cavil, of genuine clairvoyance—either spontaneous or temporarily induced—and also of any other abnormal psychical phenomena occurring in private families that could be well attested.

My letter having been largely copied by the provincial press, led me into an enormous correspondence. From that time to the present I have been diligently sifting and arranging the mass of materials so obtained, and I wish here to tender publicly, as I have done in every case privately, my best thanks to my numerous correspondents—many of whom were readers of your journal.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum of Chicago will have no exercises during the month of August.

Dr. J. V. Mansfield in the West.

The Denver Mirror of July 21st says: "Dr. Mansfield, after a pleasant trip to Georgetown, where he was most kindly and cordially received, and delivered a lecture to an exceedingly interested and intelligent audience, returned to the Grand Central on Wednesday, and on Friday last left for Council Bluffs in response to pressing invitations from many of the leading citizens of that place, and will go thence to Chicago en route to New York. Aside from his extraordinary merits as a medium, the Doctor is one of the most attractive gentlemen we ever met. Quiet in demeanor, of refined instincts and tastes, pure morals, and possessing that rare culture which studious reading, extended travel in foreign lands, and association with the most eminent minds in the country, imparts, the Doctor is at all times genial, instructive and entertaining, and invariably inspires friendships that are warm and lasting. Those who know him best are among his most ardent admirers. In his professional capacity we solicit from him visits all that he asks, fair and honest treatment. As a gentleman of scrupulous honor, integrity and character, we commend him to all who are capable of appreciating these estimable traits at their true value."

Dr. Mansfield expects to arrive at his home in New York by the middle of August. His Western tour has, it is reported, wrought wonders for his health and usefulness.

Dr. Mack,

The healer by the laying on of hands, has an office at 7 Montgomery Place, Boston. The Doctor, as we recently stated, received considerable notice in England in consequence of remarkable cures made through his instrumentality. Such useful people should be patronized. Is not it better to be cured without medicine than with? "Most assuredly," the skeptic will say, "that is, if such a thing be possible." Our answer is, We know that it is possible, especially in nervous complaints. The laying on of hands is simply a process by which the magnetism of a healthy person is transmitted to a patient operated upon. Some few people possess this peculiar healing power; and, according to evidence, Dr. Mack has it, hence we recommend him. Dr. J. R. Newton also possesses similar power; so does Dr. Richardson, of the Bunker-Hill District; Dr. A. S. Hayward, of this city, Dr. I. P. Greenleaf, and others.

Highland Lake Grove.

This camp-meeting continues till Monday, August 6th, and those who have not already visited the grounds will do well to do so, remembering that Friday next is a special picnic day, and that on Sunday, (as stated by the advertisement on our fifth page,) Prof. William Denton and Mrs. C. Fannie Allen will occupy the platform—a test séance by Dr. V. Wilson and a sacred concert by Prof. Alonzo Bond's band adding to the attractiveness of the occasion.

Mrs. Richmond's Lectures in Brooklyn.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond will lecture in Everett Hall, 398 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday, August 5th. Her engagement includes all the Sundays in August. A rare opportunity for our friends in that locality to again hear this highly gifted inspirational speaker is now afforded.

The Pennsylvania and New Jersey Camp-Meeting, as per advertisement in another column, will commence Thursday, August 9th, and continue to the 20th, at Anderson's Station, N. J. Dr. J. H. Rhodes will have a stand on the grounds for the sale of books, pamphlets and the Banner of Light. He will also take subscriptions for the Banner. Prominent among other speakers will be Rev. Cyrus Jefferies.

We cannot be expected to endorse the specialties advertised in these columns, whether alleged spirit-photography or anything else. The reader must be his own judge in such matters. We make it an invariable rule, however, to eschew everything of an immoral tendency, when we know it to be such. We strive to do right in all such matters.

A Review of our foreign monthly exchanges, prepared for this edition of the Banner, will appear in our next issue. Dr. Ditson, in his Reviews, gives a very interesting epitomé of current spiritual events among other peoples, much of which matter is copied from the Banner into the secular papers without due credit.

INVESTIGATOR HALL.—Mr. Horace Seaver and other well-known speakers will publicly discuss "The Great Railroad Strike" next Sunday forenoon at 10½ o'clock, at this Hall, or, rather, continue the discussion from last Sunday. Admission free.

A private letter from Mr. C. E. Watkins, the slate-writing medium, now at Brattleboro', Vt., thanks us for our "kindly remarks" in the last Banner in regard to him. Rutland, Vt., will be his address for the present. After his tour through Vermont he will visit Maine.

