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The Spiritual Egoism.

THE PURPOSE OF LIFE.

A Lecture Delivered in Horticultural Hall, Boston, Sunday, June 10th, 1883, through the Mediumship of
J. WILLIAM FLETCHER.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

There is one question that the king upon his throne is prone to ask, as he gazes over his vast empire, and beholds every manifestation of external strength, as seen in the great armies, in the control of the people, in the limitations he may place upon liberty and enjoyment of rights, and yet realize how impotent he is to stay the progress of time, the sure decay that ever follows in the footsteps of the years, the ravages of disease, or the peremptory call of the Angel of Death. He perceives that all is external and therefore fleeting; and as he says, "I am dust and to dust I shall return," he asks, "Is life worth the living?" The peasant and the toiler of the sea, who never know but one long day of endless, and oftentimes aimless labor, who never expect to do more than keep a roof above their heads, and find food to keep away hunger, repeat the same question.

The gay woman of fashion, whose days and nights are one long revelry, as she sees her hopes and ambitions like withered leaves at her feet, turns her head away with a weary sigh, saying, "What is the end of it all?" And yet the world is very far to look upon; here in the glory of this early summer's day sorrow and want are not fore-shadowed, for all nature seems teeming with goodly blessings. The hills and valleys, the bright fields and the abiding waters, with the music of sunlight, like unto the blessing of God, resting upon them, seem all to proclaim, we are for man's life and enjoyment. Yet somehow, with all of this great supply for every demand, there seems to be a failure in the plan, since so few seem to see beyond the hour and the time, or gain for themselves any legitimate conception of what the effort of the infinite mind may be.

The life of man must be for a purpose, if he could but perceive aright what that purpose is. To one it is to live, and live only. To another, to solve the problem of nature, and then, quietly, be swallowed up in the silence of the night; while yet a third will say, "All is of God, and sacrifice is the watchword. Seek the King; man is but a worm until born of the spirit." Forthwith all of these are right so far as they go, though they may fall to see that all three of these opinions, but show different sides of the same nature, that need a certain degree of development before that purpose is revealed or life made worth living.

There are those who live purely in the realm of the physical; the command of "Eat, drink, and be merry," is followed out by them in the spirit and the letter; all things are brought down to the physical plane, the "eating and drinking" becoming the really important events to the success and enjoyment of which all other things are made to bend. They talk wisely about being thoroughly practical, and look upon all sentiment or spiritual aspiration as a folly to be overcome and sneered down. Success is the watchword, and to such a mind all paths that lead to it are worthy of being tried.

A father takes his young son, just starting out in life, and in seeking to impress upon his mind the great responsibilities before him, ever breathes into his spirit the great necessity of doing, of achieving something great. He takes him past some splendid great mansion, where with all the adornments of wealth the homes of the rich look down in bold derision upon the hovels where want and poverty hide themselves, and says: "See what a will can do. That man was a poor lad once; he is now the carrier of the town; he controls half the resources of the country, and a thousand pair of hands are busy in his workshop. He has succeeded." The world calls this a good example; it applauds, ever has, and ever will, doubtless. Vice, if clothed in purple and fine linen, smiles complacently upon those who tread the golden measure of success. And yet there was a teacher whose great simplicity and great spiritual perception stamped him as sent of heaven, who said, looking into the eyes of rich men and their spoils, "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven; then, the kingdom of the earth, which is far above all greatness." The world listens and smiles, and goes on its way all the same. A life made up of purely material success, be it ever so great, worth living?

Others who have stepped beyond the mere realm of self and self-gratification, talk of mental enjoyment, and in the deep study of Nature and her laws seek to develop the power of the mind, very often to the detriment of everything else. They trace back the development of the planets, tell you of the time when the world was young, of the time when men walked upon four feet instead of two, and see in the dissolution of

the body the end of all. The vast store-houses of wisdom are absorbed by them; they can tell you all about the history of the nation, and declare that all of life is to live; their much learning seemingly conferring very little benefit; rather serving to insulate their minds and breed a misanthropic spirit, forcing them (to borrow their own words) "by the logic of events to accept the unpleasant conclusion that life is but the result of the combination of the elements, which at death is dissipated in this air." The wisdom of a Darwin, that succeeded in unraveling the riddle of existence, brought no satisfaction even of any life beyond this. The rare eloquence of an Emerson can only picture of living again in flowers and fruits and trees. The earnest Christian loudly advocates the higher life as the ultimate of human attainment; but in this we find a wide diversity, so great indeed as to lead us to query if it be a higher life after all. Men have sought to grow in spirit at such a terrible sacrifice of all that is sweetest and best in human life, that it is a question if the means did not defeat the end.

Behold the manner and the way in which men seek to worship God and thereby unfold the spirit. If you turn your eyes to Jerusalem, you will see upon Mount Calvary the proud spires of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in which there is a chapel for every Christian denomination except the Protestants. Service is going on at all hours, yet at every corner you will see Turkish guards with drawn swords, placed there for no other purpose than to keep these worshippers of the Prince of Peace from killing each other as they go to and fro from service. Can there be much spiritual growth in a nation ranking with hatred toward another, whose crime consists in a difference of belief? Yet these earnest worshippers vainly imagine they are living a spiritual life, like some Christian nations of the past who have beheaded and burned all of those who refused to believe in God's goodness as they understood it. If you watch the seven thousand pilgrims as they return from Mecca, having made the pilgrimage of their life, you will see how gladly at the given word they will prostrate themselves upon the ground, until the entire road is covered with a human carpet, and then how anxiously they will wait for the signal that announces the horse and rider that trample upon them, as the animal, as if aware of what he is doing, plunges upon their prostrate forms; and if, perchance, any of them are injured, they are taken home and given old wine to drink, for God in breaking the bones in their bodies has broken the sin that was within, and forever after the broken limbs are looked upon lovingly, as having received marks of divine affection.

Go with me to ancient Rome, the city of the living and the dead; where, side by side with the achievements of our own time, are the ruins of Caesar's past grandeur. Stop before the grandest pile ever erected in the name of any religion, St. Peter's, dip your fingers in the holy water, bow before the Virgin, kiss St. Peter's famous toe; and there are those who will tell you that in all this is the same of spiritual life, that without this external form your inner perceptions and aspirations are meaningless and void.

