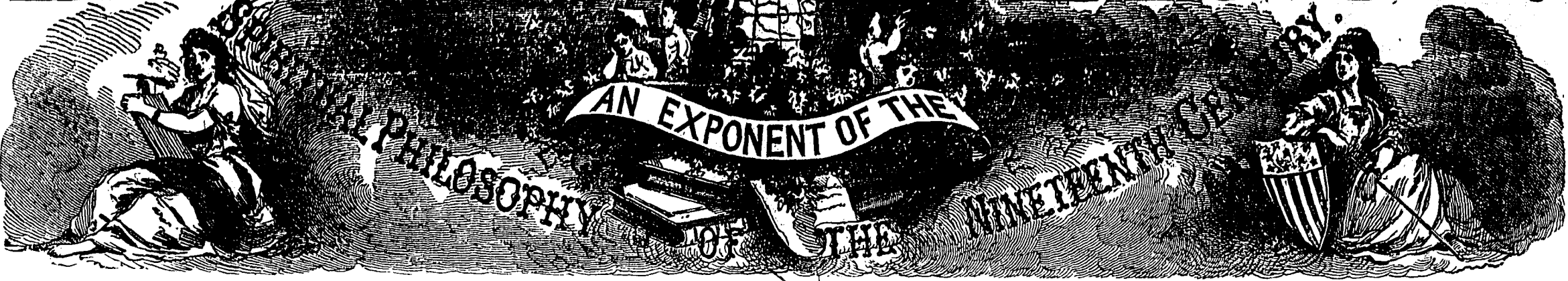


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. LXIII.

COLBY & RICH,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1888.

\$3.00 Per Annum,  
Postage Free.

NO. 23.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.—The Spiritual Rostrum: Appropriate Answers to Superficial Questions.  
SECOND PAGE.—Poetry: The Difference. Mount Pleasant Camp. Original Essay: "Early Inspirations." Literary Department: The Haunted House. Sense and Spirituality.  
THIRD PAGE.—Poetry: Faith in God. Banner Correspondence: Letters from Pennsylvania, Iowa, New York, Massachusetts, and Oregon, etc.  
FOURTH PAGE.—The Other Side. Occult Telegraphy. At the Antipodes. Mrs. Richmond at Lake Cassadaga. Reception to President Reels. All Sorts of Paragraphs, etc.  
FIFTH PAGE.—Letter from W. J. Colville. A Scientific Test of Spirit-Power and Intelligence. Spiritualist Meetings in Boston. Movements of Mediums and Lecturers. New Advertisements, etc.  
SIXTH PAGE.—Message Department: Questions Answered through the Mediumship of Miss M. T. Sheehamer; Spirit Messages given through the Mediumship of Mrs. B. F. Smith. Verifications of Spirit-Messages.  
SEVENTH PAGE.—From the Fair Convention, August Magazine. Mediums in Boston. Book and Miscellaneous Advertisements.  
EIGHTH PAGE.—The Spiritualist Camp-Meetings, etc.

## The Spiritual Rostrum.

### Appropriate Answers to Superficial Questions.

BY PHENIX.

Delivered at Chicago, Sunday, June 3d, 1888, through the Medium Instrumentality of MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

When Jesus was asked if they should render tribute unto Caesar, he answered according to what would seem to be the greatest wisdom in a worldly sense: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

In every instance where the Jews, whether Scribes or Pharisees, sought to ask him questions for the purpose of entanglement, he either answered them in parables, or answered in such a way that they could take no exception to what he said. The reason of this was evident: the purpose of the questioners was to make him amenable to the law; and when the final hour came it was absolutely without offense that he stood condemned before them. The truth is always so treated in whatever form it appears, whether in the person of Jesus as a sacred life, or whether in Socrates as a leader in philosophy, who, on being asked by one who was listening: "Why may we not all have demons?" replied: "If you all had demons, would you listen to those demons?" The demon in that instance was the spiritual or prompting power—the communing angel. It is easy to ask why every one may not have an angel, but is it easy, think you, to answer the question? Would you listen to the voice if it was yours?

Spiritualism is no exception to this rule. From the number of questions that are asked by the thoughtless, superficial minds, even by those who seem to have some perception of things, one would think that the only object in presenting Spiritualism to the world was just to answer these idle questions. I call them idle, because the slightest thoughtfulness would make their answers apparent.

