

A political cartoon titled "AN EXPONENT OF THE" flanked by "PHILOSOPHY" and "PRINCIPLES". It depicts a woman in a dress holding a shield with stars and stripes, standing next to a large book labeled "THE". The cartoon is a black and white illustration with a high-contrast, woodcut-like style. The central figure is a woman in a long, flowing dress, holding a shield with a stars-and-stripes pattern. She stands next to a large, open book that has the word "THE" on its cover. Above the book, a banner reads "AN EXPONENT OF THE". To the left of the book, the word "PHILOSOPHY" is written in a stylized, arched font. To the right, the word "PRINCIPLES" is written in a similar font. The background is dark and textured, suggesting a landscape or a setting. The overall tone is satirical and critical.

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of the cabinet. All these writings are badly written, without any even lines, and sometimes lines overlapping one another. Those done subsequently are, some of them, marvels of neatness, while among them there are *distinctly* different styles of writing, and some of them are so individualized that we know at once who is the writer. One signature is unmistakable, and compares exactly with many letters I possess, received from the writer in his lifetime. I only state these things as matters of fact; it would not surprise me to find the writing, done as it is, through such manifest difficulties, absolutely bad, and totally unlike that of the writers.

My father had some from my late father-in-law, a writer by an amanuensis, which, although designed by him, I know (and subsequently ascertain) were written by another spirit: while some which he asserts to be written by him do not bear such a resemblance, except in neatness, as would lead me to expect he was the writer. Latterly the writings have been so minute as to require a strong glass with which to read them.

Once more: I found written some weeks ago, in my Shakesperian daily text-book, probably referring to a trouble then growing upon us, the following:

"God's help is always sure,
His methods seldom guessed:
Delay will make our pleasure pure,
Success will give it zest."
H. R. LYNN.

It is written upon the bottom of some of

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deceased daughter, in *Little Loutsa* had written, as a memento of her, "*Little Loutsa*" (for she died in birth); she has added in minute writing, "*Big Loutsa*." She would now be twenty-seven, and to our *clatroyante* appears a tall, lovely woman.

But let me now take us to Haalemere, where we were sitting en *séance* on Good Friday. When our medium was entranced, her father came and spoke through her, I think for the first time in our orle, though he often speaks to her *clatroudently*. He told us to tell the medium she must not ask for such difficult things to be done!

"What do you refer to?" I inquired.

"What you know; it has been done, but with much difficulty."

We were all puzzled as to what it referred to; when, while talking, we suddenly heard our own musical box playing, the one we had left in *Granville Park* the day before. We knew its peculiar sound; but to make assurance doubly sure our medium, taking up the box and handing it to me, said, or rather the spirit then entrancing her: "*Open the box and you will know we have brought it from Blackheath.*"

I opened it, and inside was the key of the box, wrapped up in a piece of marked paper, *the key of a sheet of paper which I had left in a box in my study; the marked part [of which certainly the medium knew nothing] being torn off and used as a wrapper for the key; the mark was so small that at first I failed myself to see the proof to which the spirit had drawn my attention....*

I come now to a rather curious phenomenon, viz.: the direct writing from *Saadi*, whom we know now pretty well; but until this writing came it was not surprising that we none of us had never heard his name; much less had we become acquainted with the writings of this celebrated Persian poet who died in the twelfth century. Two in our household have since seen him, and describe him as having black hair, with a dark flowing beard, penetrating eyes and a lovely face. He has constituted himself for a time one of our guides.

On the 23d of February we found shut up in one of my wife's toilet cases a sheet of note-paper containing three distinctly different writings. On the first page was a loving letter from our spirit daughter, ending with a reference to the present ignoring of spiritual forces, thus:

"Persons, still go on waiting, waiting and hoping with prayer. Be brave; mind not what the world will say; of you, the fight will be hard and long, but truth must win the day."

On the back was one from our spirit father, and under that, in a curious, quaint writing, different from any we had before had, a few words from a spirit whose communications have since grown in interest, as will appear. The words were as follows:

"Walk in grace, that God (who, omitted) is in Spirit may teach you."

Just a month after, we had on the same day of the week (March 21st) two more writings, evidently by the same hand; one or two words I cannot be sure of, but the following is substantially correct:

"Ghazl!"

Pants thy spirit to be gifted with a deathless life. Let thy spirit be uplifted o'er earth's storm and strife. Faith and doubt leave behind thee, cease to love and hate, Let not time's illusions blind thee, thou shalt time outlive.

Then this: "I love of thy heart, though lowly, For holy is it, and there dwells the holy. God's presence chamber is the human breast, Ah! happy Spirit with such innate bliss."

SAADE,
Of Persia.

The above was written on the third page of note-paper which was found *locked up* in my private secretaire, the first page being occupied (as before) with a letter from our spirit-child, the last sentence of which is as follows:

"We are still in the Master's service, dear ones: many have to be guided, many have to be put in the right road and helped and led by the hand, and made fit to meet our King when he comes for them."

This referred to many recently killed in the Egyptian war, where they had, with other spirits, been sent on errands of mercy, and for some days we had consequently missed their presence. On the fourth page of the same paper was another distinctly different handwriting, from my father in the spirit-world, but only of family interest. But this was not all. The following was found written on the same day, in my daughter's note-book, which she, I need scarcely say, keeps carefully to herself.

The writing is not hers nor any one's in the house, nor does it appear to be the same as that headed *Ghazl*, although the signature is the same:

"Saade."

Thou child of earth whom meek-eyed patience trains,
Beyond the grave immortal pleasure gains:
On Providence below the virtuous rest;
And deem whatever heaven appoints is best;
Thus resignation smooths life's thorny way,
Through death's dark vale to reach the endless day.

SAADE, the Persian.

Saadi asked at one of our sittings if he might bring a friend with him, and on receiving his assurance that the friend would be a good spirit, and would not create any confusion, permission was given; if it not been given I don't see how it could have prevented it! The introduction was curious, and took place in this wise:

One Sunday evening in May, soon after the medium was entranced, a knock came on the floor of the room, some distance from the circle. Not having these knocks or rappings often

we noticed it and I asked if it wanted anything.

"Yes—the alphabet."

I found, on going on with this slow process of communication, that the spirit was spelling out something which was not English and I said I must give it up. The letters I had taken down with difficulty were nearly right, as afterward appeared, but you will not wonder at my perplexity when they appeared in my note-book thus: W-a-m-i-k, a-k-z-e-r-d; the 11th the only letter which was wrong.

The spirit then spoke through the medium and said he would write in the cabinet, where we had placed paper and pencil. The medium was then taken into the cabinet, and we soon heard the paper fluttering about, after which it was very soon handed to us by the medium. She had been only a few minutes in the cabinet, certainly not long enough to write one of the communications which now appeared upon a specially marked paper.

There are four distinct messages; one from our spirit daughter Louisa, followed by two writings by two other ancient spirits who sign their names, and on the reverse side is a communication clearly written in every respect excepting the figures at the end, which Saadi tells us are meant for "633." The writing is as follows. I give it as it is, even to the pointing and spelling:

FROM WAMIK, SAADI (S) FRIEND.

"At home the point of junction is the heart. For there you find the family collected. O heavenly happiness! all upon earth. Best in domestic happiness reflected. Fire to no guest its friendly warmth denies. But forwards every act of hospitality. Heats ovens, dresses food, melts ores and ice. And man until he learned its useful quality. Ate corn and wheat, and fed all his kindred really."

As without fire mankind is sunk to beast. So to the human condition, clay alone. If the ethereal spark of heaven at least. Fire not his mind to glories of its own. Reason and speech an earthly sign remain. Of the creature lost in light revealed. Thy Zend Avesta, thy living fire domain. Burns fiercely glowing now, now half concealed. As Genii blazing bright with adamantium shield. WAMIK. ZERDUSHT.

"Wamik was burnt to death at Abyssinia; he lived in this life before 630."

The conceit of this poetry is not English, but those of you who have read the "Gullistan" will at once recognize it as Eastern. Especially notice the first four lines of the second stanza: It is exactly similar to the phrases constantly occurring in the "Gullistan," and Saadi tells us Wamik was one of the earliest Persian poets. It is curious, to say the least, that in this nineteenth century we should have direct spirit-writing in an English home from two Eastern poets who lived in the seventh and twelfth centuries respectively, and who were together in the same friends who profess to be acting in concert with spirit-friends of ours who have passed into spirit-life in the nineteenth century! The reference to fire seems not inappropriate, in a house, too, where for the last three months the fires have been more often lit by spirits than by the inmates of the house themselves.

One more case of writing I will simply mention. Recently, at one of our family sittings, the spirit of a German was controlling our medium, and speaking with difficulty but yet with curious intelligence, gestulating. As I had had writings in Latin and in French, it struck me that this was a good opportunity to get some in German, of which language, I may say, none of us understand sufficient to write a grammatical sentence. Addressing the spirit, I said, "You seem to have difficulty in speaking English. Will you write us a letter in German?" "Yes," he replied, "I shall go now to do up de bouz and write in Frank's room."

No one was in the house but those sitting around the table, and I remember I had the usual symptoms which I feel often when writing is going on, which soon suddenly ceased.

Frank then went up to his bedroom, and, after looking about, found written on a small piece of paper, in his Bible, the following:

"Er regiert auf ewig dur allein bist Gott."

"DEAR FRANK—You must praise Gott (etc) and thank him for your power.—LUTZ."

This refers to the gift of healing which he possesses, and which, although as yet it is not fully developed, appears to interest him, attaching to it to which I cannot now refer. I have not referred so fully as I should have liked to do to private family messages, which, though of absorbing interest to us, are perhaps not so convincing of personality to an outsider as are such proofs of identity given by Saadi. Further, most of these are of too private a nature to bring before the public, even through so sympathetic an audience as I have before me. The circumstances under which some of these writings take place may be interesting. They occur thus: My daughter and Mary were sitting together reading, when Mary sees one of the well-known group approach the table; Nellie at the same time hears what Mary sees—the movement of the pencil, or frequently, as it turns out, a crumb of lead which the spirit-friends seem to carry with them. Occasionally one of us blind ones have taken up the book while they were in the very act of writing, and on more than one such occasion have found a crumb of lead inside the book. Usually, while sitting at a table, the larger messages have been written in another room apart from where we were sitting, and found there afterward, though sometimes they bring them and put them in the cabinet.

While writing this address I have had a direct message, in the minute writing of Louisa, in reply to several queries I put as to how this spirit-writing was done, asking, among other questions, if they had to materialize a hand first to hold the pencil, and if the pencil were always used.