Nor are these forms of religious worship confined to the old world alone, for here, under this Western sky, the sun of spiritual truth is obscured by clouds equally thick and dark. On Sunday morning the church bells proclaim the advent of the Lord's day. The world lays aside its every-day attire, its every-day rule, its every-day morals, and, clad in its best, goes to church and becomes religious. Indeed, many put on their religion as they do their Sunday clothes, and it fits them about as completely; and when the day is done hang both away until the week has past. The enjoyment of nature's beauty, the laugh of a child, a ramble in the woods, a sail on the lake, or any harmless and pleasurable amusement is loudly condemned by the "clearest," and the theologian, with the help of the pulpit, is fast reducing Sunday into a day of petty annoyances and persecutions, all for the glory of God.

Many think because they are uncomfortable they are religious, and that because they sacrifice themselves and their enjoyments, heaven is more pleased. You will, therefore, find those who will hold their arms in one position for a long time; or, as in the case of the howling dervishes, who never out their nails or hair; or wash their faces, thinking that by the omission of these they are in a better state to praise God.

In Italy and France priests will fill their sandals with stones, or fast for days as penance, thinking God is more pleased thereby; or pass their lives in the monastery or convent, away from the gay and noisy world, and with prayer, and service, and anthem, feel they are among the chosen. Others, with broad heart and in costume of gray, think they are more pleasing to the Almighty, not because it is more becoming, but because it proclaims a total abstinence of taste. If drab is the most pleasing color to the Great Creator, why were not these flowers painted all one color? Why was not yonder sky, that to-day is all flecked with clouds, reflecting a thousand different hues, of that more sombre shade? Why were not grass and tree, and bird and leaf, all of the same hue? The glory of Nature is the harmony of its diversity, and the hand of the Infinite has blessed the world with an ever-changing and glowing variety. Nature protests against all laws that limit the possibility of good in any living thing.

There are those who eat only certain kinds of food; who practice vegetarianism for the benefit of their souls; and who, looking upon a man of good, robust health, will say, "He is gross, or animal," when in fact such a man is in the enjoyment of nature's greatest gift—good health. And of another, who is pale and weak, they will remark, "How spiritual!" When in truth he is only dyspeptic, and in a far more morbid state than he who can walk erect with firm yet elastic step.

If all the glimpses we get of spiritual life embody all that can ever be attained, then indeed shall we write, "Attain Life," "Failure," but it is not so. The physical life is the essential life in physical things, and the world to-day needs to know more of itself—more of the laws of health, so that this world of misery brought on through a violation of law may be better known; so that illness and deformity and every form of disease may be eliminated from our midst. Man needs a healthy body, needs to live a clean, sweet, pure external life. In the enjoyment of these he is in a state to cultivate the possibilities of the brain and unfold the powers of the mind. No longer hampered by physical conditions that bar his way, and block his every onward step, he can walk with Nature and with God, learning each day to understand the beauty, the symmetry, and the beneficence of the world around him. With a sound mind and a healthy body we find the proper conditions to develop a pure spirit; and without the life of the spirit, without the consciousness of a spiritual existence, all efforts, all attainments fall dead to the earth. Man needs this; it is the richest necessity of his life. Without it all is blank and aimless; with it all things glow and live and abide—giving to the heart of humanity a joy beyond unknown. Then the struggle is a meaning; then the heart aches and the senses are quickened; the crown of glory, the stake and the prize are gained out at steps in that ladder that leads on to more perfect states; and a voice more po-

tent than that of a mortal says, "Nothing is in vain; all is best in its time and season."

There is, however, an earnest desire to know what our mission may be. The mind longs for some field in which to distinguish itself; some spot upon which its own peculiar individuality may be stamped. The great world seems to be a vast arena, and the times and opportunities seem to be so many, so that, unless a mission of great magnitude appears, the life possibilities too often run to waste; and yet the smallest life has the element of a tragedy in it. In the little quiet town, far removed from the world's perplexities, dramas are each day being enacted that call forth the deepest emotions, and deeds of true heroism pass unrecorded, that in spirit elevate the door to a place among the highest. Among the simple miners, when one was lost in the pit, and they joined hands until they made a human cable and saved their comrade, was an exhibition of how the spirit of true sacrifice and heroism may be found under coarsest vestiture. A Grace Darling may ride the waves that seem like so many hungry mouths ready to devour all that may come within their reach, and bring to shore those she has snatched from death; or the brave engineer, who, seeing a child on the track, goes to the very front of the engine, and as it rushes on, seizes the child and saves its life. These are in the every-day walks of life, and yet they show how, if we are desirous of doing a good work, the work will surely find us. You can always find a mission if you seek, and whatever of good your hands find to do—do it, knowing that in the sum of all events, each sacrifice and noble endeavor is recorded.

When you look at the attainments of one of the world's unrecorded kings, Peter Cooper, you see what a desire for good will accomplish. No monument can be erected that will equal the glory of Cooper Institute. Its founder did not give to the world a great church, but he bequeathed to the poor of the world the means of obtaining an education, and the gratitude of generations now unborn will rise like incense in grateful praise for what he has so generously done for them. His purpose was not to preach, but to teach, and there is such a wide difference between the two. The good men do, in the spirit of goodness and love; is not "interfered with their bones," despite the satire of the poet. Great men, great in the sense of being good, never die; they live, immortal through the grandeur of their deeds and the purity of their aspirations. Thus Peter Cooper rendered himself a worthy standard; and it was the member of no church which claims kinship with saints, he was a worker in that great church of the world whose only command is, "Feed my lambs," and has left behind him a monument that will stand as an example of what a man with the religion of love in his heart can accomplish for his fellow-men.

My dear friends, spoken than those uttered by the immortal Theodore Parker, whose purity of character and purpose stamps him as being one sent of heaven to minister unto a blind and ignorant people. He came as Jesus came, not with the anger of God, but with the terror of hell, but with the new law, "that ye love one another." When he felt that he was passing slowly but surely away from earth; when friend and foe were alike unable to harm or to help, he said to a friend, "There are two Theodore Parkers, one suffering, worn and broken, weak in limb, and weary in spirit; he will soon, very soon, pass beyond the reach of mortal man. You will bury him; the grass will grow and the flowers will bloom above him, and those who loved him will visit the spot, and think kindly of the one who sought to do so much, and accomplished so little for his fellows. The other, strong and determined, ever fighting on the side of truth, is in the world doing his work, and ever ready to defend that which is just and right. He will live on forever." What one here will presume to say that Theodore Parker is dead? He lives in the grandest of all immortalities, that which comes from noble attainments in the cause of human liberty and truth. Dead! Ah, no! I look to the reformers, and their work, and I find him in their midst. I go to church—the self-same church that condemned him so loudly—and as I listen to the purer sentiment and the more comprehensive ideas of God, I find him there. A life like that of Theodore Parker becomes robbed of all personality; it seems the very incarnation of truth itself.

