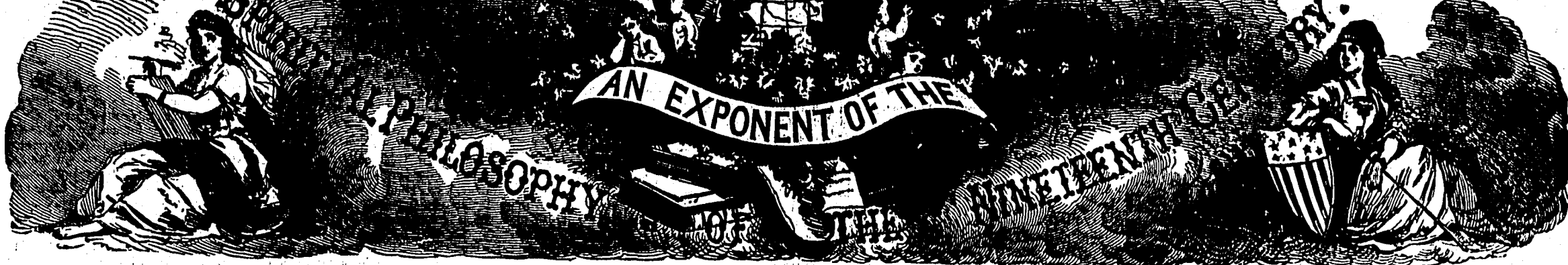


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## The Rostrum.

### THE PERINE MOUNTAIN HOME.

Anniversary Exercises June 26th, 1887.

[Reported for the Banner of Light by Miss H. M. Maynard.]

The second anniversary of the "Perine Mountain Home," Summit, New Jersey, was observed with appropriate exercises on Sunday afternoon, June 26th. The day was bright and beautiful, the spot one of surpassing loveliness, and the Doctor and his wife entertained a large number of friends from New York and the neighboring cities, besides many residents in the vicinity of the "Home."

After an organ voluntary by Mr. Isaac Kierstedt, Dr. Perine said: "We offer you all a happy greeting to this second anniversary of the services inaugurated here. We trust the seed sown will bring forth fruit in due season. We have with us this day many good spirits, some of whom you will hear through Mrs. Wallace, Mr. Dawbarn, and others."

"He Leadeth Me" was then sung, and Mrs. Wallace, of New York, followed with an

#### INVOCATION.

"Thou Infinite Spirit, God we thy children, come together this beautiful summer day, giving unto thee thanksgiving and praise that thou hast led us onward and upward to where we may become conscious of thy presence and of the power that has led us through the days of the past. We would give thanks for all thy mercies, for the light, beauties and blessings that have filled our lives. We thank thee also for the trials and sorrows through which thou hast enabled us to pass. Thou art a kind, loving Father—thou hast guided us through the night into the perfect day; and as we have come unto this beautiful mountain-top, where we may clasp hands with thy angel host, help us to realize thy presence, and that we are indeed sons and daughters of God—come into oneness with the Spirit of Truth, which shall cause us to reach out our hands wherever there is one struggling soul. Oh! that we may be filled with the tender, sympathizing love of Christ; that, bending low, we may uplift those who are bound and in darkness. Help us to see the love of the Infinite and come into the light and life of truth. Help those who are still bound in the chains of evil, that they also, through the power of the spirit, may overcome the material, and know that they are spirits and may attain unto heights of light while still held in the flesh. We thank thee, Infinite Spirit, for this place which has been dedicated to thee and the cause of the angel-world, and invoke thy aid that from it an angelic band may go forth, a power and light unto the world."

Oh! thou Spirit of Love, may each soul feel conscious of the presence of dear ones gone before. May each be conscious of thy love that hath led us to them, and of the angelic host that would bear them in their arms of love to the Greater Love Eternal."

"The Angel at the Window" was then beautifully rendered by Mr. Summers, of New York, after which Dr. Perine said that letters of regret at their unavoidable absence had been received from several friends, including Mr. J. Franklin Clark, Prof. Kiddle and Mrs. Rathbun. Mrs. Hill, controlled by the spirit daughter of Dr. Perine, rose and said:

"Papa, mamma, friends: with heartfelt thanks I come to you through this instrument to say that I welcome you to the home of my bereaved parents, where I come so often to give them joy and comfort. It is true that I come back to our loved ones, for love is boundless. By a law of nature, as well as a law of love ordained by our Father eternal, we come and go constantly."