Why may not all be mediums? one asks, as though that were an argument against or concerning those who are mediums. I cannot tell you why all may not be mediums, but I know that all are not manifestly so; because all are not, it makes more valuable the gift when it does come; nor is it because any are especially favored, for the gift comes to all classes and conditions. That all are not mediums must be for some wise and just reason that we may not understand; but because all are not mediums shall we deny that any are? As well deny that there are musicians, artists, poets, philosophers. Why are not all successful? Why do not all have the gifts that I have named? If one may sing and another is silent, is that any reason why we shall not listen to the singer? Or if one may paint a picture and thousands of others have no conception of color, is that any reason why we should not look at the picture or recognize its beauty? When there are diversities of those gifts—as they are termed—when there are different degrees and qualifications of humanity everywhere, if a power issued from man expresses itself through an individual, independently of that individual, it is not the province of men nor spirits to always declare why certain ones have a gift and others have not; the important question before that question is answered is: does the gift exist at all? When found to exist it should be investigated. The true investigator, instead of turning away because he or she has not the gift, seeks more studiously to discover what the gift is intended to bring. Shall we stop our ears and not listen to the nightingale because all birds are not nightingales? Shall we fail to discover beauty in the lily or the rose, because all blossoms are not lilies or roses? Assuredly not. Nor is the gift so rare of spiritual mediumship that one need think that it is a choice treasure bestowed only upon the few; or like the orthodox plan of salvation only for the elect. Certain mediums are chosen; but they are chosen very impartially. Sometimes mediumship is a pathway not of roses, but of thorns. In all instances there are difficulties to overcome; things that beset the way, trials and adversities that ordinarily people would not usually encounter, unless, indeed, they are devoted to a cause.

A lady in extremely fashionable life once said to the speaker while he was still a denizen

of the mortal form: "Why cannot I see spirits?" I said, "Madam, did you see the glory of the sunset sky last evening?" "No, I was making calls." "Did you observe the beauty of Jupiter last night, quite late; it must have been when you were driving home from the opera?" "No, I was too sleepy." Later I asked her, "Have you not a longing to see that beautiful picture from Italy, painted by an American artist?" "No, I have no time; in fact, I do not love art." I was no longer in doubt as to why she did not see spirits. Certainly there could be no time in the giddy whirl of fashionable life; there could be no vision to eyes that were sleepy with dissipation; there could be no perception to a mind not touched by the beauties of sunset, the glory of the stars, or even of human art. And then I thought, supposing she could see spirits, would she know what it meant? And yet there have been people in superficial life, there have been kings mid the glitter and possessions of kingdoms and thrones, who have suddenly seen spirits, and to whom it brought no import of good save that of an awakened conscience; though they had eyes and conscience to see, they were unwilling to see. The lady of the world and the king upon his throne are not under the control of human beings; but according to their state and their needs so must they receive.

Another lady was in deep despair because her only daughter had passed from her mortal sight and had not received the sacrament of the church—had not confessed acknowledgment of the saving grace of the blood of Christ. The mother was nearly wild, almost to madness, in the hour of her deepest agony this child appeared to her, clothed in the raiment of the spirit life, white as an angel—because her life was pure; there was no need to tell that she was not lost (the mother was nearly insane, fearing that her child was lost). When this vision came, her heart and mind were healed. I understood then that the gift is according to the greatest need.

Another superficial question is: "If Spiritualism is true, as it is claimed, why do not the great men of the world—the learned, the wise—receive it? especially why does it not come to the clergy, who are teaching spiritual things?" And this question is asked in all seriousness by those who have read the history of the church and the history of the world. My dear sir, or madam, who ask this question, have you ever known the truth, manifestly new in its presentation, to be accepted by the great in either science, literature, art or religion? If so, Christ should have been received in the temples, instead of being derided, scorned and finally put to death; if so, Galileo should have been welcomed to places of power, instead of being persecuted for the announcement that "the world moves"; if so, each inventor should have been the favored of kings and princes, and the great of the land, instead of starving in prison cells and leaving the earthly life unrecognized, while perhaps a century or a thousand years later the world is benefited by his invention; if so, every principle in scientific research and every accepted truth in ethics should have had no struggle; there would have been no martyrs recorded upon the scroll of history, no blood-stained crosses, no terrible prisons to reveal their secrets of woe, and no horrors of the inquisition.

The great? Why, they are too busy with their own greatness, and having crystallized the thought of their own portion of truth, worship it, how can they turn to see another thought, that will disturb the lines of light and rays of that surpassing crystal which they call truth? Even if what they worship is true, minds are not manifold in quality or diversified in gifts as to turn readily in many directions of investigation. If a man is an astronomer, he is no better qualified to judge of spiritual things because he observes the planets; if a man is a good mathematician, he cannot, therefore, tell any better where the spiritual world may be located, or the geometrical distance between two thoughts; nor, indeed, if one is successful in his experiments in chemistry, can he any the better analyze or know the qualities of the human mind or thought; the subtle essence of the power which man calls spirit, and which no chemist has ever been able to claim to analyze. If a man is a close observer or student of nature in physical phenomena, he is not any better qualified from that fact to judge of the manifestations of spirit power; they are of an unusual kind; he is thrown off his guard if he is not in his own realm; while he may be a thoroughly scientific man in the direction of his own pursuit, he is a babe in spiritual things, in occult force; if a man is a good lawyer, he is no better judge of what constitutes spiritual evidence from that fact; quite the reverse, I should think, would be true; the very atmosphere of the usual, so-called, courts of justice, and the usual experiences of those active in judicial tribunals, do not qualify one to judge of the fine qualities of spiritual things, nor of the nature of psychological thought. If the fact of being a skilled lawyer gave man preeminence in the matter of judging of evidence, then trial by jury is a sublime farce (unfortunately it is many times); but the average human being is better able to judge of the average kind of evidence than the judges in your courts. This is why trial by jury was instituted in England. If it were carried out in the same spirit here, unquestionably every man could be tried by a jury of his peers. If the question before the court is a point of law, the judge must decide; but if it is a point of evidence, the less a man knows about law the better he is qualified to judge of the evidence, for he will not judge upon technicality, but from the standpoint of humanity.