What the world needs to-day is the religion of sympathy. Humanity has fallen, wounded and sore, before the shrines of a dogmatic theology that has felt perfectly justified in deluging the world with the blood of unbelieving heretics; a theology that pictures the only salvation possible to man as that which comes through the blood and suffering of the innocent. What wonder, then, that the multitude of the world is unchurchd? That the drift of the world's opinion is wholly toward materialism, and that the crucifixes erected in the name of God have led to an entire neglect in him? Let the religion of sympathy come in, gliding the hills and valleys with a thousand tender hues, helping man to understand the almost divine significance of the words "brother and sister." Let the true service of God be breathed forth in words and deeds of love toward his children. I long ago came to the conclusion that there were none so low, but that there were depths beneath them; none so high, but that there were steps above them. You can never make men or women better by proving how bad they are; the only way to elevate a human soul is to approach it with all tenderness and pity, and then picture to it how good it is possible for it to become. In this way the very hardest can be reached, for, after all, conditions have made us all what we are.

I stood long ago on the shores of a lake, and looking down into the water I saw only the black mud beneath it. I took a tiny seed in my hand, bound it to a pebble and dropped it in the water. It sunk into the mud and was lost to view. Time passed on, and I returned to the spot and found a green leaf floating on the surface of the water. This I watched. Sometimes it was beaten by the storms and winds; sometimes gladdened by the bright sunshine, until at last I saw a bud, and then a pure white lily resting so quietly upon the water that its very tenderness seemed to conceal the black mud from whence it had drawn its life. That is just the way with our human nature: black and barren, and altogether unprofitable, until some one comes along and drops the seed of a noble thought therein. Then, from the very deformity and degradation it will spring up, and grow, and bloom like unto the lily. Let the "Purpose of Life" be to find that which is pure and divine, for thereby is revealed the way to that other life, which all, from the least unto the greatest, are recognized and loved as the children of God.

Peter Cooper, the philanthropist, recently deceased, was a Unitarian. Before he passed away he left this testimony: "My experience of life has not dimmed my hope for humanity. My sun is not setting in clouds, and darkness; but is going down cheerfully in a clear, unobscured, lighted up by the glory of God, who should always be revered and loved as the infinite source and fountain of all light, life, power, wisdom, and goodness."

Spiritual Phenomena.

ADVANCING MANIFESTATIONS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A materialization occurred in West Washington on Sunday evening, June 10th, under circumstances so novel as to deserve notice. In communications to the *Banner of Light* in the summer of last year, I took occasion to mention that C. C. Sailer, Esq., of that place, keeps erected in his parlor a cabinet for such mediums as are capable of being used for the manifestation of tangible and visible forms. It consists of a simple frame covered on three sides with flannel cotton, with curtains in front that can be parted in such a way as to allow one form or more to come out at once. The only furniture of this cabinet is a chair, which is placed within when needed. The back of the cabinet stands against the north wall of the parlor; the movable curtains open southward. The parlor is separated by folding doors, which, when opened, show an extended room of about thirty-five feet in length from the cabinet to the southern windows, which look out upon Gay street. On the east side of this parlor doors open from both portions into a hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Sailer and the writer have passed many a pleasant evening in the presence of this cabinet, in which Mrs. M. E. Beste has contributed as unconscious medium to our delight and instruction. But few of the manifestations that have taken place here have been made known to the public, their transcendent character sufficing for nothing better with many witnesses than to induce unjust and unreasoning suspicion; the evident impossibility of their production by known agencies being willfully taken as a proof of intentional deception. We have been content to let this class of observers scent for "frauds" under circumstances where their suspicious tempers could freely operate in producing what they seek; and we have cultivated our own little garden of spiritual facts without soliciting their aid.

In a *Banner* issued in the latter part of last September, an account was given of the simultaneous appearance of the form of Washington and of two female spirits; the simple statement of the facts being sufficient for such as have had but a moderate experience of this class of phenomena to prove that they were utterly beyond any conscious skill of the medium. It was about this time that voices of various spirits, purporting to be those of deceased acquaintances as well as of strangers, began to converse with us and to sing.

This phase of manifestations has continued to increase, so that now in the course of an evening there are occasionally heard as many as fifteen voices singing or conversing. They are mostly male voices; many being quite unlike in tone, though the proportion of female voices is increasing. Children also talk and sing. Persons who have had the pleasure of séances with Mrs. Hollis-Billing in 1870 and previous years, or with Mrs. Louie M. Lowe during 1872, or Miss H. Helmick during that year and later, will understand that these voices are independent—that is, are produced without the direct or ventriloquial use of the organs of the medium. But the variety, strength and sweetness of these voices exceed anything of the kind in the previous experience of the writer. With the increase of the power of these voices there has gone on a diminution of the strength and variety of the materializations, though the latter have by no means ceased. The voices may be heard from any cabinet, or in any private room, so darkened that organs of speech can be formed by spirits in the atmosphere of the medium; and she has recently begun to give these mystic concerts at private residences, upon the invitation of such persons as have discovered that there are many things in heaven and earth not dreamt of in their philosophy.

The medium has entered upon these séances with pleasure, as not exposing her to the risks incidental to materializations in the presence of promiscuous circles. These concerts are in a measure directed by a spirit-friend of the writer (J. L. S.), who speaks in a voice so natural, that it is difficult to imagine it other than that of the person from whom it purports to come. He does not, however, know the names of all the spirits that sing, and of some he will not disclose the names. Among the spirit singers whom we identify either by their voices or an assumed name, are "Belle Holmes," "Frank Yates," "Charley Van Horn," "Campbell," a Moorish Prince and his sister "Fatima," a German (name not given), the "Sweet Singer," "Daisy Lowe," a German Jew, "Evelyn Baker," "John Howard Payne," two Italian opera singers (a gentleman and lady), a Tyrolean, Mellic and Jennie Sailer, the "Empress Josephine," and others, the deceased friends of the families at whose residences a concert may be held. The favorite song of "Belle Holmes" is "Coming Through the Rye." I have frequently heard this spirit sing the same song in the circles of Mrs. Hollis-Billing and Mrs. Lowe in 1870 and 1872. "Campbell" was a member of the famous Ritchie opera troupe, and sings "The Heart Bowed Down" with the same perfection as when in the body. The favorite song of "Frank Yates" is "Twinkling Stars are Laughing, Love;" while "Charley Van Horn" indulges in several comic melodies, besides extemporizing in song-addresses to the individual members of the circle. The Moorish Prince and his sister, "Fatima," sing words resembling Arabic, in which the Mezzini's call to prayer can be recognized. Most delightful is "The Cottage by the Sea," as sung by the "Sweet Singer." "Daisy Lowe," in a shrill, childlike

voice, on every possible occasion, thrills in "There is a Happy Land."