I am pleased to see before me so many bright, eager faces. We, as workers, love to find the heart receptive to the truth. Not only in the Bible, but everywhere, is written the truth that life is eternal, and there is no death. Why will you believe that your loved ones are either buried in mother earth, or sent so far away that they cannot return? Do not let this thought find lodgment in your heart. I am happy in my spirit-home, and happy, too, to come to these dear ones. How can their child stay away from them? No! my home is where my heart is."

"I cannot say all I wish—my heart is full. I am grateful to the instruments who have enabled us to come back; while above all my gratitude is to that Great Spirit who doeth all things well. May I not hope in the future to be again present with you?"

Next in order of exercises was the reading of the following:

ADDRESSES BY MRS. MILTON RATHBUN.

Anniversaries are pleasant occasions, for in celebrating them we are harmonized to pledge ourselves anew to fealty, and we grasp hands warmly, while soul unto soul, pours forth its love and earnest desire for the good which shall come through religion and recapitulation. Particularly blessed are they who can from the lofty mountain side, catch the breath of inspiration, and echo to listening humanity the

reverberations of the voice of the All-Wise; who can repeat, even though imperfectly, the wisdom of those gone on before; whose garments have become spotless through purification, and who can touch the chords responsive to the loving watchfulness of guardian spirits and spirit-guides. Breathing the rarefied air, standing under the great dome of the heavens, who can visit the Perine Mountain Home without gaining a baptism of spiritual good, which shall follow or go with them into the great struggling human mass below, making its influence felt? From this lofty standpoint, seed has been sown, faithfully, with sacrifice, and in some instances watered with tears. Some seed hath fallen upon stony soil, and the hot sun of unbelief hath dried it up, making of it a fit plaything to be tossed about by the winds of ridicule and gossiping slander; some have fallen upon soil grateful for the trust, and on this second anniversary of the Perine Mountain Home Services we joyfully observe promise of a fruitful harvest.

A band of earnest spirits, anxious to further the cause of Spiritualism by working for the enlightenment and elevation of humanity, chose this spot, and our Brother Perine and his faithful wife, with the few they were able to draw about them, formed a spiritual circle where spirits can come sure of a welcome and of cooperation in their labors to benefit mankind. The beautiful daughter, whose earthly presence once adorned and gladdened this home, was foremost among the band thus organized to promote spirituality and to hasten the day of "peace on earth." She comes to her dear ones not only silently and unconsciously to their senses, but, under favorable conditions, tangibly, telling them in her own voice of her love, and counseling them to patient fidelity, assuring them of the spiritual advancement already made.

From an upper chamber in this Home her spirit left its clay tenement, and to-day is the anniversary of her birth into mortal life. The father and mother heart naturally yearns for her as she was with them prior to that change, but that cannot be; and we thank God and the angels that these faithful ones have every consolation which can be bestowed upon mortals bereft of household lights.

May her bright presence be to them a beacon as well as a cheering monitor and staff of consolation, until in glad reunion they clasp her hand upon the further shore of the river of life, and she shall lead them to their home in waiting at the end of a long journey marked by joy and sorrow, light and shadow, prosperity and adversity, ease and hardship.

We are assured that spirits released from their earthly bodies have been very faithful in their share of the work begun here. Have we, who still walk the earth as denizens, been equally faithful? Let us seek to know how far it is possible for us to advance, and strive to attain the point in view. May the Third Anniversary mark a greater prospective for future work, and may "the faithful" increase. May the Perine Mountain Home become the synonym of all that is good and glorious—then shall we hasten at the call for the Third Anniversary celebration, with hearts full and footsteps light, assured that on and on into future ages this work will progress, to be stayed by no unfriendly hand, turned aside by no opposing influence.

Then shall this branch of the spiritual vineyard become a mighty power for good, and none be able to withstand its might as it presses forward to the goal of right triumph and truth unvelled."