MY DEAR PAPA AND OTHER FRIENDS:

You want to hear how this writing is done by us. First of all, then, we choose our paper, and sometimes have to wait very long for it before we can use it, as in some conditions we cannot use it for a long time, as this influence is not good for us. I have been calm and quiet influence, not rough and noisy or disturbing. Then, again, some of us have to use pencil. By that I mean, take it in their own hand; and for that purpose they must have a formed hand, enough to take the pencil in their fingers. But I never have had to do so, as the paper I use is prepared for me by your power, and the power of Mary; also the strength of the house is quite enough for me, so all I have to do is to get what I want, and get all I want to tell you, and then, ready, not forgetting my pencil, I draw the essence of; by that I mean, take it in my hand and breathe on it, also on the paper; then pass my hand over the paper, and what I want to come on the paper then as you now see. We all have we have explained enough to satisfy you; but if we have not we must come and show you some time when we are able to do so; and, dear pa, as this is a public paper I will not put anything private on it, but be, as a dear old friend of ours says, very discreet. I have had to cover our love and greetings to all friends of the cause.

Your loving elder daughter, LOUISA.

On the same sheet of paper, below this letter, is written another letter of equal length, and when I tell you that both these letters are neatly and clearly written on lines three-eighths of an inch apart, the writing being upon nineteen lined only (which in print would occupy more than double the number), it will indicate to those who cannot see the writing itself how minute it is and utterly out of the range of ordinary human writing.

This is not the place nor the time to speak of the holy influences which attend these ministrations and their gentle chidings when they see anything wrong going on; and it would be distasteful to me to speak of religious life thus evoked. Most remarkable, however, is it to find that where family Spiritualism might naturally look for its cheeriest welcome, in the homes of Christian people, there does it meet with the most persistent and insistent under cover of the most varied objections.

"Oh yes, we know our dear ones are always near us," we are told, but bring the dear ones into active life and—well, just this, our precon-

ceived notions of a future state are utterly rearranged. It does not enter into these conservative Christian heads that they may be radically wrong, and that the "other side of Jordan" is not all in nubibus. Ministering spirits, are they? Oh, yes! but how do they minister? Well, we won't push the matter further, but simply place before them facts which we know are not to be accounted for except upon the Spiritualist's theory.

And facts cannot be stifled; even when they demand a readjustment of cherished beliefs as to the future—that wondrous "future," whose golden light streams now into our chambers with its sweet reasonableness and inspiring revelations. We need calm judgment even in greeting the new light, and a wide charity to remember that, however much human error has crept into the churches, the very truths now taught have been really cradled there; and it is too often forgotten that much of the teaching of old, and of that given now, is symbolic, and we find it true that the letter killeth while the spirit only giveth life. It is not so much new truth that is wanted as a new fulcrum to force home the old pure teachings of Jesus (or, if you prefer it, the Christ) which can never become antiquated. Supplemented they may and will be.

Spiritualism, if it has done nothing else, has given us an intelligent account of the continuity of life and its future progress. It has proved what I heard a minister the other day say it had been the great longing of his life to prove; and yet he calls the proofs "degrading." I have taught that no germ of life is ever lost. It has given us back our lost ones, and made real the Church's shadowy talk of the ministrations of spirits, and lit up into a glorious presence the cloud of witnesses. It comes with no dogma, but in the name of Truth itself, bidding us give up nothing that is true. It does homage to the wondrous Christ-life, but utterly disregards man's interpretations of many of his doctrines, and in all it is

"familiar, condescending, patient, free. Comes not to sojourn, but abide with me."

What the full development of the spirit forces now at work will be it is not for us to say, but we look for this spiritual dawn to brighten into an immortal day. The night is departing—the golden day approaches: let reason's eye be kept clearly watching from the vantage ground of home, but never without faith, hope and love.

"In vain shalt thou, or any, call. The spirits from their golden day. Except, like them, thou too canst say My spirit is at peace with all."

Spiritual Phenomena in New Zealand.

The New Zealand Times of May 29th, published at Wellington, contains an account written by Mr. Henry Anderson, editor of a paper in the Wairarapa district, of the origin and progress of the spiritualistic movement in that locality, and of phenomena that had come under his observation and that of other persons whom he knows to be "thoroughly honorable, truthful and trustworthy," remarking at the outset of his narrative that he "is not a believer in what is termed Spiritualism."

THE SUBJECT INTRODUCED.

About two months previous to the date of his writing, being in company with Mr. W. C. Nation, proprietor of the Wairarapa Standard, at his residence in Greytown, conversation turned upon the subject of Spiritualism, and the writer expressed himself as being skeptical about the whole business, when Mr. Nation offered to show him, in the room in which they were sitting, some phenomena which would surprise him. He says:

"There were present the members of the family, including Mrs. N. and four girls of ages varying from eight to eighteen years. There was also a young lady visitor, a Miss O., aged about sixteen. A circle was formed of five persons, who laid their hands lightly on the top of a heavy dining-table, the hands of any one person not touching those of another. In a couple of minutes the table began to oscillate, and then to move round slowly. The movement soon became quicker, until the table spun round as fast as those forming the circle could move with it. The table was a heavy one, with large solid centre support, and it was impossible to suppose that it could have been moved by the exertion of muscular force on the part of those whose hands rested lightly on its top."

The phenomena that followed were so plainly of the same nature as those occurring at the Lula Hurst exhibitions that have so puzzled the scientists and astonished many hereabouts of late, that no one will fail to conclude the cause producing them must be as active at the antipodes as here. The account continues:

"The visitor (Miss O.) then placed the tips of her right hand fingers on the top of the back of a chair. The chair moved rapidly round the room, the young lady simply touching it lightly in the manner mentioned, and using no force to cause motion. I said, 'The chair will not move if I hold it.' 'Try,' she replied. I knelt down and grasped the chair firmly by its two legs. I found that, although I possess considerable muscular power, I could not hold the chair still; it wriggled and jerked with great force. Then I sat down on the floor with my back against the wall, and in that posture grasped two legs of the chair. The attempt to hold it still was useless. Gradually the chair pressed toward me, until the top of it pressed my face and head against the wall. All the time the young lady was only touching this volition-possessed chair with the tip of one finger."

One of the children, Bertha, a daughter of Mr. Nation, eleven years of age, was then entranced, and blindfolded, and in that state filled a slate with columns of figures, thirty or forty lines deep, added them up, and set down the sum total. On examination, it was found that the addition of this mass of figures was correct.

THE ORIGIN OF THE PHENOMENA.

The mediumship of this child seems to have been the origin of spirit manifestations in that section, and of what is now the chief subject of thought and investigation all over the Wairarapa Valley. "At the present moment," says the writer in the Times, "circles have been formed everywhere throughout the districts. Some of the church people denounce the movement, but others of their body meet in secret conclave, and try to obtain manifestations."

It is only about eighteen months since the movement commenced. In March, 1883, it was noticed that Bertha, by placing her hand, sometimes one finger only, on a table or chair, would cause it to move across a room. The family knew nothing of Spiritualism, and could not account for the strange power which the child possessed. It was not long, however, before Mr. N. ascertained that the movements were controlled by an intelligent force, independent of the mind or will of Bertha or any one else visibly present. Learning this, the operating intelligence was interrogated by him and with very satisfactory results.

SURPRISING MANIFESTATIONS.

Mr. Nation, in recounting the early incidents of the mediumship of his daughter, continues:

"This plan answered admirably, and we were surprised at the answers given to all sorts of questions. One evening the table rose from the floor with the hands upon it, and turned over upon another table. The same evening I said: 'If I hide in the dark, can the table find me?' It gave three lifts, and I stole away noiselessly from the dining-room to the parlor, where I crouched behind an armchair. In a corner. After waiting, I suppose, five minutes, Bertha said: 'Find papa.' Immediately the table moved across the floor of the dining-room, through the hall and into the parlor, making straight over to the armchair, when it bowed over and stood on its top, throwing the

three claws of the leg right over the back, as much as to say, 'you're behind the chair.' This incident puzzled the household exceedingly. Discovering much intelligence, we followed it up with many questions, and were often startled by the replies—some of these referring to matters which occurred many years before. Fearing there might be delusion or some malevolent device about the whole thing, we put it away from us.

One day, however, when the children were at their lessons around a large round table, one side of it was suddenly raised, where Bertha was standing, and the others called out to her not to do it. 'It isn't me,' said Bertha. 'I can't help it.' I saw what was the cause, and said, 'Put your chin to the table.' She did so, and immediately the table rose again as before. We now decided to thoroughly investigate the phenomena, and Bertha, having a pen in her hand, one evening wrote the word 'Amy.' Then a rather interesting communication followed. The other children began now to get the writing control, and I put some severe tests upon them.

One night I blindfolded Bertha to find out whether she guided her pen unconsciously, but while her eyes were bandaged she wrote the lines parallel with each other as nicely as without the bandage. Noting that one or two 'y's' were not dotted, and a 't' here and there not crossed, I called attention to it, and her hand was taken back and the defects remedied. Still blindfolded, she copied some lines from a book, the leaves of which I had just turned over, and which it was impossible for her to see with her natural eyes. This startled us still more, but since then, without her natural sight, she has described pictures, put down sums upon the slate and worked them out, and played o's and x's as well as any of the family. This has been done in the presence of visitors. If we asked by what power Bertha does this, the reply is 'Amy,' and this Amy says she is her spirit-guide."

Mr. Nation concluded his narrative by saying: "There are witnesses to all the phenomena which I have described, and I challenge any one to disprove them."

CONVINCING PROOFS.

Mr. Anderson next gives the following convincing proofs of spirit-presence received at sittings held at Mr. Nation's house and in the houses of other families:

"The name of the daughter of a Maori chief was written down one night (four months ago), and upon questioning her, the replies were in every way satisfactory as to her identity. She requested that I should tell her father that she and her brother Alex. were far happier where they were, and he must not grieve. I said, 'If I tell your father that, he will say, 'How do I know that Emily sent that message?' therefore you must tell me something that will convince him. The reply came instantly, 'Ask him if he remembers giving me a gold ring; it was too big for me, and he said I might keep it until I was married.' I went to the chief and very carefully sounded him, and found that it was quite correct—indeed, all that we had been told. On another occasion she told me to ask her mother if she remembered giving her a pink shawl."

A female died in the local hospital many weeks ago, and communicated one evening with a family who were investigating Spiritualism. Upon giving the name, she was closely questioned upon many points, and so perfect were her descriptions and truthful her remarks that the family are now thorough believers in spirit communications.