The German in clear tones and in a voice of immense compass gives us, "Thou art so near and yet so far." The "Empress" sings "Home Again," "Bonaparte's Grave," and "The Marchioness." The Italians, responding to each other, sing extracts from Italian opera. "Evelyn Baker," as in the circles of Mrs. Lowe, in 1870, in this city, gives us "Annie Darling." A nameless male spirit sings "Annie Laurie." "John Howard Payne" in a rich, full voice favors us with "Sweet Home."

On the 20th ult. our little party of three, with the medium, celebrated the departure of the "Empress" to spirit-life, on which occasion Mellic Sailer, "Jeanne d'Arc," and the Moorish princess, "Fatima," came in material form from the cabinet in succession, and to our eyes and ears demonstrated, upon a small table, how raps are produced and tables moved by spirit-power—simply holding their hands upon or above it, and by effort of will making concussions or movements in response to our questions. The singing at this séance was very fine, and when Payne gave us "Sweet Home" he promised to repeat it on the anniversary of his birth and of the reinterment of his remains in Oak Hill Cemetery (West Washington), on the 9th of June (yesterday). Unfortunately, on leaving the house that very evening (the 20th ult.) our medium stumbled in descending the steps leading to the street, and fearfully wrenched her left ankle; and it is supposed by her physician that she broke some small tendon or blood-vessel of the foot. The limb is badly swollen and cannot in the least be used. She can move only upon crutches, bearing not an ounce weight upon the foot, which is steadily in more or less pain.

In this condition it was doubted whether she should undertake the two miles ride from her home to West Washington, or if she went, whether any manifestations would occur. However, she ventured to go, and was helped from her cab into the residence of Mr. Sailer without injury. Her control soon took possession of her, and using the crutches got her into the chair in the cabinet at 8:30 p. m. The gas was then lowered in the front parlor, and Mrs. Sailer began a familiar air upon the piano. The medium was clad in a close-fitting dress of navy blue albatross. In about five minutes from the time she entered the cabinet, a white form in clouds of lace parted the curtains and showed herself as the elder spirit daughter of the family. A few moments later she ran rapidly six feet from the cabinet, bearing the "medium's" crutches, and cast them some three feet from herself to the floor. Retiring to the cabinet, she presently came out again, and moving from side to side of the open space in front of it, approached her parents; then went to a little stand near the mantel and brought her father a glass holding a bouquet of flowers. She returned to the cabinet, and her spirit sister Jennie came out, and for some moments danced gracefully before us. The sisters, when out, conversed readily with both parents, but in whispers. Ona, the elder sister, stood some three minutes without the cabinet while a white form claiming to be the mother of Mrs. Sailer stood between the curtains. This form spoke to Mrs. S. while the daughter (of Mrs. S.) stood without.

Forms purporting to be those of the wife, mother, and a sister of the writer, called him in succession to the cabinet. Their words and gentle caresses seemed to justify their claim to be what they asserted they were. The sister who parted the curtains and showed me two forms in white, visible by their own light, standing at the back of the cabinet. In the intervals between these comings, voices in the cabinet sang snatches of popular melodies. At last the "Empress" came out, and standing before us, sang stanzas from each of the songs which I have mentioned as being her favorites. She was followed by Jennie Sailer, who joined with her parents in singing, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." After this kind of manifestation had continued for an hour, the German and "Campbell" sang their favorite melodies, and a very sweet male voice gave us "It is but a Little Faded Flower." We could see the outlines of the German and "Campbell" standing between the curtains of the cabinet while they sang. Finally, "John Howard Payne" redeemed his promise by singing "Sweet Home," sweetly and clearly. When by accident I called him James Howard Payne, the true name John Howard Payne was sung by way of correction to the tune of "Sweet Home." In the same way the spirit sang his thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Sailer for providing the conditions for him to sing.

The voices in these séances do not need or ask to be supported by the singing of the sitters; though the playing of a piano, or singing by the circle, to enable a spirit to catch a proper note, is of advantage when a spirit begins. Their spirit-conductor, S., says that they often keep on singing, as spirits, when their voices have ceased to be heard by us, they being under the impression that their notes reach our mortal ears! How singular is this condition where the spirit (so to speak) strikes the boundaries of the two spheres, and for the nonce hardly knows to which he belongs!

In conclusion, I cannot but express my conviction the Spiritualists miss the path to grand spiritual phenomena by overlooking what this great movement of our century means. Its very core is the bringing the mortal and supernatural realms into such accord that sure, reliable and joyous communication between them may become permanent. We do not seek the phenomena for their strangeness, but first of all we seek communion; and as the communion grows wide, and deep, and pure, the phenomena, as an incident, become wonderful, beautiful and exalting. If we seek intercourse with supernatural beings because we *love* them, we touch the springs of grand and magnificent manifestation, glorious in innumerable forms of intelligence and affection, and made delightful beyond expression, now, with delicious odors, and again with color and melody. But, if we enter our séances to catch a fraud, or to verify a malignant superstition, our chief assistance on the other side will be only such as there is in darkness, trickery and mischief. A-4

I hope the day is not distant when in nearly every household there may be a private cabinet where daily communion shall be held with the loved departed.

D. L.
Washington, D. C., June 10th, 1883.

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THE WORK OF SPIRITUALISM is as broad as the universe. It extends from the highest spheres of angelic life to the lowest conditions of human ignorance. It is as broad as wisdom, as comprehensive as love, and its mission is to bless mankind.—John Pierpont.

Notice to Patrons and Contributors.

The Banner of Light Counting-Room will be closed on Wednesday, July 4th. Those parties having notices, etc., intended for appearance in the Banner for July 7th, must see that they arrive at this office before noon on Monday, 2d, (instead of Tuesday, 3d), as the forms go to press one day in advance on account of the National Holiday.