After congregational singing of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," Mr. Charles Dawbarn said in part:

"When I received a polite invitation to come here to-day, I expected simply to listen with the others to the good things said. But I am delighted to come, and finding amid this beautiful scenery this spirit-home, I recognize the law that the spiritual can only be associated with the beautiful and the true; and we should bear this fact in our minds."

Now since I am to speak to you I want to understand that I throw the responsibility of my remarks on no spirit; that I assume the entire responsibility of what I say. I will take for the theme some of the laws governing communications between the two worlds. The nineteenth century has revealed to us the impossibility of miracles. Things happen because of a cause; that cause is the effect of a cause, and so on and on. So it is with our spirit-friends: They come because they find a way to come, not through any flat or permission of God—not upon any special mission which they have got to perform; they come whether they bring perfection or imperfection. I am going to try to make this practical. The apostle John said, "Try the spirits," and that verse has rung in the ears of many in this century. They have attempted to carry out the injunction, and dreadful work they have made of it. Even a spirit is entitled to a trial before an intelligent judge and jury. All the influence of one mind over another comes from psycho laws. But when the mind is in the spiritual world it finds difficulties in the way of communication that do not exist here. Some of you must have seen one person exercise an influence over another which the doctors call hypnotism or mesmerism. In Paris experiments have been made which have created a great sensation, showing that an influence can produce an effect after a lapse of three months! One lady was made to draw up a will, and another to administer a dose of what she thought was poison. Now we are condemning our mediums for acts committed while under these conditions, which we would be more ready to excuse if we but knew, and remembered this first great lesson—that one

cannot be a medium without being under influence all the time. The influence thrown upon them when unconscious reflects upon their life in their normal condition.

All your perceptions are produced by vibrations. Spirit vibrations are much more rapid than ours, so we cannot see them. Under normal conditions spirit and mortal cannot come in contact, but the spirit must find a medium whose organism can receive the higher vibrations. Then spirit and mortal medium meet half way, never closely, so that the interchange will always be imperfect. The spirit becomes subject to psycho influences. You can psychologize the spirit by your own will-power and destroy thereby the effect you were trying to obtain. We are always casting influences for good or bad. Every one takes on more or less of the animal. The fox leaves his slimy trail, although he walks on two legs and we call him a man. If the medium acts in an eccentric way, it is our own ignorance of the laws that has brought discredit upon us.

I want you to remember these truths, and then we shall have more true charity. Let the cry be for more light, using these blessings in all humility that the world may be blessed instead of cursed." (Applause.)

Mr. Summers then sang "The Palm," and, following him, Mrs. Wallace said:

"It is almost out of place for me to follow the able address to which you have just listened, but I want to tell you how happy I am to come to this beautiful spot: This is the beginning of a work that shall go on and on. As you throw a pebble in the pool and it circles and widens till it touches the further shore, so does this ripple spread, touching here and there a soul. Lo! the seed hath fallen on the tender soil of the human heart and bringeth forth much fruit."

They came to you from the spirit-world as messengers from the dear ones to tell you of the love that is eternal. They come to you as guardian spirits to help you onward and upward. When you understand that the way to learn the fatherhood of God is through knowing the brotherhood of man—that every good thought and word and act brings you nearer to that knowledge—then, indeed, you will understand something of the power that can uplift you. Yes, we must be born again into a consciousness of the life everlasting.

Sow the seed, that it may spring up in many souls and bring forth fruit. Ye are indeed doing a beautiful work, and on this anniversary day I come to tell you that love is a blessing from the Infinite Spirit. After the darkness shall come the brightness of perfect day, when all shall understand that the grave is the door through which they will at last attain unto Infinite day."

Mrs. Hill made an address of thanks in behalf of the spirit and mortal friends to the Doctor and his wife for throwing open their home to admit the light of Spiritualism to all.

Mrs. Wells next gave a number of tests, several persons recognizing the spirits she described; after which all joined in singing the doxology, which was followed by the benediction, pronounced by Mrs. Wallace.

Before the audience dispersed, the Doctor issued a general and cordial invitation to all to attend the meetings, which will be held at the Home every Sunday afternoon during the summer.