This is precisely the reason that Spiritualism reaches more minds among the average human beings; while there are a sufficiently large number of professional and scientific minds, in acknowledged intellectual pursuits, who have investigated Spiritualism, it properly reaches the masses of the people because they are better prepared to judge, better qualified to receive it, are not hedged around with a wall of egotism, they have no professional reputation to preserve, nor anything that in itself excludes the light of testimony. As for the clergy, unfortunately the gift of inspiration has passed out of their vocabulary; they have been instructed, and they instruct others, to believe that the gifts of the spirit have ceased; that nearly two thousand years ago was the last evidence of spiritual gifts upon earth. What they do with the gifts that have accompanied the Reformation and other great religious struggles, you must ask them. It is asserted as a fact that they do not believe in the inspiration in the pulpit, yet the only successful clergy throughout the length and breadth of Christendom are those who are inspired, and whose congregations believe them to be inspired by the spirit of God. Manifestly there is inconsistency somewhere. May it not be true that the gifts of the spirit in this modern work come outside of the temple for the same reason that truth always does? If the righteous are within the temple they do not need it; it is the ungodly and those who do not confess righteousness that need the gifts of the spirit. If those in the temple, are hedged around with bigotry, are too much clothed in denominational raiment to perceive or confess the gifts of the spirit, then it is well that they shall come outside of any temple or any denomination, that all in turn may perceive them; every one may turn from his shrine and altar of especial worship, and perceive how universal a truth becomes that is not in its inception hedged around with denominational protection. Supposing Spiritualism had come to the Baptists, then what would the Methodists have done? Or had it come to the Presbyterians, what would the Episcopalians have done? Had it come to any denomination less orthodox than these it would have been ostracized as it has been. So the power governing the movement knew that the crystallized lines of theological thought are not the place for a new truth. As well expect the Vatican will suddenly advocate the freedom of individual conscience as to expect the lines of denominational creeds will be sufficiently set aside to admit that which has been denied for hundreds of years. When it shall be forced into the churches from outside pressure, as many scientific truths have been, there will be acknowledgment, never fear. Like the tide, which does not suddenly flow into the lowlands in one great sweep, as it does upon the seashore, but gradually creeps in through the bayous and marshlands until the water backs up slowly to the places that need the high tide, so this truth, from the great surging in of spirit-life, will probably find its way at last into the strongholds of theology; but that is not material, if the whole world is suffused with it beforehand; if mankind perceive it as a whole, if it is broadcast among the pulpits, then these fortresses of spiritual strength will yield at last. Your speaker thinks that such is the intention of the powers that guard and govern the movement, that it shall not come to these theological strongholds at first, but with the testimony of many people, of simple hearts, lives and minds, who need it in their daily walks, who have individual experiences, and predicate their belief upon those instead of upon authority.

But, says one: "Why cannot those who are free in religion, yet whose names are eminent and would be accepted in the world as authority, acknowledge their belief, and then the world would have some authority?" The answer is contained in the question. Spiritualism wants no authority. If it is to be accepted at all it must be on the basis of its truth; it neither requires the hoary head of age, nor the greatness of a powerful name, nor the upbuilding of honored institutions, nor the propaganda of organized and crystallized strength to prove its truth. As said before: the greatest chemist is not so well able to judge whether your child, who has departed from your sight, gives you a message from the spirit-world as you are; he has nothing in his crucible, however closely he may question, that makes answer concerning the dead; he has nothing that will reproduce your darling with golden hair and laughing eyes, or show the tangles of shining hues and the starry face; love alone, and that supreme alchemy that conquers death, can do this, and between your life and her's there is but one interpreter; it is this intelligence and consciousness that constitutes between you two the sign of recognition, whenever and wherever and under whatever circumstances you may meet.