A correspondent says: "Jennie Leys writes like a living soul." Here is a large, living soul. Spiritualists should keep her employed on the rostrum every Sunday throughout the entire year.

Any one knowing the post-office address of Dr. Lucie L. Bell, healing medium, formerly of New York, and who will send it to B. B. Wright, in care of Banner of Light, Boston, will confer a great favor.

El Eco de America is informed that the Banner of Light is regularly mailed to its address. We have no means of knowing, therefore, why our paper does not reach its destination.

We shall print a letter from Spirit Robert Dale Owen in our next issue.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

EAGLE HALL, 616 Washington street.—First Circle every Sunday morning at 10½ A. M. Inspirational speaking at 2½ and 7½ P. M. Good mediums and speakers always present. Free Conference Meeting every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock, sharp. Doors closed at 8¼. All are invited.

NASSAU HALL.—The Free Public Society of Spiritualists hold a Free Circle, with good, reliable mediums, every Sunday, at 10½ A. M.

NASSAU HALL.—Very harmonious and interesting circles were held in Nassau Hall on Sunday. Short addresses were made by several speakers, and a large number of remarkable tests were given by Mr. Frank T. Ripley. Some of the tests were stated to be perfectly correct by strangers who had just arrived in the city, by persons who had never before attended a spiritual meeting, and by gentlemen who were seated at the opposite end of the commodious hall. Fifty-six sealed envelopes, containing questions, were handed to Mr. Ripley, and in forty-three cases he wrote full and satisfactory answers. Mr. Robinson, who conducts the meetings, will give other particulars to persons who may desire further information.

A. B. W.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

SHORT SKIRMISH.—The revengeful is feared (sometimes) and therefore he is hated; but he is endowed with clemency is adored: the praise of his actions remaineth forever, and the love of the world attendeth him.

"Brunswick." In last Sunday's Gazette says: "I must not forget to mention the general cleanliness of Saratoga; nobody here hesitates to let her skirts drag over these sidewalks, for they fairly shine with scrubbing." The sidewalks or the skirts—which?

THE WAR.—As we go to press a panic seems to exist in the Turkish capital, and the Sultan is reported as about to retire for safety to Broussa. Great numbers of European residents are quitting Constantinople. At Rostuchuk, on Sunday, 29th, a heavy engagement was fought between the Czarowitch and Ahmed Eyyoub Pasha. The Turkish corps is reported to have been defeated with a loss of 30 guns, 10 standards, and 8000 prisoners. The Turks and Russians also claim a great victory recently at Lofitche, near Plevna—with what truth time and the "telegraph man" only can decide.

Ralph Waldo Emerson says: "We doubt not a man's fortune may be read in the lines of his hand, by palmistry."

Oh, rippling river of laughter! thou art the blessed boundary line between the beast and man, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fearful fiend of care.—Col. Ingersoll.

Nothing is so uncertain as the minds of the multitude.—Livy.

An idle man always thinks he has a right to be affronted if a busy man does not devote to him just as much of his time as he himself has leisure to waste.

"Austin, Texas," speaks of forty-nine spheres, and wants Mr. Wetherbee to write something on the subject. Wetherbee says he never said there were forty-nine spheres, and prefers to write on subjects he knows something about.

It is estimated that not less than twenty thousand will march in the procession at the dedication of the soldiers' monument on Boston Common on the 17th of September next.

An exchange gives as a reason for the injury inflicted upon "innocent" persons in riots, "too much foolish curiosity to the square inch."

Several persons have been poisoned in this city and in New Haven by living near Alathus trees. The danger is most imminent when the tree is in blossom. The symptoms are headache, nausea, etc.

The road to wealth—Beacon street.

Nothing is so dangerous as error—nothing so safe as truth.

The parent who sends his son into the world uneducated, deprives the community of a useful citizen and bequeaths a nuisance.

Fate once compelled a loving pair To part a little season; But, to make their love more rare, Deprived them both of reason.

Now, however, there is no danger of so sad a catastrophe, for absent lovers can kiss by telephone. "Is it not that nice?"