The Free-Circle Meetings

At this office close the present week, June 29th. They will be resumed, as usual, SEPT. 11TH, 1883.

Degrees in Mediumship.

A class of writers who reflect on a subject, if at all, after they have indulged in expression rather than before, are especially given to the easy habit of demolishing the theory of spirit communications by pointing to the manifest discrepancy, or disproportion, between the character of many of the communicating spirits and of their reported communications. They do it, too, not in the way of criticism in any just sense of the word, but as a taunt and fling, which appears to stand them in the stead of analysis and argument, and is always the readiest and cheapest support for a preconceived prejudice. Spiritualism as he is, whether consciously or not, Mr. Beecher at the period of seventy years is not above resorting to the use of this patented method of seeking to lower the claims of Spiritualism and disparaging public belief in its reality. A very thoughtful and somewhat keen writer in the Milwaukee Sentinel has seen fit to take the Brooklyn preacher up and offer him an elucidation.

He undertakes to account, on simple and rational grounds, for the existence of different grades, or degrees, of mediumship, by which we mean, of course, different grades of spiritual powers shown by mediums. He lays it down at the start that there is an urgent need of a more analytical investigation of the spiritual phenomena, which would do away with many of our misconceptions of them by better understanding their methods. And this need, he insists, is more strikingly apparent in the psychological branch of the phenomena, or what we usually denominate the control. He believes, and frankly confesses his belief, that the frequently inferior degree of intelligence indicated by some minds purporting to control the medium, as compared with their manifestations while in the form, requires further and deliberate explanation. He sets out with comparing spirit-control to mesmerism control, the same phenomena manifesting themselves in each case, except that in the case of the medium the operator is a disembodied spirit, which is the reason why it is called spirit-control.

Instead, however, of accepting and employing the word "control," he would use the word "quickening," which he thinks would carry with it a more analytical and accurate implication, as it would likewise more accurately designate the method. The controlling mind, or will, he explains, must control the subject, or medium, in precisely the same way, and through precisely the same avenues, and by precisely the same processes, as the medium's will would operate if not subject to the will of another. So, he says, in explanation and illustration together, the process is but the quickening of a faculty, the pushing, or urging, it under the power of a stronger will to a greater state of activity; and thus the thought of the controlling mind must take shape through another organ, and through the ideas and images which that organ contains. This explanation he regards as the philosophy of what was termed "different spiritual gifts," in the case of the mediums in the time of the Nazarene.

One medium having natural clairvoyance, it is quickened by psychic control. Another possesses a philosophic cast of brain; under spirit-control, or quickening, he discourses on philosophic subjects. Another has a good business brain, and through him we get instructions in relation to business matters. Another possesses the gift of discerning spirits, and becomes a test-medium. Another delineates or diagnoses disease successfully, while still another prescribes more successfully than the first, but cannot diagnose as well. Another has by nature the gift of healing. Now, reasons our writer, a mind in spirit-life, with a

positive and strong will-power, and capable of great concentration, comes to one medium, other things being equal, and we get spiritual clairvoyance. He goes to another, and we get directions concerning business; to a third, and we have tests that identify; to a fourth, and he speaks in various tongues. And this, he claims, is an illustration of the truthfulness of the New Testament concerning spiritual gifts, when it says, "By the same spirit." It is thus shown how it is all of the same spirit.

As before stated, the thought of the controlling mind must take shape through another organ, and through the ideas and images which that organ contains. And hence we readily observe the limitations that must necessarily intercept the full and exact thought of the controlling mind. And we likewise see that when different minds successively purport to control the medium, the same style of expression is generally used, although the facts communicated enable us to completely identify the spirits. He would have us further observe how the controlling mind must adopt the method now explained. Here is a medium, he says, with large ideality, fine language, a mind possessing beautiful and bountiful imagery; under quickening, or control, is given a symbolical vision, and the symbols will be of great temples, or rubas of imposing architecture, of enchanted groves, of gorgeous scenery. Should the same spirit give a vision through another medium, the symbols would be of the most plain and practical character, and might be intended to convey, or desire to convey, the very same thought, instruction or purpose. The classics illustrate in ideal the real philosophy of psychological revelations.

Thus: Aurora is represented under different aspects, according to the poetical make-up of those to whom she appeared. Sometimes she breathes wind before the rising of the sun. At other times she wears a flowing veil, which she gracefully throws back to denote the dispersion of the darkening shadows of night. Again she opens with her rosy fingers the gates of day. Again she is a nymph crowned with flowers, with a star above her head, standing in a chariot drawn by winged horses, scattering roses wafted with tears from her eyes. A clairvoyant physician, continues the writer, sits beside his patient, the spirit seeing as clear as the noonday sun; but just how much of the case the spirit will be able to present depends upon its ability to inspire or quicken that faculty in the medium. And this is the limitation point in respect to the power and knowledge of spirit intelligences. The knowledge which to them is like an open book is limited, as it comes through us, by their inability to get it wholly and really through us. This is readily and more completely shown in the case of impressions, apprehensions and forebodings. Whenever there is a great railroad accident, or any other calamity befalls which entails a large destruction of human life, some have stepped on board the boat or train with a vague apprehension; others, a little more impressive, experience much restlessness and have a sense of something going wrong; others, still more impressive, forebode impending calamity, and turn back after having left home; and some individual of the entire number may possibly have seen in vision a complete picture of the fearful disaster, even to its details. The intelligences impressing the several individuals may have equal knowledge of what was about to transpire, but their power to give the warning they were eager to impart was necessarily limited to the condition of the faculties which they sought to quicken; and it is only to the extent to which they can be reached that their earth-friends can be warned of their danger. This is an excellent common illustration of the theory which the writer seeks to establish and enforce. It is commended to the consideration of men like Mr. Beecher, who profess to be dissatisfied with spirit-communications because they are not up to their estimate of some of the professed communicating spirits. No more ridicule can set aside what certainly appears so strictly consistent with plain reason.

Spirit Return.