If the chemist has any power whatever he can only say such and such are the atomic vibrations, but how they are produced I cannot tell; and never, from the days of the ancient Hermetic philosophers, has the essence of the mind, the element of the power of thought and purpose of absolute intelligence been analyzed, nor even then. The substances of the earth may be traced to their very last verge, and there man may pause upon the borders of that land or realm where matter becomes nothing, but of spirit chemistry and alchemy have no knowledge. A man may be eminent as a naturalist; his nature reaches from man, in his physical organism, down to the molecule, or primordial cell; but he never presumes, as a naturalist, to tell you the difference between spirit as embodied in man and an exorcanted spirit; and he may be a naturalist for a thou-

sand years, and, as a naturalist, he will never be able to tell you more; but if he shall have added to his knowledge something of spiritual truth and the evidence that comes from the spiritual world, he may be as well able as any who have received that evidence to declare concerning it.

Every man is authority concerning what he knows, whether he be an eminent astronomer or whether he be a day laborer whose every hour is precious because he must win him his daily bread; and as to man's being a day laborer, why, there are many minds among the daily laborers that have better observation, are more close students, their judgment more perfect, they are more critical, and their intuition fresher and purer because they have not the superficial education that blinds men's eyes. Your speaker has been brought in contact with a great many men who were struggling with some invention, but had not, perhaps, the requisite skill essential to its arrangement, but in thought and principle were so correct that no man trained in ordinary mechanics could possibly fail to discover it when the inventor explained it; yet I venture to declare that no man trained in a professional way could have perceived the principle, if it was not born of his intuition. I have had many of these men laboring with me who would attempt to explain to me some principle which, perhaps, had been revealed to them in the night in a dream, or which during the hours of labor they had felt trembling for expression; with a few questions I could arrive at their meaning, and lo! there would be an invention. It is true a little more skill, a little more learning might have enabled them to know the meaning of what they dreamed and formulate it; but I dread that kind of skill and education which formulates intuition out of mind; I dread that kind of eminence which places a man in so exalted a human position that he is beyond receiving the impressions of the sky; therefore, of the two I should say take the testimony of the man who is not conscious of being eminent; it is worth a great deal more.

Then we come to still further questions: these, of course, are among Spiritualists as well as among skeptics, and, because they are, I speak of them freely. "If spirits can do this, why can they not do that?" one says. "If they can move a table or a chair, why can they not move a house?" There is no evidence to show that they cannot. If it were necessary, important, or for the benefit of the world, undoubtedly they could; but the moving of a chair, table, musical instrument or a human body is not to show what they can do, but it is to show that they do something, and the object is they wish to attract your attention for that which shall follow. The knock on the door of your dwelling indicates that a friend is there; he does not take a sledge-hammer because he does not think it necessary; but if your house was on fire and he wanted to get in to save your lives he would probably break the door down. If it became imminent, as it might be if spirits were all of an orthodox turn of thought, they would break the doors of your human mind down, violently enter and take possession, and you would most likely see your dwellings moving and such singular things occurring; as it is, there have been strange things going on, haunted houses and other tokens (many houses are haunted now that were not haunted once). The fact of haunted houses seems to have become epidemic, and breaks out in unusual times and under unusual circumstances; this is only an indication of an independent power; but if it came to order, if you could command the spirit-world and they obey, would it not prove what our friends the Theosophists claim—that the spirit-world is under human government, instead of Spiritualism being under the government of the spirit-world? Because no human being has been able to declare to a table: move, and it inevitably moves for him; because no one has ever been known to prove that he could individually control these manifestations in any of their many phases, is proof of the independent nature of the intelligence guiding them. While a man, or a woman, or a child, may be a medium, none of these ever know to a certainty that any manifestation will occur. Say what you will of doubting because the intelligence will not do as you say: we know the nature, and you do, of the human mind sufficiently well to know that the intelligence may once or twice manifest a response to your intelligence, but should it always echo your thought, always obey your command, always fulfill your desire, there would be no evidence of an independent power. Instead of this, a table moves in response to your question; if you command it, it stands still; if you request it, it may rise; if you desire it to be light, it will very likely be so heavy that it cannot be lifted; proving utter independence of the will or wish of those present; setting at naught all theories concerning the power of magnetism, of the human will, of mind-reading, or that which people do not in the least understand, electricity, psychio force, odyllo force of any kind. Acting separately and independently, yet always yielding where there is need, that intelligence governs. The spirit-world expresses itself at such times and places and under such circumstances as are usually unexpected, and because unexpected cannot be amenable to the charge of being governed by the will, volition, or individual wish of mankind.

But deeper and with causes far more spiritual than these, humanity like a vast nursery of children wishes something to-day, another thing to-morrow, grows weary of the flowers and casts them aside, of the toys and playthings that amuse but for a moment.

Spiritualism as a movement only gives that which answers the present need. Planchette was the wonder of a day, but as it soon became evident that it was only used as a pastime, as an amusement, the spiritual power was withdrawn from it. Other phases, like knockings, moving of tables, moving of chairs and other bodies, had been for a time a source of amusement and the entertaining of a company. To a certain extent this was allowed, but when it became evident that it was only for frivolity all this was withdrawn, and reserved only for those who sought earnestly for the gifts of the spirits. So of every gift, and all toys and playthings you may have; but if toys and playthings become the serious business of life, they will be removed a little beyond your reach, carefully preserved as a treasure that you may one day grow to attain. The daily needs meanwhile will not be neglected.