A young man was afterward invited to prove the reality of spirit communion at the house of this same family, and though he never thought about the matter before, his hand was controlled to write his brother's name. Astonished and unbelieving, he put a series of test questions extending back to the days of boyhood, and the answers were so satisfactory that he gave in his adhesion to Spiritualism."

THE EXPERIENCES OF MAORI CHIEFS.

During the sitting of the Land Court at Greytown, six Maori chiefs asked to see the phenomena, and an evening was set apart for them at my house. They were all intelligent men. Sam Mahupuku, well known as one of the best native orators and a man of great influence throughout the Wairarapa Valley, was present. They were shown the movements of the table, and Sam was asked to hold it still while a young girl's hand was in contact with it. Sam tried hard, and another native was asked to help him, but both failed. This amazed the company. When a large round table was moved round, and the request was asked, 'Move it round the other way,' it was instantly complied with. Then a lady visitor sat down at a small round table, and I asked that the spirits would rap and they did so—every one hearing the rap distinctly. I said, 'Can you rap out the tune, "There is a Happy Land"?' and this was complied with.

The room was then cleared, and a horse-shoe shaped circle formed. The medium, who had only been entranced once before, took her seat in the armchair, and a circle of about eight persons joined hands. In about two minutes the medium was in a deep state of trance, and in a quarter of an hour a beautiful light appeared at the feet of the medium. This grew, and then appeared like a beautiful feecy cloud, about the height of a chair, with a bright light at the top. I asked this vapory form to come into the circle; it did so. I asked that it would dissolve or 'go out' where it stood; it did so, and then it came forth again. This was witnessed by over twelve persons that evening, and every one will vouch for the correctness of my statement. The natives were awestruck, and talked together in their own tongue, calling to remembrance that which they had seen in their younger days. Before the missionaries came they always had communication with departed spirits; the missionaries, however, forbade it.

After the entrancement, Sam Mahupuku took a piece of chalk and held it to the slate. Almost immediately he was controlled to write the name of one of their ancestors (the name I cannot spell). Now he had never had anything to do with Spiritualism before—he had never tried to move a table or write. When the natives saw the name upon the slate, they looked at Sam, and Sam looked at them, and they got intensely interested. I said, 'You must prove this, to see if correct. They asked where he lived. "Mahia" was the next writing. Several questions followed, the natives asking them in Maori, and they were perfectly satisfied of the identity of the individual, the answers being all correct. This departed spirit told them that he learned to write in the school at Owyhee, where Capt. Cook was killed."

Spirit-lights had appeared during the writer's investigations, and fully developed materialized forms have doubtless been seen by this time, as spirit-hands had then been seen twice. The account given by the writer in the Times closes as follows:

"Public opinion in the Wairarapa is much divided on this question of Spiritualism, although the spread of the movement is undoubted, and hosts of people are devoting themselves to the investigation of the phenomena, the manifestations of which have already been described in detail. Many other remarkable instances of these manifestations could be given, but those mentioned in this article are vouched for by persons of unimpeachable integrity. That sounds proceed from various articles of furniture, such as tables, without being produced by muscular action; that movements of heavy bodies (such as furniture) take place without the application of mechanical contrivance or muscular force by the persons present; and that by means of those sounds and an alphabetical code of signals, questions can be answered, are assertions which appear to be established through the manifestations which have been obtained by those persons who for a long time past have been investigating phenomena of this kind in the Wairarapa district."

Convention of the Southern Spiritualists' Association.

G. W. Kates, Secretary pro tem, informs us that the above-named organization met according to appointment as to place and time, and an harmonious and enjoyable series of sessions was held.

Tuesday, July 15th, was the opening day. Rev. Samuel Watson of Memphis, Tenn., presided, and about fifty delegates were present, representing the States of Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas,

Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, New York and Massachusetts. The President made an address explanatory of the work of the association, and the Secretary, P. R. Albert, offered a resolution making honorary members of the mediums present; same was adopted. The details of business usual to such assemblies were carried out in the course of the Convention, during which an informal reception was tendered the materializing medium, Mrs. Anna Cooper, on the occasion of her birthday anniversary; platform tests were given by Sue B. Sales and other mediums, and addresses and remarks made by Rev. Mr. Watson, A. O. Ladd, G. W. Kates, Mrs. H. Morse Baker, &c.

The following were elected as officers for the ensuing year: President, Samuel Watson of Tennessee; Vice-President, A. C. Ladd of Georgia; Treasurer, J. Seaman, Tennessee; Corresponding Secretary, P. R. Albert of Tennessee; Recording Secretary, G. W. Kates of Georgia, together with a board of five trustees. Thanks were extended the Lookout Mountain Camp-Meeting Association for courtesies, and to the President and Secretary of the Association for services. Upon motion, the Association adjourned, subject to call of the executive board.

Light for Thinkers, published at Atlanta, Ga., was made the official organ of the Association, from the columns of which paper the full details of the doings of the Convention may be obtained.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BUILDING.

BY EMMA TRAIN.

We are building our home on eternity's shore: While we dwell in our structure of clay We are shipping materials onward before, With the close of each hastening day. We are sending the thought that our spirit has wrought In the wonderful glow of the brain, And the timber is grown from the seeds we have sown 'Mid the shadow of sorrow and pain.

We are building our home on the beautiful street, While we dwell in the by-way of fears; And the roses that bloom there, so pure and so sweet, Must be watered and nourished by tears; And the light that shall shine in a glory divine Must be formed 'mid the darkness and gloom, And the foundation laid in the cloud and the shade Of the road that leads down to the tomb.

We are building our home in the valley of life, By the side of eternity's sea; And the work that we do 'mid the scenes of earth strife Shall decide what that home is to be. Every thought leaves its trace on that wonderful place, Every deed, be it evil or fair; And the structure will show all the life lived below—All the sinning and sorrow and care.

We are building our home—may the angels of light Bring us wisdom wherever we stray, That the mansion eternal be fashioned aright, And the sunlight of truth be its day. May the rainbow of love form the arches above, And the river of peace murmur by; And our spirit be blest by the glimmers of rest We have sent to our home in the sky.

ONSET MEDITATIONS.

BY SEADOWS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: "No walls so fair as those our fancies build; No views so bright as those our visions glid."

I am almost inclined to doubt the truth of this quoted couplet, as I find myself seated on the piazza of the new headquarters, as I cast my eyes down the bay, and resting it on the smooth blue water, the islands contiguous, and the score or two of boats floating quietly or sailing here and there, and the distant coast; for the picture before me this bright sunny morning is very beautiful. Still I will let the couplet stand, for it is true on general principles, even if I am now experiencing an exception; am I right in calling it morning, when drawing near noon? But I will not be particular; it is always morning until it is time for the noon rations. The reau, the Walden Pond hermit, said it was morning when one was awake. Some people are never awake. Well, I am awake at the present moment, and in a sense have just awoke to the bright picture before and around me. The breeze is pleasantly fanning me as it blows briskly off of the water, as the wind is south. A little to the right and a few rods nearer the water is that tree-covered bluff, always my favorite spot, but where I now am seems to be the right location, where one can have a wider range and see more what is going on. This new building is well situated, and makes a good impression, and is quite a feature in this picturesque place. I had already found the veteran editor of the Banner seated comfortably with two or three friends on the grassy bank in front of the Hotel Onset, enjoying the same breeze I was, for I can still see him in the distance in the same spot. Bro. Colby, like a cat on a rug, always manages to find a comfortable place. Before I had got thus planted on this new piazza, I had taken a look through the interior of this new building, which is a three-story L attached to the rear of the platform or speakers' stand; but it is a very ornamental L; the pagoda-like upper story adds to its architectural beauty, and it has been very properly utilized as a sleeping-room by the President, and seems to me when he gets there in the shadows of night he must feel at home, and find it a good place to wander from in his dreams. As I ascended the high steps to reach it, I almost felt as if I wanted to try it on myself. The second story is a good sized octagon room arranged and furnished for circles; Mrs. Huntoon was to hold one there this (Sunday) evening. The lower story, surrounded wholly with a piazza and about four feet from the ground, is the headquarters or general office of the Company, where Dr. Storer, the President, is generally to be found. This structure is connected with the rear of the speakers' platform, and the speakers and singers and those who are to occupy the platform enter it conveniently under cover from this new building, which has been arranged in connection with the platform so as to look like one extensive building. It is quite gaudily painted; so is the platform, as to that; but that seems to be in order at all new seasons or summer places. In fact, the whole appearance of the piazza, hotels, cottages and other buildings, all have a gay, and what at home would be called a gaudy look, but certainly is quite au fait at the summer resorts, and in this case adds life to the general picture.

The genial and eloquent President prefaced his introduction of the speaker at this morning's service with some remarks of a business character (which many, I dare say, were glad to hear), intimating that the company had some lots for sale—none very near the thickly-populated part of the domain—and year by year there was less opportunity of getting lots of the company, although at a distance it had many very desirable lots—not so many as there were last year, but more than there will be next year. The President, representing the directors in this statement, did not seem to be under any concern of mind, as if the bearish tendencies of the general market were likely to extend to this enterprise, for this has had a healthy boom from the start, and with no signs of any reaction. Any one can see that Onset is a growing place, and a permanent one. Its growth is visible from year to year, and before many seasons, there will be a thousand or two of cottages, instead of three hundred or four hundred, as now. I do not know if I am correct in the present market, but I think it probable, but I leave that to the stock and bond market, which I have not time to follow.

There was a very pleasant quiet gathering at Onset, and the speakers and singers were ready for their last tolling; where they wished to have their poor body laid; and expressed their regret to any display at her funeral. Also she charged me to finish the book which she had commenced, and to carry on and finish her story. I promised to devote what remained of my life to doing what she wished me to do, and what she had been able to stay with me longer, she would have done. There was a very pleasant quiet gathering at Onset, and the speakers and singers were ready for their last tolling; where they wished to have their poor body laid; and expressed their regret to any display at her funeral. Also she charged me to finish the book which she had commenced, and to carry on and finish her story. I promised to devote what remained of my life to doing what she wished me to do, and what she had been able to stay with me longer, she would have done.

more this season than there were last. I think I see a marked improvement in the management. Last year better than the year before, and this year better still. This may be partly owing to an increase of means. One thing can be stated which no one will dispute: Dr. Storer is a very popular man, and makes an able presiding officer; and while he is a voice Spiritualism will be the accented syllable of the place, and that is as it should be. The elements of discord that have occasionally been manifest in the past do not now exist—or if they do, are so subdued as to be of no account. The paper which I suppose expressed the voice of the old disturbing element rather slurred this enterprise in a very undignified manner a month or two ago. If he were here, and took the whole thing in as I do now, the writer, I think, would be ashamed of it. If not, more is the pity. However, Onset seems to have the elements of perpetuity in it, and so perhaps excites envy at its advantages, and it can afford to be silent to such an unjust reflection, letting the prosperity of the enterprise speak for itself—which it wholesomely and loudly does.