#### A Gem from Dr. Holmes.

One incident of our excursion to Stonehenge had a significance for me which renders it memorable in my personal experience. As we drove over the barren plain, one of the party suddenly exclaimed, "Look! Look! See the lark rising!" I looked up with the rest. There was the bright, blue sky, but not a speck upon it to which my eyes could distinguish. Again, one called out, "Hark! Hark! Hear him sing!" I listened, but not a sound reached my ear. Was it strange that I felt a momentary pang? Those that look out at the windows are darkened, and all the daughters of music are brought low. Was never to see or hear the soaring songster at heaven's gate—unless, unless—least if our mild humanized theology promises truly, I may perhaps hereafter listen to him singing far down beneath me? For in whatever world I may find myself, I hope I shall always love our poor little spheroid, so long my home, which some kind angel may point out to me as a glided globe in the sunlit air. After walking the streets of pure gold in the new Jerusalem, might one not like a short vacation, to visit the well-remembered green fields and flowery meadows? I had a very sweet emotion of self-pity, which took the sting out of my painful discovery that the orchestra of my pleasant life—entertainment was unstrung by the instruments, and its lights were being extinguished—that the show was almost over. All this I kept to myself, of course, except so far as I whispered it to the unseen presence which we all feel in sympathy with us, and which, as it seemed to my fancy, was looking into my eyes, and through them into my soul, with the tender, tearful smile of a mother who for the first time gently presses back the longing lips of her as yet unwearied infant.—"Our Hundred Days in Europe," Atlantic Magazine for July.

Professor Huxley is very severe upon the Duke of Argyll in a recent issue of the Nineteenth Century, and his Grace fares badly in the fray. The pathetic termination of Huxley's article on "Science and Pseudo-Science" should be preserved as the closing utterance of a great man, the summing up of a great life:

"My career is at an end. I have waved both hands at the fire of life, and nothing is left me, before I depart, but to help, or at any rate to abstain from hindering, the younger generation of opulence in doing better service to the cause we have at heart than I have been able to render. And yet, forsooth, I am supposed to be waiting for the signal of 'revolt,' which some very spirits among these young men are to raise before I dare express my real opinions concerning questions about which we older men had to fight, in the teeth of fierce public opposition, and obloquy—of something which might almost justify even the grandiloquent epithet of a Reign of Terror—before our excellent successors had left school."—Light, London, Eng., 1886.

## Free Thought.

### Spirit and Matter.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Noting a brief abstract of remarks made through my lips on the occasion of the debate between Dr. Dean Clarke and myself, at Parker Memorial Hall, Boston, Sunday afternoon, May 15th, from the pen of my esteemed friend, Mrs. Stokely, and learning from that lady herself that she felt a great disadvantage, owing to the fact of my having no notes to hand her for perusal, while Dr. Clarke liberally supplied her, I feel moved to address these lines to the readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT, as I discover some inaccuracies and many vague statements in that report.

I desire to offer your readers, in the fewest possible words, a digest of the position taken by myself, under influence of my inspirers, on that occasion. Dr. Dean Clarke affirmed the existence of spirit and matter as distinct substances in the universe, but at the same time declared spirit to be in every way superior to matter. Spirit he spoke of as being the positive controlling power. Now it stands to reason, if spirit is positive and matter negative, spirit master and matter servant, that without admitting that all is mind and there is no matter, one can easily see how thoroughly subservient matter can be rendered to spirit.

The great practical question of the day pertaining to this subject is not an abstruse abstract metaphysical postulate, hard to be accepted by the average human mind as at present developed, but one of the highest importance to every human being, and one moreover susceptible of logical demonstration to every enlightened intellect. The word substance constantly introduced into controversial arguments seems susceptible of a double definition; it may be interpreted to signify the understanding—that which stands under all things as bed-rock or solid foundation—or it may be interpreted as that which is inferior to something higher than itself. I incline to the opinion that the former definition is the more accurate one; in that case substance is more enduring than matter; if scientists make a distinction between ether and matter, and declare ether to be more potent and enduring than matter, may we not, in thought, climb the ladder of existence all the way up through countless gradations of force—from matter which is the lowest and most evanescent manifestation of substance, to pure spirit which is in its essence self-existent and eternal? With regard to the absolute potency of spirit, granted that spirit is superior to matter, spirit can surely accomplish much which cannot be accomplished by material agencies; but how can matter, the inferior, do what spirit, the superior, is unable to accomplish?