As the reliability of the Spirit Message Department of this paper has been questioned from time to time in a hypercritical manner by people who know nothing of the facts, it has become a duty we owe to the public, as well as the spirit-world workers who inaugurated it, to give evidence (as we have frequently done in the past) from a mundane standpoint, showing its legitimacy and its importance as proof of direct spirit communion. We are led to these remarks at this time in consequence of the receipt of the following letters:

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
 My attention being called to a communication in the Message Department of the Banner of Light of June 9th, from a spirit named WILLIAM JENKINS FAUGH, in which it was stated he passed over from the corner of Stockton and Filbert streets, San Francisco, about twelve years ago, at the age of eight years, I was desirous of testing the accuracy of the statements; they being unusually direct and clear. Finding the name of William J. Faugh, M. D., in the Directory, I called at his office, and was informed by him that the statements of facts in the communication were correct in every particular. Dr. Faugh is not a believer in Spiritualism, but was very much affected by, and interested in, the message. I thought, when witnessing the father's emotion on receipt of such unexpected tidings from his spirit son, this was a sufficient answer to the criticisms of those who question the value of the Banner's Spirit Message Department.

Fraternally yours, ALBERT MORTON.
 San Francisco, Cal., June 12th, 1883.
 To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
 With tears of joy and gratitude I read the message of my dear friend, Miss S. L. SKIFFIN, in the Banner of Light of June 16th, which came just at the right time to bring comfort, as I have been and still am passing through severe trials, and the burden seemed more than I could bear in my feeble health. She doubtless foresaw this very trouble, and sent the message to strengthen and cheer me. She well knew "all the sad experiences of my life," and says "the suffering is passing away," and I will trust her word, for she was ever truthful as the sun, pure-hearted as the angels. I would therefore say to her:

My dear, loved friend, to whom I have ever kept the doors of my heart wide open, and sent forth many a yearning cry, I thank you more than words can express for your sweet, cheering message, and invite you to come again as soon and as often as you see that I need your kind advice.
 I will say that the whole message is exceedingly characteristic—as was also the one she gave three years ago last March, which I then verified. I well know to what the refers when she "thinks me for all kindnesses rendered"—rendered thirteen years ago—seven years before she passed away, verifying the truth that memory does indeed survive the death of the body.
 MRS. HATTIE N. GRAVES.
 Providence, R. I., June 12th, 1883.

The Lake Shore Spiritualist Conference held its Quarterly Meeting in Kingsville, Ohio, June 16th and 17th. A report of the proceedings is received and will be given our readers next week.

A Dastardly Attack.

If there is one thing more than another calculated to bring sorrow to the heart of a true lover of the spiritualistic cause, it is the spectacle of a public journal, which claims to be devoted to the exposition and defense of Spiritualism, joining with the opponents of this great truth in the hue and cry periodically raised against it by those parties interested in pandering to the pet prejudices of religious bigots, and seeming disposed to go hand and glove with the Christian (?) antagonists of proven immortality in their willful misrepresentations of spiritual mediums, and their useful but martyr-like service for mankind.

Such a spectacle is presented in the Medium and Daybreak, (London, Eng.), for June 1st. The editor of that paper takes two several opportunities to sneer at the public media of that country, and to raise its voice in commendation of the soulless bigots of the Ohio Legislature, whose passage of "The Russell Bill" it heartily applauds—saying: (and what arch-enemy of Spiritualism can say more?) "It would be no harm to the Cause whatever if public professional mediumship were wholly suppressed." What would the Daybreak editor say were the voice of legal authority in Great Britain heard to rebuke his own sentiment, substituting, however, "public professional editors" of Spiritualist papers, instead of "public professional mediumship"? A man or woman, developed for any of the medial phases of Spiritualism, is just as worthy of his or her hire—just as worthy of being paid for his or her time and energy expended at the request of investigators, as the proprietor of the Medium and Daybreak is of receiving the yearly subscription for his paper, which he publicly edits.

If—as we do not believe—the exercise of professional or public mediumship has been disastrous in England (we have only the bare assertion of the Daybreak editor to prove it), it certainly has not been so in the United States, but on the contrary it has been the means of providing skeptical inquirers, as well as many mourning and light-seeking hearts, with the grandest evidence of continued, consoling life for man.

Public mediumship, first exercised in America, crossed the Atlantic, and has since proved to the world that Spiritualism is a power that cannot be denied nor ignored; and all the unjust insinuations which can be leveled against mediums for the presentation of its phenomena by parties who, like the editor of the Daybreak, would like to control the whole movement for the benefit of their own personal pockets, are alike unmanly and untrue.

The remarks of the editor of the Daybreak, which we have now under review, are a disgrace to him as a Spiritualist and a medium. He congratulates his readers that (albeit, we suppose, by the ancient laws against palmistry, etc., existing in that country), certain persons like himself have, united "practically" with other enemies of the cause, succeeded in "suppressing" almost entirely the exhibition of "public professional mediumship" in England, but we would assure them all that they are mistaken, both as to their apparent present victory, and the private and pecuniary fruits they hope to reap from it. However much would-be dictators of mediums and spirits may desire to shut off all manifestations of spiritual power which do not come under their approval: however much they may traduce all the instrumental agents for revealing the immortality of the human soul to mankind who refuse to submit to their self-seeking demands and dictations, the cause of truth will steadily move onward: The mediums they so sorely condemn will receive constant support and strength from their inviolable helpers; while the individuals who, like the Daybreak editor, think in time to wield the sceptre of authority in the ranks of Spiritualism, regardless of the rights alike of mediums and spirits, will find themselves passed by and self-condemned to merited oblivion.

Written for the Banner of Light.

FATE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DABIES."

I strove to shun the eye of Fate and failed:
 He sought and drew me from my hiding place;
 He set me right before his kingly face,
 Nor heeded once how much I quailed.
 He spoke, and so at his command I sailed
 And sped o'er stormy seas to isles of grace,
 Now lulled to rest, and now in hottest chase,
 Now cursed and sad, now blest and joyous hailed!
 I still must do his high and stern behests—
 His royal will commands the way I go;
 His ruling eye, sun-like, upon me rests;
 And at his word I welcome friend or foe.
 He claims my life with mingled hope or hate,
 All round my earth there lies the sky of Fate!

William Blake (see sixth page) returns to tell the story of his experiences soon after he became a spirit. It seems that he did not believe in the return of spirits while here in an earthly form, and therefore it took some time for him to realize the fact after he passed on. But he visited the old church it was his custom to attend, however, listened to the psalm tunes and sermons, and thought at first they did his soul good; but meeting his mother, who persuaded him to take an interest in the spiritual world proper, he seems to have progressed in that knowledge which he lacked when on earth.