Some one says: "Well, it seems to be only the sorrowful, and the aged, and the infirm, and the peculiar, and the idiosyncratic, who are Spiritualists." And is that a serious charge? If it were true that the sorrowful, and the infirm, and the peculiar, and those having idiosyncrasies were absolutely its only followers, should it not be worshipped and praised by all mankind; that the sorrowful should find comfort, and the infirm could find healing, and that the peculiar could find something to answer their needs, and those who have idiosyncrasies could find that which sustains; ought not man to perpetually bless that which blesses the unfortunate of the world? But it is not true; for we see little children as gladly turning to the light of Spiritualism as the gray-haired sire; in fact, were it not withheld from them, if the parents who are believers did their duty, if they breathed it in the daily prayer and teaching, children in their very nature would be found to be Spiritualists from the beginning; to them death would have no terror; to them the spirit-world and the messages from the spirit-world would be their native atmosphere. If you do not find it so in your households, it is because you have been afraid and have not trusted your children with the messages they should have received from the skies. Then it is true, also, that the young invariably recognize the truth of Spiritualism; but alas! the young are sensitive to ridicule. If it is a fact that in school, in society, in the various places where the young people meet for enjoyment, Spiritualism is mentioned with aversion and ridicule, of course these young people will feel it. It is your duty to make society, to afford opportunity and entertainment, and to see to it that they are not obliged to meet with this rebuff, and scolding, and have opportunity to enjoy their religion. But if the young do not need it, if those in full strength pursuing life in daily ways do not need it, if the vigorous man prosperous in all pursuits of daily life does not need it, if the woman whose life is in her home, or in society, or in charitable enterprises, does not need it to-day, there always comes an hour when the man of the world is bereft, when a child is taken from his dwelling when the companion of his life may be removed, when one dear to him may have crossed the threshold that divides him from the other world; he needs Spiritualism then; and though he may have fought against it for years, openly or secretly he seeks the shrine of communion and wishes to know where his loved ones have gone.

Happy people are not so numerous, people having no cares are not so abundant that one can afford to despise a truth that brings comfort to the sorrowful and joy to those who are unhappy. All hail the light of Spiritualism! If it be the religion of the unfortunate; if it supplies a place for those who are dead; if it removes the sadness from the eyes of the mourner; if it turns the agony of any sufferer toward the realm of spiritual strength, all hail! Then shall it prosper, then shall the light be that which is most needed in the world, therefore it must prevail, and then all superficial barriers will melt away, for the sneer must fade from the lips that are mourning, and the heart of the strong man must melt when he finds that his loved ones are restored.

As a last and final question, when one meets you face to face who have knowledge and inquires: "What can I do to become a Spiritualist?" What do you do to become anything? If you want to be a mathematician you study arithmetic first and then the higher mathematics; but unless you are a genius there is no power in earth or heaven that will force the mathematics into your mind, or give it to you without corresponding growth or effort. If you are a genius you already possess it. If you want to become a Spiritualist there are two ways, and one is the correct way. The false way is to seek, or to claim to do so, in the spirit of capriciousness; to go everywhere and see nothing that convinces you; to hear everything and hear nothing that satisfies you; because, of course, as you wish to become a Spiritualist you must criticize everything that is said or done, and must see to it that you are not deceived (above all things that is important). That is the false way. He who places himself in antagonism to a truth and then declares that he wishes to believe it, unconsciously falsifies, for he prevents the very evidence which he seeks from entering his mind. I ask no one to investigate Spiritualism unless he or she is able to bring to that investigation a fair mind, an honest and sincere desire for truth, as great a trust in humanity as he or she would bring in any ordinary pursuit of life. I ask no one even to receive a message unless one is able to receive it with at least the same degree of impartiality that one would receive a message from a stranger. I know that under the peculiar claim of being a spiritual message there is

\* Reprinted, by Mrs. Richmond's permission, from the *Weekly Discourse*, issued by the Spiritual Publishing Co., 44 Union Park Place, Chicago, Ill., and devoted to reports of the spiritual seances delivered by her guides.