W. Willcott, of Brooklyn, insists on spelling the word Spiritualist with a small s. "Comment is unnecessary."

To Khadijah, wife of Mahomet, historians trace much that is noblest and best in the Koran and the Mohammedan religion. The prophet was twenty-five and she forty years old—a rich, powerful, intellectual woman when she married him. She was the first convert, and embracing the new belief with all the fiery religious zeal of her sex, for twenty-five years she was the backbone of Islamism. She stood by her husband and poured out all the resources at her command—wealth, enthusiasm, intellect and affection. After her death Mahomet was inconsolable, and... married another wife in two months after she died.

Leading Chinese residents of California are making preparations to secure the right of suffrage, which they say will insure them against a continuance of the persecutions to which their race is now subjected.

A young fellow offered to let the principal of a female seminary, who was always boasting of the proficiency of her pupils in grammar, that not one of them would decline a noun he could name, and he named the insignificant noun husband.

"When I die," said a married man, "I want to go where there is no snow to shovel." His crusty Orthodox wife said she presumed he would.

Beware of judging hastily; it is better to suspend an opinion than to retract an assertion.

The population of Nebraska has increased in ten years from 8,000 to nearly 300,000, and at the rate at which immigration is now flowing in it would not be at all surprising were the population to exceed half a million at the end of three years more.

Brazilian merchants who have visited New York assert that in a few years the United States will supply their country with a large percentage of the goods they now import from Europe.

"I apologize for saying you could not open your mouth without putting your foot in it," said the editor, sternly regarding the horsewhip she held over his head. "I solemnly assure you that when I said it I had no idea of the size of your foot."

A gentleman of this city, who keeps a good team, often invites his friends to ride with him. On a recent occasion he invited a young lady. After they were seated in the carriage he asked her, as usual, "Will you like to go?" She replied, "Oh, anywhere you please." "Well," said he, "I will take you either to Cedar Hill Cemetery or to the Tremont Park Trotting Park." Her rejoinder was good: "Sir, your offer is both grave and racy."—Hartford Times.

It costs about seven dollars to send a ton of wheat from Chicago to Liverpool.

Annie Besant, the English radical, is a young and talented lady who left her husband, a Church of England clergyman, because she could not submit to his intellectual tyranny.

"No, ma," she said, "Charles can never be anything to me more. He came out this spring in his last fall overcoat; and oh, ma! it wouldn't match my new dress, and so we parted."

Rose! for the banquet gathered and the bier; Rose! colored roses by human hopes for pain, Surely where death is not, nor change, nor fear, Yet may we meet thee, joy's own flower, again. —Mrs. Hemans.

A woman was offered a thousand dollars if she would remain silent for two hours. At the end of fifteen minutes she asked, "Is it the time nearly up?"

Narrow-minded men, who have not a thought beyond the sphere of their own outlook, remind one of the Hindoo maxim, "The small sees nothing but its own shell, and thinks it the grandest palace in the universe."

It is estimated that coffee is used by 60,000,000 of the human family, tea by 600,000,000, opium by 400,000,000, alcohol by 800,000,000, and tobacco by 700,000,000. A large proportion of the human family use substances that are either stimulants or narcotics.

There is a sliver string connecting all virtues. It is called moderation.

"There is no secret about success in life," said Commodore Vanderbilt; "all you have got to do is to attend to your business and go ahead—except one thing, and that is, never tell what you are going to do until you have done it. The attending to your business means work; the never telling means your knowing how to do a thing better than others. It means sagacity and prudence in the management of your affairs. Some men are always successful in certain things. They understand the situation, that is all. Every virtue gives man a degree of felicity in some kind. Honesty gives a man good report; justice, estimation; prudence, respect; courtesy and liberality, affection. Temperance gives health, fortitude, a quiet mind, not to be moved by any adversity."

Dr. George F. Waters, of Boston, claims to have discovered that bicarbonate of soda, or any other neutral alkali, is a very quick cure for burns or scalds; and he proposes to do this by sending his arm in the presence of a convention of surgeons, to test the cure.

A woman in Omaha recently swallowed a garter bat ton, and was choked nearly to death. "We have said a thousand times," says the Burlington Hawkeye, "that some serious trouble would yet come of this custom of Omaha women unbuttoning their shoes with their teeth."

Girls in their teens should learn the worth of money and the judicious use of it. If poor, they should earn it honestly, and then expend it in gaining an education, or save it for the emergencies of the future.—Sarah M. Perkins.

If Pharaoh's daughter had been as careful about taking in Jews as Judge Hilton is, what would have become of Moses?

