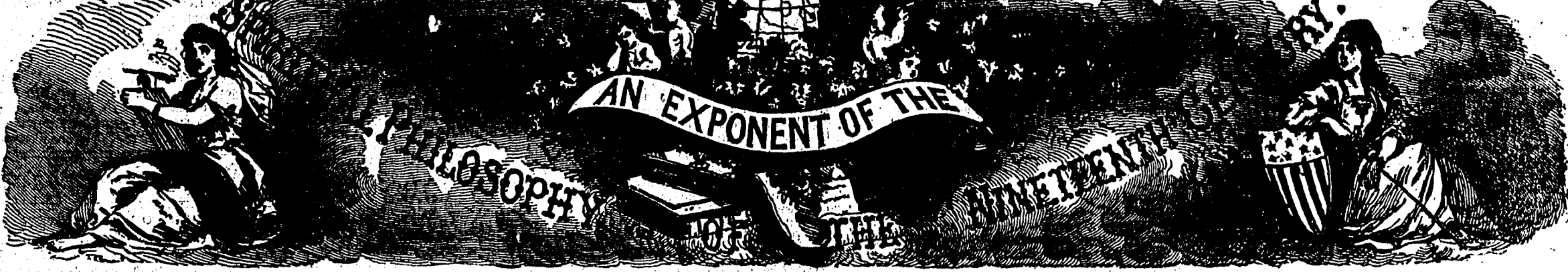


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## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### HERE AND BEYOND.

BY MISS M. T. SHELHAMER.

#### CHAPTER V. THE NEW HOME.

The dwelling, shining before him in the mellow light, reminded George in its architecture of the pretty cottage that, many years before, he had prepared for the bride who never came to reside within its walls; even the brilliant rose tree by the entrance, loaded with great, rich, creamy blossoms, recalled a similar but inferior bush that he had planted by that lowly cot with such happy anticipation of coming joy. But although the exterior of this new abode, and even the interior in its finishing and appointments, brought vividly to mind that earthly cottage, yet every line and detail, every cornice and curve, every adornment and fitting of this beautiful retreat so far transcended in luxury, in delicacy of beauty, in harmony of color, in symmetry of form, those of that other as to make the resemblance fade into a startling comparison.

It is impossible to describe in mortal language the details of a home in the spheres; the habitations of pure, exalted souls appear in harmony with the character of their inmates. Every appointment is loveliness itself, and no external language can do them justice in an attempted description. Suffice it that this was the heavenly home of angel Mary—the abode that she had prepared with love's skillful materials for the darling of her heart. Here she had brought the rich treasures of intellect, of music and of song. Here she had collected rare works of art, and here she had applied her wondrous powers of genius to create and beautify a home of joy for the one most dear to her.

To a casual observer it would seem as though this structure was complete, and that nothing more was needed to make it perfection itself; yet Mary knew that many finishing touches were yet to be added ere a harmonious whole should be presented.

"This is the home of which I told you, dear," she said, laying her hand upon her companion's arm and pausing with him at its entrance to admire the charming view of hill and valley that swept out before them, and to inhale the odor of the scented blossoms at their feet. "Do you remember, in fitting up the home we expected to fill on earth, how we planned certain apartments for brother Arthur, and proposed that he should come there to dream and study and recreate just when and for as long as he pleased?"

"Indeed I do," said George, "and how cordially we meant it all."

"Yes; and now those plans may be consummated, for here are apartments furnished just to his liking, that he can enjoy by himself or with us, as he elects, for our home must be his stopping-place too."

Assenting with pleasure to this announcement, George Phelps passed into the dwelling with Mary to make a tour of inspection. Most of the apartments he found complete in their construction and furnishing; those assigned to the student Arthur seemed the abode of perfection. They were of marble whiteness, containing soft cushions and inviting seats; a dim, rose-hued light pervaded them, and a sweet, delicious influence of peace filled the atmosphere. Like his own life, these apartments of Arthur had been suggestive of purity, serenity, and all things prayerful and sweet.

As he strolled from room to room of this delightful dwelling, George turned to his guide and said: "This is a charming abode indeed; but tell me what have I done toward its erection? I feel that you and Arthur have earned it by your own efforts, and that I have no right to enjoy it unless I, too, can put something into it."

"You have contributed much to the work, dear George. Every good deed that you have performed, every kindly word spoken and encouragement given to the struggling, unfortunate ones you have met has wrought some adornment, or fitted into some corner of this habitation. Do you see this beautiful archedway, how delicate its tracings, how marvelous its workmanship? Do you notice how it is the en-

trance from one pretty room into another more lovely beyond? Yes; well, the material and the power of its construction you supplied many years ago. How? you ask. Recall to your mind a circumstance when you met a poor woman, faint, hungry and cold; she fell across your way as you were hurrying to send an important telegram. Your first impulse was to speed along and leave the stranger to other hands. But you did not; you paused, examined the prostrate form, and conveyed her to a neighboring shelter. You applied restoratives, and when the woman revived you learned her sad story of poverty, want and woe. You raised up kind friends for her, interested yourself in her behalf, and saved her from despair and death. The delay occasioned by this affair made your telegram too late to be of use, and, in consequence, you suffered a heavy financial loss. You do not know, George, that the money you lost through a noble deed was the means of procuring this enduring archedway which so beautifully adorns our home; but it is true."

The fair speaker passed on with her surprised companion, and, pointing to a massive pillar that seemed in itself strong enough to support the entire building, continued, "Yonder column, smooth as ivory and white as alabaster, has been furnished this dwelling from the wealth of your soul. Once you made a great sacrifice for another; the man had but little claim upon you, but while you had—in the world's view—a perfect right to all he owned, yet you claimed nothing, but gave him all, showing him such friendliness and assistance that the prayers and blessings of his wife and children followed you always. At the potent moment, when the struggle with self was fought, and your true nature gained the ascendancy so as to yield up to this man these riches and at the same time consent to be misunderstood and ridiculed by your business associates, the blow was struck that wrought this noble column and gave it a place here in your spirit-home."

And so she passed along, pointing out a picture here, and an ornament there, as evidences of his work and his contribution to the home fund. But while he was delighted and astonished at what he saw and heard, George did not fail to observe bits of discolor on the otherwise perfect tinting of some work of art; places where the walls or furniture were not finished in harmony with the whole, as though the material had given out in their construction, and she was obliged to explain that when this or that object was in process of construction, this or that work of art under execution, or that and the other bit of wall or ceiling or carving under workmanship, he had felt some hard thought of a human being, or spoken some word of anger, or done something that his best thoughts told him he should not do, or had refused or neglected to do something that he knew ought to be done, and just at that moment the flow of harmonious, associative magnetic sympathy between him and the workers in the celestial home had been suspended, and the labor in hand had to be laid down for want of power to continue it.

"For you see, dear," she said, "we all have to assist in building our own homes, and however much we may receive aid from loving friends, we have very much to do in supplying power and material for what we are to enjoy. This law holds good, whether we are incarnated in earthly flesh or not; but these unfinished places will all be completed some day. The blemishes will disappear, and you will make them all lovely to look upon."

Sweet and low, like the chiming of silver bells, were the words of the pure spirit, and as they rang through the soul of the man at her side they stirred within him a new conception of life, its conditions and its laws. He said nothing, but pondered over what he had learned, and in the silence of his heart he registered a vow to do all in his power to atone for whatever mistakes and failures he had made in the past. But as yet he did not understand himself, and he had still other experiences to undergo ere he could perfect the work he longed to do.

In this delightful home, surrounded by all that is lovely in nature and in art, associated with the gentle being whom his soul adored, the frequent companion of the good Arthur and other bright spirits, George Phelps settled down to the enjoyment of life. There were works of literature and of art, the masterpieces of great minds, to be studied and admired. In this spot every facility for the culture of his intellect and the expansion of his native powers seem to be afforded him. Wise and advanced teachers and guides were at hand to explain and expound any knotty question or perplexing problem that arose in his research after knowledge, but he found the most satisfaction in the results of those truths that he most diligently sought and acquired for himself.

Under the new light and inspiration and happiness that had come to him, George began to grow sweeter and calmer and more refined in spirit, as the fruit, hardened by the coldness and storm, becomes mellowed and sweetened and at last under the genial sunshine and gentle shower. The little angularities that had sharpened an otherwise noble life seemed to be wearing away, and he really began to grow unconscious of their existence.

But occasionally a thrill of discontent flashed across the serenity of his life, a restless dissatisfaction, occasioned by the thought that with all the love and sympathy and devotion which Mary bestowed upon him, he could not and did not enter more fully into her life and its employments. Something seemed to jar upon him; a feeling of pressure, as though a weight were laid upon his heart to still its

buoyancy. Not a ripple of inharmony ever disturbed the peaceful happiness of that home. No one could look upon that lovely angel, so devoted to good works and lofty aims, and not be benefited and elevated by the sight; yet through all the consoling splendor and joy and blessing of his surroundings, the man knew that he did not come up to the altitude of those beings who were his companions and guides.

While engaged in the study of some grand theme, or busy learning the lessons that great scientists had to impart, his mind intent on the acquisition of mental power and knowledge, after the same positive manner that on earth had led him to bend his energies to the accumulation of worldly wealth, George was at first content to miss the presence of his love, and to ask no questions concerning the missionary work that demanded her attention. But after a time he came to feel a desire to know more of these things, and to ask her of her coming and going, and to wish to accompany her on her errands.

After much importunity on his part Mary consented to take him with her, warning him, however, that the sights and scenes he might witness would be unpleasant and annoying to him.

"If I consulted my aesthetic tastes," she said, "I would not do this work; but duty calls me, and pity fills my heart with such compassion for the suffering, passion-haunted souls I visit, that I must endeavor to uplift them."

"What you can endure, love," he answered, "I can surely bear; lead the way, and I will willingly follow."

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### STRUGGLES WITH SELF.

To what a wild, barren spot these two spirits passed—from the light and glory and peace of the higher state, into a place of gloom and shadow, so devoid of vegetation, of light and warmth, that George could not express his surprise at the change, but silently followed whither his companion led. Here was a scene of wild confusion. Men and women were wandering about hither and thither, by twos and threes, or alone; some were gathered in groups, gesticulating wildly, or vehemently quarrelling among themselves. The faces of all were seamed and scarred, their dress was wild and disordered, there were no marks of cleanliness or tidiness about their persons, and the aura, or atmosphere arising from each one, was of a murky, stifling and pungent character. It was plain that these people had lived sinful, sensual, ignorant and degraded lives. They had been steeped in the waves of vice and passion until they had left an impress on their natures that was seen upon every lineament of their features and in every movement of their persons.

George could not repress a sign of disgust at the sight he thus beheld, and he made a movement as though to restrain his bride from going in contact with any of these creatures. She turned to him and said, "You have always been pitiful and generous and kind to the poor and unfortunate; do you not wish to be helpful to those in need now?"

"I have always wished to befriend the deserving poor," he replied, "those worthy people who, through misfortune or sickness, have been reduced to poverty. But it was the well-meaning and pure-minded whose distress I sought to alleviate—not such abandoned wretches as these. They are fit only for the prison or house of refuge. I believed the law could best deal with them."

"But we have no such poor here as you speak of, my dear; those who were well-meaning and pure-minded on earth arise out of their condition of want and suffering when they enter spirit-life, and they are among the best citizens and most contented members of the spheres. But these poor creatures, knowing nothing of love, of purity, of unselfish goodness, come over here from the by-ways and slums of earth, and such is their first condition in the spirit-world. They are in need of teachers, helpers, guides and friends."

"But they appear lawless, Mary dear, and is it not risky for such as you to go among them? Have you no system of restraint, no strong officers to take care of these persons?"

"You shall see our methods of discipline, our system of restraint and the working of our officers," she said with a smile. "But I can see you shrink from this place, and are unwilling to stay or have me stay. Tell me, if we were on earth and a most contagious disease should break out in our midst, would you forbid me going among the sick and suffering to minister to their comfort?"

He hesitated a moment, then slowly said, "I am afraid I would not consent to your doing so."

"And if a crowd of lawless people should break out in disturbance, and I should feel a call to go among them to teach them how to better their condition and to lift them up, what would you do then?"

"I should sternly forbid you to make the attempt." And this time there was no hesitation in his tones.

"For my own protection you might deem it wise to do so; but, in either case, would it not be better to speed me in the going with a blessing, knowing that God's work is ever best accomplished in the sacrifice of inclination and personal preference to His will?"

"I cannot tell; but I do not like this place nor its influence. Surely there are others who can labor here. Come, I don't want you to stay; let us go."

"Hush! there is no danger for me, and I am going to yonder group of women to help them find their womanly natures. Hear them about

ing and jesting and singing in coarse, rude voices." And she pointed to a knot of females who appeared to be the grossest of that gross company.

"You will not do this thing, Mary! I implore you come away."

"No, dear, this is my daily mission; here I find the work that enables me to enjoy heaven. They do not see us; they cannot behold persons or scenes different than themselves. Their surroundings are the externalization of their inner condition. See, there is Arthur; watch him as he moves along. I am safe where he can go."

A little distance before them George observed a spirit, who, in the midst of the murky and squalid surroundings of the place, seemed enveloped in a radiant light which was impervious to the gloom. Looking closely he recognized his friend Arthur, who was now moving about, touching first one and another of the miserable creatures around him, on the head or shoulders. A long line of magnetic light streamed from his hands upon those he touched. They started at the contact and a hush fell upon them, the rude jeer died on their lips, the rabel song ceased suddenly, they straightened up, and a change passed over their features, which grew thoughtful and quiet.

"Such is our method of restraint, our school of discipline, or officer of the law," said Mary, gently. "Human love and sympathy and magnetism are the potent powers that quell all disturbance in the soul of man. But Arthur awaits me; I must go to him."

"Mary, you will not; let him and others do the work; he is a man, and is better constituted for it; surely you can find some more congenial labor. Nay," as she made a forward movement, "I will not permit it; you must not, shall not go."

A heavenly smile passed over her features, as she said:

"No greater love hath the heart of man than the will to uplift and bless the most lowly. Only the sick have need of a physician; these are my patients; they are in need of the nurse and the doctor; I must go to them. Human love when confined to personal interests and desires may grow selfish and impure; when flowing out in compassion and helpfulness it reaches its spiritual source. You forbid me to teach these poor creatures; though I love you much, I must disregard your command; the soul recognizes no mandates but the law of conscience. The voice of Duty calls me, and my brother is waiting; he depends upon me; I must go."

And she turned from him to the group of women we have seen. He watched her as she moved, rays of golden aura streaming out behind her, lighting up the dark places. The creatures she approached grew silent and wistful, as bending forward they seemed to catch the influence she showered upon them. Some appeared as if falling into slumber, others sank into reverie, and all succumbed to the magnetism of the radiant spirit who bent above them.

George saw that no harm could come to her, but that she was all potent to do good in this unlovely place. But his heart was hot and sore and restless. Contending emotions filled his being. He was slightly irritated and annoyed to find his will so calmly set aside by the woman he adored. Disgust at the prospect before him, indignation that such wretches should have a claim on his friends, dissatisfaction with himself at his own want of zeal, and a general discontent with life, each strove for the mastery, as he turned to retrace his way to his beautiful home and to his studies.

Once more in the midst of his pursuits, he sought to bend his attention to the study of a pleasant theme that had attracted his mind; but he could not quiet himself. He was restless and disturbed in mind, and nothing seemed to give him peace. The beautiful objects around him only served to increase his agitation, for here and there his gaze fell upon a bit of discolor, or an uncompleted article that as yet he had failed to retouch and finish. He wandered out over the grounds belonging to the house, but the flowers and the birds failed to charm him as they had been wont to do. He flung himself down beneath a tree and gave vent to the conflicting emotions that filled his soul.

Gradually he began to question himself; to try and understand the meaning of his new unhappiness. Was anything the matter with his surroundings? No; they were all that the taste of man could devise or desire. His friends were thoughtful and kind and helpful. With Mary he could find no fault, save that she did insist on helping those who were of all creatures the most in need of enlightenment; but was not her mission and that of her brother Christlike and divine, and could they be deterred from it because of his lack of sympathy and interest in it? No; they could not and they ought not. He settled that. What, then, was the cause of his trouble? And reflection brought the answer—it was in himself; yes, in his own lack of harmony. He was out of tune, and jangled fearfully. There must be a readjustment of the forces and principles of his nature if he would be contented. Well, he would try to think more kindly of the mission and work of Mary, and to give her a word of encouragement and approbation when she returned.

Thus did he fight out his first great battle with self. It was a struggle, but the man who had been used all his life to great battles with the conditions of existence was strong enough to bear the conflict and win the victory.

After this there was peace in his soul, and he seemed to understand Mary and Arthur better than he had done before. Although he did not again offer to go with them on their mission, yet he often spoke of it with interest, evincing a desire to know of their success, and expressing his approval of their efforts to enlighten the ignorant and purify the degraded.

He still pursued his studies, still attended lectures and concerts and held discourse with wise and lofty spirits. His mental powers grew and his perceptions increased; yet he felt that he had not gained the height of happiness he knew belonged to others. In his garden stood a little pavilion; it was but a carved roof supported by four graven pillars. In the centre of this pavilion stood a massive square block of stone—nothing more, nothing less; over the entrance of the building was the inscription, "To err is human; to forgive, divine," in letters of gold. The meaning or purpose of this pavilion he had never learned, but it had sorely puzzled him. It appeared as though something grand had been projected here, but that its object had been abandoned at the last moment.