a new appeal made. I also know, what you must know, that the whole line of human history is filled with evidences of spiritual power; and the very fact of the question, the seeking, the wishing to know, is in itself almost an answer to its question. But if man be so constituted that he cannot receive the ordinary evidence, then it is no wonder that he is perplexed, bewildered, and rendered disatisfied. Then he must wait, for time is long. Years are nothing compared to eternity, and the truth that is in the world, that which is as plain as daylight to many people, cannot be as plain to you. Have patience; do not force your minds to endeavor to understand, nor even to endeavor to receive the evidence; such evidence as is needed must be somewhere, and, indeed, with patience and growth from within, that evidence will come to you. I claim that if you are so constituted that you can be an impartial investigator, you may be able to investigate and receive this truth at once; but if you are not so constituted, if the mind differs from those who are ready, wait until the message comes, until a great sorrow spurs the way, until, like the rock that was smitten in the wilderness, something has overtaken you that makes the mind more ready to receive, or until by gradual unfolding of perceptual and growth the spiritual power becomes more and more evident to your mind, then this truth will be clear to you. No one sees all the colors in the sky at once. The artist is gradually educated to perceive the tones and tints though he may have seen them before; he has spiritual perception, but is not capable, mentally, of declaring them except with long training, and although there are thousands of different shades he will simplify them and tell you their constituents and arrange them in accordance with their belongings. Not at once do the variations of different sounds greet the ear, the consciousness of the constituent parts of music cannot be attained at once. The child may readily understand the simple melody, but when it comes to the complicated harmony, and vast numbers of the musical scales, only the skilled ear can detect the differences in sound. In that mysterious little clicking of the telegraphic instrument, which to an unskilled ear has no meaning, the operator in the next room can hear a message and can declare it to you; his ear is accustomed to hear and his mind readily understands.

To you who are untutored in spiritual ways, I would say: lean toward the spirit-world if you would know it. Turn your thoughts thither, and as surely as the truth and tones in the sky and earth will yield to the understanding of one who is an artist, so will the knowledge of the skies open to your understanding. It is there, the evidence is there, the truth is all around you and the manifestations are upon the earth. It may not rest with the human mind whether the time shall be brief or long; whether it shall come as years or as but a day; whether the pathway shall be arduous or simple by which one reaches the heights; but so potent and all-powerful is the truth that it not only contains the answer in itself to all these questions of the human mind, but it is continually declaring itself and leaving you to adjust it to your daily needs and daily pain, and all the time, like the light of the sun, shining upon you, ready for your acceptance whenever you are ready to receive it.

#### THE DIFFERENCE.

They stood at the foot of the hill—  
Two women with heads bowed down;  
And one in a faded gown,  
And one in a faded gown.  
One clad in the beauty of fashion,  
The other one ragged and old;  
The face of a useful scholar,  
The face of a useful scholar.  
And why are they here? I questioned,  
"Why are they in such disgrace?"  
The shabbier, from the faded gown  
And that in the silk and lace?  
"They are here," said the grim policeman—  
And a frown his visage wore—  
"For scaling whenever they get a chance,  
In a fancy dry goods store."  
The one in rags was sentenced  
To a year's imprisonment;  
In the common jail; the one in silk  
Was "taken on probation."  
Now, why should this be so? I asked;  
The answer was terse and brief:  
"The lack of a kind smile."  
The one in rags a thief!

#### Mount Pleasant Camp.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A pleasant trip up the Mississippi from St. Louis landed me Monday morning, 28th ult., at the foot of this tree covered hill, but by any means a mountain, in the city of Clinton, Ia., the business part of which is about one mile from the camp-ground, which is included in the city limits and under municipal control—hence, as a property, to be somewhat very valuable. The Camp lies west of the city, which is on the west bank of the river, hence we have no water on the grounds, except from the wells and sky, from both of which it is good when it comes. The company, or camp stockholders, own about twenty acres, and most of it is studded with trees, but many of the oaks dying are being replaced with elms and maples. There are about fifty cottages now built—and more going up—and twice as many tents. A large and convenient pavilion, suitable for dancing, and for meetings in bad weather, is to be found in this camp, and it is well patronized by the dancers from the camp and the city, who take advantage of coming under the instruction of Prof. A. B. Severance, of Milwaukee, who is one of the best teachers of this art.

On Sunday, the 22nd of July, our meetings opened with an able and eloquent discourse by Prof. Loveland, the President of the society, followed in the afternoon by Warren Chase, who seemed to be known to nearly all of the old campers and Spiritualists, although he had never been here before.

In the evening Moses Hall dissected T. De Witt Talmage and his sermon, with the Bible for a scalpel, and left him in fragments, as may be supposed. Moses could do it if any one could.

The first three days the weather was intensely warm here, and little could be done, so that I sighed for Onset and its cool breezes, as the heat affected me seriously; but Wednesday brought us a windy thunder shower; we all felt better, and I was glad to be here to meet once more many old time friends, and see this new location, as I have those of New England.

It is a place of promise, with good prospects of success, especially financially, but I cannot say I like it for a camp-ground, as I do those of New England, located on the beautiful and useful bodies of water that supply bathing and breezes for the campers—as are Onset and Kenosha City Park and Sunapee, and the two on the Penobscot; even Lake Pleasant is beautiful when compared with one where there is no body of water in sight.

We have excellent meetings here; the best of speaking, and audiences and earnest souls anxiously seeking for more evidence and knowledge of the spirit-life; but the speakers need no praise, especially from my pen.