Granted that what we call matter is something, is it not less—it surely can't be more—than spirit? How then, in the name of reason, can a position be tenable which attributes more power to a weaker than to an avowedly stronger agent? The unwisdom of those who believe that *materia medica* can accomplish more than spirit is self-evident to the mind of every thinker. One might as well believe one dollar could purchase more than one hundred dollars. I do not wish to be understood as saying that material agents, so-called, are, in the present state of human development, useless. I simply affirm their comparatively powerlessness when their efficacy is contrasted with the vastly greater potency of spirit. In alluding not only to Paul on the island of Melita, but also to Daniel thrust into a den of lions, and three holy children cast into a burning, fiery furnace, the point made was that the record which introduces us to the remarkable deliverance from danger and frightful death of these exceptional characters holds them up as typical illustrations of exceptional moral excellence, thereby leading us to infer that our safety from external ills is the result of our conquest over our lower nature.

If every one could be led to see that the spiritual science of health is the science of a pure and elevated life, in thought as well as in word and action, the wholesome doctrine would be preached to youth and age alike that perfect health is only to be obtained as we conquer our weaknesses and subdue our passions. The ethical value of spiritual science is its greatest commendation to all lovers of virtue; and instead of discountenancing the study of physiology, which is the study of function, as anatomy is the study of frame, pathology and morbid anatomy are discounted by all true spiritual scientists. At the same time it must be admitted that mental pathology is as yet a branch of the studies pursued in classes for instruction in the science of metaphysics as applied to health.

The statement "drugs kill but never cure" is scarcely accurate, though I really do not much object to it; the words used were substantially, "No drug has power of itself to either kill or cure—the cure or the injury seemingly resulting from the employment of a drug is due to the thought consciously or unconsciously associated with it; drugs, however, at the present day, on the testimony of the most eminent contemporary physicians, kill far more frequently than they cure."

As Dr. Clarke spoke very much of healing mediums, he drifted away from matter considerably as a therapeutic agent, and referred to the phenomena of Spiritualism which trench directly on spiritual versus material science and experience. As to the cases cited as illustrations on both sides, metaphysicians and physicians cannot but admit their reality if adequate proof be forthcoming to substantiate them; still there is not one shadow of proof that spirit does not do the work in every case—no matter what external forms be observed.

Yours for truth, W. J. COLVILLE.

## PILGRIM PENCILINGS.

NUMBER THREE.

BY J. J. MOHR.

(Specially compiled for the Banner of Light.)

Abundant experience has proven that if one desires a particular matter to reach the entire body of Spiritualists in the United States—and a very numerous majority beyond their boundaries—no better vehicle exists than the veteran and breezy BANNER OF LIGHT. Its new columns, its interesting contributions, its records of phenomena, and its value in general to those who, like the writer, must keep posted on matters and things, make it a prime necessity in our periodical literature. And this implies no disparagement of any other journals, all excellent in their ways, and all deserving the writer's grateful thanks for help and encouragement extended to him for upward of eighteen years now past. Bearing all above points in mind, the Pilgrim again turns to your pages, Mr. Editor, to jot down a few more "Pencilings" in answer to the questions pouring in upon him continually from all parts of this land, from England, Australia, New Zealand, and other British possessions; for he knows your paper travels to all such places, and will meet the eyes of his numerous friends therein resident.

Early in October last your columns contained the previous contribution under this heading, and the time since has passed "like a midsummer's dream," so pleasing have been the months and their incidents. So many loving hearts have twined their loves around his family and himself, that in very truth it will be more than hard to leave these shores when the wise and unseen directors of our pilgrimage bid us homeward turn.