Mediums seem to abound here, and I think are pretty well patronized, sometimes on Sundays giving two sittings a day, and full. Materializations seem to be the popular phase. The Berry Sisters, Mrs. Stoddard Gray and her son, Mr. Hough, Mr. and Mrs. Bliss and Mr. and Mrs. Cough are all giving materializations. Mrs. Williams of New York is here, but she is resting. There are other mediums besides those I have named giving sittings and séances, but as I am not a reporter, and as there are others here who make it a point to write up camp-meeting matters, and as the Banner editor is here for a few days and full of experience, and will be a reliable reporter in telling his story, I had better omit further details and let this go more as a pen-picture than as a report.

Biographical.

Mary S. Gove Nichols.

The transition of the wife of Dr. T. L. Nichols has called forth many expressions of regret that her visible presence is no longer among mortals, and well-merited encomiums upon a life well spent and a service well-done upon earth, in both England and America.

From an article in the Herald of Health, for July, written by her husband, we glean the following items which cannot fail to be of interest to our readers: Her maiden name was Mary Sargent Neal. Her father—descended from early Scottish emigrants to New England—was a highly intelligent man, a born naturalist and enthusiastic horticulturist, acquainted with all the plants and animals in the then wild new country he made his home. The child early exhibited foreshadowings of the career she was to follow. In her girlhood she was much grieved over the death, by consumption, of some of her family, and desirous of learning the cause and cure of that disease went to a doctor, and asked him to lend her medical books. "As odd as Mary Neal," says the writer, was a neighborly by-word, and she obtained the books, and began her education in the treatment of human maladies.

Like all intelligent girls of those days, she was called upon to take her turn in teaching the village school, and began her life-work by giving lectures on health to her pupils. Some ladies of Boston hearing of this entirely novel procedure, invited her to lecture to a society they had formed for mutual improvement. This led to more invitations, and a constantly widening sphere of sanitary labors.

About this time she became a member of the Society of Friends, and was married to a Quaker. Her experiences of marriage and maternity enlarged her sphere of work, and determined her to do what she could to save women from what she and so many have suffered. She devoted herself to this mission, and gave courses of lectures, mostly to women, but sometimes to mixed audiences, from Portland, in Maine, to Baltimore—lecturing in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, then one of the largest public lecture rooms in this country, and in 1847 conducted a Water-Cure establishment in that city. Of her subsequent life we have not space to say more than it was one of doing good. In 1855 she investigated the claims of Spiritualism, and like all others who have honestly done so, became convinced of the truth of the subject, and soon after a medium through whom others were also convinced. In 1860, having become the wife of Dr. Nichols, a gentleman whose mind was in close sympathy with her own on all matters of public interest, she went to England, where both have labored diligently from that to the present time, for the spread of truth, and a diffusion of a better knowledge of the duties we owe to ourselves and to one another.

A writer in the New York Journal, Mon, "T. C. L." says:

"She was a brilliant writer, teacher, and preacher—preacher of the new and the right—and a skillful physician here in New York and the Eastern States forty years ago. For twenty years she was as widely read, as well known and as greatly loved as any of the most celebrated women who are before the public now. She lectured extensively on physiology; she taught her sex, and appealed to them everywhere, to know and obey the physiological laws. She popularized water cure and effected many remarkable cures in her extensive practice by means of it. She wrote upon marriage and made her earnest and effective protest against its abuses. She was first and foremost in the movement for Woman's Rights. Mary S. Gove Nichols will be remembered by those who ever knew her, or read her earlier works, or who should now read them, as one of the brightest intellects and best loved teachers of that dawn age, when woman began to discover that she belonged to herself, that she too had some rights which are inalienable, and began to come out in periodicals and on platforms to bravely express her thoughts and assert her rights. Many a woman of the present day is healthier, happier, nobler for the good counsels, the bright sayings, the words of encouragement, the faithful teachings of Mrs. Nichols; and often, too, without knowing it, whom she is chiefly indebted for the rights she possesses and the happiness she enjoys."

Of the closing days of her earth-life Dr. Nichols says:

"She seemed to know what was coming, and had given her last directions, and said her last words. She told me where the soft shammers and laces were ready for her last tolling; where she wished to have her poor body laid; and expressed her regret to any display at her funeral. Also she charged me to finish the book which she had commenced, and to carry on and finish her story. I promised to devote what remained of my life to doing what she wished me to do, and what she had been able to stay with me longer, she would have done."

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

In quiting from the **BANNER OF LIGHT** care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of important thoughts, but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance. We do not read anonymous letters or communications. When newspapers are forwarded which contain matter for our inspection, the sender will confer a favor by drawing a line around the article he desires specially to recommend for publication. Notice of Spiritualist Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Monday, as the **BANNER OF LIGHT** goes to press every Tuesday.

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SPIRITUALISM is the Science and Philosophy of the Universe as viewed from the Spiritual Standpoint; and is identical with **SPIRITUALITY**.—**SPRINT S. B. BRITTON.**

Immortality a Rational Belief.

The pastor of the East Boston Methodist Church, on Saratoga street, Rev. Mr. Hills, recently preached to his congregation on the evidences of immortality, and he said certain things regarding the rationality of a belief in immortality which do credit to his head if not to his heart. His reasoning was, that if mind is the result of the operation of matter as a chemico-molecular action of the brain, then mind must be enfeebled when this operation is weak; whereas the contrary is often true, mind being stronger and clearer as matter loses its energy of action; thus implying that mind is a self-existing agent. Sudden news, good or bad, frequently shocks the mind to such a degree that death ensues. A blow on the brain will produce no more than the same result. Here, then, it is seen that two causes, the one mental and the other physical, have the same effect. If man is only a material substance, then the increasing powers of mind which are sometimes witnessed as death approaches are unaccountable. The dying have repeatedly declared the consciousness of an independent personality and the possession of absolute knowledge to be more vivid and strong than at any time during their lives.

The speaker would not credit his hearers with believing that thought is the combustion of the phosphorus of the brain, or that the brain secretes thought just as the liver secretes bile. No matter what scientist or materialist may affirm such a theory, he did not and could not believe it. As the worm, the cub and the infant passes each through different grades of experience without having life destroyed by the changes, why, he reasons, should the human life be destroyed in passing through the change of death? There are no data, he added, on which to base the assertion that death has no beyond. The soul is an entity, and cannot drop out of existence; it is repugnant to all our feelings to think that the soul, with its great powers and capabilities, was made to grow and expand for a brief time, and then to utterly perish. Human life is like an unfinished story, to be continued. Man is an enigma unless he outlives mortality. Omnipotence will not kill him at the start.

This great train, said the preacher, does not leap the track after only a seventy-mile run and go down into an annihilation chasm. That would mean infinite bankruptcy. That world is not large enough for man, and so a whole generation, every third of a century, moves off into the universe outside of our planet.

Consensus thunders against the belief in the unconsciousness of the dead. The preacher expressed an intense desire to look upon some of life's experiences from the spirit-land standpoint; but he asks how it can be possible if the personal "I" is wholly shut up in a grave. He confessed that he was tantalized if eternally does not explain some things which he thinks he has a right to know. There are two kinds of lives here on earth, totally opposed to one another; shall they both alike meet with total extinction? If so, it would surely imply a careless First Cause.

We have an inborn instinct that we are to continue forever. All races cherish a belief in a future state. History records it all over its page. The aggregate sentiment of the race has acknowledged it. Philosophy, poetry and art have embodied the idea. But—and now he crawls back into his narrow little creed to speak. "What does God say about it?" He answers for the Old Testament that it assumes immortality to be a truth; for Christ, that it was a belief of his time; but we submit it is wholly out of his power to demonstrate either. Once safely inside the theological pale, he indulges in fanciful speculations, much after the wont of clergymen everywhere, but which we think have no practical meaning to the reason of either pastor or flock, but are indulged in as an exercise of faith alone. Summoning up patience to endeavor to grasp the explanation of his supposed meaning, the reader of his discourse will find that he is really making an attempt to fit great truths (whose existence his reason will not allow him to deny) into the narrow interstices of human creeds:

All mortal things, he says, included between repentance and unending bliss, are most fittingly expressed by the word "life," and this must be eternal; but the opposite, beginning with repentance, passing through all grades of "damnation" from God and all the effects of

separation from him, are expressed by the word "death," and this must be eternal. The immortal life is common to all, irrespective of character; but the spiritual life which makes heaven is not common to all. That is his assertion. Now he leaves the high level of thought and spiritual aspiration, and preaches; and that means simply saying what little he has been specially trained to say for a certain money and social consideration, and being careful not to overstep, to any marked and permanent degree, the prescribed limit. No one who has any license at all to utter his thought on the subject would undertake to say that the progressed and purely spiritual are to lead the same lives in the future as the unprogressed and impurely spiritual. But how can he or any man assert that "it is the province of those who are spiritually advanced to ignore, forget, be wholly indifferent to those who are less advanced by reason of ignorance, sinful lives and unfortunate conditions? If they were, then they must certainly be endowed with something very different from the divine spirit, which is notoriously tender and loving toward us all, in spite of our worst infirmities.

Onset Bay Grove Notes.

We intended in our last issue to publish a report of all the séances we attended during our brief sojourn at this grove, but the crowded state of our columns prevented.

By invitation of Mr. Albro, the judicious manager of the materialization séances of the Berry sisters—accounts of whose wonderful circles have frequently appeared in the *Banner* from responsible witnesses—we attended a public circle at their residence on Saturday evening, the 19th inst., in company with a couple of friends. On this occasion Miss Gertrude Berry officiated. The room was crowded with spectators, but unlike the previous séances we had attended elsewhere, was well ventilated—thanks to Bro. Albro's foresight. We were seated near the cabinet, on the left-hand side near the opening, where we could plainly view each spirit-form as it appeared. About twenty-five forms in all came out in the course of the evening, male and female, and nearly all of them were recognized by their respective friends and relatives.