A correspondent, writing us from Ottumwa, Ia., desires that James G. Clark will forward his address, in care of the Spiritual Offering, to the management of the Mississippi Valley Camp-Meeting, which is to convene in Mt. Pleasant Park, Olaton, Ia., commencing Aug. 5th, and continuing through the month. A fine orchestral band has already been secured for the meeting, and the excellent choir of the Ottumwa congregation; but Mr. Clark's services are also much desired—he being pronounced by our correspondent "the best solo singer (spiritualist) I ever heard."

The four train robbers who murdered Conductor Cain last March were hung at Clarks ville, Ark., June 22d. They desired the hangman to "bury up" on account of the heat of the sun. Then, as the account expresses it, "they were launched into the hereafter." Yes, set free to return friends, and cause more murders to be committed. It would have been far better than hanging to have confined them here on earth during their natural lives. The world has yet to learn this fact.

A new Spiritualist organization has been formed in Bucksport, Me., under the name of "THE PROSCOPIC SPIRITUAL TEMPLE." Land has been purchased on the island of Verona, at the head of Penobscot Bay, where it is intended to hold camp-meetings. We shall publish in our Correspondence columns next week a letter giving full particulars.

Threatening Dangers.

Nothing in this world is to be held stable and secure where the rule is that of ceaseless change. So we are not to think our noble Constitution wholly safe from the invasions of those who fancy they were born to improve it by lessening its scope and fettering its free operation. The *Universe*, of San Francisco, reminds us that the Catholic Church openly assails our common school system and has its hands on every State treasury; while the Protestant Church, true to its origin, seeks to enforce sectarian Sunday laws and kindred sumptuary legislation. It labors to place the Bible in the public schools; and not content with this, it openly attempts to amend the Constitution of the United States so to recognize a sectarian God and acknowledge Jesus Christ as "the ruler of nations." The National Reform Association was organized expressly to carry out this scheme of bigotry, and it proved powerful enough to lack but two votes of carrying it through the United States Senate. It is well enough known that this God-in-the-Constitution party has active agencies employed to push this measure through Congress at its earliest opportunity.

Nor do its speakers and writers seem to doubt, if we are to trust the sincerity of their open announcements, that they will ultimately succeed in their efforts. To meet and thwart the work of these determined twin enemies of our free Constitution, the *Universe* calls for an immediate and close alliance of Spiritualists, Free-thinkers and Jews, who, however much they may differ on some points, are in reality one in opposition to the rule of "Infallibility" and a sectarian God. It makes the appeal—"Let us be united. Let us act sensibly, broadly, grandly, as becomes rational men. The glorious result will be 'liberty for man, woman, and child,' and a free republic as enduring as humanity itself." The appeal is one worthy of instant heeding. The enemy is sleepless in his efforts to undermine our chartered freedom. Professing to desire but larger rights on the one hand, and to demand a guarantee for a surer morality, with expressions of a higher reverence, on the other, the real purpose is to obtain joint control of the fundamental law on which our civil and religious freedom rests, and use it for the benefit of sects instead of defending it for the spread of the largest possible human liberty.

The American University.

A correspondent of the *Transcript*, of this city, remarks that the greatest enterprises and events in human life often have small beginnings, and adds: "It may be that the time shall come when the 'American University,' whose first corner-stone is laid in the College of Therapeutics, so modestly beginning at Berkeley Hall in four courses of lectures on chemistry, anatomy, pharmacy and psycho-physiology, may vindicate its general name, by throwing into the shade the venerable Harvard, Yale and the rest."

The correspondent states that, having been induced to attend the opening exercises, he was favorably impressed with the liberal plan on which this new college is founded. On that occasion, Dr. Buchanan, quoting the late Dr. Jackson and Oliver Wendell Holmes, who frankly admitted that medical science was wholly uncertain—certainly in its attempts at therapeutics—the latter suggesting that the world would be better off were the whole *matéria medica* buried in the Atlantic Ocean, inferred that it was in order to offer another programme of medical study which should include the most critical examination of the *matéria medica* not only of the allopathists, but of the homeopaths.

Referring to Dr. Buchanan's lectures in Berkeley Hall, the writer in the *Transcript* says: "They are models for class-teaching, and could their merits be known the hall would have been filled, not with medical students merely, but with mothers, nurses, and even practicing physicians—especially those who are candid enough to admit that the traditional therapeutics do not satisfy them."

The sessions of this Institution close June 30th, for the summer, to be recommenced in the fall.

Corn or Cartridges?

The *Boston Herald* never contained a paragraph which embodied more truth than the following, occurring in its issue of June 19th, regarding some of the lessons of the "Crook" campaign:

"Gen. Crook has brought back with him from his campaign against the Apaches two 'axioms' which ought to be read, pondered and inwardly digested by the authorities at Washington, including Congress, when it assembles. The first is this: 'It costs less to feed Indians than to fight them.' And the second is this: 'We must fight all the Indians we surround. If they cannot get corn they will get cartridges.' Disregard of the truth embodied in these sayings has cost millions of money and thousands of lives. It is time to begin to treat the Indian as a man, having human rights, capacities, duties and responsibilities."

College of Therapeutics.

After a successful and harmonious session of three months, the introductory lectures of the College of Therapeutics terminate this week. On Monday next, at ten o'clock, the valedictory exercises take place at Berkeley Hall. The public are invited, and the occasion will be both interesting and instructive.

To the *Harbinger of Light* ("M. A. Oxon") writes concerning materialization conditions, and the letter is substantially published in *London Light*. We have not seen the truth concerning so-called exposures of mediums, and the dissatisfaction of attendants with the results of open, mixed circles, more succinctly and strongly stated than in the following passage from the letter alluded to:

"Here is the fatal fault of public circles. Any chance looter who can pay the fee finds his place and runs the chances of success. Any man who hates and detests the whole subject can pay his money and find his opportunity of damning it. He has no sort of belief in the whole thing, no knowledge of the very alphabet, yet he is to sit as judge upon the most elaborated manifestation of spirit-power. He, absolutely ignorant, is to pronounce an opinion on one of the most subtle manifestations of spirit. He starts from ignorance, and he pursues his way through madness to absurdity. He pays his fees, sees something he cannot understand, clutches the spirit, grasps (of course) the medium, and goes away with the air of a man who has exploded a fraud. Yet what has he done? Simply and solely he 'has written himself down an ass.' For spiritual things are spiritually discerned, and grave problems of this kind cannot be solved by the rough-and-ready methods that spiritists and others think proper to employ."

OAKLAND GARDEN is a charming locality to spend a leisure hour. It is so cool and comfortable there. The popular *Callender*, *Minister*, *Minister* Festival every night this week and Saturday afternoon. The *Callender* railway cars go direct to the Garden.