If I should live and visit any camps next year, it must be in New England, where my childhood's home was (if I had any), and where my heart still lingers in its yearnings.

Aug. 2d, 1888.

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

## Original Essay.

### "EARLY INSPIRATIONS."

BY A. E. NEWTON.

This is the title of an address of more than ordinary interest and significance recently given before the American Institute of Instruction at its annual meeting at Newport, R. I., by Mr. Ezekiel Butterworth, of Boston. Its significance is enhanced by the fact that Mr. Butterworth is editor of the *Youth's Companion*, probably the oldest and most widely circulated publication of its class in this country—it having attained, according to common report, a weekly issue of upward of four hundred thousand copies. It is, moreover, perhaps the least exceptionable in its moral tone of any caterer to juvenile taste that is before the public, while its general aim evidently is to keep in substantial accord with the popular religious sentiment of the time, as might be expected from the fact that its original founder and conductor for years was the venerable Deacon Willis, of the Orthodox persuasion, and former editor of the *Boston Recorder*.

The object of Mr. Butterworth in this address is to set forth the importance of heeding, cultivating and developing the inspirations of youth. The notable thing about it is that, in opposition to the notion of the popular theology that divine inspiration was a miracle of a past age, and wholly ceased eighteen hundred years ago, this address recognizes its perpetual existence as a law of life, and its high value as "a revelation of heaven to youth." The address furnishes a fresh illustration of the extent to which the ideas of Spiritualism are permeating the general mind of the cultured classes. The definition given by Mr. B. of the nature and method of inspiration, to be sure, is somewhat defective and confused; but its possibility, its reality, its value, and its need, are strongly portrayed.

"Inspiration," he said, "is some inborn faculty of clear sight, the consciousness of the soul's calling and mission, and is the revelation of heaven to youth. The world itself reveals it in childhood, when poets and prophets, the creators of palaces and temples and blossoming gardens, behold the chariot of a goddess in every drifting cloud. Every youth is conscious of special impulses to worthy action, as of the visit of an unknown power to him in his receptive moments, when the soul rises superior to itself. He begins to be haunted by ideals of a better life."

Instead of being "some inborn faculty of clear sight," or "the consciousness of the soul's calling and mission," inspiration more properly is, to quote the definition of Worcester, "the infusing of influence or ideas into the mind by a superior power." This definition is evidently correct, from the derivation of the word—in and spirare, meaning literally to breathe in. The faculty or capacity which enables one to be inspired, should not be confused with either the ideas or truths that are inhaled, or the "clear sight," the consciousness of the soul's mission, that may result from such inbreathing.

However, the important points presented are, first, the reality of inspiration, as a common human experience, attainable in our day, and accessible to every youth; and secondly, the value of that inspiration as a guide and incentive to noble living, and as "the revelation of heaven to youth"—in other words, its real divineness. Both these are unmistakably recognized by Mr. Butterworth, though counter to the popular theology.

After citing a number of historical examples of youthful inspiration, and its outworking in enterprises and institutions promotive of human good, Mr. Butterworth justly affirms:

"The men who have led and enlightened mankind have been those who have seen the value of their early inspirations and held them as crowns, and placed them above every other consideration in life. The great era of history have been the creations of such inspired minds and the great teachers of the world have been those who have taught the youth to follow their early inspirations."

The mind of youth, like the shepherd on Mount Latmos, is a temple haunted by ideals of a noble life. Coleridge says that "All men are Shakespeare in their dreams." Ideas, if followed, are new creations; they are life. Every grand structure of art was once a dream. The Cathedral of Cologne is but a crystallized thought. All achievement is but the following of a divine picture of the soul, as we may believe all matter is but the thoughts of God in the past. The whole of life is spiritual, and, as A. C. C. says, the soul contains the body, and not the body the soul.

The inspiration of youth, if fostered, becomes reality, and the decisive period of the soul is that of its early impulses. "What men are Shakespeare in their dreams," and the man acquired, is the common history of all leaders of benediction and progress."

This is excellent Spiritualism, and excellent practical philosophy as well; and the speaker proceeded very properly to point out the true office of the teacher:

"It is the sacred office of the teacher to guide inspiration, to foster it, and help make his every pupil to become his ideal self. No other calling has such opportunities, influence and responsibility. The true teaching of the school life is: 'Put your inspiration above every other consideration of life, and follow it.' It is the only way of true success. As Schiller makes Columbus say: 'Trust in the God that made thee and follow the sea that is silent.'"

"He is the best teacher who inspires others to follow their ideals and to crystallize their best lives; all other teaching is secondary. Said Prospero in 'The Tempest': 'Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit than other prices can!'"

"The teacher, to inspire others, must first feel the inspiration of his own calling. His taper of life was given him to light a thousand lamps."

"The inspired men of the world have usually come from inspired schools. The biographies of the past often begin: 'He was a pupil of such or such a man,' and the inspired teacher and the inspired scholar alike share the honor of the scholar's achievement."