A mother, holding her infant child in her arms, appeared, and looked wistfully around, but recognizing no acquaintances, suddenly retired. Mr. Albro quickly remarked: "Will the spirit reappear and show the babe again?" The curtain almost instantly opened, when we approached closely to the form and felt of the tiny arms of the infant. While doing so, the little one moved its eyes sufficiently for us to decide that it was a living reality—the while the mother scrutinizing us sharply. In the course of the evening the spirit sister of a Mr. Stone came out, bringing with her a child we should suppose to be about ten years of age. It brought a small flower in its hand, which was presented to Mr. S. He afterwards said they were his sister and her adopted child. Another gentleman was then called before the curtain, when two female forms appeared, whom he instantly recognized as his mother and daughter. He took each by the arm, led them around the circle, and introduced them to the company.

Next to appear was an Indian maiden, who gave her name as "Lotela" (one of the messenger spirits of Miss Shelhamer.) She took us by the hand the moment she emerged from the cabinet, cordially greeted us, and desired to be presented to our friend, Mr. McArthur, who was seated in another part of the room. She was delighted, she said, on being able to see us. Her manner, gestures and vivacity, so characteristic of her while in control of her own medium, were evidence to us that our dear little spirit-friend was actually before us in materialized form. She seated herself at our feet, Indian fashion, and seemed loth to be obliged to retire. We asked her when she last saw her medium (Miss S.), and her reply was: "I left her in Cincinnati this forenoon." Then, almost in an instant after she had passed behind the curtain, a female spirit appeared somewhat larger, and came direct to us. We vainly endeavored to recognize her. We then, by her request, led her into the centre of the room for the company to examine her features, but not one present knew her. On returning to our seat, we asked her several questions, but for a time could get no reply; when, finally, after looking at us earnestly a few moments, she whispered in our ear, "Fannie Conant, and nobody knows me." We had supposed that it was an Indian spirit, she was so dark complexioned, although we had a faint impression that the contour of the face was that of Mrs. C. She then glided into the cabinet, seemingly very much disappointed. This singular manifestation somewhat mystified us. It was so different in appearance to that of the spirit at the Bliss circle the previous evening, when we recognized the face of Mrs. Conant at once, who came, as she had always done, with a devout and very spiritual cast of countenance. Next day, through Mr. Tallman, a spirit who said he was present in the cabinet at the time, explained the mystery by saying that the reason why Mrs. Conant appeared so dark complexioned was because she took on the Indian nerve-aurea of Lotela, who had previously controlled.

PRIVATE CIRCLE AT HOTEL ONSET.—At the solicitation of a few personal friends, Mr. W. C. Tallman of this city consented to sit for spiritual manifestations in the parlor of the above named hotel, on Sunday evening, July 20th. No sooner had the light been lowered than Mr. T. and Mrs. Williams of New York, who were present, were simultaneously entranced. "Bright Eyes," a joyous little spirit, who is one of the regular controls of Mrs. W., kept the company in unusual good humor; while Jim Fisk held control of Mr. Tallman for some time, and gave several evidences of his identity. Said he had promised to aid our partner some time ago financially, as he was sure he could do, and wished to know of us if he hadn't kept his word. We replied that we could not answer for Mr. Rich—that we didn't know. "Then ask him," was his laconic remark, "and tell him I am often at his elbow when he is not aware of the fact, helping him all I can." Before leaving he asked for a cigar, which was handed to him by a Rhode Island gentleman. After close examination, he threw it upon the floor, saying that he "never smoked five-centers." Mr. T. was subsequently controlled by "Tim," a very witty Irishman, who gave us many tests—facts that Mr. Tallman could not possibly have known anything of. He also gave us encouragement to persevere in the good work, as we were protected, he said, by a host of powerful spirits. "Tim" then assured Mrs. Williams that the time was not far distant when she would go upon the public platform and give the most convincing proofs of spirit-presence possible.

He said he had been posted in regard to the plans of the spirit-chemists who were attached to her band—and he knew what he was talking about. After this spirit had retired, Mr. Holland, familiarly known as Mrs. W.'s materializing séances in New York as "Papa Holland," cordially shook hands with Kate Irving and herself. The lady seemed to know him very well. He said, in a strong masculine voice, that he was glad to meet us; that our work was a very important one, etc. After which, another spirit took possession of the lady-medium, and gave us many words of wisdom. Among other things he said that the circle then and there convened was of greater significance than we could possibly have the slightest idea of; that by and through our combined magnetic forces (the whole party being mediumistic) they (the spirits) were laying vines in order to accomplish mighty purposes in this nation in the immediate future. After the close of this extemporaneous and highly entertaining séance, Mrs. Williams and Kate Irving (the authoress) were serenaded by a quartette.

We are under obligation to Bro. Whitlock, the efficient *Facts* man, for a large photographic likeness of Dr. H. B. Storer; also one of Bro. W.'s portly form. They are both capital likenesses and we prize them highly.

It is indeed gratifying to see the activity manifested at Onset, as new cottages are springing up in all directions. The streets are much improved by layers of clay, and the asphalt sidewalks are manifest improvement. A number of the principal avenues have received these walks during the past four weeks, and at the present rate of progress every avenue in the grove will soon have them the entire length. The abutters pay a proportional part of the expense of laying them, and the Association the remainder. The cottagers are taking hold of this project with a will, owing to the untiring efforts of a number of gentlemen who are zealously working for the prosperity of the place.

During our brief visit to Onset we had the pleasure of meeting our old friend and excellent medium, Mrs. Dr. Cutter, by whose energy and great foresight Wicket's Island—a very healthy location—was permanently secured, having recently purchased it of the owner, notwithstanding that she previously secured a long lease of it. Mrs. C. gives all the credit of the transaction to her dear spirit-friend, Dr. Warren. He thinks, however, she had better divide the honors. The "Wicket's Island Home" has been leased for three years to W. I. Wilcox, who is ready to cater to the wants of the public.

Mrs. Mary A. Green of Newburyport, who is located at Hotel Brookton, is an excellent medium.

Our thanks are due the Onset Bay *Dot* for its complimentary notice. There is no question but that the *Dot* is a capital factor in giving accurate accounts of passing events and recording personal presences at this delightful summer resort.

James Collins of Middleboro' has paid six hundred dollars for a small lot on Onset avenue, next to the Brookton House.

It is said that there were nearly five thousand people at Onset last Sunday.

Lula Hurst in Boston.

On Tuesday evening, July 22d, Miss Lula Hurst, the Georgia Psychist, gave an exhibition at the Globe Theatre in this city before a large and intelligent audience. Her manager, in introducing her, said that she was subjected to an unknown yet intelligent force which scientists had examined and tested and had attempted to explain on every conceivable hypothesis, but had failed to give any rational explanation of it. The entertainment was divided into three parts, and for each twelve stout, sturdy men were selected to test the powers of the young girl. The strongest men were as children in her hands, and after struggling for an hour and a half with them, Miss Hurst was as fresh as when she commenced, each of her opponents admitting that he had had all he wanted in that line—in fact, some of them were thoroughly exhausted.

By simply touching the seat of a chair with her open palm, she would cause it to rise or lower, as she pleased, notwithstanding the frantic efforts of the parties holding it. And in one case four gentlemen tried in vain to push it to the floor, and even when assisted by a fifth, a man weighing over two hundred and fifty pounds, who deliberately seated himself on it, the chair was not lowered an inch.

That Miss Hurst is a physical medium is an unquestioned fact, and the attempt to call the power "muscular development," "electricity," or "fraud," will not satisfy the people. As one gentleman, a non-Spiritualist, remarked: "This may be muscular development, but if so it operates in a directly opposite manner to all known laws. I can understand how it could force a chair downward when she placed her open palm on the seat, but how could it draw that chair upward, particularly against the combined strength of five stout men?"

The theory of muscular development did not seem to have taken a strong hold on the audience, as, when Miss Hurst placed her palm on the hand of a gentleman who was holding the chair, the power was just as strong as before. He was whirled around the stage, and at the conclusion of the experiment declared that he did not feel the slightest muscular contraction or pressure from the palm of Miss Hurst. This experiment was tried with several, and all save one corroborated the testimony of the first gentleman.

Appropos to the above we may mention that the well-known spiritual medium, James R. Cooke, who has resided in Boston for several months, was a few weeks since at the house of a friend of ours in this city, when it was proposed that he seat himself at the piano, that it might be seen what demonstrations of physical power his spirit-friends could produce. The proposition was acceded to. The only persons in the house besides Mr. C.,—which, by the way, was in one of the upper wards, and at quite a distance from all other buildings—were the gentleman and his wife, whose home it is.

The piano, known as a Square Grand, is very heavy, weighing at least eight hundred pounds. A few small musical instruments were placed on it. Mr. Cooke took a seat at the key-board, the lights were extinguished, and in a short time he was controlled by one of his guides, who spoke with a foreign accent. He then played with much skill, and at the same time one end of the piano repeatedly rose from and returned to the floor, apparently a foot or more, and as gracefully and easily as an orchestra conductor's baton rises and falls before an audience.

"Will you take a ride?" asked the spirit, the playing still continuing. "Accepting the invita-

tion, our friend seated himself on the piano, when it was moved as before. Then followed a tumult of sounds, a spring tea-ball being rung as an ordinary handled one might be—though far more difficult of doing—a tambourine sounded, etc. In fact, there were so many powerful demonstrations that the lady became nervously frightened and left the room. All this took place while the medium was playing the piano, and the performance terminated by the control playing "The Skeleton Dance," accompanied by the tramping sound of innumerable feet.

Mr. Cooke does not make a practice of holding dark séances, and is only prevailed upon to do so by the urgent solicitation of friends. We are informed that on some of these occasions as many as a dozen instruments have been played upon simultaneously, while at the same time Mr. C. was playing upon the piano.

So it will be seen that somebody else besides the Hurst performs "wonders" in Boston. The only difference is in the fact that one is an acknowledged spirit medium, while the other, though really being such, is not admitted to be by her adroit managers. Spirit-force is unquestionably the "unexplainable power" manifested by the girl-medium, and that force is controlled by a band of Indian spirits who do the work by and through her mediumship. At the exhibition of Miss Hurst, reported above, Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly, editor of the *Pilot*, said he felt a muscular pressure upon his left arm. This was, doubtless, caused by the hand of one of the invisible operators. Similar manifestations were seen by us twenty-eight years ago in this city and vicinity; and that they are not confined to any one individual or place, will be seen by reference to page two of this issue, where an account is given of phenomena of a similar nature occurring in New Zealand. Additional to the statements therein made, in the *New Zealand Mail* of June 6th, Mr. Nation, alluding to the experience of a clergyman with his, Mr. N.'s daughter, eleven years of age, says:

"When seated upon the floor he looked the girl steadily in the face and said: 'I defy the chair to move.' But the chair, according to his own words, 'wriggled and jerked with great force.' Many others have tried the same experiment, and have even been thrown upon their backs."