George was often drawn to this spot, and on one occasion, as he stood looking at the pedestal, he suddenly discovered a picture suspended over it. In a moment it had vanished, but not before he had recognized the face as that of the friend he had long ago loved and trusted, and he had sought to overreach him, as we have seen in a former chapter, and toward whom he had ever after cherished a strong and bitter dislike. Instantly the convulsion rushed over him that in some way the unfinished work of this spot was connected with his disagreement with that former friend. "To err is human; to forgive, divine," "Yes," he cried, "but I am not divine, and I can never forgive him." [Concluded next week.]

## The Spiritual Rostrum.

### Spiritualism a Casket of Rare and Precious Gems.

A Lecture delivered by  
DR. FRED. L. H. WILLIS,  
At Onset Bay, on the Opening Sunday of the  
Lecture Season, July 12th, 1885.  
[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

Mr. President, and Ladies and Gentlemen: I am very happy to greet you here to-day, and as I look into your upturned faces, and catch the kindly glances of your eyes, and by means of the fluency of my soul perceive the sympathetic outgoings of yours, I feel justified in changing the formal phrase, ladies and gentlemen, to that of brothers and sisters.

I congratulate you incidentally upon the rare beauties of the spot you have selected to be one of the great centres of that grandly beautiful Spiritual Philosophy designated Modern Spiritualism.

I believe in the great law of materialization; and how beautifully was it expressed when the Infinite Spirit brooded over this lovely spot, materialized its fair surroundings, and made it worthy to be one of the centres of this crowning revelation of the ages!

I congratulate you with my whole heart and soul upon the progress this grand revelation has made, and is making from day to day, wherever the languages of civilization are spoken.

Do you realize, friends, that it is a historical fact that cannot be gainsaid, that it took Christianity more than three centuries to become as respectable in point of numbers and of influence as Modern Spiritualism stands to-day after the lapse of only a little more than a quarter of one century? And this has been achieved, too, against a greater amount of scorn, ridicule and contempt than was ever heaped upon any other subject since the world began. Nor is this all: it has been stabbed again and again in the very house of its friends. Its worst foes have by no means been those from without, but alas! those of its own household. But notwithstanding all this, its progress has been unparalleled in the history of the world. Could there be stronger evidence that it is founded upon eternal truth?

Now truth holds such vital relations to the human spirit that when the spiritual nature is in a healthy condition it hungers and thirsts for it, just as the body hungers and thirsts for food and drink.

We sometimes wonder at the sacrifices men will make to gain a scientific truth. We continually have illustrations of this. Humboldt regarded no extremity of heat or cold, of physical weariness and deprivation, when in his travels he was likely to gain a fact whereof to substantiate a theory.

The late Prof. Agassiz on one occasion was invited to meet a distinguished scientific guest from abroad at a brilliant banquet given in his honor, but declined, because on that day he expected some turtle's eggs to hatch that he had been carefully guarding for days, hoping, from a careful investigation of the phenomena attending the process, to demonstrate some law in embryology.

Sir John Franklin paid the penalty of a terrible death for his eager search after knowledge. Few realize what he left behind him as he dared the dangers and perils of the frozen regions of the North: an accomplished wife, a lovely home, the pleasures of refined society, and the stimulus of intellectual companionship. All these he could sacrifice through his devotion to science; and the terrible sufferings of the Greely party are so fresh in our memories that it seems but yesterday that we were thrilled with horror as we read the terrible tale.

Such sacrifices men are willing to make for a truth that can bring them no worldly gain, often not even the poor one of appreciation; and yet scientific truths relate only to the intellect, and in gaining them it is not the noblest and grandest part of man's nature that is ministered unto or satisfied. However much the intellect may do for a man, however grandly it may enshrine him in the noble realm of thought, yet there is a nature above the intellectual; there is a realm where thought itself is tributary, and where science can only bend the knee in sacred veneration.

We denominate this department of man's being his spiritual or divine nature, and although it is undoubtedly true that all his attributes and affections are spiritual, are divine, yet when his moral nature begins to assert itself, when he begins to learn of justice, love and purity, then he acquires nobler attainments than those gained through purely intellectual culture. What is termed morality, purity and love are the first expressions of the divine and high in man.

This realm of thought, although science may investigate it, and of late has been feebly striving to do so, is open to a far nobler method of study than scientific investigation. It is the home of the perceptions, and the instincts there perform the office of the crucible and furnace in the laboratory.

Science has been rapidly wresting from nature her



beautiful secrets. In the laboratory men have been learning how to unlock the casket that was once thought to be too closely sealed for man, ever to open, the key of which was fast held in the grasp of the Lord God Omnipotent. We are fast learning how worlds are made. We are told what elements combine to make every form and substance of nature. We are told how plants grow, how the winds blow, the waves beat, the clouds float, and it takes a busy brain to keep pace with the discoveries of the years.

But while science is making nature her servant, the remainder of man's faculties are not left without careful and scientific study. Men have been wont to look to theological quarters for expositions of spiritual truth. Priests and theologians were for ages regarded as the only fitting men to teach of spiritual things. They were supposed to hold just such relations to divinity as such men as Tyndal and Huxley hold to science. But in our day men are not altogether trusted for what they ought to be and do, but for what they really are and what they really accomplish. Hence it was quite natural that this intensely utilitarian age of ours should begin to ask what progress these men who claimed to be the spiritual teachers of the age were making, and it was found that while they slept at their tasks others were hard at work. Men like Bunsen, like the great German investigator De Wette, men like Humboldt and Darwin and Agassiz, were not merely making the world open to their eyes from very astonishment, but they were pushing ahead the work of reform several centuries. They were unmaking ignorance, they were attacking error; and their sphere of thought and of research was found to be so broad and noble that soon thousands of eager aspirants and seekers followed in their track. I do not know as it is possible for us to estimate the value of the work these men have done, but most certainly the least of their labor has not been that they opened wide the door for free thought, and inaugurated a grand era of the broadest research and investigation; they thrust aside the shams of things and sought for things themselves. While priests and theologians were offering to the world something they called truth, these men said, "Now look and see if that be truth before you accept it. Do not receive any man's say-so. Do not take any man's short-sighted vision as your test of truth. Look for yourself and see." In short, they gave the world a glimpse through the mighty telescope of truth, and instead of a circumscribed realm of thought they revealed a whole universe filled with unchanging order and beauty. Though but comparatively few men even know the names of these great scholars and thinkers, yet the truths they have revealed are destined to shake every brain to its centre, and bring about a struggle for intellectual freedom as desperate as any that ever raged for personal liberty.

All homage to these men of science, these philosophers and thinkers, for they were the *avant-couriers* of that grander, sublimer revelation, that thirty-six years ago, in a little inland village of the State of New York, through the instrumentality of little children, of whom it was once said, "of such is the kingdom of heaven," broke upon the startled world. That revelation, so humble in its origin, so mighty in its results, was made possible by the grand work of those noble men who turned the full light of science upon the dark places of ignorance and superstition, thus creating an atmosphere of mental and spiritual freedom, through which could come to this age the full light of Modern Spiritualism.

The proofs of a spiritual power at work for and in and through mankind, have been constant and continued through all the ages. They have from time to time been buried beneath ignorance and superstition, but they have never wholly ceased, even in the darkest ages.

This power has come to each age to teach it some truth especially adapted to its necessities, or rather in its coming it especially adapts itself to the age and time. When it came to the Hebrews of old, it taught them obedience to law, because that rude, barbaric age needed restraint. It taught the ancient Egyptian mystery, because it was necessary that he should clothe his truth in the mystical in order to adapt it to the symbolism of his age. It came to the ancient Roman to tell him of battles to be fought, of victories to be won, because Rome was destined to carry civilization to the ends of the known world. It came to early Christianity with signs and wonders, because the marvelous was the only means of keeping alive the power that was destined to achieve such mighty results in the world. But in our own day, neither subjection to law, or to mysticism, or to the marvelous, can help forward the time. In our day, this power that is at work for truth, this wide-spread influence, this mighty force that is striving to let the world into the inner chamber of truth, where the apostles of science have not yet trodden, this spiritual power first strives to reveal truth through the affections. Instead of making the intellect the moving power of the universe, it makes the affections that power. Thus it virtually repeats the glorious words spoken ages ago: God is Love. That is, the power of the universe lies in love, and through the affections we must take our first step forward toward truth.

Now, however much we may reverence the great men whose names have been fitted, there is not a beauty and a wisdom in this power far beyond theirs? We first begin to realize the sublimity of the spiritual power of our age when we learn that it is surely destined to appeal to every human heart. It is not merely that the spirit-world would assure us that there is no death. The fear of death is an ignoble fear, but freedom from it is not the all-important thing for man. No! This spiritual power comes to our age and time to open wide the door of truth, first through love, then through every instinct of the nature.

Men are trying to impute to us a one-sided philosophy, and to put our standard down to the level of merely physical phenomena, when in fact our philosophy is as high and broad as God himself, and we are capable of conceiving only as much of it as we are capable of conceiving of God's infinity.

Friends, my Spiritualism is a casket of rare and beautiful jewels, and I propose to unlock it this morning, raise its lid and hold up to you a few of its priceless gems, that you may admire their beauty and lustre.

The first gem is that glorious fact, the immortality of the soul. Man is immortal. God has placed within him his own life, which is eternal, and that life having been once individualized into consciousness can never lose that conscious individuality. Hence, man is destined to live forever. It proves this by fact first, then it reveals it through law, and then it makes it a necessity.

This starting-point of our faith, believe me, friends, is no insignificant one. Could you look into the hearts of men and see how many doubt this fact of immortality, right in the very churches that make the absurd claim that it is demonstrated by the resurrection of a God-man, you would say that this one revelation were enough to entitle Spiritualism to be called the Saviour of the World.

The second gem that I take from my casket is the truth that the divine life being inherent in man, every human soul has the faculties and capabilities of every other human soul, and that no affection that has ever glowed in the human breast is ever absent in any humanly organized being. Every attribute lies hidden under the garb of materiality. Every faculty is capable of being called forth, and therefore every man is a child of infinite power, wisdom and love.

This second truth—is it not grand enough to be called divine? Think of it, ye who have often listened to words concerning God's elect and chosen, the saved and lost, the children of God and the children of the devil. Think of this ennobling truth, which is demonstrated to you as a fact, revealed to you as a law, and set before you as a necessity by the returning spirit. Every child of humanity, no matter how low in the scale of being, though flitting in the rags of poverty, ay, even though steeped in vice and degradation, is created for a high and noble destiny, because all men have God's life within them, and are expressions of the Infinite Spirit.

Now you may ask just here how these truths are revealed by the Spiritualism of our day. In the first place, as we have said, by facts. There is overwhelming testimony before us that the spirit-world is peopled by immortal beings; that they live as individualized beings; that they act, think and feel as individuals; not because of any arbitrary command of arbitrary ruler, but because of the very necessities of their nature. Facts have accumulated upon facts,

evidence has been piled upon evidence during the past thirty-six years, until I claim that immortality has been as positively demonstrated as any fact of science.

This second truth, that all men have the attributes of an Infinite Creator, is demonstrated by this fact of immortality. It is its polar opposite. The one necessarily implies the other. Prove the immortality of the soul, and you prove the sonship of the human race. By proving the beginning of a higher state of existence, which is to unfold to their perfection the attributes, affections and instincts of the soul, you prove the glorious fact of the divine paternity, and that every human spirit is a part of the Infinite Spirit.

The third gem of truth which I select from this precious casket of Spiritualism springs of necessity from the other two, and is also revealed by demonstration, viz.: Man is an eternally progressive being. As we Spiritualists are the only members of the human family who can say that we know we are immortal, so, too, we alone can say that we know that the destiny of the human spirit is endless progression. What a magnificent, what a soul-inspiring revelation! What destined to live forever! Forever to aspire, forever to gain, and forever to learn! Behold men here in the earthly life, cramped, dwarfed, trammelled, bowed down by every possible method of degradation, and yet read, by the glorious light of Spiritualism, their destiny! How glorified does every human being become in the light of this truth, and how sanctified is every moment of time as a part of the eternal. Do we want a better philosophy or religion? To inspire us to noble acts and earnest efforts than this of knowing that we have started now on an unending journey, and that every step we take forward is an Infinite help? Shall we spend our days in gaining that which is at best only a life-time good or pleasure, when the eternal and infinite can be gained as well?

The fourth gem of truth from the casket of Spiritualism which I shall present to you is like the golden band that encircles the precious stones in the inner circle of the coronet of an Empress. It is the glorious truth that affection or love is the band that binds all hearts, souls and spirits together, and that by the law of love all that are once united can never be divided. This truth Spiritualism demonstrates by facts, and proves it to be one of the unchanging laws of the universe. Through love we hold our hearts to the beloved; through affection the universes are made one; through our undying affections we may and do claim the companionship of all whom our affections demand, whether in one sphere of existence or another. Thus is immortality clothed in beauty, and progress made to adorn herself with the rose and the lily, and the grand and glorious comes to us as the simple and beautiful, and abides in our heart as the guest of our love.

Think of this, ye mothers and fathers, who love much even after the daisies cover the precious forms that were so dear to you! Ye hold the golden links to the child of your love. It is yours eternally and now, if ye love much. Think of this, ye children who long for the love of the fathers and mothers who have passed from you through the mystic portals of death! If ye love much they are close by your side, not because it is commanded of them to be, but because your hearts call them, and by a law as immutable as the law of attraction throughout the universe they must respond. Remember this, brothers and sisters, husbands, wives, lovers, friends. This is the law of life itself, the very law that holds universes together; and it is not now an existent, active force, then there is no universe, no God, no life, no being—nothing but one vast phantasmagoria of illusions. But, thank God, this resplendent truth of Spiritualism shines for every soul, and is destined to make glad the whole universe of loving hearts. It is also demonstrated by facts, and revealed as a necessity, and it encircles the whole philosophy and religion of our age, as the light encircles the day, as the atmosphere encircles the earth.

The fifth gem from my casket is this momentous truth: All acts, and thoughts and feelings, springing from the inner life, must have an everlasting effect. Thought is a reality, not an imaginary force. Acts are embodiments of thought. All acts being under the operation of eternal laws, must change in some way the relations of things and thus be eternal. The very hope we cherish is an immortal flower. The very ill we breathe is a poisonous breath that must live somewhere. The very thoughts of the innermost are carved upon the spirit itself. Hence we are just what we are. No glossing over changes us; no covering up hides us; to the spiritual vision we stand clearly revealed. All that we have been perishes not. It lives because it has had its effect. Perhaps a word of ours has called forth the inner life of some soul. It was only a word, yet its effect who can estimate? Perhaps one little word of ours has chilled some affection that will not be warmed into life again for many a long day. Perhaps a gentle charity of ours has made the soul of some one strong to endure. Perhaps our harsh criticism or heartless injustice has made some soul more harsh, more unlovely than it would have been without it. Yet while we have acted on others, and produced a constant effect, we have reaped upon ourselves, and the stamp of these acts, thoughts and feelings, is imaged in our inner consciousness. Is there nothing in this truth to make us feel the responsibility of our lives—to make us ashamed of the hypocrisies of life—to make us earnest in our sphere of duty, no matter how humble or quiet it may seem, seeing we have such mighty forces at our command? The great truth that like produces like, although we cannot perhaps claim it as a special revelation of Spiritualism, is nevertheless one of its priceless gems, for by it was it first demonstrated to the world in its moral significance. Love begets love; hate begets hate; purity begets purity; and thus in our moral natures we stand as creators; and how? In this way: Each of us creates a sphere about himself, and that sphere is an exact representation of the real self. In that sphere lives our life, our love, our hate, our desire; it is the real ego, the projection of the heart, the soul, the intellect. This sphere, this aura or life, flows to all about us. The very room we enter is impregnated with it; the person we meet and clasp by the hand partakes of it; the ground we tread upon receives it and we are there; we remain wherever we have been. Nor is this all. This life of ours enters the life of others and becomes a part of their life. It extends; it reaches out; it is known in the spirit realm; it is found in the ever-widening circle of our contact; ay, and it extends immeasurably beyond it. Oh! friends, is not this fact of our life so positively demonstrated by Spiritualism through the marvelous channel of psychometry, a glorious power of good or of evil, as we ourselves are good or evil? Is not a better stimulus to noble thought and action, and true feeling, than all the fears of hell or all the hopes of reward that have ever been held out to the world?

The seventh truth that I would classify as one of the gems of our philosophy is the destiny of truth—the sure triumph of truth over error. What an inspiring fact is this! In the light of it we can know no fear, for, whatever comes, the infinite power of love and wisdom is over all and in and through all; and the universe is destined to receive more and more of that power until the regenerating influence of it redeems the human mind from all ignorance and evil. This is one of the most positive assurances given us by the angel-world. Truth shall triumph; ignorance and error shall be relegated to the shades of night and death, where they belong.