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten having returned from England, will proceed to fulfill a lecturing engagement in California about the last of August. To the many friends who have solicited her to speak in various Western cities, Mrs. Britten desires to say she will lecture in Cleveland, Ohio, the first Sunday in September, Lincoln, Nebraska, the second, and San Francisco, the third; and though she will be happy to give week evening lectures anywhere near the above points, she will not be able to make any considerable divergence from the route of travel between New York and San Francisco. Address 118 West Chester Park, Boston, up to the last of August.

Mrs. M. Hardy Perkins, now on a tour among the White Mountains of New Hampshire, intends, we learn, to visit Hampton Beach. If her health is sufficiently recuperated she will return to Boston and resume her sittings as a test medium in September.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend Wood is ready to answer calls to lecture in the vicinity of her home. Address West Newton, Mass.

P. C. Mills speaks in Albany, N. H., the first Sunday in August. Address Conway, N. H., during August. He would like to make engagements to speak in New Hampshire or the western part of Maine the two last Sundays in August, and for September.

Geo. A. Fuller, of Sherborn, Mass., speaks at Washington, N. H., Aug. 5th; Sutton Mills, Aug. 12th; Sunapee Lake Spiritualist Camp-Meeting, Aug. 26th to Sept. 2d, also the intervening week; Croyden Flat and East Village, Sept. 9th; and at Sunapee, Sept. 16th. Ready to make further engagements for the fall and winter.

Bishop A. Beals writes from Madison, Ohio, July 25th: "Since closing my June engagement at Cleveland, I have been holding successful engagements at the villages of Birmingham, Chagrin Falls, and Thompson, all of this State." We shall print a letter from this active worker in our next.

Mrs. M. A. Carnes, of 229 Northampton street, this city, the well-known and excellent test, medical and business medium, will be absent from the city from July 30th to August 7th. Spiritualists and investigators in New Bedford and vicinity, desiring the sittings of a good medium, will find her at 171 Grinnell street, that city, between the dates mentioned above. Our friends in that locality should improve this opportunity by calling upon her.

Frank T. Ripley has returned to this city from a short trip to Maine, and resumed his sittings as test medium at No. 7 Montgomery Place.

Thomas Cook will, during the next month, lecture in the following counties of Minnesota, viz.: Noble, Rock, Blue Earth and Fairbault. The State Convention of Spiritualists for Minnesota will be held early in September.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield lectures in Friendship, N. Y., August 5th.

Meetings will be held at Grov's Opera Hall, Chicago, during the Sundays of August; Dr. E. W. Stevens, of Wisconsin, will be the speaker. He is a lecturer of extended experience, and said to be an eloquent and logical speaker.

Owing to an accident occurring to the vehicle in which Mrs. Anna Stewart was riding while on her recent visit to friends in Missouri, this lady was injured, and as yet has been unable to resume her sittings at Terre Haute.

Emma Hardinge Britten's Flying Visit to England.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: I bring with me many greetings from our spiritual friends and fellow-laborers across the water, and brief as my visit to my native land has been, I have participated in many scenes which prognosticate well for the advancement of spiritual light and knowledge. As my engagements in the West only permitted me to remain in England during the stay in port of the ship on which my husband and myself went out and returned, and my sole motive for making this hasty trip was to accompany my beloved and very aged mother to her home in England, my many kind correspondents should not feel surprised or disappointed that I have so little to relate to them of transatlantic spiritual experiences.

During my short week in port, however, although unable from pressure of family duties to visit the Metropolis, or proceed beyond my mother's home in Manchester, I heard much of the good cause, the work of its indefatigable advocates and mediums, and the fact that now and remarkable evidences of mediumistic powers are being constantly manifested in families of the highest standing and influence.

To judge by the immense number of urgent applications I received to lecture in London and the Provinces, Spiritualism must be more rife in England than ever.

I heard a very fine trance lecture from a Mr. Colville, a very young man with a very promising career before him; listened to the warm praises everywhere sounded of Mr. J. J. Morse, now so well-known on both sides of the ocean, and had the pleasure of attending a séance with Miss Kate Cook, the sister of the Miss Florence Cook so well known as a materializing medium. Miss Kate Cook undoubtedly possesses mediumistic powers of a very high order, and through the liberality and untiring energy of Mr. Charles Blackburn of Didsbury, near Manchester, this young lady's powers are being carefully cultivated under the best possible conditions, and her interesting sittings are limited only to the quiet and orderly sphere of private investigation.