This is almost identical in phraseology with the descriptions of the Hurst experiments.

Henry C. Gordon's Present Condition.

We are in receipt of a letter from Hon. Thos. R. Hazard, inclosing one from Henry Gordon, the Philadelphia medium. Bro. Hazard sympathizes deeply with the medium in his present troubles, and being desirous of assisting him, has authorized us to make the following statement and offer: When Gordon and Kerr were arrested, they were placed under bonds of \$400 each, which were promptly furnished by Mr. Hazard, he having deposited the \$800 in cash with the court. Now, in view of Gordon's present condition, Mr. Hazard offers to donate this sum (\$800) to Gordon, providing the friends will come forward and secure the necessary bail, thereby releasing the money from the hands of the court. It seems to be the opinion of intelligent Spiritualists that this prosecution of Gordon is a premeditated attempt on the part of the "Church" to drive every spiritual medium from the "City of Brotherly Love"; and it is said that the counsel for the prosecution made that statement in open court. If it be so, then the time has arrived for the Spiritualists everywhere to join issue on this question, and it cannot be done in a better way than for them to furnish the necessary security for Gordon, and at the same time allow the medium to reap the benefit of Bro. Hazard's generous offer.

Queen City Park.

By reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that the Camp-Meeting at the above place commences Thursday, Aug. 14th, and will continue one month. The location is one of the most delightful in a State noted for its fine scenery and invigorating atmosphere, and its attractions in the way of boating, fishing and rural sports and recreations are unsurpassed. Add to these good hotels, the services of some of the best mediums, and excellent accommodations generally, and it will be seen that it is a most desirable summer resort for all who would recuperate themselves both spiritually and physically.

Charles E. Watkins is quite successful at the Lookout Mountain Camp-Meeting in convincing skeptics that there is something in Spiritualism worthy of their attention. A challenge having been issued to Mr. Watkins, he accepted it, and on Sunday, July 20th, appeared on the public platform, submitted to test conditions before a committee chosen by the audience, and obtained writing under those conditions. The editor of *Light for Thinkers* was informed by a member of the committee that positive evidences of his gifts being independent of his manipulation were obtained, and that no reasonable doubt could exist of his claims for the phenomena. All of the committee-men are prominent citizens of Chattanooga, and were decided skeptics in regard to the phenomena before witnessing this convincing demonstration of its reality.

Edward Pickford of St. Louis, Mo., has favored us with a fine photograph (6 by 8 inches) of independent writing upon two slates, which, without placing a pencil between them, he bound together at his place of business, then wrapped them in heavy paper and took them to the residence of Mrs. Mott, the well-known medium. They seated themselves at a table, and the slates thus prepared were held beneath it, the gentleman holding one end of them, and Mrs. Mott the other. In a few seconds writing was plainly heard. When the sound ceased Mr. Pickford unbound the slates, opened them, and found upon their inner surfaces three messages, each being in a different handwriting, and recognized by him as written by the individuals whose names were attached to each when in earth-life. The photograph sent is excellent, and one of the best illustrations of this remarkable form of the spiritual phenomena we have ever met with. It may be seen at our counting-room.

An advertisement will be found in another column of a new pamphlet, entitled, "EDUCATION; OR, THE COMING MAN," which merits a wide circulation and a thoughtful perusal by all into whose hands it may fall. Its general character is so plainly told in the advertisement that we need in this place only refer our readers to it and say, buy it by all means.

See the official notice of the First Maine State Spiritualist Camp-Meeting Association, which we print elsewhere. The names of the speakers are given, and other facts worth knowing. We wish readers to attend!

Hon. Thomas R. Hazard.

We learned a few days since from Mr. Dodd, whose wife is a magnetic physician, that Mr. Hazard was very sick at his residence in South Portsmouth, R. I., and had sent for Mrs. Dodd. We have since received a letter from friend Hazard, under date of July 28th, therefore we hope he is not so ill as has been represented. He says: "If my health sufficiently recuperates I may go to Santa Barbara, California." Bro. Hazard is eighty-six years of age.

Sylvester Sawyer of Hoboken, N. J., some time since sent a very important question, with the request that we would present it to the controlling spirit at our Public Circle. It was duly responded to, as will be seen by reference to the sixth page of this issue. While religious bigots are repudiating a phase of the phenomena known as the *materialization of spirit-forms*, and even a few hypercritical Spiritualists are questioning the utility of this class of the manifestations, it is timely that our spirit-friends should give their views upon the question, "Will spirit science, known as materialization, ever be so fully developed that the present transition called death will no more occur on the earth?" The speaker, in response, said: "We believe the time is coming when the natural law of spirit expression called materialization will become so perfected that spirits will be enabled to temporarily inhabit material bodies and be plainly seen and recognized by their friends in their own homes," etc. We have not the least doubt this will be the case within a very few years. Indeed, even now, in isolated cases, where the harmony is sufficient to warrant it, spirit-forms have been seen in full daylight without the assistance of a cabinet.

"The men who are sincerely and conscientiously devoted to a strict observance of the Sabbath," says Henry Ward Beecher, "you will find, if you inquire about them, have their lines generally cast in very pleasant places. They don't realize that the lot of the workman is not for the most part a happy one." I am in favor of any movement that helps anybody to appreciate Sunday as a day of rest, of healthful and pure pleasure, and that will gently lead men, women and children from the things of low estate up to the higher things. If a band concert on Sunday in a park will do this, I have no objection. On the contrary, if it is helpful to those who attend the concert in turning their attention from the sordid, dark, rattling side of human life, and gives them only a glimpse of happiness, I say let the hands play in all the parks and wherever they are found to produce these blessed results." All which is good solid common sense.

An instance of mental telegraphy between New York and Sweden is given in the following, published in the *London Daybreak*, as an extract from a letter written by Mr. Fidler:

"I may tell you that Mrs. Gridley of Brooklyn tried a curious experiment. With a letter of Mrs. Esperance in her hand, she clairvoyantly saw Mrs. Esperance asleep, so she asked the other slates to fix their minds upon her and try to awake her. Mrs. Gridley saw her awakened and get up; and Mrs. Esperance that night got out of bed, thinking some one called her, and went from one room to another to find out what was wanted, and next morning asked us if we had called her. As we had not done so, we did not understand the matter until a letter came tellings of the experiment."

The *Harbinger of Light*, Melbourne, remarking upon Spiritualism in Belgium, says: "It is instructive to contrast the contemptuous treatment which Spiritualism encounters in these colonies, from shallow sciolists, with the respect it receives at the hands of men of science on the continent. Thus, in the *Nouvelle Encyclopédie Nationale* we read that 'Spiritualism is the most sublime expression of the moral sentiments in humanity, the most rational of philosophical conceptions, and... is called upon to reunite, under its banner, in the near future, the immense majority of the nations of the globe.'" [Boston sciolistic newspapers will please copy.]

We place upon our first page a very important document—or at least the most salient points of it—entitled "Spiritualism at Home," which was read before the London Spiritual Alliance last June. It relates principally to the physical manifestations, such as are occurring in this country at the present time; but perhaps the latter are not so marked as those related by Mr. Theobald. If so, the witnesses have not given to the public so consecutive an account of them.

As capital punishment for murder is a mooted question all over the world, we feel to especially call attention to the subject, which we think was conclusively answered from the spiritual standpoint at our Public Circle, a report of which will be found on the sixth page. The speaker said he had studied it closely, and therefore knew he was speaking rightly upon this matter, as he had come in personal contact with many of those who had been sent out of their earthly forms by this process.

The Children's Lyceum in Melbourne, Australia, inaugurated May 15th an annual festival, to be observed as Flower Sunday. The platform was decorated with floral offerings. There was a large attendance, and at the close of the exercises the flowers were sent to cheer by their presence and bless by their fragrance the sick in the hospital.

We publish on second page of this issue an account of phenomena that entirely annul the "muscular" theory of the Hurst girl's efforts in this city. Read the statements, and you will agree with us that the doing of "wonderful Lula" are as nothing in comparison. The article is headed, "Spiritual Phenomena in New Zealand."

Wm. Orley, Esq., author of "Egypt and the Wonders of the Land of the Pharaohs," has been elected a life member of the Royal Society, Letters and Art, of London. Among papers on Egypt from the pen of this gentleman, lately appeared in *The Medium*, causing much comment, particularly among the so-called Christian Spiritualists.

A correspondent, upon sending in an interesting account of spirit phenomena, says: "Until recently I have been a total disbeliever in a life beyond the grave, and unwilling to accept any alleged proof of it short of legal evidence, which I now appear to be getting."

The reader will find, under the heading of "Boston Correspondence," a letter from Bro. Fisk of Oakland, California, giving an interesting account of a new phase of mediumship, and a very singular manifestation of the same.

[To the Chairman:] Shure, an' I'm glad to see ye, sir. Oh! I'm not a bit strange around these places. I niver cooms in here before. I have intinded to coome for the last number of months. Ye see, I promised me, middin' would coome on here, an' make meself know on this platform; but, somehow or other, I niver time I coome round here I kind o' felt I niver coome; I did n't have the heart to do it.

But all these things I am obliged to look upon as trifles. In my own heart, because I could not express my thought to my dear friends. For some time I have been working, waiting to enter an open door through which I could reach my loved ones. Within the last two years some of my friends have heard of Spiritualism, and thence I wonder if there can possibly be any truth in their teachings. They are a little interested in what they hear of its claims, and that has assisted me to come here and make myself known. I send my love to each one, and assure them that I am all true: those who have died have the power of returning with love and benediction to their friends: they watch and guard them until they meet them when they pass from this earthly frame, and welcome them to their homes in the eternal world. My name is James Willett.

But Spiritualism has not been comprehended nor generally recognized, although here and there, through all the past, it has succeeded in making itself known to certain individuals. To-day, through the awakened thought of mankind and the advanced condition of mental and spiritual life, it has gained a power which it never held before. It now everywhere makes itself known in an open manner, blessing humankind, hearts. Those who in past ages did not know the teachings of Spiritualism, and were deprived of its blessings when on earth, are slowly passing on to the other world, and on the edge of its glorious teachings. Mediums are comparatively few in number, but your correspondent has no idea, perhaps, how many homes do contain mediums, or how many are spread is now the manifestation of spiritual power. We know that mediumistic powers exist in every home, and just as rapidly as spirits receive conditions for the unfoldment, these mediumistic powers mediums will be developed. It is only a question of time with it, and it appears as if in the very near future, every home will contain a developed medium. The very best teachers of teachings from the spiritual world will be raised, and incorporated into the lives of the people, thus providing mankind that Spiritualism is really a blessing to the world.

"Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause, only asks a hearing."

"Truth, like the deathless stars that send the gleaming light through the darkness and gloom, sends forth her illuminating rays over a darkened world, thus bearing light and cheer and knowledge to human hearts encased in gloom."

We gazed upon the everlasting mountains that lift their hoary heads toward the bending sky, we look upon the ocean waves that dash

[illegible]

time is becoming purged of all impurities, throwing aside all that which would add to the bloody past, and is seeking mankind into the rich, glowing fields of science, where the sun unfolds its sweetest and purer of thought; therefore I feel that I am, and am going to be, a part of the time. Although I may sometimes feel burnt of opposition, yet become cleared by persecution, which stills a roaring sea, I feel encouraged to press on to the Spiritualism of a purer mankind, and I feel now, as the heavenly beings

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1884.

Ten Days at Onset Grove—What I Saw.

PHYSICAL AND MATERIALIZING MEDIUMS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have just returned from a visit to the delightful Onset Camp-Grounds, which are about fifty-three miles from Boston, near the line of the popular and well-conducted Old Colony Railroad, where the enlivening breezes laden with soul-food for those seeking spiritual elevation as well as physical strength for those weak in body, and I feel free to say that, to my thinking, "Onset" is one of the finest retreats for persons seeking rest, health and recreation I have ever visited. Its cool bluffs and beautiful bay, with "Wicket's" Island in the distance, together with the fine-looking cottages on the opposite shore, present to the eye one of the loveliest views in New England.

The "Onset Bay Company" exhibit commendable enterprise in attending to the comfort and needs of visitors, as well as in making the grounds attractive and providing intellectual and spiritual entertainment. Chief of Police Burgess gives his personal attention to new comers, furnishing all necessary information in an off-hand and gentlemanly manner. On the "Grounds" I had the pleasure of meeting, among others, Prof. Phelps, late of California, but now of New York. The Professor is a philosopher of deep thought and a linguist of great repute. He has done much for human progress. "Kate Irving" of New York, author of the new book entitled "Clear Light from the Spirit-World," a very interesting work for investigators.

Dr. A. S. Hayward, the noted magnetic healer, is at the Robbins Cottage. Among his patients is J. P. Greenleaf, who is rapidly gaining in health. I was pleased to meet Mrs. Williams of New York, the well-known materializing medium, who is not giving sances, but seeking rest. Mrs. E. C. H. Stoddard, formerly Mrs. Herbert of England, but now of California, is also at the "Robbins' Nest," and will exercise her spiritual gifts. Mr. A. L. Hatch of Astoria, New York, the father of the beautiful spirit, Lizzie Hatch, so often materializing at sances, was on the grounds for a few days. Eliza Morse of Minneapolis, Minn., is stopping at the Glen Cove House. His daughter, the bright and lovely spirit, Carrie Morse, often comes from cabinets, sits at a table in view of the company, and writes intelligent letters. The grand old Spiritualist, Joseph Low of Chelsea, is at the Haynes Cottage for the camp season. Annie Lord Chamberlain is at Mrs. Cox's cottage. Col. W. D. Crockett and wife are at a cottage on Longwood avenue. I was glad to find Charles Sullivan so improved in health. Joseph D. Stiles, is on the grounds, and gives wonderful tests by describing spirit-friends and giving their names.

We have had addresses from Geo. A. Fuller, J. Clegg Wright, Mrs. M. S. Townsend-Wood, Sarah A. Byrnes, J. Frank Baxter, J. K. Applebee and many others—all giving us some new thoughts of value. L. L. Whitlock is on the grounds, holding meetings and putting his "Facts" in book form before the people, who will do well to read them.

I have attended the materializing sances of the Misses Berry, Mrs. Bliss, Mr. and Mrs. Caffray, Mrs. Stoddard-Gray and her son, Dr. W. H. C. Hough. I only have time to notice them briefly, but after the camp-season is over I propose to give each sance I attended at Onset a special and full report in one of the Sunday papers of Boston.

THE MISSES BERRY'S SANCES.—The medium entered the cabinet, and could hardly have taken a seat when a beautiful spirit in snow-white robes came to the front and called a lady, who addressed her as "daughter." The spirit wanted a bracelet from her mother's arm, and it was given her; the spirit then stepped into the cabinet, and immediately returned, exhibiting the bracelet upon her arm. Several spirits came in quick succession and called for friends, and were nearly all recognized, my father being among the number. The lively and joyous spirits "Gipsy" and "Twinkle" greeted the company in a vivacious and happy manner.

I was called to the cabinet, where stood the form of a young man whose face had a familiar look. He gave the name of "John." I asked, "What is your other name, please?" He retired to the cabinet, and, returning in a minute, said, "Hague." This John Hague was a young man well known to me as a printer, and was one of the earliest "type-stickers" on the Banner of Light. He passed away nearly twenty-five years ago. A male form came and gave the name of Dr. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. This spirit is said to be the control of Mattie H. Chamberlain, trance-medium, late of England, but now on the grounds. Somewhat five or more spirits came from the cabinet. These sances of the Misses Berry are of a gratifying nature to those desiring interviews with their spirit-friends. [Later than this I have attended a sance of the Misses Berry with Bro. Luther Colby, who I hope will report what he saw on that occasion.]

Mrs. Bliss.—The sance room of Mrs. Bliss was filled to its utmost capacity, and as I arrived late I took a back seat. In the company I saw several well-known faces, among them Mrs. Williams, Mr. Colby and other friends. The manifestations were many, and much attention was paid to Bro. Colby, the spirits recognizing him as their good and true friend, referring to his faithful labors in the cause. I was greeted cordially by "Billy," "Bine Flower," "Alice" and "Mrs. McCarthy." The commanding presence of "Capt. Hodges" cordially received those who approached him. "Little Wolf," the representative of Indian spirit-life, was also present, and as active as ever. My spirit sister came, and looking anxiously to me, said, so as to be heard by all: "Brother!" I answered: "I cannot reach you now, dear." She replied: "I will come again," which she did before I left. This sance was commendably managed by Mrs. Bliss, and gave entire satisfaction to those present. "Alice," a beautiful spirit, came in front of the curtain and joyously received all who approached. She afterward sang "Nearer, my God, to Thee," giving us an opportunity seldom afforded, of hearing a celestial songstress. "Billy" was as full of vivacity as ever, and called for several to shake hands; "Mrs. McCarthy" was overjoyed with her "God bless ye," she shook the hands of all she could reach. Mrs. Bliss I consider one of the finest mediums in the work, and when "harmony" abounds her spirit manifestations are unrivaled. I never attend one of her sances without receiving loving greetings from spirit-friends.

THE CAFFRAYS.—I attended one of the sances given by Mr. and Mrs. Caffray. The manifestations here are of a nature bordering on the marvelous and indescribable. Mr. Caffray is a medium for physical manifestations of almost every phase. In his dark sances voices are heard, touches felt and lights seen floating around. Slate-writing is also a feature of his mediumship, and worthy of investigation. I, with two other persons, took hold of the slate, and Mr. Caffray placed one of his fingers upon it, when instantly the moving of the pencil was heard. On opening the slates we found several messages written, and signed by names recognized by the different parties to whom they were addressed. Some claimed it to be the writing of their deceased friends. Mrs. Caffray is a medium for spirit materialization, and at her sances the spirits apparently come and go with the greatest freedom. On one time a ball of light was seen upon the top of the cabinet, which slowly enlarged itself, first showing a face, then floated to the floor and instantly became a full and beautiful female form, and approaching Bro. Colby, placed her hands upon his head, apparently invoking a blessing upon him. A form arose at my feet, as it did also to the feet of others, first appearing as a speck of light upon the floor, and then quickly grew to a partly-developed female form, showing its face, and then placed its hands upon my head.

Mrs. STODDARD GRAY AND HER SON, DR. W. H. C. HOUGH.—These mediums are too well known to need much introduction. Mr. Hough has been developed into a physical and materializing medium of wonderful strength, and with the assistance of his mother, who is also a medium, afford the spirit-world an open road for communicating with earthly friends. The sances of spirit and guide purposes to be Col.

Baker (who was killed at Ball's Bluff on the Potomac.) Mr. Hough is also developed for answering sealed letters, after the manner of J. V. Mansfield, and is fully his equal. I wrote three messages, on separate pieces of paper, addressed to spirit-friends, which I folded closely and banded to him, one at a time, and taking the message in his left hand would hold it upon his head, and then with his other hand write the reply. In each case the answer I received was signed by the name of the party whom I addressed, and in one case information given that was unexpected but of value. All answers were in harmony with my inquiries. When Mr. Hough performs this phase he is in his normal state. As the materializing sances my sister appeared. She talked with me as usual, and said, "How sorry I am for Fannie!" I naturally inquired who "Fannie" was. The spirit replied, "Fannie Conant," and further said, "Mr. Colby was to be here with you." As she said this she stepped aside, when the form of Mrs. Conant, the world-renowned medium, appeared, and uttered a few words, the purpose of which was disappointment that he was not present. She then retired. My sister again appeared, and said, "Wait," when to my astonishment the well-known form and face of the late William White stood before me. I recognized and gave my old friend a cordial greeting. He said to me, "Where is Luther? Tell him to come here." I informed him that Mr. Colby was not feeling well enough to be able to come that day. The beautiful spirits Carrie Miller and Esther Hazard were among those who appeared.

Mrs. HUNTOUN and Mr. ROTHERMEL are on the grounds giving sances. I did not have the pleasure of witnessing their materializations, but hope to do so in a few days. On my return to Boston I was glad to find my usual copy of the Banner upon my desk, and among other good things I read the article by "Shadows," in reference to the past work of the "dear old Banner," which I fully endorse, and I desire that this fact go on record. HIRSH E. FELCH.

16 Brattle Square, Boston, July 25th, 1884.

The Camp-Meetings.

Doings at Onset Bay.

Rev. James K. Applebee, of the Parker Memorial Society of Boston, gave a magnificent lecture on Monday afternoon, on "Personal Fidelity," which commanded the close and delighted attention of the audience. Mr. Whitlock secured the manuscript, and the lecture appears in the Facts magazine for July.

Prof. Worthen, late State geologist of Illinois, is making his third annual visit to Onset. He greatly enjoys the conference meetings, and appreciates the diversities of spiritual gifts manifested by our mediums. Mrs. Worthen accompanies him.

Edwin A. Groslier, Esq., of Malden, private secretary of Gov. Robinson, is enjoying his vacation at the Glen Cove House.