The eighth gem of truth that I find in my casket is the positive influence that great and good and truthful souls have on us and on the world, whether still living on the earth as its present denizens, or entered the higher life of spiritual realities. It is demonstrated to us by Spiritualism that every great and noble soul may be our personal friend and helper if we can but bring ourselves within their sphere of life. We may hold sweet and holy converse with the hero souls of all the ages, with the prophets and seers, with the saints and martyrs of all time; with a Jesus, who loved the humble so well on earth that he can but love them still; with a Plato, who longed to be like the world with his sublime philosophy; with a Socrates, who talked at the corners of the streets that he might teach all who could hear; with poets, philosophers, men of science and of art. Nothing stands between us and them but our own cowardice. Create the sympathy or oneness and we are there, they are here.

Lastly, the nearness of the spiritual life, the union of all that loves or sympathizes, so that, in the language of Longfellow, we do know that "the spirit-

world around this world of sense floats like an atmosphere."

Thus have I most hastily set before you a few only of the gems of truth contained in this wonderful casket, that you may see what Spiritualism means in this nineteenth century. It may be that many of you are familiar with these presentations; but are any of us so familiar with them that we do not need to strive over and over again to grasp the grandeur and beauty of our faith?

And now, friends, can you tell me why the Christian world has taken so antagonistic a position toward us? Is there one of the truths I have presented to you this morning that you would think could be repugnant to them? And yet the Rev. Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, says Spiritualism is doom and death unto all followers; that it leads to disease, insanity, perdition; that we who believe in it are a set of long-haired, cadaverous-looking people, physically weak, nervous and exhausted. The Rev. J. B. Hamilton, of Providence, says the phenomena of Spiritualism are "devil's fictions," its teachings pernicious to the morals of men.

Now let me tell you the secret of this hostility. It lies just here: Spiritualism does not endorse one creedal affirmation of the church. It declares no dogmas or doctrines. It arrays itself against many of the so-called essential doctrines of belief, and especially does it give the lie to that monstrous doctrine of substituted righteousness, vicarious atonement. Not a spirit has returned during the thirty-six years that have elapsed since the dawn of Modern Spiritualism who had ever dared to declare himself happy or miserable because of anything he believed or disbelieved in the earth-life, because of any act of worship that he performed or refused to perform.

On the contrary, it has been affirmed over and over again by these returning spirits that they are happy or miserable because of the *deeds done in the body, and never because of belief or disbelief*, and that every human soul is held strictly to the law of justice, and can never hope to pack off his responsibilities upon another. Just here lies the secret of the hostility of the clergy to us.

I began by saying that men are found who will sacrifice anything for a scientific truth if they love that truth; that it becomes their inspiration, their aim and endeavor. But what are scientific truths, I ask, compared with these set before you by Spiritualism? They may indeed be called the foundation stones of that structure, the arch of which is formed of these spiritual truths, the key-stone of which is love.

Have we nothing, then, worth sacrificing for, we Spiritualists? Have we nothing worth living for and dying for, if need be? Ay, we have a whole galaxy of truths, any one of which would inspire us with ardor and determination if we really loved it, if we prized it even half as much as a Humboldt or an Agassiz prized some comparatively trifling fact in the realm of matter. The truth is, we know not how great a treasure is in our possession. Standing as we do in this century, the noblest and best of all, we are made the recipients of more truth than has ever before blessed the world. Shall we be found worthy of it? If we are, we too shall be ready to live and die for it, to sacrifice for it, and to feel that it gives to us its own sufficient reward.

[The lecture closed with a lengthy and brilliant impromptu poem, addressed to the clergy, in which was vividly drawn the parallel between the reception they gave Spiritualism eighteen hundred years ago in the person of Jesus of Nazareth, and that which they have accorded to Modern Spiritualism. We regret to say this poem, which was pronounced by all who heard it to be a masterly production, was not reported.]

### Foreign Correspondence.

#### ECHOES FROM ENGLAND.

NUMBER FORTY.

BY J. J. MORSE,

Sole European Agent and Special Correspondent of the BANNER OF LIGHT.

So far as can be seen, Mr. Editor, my present communication will be the last one, under the above heading, that you will receive from this side of "the ferry" for some time to come, though from time to time my pen may transcribe the visitor's experiences and impressions of our cause and work, as they strike him after ten years of absence from the Great Republic, whose shores his feet will tread again ere many days are past. It seems but yesterday that the writer bade good-bye to Colby adieu, shook hands with Mr. Rich, and had the good wishes for a safe voyage home from J. W. Day and L. B. Wilson, and the memories of many kindly deeds and words from the BANNER, its amiable and courteous head and staff, and they are still as grateful and pleasant as when first experienced.

At the time of writing, Mr. W. J. Colville has arrived in England, but the time of year being unsuitable for week-evening lectures, his kindly-meant suggestion that the Liverpool Society should place their new hall at his service for two nights had to be tabled, so our visitor has passed on to his work in London; where he will occupy the platform at Cavendish Rooms, and speak at the present regular services there, which were inaugurated under the present writer nearly two years ago. Unfortunately this is our dull season, and no doubt Mr. Colville will meet with a much larger success when he returns to London in the autumn. Mrs. Britten tells the writer that Mr. Colville has much improved, and is much esteemed in Boston; he certainly has many admirers in this country. But generally, at this time, Spiritualism, as far as work goes, is subject to a spell of inactivity, and the land of the living is well nigh through, and the fresh green fields, parks, flowers, rivers and lakes of our fertile land have greater charms for people than hot, stuffy and badly ventilated halls. Hence there is practically a dearth of active doings; but the most noticeable event since my last was the opening and inauguration of Dauby Hall in this city, of which event my special report will have advised you.

The European readers of the BANNER, and purchasers of the literature issued by Colby & Rich, will kindly accept the intimation that my agency has *pro tem*, during my absence from England, been taken in hand by Mr. H. A. Kersey, No. 1 Newgate street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng., and that from now until further notice all communications regarding subscriptions to the BANNER, or the sale of books issued by the firm, must be in every case addressed to the gentleman named, who is jointly and fully empowered by Colby & Rich to receive and answer by mail or by personal interview all correspondence, and to make a complete catalogue has been prepared, and can be obtained from Mr. Kersey as above.

Your correspondent has been the recipient of two widely different but most interesting volumes from the compiler and author severally. The first is entitled "Essays from the Unseen," being a series of upwards of sixty different communications, given "through the month of May, 1884," and "recorded by A. T. P.," which latter initials it is an open secret are those of the Hon. A. T. Peterson, a retired judge of the Anglo-Indian Bench. The first sixty pages are taken up by a clear and succinct narration of the steps Mr. Peterson took in his mastery of the facts of Spiritualism and his attempts to understand the philosophy of mediumship. As a record of personal experience, which is practically a condensed biography of an able scholar, an acute thinker and genial gentleman, endowed with fine receptive faculties, these introductory pages will become classical, and are well worthy now to be reprinted separately and distributed broadcast as a splendid and efficient answer to those unthinking or prejudiced judges who denounce Spiritualists as ignorant dupes. Educated as a churchman, the result was Materialism! His mind was excited by the "New Forest Stakes" under Mrs. Gilling, and through that the writer, a son of Mrs. Gilling, came to Spiritualism, until, some nine years since, he came into contact with William Lawrence, the "W. L." through whom the communications recorded in the book in question have been given. The various controls are classified under four differ-

ent heads, as follows: "Oriental Controls," "Ancient Greek and Roman Controls," "Miscellaneous Controls," and "Controls of the Renaissance," and in the several sections are the narrations proceeding from a perfectly cosmopolitan series of personalities. It would, of course, be impossible, and certainly out of place here, to attempt a detailed analysis of this work, but remembering the five hundred closely printed pages are said to be given through the lips of an only averagely educated workman, and that they embrace names and matters of the day, of the past, of the historical range, it may well count as a deeply interesting volume to the student of spiritual phenomena in the domain of communion with the illustrious (so-called) dead. American readers should certainly procure it, and no doubt Colby & Rich will be able to assist all desirous of so doing.

The other work referred to is of a totally different nature, but nevertheless treats upon a matter that cannot fail to be of the utmost interest to every progressive and reformatory person. It is entitled, "The Story of a Great Delusion," and deals with the great vaccination question. Mr. William White is the author, and he is meritorious in the exposure he makes of the vaccination theories. In what he modestly terms "a series of matter-of-fact chapters," Mr. White gives the most perfect and historically accurate account of the entire matter from the days of Jenner down to the present time. Every advanced medical practitioner should master the facts Mr. White has marshaled with such invincible exactitude, and fully grasp his conclusions, which are cogently but temperately stated; indeed, those who still adhere to the all but exploded delusion can scarcely spend their leisure time more profitably than by mastering the contents of this truly humanitarian volume—for such indeed it is. Its value is further added to by a complete and copious index, and one rises from a perusal of the work with a feeling of pity for the stupidity that persists in half killing (wholly so sometimes) people with a disease for the sake of "protecting" (?) them from a contagious complaint that thousands suffer from even after being protected (?) two and even three times! Indeed, "periodical" vaccination is now urged as needful to insure complete (?) protection (?) from cholera, and one rises from Colby & Co.'s Glasgow, Mr. White's book is draped in a dress as beautiful to the eye and hand as his words are grateful to the head and heart.

While on the matter of books, permit me a word regarding the recently-issued "Beyond the Valley," by Andrew Jackson Davis, the pages of which I have hastily scanned. There is an air of such evident transparency and slanting in every page, that makes this further record of the value of Spiritualism's great seer and philosopher interesting. It points many lessons and suggests innumerable topics of deep meditation. The spiritual principles it discloses, and the hard, hard road that has to be trodden by those who will be true to their own convictions, are all honestly, albeit pathetically, presented.

A word of praise is also due for the publication of "The Missing Link in Spiritualism," by Mrs. Leah Fox Underhill, as a series of interesting and previously inaccessible historical facts connected with the advent of Spiritualism at Hydesville and Rochester, N. Y., are now put definitely on record, and lecturers and others are now in possession of solid facts from an actual eye-witness of them. One most important lesson is deducible from this volume, and that is, that the spirit-world originated and placed the work in its own way, and without the aid of any body of people laid the foundation for all that has been accomplished since.

Well, sir, time stays for no man, and the columns of the BANNER being non-elastic, your correspondent is warned by these fixed facts that he must draw this letter to a close. Trusting ere many days to meet yourself and other brave co-workers, to find earnestness and devotion the order of the day, and inspirations from the spirit-world upon all true hearts, and lives, he waits the hour when tide and time shall place his feet on the land where freedom is a fact and progress a reality.

Liverpool, July 18th, 1885.

### THE BEAUTIFUL.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—  
It matters little if dark or fair—  
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,  
Like crystal panes where heart's fires glow,  
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words  
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,  
Yet whose utterance prudence glides.

Beautiful hands are those that do  
Work that is earnest and brave and true,  
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go  
On kindly ministry and fro,  
Down holiest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear  
Ceaseless burdens of homely care  
With patience, grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—  
Silent rivers of happiness  
Whose hidden fountain but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,  
Beautiful goal with race well run,  
Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful grave where grasses creep,  
Where brown leaves fall, where daisies lie deep  
Over worn-out hands—oh, beautiful sleep.

—Rosa Dare.

But this is not all, poet Rosa Dare:  
There's a beautiful awakening "over there,"  
Where life is buoyant and free from all guile,  
And loved ones are met with a joyous smile;  
Where the ideal is real, a land of the blest,  
Where the weary of earth are ever at rest;  
Where the songs of the angels bring sweetest relief,  
And dispel all the anguish engendered by grief;  
Where all of earth's troubles are fully condoned,  
And the noblest affections are ever enthroned.

—Dixie.

### August Magazines.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—Oliver Wendell Holmes, in two chapters of his "New Portfolio," treats of Miss Vincent's Startling Discovery, and reports how Dr. Butts called on Euthymia; in addition we have from his genial muse two anniversary after-dinner poems, supplied as his contributions to the Commemorative festivities at Cambridge last June. For other contents of this midsummer number we have light and agreeable reading in "A Stranger in the City," "The Story of San Tazon" and "Miss Ingelow and Mrs. Wallford"; continuations of the deeply interesting serials, "A Country Gentleman" and "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain," several meritorious poems, reviews of new books and the instructive papers of "The Contributor's Club." Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.

THE UNITED STATES.—"The Gettysburg Campaign" is the subject of the opening article, by Brevet Lieut. Col. Theodore A. Dodge, U. S. A. This is followed by the concluding portion of Gen. Thomas Jordan's sketch of "The Vicksburg Campaign of 1862-63." Leroy D. Thurman, United States Civil Service Commission, gives his views of the progress and operations of the civil service reform, being ably qualified for the task by his position. E. Loraine Dorsey contributes an interesting historical sketch of the origin of our national anthem, the Star Spangled Banner, with a description of Fort Mifflin as it now is, and of the war of 1812. A variety of subjects interestingly treated: Editorial Notes, and a Summary of the World's Events complete the number. New York: T. H. S. Hamerly.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART.—A New Song of Spring Gardens, "one of the series of 'Poems and Pictures,' serves as this month's frontispiece, and very attractively, No. 11, of "The Old London Churches" is given, with six illustrations. The full-page engravings, in addition to "St. Olave," "one of the six churches," and "The Apple Way," from the picture by Gabriel Max, "A Cry from the Deep" (A. Hagborg), St. Dunstons (G. W. Waterhouse), and a portrait of Lamb. Cassell & Co., New York.

CASSILL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE is, as usual, filled with entertaining and instructive reading for ladies,

fact and sentiment, the leading articles being illustrated. A part-song for mixed voices is also given, and "The Gatherer" informs the reader of recent inventions and discoveries. Cassell & Co., New York.

THE QUINCY has for its opening article "The Roll Call of the Heroes" in humanitarian service, and gives new chapters of two serials, sketches and other matter its editors suppose specially suited for Sunday reading. Cassell & Co., New York.

OUR LITTLE ONES contains an amusing article for its very juvenile readers, about "Some Quaker Dolls," with a picture to match. It also tells of "Hilpery Solomon," a tenant of a London aquarium, and with other sketches and many engravings entertains and instructs. Russell Publishing Company, Boston.

### Original Essay.

#### IS THERE NO NEW THOUGHT?

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Originally is one of the rarest qualities among educated men, for education tends to its repression. Education, as practiced, means cramming, while it ought to mean developing.

Dr. Meilen Chamberlain, at the head of the Boston Public Library, has developed the philosophy and beauty of cramming in its most logical perfection, in his recent address at Dartmouth College, and his statement of the case, in behalf of libraries, brings us directly to the question whether the world of intellect is a finished world, that needs only to be trimmed and kept in order, or whether we are really at the beginning of centuries of progress which are to increase in a geometrical ratio.

Dr. Chamberlain is an able and graceful representative of the theory of conservatism, in accordance with which nearly all the literature of to-day is produced—a re-hash of old opinions with varied preparation and seasoning, but only a re-hash. Even Emerson and Carlyle, whom the literati honor as the most brilliant examples of intelligence and culture, brought forth nothing essentially new—nothing to shock old opinions or lift mankind out of the deep ruts of ancient error. Carlyle reinvented the worship of force, and Emerson did what he could to confirm the superstitious reverence for literary antiquity, even for that verbose Greek speculation which Lord Bacon buried under the weight of his crushing scorn. Both turned their backs upon the present and the future. They were blinder than bats in the midst of the light of spiritual science. Surrounded by spiritual phenomena, they wrapped their mantles round their heads and saw nothing.

Dr. Chamberlain, in behalf of such conservatism which ignores the present to delfy the past, says, "Neither the religion we profess, nor the fundamental laws we obey, neither the literature we read nor the amenities of civilization which make life tolerable, had their origin on our soil. They are exotics. The youth of our race and its creative period have passed. We can never return to the days in which primal instincts found expression;... our coming literature will be in the nature of a renaissance."

Indeed! and is this an old world already beginning its decline, or is it a juvenile world, as we think, scarce conscious yet of its growing powers? The propositions of our great librarian and champion of the past seem to us precisely the reverse of truth in every respect. "The religion we profess" is old, it is true, and, therefore, like other old things, it is dying out. Orthodoxy is effete, as was well expressed by Mr. Savage, and a new religion, full of the highest inspiration, is rising in its place. "The amenities of civilization" are not exotics in America. There is more of the true amenities that make life pleasant in the untamed and generous hospitality of a western or southern home, perhaps an humble cottage, than either London or Paris can give us. "The primal instincts" are fresher and more vigorous on American soil than anywhere else, far nobler and purer than in the past centuries of Europe. The thought of Jefferson, Paine and Patrick Henry was not a re-hash of libraries. The action of Washington was not an imitation of ancient heroes. Berkeley was a better prophet than Chamberlain. "Time's noblest offspring is the last."

The Boston Herald, following the line of the librarian's thought, says: "There are to be no more beginnings." "Little has been produced that is purely original. Men have worked things over. The form and expression have counted for something; but the vital things in literature, religion, philosophy and art have been formulated and established for all time." This gospel of immobility would suit the atmosphere of Constantinople or Rome much better than that of America. There is really nothing in religion or philosophy that has been "established for all time." The present age challenges everything in religion and philosophy that our forefathers thought "established for all time." Neither the eternal hell, nor the divinity of Jesus, nor the trinity, nor transubstantiation, nor consubstantiation, has any permanent hold on modern thought. The doctrine of the plenary inspiration of the Bible is fast dying out; the miracles of the New Testament are questioned, and so is every other distinctive element of "our religion" or Christianity.