At Mr. Blackburn's splendid residence, and surrounded by all those conditions most favorable to truly scientific but thorough research, séances of the most satisfactory and interesting character are constantly transpiring, forming a significant contrast to the disorderly, rude, and not unfrequently injurious surroundings which press upon and harass the poor medium exposed to the misery of public circles. During my short stay in Manchester, I met one of the members of an Association whose séances, though of a strictly private character, are not entirely unknown to fame. Their circles have now been conducted for some years past, and the intelligence communicated having been carefully recorded, has now been collated and published in two handsome volumes, under the title of "Angelic Revelations." Through the kindness of the "Recorder" of these interesting meetings, the volumes in question are now in my possession. I do not know whether they are for sale, or whether the rare and occult matter they contain has been limited to private circulation. Judging from my own bitter experience, and the aching shoulders which still remind me of my reward for publishing occult works, I should suppose (as I hope) that "Angelic Revelations" may be limited to circulation to those who can and dare receive them—those, in fact, who do not wait for others to think for them, but dare to ask for more light to-day than they received yesterday, hoping still for additional illumination with each returning morrow. Be this as it may, although the communications do not run in the ordinary groove of spirit teaching, and the communicants do not all claim to have "once lived on earth," the matter they render is rare, suggestive, and wonderfully in harmony with the most advanced ideas of the age—with those, in short, which I venture to prophesy will form the next phase of the great progressive movement.

In the midst of scanty time, urgent duties, and

still more urgent haste, I managed to comply with the solicitations of the Manchester friends, and lectured for them on the Sunday before my departure to an immense audience, standing, sitting and waiting for me in large crowds outside the hall. The deep and absorbing attention of the packed masses, their splendid yet simple mode of congregational singing, their warm enthusiasm, and affectionate greetings and farewells, form subjects of memory for me now which I shall not readily forget.

The next night—Monday—my last in England, I lectured at Liverpool under the auspices of the learned and well-known scientist, Dr. William Hinchman, who presided over an audience not less enthusiastic than my Manchester friends. Good, kind John Lamont, and dear Mrs. Noworthy, brave George Thompson's noble and talented daughter, accompanied us to the wharf on Tuesday morning, the whirling waves of time having swallowed up, or rather carried forward to the shores of eternity, my former faithful friends, Andrew Leighton and James Watson, two of the best and most devoted of the Liverpool Spiritualists—now spirits themselves. I saw them as they stood in the old accustomed places, waving farewell to me even as they used to do, and others saw them too, though they did not know that it was the habit of old they were repeating, and so the whirling waves of the broad ocean bore me back to these shores, from whence I set out again in three weeks to the far West, even as far as the Pacific Coast, where I expect to make a stay of some months.

The cares entailed upon me by my duty to my aged and venerable mother are now remitted by her departure for England. No longer compelled to remain in or near one spot, I propose, for some twelve months at least, to devote myself once more to the spiritual rostrum. The best I am and have to give; the best my beloved spirit-friends can give through me, will now be rendered, as in former times, untiringly and ungrudgingly to the cause of spiritual truth and light. I trust that many a hand that has been raised to strike intellectual blows at me, because I have differed in opinion from them, will, for the sake of the cause so dear to humanity and the angels, be equally ready to bury the hatchet of war, and clasp hands with me for the promotion of the common good. Divisions, sub-divisions, backbiting and slander, unkindness and unspiritual *Spiritism*, have reigned long enough, breaking up our ranks, shearing us of our strength and making of us a by-word and a reproach, instead of a power and a glory. May this spirit pass like the wave of war from out our midst, and in its place let a common sentiment of peace and good will unite us, until we plant the white standard of Spiritualism on the highest eminences of the earth; a light to all nations, and a strength and rejoicing to the laborers who have helped to unfurl its glorious banner.

EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.
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NOTICE TO OUR ENGLISH PATRONS. J. J. MORSE, the well-known English lecturer, will act as our agent, and receive subscriptions for the *Banner of Light* and *Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich. Parties desiring to subscribe can address Mr. Morse at his residence, Warwick Cottage, Old Ford Road, Bow, E., London.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOOK DEPOT. WILIAM J. JACKSON, Bookseller, 32 West Main street, Rochester, N. Y., keeps for sale the *Banner of Light* and *Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich. Publishing House, Boston, Mass.

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HARTFORD, CONN., BOOK DEPOT. E. H. RICHES, 23 North Ninth street, Hartford, Conn., keeps constantly for sale the *Banner of Light* and a full supply of the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich.