Mrs. M. Ackley, clairvoyant and test medium, mother of Mr. Ackley, the materializing medium, and of Mrs. Johnson, communicating medium, who is with her, occupies Brooklyn tent, near the Rink, where they hold evening circles.

The lots at Onset, in the new territory of Onset, are now ready for sale, and maps can be had at the office of the Association.

Bro. Geo. V. Vaughn and a party of friends, with two boats, visited White Island, the inland lake in Plymouth woods, on Monday afternoon, and returned Friday last. Black bass and perch were plenty.

Mrs. K. R. Stiles of Worcester interested a very large audience on Friday afternoon by a recital of marvelous physical phenomena at her own house, after which she spoke under the purported influence of Ed. S. Wheeler.

Hon. Warren Chase gave a telling lecture on Wednesday afternoon, upon "Out of Darkness into Light." The evolution of the material universe, the evolution of mind, the progress of man, and the development of Spiritualism, were all related in a comprehensive and powerful discourse. Bro. Chase has lost none of his vigor as a thinker and orator, although the oldest speaker upon the spiritual platform.

Joseph D. Stiles, on Thursday, gave an address, interspersed with poetic improvisations, and followed by the wonderful tests which astonished all under direct spirit control. The largest audience of the week greeted him.

The dedication of cottages has begun. A truly phenomenal occasion was the dedication of the new cottage of Mrs. M. S. Townsend-Wood and husband, on Thursday night. In every respect a superior occasion, the pure spirit of fraternity and unity, and the development of Spiritualism, were all related in a comprehensive and powerful discourse. Bro. Chase has lost none of his vigor as a thinker and orator, although the oldest speaker upon the spiritual platform.

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set Bay Grove Association," will give a grand Concert and Character Entertainment at the skating-rink, on which occasion he will present a large array of talented and accomplished instrumental artists, sentimental and comic, and readings, etc.

Lake Pleasant, Montague, Mass.

On Aug. 3d the Eleventh Annual Meeting at Lake Pleasant will commence, with Mrs. Sarah Byrnes and Charles Darnham as the speakers for the occasion. All of the details of the summer gathering are arranged. The music, instrumental and vocal, will be of a high order. The Fitchburg Band will, as usual, give superb concerts from the grand stand. The new skating-rink will be a great attraction to many people.

Railroad facilities are better than ever before—more regular trains stopping at the Lake. Saratoga and Boston people will patronize the "Saratoga special," which Superintendent Adams has generously ordered to stop at the encampment. This train leaves Boston at 10 A. M., Saratoga at 9:45 A. M. Excursion rates can be secured over Western lines. The bulk of the crowd will undoubtedly be from Troy and Boston. Buffalo and leading intermediate points will be sold for \$12.75.

The meeting will close on Sunday, Aug. 31st. The list of speakers has already appeared in the Banner. For particulars relative to tenting lots, etc., address N. S. Henry, Montague, Mass.

Natick, Conn.

Warren Chase will be the opening speaker at this Camp, Aug. 3d. The growth of this place is remarkable. There is a solid, homelike appearance to the place, and the market at prices from thirty to one hundred dollars. Address James E. Hayden, Williamstown, Conn., on all matters relative to this meeting.

Accommodations for two well-furnished cottages to rent for the season, at reasonable rates. Address her at Natick, Conn., Spiritualist Camp-Ground.

GENERAL MISCELLANY.

Conductor Billings of the Fitchburg line, formerly station agent at the Lake Pleasant grounds, will be warmly congratulated by hundreds of camp tourists this month. Mr. Billings is a competent railroad man, and his many friends are confident that he has not reached the end of his achievements in the line of promotion.

Leave the cars at New Lyme station for the Natick Meeting.

... Pack your trunk and make the grand circuit of the meetings, read reader.

... The New London Northern line has the benefit of travel to Lake Pleasant and the Natick meeting.

... Subscribing for the Banner of Light is a pleasant camp-meeting duty.

... The Corning (N. Y.) delegation will be on hand. Mr. Brown is expected to return to Boston.

... Ample notes of the Natick and Lake Champlain Meetings will appear in due season.

... Mrs. Austin and Mrs. Wheeler of Orange are encoined at Lake Pleasant. So are Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln of Boston.

... The Cassadaga Lake (N. Y.) folks send cordial greetings to the Eastern camps.

... Reader, we hope to greet you at either Lake Pleasant, Natick, Onset Bay or Lake Champlain during the summer.

... The Stafford, Conn., folks will arrive early in August.

... Very interesting: The editor's account of his visit to Onset Bay in last week's Banner.

... Many people identified with the Liberal Christian movement will visit the different camps this year. C. H. BARNES.

Neshaminy Falls Camp-Meeting.

The camp presented a lively appearance on the opening day. Excursionists from Philadelphia and Trenton crowded the banks of the creek, meandered through the woods, and then packed the auditorium.

Judge Dailey and wife arrived on the grounds on Saturday evening by the same train which brought J. Clegg Wright from Onset Bay. Mr. Edgar W. Emerson came in the morning. The tents, as usual, stand all in a row facing the valley. The President of the Association, Dr. J. K. Applebee, and Capt. Smith, the editor of the Banner, and other friends, were on hand.

Mr. J. Clegg Wright spoke in the afternoon on "The Natural Immortality of the Soul," attempting to give a logical and geometrical demonstration of the immortality of the soul. It was a great argument. The audience to the full to follow the close reasoning of the speaker. Both morning and afternoon lectures will be published.

At the close of each lecture, Edgar W. Emerson gave tests to the people. In great praise of the medium. The audiences often, during the past week, have been astounded by his wonderful tests.

On Tuesday, 22d, Mrs. Shepard-Lillie delivered a most excellent lecture to a good audience; her subject was "The Immortality of the Soul." She spoke in a clear, logical and convincing manner, and her audience was greatly benefited by her discourse.

On Wednesday, Mr. J. Clegg Wright, and on Thursday, Mrs. Shepard-Lillie again spoke. The weather being rainy proved an hindrance and caused the meetings to be held in the evening.

On Friday, Edgar W. Emerson lectured and gave tests, with satisfaction to all present.

On Saturday, Mr. J. Clegg Wright, under the control of Robert Owen, spoke upon the social questions of the day. A gentleman from Manchester, Eng., said that he had been a student of Mr. Wright's in that city, for nine years, and he could recognize the wonderful thought of that spirit through the organism of Mr. Wright.

Mr. J. Clegg Wright and Mrs. E. H. Britten came on the grounds to-day, and were well received.

Sunday, 27th, was a wet day. People could not well come out from the city. A heavy rain fell during the night, and continued through the day. The meetings were postponed to the evening.

On Monday, Mr. J. Clegg Wright spoke in the morning, taking up the subject dealt with by the spirit through Mr. Wright the day before, "Social Reform." He gave a splendid lecture. Mr. Emerson followed by tests.

On Tuesday, Mr. J. Clegg Wright spoke in the evening, on "The Twelfth Commandment." I cannot emphasize it, but the audience emphasized the points of her lecture most enthusiastically. J. Frank Baxter afterward gave tests, which finished the spiritual feast of the first week. Joseph Wood, president, presided.

July 27th, 1884.

Lake Pleasant Notes.

Among the people recently arrived from Boston are Mrs. D. Merrill, Mrs. H. E. Young, Mrs. H. Flint, Mrs. Lucinda James, the Misses Barrett, Dr. Conant, Dr. Davenport, Prof. Martin and wife, Thomas Nutting, Mrs. J. C. Jackson, Mrs. Clara Field, Mrs. Dr. Dillingham, Miss Emma Outhart, Mrs. Mary M. Jones, and Mrs. J. W. Fletcher, and the family of the late Col. Pope, Mrs. A. E. Cunningham, Miss Knox, Mrs. E. J. Severance, Miss Jennie Rhind.

At the Lake Pleasant Lyceum was held at the Dillingham cottage on the evening of July 25th, under the direction of Mrs. Dr. Dillingham and "Chinewana." First-class music was furnished for the occasion by Bertie Blinn, Freddie Lyons, Louise Lyons, and others.

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A Silver Lining.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

At 7:30 this evening by previous notice a very large number of the friends of Mrs. Melvina Wood and her husband gathered around their new cottage, which is large, convenient, pleasantly located and nicely finished and furnished, bearing the motto of LOVE CONQUERS ALL.—Harmony Cottage. Dr. Richardson stepped to the front and announced that the cottage was to be dedicated to the subject and object of the above motto, to which the many years of public labor of Sister Wood had been faithfully given. The Doctor was happy in his remarks, as he always is in his own words, with the spirit and understanding, "Old Lang Syne." Next Jennie B. Hagan, with words that went home to the hearts of all present, gave utterance to sketches of her early history, and how she was able to defend them by her early mediumship by Sister Wood, followed by an improvisation, half poem and half invocation, in words that presented the silver lining to life.

Next the writer, as the oldest craft on the line, was called upon, and bore as best he could his testimony to the early and late and most faithful services of this earnest worker, with whom he had labored in this field for more than thirty years, stating how he found her in the early days, when she was a young girl, and how she had defended them by her early mediumship by Sister Wood, followed by an improvisation, half poem and half invocation, in words that presented the silver lining to life.

Next came Dr. Juliet H. Severance, whose words were called upon, and bore as best he could his testimony to the early and late and most faithful services of this earnest worker, with whom he had labored in this field for more than thirty years, stating how he found her in the early days, when she was a young girl, and how she had defended them by her early mediumship by Sister Wood, followed by an improvisation, half poem and half invocation, in words that presented the silver lining to life.

Next came Dr. Storer, and here the writer utterly failed to do justice to such of the touching sentiments of the Doctor, which penetrated every heart, and were so appropriate to the occasion and so descriptive of the early work of Sister Wood and herself and other friends in the cause which it is no longer to defend them by her early mediumship by Sister Wood, followed by an improvisation, half poem and half invocation, in words that presented the silver lining to life.

Then followed our younger sister, Miss Lucy Barnicot, an almost adopted daughter, spiritually, of Sister Wood, who had known her for a few minutes, and a silver-throated songster, and most touchingly did she describe the value of such service as this sister had done for her and others in aiding and encouraging them to enter the field, which is sure to yield a harvest to those who are true to their calling.

David Brown, with his words of deep significance and highest appreciation, followed, and spoke of his long acquaintance with Sister Wood, and related how twenty-two years ago he heard her preach the funeral sermon of the Devil. Like all the rest he was glad to be there and to bear his testimony to the value of her services in the cause of reform.

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JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE.

THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR

WASHING AND BLEACHING