The "philosophy" of the literati is in a far more dilapidated condition. Hume and Kant, struggling with each other, shoved aside their predecessors, only to be pushed aside themselves in return. Bacon crushed Greek philosophy, and the scientists have laid aside Bacon. Transcendentalism is ignored by modern science. Spencer, Comte, Haeckel, Schopenhauer and Lotze make philosophy a chaos of opinions, and Darwinism, upheaving, topples over all the superincumbent old structures that were thought to be "established for all time."

As for the assertion that there is little "purely original," we would say that the ocean of thought is bubbling and foaming with an originality never before known. The Patent Office records show that there is more purely original thought and invention in the United States in one year than in a thousand years of the Dark Ages of Europe. The amazing development of electric science is but a fragment of the originality of to-day. In medical and biological science the researches of Hahnemann, Buchanan, Darwin, Tyndall, Crookes, Wallace, Huxley, Pasteur and others have revolutionized all the old ideas. Darwin has overturned the old cosmogony of the church. Hahnemann has demolished the old temple of Esculapianism and rebuilt it in a modern fashion, and Buchanan has demolished the old philosophies by revealing the functions of the human brain and the interaction of soul and body, which constitutes the science of Sarcogeny. Until the discoveries of Buchanan were published, the union of the soul and body was as great a mystery as the evolution of life on the globe.

While the old falsehoods, supposed to be "established for all time," are thus being cleared away, a wide space is cleared for the unobstructed entrance of the angel-world, with treasures of wisdom and love that have long been barred out by the dogmas born of vanity and avarice, that have enlarded past centuries.

There never was a time in the world's past history when the investigating intellect had one-tenth of its present efficiency, and the revelations of psychometry show that a period of far greater brightness is approaching, by the systematic cultivation of the long-neglected faculty of intuition; the vivifying element of all progress. Let us hear no more of dogmas "established for all time."

—E. B. KIRKMAN.

"If a man will not work, neither shall he eat." Nor a woman either; for, the old creed, that our fate must always be dependent on the other, has become a creed outworn. First, because there are not enough of males to protect us; and, secondly, because many of them are quite incapable of doing it. Generally speaking, a woman at any age out of teens, being well educated, prudent, and possessed of a tolerable amount of common sense and ordinary "grumptions," can take care of herself fully as well as any man can do it for her; and, in the love phase of life—when help is so delicious and helplessness so sweet—most men prefer a woman who can and will take care of herself, to a woman who would be a burden to him. The wise woman always looks out for her own interests, and never allows herself to be a victim of any man.



## Spiritual Phenomena.

## REMARKABLE ART PHENOMENA IN NEW YORK.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It is some time since any spiritualistic phenomenon has fallen in my way sufficiently novel or striking to prompt me to write you an account of it. I am happy now to break my protracted silence toward your readers, by telling them something of a lady, now in New York, who, amongst our mediums, may be said to constitute a class apart. I refer to Mrs. D. Debar, daughter of the Countess de Lamsfeld, well-known as the beautiful and brilliant Spanish dancer and actress, Lola Montez, by her marvellous marriage with the King of Bavaria, grandfather of the present eccentric king.

This lady has never been advertised as a medium, and I hope she will forgive my introduction of her in a letter to the BANNER. She has been living in retirement in New Jersey with her children and husband (Gen. D. Debar, a *vaillant* and man of letters), but has recently returned to New York, where I have been happy to renew an acquaintance made about four years ago through an introduction to her by Dr. J. R. Bodes Buchanan. Her husband takes little interest in Spiritualism, but does not refuse her permission to obey, with a certain reserve and privacy, her mission of mediumship, and her eldest daughter (twelve years old) is clearly marked out by nature for the same arduous priesthood, as it may be called.

Mrs. Debar, as she is usually called (though her full name is as given above), has always been familiar with the best society, in which she shines brilliantly, and contemplates before long to revisit Europe. I have contributed to persuading her to go first and see an American camp meeting at Onset Bay, where I hope that all my friends will receive her as so distinguished a lady deserves to be welcomed.

The particular form of her mediumship which I have witnessed is that of the production of drawings and oil paintings, of a very high rank of artistic merit, either within closed slates or on white card-boards held by her sister on her lap or on her head, the work being done by a band of spirit artists of the highest order, and done in time to be counted by minutes, and even by seconds, under circumstances excluding all possibility of anterior preparation. I have witnessed with two of our very best painters in holding sponges and closed slates on our laps, and in hearing the scratching of the work in progress, inside them—the lady standing aloof, or only touching the outside with the tips of her fingers, all in full daylight—and on opening the slates there would be found a grand work of art of heads and busts; and my friends the artists would say (what was evident enough) that no mortal hand could have performed the work in less than six or eight hours, and that there were not two artists in New York capable of performing it at all. Beside the white drawing from the abrasion of the slate dust of the slate pencil, the lines were also cut into the slate, as though by a burin, so that if the lines were sponged off the head could have been printed as an etching. Very recently I have sat with her with one of our most eminent lawyers (full daylight), and she gave us each a card-board to hold, of about six inches by four, she standing aloof. She told us to lay them on our heads, holding them there. She stepped into the next room, from which she could speak to us through the half-closed folding doors. She saw strong lights upon our card-boards and said, "Something is coming within a minute," and she thought it was on my card-board it would first come. But in a few moments she said: "Mr. Sullivan, take your watch; something will come within half a minute on Mr. Sullivan's card-board." I was closely watching it, as he sat near and in front of me, but as my eye got thus diverted to my watch I did not see the very instant of the picture starting forth into sight on the pure white of his card-board till she exclaimed from the other room, "Look, Mr. Sullivan!" and there on my friend's card-board, as he held it on his head, was a picture. On examining it, after my exclamation of surprise had made him take it down, we found it to be in fresh wet oils, amber and white. We verified their freshness both by the smell of the oils and by touching them with our finger tips, and then transferring the smear to the white margin of the painting. It was a beautiful young girl, with a face of exquisite expression and grace of pose, and all over the picture were the strokes of the paint-brush. The next morning, sitting alone with Mrs. D., I obtained a similar but totally different one. I had placed a fresh white card-board on my head, where I held it vertically. Inside a minute the lady told me to look, and there was the picture, all wet, as before, with the fresh oils. Two or three days afterward my friend showed me a different style of picture, which he had received in a substantially similar way, but with this curious variation: She had gone out of the room, leaving him alone, and he took the card-board down to see if there was yet anything, and finding a picture of a young girl with a head-dress which he described as a mob-cap, he replaced it, holding it as before. On her coming in, he took it down to show her, but the picture was gone from the white surface. He insisted with her on what had just been there, and replaced the card-board. "In a time of moments, not minutes, there was a totally different one, of an exquisitely beautiful young girl, with no head-dress, but with abundant hair falling down her shoulders, and with all the flesh-colors of nature, the whole done in the old style of miniatures, namely, fine stipple work. One of the best miniature painters in New York says there are effects in it beyond his power to produce. My friend above mentioned also obtained a fine painting of an ocean steamer, which came in *apropos* connection with talk about a contemplated voyage. I have not yet seen it, but am told that the wave and foam-work is splendid.

I am to have another sitting with her to-morrow evening, and hope to get a picture which will then be invaluable as a portrait. Those above mentioned are not recognized as portraits, and are probably works of spirit-imagination, unless they be portraits of spirits unknown to us.

The lady hopes and expects, after her return from her visit to the East, to procure for me a phenomenon of spirit-power, which, if successful, will astonish the world and crush out once for all and forever all cavils of materialistic incredulity; but I am not sanguine of success, since it will require powerful spirit-action of a totally different order from that of the artistic hand, who seem, so far as I have witnessed, to constitute her medium specialty. You shall know it by telegraph if we succeed.

Dr. J. D. Buchanan, who lives in your city, has had a good deal of experience with this lady, as has, I understand, a large collection of photographs representing works of art produced by spirits through her, which he will, no doubt, be willing to show to all proper inquirers.

I will only add that, as the result of all my impressions left by several evenings spent in her family, this lady belongs to that school of "Christian Spiritualism" of which I am a humble member, and that everything indicates her as a model of the domestic virtues of wife and mother.

J. L. O'BULLIVAN.

229 W. 23d Street, New York, July 19th, 1885.

P. S.—July 21st.—I received last evening a most exquisite picture in oils, through Mrs. D. Debar, of this city, which came in about a minute while I was holding the unsponged card-board as it stood vertically upon the table. Prior to its appearance she had described as being present a tall and exceedingly beautiful spirit who seemed to be a "Castilian lady." I send it herewith for your inspection, and think you will concur with me in the opinion that no living artist, with any length of time at his disposal, could have produced those deliciously soft and blending effects of flesh coloring. It was evidently Spanish. My hope of its being my mother was disappointed. This evening I have again sat with Mrs. D. D., and placed a fresh white card-board between two closed folding-slides, which I held carefully. We presently heard the sounds of some work in progress inside. The card-board exhibited writing in oil-paints, evidently done with a paint-brush. The oil was fresh and thickly laid on. The writing was in red paint: "I was *Dona Inez de Linares*." This was preceded by a large, sloping capital in red, above the line, which looks like an "M," accompanied with outlying marks and dots. The writing was followed by two large, initial letters in brown, about an inch and a half in length, occupying

the place of a signature. What they are meant to be I cannot decide.

Who "Dona Inez" may have been I cannot say. In English it would be "Madam Inez." May she possibly have been the famous "Inez de Castro," wife of the King Pedro "the Cruel," (or "the Justiciary"),—she whose dead body, crowned and in royal robes, was made by her husband, when he came to the throne, to receive the homage of all the courtiers, amongst whom were her murderers? Her calling herself simply "Dona Inez" (without a surname) would seem to indicate royalty. There was, never a more beautiful queen than her portrayed in this wonderful work of some spirit artist.

[The portrait and card-board, with the lettering upon it, referred to above, may be seen at this office.—ED. B. OF L.]

## SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES OF THOMAS R. HAZARD.

From the Philadelphia North American.

NUMBER FOUR.

On Wednesday, June 25th, I called at 2 P. M. with a lady friend at 300 Seventh Avenue, New York, for appointment, to attend a materializing séance with Mrs. C. C. Caffray. Mrs. Caffray's cabinet stands just within the back parlor, the curtain opening on a fine blue velvet, and the door into the room. The séance seemed quite fatigued. "We having held, I said, on the evening before, and the manifestations were probably in consequence by no means remarkable on this occasion. The proper medium of light being secured by the use of the 'Indian face' Jim," the medium's chief Indian control, was the first form that appeared, clothed in the same picturesque dress, and with his unimpaired long coarse black hair hanging down on each side of his face, as he had shown himself to me in full daylight in the absence of his medium the day before, which unusual feat the Indian was probably enabled to accomplish only through the most favorable conditions with the aid of what remained of mysterious aura that had been imparted to the atmosphere of the cabinet by the medium previous to her leaving it. Let me say just here once for all that I have seldom, if ever, known a first-class medium for the demonstration of spiritual phenomena of any kind who did not number amongst their chief controls one or more Indian guides. I might allude to columns with reasons and theories explaining why this is so, but will content myself with merely stating that thirty years' contact with hundreds of mediums has fully convinced me that such is the fact. "Next to the Indian came two of my daughters and my wife in succession, of each and all of whose identity I have not a doubt, although the dimness of the light, added to a still greater lack in the distinctness of feature, would prove an insurmountable obstacle to my testifying to the fact before a judicial tribunal.

One of my daughters presented me with a not quite full-blown red rose, emblematic in spirit-planting of deep affection. The other, having the light with me another similar to it, whilst my wife, who came last, presented me with a large, full-blown, red rose, as compact as a dahlia, emblematic of superabundant affection. The roses, which were brought to the deepest scarlet and their fragrance supreme, qualities that I was better prepared to appreciate from the fact that I had recently returned from the happy valley of Kassel and Santa Barbara, which, as is well known, constitutes the systematic and systematic blooming flowers, whose brilliancy and fragrance, however, do not compare favorably in those respects with the products of more northern climes. That spirit-planting has the power to form flowers such as roses, pinks and lilies, by the systematic application of the necessary elements elicited from the atmosphere, and to imbue them with corresponding odors, know to be a fact, as I have witnessed the performance of such feats in full daylight, when the roses, pinks and lilies have been formed in good light, in the palm of my own open hand, the spirit-artist's hand and fingers being plainly in view the whole time the performance was progressing to entire completion. But spirits, as a rule, seem to be more particular in their design to bring to their earth friends, of natural growth, and to obtain them from neighboring gardens and conservatories, with a singular disregard of the laws of nature. It seems to be, however, ever, one singularly connected with the spirit-planting of flowers: Of the many hundred I have had handed or showered upon me by unseen friends, I have never observed one that has been severed by an edged instrument, they are all perfect and entire, have been broken, wrung or twisted from the parent stem. I may add, in this connection, that I have known quite a large apartment to be filled with the most delicate fragrances, without any visible cause save an unusual suffusion of moisture on one of the medium's hands who chanced to be present.

As being germane to the subject, I may say that it is generally conceded by spirit-planters that any medium who is called in to give a séance, and who is "The Star." On scores of occasions when I have held séances with mediums, some of whom I had never met with or seen before, they would remark, "Your Star is here," in countless instances her presence used to be made known to me, and my sense of expectancy, in the absence of any medium, in the shape of a bright star. It was my wife's practice for some years after my conviction of the truth of Modern Spiritualism, to tap on the wall the head of my bed that sounded like drops of water gently falling on a board. This well-known sign would be quickly followed by a bright light star appearing directly in front of my eyes. After the manifestation of spirit-planting, I often presented myself to me with a star on her forehead. 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one, is especially so when a simple but essential truth, after being fairly stated, cannot be fully apprehended without making for it even a necessary application. It is a matter of common notoriety that Spiritualism has been sought to be captured by those who see in it a great modern movement which they are ambitious to control, or on which they may at least mount for a personal display for which they seem to fancy the times are impatiently waiting. Well may we ask ourselves, at the start, if it was for so thoroughly insignificant a purpose as this that the broad and everlasting fact of communication with disembodied spirits was revealed and established. And with even more point may this question be asked, when it is kept in mind that these persons so ambitious of leadership flout and despise the phenomena by which such communication is proven, and presume to construct a nebulous philosophy whose limitations are simply those of their own diminutive being.

It would of course be unspiritual to denounce pretensions of such a sort, made in the very face of a great modern revelation; yet it may be both politic and necessary to characterize them according to their merits, that spiritual things may not unconsciously be confounded with unspiritual, and that the outward and visible may not be permitted to claim authority over the inward and invisible. Just so far as such pretensions are put forward, just so far they prove the alienation of those making them from that spirituality which should be the end and aim of all professing Spiritualists. As humility and self-sacrifice and love for personal service are the sure credentials of the true Spiritualist, so pretension, and assumption, and the continued claim of authority evince the presence of those who would use Spiritualism to the furtherance of their own selfish purposes. Again and again we assert, and now and always we insist, that the sure test of spirituality is the love of service for others, and not the love of subjecting others to our control.

This kingdom of service, who has explored its further realms to understand the nature and extent of the power it surely confers on its unowned rulers? To serve greatly is the way to rule. In passing from the material to the spiritual, what we did before after material methods we do now after spiritual ones. And these do not favor the superiority of one to another except above the plane of authority, and on that of a noble spirit of sacrifice. When we commend humility as one of the proofs of spirituality, it is not to be therefore inferred that all individuality is to be abnegated, and all the sturdy elements of character eliminated on which spirituality, to be practically efficacious, must be grafted. But it is to be inferred that the latter are to be put to truly spiritual uses, and no longer employed to serve purely personal ambitions and aims. It is to be inferred that henceforward the governing principle in conduct is to be spiritual, and that this makes over what is strong and coercive in human character into what is heroically self-sacrificing and nobly serviceable in the cause of truth.

Thus is selfish ambition, petty and narrow, seeking only personal aggrandizement and feasting on a temporary notoriety, converted into one that is purely unselfish, and hence above all ambition and all special desire of fame. Spiritualists of all others have reason to expect and demand that mere human leaders shall be discarded, since actual knowledge has satisfied them of a leadership that transcends all human knowledge, ability and skill. They do not reject philosophic speculation, by any means, on the problems of life here and hereafter; but they do not accept such speculations as necessarily their leaders. The invisibles themselves are the real leaders. The mission of angels is accepted for the self-constituted mission of assuming mortals. Heaven's direct inspiration more than compensates with them for the inspiration of man. Surely there is no inconsistency in this, no lack of respect for gifted and sincere believers and co-workers, no taint of a desire to put down or put up anybody as an individual. It is simply the practical proof of their belief in the new revelation as far better and more reliable than any of the material methods of the past.