Right and Wrong Idea of God.

This was the subject of Rev. Mr. Beecher's morning discourse last Sunday. He said that it was a true, though an irrelevant saying, that "the noblest work of man is God." The general idea prevailing among Christians in regard to God is a very narrow and wholly unauthorized one, exclaimed the preacher; it has been so in all nations and lands from the earliest times. Among the polytheistic nations each place had its own deity, and no other place was allowed to share in the protection and favor of this special God. The Jews had their own God, and would not share him with the Gentiles unless the Gentiles forsook the evil of their ways and became Jews. In modern times the same narrow idea prevails generally in Christendom. The Roman Catholics have a God of their own, and they will let him out to nobody who will not consent to come into their faith. The Orthodox churches even now refuse to allow the children of Unitarian Sunday schools to march with their scholars in the anniversary parades. "I am not a Unitarian," said Mr. Beecher; "neither am I a Universalist, although Joseph Cook is trying hard to crowd me over there. Joseph Cook is a good man, [we hope so] and I hope to see him in heaven. I shall be there, and I expect that he will be there, but he will leave more of Joseph Cook behind him than would suffice for him to recognize his own identity." The true idea of God, the preacher said, was that of a being of boundless love and never-ending mercies to his children. He denied the assertion that if the idea of eternal punishment was abolished the necessity for mission work would disappear. "The pulpit of the missionary," he said, "is not the uncovered hell into which millions are pouring, and it is not a true idea of God that he has created nineteen-twentieths of the men on this earth only to damn them."

The Camp-Meetings.

"Cephas," the *Banner of Light* representative, is interrogated by hundreds of people relative to the Spiritualist camp-meetings. The travel to Lake Pleasant this year from the West will, it is reported, be very large. Many in the West have heard about the famous "Hoosac Tunnel," and all who have accomplished the passage concede that it is a memorable episode in one's career to pass through the great "bore." Passengers from the West should ask for excursion tickets via the Troy and Boston Railroad, thus securing the ride through the "Tunnel." New Yorkers can leave the city at 6 P. M., pier 44, and enjoy a sail up the Hudson River, reaching Troy at 6 A. M., and leaving Troy at 7:40 A. M., over the Troy and Boston line direct to the camp ground, arriving at 11 A. M. Tickets on sale from July 15th to Sept. 15th.

This writer has a good word to say for the Neshaminy Falls meeting, where they have an exceptionally good list of speakers this year, Onset Bay, Casadaga Lake, the Burlington, Vt., meeting, Niantic, etc. The *Banner of Light* desires success to all these undertakings, East and West.

Our London Agent.

The attention of English readers of the *Banner of Light* is called to the announcement in another column that J. J. Morse, Esq., is the Special Agent for the sale in Great Britain of the publications of Colby & Rich; also for the receiving of subscriptions for the *Banner of Light*. We trust he will receive the helping hand of kindly patronage from the friends on his side of the Atlantic.

Meetings in Portland, Me.

Mrs. P. D. Bradbury of Fairfield, Me., lectured with great acceptance, on the 17th, 21st and 24th. A letter from our correspondent in reference thereto is unavoidably deferred until next week's issue.

THE NATIONAL LIBERAL LEAGUE propose to hold, in September next, a series of State Conventions, extending from New York to Kansas, and terminating with the League Congress in Milwaukee. It is thought desirable that liberal-minded people, by whatever name they may be known, should thus meet to exchange their views and suggest modes of action that shall tend in some measure to stay the tide of enorment upon the natural rights of the people, manifest in the proceedings of State Legislatures, notably the outrageous law recently enacted in Ohio affecting mediums; the "Reform" movement that seeks to shake the people with priestly fetters and crush their aspirations for free thought with dogmatic rule; and last, but by no means least, the efforts of the plotting doctors to carry out their schemes of selfishness. The Secretary of the League, Mr. T. O. Leland, of New York, is at present on a tour for the purpose of conferring with those who are disposed to move in this matter. He will be in Jackson, Mich., June 28th; Detroit, 29th; Kalamazoo, July 2d, and Burr Oak, July 3d. On his return he may visit Indianapolis and other places in Indiana.

Vaccination continues to be a vexed question in many parts of Great Britain as well as on this continent, particularly among our Canadian neighbors. A good many scruples against the practice might be swept away should the Grocers' Company of London succeed in promoting, by their offer of a large reward, "the discovery of a method by which the vaccine contagium may be cultivated apart from the animal body, in some medium or media not otherwise zymotic." The object is obviously to render the process of inoculation absolutely free from the danger and even the suspicion of animal diseases. The *London Globe* fears that the Grocers' Company will have offered their £1,000 in vain. We think so, too.

R. L. Charles, Brookfield, Pa., writes: "The *Banner of Light* is agreeable reading to me. It produces gratitude toward the spirits of just people, made angels, who are working for our moral improvement, and for our release from Orthodox bondage and degradation."

The "Life of J. W. Fletcher" for sale at Hamilton Place. Price \$1.00.

The Universalist Publishing House of this city has purchased a new house at 161 Tremont street, facing the Common, and its business will be located there at the expiration of the leases now in possession. The property of this house has recently been enhanced by a donation of ten thousand dollars, the income of which is to be used as the fund of the Universalist Publishing House, and the name of the donor will be changed, July 1st, from Liberty street to Tremont street.

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[illegible]

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The robin sings, as of old, from the limb !
The cat-bird croons in the lilac-bush !
The rich milk-tinging buttercup
Its tiny polished urn holds up,
Filled with ripe summer to the edge,
The sun in his own wine to pledge.—[Lowell.]

Headache—sick, nervous, neuralgic, removed by Dr. Benson's Colony and Rheumatism Pills.

Relief of disease, have been so clearly defined as to prove, beyond question, its natural and perfect adaptation to that end. If applied according to the directions of the Magnetic Shield. See advertisement on page 2.

never could be cured. As a last resort, I doctored with the best physicians of Boston and Philadelphia; I traveled for my health, but all for no purpose. I grew worse and worse until life became a burden. I was induced to call upon Dr. Flower. With-
out saying more than that he had cured my disease,

on Commonwealth Avenue, the finest avenue in the city; if not in the world. He sees this patient in his office only, refusing to take the cares of his family to his home. But I must close this long letter and give briefly an account of the works and character of this wonderful man, who astonishes more men than

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