WASHINGTON BOOK DEPOT. RICHARD ROBERTS, Bookseller, No. 1010 Seventh street, above New York avenue, Washington, D. C., keeps constantly for sale the *Banner of Light* and a full supply of the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich.

BALTIMORE, MD., BOOK DEPOT. WASH. A. DANFORD, 209 Saratoga street, Baltimore, Md., keeps for sale the *Banner of Light* and the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., BOOK DEPOT. At No. 219 Kearney street, San Francisco, may be found on sale the *Banner of Light*, and a general variety of *Spiritual and Reform Works*, A. Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co's Golden Era, Planchette, *Positive and Negative Powers*, *Orion's Anti-Tobacco Preparations*, Dr. Morse's *Nutritive Compound*, etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free, received at par. Address, HERMAN SNOW, P. O. box 117, San Francisco, Cal.

NEW YORK BOOK AND PAPER AGENCY. CHANNING D. MILLS keeps for sale the *Banner of Light* and other *Spiritual Papers* and *Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich. The Harvard Rooms, 43d street and 6th avenue, and Republican Hall, 55 West 23d street.

PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT. DR. J. H. RHODES, 23 North Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa., has been appointed agent for the *Banner of Light*, and will take orders for all of Colby & Rich's Publications, and will also take orders for the *Banner of Light*, at Lincoln Hall, corner Broad and Coates streets, and at all the spiritual meetings. Parties in Philadelphia, Pa., desiring to advertise in the *Banner of Light*, can consult Dr. Rhodes.

PHILADELPHIA PERIODICAL DEPOT. WILLIAM WADE, 529 Market street, and No. 8, corner 12th and Arch streets, Philadelphia, has the *Banner of Light* for sale at retail each Saturday morning.

CHICAGO, ILL., PERIODICAL DEPOT. W. F. HILL, 61 Andover street, near the Williams Hotel, keeps for sale the *Banner of Light*, and other *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich.

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Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting

AT HIGHLAND LAKE GROVE

CLOSES Monday, August 6th. On Sunday next, 5th inst., Mrs. C. FANNIE ALLEN, the eloquent inspirational speaker, and PROF. W. M. DENTON, will address the people. MR. E. V. WILSON, and others, will hold sances. Special trains leave Boston, stopping at stations at 9 A. M. and 12½ P. M. Will leave Putnam on last Sunday, August 5th, at 10 P. M.

CAMP-MEETING.

THE PENNSYLVANIA AND NEW JERSEY SPIRITUALISTS' CAMP-MEETING ASSOCIATION have made the necessary arrangements to hold an eleven days' meeting, commencing Thursday, August 9th, at Anderson's Station, N. J. A branch of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, a branch of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad. Tickets from Philadelphia, round trip, \$1.50, and regular trains from Philadelphia, stopping at stations at 9 A. M. and 12½ P. M. Will leave Putnam on last Sunday, August 5th, at 10 P. M.

DR. J. H. RHODES, Chairman of Committee.

LAKE PLEASANT CAMP-MEETING.

THE NEW ENGLAND SPIRITUALISTS' CAMP-MEETING ASSOCIATION will hold their fourth annual Camp-Meeting at Lake Pleasant, Montague, Mass., from August 6th to August 31st.

Public services commence Aug. 12th, and continue to Aug. 27th.

Programme of Speakers.

Sunday, Aug. 12.—Dr. H. B. Stewart, of Boston, Mass.; Oliver B. Stebbins, of Detroit, Mich.

Tuesday, Aug. 14.—C. Fannie Allen, of Stoneham, Mass.

Wednesday, Aug. 15.—Bishop A. Beals, of Versailles, Ky.

Thursday, Aug. 16.—Mrs. S. A. Byrnes, of Wollaston, Mass.

Friday, Aug. 17.—Cephas B. Lynn, of Babylon, N. Y.

Saturday, Aug. 18.—R. T. Hallack, of New York City.

Sunday, Aug. 19.—Cephas B. Lynn, E. V. Wilson, of Leonard, Illinois.

Tuesday, Aug. 21.—Mrs. Augusta Hope Whipple, of Boston, Mass.

Wednesday, Aug. 22.—Bishop A. Beals, of Versailles, N. Y.

Friday, Aug. 24.—Mrs. N. J. T. Brigham, of Elm Grove, N. Y.

Sunday, Aug. 2

For sale wholesale and retail by COLBY & RICH,
No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Broadway street.

New York Advertisements.