And, obviously, unless such guidance and inspiration as this is recognized and acknowledged, it is not easy to understand what real meaning and significance Spiritualism has above what has gone before it and been outgrown in the expansion and growth of the human spirit. Surely, Spiritualists do not believe in falling back into the old and discarded ways. They certainly are not ready to admit that their new and larger belief can be fitted into the smaller compass of the beliefs which the advancing world is ready to cast aside. And if not, then they will discard the old and worn-out methods with the old and worn-out beliefs. They have no further use for the machinery which the progress of knowledge and the expansion of ideas have rendered worthless because no longer serviceable. And this being the case, those who try to convince themselves that they are greater than the great truth to which they attach themselves, will do well to study more attentively the signs of the times, that they may individually understand and realize that, in this wide kingdom of service, it is ever only the least that are the greatest unto the end.

## New Indian Policy.

The successful inauguration of a new and beneficent Indian policy, says the *National Republican*, was one of the crowning glories of President Grant's two terms. It marked a new era in our national history—the substitution of justice for vengeance. The new policy has fully justified the hopes of its friends and has been equally disappointing to its enemies. Under its operation the Indians have been making rapid progress in the arts of civilization, and are now steadily working up toward self-support. But all this is invisible to those who do not care for the elevation of the Indians, and who would rather see them "wiped out of existence" than civilized; hence the demand for the abolition of the Indian Bureau, and the transfer of the aboriginals to the War Department.

Read and heed Mr. Charles M. Brown's very pleasant and unique remarks about the coming *Jesus* (Me). Spiritualist Camp-Meeting, to be held there, opening Aug. 28th and continuing ten days. If what he says be true, and no doubt it is, many of the friends in different sections of the country will doubtless embrace the opportunity thus offered to be present during the sessions of the contemplated meeting, at Buswell's Grove.

An original essay, by Mr. John Wetherbee of this city, entitled, "SOME INFERENCES AND CONCLUSIONS," will appear in the next number of the *BANNER*.

## Unseen Wires.

The manifestations of the presence of the denizens of another though unseen world, and of their influence among mortals, are becoming so frequent and tangible that not only the secular papers, but those included in the class known as the "religious press," are compelled to recognize the fact and notice the events, even though they are obliged to trench somewhat on the grounds of Modern Spiritualism in the act of doing so. Of course, this is done in a round-about way, without directly admitting the source from which these indications of intelligence outside of visible mortal life emanate. They attribute them to the action of the minds of mankind one upon another, or assume to relegate the whole subject to the realm of unexplainable mystery, and wait God's time for a revelation of the truth, not for a moment entertaining the idea that possibly God's time is the present time, and that all is made clear to the comprehension of those who are honestly desirous of knowing the truth, come whence and how it may.

A friend sends us a copy of the *Evangelical Messenger*, published at Cleveland, O., in which the editor introduces an article upon premonitions as follows:

"The world in which we live and move and sleep is crossed in every direction by invisible lines of communication of which the wisest know little. Along these unseen wires messages of warning or of sympathy often go throbbing from soul to soul. Sometimes in dreams of night, sometimes in brightest waking hours, swift-winged premonitions flash their light upon our inner vision, or breathe their mysterious whispers into our ears. Concerning these phenomena we have no explanation to offer. We have no theory on the subject. We do not philosophize about it. We only accept the facts. The explanation may come by-and-by."

The writer follows the above with the details of seven instances in which the warnings and interventions of spirits gave notice of impending danger or prevented disaster; one as related by the *Presbyterian*, one by a clergyman who twenty-five or more years ago wrote a sensational book against Spiritualism, and two by the *Independent*. The article occupies upward of two columns, and closes with these words:

"Facts like these mean something. Science may pronounce them incredible, but as a contemporary says: 'The incredible happens, and it is of no use to deny such facts. How the connection is made, by what wire the electric current passes from one mind to another, by what wave, through what mentiferous ether, we may one of these days discover.' At present we know nothing about it."

"An honest confession" may be "good for the soul"; but its benefit in some cases, of which this evidently is one, is in the first indication it gives on the part of the confessor of a desire to be "honest"—a desire which, if followed to its ultimate, cannot fail to result in great and eternal good. If, as he says, he knows nothing about "facts like these" except that they exist, he has no one to blame but himself, for opportunities have not been by any means rare all his life, and greatly increased the last third of a century, for him to learn something of them, even though it be not much; and we advise him to put himself immediately at work in that line of study, for he may be assured, if he continues to occupy the position of a teacher, he will be frequently called upon to meet inquiries upon a subject the response to which—that he knows nothing about it—will place him in a very awkward predicament. The writer adds:

"When some clear-eyed and far-seeing explorer of this strange world shall finally discover its secrets, we shall listen to his report with profoundest interest and attention."

But who shall receive and determine the genuineness of the credentials that the "clear-eyed and far-seeing explorer" may bring? They looked for one of these nearly nineteen centuries ago; but they knew him not when he came. They did not "listen to his report with profoundest interest and attention"; they took him out and hung him on a cross between two thieves.

May it not be that the Christ (the Spirit of Truth) is in our midst to-day, as it was in the old time? That out of the mouths of those whom the self-styled learned of earth look upon as "babes and sucklings" in wisdom, God reveals the mysteries of life, culminating in the grandest knowledge ever vouchsafed to humanity, namely, the immortality of the human soul?

## Shall the Phenomena Stop?

An English writer who is closely observing current events and opinions in the ranks of Spiritualists, is inclined to deprecate the disposition of some who, because they have had enough of the phenomena of Spiritualism to fully convince themselves of the truth, and place their own feet on a solid foundation, wherefrom they can look into the future and see a positive assurance that another life awaits them at the close of this, are declaring that all forms of physical manifestations, even those of the most advanced order, the independent voice, slate-writing and materialization, should be done away with as of no value to mankind. "Why multiply facts?" they ask. "We have enough of them; give us what they are meant to teach." There is, to our way of thinking, an immeasurable degree of selfishness in taking such a view of the subject. Were all the world as satisfied of the truths these phenomena are given to teach as they who would abrogate them are, not a single human being on the face of the whole earth skeptical in regard to the fact of a future existence, some extension might be allowed for the position they assume to hold. But we know it is far otherwise; we know that only an infinitesimal portion of earth's inhabitants, comparatively, have received the inestimable blessings these phenomena are designed to bestow, and that to deny them at the very threshold of their entrance upon their mission because we have reaped the advantage of their coming, is only to exhibit a shallow reasoning, a fathomless depth of ingratitude and an "inhumanity to man" that would not hesitate to make "countless thousands mourn" by such a deprivation.

We do not throw away the alphabet and bid it "good-bye" when we have learned to read and write, because we know it will be indispensable to us in all our future acquirements. For a similar reason we cannot put aside the phenomena at any period of our attainment of spiritual knowledge; as we advance they will advance with us to greater and still greater perfection. Therefore we say, *Let the phenomena continue*; let us give the best of conditions—those that the invisible but potent workers in spirit-life suggest as best adapted to their purpose; welcome with thankfulness every manifestation from what, through familiarity, we are disposed to call "the simple rap"—as though the stars were "simple" because they are familiar to our sight—to the perfect materialized form of our dearest friends who, having passed the rubicon of death's shallow stream, have discovered a method by which they can return to us, be seen by us, and hold sweet converse with us, as they did in days that are no more.

We feel that the power of spirits to produce phenomena has only foreshadowed itself. What they have done has been done despite almost insurmountable obstacles thrown in their way, and the bitter opposition of selfishness, bigotry and ignorance, than which none could possibly be more relentless. Instead of restricting, let us enlarge the field of their operations; instead of hampering, let us give them greater liberty; instead of assuming to teach our teachers, let us willingly and gratefully be taught by them, and we shall ere long witness manifestations of spirit-power and intelligence of which few if any of the most sanguine of believers have now the remotest conception.

## The Indians, Cattlemen and Cowboys.

You cannot have fire without something to kindle with, neither can it be kept burning without being fed with fuel. The President, aided by his clear-headed advisers, has become convinced that what causes all the trouble with the Indians in New Mexico and Colorado is the intrusive and greedy presence of men who have no business to be where they are, and whom he has therefore ordered to take themselves away. The cattlemen had illegally obtained leases from the tribes located in Indian Territory, and thus practically got their lands away from them for a song. The cattlemen were so obstreperous at last that they undertook to block the way for the cattlemen in Texas, who have long enjoyed the freedom of the "trail" for driving their cattle northward into Kansas and Colorado, where they were finally fattened for the Eastern and European markets. The troubles grew to such dimensions, in consequence of the increasing irritation of the Indians, particularly the Cheyennes, that it was deemed necessary to despatch General Sheridan to Fort Reno with an adequate military force, to quiet all threatened disturbances and see that the laws were duly executed.

Having made a careful and thorough investigation into the matter, the President has decided to order all those holding leases of land within the reservations in Indian Territory to vacate the lands within forty days from the date of his proclamation. They squirm and protest and propose, but they have got to go nevertheless. The solemn treaties made by the United States with the Indian tribes are to be sacredly kept. And Gen. Sheridan is near at hand to see that the President's orders are carried out faithfully. The great cattle companies equally with the smaller individual lessees are to be cleared out, and the Indians, to whom the country belongs, are to be left undisturbed in its enjoyment. At last inordinate greed has come to be disavowed as one of the necessary forces of expanding civilization. All just men rejoice that it is so, and that the national name is to be cleansed of a stain which mere hungry land-grabbers have been permitted to leave on it. Not until this large stone is fairly turned over will it be possible to see what a collection of marauders swarm underneath, or to realize the true causes of these chronic troubles with the Indians.

The troubles with the Ute Indians in Western Colorado all sprung from a lack of food. Col. Swaine, commanding at Fort Lewis, telegraphed to Col. Bradley the immediate necessity of issuing rations to them. Some of these Utes, hungering for food, went off the reservation to obtain it, and the cowboys summarily shot them down. Therefore the settlers near by want the Indians disarmed to a man. Why not first disarm the cowboys and cattlemen? The latter will not hesitate to shoot an unarmed Indian so long as they will to shoot an armed one. The agents may give permits to the Indians to leave their reservations for the purpose of hunting, but even allowing that they are outside with a pass on their persons, the cowboys would continue to shoot them all the same, and descend to look for their passes, if at all, after their murderous execution was done. Commissioner Atkins thinks the whole of the talk about a Ute rising is got up for the purpose of making a concerted raid on the Ute lands.

## General U. S. Grant

Has passed to spirit-life, and the nation mourns. Indeed, the whole civilized world is paying tribute to his memory. The memorial services in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on Monday last, were a most fitting tribute to his worth. Without party or creed our people met to do honor to the great captain. He came to the front when the nation was at its greatest peril, as the man to lead the army of the Union on to victory and to peace. How well he succeeded the permanency and prosperity of the country to-day fully attest.

General Grant was born April 27th, 1822, and passed to spirit-life July 23d, 1885, after an illness of many months.

The gathering at Faneuil Hall was called to order in a brief speech by Mayor O'Brien, when Governor Robinson was introduced. The Governor's remarks were listened to with the closest attention. He said:

"The sadness of the event which touches all hearts brings this assemblage together to-day. Everywhere throughout the land, whether in the crowded city or in the remote cottage, there is a deep feeling of sympathy and personal bereavement, because one who was dear and great and true has gone out from the people and left behind him a void which he can never fill. It is the duty of this moment to attempt to make a just and full and comprehensive estimate of his work and life. We pause, ere the grave opens to receive his remains, with bowed head, recognizing the hand of the great God in taking from us one whom we so proudly cherished and honored and trusted. We pause for a moment amid our tears and our sighs to express our appreciation of his life. The great hero—over whose head of pain and suffering for weary months millions have bent in prayerful sympathy and prayerful hope—the great hero was none the less a hero, because out of the common lot of humanity. He was a man born under an accident of fortune at the beginning of his career, but finding in the call of the country to duty the summons greeting him to a development to which his great powers and unflinching fortitude and unmovable calmness never proved unequal. The fact of his rapid advancement from the uneventful life of a private citizen by successive victories in campaign after campaign, until, in response to the universal demand of the people, he became the greatest of the greatest armies that were ever massed in the most memorable conflict of the world, shows clearly what perseverance and ability can accomplish. One need not recount it here. The facts are within the memory and knowledge of the great body of our people."

Appropriate resolutions were then unanimously passed, when General Charles Devens was called upon to speak. He said: "A nation has watched by the dying couch of its greatest citizen, the leader of its armies in battle, the head of its state in peace. Anxiety, hope and fear have contended, until at last it became certain that human efforts were in vain, and that he who had been its tower of strength in the hour of a people's agony was to pass from among living men. Well have we bidden the funeral cry for him whose strong hand and daring heart secured and protected its life. The orator then gave a lengthy address, in

which he eloquently portrayed the successful career of the Lieutenant-General:

"His fame (said the speaker), like that of Washington, shall form forever one of the brightest jewels in the radiant crown of the Republic. It shall broaden and widen as her domains shall spread, as her vast and fertile wastes shall be peopled, and as great cities break the stillness of the land, the hum of the wild generation of men can be heard that he has been to us. Already to many almost approaching middle life were his comments on our history. But in us, who were his time there is a personal love and veneration toward him which cannot be communicated to others. All around him, throughout the broad land, there stretches the wide circle of those who perhaps never looked upon his bodily presence that feel his loss as a personal grief. He has so ingrained himself with their just and patriotic feeling in the years that are past that to them the earth itself seems less fair, this gorgeous glowing summer less bright now that he has gone. Willing would I spray some words that shall tell the love we have borne him, the honor in which we hold his great deeds, the gratitude we have for all he has so splendidly done; but I realize how poor my utterance is."

General D. concluded as follows:

"He has passed beyond our mortal sight—sustained and soothed by the devotion of friends, by the affection of the loved by a devoted people, by the affectionate respect and regard of many once in arms against him. In that home where he was almost worshiped, he has left no doubt in the hearts of those around him as one that lies down to pleasant dreams."

## Excerpts from our Foreign Exchanges.

The *Revista de Estudios Psicológicos* of Barcelona contains articles on "The Moral Effects of Spiritualism," "Buddha," "Christian Love," and the concluding chapters of an essay on "The Earthquakes in Spain," by that distinguished astronomer and Spiritualist, Camillo Flammarion. These articles were written to show that earthquakes are natural effects, can be foretold but not avoided, and thus combat the theory of the clergy that they are a special visitation of "Divine Vengeance" on Spain, on account of the great spread of "liberal thought" in that country. We notice the announcement of the formation of a mutual benefit society, under the name and auspices of "Jesus of Nazareth," and that donations for it are received at the office of that paper. Also, another item wherein it is stated that a poor man recently lost his child, and, having only twenty-four reals to pay the entire funeral expenses, including coffin, was molested by the priest twenty reals for the privilege of burying the body in consecrated ground. The editor takes exception to these heavy charges, and lashes "the church" for her exorbitant demands. He might do well to consider if, in the formation of societies tending to foster this superstition, and bearing the name of its founder, he is not helping "the church" to re-visit the fetters on those who, through the beneficent light of Spiritualism, have escaped her tolls.

The *Revista Espiritista* of Buenos Ayres contains many interesting articles. One queries how the Pope could receive with open arms the Prince Imperial of Germany, who is the head of the Free Masons of that country, bestow on him the "Order of Christ," and immediately afterward issue his fulmination against the Masons. Is there one mode of salvation for princes and another for the people? Can "Papal infallibility" be stretched to suit all classes?

La *Fraternidad* pays its compliments to the Regular M. Ds., quoting the remarks of Sir Wm. Jenner, the present physician to the Queen, and also those of Magendie, Professor of Medicine in the College of France: "Gentlemen, medicine is a farce. Who knows anything of medicine? For my part, I tell you frankly that I know nothing about it. Nature does much, and the doctors little, for the patient." It copies also an article from the *BANNER* on Spiritualism in Brooklyn, N. Y.; informs us that La *Federacion Espiritista Portuguesa*, the principal Portuguese Spiritual Society, is forming branches all over that country; of the publication of a new paper in Lisbon, entitled *Mag-netismo Animal*, and of *El Buen Deseo*, at Matanzas.

Constancia publishes in full the discourse delivered by Mrs. H. J. Horn before the First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga, on Dec. 22d, translated from the columns of the *BANNER* by Señor A. Scarniolha, our editorial of Jan. 24th, entitled "The New Philosophy," by the same translator, and the experiences of Wm. H. Vorburgh from our issue of Feb. 21st. We also notice that Don Cosme Mariño, the editor, has translated from the French, and published for the benefit of the Children's Lyceum, a spiritual catechism.

## The Message Department.

We are in receipt of letters from persons in various parts of the country asking for communications



## The Golden Gate.

The above is the attractive name of a new paper issued in the interest of Spiritualism every Saturday, in San Francisco, Cal., Mr. J. J. Owen, late of the San José Mercury, editor and proprietor; Mrs. Mattie P. Owen, assistant, and R. B. Hall, general agent. It consists of eight pages, the size of the BANNER, makes a very creditable appearance typographically, and displays good judgment in the editorials and selections which form its contents. It advocates and defends the spiritual phenomena in their every phase, including the latest marvels of slate-writing and materialization. Of the former, Mr. Owen asseverates, no phase is more interesting or convincing. He relates his experience with mediums through whom he has received the most positive evidence of the truth of spirit-communication. Of materialization he remarks that no phenomenal fact of Modern Spiritualism is better attested, proof of the genuineness of which he has many times received, under conditions wherein jugglery or fraud was absolutely impossible. He stands up bravely for the mediums of the New Dispensation; and, alluding to simulations of phenomena, says: "It should be remembered that all spirits are not angels, nor honest; no more than they are when encased in mortal habiliments. It may be the medium is not always responsible for seeming fraud; at any rate we should be careful not to condemn unjustly."