During the months of October, December and February last the Pilgrim's labors were in Grand Opera House Hall, New York City, under the auspices of the First Society of Spiritualists, presided over by that noble and earnest-minded gentleman, Henry J. Newton. Very excellent audiences assembled, and the labors of the control were of such a nature as to—according to reports in private and in public—help our work very greatly. The scene on the closing Sunday evening was quite affecting in the warmth and evident emotion characterizing the farewells to the Pilgrim, his household and his control. Mrs. M. A. Newton is, as all know, an efficient and devoted coadjutor as Secretary, and we are under many grateful obligations for numerous social courtesies that Mr. and Mrs. Newton have extended during our labors in the metropolis during the five months in all thereof; while a truly deserved word of thanks is due our good friend, Mr. John Franklin Clark, for the public records he has made of the results achieved by my beloved inspirers. Many others deserve acknowledgment herein—Mr. and Mrs. Maynard of White Plains, Mr. and Mrs. Rathbun of Mount Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Lovell, and Mrs. Heaster M. Poole, Mrs. Hindley—the well-known medium—all of New York City, and many more there are whose names lack of space alone preclude mention of, but to all our warmest thanks are tendered here. We will meet you all once again, good souls, ere we bid farewell to this great land of hopeful promise.

The months of November and January were devoted to work at Conservatory Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., whose genial proprietor, Bro. W. J. Jones, does all that can be done to make meetings a source of pleasure to all attending his clean and handsome hall: While Bro. Jeffreys, acting as President, brings a smiling face and a genial influence to his task that are wonderfully inspiring to the occupants of desk and seats alike. The meetings were large, enthusiastic, and financially successful, and, therefore, pleasing to all concerned. The Pilgrim has pitched his tent for eleven months, in all, in the City of Churches, in the same quarters all the time, making some true and abiding friendships while there, and helping onward the tide of a sensible and rational thought, connected with our beautiful gospel, among those ever to be remembered with feelings of deepest regard are that great-hearted and earnest-souled brother—now ascended—S. B. Nichols, his sweet-natured wife and brightly active daughter, Judge A. H. Dailey and Mrs. Dailey, whose souls both were friends in a prize worth having—may the angels bless them; Mr. Frederick Haslam, Mr. George W. Close, Dr. Owen E. Houghton, and his good wife, with others who crowd before the mind's eye as inspiring memories of sweetness and pleasure that will remain as long as life endures. Complimentary resolutions were passed alike in this city and the metropolis across the river, at the close of the Pilgrim's labors, and the only hope he has, that some day their subject may be able to feel himself worthy of all the good things said of him.

Twelve years is a lapse of time more than long enough to be forgotten, yet, though that period had elapsed since the Pilgrim's previous appearance in Philadelphia, there was no sort of sign that he had been forgotten in the meanwhile. The welcome could not have been warmer, the audiences could not have been larger unless they had stood on one other's heads, and the visit could not have been more pleasant. Part of the time was spent with Bro. Winner, an old and indefatigable worker, with whom and his motherly-natured wife a pleasant and comfortable visit was spent. It was here that Mrs. Sarah Patterson, the late writer—than whom the Pilgrim has not yet seen better—was staying at the time of her utterly unjust persecution, resulting in her being fined one hundred dollars for advising a man to put out his eyes!—the medical society securing her conviction for practicing medicine without a license! Verily, all the bigots are not in supplies.

The remainder of the visit was spent at the comfortable and elegant home of Mr. W. H. Jones, whose large-hearted liberality in aiding the financial work of the First Society in Philadelphia, and the great undertaking involved in the Parkland estate and Camp-Meeting, lent him to every praise to him and to his warm-hearted wife and cultured daughter who owe many thanks. The Pilgrim and Pilgrimage participated in the anniversary celebration, at which, and during his engagement, he saw the largest and best sustained meetings outside of camp-meetings, and his services in Boston, that he had then observed, the evening audiences running up to between seven and eight hundred people. The Pilgrim left under a solemn promise to return again—his promise he will surely keep—for he has never failed to keep a public engagement in all the eighteen years of his public life.

From thence on to the nation's Capital—Washington, D. C.—arriving on a cold evening and finding that snow and slush covered the streets; leaving a month later, when the sun was roasting, the trees all budding in emerald verdure, and the beauty of May copy stepping forth from the water-caves of April. Large audiences in the morning, hall crowd-







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