The Golden Gate gives promise of being an efficient aid in the promulgation of the grand truths of Modern Spiritualism; as such we heartily welcome it to the field of labor and wish it long life and abundant success.

## Indian Lands.

Section 2116 of the Revised Statutes of the United States prohibits the leasing of Indian lands, and declares that no such lease shall have any validity in law or equity, unless made "by treaty or convention entered into pursuant to the constitution." The same section imposes a penalty of one thousand dollars on any person attempting to negotiate such a treaty or convention, unless he is acting under the authority of the United States; and yet these provisions of law have been and still are wantonly violated by unscrupulous individuals.

It will be seen by the spirit-message of BERTHA BROWN, on our sixth page, who hails from Boston, that she is desirous of reaching her personal friends for the purpose of having them learn something of the spirit-world and of their friends who have gone to inhabit it. She gives excellent advice.—Spirit Dr. JOHN E. CONSON, who resided in Jonesboro, Tennessee, before passing to the spirit-world, gives a very sensible message.—JOHN T. PARKER, whose earthly home was Brooklyn, N. Y., wants his friends to know of his return to this place. He desires to communicate in private with them through some medium in New York City.—CARRIE SMALL sends a message to Helen M.—ABNER C. COOMBS, who lived in Wakefield, Mass., wishes to inform his friends that he can see them, and he wants them to feel that he is often with them.—MRS. KATIE GRIGGS, wife of Mr. C. A. Griggs, says she would like to communicate privately through a medium with her earth-friends, and hopes to have an opportunity of doing so ere long.—WILLIAM J. HUNNARD, who says he was well known in Boston, sends word to his loved ones in California. He gives tests by which he should be identified. He wishes Samuel Hubbard of Oakland, Cal., to see his message.—CAROLINE SOMMERS sends a message to her friends in Littlefield, Ct., and to those in Meriden.—PATRIOT HOLZON, who said he lived in Northampton, and who showed in marked phrase that he belonged to the Emerald Isle, according to his statement was crushed out of his earthly body by a pile of lumber falling upon it. He says a good deal, but nothing of especial weight, only as evidence of his identity.—MARTIN, a person present in the circle, whom the spirit called Chalmers, was anxious to say that she was not photographed; that the likeness which appears was not hers.—LOUISE SCHINDLER, who was too feeble to speak for herself, got the controlling influence to communicate for her. She wishes her friends to seek an interview with her through a medium in private. It is to be hoped they will respond to her request.

A modern Don Quixote appears in the person of the mayor of Waltham, says the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette, who is waging war against the alleged sins of the people in that adolescent municipality. In his omnipotent wisdom he decrees that the druggists must not sell soda, confectionery, cigars and papers on Sunday; that Sunday riding for pleasure must be stopped; that boats must not be let on the river on Sunday; and, in fact, that all the business which is now commonly done, and generally acquiesced in by the public on Sunday, must be suppressed. We fancy that the mayor will find that he has taken a heavier contract than he can execute. People will have their Sunday papers, and soda as well as jalap; and they insist upon taking their Sunday pleasure by horse and carriage, by boat, by horse-car or steam-car without let or hindrance. In this the best sentiment of the community supports them; and he who opposes this manifest and rational will of the people confronts a task compared with which Mrs. Parlington's attempt at sweeping back the Atlantic with a mop was the merest pastime. One thing is certain, which we may add without fear of contradiction, and that is there are but a comparatively few bigots like the Waltham mayor in freedom-loving Massachusetts, and they are growing less year by year. People must have healthy bodies if they wish for healthy souls; and there is no better method of attaining this important desideratum than out-door exercise and recreation on Sunday, when the tollers cease from labor, instead of being cooped up in unventilated vestries attending prayer-meetings, as has been their wont in times past. The very austerity of over-zealous religionists seems to be weaning the young from attending their churches, where gilded pulpits and velvet-cushioned seats are in vogue.

Miss E. L. Bush, the principal of the Belydere (N. J.) Seminary—a liberal institution—which is now known as the "Wendell Phillips Memorial Industrial School," wishes it understood by parents that \$100 per year will pay for the board and tuition of children. This school reopens for the season Sept. 21st. For circulars address as above.

SPIRIT VOICES for July contains new chapters of "The Annals of the Taskans," and of "Ancient Spiritualism," a variety of minor articles, several poems, and reports of the Bridge, N. H., Camp-Meeting. Published at 121 West Concord street, Boston, and sold at our Bookstore.

## Spiritualist Camp and Grove-Meetings.

By reference to the subjoined list it will be seen that the Spiritualists of America are in earnest regarding out-door services, and their prosecution during the present summer.

ONSET BAY CAMP-MEETING.—The ninth annual session, under the auspices of the Onset Bay Camp Association, will take place on its grounds, East Wareham, Mass., July 12th to Aug. 9th.

QUEEN CITY PARK.—The fourth annual assembly of this Camp-Meeting will take place on the grounds in South Burlington, Vt., Aug. 15th to Sept. 14th.

THE NEW ENGLAND SPIRITUALISTS' CAMP-MEETING ASSOCIATION holds its twelfth annual convocation at Lake Pleasant, Montague, Mass., Aug. 1st to 21st inclusive.

THE CAMP-MEETING ASSOCIATION of Vicksburg will hold its Second Annual Meeting in Fraser's Grove, one half mile from Vicksburg, Mich., beginning Aug. 27th, and continuing two Sundays.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY SPIRITUALISTS' CAMP-MEETING.—The Third Annual Meeting of the Association will be held upon its grounds at Mount Pleasant Park, Clinton, Ia., beginning on the first day of August, and continuing during the entire month.

NEKOMA FALLS, PA.—The Seventh Annual Camp-Meeting at this place commences Sunday, July 19th, and closes on Thursday, Sept. 10th.

THE SECOND ANNUAL GROVE MEETING of Spiritualists will convene at New Era, Chackamas County, Oregon, Thursday, Sept. 3d, and continue until Sept. 14th.

VERONA PARK, ME.—August 15th to 24th.

NEKOMA SPIRITUALIST CAMP-MEETING.—The Nekoma Camp-Meeting Association and the Michigan Association of Spiritualists unite to hold a camp-meeting at Nekoma on the beautiful Pine Lake, on the Grand Trunk Railroad, eight miles east of Lansing, August 5th to the 31st.

SUNAPEE.—The Camp-Meeting at Lake Sunapee, N. H., commences Aug. 2d, and ends Aug. 30th.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN (TENN.) CAMP-MEETING.—The Second Annual Camp-Meeting will be held on these camp-grounds for ten days, commencing Saturday, Aug. 23d, and concluding Aug. 31st. On Wednesday, Aug. 26th, the annual meeting of stockholders will be held. On Saturday, Aug. 29th, the Annual Convention of the Southern Association of Spiritualists will be held.

WATKINS, CT. CAMP-MEETING.—Services to be held from July 10th to Sept. 15th inclusive.

PAW PAW, MICH.—A Camp-Meeting takes place at Four Mile Lake from July 20th to Aug. 3d.

CASADAGA, N. Y.—The Camp-Meeting at Casadaga Lake opens Aug. 1st, and closes Aug. 31st.

TEMPLE HEIGHTS, ME.—August 14th to 23d.

## Receptions at Onset.

Monday evening, July 20th, Mrs. Townsend-Wood opened her parlors for a reception to Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Jennie B. Hagan, Mrs. Brigham and G. B. Stebbins. Speaking, singing and social conversation filled the programme, with much satisfaction to all.

Tuesday evening, July 21st, Mrs. Ricker tendered a birthday reception to the wife of President Crockett, and a wedding anniversary reception to Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Brown. Brief addresses, delightful singing, witty sayings, etc., contributed to the pleasant occasion.

## Lake Pleasant.

As will be seen by the advertisement on our fifth page—which contains the list of speakers, etc.—that the New England Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting Association commences its thirteenth annual convocation on the 1st instant, to be continued during the present month. A printed programme, giving all necessary particulars, may be had gratuitously at this office. See Fitchburg Railroad advertisement for information respecting special train arrangements for the accommodation of visitors to the Lake.

## Donations in Aid of Charles H. Foster.

MR. CALVIN BUFFUM, 13 Buffum street, Salem, Mass., who is the custodian of the funds which have been and may be in the future donated by friends of the cause for the use of the unfortunate medium, Charles H. Foster, reports as follows:

Previously acknowledged ..... \$61.40

Luther Colby ..... 3.00

Isaac B. Rich ..... 3.00

Mrs. M. D. Bell ..... 2.00

Total to date ..... \$69.40

## C. M. Brown.

Has been appointed by Colby & Rich as the sole agent to take subscriptions for the BANNER OF LIGHT at the Aetna, Me., Spiritualist Camp-Meeting.

"THE SOUTH SHORE" is the name of a pleasantly written story by Mrs. C. R. Josselyn, the purpose of which is to show the importance of interspersing healthful recreations with the instructions given to the young. This method is the grand one of the spirit-world, as we are assured by a multitudinous number of communications therefrom, and its adoption in this sphere is growing apace. The story referred to forms a 16mo volume of 216 pages, and may be had of Mr. G. T. Albro at Onset.

Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond delivered the closing address of her first series in Kensington Town Hall, London, Sunday evening, July 12th. Her subject, "The Final Religion of Earth," was treated in a manner that elicited many words of praise from her auditors. A new series is to be delivered in the Kensington Assembly Rooms, the Town Hall not being available, commencing Sept. 20th.

"THE WORLD'S FRIEND."—This stanch little progressive sheet has been obliged to suspend its appearance on account of having lost its printing material. Its proprietor, Mrs. O. F. Shepard, promises to resume its publication as soon as she can obtain funds for doing so, and solicits contributions to that end. Her address is Foxboro', Mass.

Mrs. Carrie M. Sawyer will return to Boston from Onset Bay the first of next week, and resume her sittings at No. 4 Concord Square, where she would be pleased to meet her friends and the public generally.

W. J. Colville is busily employed in lecturing and holding special meetings in and about London, giving considerable of his time to an elucidation of the subject of healing by spirit-power.

Mrs. Augusta Dwinels having nearly recovered from her late severe illness, nervous prostration, is now at No. 9 Porter street, this city. She is a finely developed medium.

We shall print in the next issue of the BANNER, from the pen of Mr. A. E. Newton, a well-written article which we fully endorse, entitled "Revelations of Crime by Spirits."

An interesting incident of the last moments of De Quincey is thus described by his biographer, David Masson: "He had been in a daze for some hours, and as it had been observed that, in his waking hours, since the beginning of his illness, he had reverted much to the incidents of his childhood and talked especially of his father, regretting that he had known so little of him; so in this final daze his mind seemed to be wandering among the same old memories. 'My dear mother, then I was greatly mistaken; he was dead to murder, and his very last act was to throw up his arms and utter, as if with a cry of surprised recognition, 'Sister, sister, sister! The vision seemed to be that of his sister Elizabeth, dead near Manchester, twenty years before, and now waiting for him on the banks of the Mersey river.'"

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

"Tis not the boundless waters ocean holds That give refreshment to the thirsty flowers, But just the drops that, rising to the skies, From thence descend in softly falling showers. What matter that our granaries are filled With all the richest harvest's golden stores, If we who own them cannot eat and drink, But famished stand before the close barred doors? And so 'tis said that those who should be rich In that true love which crowns our earthly lot, Go praying with white lips from day to day, For Love's sweet tokens, and receive them not."

LONDON, July 25th.—An earthquake has occurred in the Rangpur district in Bengal. A village near Nattore was engulfed.

Digby is full of charity (ask Mr. Davis if he isn't?)—brimful! But somebody slipped into the BANNER sanctum recently, while the editor was momentarily absent, and hooked his friend Digby's nice palm-leaf hat, leaving a poor old dilapidated apology for one in its stead. He offers a regular season-ticket on the Old Colony Railroad for a return of his fashionable title.

There was a remarkable scene in a New York Hebrew synagogue on Saturday, the Rabbi paying a tribute to the memory of Gen. Grant. The whole congregation arose and recited with the pastor the "Rahish," a prayer never before recited for a Gentile.

Since the fact became generally known that bread, which is termed "the staff of life," was a very weak staff, owing to the elimination of the best portions of the flour of which it is made, under the aesthetic ruling of having it fine and white, efforts have been made to improve it and to retain rather than throw away the nutritious part of the grain. The best results of these efforts are found in the Glen Mills flour and other forms of breadstuffs, for which Dr. W. L. Johnson is the selling agent at 43 Boylston street. The Doctor is a veteran Spiritualist, and whatever statements he may make can be relied upon as being "as good as wheat."

Scandal, like a reptile crawling over the grass, leaves a trail and stain that ever does and ever should condemn its inventor.

The Newburyport Spiritualists should report progress there for publication in the BANNER. We hear there are active workers in that locality. If that is the case, they should not be remiss in that respect. What says Mrs. Green?

The paucity of original witlisms in the papers at the present time is attributed to the fact that nearly all the funny men of the country are engaged in the manufacture of poems having for their principal incident the adventures of a boy and a green apple.

Misfortune sprinkles ashes on the head of the man, but falls like dew on the head of the woman, and brings forth germs of strength of which she herself has no conscious possession.

"Why are those things on your dress called bugle trimmings?" George wanted to know. "Oh, I'm replied, lightly, "because pa blows so over the bill."—Philadelphia Call.

The June number of the German paper, Rundschau, contains suggestions for restricting individual monopoly of land, which it is high time were put in practice in this country.

There were two hundred and fifty-six deaths in Boston last week, of which seventy-six were caused by cholera infantum, thirteen by diarrhoea, six by diphtheria and croup, six by dysentery, five by typhoid fever, and seven by other zymotic diseases. One hundred and fifteen infants in arms died during the week. Consumption caused twenty-six deaths, heart disease eleven, apoplexy four, sunstroke one. The death rate for the week is 32.58 per 1000.

The Atlantic House at Nantasket Beach—the coolest and best managed hotel on the whole Atlantic coast, kept by Damon & Sons, and withal a very spacious establishment—is filled with guests. Reader, do not consider this a hotel "put": it is no such thing, but a veritable fact.

A stranger recently stepped into a church in Indianapolis, and, after being permitted to stand in the aisle for some time, was approached by one of the brethren, when he inquired: "What church is this?" "Christ's Church," was the reply. "Is he in?" was quickly asked. The hint was taken, and the stranger shown a seat.

"O' dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return"—going from the Old Colony depot, Wareham, to Onset and back.

There are words that never hearts more than sharp swords; there are words the point of which ating the heart through the course of a whole life.

The last of the Seven Days' Battles, Malvern Hill, will be described by General Fitz John Porter in the August Century. Among the illustrations are portraits of the late General McClellan, Generals Sykes, Morell and Mahone.

The heat several days last week in Boston was almost intolerable. People should be extremely careful to eschew unripe fruit during the month of August, if they wish to escape sickness.

A husband's temper, and often his love, depends more on the food he eats than upon any other one material factor.—From the City of York.

Will the "woman at work" explain how she came to so sage a conclusion?

"Pa," asked little Johnny, "do they always have an Inquest when anybody dies?" "Intelligent Parent—" "Oh! no, my son. When a 'regular' doctor has been attending a person there is no need of an inquest. It is only necessary where there is any doubt as to the cause of death."

Mamma (dining out)—"It isn't polite, my son, to smack your lips when eating. You never do that at home. Sop—" "Cause we never have anything worth smacking over," was the pert reply.

A medical journal asserts that the application of hot water will prevent fainting. That's it; that's it exactly! This explains why men seldom faint. Their wives keep them in hot water.—N. Y. Sun.

Princess Beatrice, youngest daughter of Queen Victoria, was married on Thursday, July 23d, to Prince Henry of Battenberg. The wedding was said to be a gorgeous affair.

Education has made great progress in Italy of late years. In 1870, in some districts, ninety per cent. of the population were unable to read or write, and the average for the whole country was seventy-nine per cent. Now the proportion of illiterates has been reduced to fifty per cent.

There are times in a man's life when the whole sky seems rose-colored, and this old, dull world paradise. One of these is when he has discovered a quarter in the lining of his last summer's vest.

The Bangor Commercial says a young lady in that city owns a skye terrier dog which is very intelligent. The other day he went to his mistress and insisted that she should look at the bottom of one of his feet. Finally she did so, and found that there was a pin in it. This was removed, when the dog showed his joy by barking and other demonstrations of happiness.

He who does no good gets none. He who cares not for others will soon find that others will not care for him. As he lives to himself, so he will die to himself, and nobody will miss him or be sorry that he is gone.

A very polite traveler, asked by his hostess how he would take his strawberries, replied: "With alacrity, madam." In another vein, an agricultural editor being asked to say in his valuable journal if ashes were good to put on strawberries, replied that he "preferred sugar and cream." So do we.

If one's complexion is rough, brain water is the most softening wash known. Put a handful of wheat bran in a rag, dip in tepid water and wash with it. The skin will soon become soft as satin.

TO CURE STY ON THE EYE.—Put a teaspoonful of soda in a small bag, pour on it just enough boiling water to moisten it, then put it on the eye pretty warm. Keep it on all night. In the morning the sty will most likely be gone. If not, second application is sure to remove it.—Electric Review.

## Movements of Mediums and Lecturers.

[Matter for this Department should reach our office by Monday's mail to insure insertion the same week.]

Capt. H. H. Brown will not be at Cammington, Mass., August 2d, as announced previously, owing to mis-take in the mail, but will be at West Hampden, Me., August 2d and 3d, and at Newport, Me., August 6th and 7th. Speaks at the Verona, Me., Camp for five days, including August 10th; at Temple Heights, Me., Friday, August 11th; at Onset Bay, Me., August 12th; at Queen City Park Camp, Vt., from Sept. 7th to 13th inclusive. Can be engaged August 31st. Address at appointments.

Mrs. M. C. Knight, No. 35 East Eleventh street, Oswego, N. Y., will answer calls to lecture, also to officiate at funeral occasions.

Frank T. Ripley lectured to a large audience at Chesham, Sunday, July 12th and 13th, and gave satisfactory tests. He can be engaged for the 9th and 10th of August. Address, New Baltimore, Mich., Post-office for two weeks.

Dr. C. H. Harding will spend the month of August at Sunapee Lake. Will make Sunday engagements for autumn and winter. Address him 24 Upton street, Boston.

Lyman C. Howe is engaged for the Casadaga, N. Y., Spiritualist camp-meeting, which begins August 1st, and continues until August 31st.

H. Hainebek, 577 Elm street, Cincinnati, O., will answer calls to lecture.

Giles B. Stebbins speaks at Freeville, N. Y., Sunday, August 2d.

George Chalmers gave his last lecture in San Francisco, previous to his visit East, July 28th. He will be at Newburyport, Sunday, August 2d. Parties desiring his services at Grove of Camp Meetings, subsequent to that date, can address him at this office.

Hon. Warren Chase lectures at Saratoga Springs, Aug. 9th, at Onset camp-grounds Aug. 10th. He spends September in Vermont, and will speak where he is invited.

W. H. Vought, magnetic physician of Troy, N. Y., will be located at Mr. W. O. Smith's, No. 12 High street, Watertown, N. Y., for a short time, where the sick desiring treatment may reach him.

Lucius Colburn has just finished a two months' engagement at South Troy, Vt. He will attend the first two weeks of Camp-Meeting at Sunapee Lake, N. H., and then go to Queen City Park, Burlington, and remain there through the entire season. He is ready to make engagements for fall and winter.

Dr. L. Barnicot may be found at her office during the summer at (Evans House) 175 Tremont street, Suite 12. Will answer calls for lectures, tests, etc.

Address J. W. FLETCHER for lectures, tests, etc., care BANNER OF LIGHT.

WRITING PLANCHETTES for sale by Colby & Rich. Price 60 cents.

## Spiritualist Meetings in Boston:

1631 Washington Street.—First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society. Meetings every Friday at 7 1/2 and 7 3/4 P. M. Mrs. Henry O. Morrey, Secretary.

College Hall, 34 Essex Street.—Sundays, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. E. J. Colby, Secretary.

Essex Hall, 616 Washington Street, corner of Essex.—Sundays, at 10 A. M., 2 1/2 and 7 P. M.; also Thursdays at 8 P. M. Able speakers and test mediums. Excellent music. Free admission.

White Cross Fraternity, 12 Pemberton Square, Room 2.—Meeting every Sunday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. "Service of Silence" every Saturday evening. The Secretary of the Fraternity is Mr. J. L. Whitcomb. In daily attendance at the Rooms on week-days, will give information concerning the Order.

Chelms.—The Spiritualist Association meets every Sunday in Odd Fellows' Building, Hawthorn street, opposite Boston Hall, at 7 1/2 P. M. Mrs. E. J. Colby, Secretary.

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## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first and every insertion on the fifth or eighth page and fifteen cents for each subsequent insertion on the second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth, twentieth, twenty-first, twenty-second, twenty-third, twenty-fourth, twenty-fifth, twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth, thirtieth, thirty-first, thirty-second, thirty-third, thirty-fourth, thirty-fifth, thirty-sixth, thirty-seventh, thirty-eighth, thirty-ninth, fortieth, forty-first, forty-second, forty-third, forty-fourth, forty-fifth, forty-sixth, forty-seventh, forty-eighth, forty-ninth, fiftieth, fifty-first, fifty-second, fifty-third, fifty-fourth, fifty-fifth, fifty-sixth, fifty-seventh, fifty-eighth, fifty-ninth, sixtieth, sixty-first, sixty-second, sixty-third, sixty-fourth, sixty-fifth, sixty-sixth, sixty-seventh, sixty-eighth, sixty-ninth, seventieth, seventy-first, seventy-second, seventy-third, seventy-fourth, seventy-fifth, seventy-sixth, seventy-seventh, seventy-eighth, seventy-ninth, eightieth, eighty-first, eighty-second, eighty-third, eighty-fourth, eighty-fifth, eighty-sixth, eighty-seventh, eighty-eighth, eighty-ninth, ninetieth, ninety-first, ninety-second, ninety-third, ninety-fourth, ninety-fifth, ninety-sixth, ninety-seventh, ninety-eighth, ninety-ninth, one hundredth, one hundred and first, one hundred and second, one hundred and third, one hundred and fourth, one hundred and fifth, one hundred and sixth, one hundred and seventh, one hundred and eighth, one hundred and ninth, one hundred and tenth, one hundred and eleventh, one hundred and twelfth, one hundred and thirteenth, one hundred and fourteenth, one hundred and fifteenth, one hundred and sixteenth, one hundred and seventeenth, one hundred and eighteenth, one hundred and nineteenth, one hundred and twentieth, one hundred and twenty-first, one hundred and twenty-second, one hundred and twenty-third, one hundred and twenty-fourth, one hundred and twenty-fifth, one hundred and twenty-sixth, one hundred and twenty-seventh, one hundred and twenty-eighth, one hundred and twenty-ninth, one hundred and thirtieth, one hundred and thirty-first, one hundred and thirty-second, one hundred and thirty-third, one hundred and thirty-fourth, one hundred and thirty-fifth, one hundred and thirty-sixth, one hundred and thirty-seventh, one hundred and thirty-eighth, one hundred and thirty-ninth, one hundred and fortieth, one hundred and forty-first, one hundred and forty-second, one hundred and forty-third, one hundred and forty-fourth, one hundred and forty-fifth, one hundred and forty-sixth, one hundred and forty-seventh, one hundred and forty-eighth, one hundred and forty-ninth, one hundred and fiftieth, one hundred and fifty-first, one hundred and fifty-second, one hundred and fifty-third, one hundred and fifty-fourth, one hundred and fifty-fifth, one hundred and fifty-sixth, one hundred and fifty-seventh, one hundred and fifty-eighth, one hundred and fifty-ninth, one hundred and sixtieth, one hundred and sixty-first, one hundred and sixty-second, one hundred and sixty-third, one hundred and sixty-fourth, one hundred and sixty-fifth, one hundred and sixty-sixth, one hundred and sixty-seventh, one hundred and sixty-eighth, one hundred and sixty-ninth, one hundred and seventieth, one hundred and seventy-first, one hundred and seventy-second, one hundred and seventy-third, one hundred and seventy-fourth, one hundred and seventy-fifth, one hundred and seventy-sixth, one hundred and seventy-seventh, one hundred and seventy-eighth, one hundred and seventy-ninth, one hundred and eightieth, one hundred and eighty-first, one hundred and eighty-second, one hundred and eighty-third, one hundred and eighty-fourth, one hundred and eighty-fifth, one hundred and eighty-sixth, one hundred and eighty-seventh, one hundred and eighty-eighth, one hundred and eighty-ninth, one hundred and ninetieth, one hundred and ninety-first, one hundred and ninety-second, one hundred and ninety-third, one hundred and ninety-fourth, one hundred and ninety-fifth, one hundred and ninety-sixth, one hundred and ninety-seventh, one hundred and ninety-eighth, one hundred and ninety-ninth, one hundred and one hundredth.

Advertisements are renewed at continued rates, and are not charged for the first week, Saturday, a week in advance of the date where they are to appear.

The BANNER OF LIGHT cannot undertake to vouch for the honesty of the many advertisers. Advertisements which appear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and when it is made known that they are of a fraudulent or dishonest character, they are at once discontinued.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. Jas. V. Mansfield, at 82 Montgomery street, Boston, answers sealed letters. Terms \$3, and 10c. postage. 4w-Jy.11.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed until further notice at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Jy.4.

Dunklee's New Golden Eagle Furnaces give the mildest and softest and the greatest amount of heat for fuel consumed, and are the easiest to clean and take care of.—W. H. White, Janitor of seven large schoolhouses in Cambridge, A. A. Jy.4.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

Penobscot Spiritual Temple Camp-Meeting, AT VERONA PARK, VERONA, ME., WILL begin on Saturday, Aug. 15th, and close on Sunday, Aug. 23d. Parties desiring to attend will be freely sent to any one addressing either DR. C. F. WARE, President, Buckport, or F. W. SMITH, Secretary, Rockland. Send for a copy for reference. Aug. 1.—10w

MRS. EMMA A. DERBY, NATURAL ELECTRICIAN, 88 WORCESTER ST. Office hours 10 to 6 P. M. Medicated Vapor Baths specially; also a few choice rooms for patients desiring treatment and the Baths. Aug. 1.—10w

TENTS FOR SALE. USED once. Two 15x12, one 12x12, and one 15x25. All six feet wall, with fly, good frames, all ironed; easy put up. WM. HEALY, Bridgeport, Conn. Aug. 1.—2w

Mrs. L. E. Richardson, PSYCHOMETRIC READER. All Female Troubles successfully treated. Office hours from 10 to 6, at Leverett street, Boston. 1w—Aug. 1.

WISHING the services of MR. DR. PLUM will find her at 1242 Washington street, Boston, at Dr. Harrow's Medical Retreat, Ring, and walk up two flights; left hand door. Answers letters for \$1.00. 1w—Aug. 1.

Clairvoyant Examinations Free. ENCLOSE lock of hair, with leading symptoms. We will give you a correct diagnosis of your case. Address E. F. HUTCHFIELD, No. 29 Davis street, low doors from Washington street, Boston. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., 6 to 9 P. M. 1w—Aug. 1.

Mrs. Stoddard Gray and DeWitt C. Hough WILL hold Full-Form Materializing Séances every evening at their Cottage at Lake Pleasant during the month of August. 4w—Aug. 1.

CARRIE M. SAWYER, NO. 4 CONCORD SQUARE, BOSTON, will hold Séances in the light under strict test conditions on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. 1w—Aug. 1.

MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT, of Scotland, the wonderful gifted Business, France, Test and Clairvoyant Medium, will be located at No. 9 Davis street, low doors from Washington street, Boston. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., 6 to 9 P. M. 1w—Aug. 1.

"The Gnostic," A TWENTY-FOUR PAGE MONTHLY MAGAZINE, devoted to Theosophy, Spiritualism, Occult Phenomena, and the cultivation of the Higher Life. Published by GEORGE CHAINES and ANNA KIMBALL, \$1.00 per year. Address all letters to THE GNOSTIC, Oakland, Cal. 4w—Aug. 1.

Send for sample copy. Aug. 1.

## NEW ENGLAND SPIRITUALISTS' CAMP-MEETING ASSOCIATION.



**MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.**

April 23.—Samuel N. Coworthall; Rev. Horatio A. Cori; Margaret Steaton; E. W. Watkinson; Mary Harve; Benjamin Curtis.  
May 1.—Annie Stearns; Martha Taylor; Thomas B. Wood; John Smith; Sarah Traver; James Peterson.  
May 8.—George F. Davis; William Fleming; Hannah Tewisbur; Abraham S. Gardner; Dr. H. B. King; M. Heaton; Mrs. J. C. Williams.  
June 5.—William F. Abbott; Julia Gilman; Col. Joseph Waterhouse; Lucy Coleman; James McLaughlin; Jane Barker.  
July 3.—John W. Merriam; George W. May; Henry Bowen; Harriet Fox; Louis McDermott; Eliza Wells.  
May 15.—Misses: David Edmund Garfield Spaulding; Jennie May Spaulding; Misses: May Day; Mary H. Martin; Elizabeth Wilson; Francis Gannett; Harry Martin; Letitia Lee Watkins; Charles Lawrence Desobry; Chester Garstin; Rebecca; Abigail May Little Bell; George W. May; Maria Desobry; Cora Daniels; and Emma Winslow.







## The Camp-Meetings.

[illegible]

Moore paints under spirit-control; his works are original and beautiful. The late Mrs. W. Sumner is blind and of soft and beautiful colors, exquisitely blended. His birds and flowers are marvels of originality, graceful in form, delicate in coloring, and must be seen to be appreciated.

Dr. A. S. Pennell, the clairvoyant and test-medium, is located at Dr. Pratt's cottage on Pleasant Avenue. The Doctor gave a very pleasing exhibition of his endowments as reader at the Fact-Meeting on Salisbury Street.

Dr. W. F. and Clarence Sturtevant, proprietors of the Sturtevant Health Home at Bridgewater, are, with their sister, stopping at the Brookton House for a few days.

Dr. A. S. Pennell is with Mrs. Francis on 12th Street.

Dr. B. B. Williams of Boston is stopping here.

Dr. Mrs. John N. Eames of Charlestown are at Mr. H. B. Storer's.

Dr. A. S. Smith, President of the Queen City Park Association, is at the Grove, accompanied by his wife, Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, well known as a reliable and excellent medium.

Dr. J. H. H. (formerly Miss Mary F. Jones) is at Dr. Baker's cottage, West Central Avenue. Mrs. Redwitz is well known in Boston as one of the best trance and test-mediums we have.

John Weatherbee, in spite of his "shadowy" reputation, is under the sunshine of his countenance amongst us yesterday.

Isaac Pinkham, a well-known citizen of Lynn, is stopping at the Chase cottage, Union Street.

Mr. C. Wellington of Cambridge are here for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Handy of Charlestown are occupying their new cottage on 12th Street.

Dr. Mrs. J. A. Jas. Wilson of Bridgeport, Conn., are here and are preparing for their summer home at Lake Pleasant.

Mrs. M. E. Suydam, the first-test medium, of Chicago, and her sister, Mrs. Dr. Maxwell, of Philadelphia, are at Mrs. Bullock's cottage.

Mr. W. W. Wacker, of Winchester, the sculptor, and an occasional contributor to the BANNER, is at the Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. F. Fay, of Boston, made us a call at Association Headquarters yesterday.

Mrs. C. E. Davis, of Boston, is stopping with her nieces at the Berry cottage for the season.

Dr. C. Blodgett, of Holyoke, is on the grounds; also Dr. A. F. Townsend, Worcester, Mass.

Mr. J. H. Jones and his wife, of Portland, Me., are here, accompanied by Mrs. Beal's sister, Miss Jennie O. Smith, of Boston. These ladies are sisters to the well-regretted Mrs. Mary Smith Hardy, of Boston.

Mrs. J. H. Jones and his wife came to-day, together with Mrs. Mrs. M. H. Hunt, Mrs. C. N. Mellen, Miss Helen Mar, and Mrs. R. Crosby.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Dumble are at the Glen Cove House.

William Johnson, of Haverhill, is here for his vacation.

Dr. H. B. Storer, ex-President of the Association, has been upon the grounds for the past few days.

Mrs. L. M. Spencer, of Milwaukee, Wis., the well-known clairvoyant, is here for the season. Her stay has been on the grounds a few days, and has given us some excellent spirit speeches.

We saw the genial face of Dr. U. K. Mayo, of Boston, at headquarters yesterday.

Mrs. W. H. and wife, and Mr. H. H. Hyde, of Malden, are on the grounds.

Mrs. Mattie Houghton Chamberlain is at the Green-leath cottage.

THEODORE.

Sunday, July 20th.

FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.

July 22nd the talented actress and elocutionist, Helen Stuart Richings, assisted by the well-known comedian, Gerald F. Richings, gave a highly interesting entertainment at Onset Temple to an appreciative audience. Mrs. Richings is a natural actress, and her characters to almost perfection. Several of her characterizations brought forth prolonged applause, "A Naughty Girl," especially. "A Happy Pair" was exceedingly well rendered. The entertainment was well attended. On Friday evening (July 23d) the grand faun of these affairs, costume masquerade and a grand ball, was a success in all ways—all that could be desired by its best wishers. Some of the costumes would have done credit to our large cities. Among the characters represented were the King of Bees, a reciter of the laws and conditions of the human family, including Mary with her little lamb. There were many surprises when the unmasking occurred. Mr. Charles Sullivan sang a song, and Jennie E. Hagan improvised a poem.

The fact that there has been so many of test mediums present at one time as this season. They include every phase of mediumship, those for materialization predominating.

Mr. Wilson of Bridgeport, Conn., has arrived at Onset, and is a member of the Ladies' League of Onset, and speaks of the sanitary condition of that place as having greatly improved over that of last year, the Pittsburg R. R. Company doing much toward it.

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institutions particularly with Spiritualists, there is room for all and more. Each one has its special advantages for those who are handy to them, and each attracts the distant lovers of our thought. So arranged are they all, as at times, that the lights and the shadows alternate, and so often, after a long day or three of the other kind, we find ourselves here. But all things considered, is not Onset ahead?—Put it to vote among the mediums, the "sacred order" that keeps our fire perpetually burning, and nine out of ten will say yes. Onset is the place, and so often, after a long day or three of the other kind, we find ourselves here. But all things considered, is not Onset ahead?—Put it to vote among the mediums, the "sacred order" that keeps our fire perpetually burning, and nine out of ten will say yes.

How pleasant to see or to be one of a wide-awake, happy and well-beloved gathering such as I saw at Onset, spending its warm weeks in rationally enjoying the pleasant ways slitting on the sitters on the piazzas, taking in the wholesome air from off the bay; "Sabeen odors from Araby's blest," bathing, boating. Then the social cotage comforts, the shady grove, the sunset pictures of green islands and bay borders, while sitting on the shore, though the spiritualist can get many interesting ideas from the greater or the lesser lights that cast their intellectual pearls from the platform. So all are fed; some their minds, all, their souls.

I do not know how it would be if I stayed there myself any great length of time; those who do seem to improve by it. My visits, though many and often, are always short. I can truly say that I have never spent so much time in no means unprofitable company as I do the better for it. I do not mean that I get brighter ideas for it, but I get brightened up. I get ideas at home; the books in my library are full of them. I like to go back and catch the new thoughts, and try to pass them on to others through my pen. I am no orator; but, as the song says, "there is something more exquisite still" than reading, or listening to words in warm weather of any kind; it is the setting or the clearing away of the mind, the clearing away of the mind. I hardly know how to express the idea intelligibly that is struggling by the aid of my ink-stand to express itself, so I will make believe be Emerson, and use his words, when he was trying to express a similar thought, "I have seen a rural odor-door picture into a home-like idea, thus:

"Thus, thought  
"Sing at dawn on the alder bough;  
"Decline to sit down to him in silent  
"He sings the same note but it cheers not now—  
"For I did not bring the river and sky;  
"He sang to my ears—they sang to my eye."

**Aetna (Me.) Camp-Meeting.**

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The First Maine State Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting Association will convene at Buswell's Grove, Aetna, Me., Aug. 28th, and continue ten days. This will be the eighth session of this Association. Marvellous success has attended the efforts of those who have kept their shoulders to the wheel. Every year passes by only to chronicle the to be pleasing fact that our camp is steadily and we might say rapidly growing. The demand for cottages far exceeds the supply. New friends come in, old ones stay, and altogether the outlook never seemed brighter.

As has been heretofore said, ours is the central locality for a camp-meeting. It is on the line of the Maine Central Railroad, only a short walk from the station. There is no charge for the services of the passengers to and from the grounds. We have a large, wooden, covered pavilion, seating one thousand or more, the rostrum alone seating two hundred. Rain or clear, we have meetings. In the morning (nine o'clock) we have Fast or Social Meetings, closing at ten. At half past ten a lecture. Afternoon lecture at two o'clock, with a Social in the evening. We therefore have forty meetings during the ten days. We go to Onset for breakfast, and in the afternoon we take the train. We don't need much food for the physical, for we intend to fill up brim full of the spiritual; therefore our meetings are generally crowded. We have had some difficulty in engaging speakers, they thinking us too small for the purpose. We have secured a place, with only two or three trees, and half-dozen men and women to speak to, etc. We smile at their vagaries, and when they get here we smile too, and really tell us that we have got the best pavilion, best surroundings, and the most people. People come from all over, they have seen at any camp meetings in their travels; and, much to our astonishment, tell us that we are a genial, generous and hospitable people. We are inclined to believe that some of them really mean what they say.

We have engaged for this season an array of talent that it has never been our pleasure to have before. We have only need to speak their names to draw a universal buzz of admiration. They are Mrs. Abbie May, of Bangor, Me.; Wm. H. Thompson, of Bangor, Me.; Mrs. P. D. Bradbury having crossed the river; Mrs. Juliette Yeaw of Loomisville, Mass.; Mrs. Hatlie C. Mason, Springfield, Mass., test medium; Mr. George W. Emerson, of Bangor, Me., test medium; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Edgar W. Emerson, test medium, Manchester, N. H.; and J. J. Morse of Liverpool, England.

Now a word to parties in Boston and elsewhere: The New England Fair is held at Bangor the same week of our camp-meeting. You of course will attend the Fair, and while doing so make your way to come out to Aetna, it being only a short ride in the cars. Improve the opportunity, as it rarely occurs, to meet speakers, Mrs. P. D. Bradbury having crossed the river; Mrs. Juliette Yeaw of Loomisville, Mass.; Mrs. Hatlie C. Mason, Springfield, Mass., test medium; Mr. George W. Emerson, of Bangor, Me., test medium; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Edgar W. Emerson, test medium, Manchester, N. H.; and J. J. Morse of Liverpool, England.

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We approached a much larger attendance this year, on account of the Fair being the same week. To those wishing to come to Aetna on the Boston and Bangor Steamship we have the liberty from the obliging Master, William E. Hill, to say, "All parties showing this notice can purchase tickets for one fare for the round trip." Tickets good from Aug. 24th until Sept. 8th. Leaving the boat at Bangor you can take the train to Aetna, by the Bangor and Aetna. There will be the usual reduction of rates on the Maine Central as heretofore.

A materializing medium from New York is expected, and perhaps one from Boston. We expect a "Feast of Faith" to be given by the mediums, and hope the mediums of all phases will visit us, as the people here are hungry for all the spiritual food there is in existence, and that the human family can reasonably digest. Send us copies of circulars or for any information not contained in this notice and you will be cheerfully waited upon.

For board and lodging correspond with Daniel Buswell, Aetna, and Columbus Buswell, same address. Willing to receive contributions, and all persons and all spiritual papers please copy, give, send, and in part, and oblige an association of sisters and brothers struggling to impart light to their fellowmen?

For other information, write to the Secretary, enclosing the reply.  
**CHAS. M. BROWN, Sec.**  
**Glenburn, Me.**

P. S.—We take pleasure in announcing that we have secured the valuable services of Benjamin Keen of North Turner, Me., for Chairman of our meeting. He is eminently fitted for the position. **C. M. B.**

**Neshaminy Falls.**

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Seventh Annual Camp-Meeting of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia opened at Neshaminy Falls, July 19th, with a lecture in the morning by J. Clegg Wright, which was followed in the afternoon by one from Mrs. K. L. Watson of California.

We had a good attendance, at least twenty-five hundred persons, of various people, and from all surrounding towns. Sunday, August 22nd, the morning and afternoon lectures were given by Mrs. M. B. French, and the afternoon lecture by Mrs. E. L. Watson. Both were highly appreciated. E. W. Emerson follows each lecture with a lecture on the subject of the "Earth Plane." His words of love to the dead ones on the earth-plane. We have several good mediums, and more are expected.

J. SHUMWAY, Ass't Sec.

[Owing to the late hour it was received, we have been obliged to condense Mr. Shumway's report.—Ed. B. of L.]

**Nemoka Camp-Meeting.**

The following speakers are expected, as we learn from one of the committee, to be present at the Nemoka Camp-Meeting, at Pine Lake, ten miles east of Lansing, Michigan:

Mrs. E. C. Woodruff, Mrs. Sarah Graves, Mrs. L. A. Pearssall, A. B. French, O. A. Andrus, J. P. Whiting, G. B. Stebbins, J. A. Marvin. Other speakers and mediums will be present, and the meeting, from Aug. 6th to 31st, is expected to be a valuable and interesting one, under the joint auspices of the Nemoka Association and the Michigan State Spiritualists' Association.

**Camp-Meetings in Maine.**

The Penobscot Spiritual Temple, at Verona Park, Verona, Me., commences August 15th and continues until the 24th. See advertisement.

The Maine State Spiritual Temple opens at Temple Heights, Northport, Me., August 14th, and closes on the 23d. It will be addressed by local speakers and by H. F. Fairfield, H. B. Brown, R. P. Brown and H. A. Lamb, M.D., of Portland.

The Aetna Camp-Meeting at Buswell's Grove commences Aug. 28th. C. M. Brown its Secretary, gives particulars in another column.

AT LAKEVIEW MOUNTAIN CAMP MEETING: the speakers are to be Prof. Henry Kiddie, Dr. Samuel Watson, G. H. Brooks, A. C. Ladd, G. W. Kates, Mrs. S. A. H. Talbot and others. Mrs. Anna Cooper, materializing and slate-writing medium, is to be present and hold seances. The meeting commences August 22d.

Little acts of kindness, gentle words, loving smiles they strew the path of life with flowers, they make sunshine brighter and the green earth greener.

**A Daily Defalcation.**

The Hon. John Kelly, the head and front of Tammany Hall, a man of strict integrity, an indefatigable worker, early at his office, late to leave, so burdened with business that regular meals were seldom known by him, with mind in constant tension and energies steadily trained, finally broke down!

The wonder is that he did not sooner give way. An honest man in all things else, he acted unfairly with his physical resources. He was ever drawing upon this bank without ever depositing a collateral. The account overdrawn, the bank suspends, and both are now in the hands of medical receivers.

It is not work that kills men. It is irregularity of habits and mental worry. No man in good health frets at his work. By-and-bye when the bank of vigor suspends, these men will wonder how it all happened, and they will keep wondering until their dying day, unless, perchance, some candid physician or interested friend will point out to them how by irregularity, by excessive mental effort, by constant worry and fret, by plunging in deeper than they had a right to go, they have produced that loss of nervous energy which almost invariably expresses itself in a deranged condition of the kidneys and liver, for it is a well-known fact that the poison which the kidneys and liver should remove from the blood, if left therein, soon knocks the life out of the strongest and most vigorous man or woman. Daily building up of these vital organs by so wonderful and highly reputed a specific as Warner's Safe Cure, is the only guarantee that our business men can have that their strength will be equal to the labors daily put upon them.

Mr. Kelly has nervous dyspepsia, we learn, indicating, as we have said, a break-down of nerve force. His case should be a warning to others who, pursuing a like course, will certainly reach a like result.—*The Sunday Herald.*

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**Testimonial and Honor-Fund to Dr. Joseph Rodas Buchanan.**

The Committee for this purpose is constituted as follows:

REV. JAMES K. APPLEBEE,  
*Hotel Albatraz, Boston.*  
MARCELLUS S. AYER,  
180 and 191 State street, Boston.  
MRS. DR. O. A. VON CORB,  
108th street, New York.  
JUDGE NELSON CROSS,  
206 Broadway, New York.  
COLONEL W. D. CHOCRETT,  
50 Dale street, Boston.  
ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS,  
*Hyde Park, Mass.*  
REV. W. F. EVANS,  
*East Salisbury, Mass.*  
JUDGE JOHN S. LADD,  
*North Cambridge, Mass.*  
MRS. MARY MANN,  
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67 Dover street, Boston.  
DR. D. H. WELLINGTON,  
123 West Concord street, Boston.  
MRS. DR. LOVE M. WILLIS,  
DR. F. L. H. WILLIS,  
*Glenora (Yates Co.), N. Y.*  
PROF. GEO. W. WINTERBURN,  
*Editor of "American Homoeopathist,"*  
20 West 30th street, New York.

A pamphlet, with Dr. Buchanan's portrait, containing his biography and the eloquent address delivered by him before the Massachusetts Legislature and defeating the Medical Bill, June 16th, 1885, has been published by the Committee, in aid of the fund. Price 15 cents.

Donations may be addressed direct to any member of the Committee, or to

MARCELLUS S. AYER, *Honorary Treasurer,*  
180 and 191 State street, Boston, Mass.

(Liberal papers, friendly to this movement, are requested to reprint this in their next numbers.)

DR. H. G. PETERSEN, *Honorary Secretary,*  
Boston, July 15th, 1885.

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**Another Faithful Worker Passed On.**

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Angel of Death has again visited the First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society of Boston and closed the mortal life and labors of our beloved sister, Mrs. Martha Pratt, known and reverently known as one of our most faithful workers. For the past seven years she has held the office of Treasurer of the Society with no remuneration for her arduous duties, so faithfully performed, save the oft-expressed gratitude of her associates. She was always at her post of duty, both in and out of season, with a kind word and pleasant smile for all.

Mrs. Pratt was for a term of years identified with the Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, and although not an active worker at the time of her decease, was always interested in the movement, and will be remembered by the older members of the Lyceum. In the loss the Ladies' Aid Society have sustained and so deeply mourn, we can best honor her memory by living constant and true to the beautiful belief in immortality which she espoused with unwavering fidelity, and which sustained and comforted her in her brief but severe illness. The family have the deepest sympathy of the Ladies' Aid Society in their great sorrow.

MRS. H. O. TORREY,  
*Sec. First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society,*  
Boston, July 27th, 1885.

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**A Card from J. Wm. Fletcher.**

As I am leaving Boston for some time, and have disposed of my rooms and "good-will" to the well-known trader and business medium, Mrs. Clara A. Fitch, who will be at the "Haven Place," Room 6, after August 1st, trust those friends who have done so much to make my stay profitable and happy, will extend to my successor the same kindness with which for many years I have been favored. In closing, I desire to thank the Boston public most cordially for past recognition, and shall bear with me many pleasant memories to new fields of labor.

Yours very truly,  
J. W. FLETCHER.  
Boston, July 24th, 1885.

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**Spiritualist Meetings in New York.**

Grand Opera House Hall, 8th Avenue and 33d Street.—The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings at this hall every Wednesday at 10½ A.M. and 7½ P.M.

Miller's Atrium Hall, 54 Union Square, between 17th and 18th streets, 4th Avenue.—The People's Spiritualist Meeting (removed from 67 West 13th street) every Sunday at 3½ and 7½ P.M., and every Friday afternoon at 3½ P.M. Frank W. Jones, Conductor.

The Parker Spiritualist Society holds services every Sunday, 10½ A.M. and 7½ P.M., at Macgregor's Rooms, 115 Fifth Avenue, between 10th and 11th streets.

The Woman's Spiritual Meetings, at Carter's Hall, 44 West 14th street. Sunday at 3 P.M. All cordially invited.

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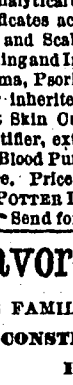
**Spiritualist Meetings in Brooklyn.**

The First Brooklyn Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Conservatory Hall, Bedford Avenue, corner of Fulton street. Morning service at 11 o'clock, evening service at 7½ P.M. All cordially invited. Spiritual literature on sale in hall.

Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation holds services at Calvary Hall, on 4th street, between Fulton and Greene Avenues, every Sunday, at 11 A.M. and 7½ P.M. All cordially invited. Spiritual literature on sale in hall.

Dr. J. D. Baker, President. S. B. Nichols, Vice-President. C. H. O'Leary, Secretary. All spiritual papers on sale.

**"See What CUTICURA Does For Me."**



**CUTICURA**

**Does For Me.**

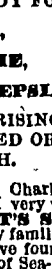
**EVERYTHING** that is purifying, beautifying, and curative for the Skin, Scalp and Blood, the CUTICURA REMEDIES will do. Nothing in medicine so agreeable, so speedy and so wholesome. Guaranteed absolutely pure by the analytical chemists of the State of Massachusetts, their certificates accompany every package. For cleansing the Skin and Scalp of Birth Humors, for allaying Itching, Burning and Inflammation, for curing the first symptoms of Eczema, Psoriasis, Milk Crust, Scald Head, Scrofula, and other inherited skin and blood diseases, CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are infallible. Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, \$1.00; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," Feb. 14.

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## Favored by the Clergy.

THE FAMILY REMEDY FOR  
**CONSTIPATION,**  
**HEADACHE,**  
**DYSPEPSIA,**  
**AND DISEASES ARISING FROM A DISORDERED OR WEAK STOMACH.**



A prominent divine of Charleston, S.C., writes under date of Dec. 3d, 1883: "I very willingly bear testimony to Dr. Newton's Healing as a Discharge of My Chaplain. It has been in use in my family for over a year. I never travel without it, and have found it of special value as a preventive or corrective of Sea-Sickness. I have been enabled to relieve many persons suffering from the most distressing malady, and who found other remedies ineffective." Aug. 1.

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Eternity's Secret (Poem). Mr. C. A. Towne.  
Whodens Angles. Rev. Henry D. Ward.  
Single copies 10 cents. \$1.00 per year.  
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## An Important New Book!

BY  
**ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS,**  
ENTITLED  
**BEYOND THE VALLEY:**  
A SEQUEL TO THE  
**"MAGIO STAFF"**  
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF  
**ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.**  
SIX BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS PICTURING  
WHAT THE SEER HAS BEEN IN.

1.—Frontispiece—The Valley and the Mountains.  
2.—A Man Buried Alive—First Appearance of the Spirit.  
3.—Second Stage of Resurrection—Seen in a Cemetery.  
4.—Death in a Coffin—Seen in a Cemetery.  
5.—Scene of Two Deaths in a New York Hospital.  
6.—How the Spirit Voice is Heard by the Internal Ear.

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