When it is reflected how few of the schools or teachers of the past or the present can be called "inspired"—how in general our schools of both science and religion have repudiated the possibility of modern inspiration in the higher sense—it is easy to understand why the progress of the race has been and is so slow and sluggish. The scientific mind has of late somewhat emancipated itself from this incubus, and hence the marvelous progress in that department within the past century; but the religious or theological student, for the most part, has been taught to feel himself utterly dependent for truth on the inspirations of men of remote times, far less competent, it may be, to be channels of a broad and pure inspiration than himself. When this incubus shall have been completely removed, and men come to feel, with Mr. Butterworth, that the Divine Spirit of Truth is as near and as ready to teach as ever in the past, and when the laws and conditions of a pure and truly divine inspiration shall be taught and supplied in our schools of both science and religion, then may we expect such an advancement in all that concerns human welfare as the world has not

yet seen. Mr. Butterworth touches upon one of the requirements of inspirational nurture as follows:

"Early inspiration is tender; if nourished it will grow; if discouraged it may become perverted; sympathy builds men."

The best inspiration is often found in what the world regards the most unfortunate young lives. Genius is often a compensation for defects or very hard circumstances; the exaltation of one faculty to the loss of another. "Dance you are, and dance you will ever remain," was the decision of one of the teachers of Sir Walter Scott. The hand of love can alone lead the child of genius and special inspiration.

"Herein lies the teacher's great opportunity. The teacher who truly studies life will never disbelieve the prophecy of any young inspiration, however unlikely it may seem. All history is but a book of the fulfillment of young inspirations."

Yes! "The hand of love can alone lead the child of genius and special inspiration." Too often such children meet with only ridicule and rebuke, or neglect and unappreciation. Great is the need of teachers who have enough of inspiration themselves to recognize and aid its development in others. Mr. Butterworth expresses a hope that we truly may be realized:

"I hope that I may live to write a book one day on young people who were laughed at; I have come to believe that such are geniuses all, and I would rather have the companionship of such young, unappreciated inspiration than any other in the world."

The following stirring passages, near the conclusion of this significant address, are worthy of reproduction entire:

"Inspired men are the need of the nation, men who place their inspiration above every other consideration. And to develop such men society demands inspired teachers and schools. The pulse of the school and college needs to be that, not the pursuit of wealth, fame, or any mere gratification, but to follow one's inspiration is the highest good and honor, and that to develop one's early inspiration is the chief concern of life. Having learned that a pupil's inspiration is, it should be the care of the teacher to make that pupil's environment as much as possible in harmony with his purpose. No work of life can equal this."

"We are standing upon the threshold of a new era in our national life; generation after generation of inspired men are gone, and there is a tendency in our life toward materialism. We are told the pulpit is losing power, that the political standard is becoming lower, and that the poetic voice is becoming low and silent. The readers of a 'Paracelsus' and a 'John Milton' are few, and of 'He' and 'She' and 'It' are many. Weathers is the quest of the multitude, and when attained it is often used for mere selfish purposes. Even the schools teach the art of money making as life's great end."

"It is the highest mission of the school to produce inspired men, and the teacher may enter upon this mission with hope. Never was there a nation that opened to its youth such a field for inspired work. When American emigration shall reach the Pacific coast, said an old writer, her period of literature, art and glory will begin. The march of America has reached the Pacific. Today we are sixty millions. Tomorrow we shall be one hundred millions, and our art, our music and song, and what we may hope will be greatest in our literature, is yet to come. We may reasonably expect that the poor passion for wealth and material display will pass, and that a period of splendid inspiration in intellectual and spiritual achievements is at hand."

"The age of physical struggle has gone; the age of genius and spiritual things is coming."

I trust these worthy and progressive sentiments will find due expression in the columns of the *Youth's Companion*; and will venture to suggest that one momentous subject on which the aid of a higher inspiration is urgently needed, is that of the guidance of our nation out of the competitive and unbenevolent civilization which now prevails, into the reign of brotherhood, justice, equality and peace.

## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY MRS. E. MEHORNAY.

CHAPTER II—CONTINUED.

When Captain G. unlocked the massive hall door and it swung back on its rusty hinges, Mrs. Lindsey gave one scream and fell on the settee. Edith said, "Mother, have you seen a ghost?" An impressive silence brooded over that once magnificent structure. Where splendor and hospitality had characterized the mansion in former days, now gloom and desolation reigned supreme.

They traversed room after room. The most impressive one was the picture gallery, where the full-length portraits of all the Blakemore family hung. The little two-year-old daughter whom the gypsies stole, taken with a blue dress, and embroidered around the bottom of the skirt with white flowers—golden hair hanging in ringlets; around the neck she wore a chain and locket.

When they entered grandfather's chamber Edith stood aghast for a few moments, then went to a panel of the wainscoting and gave it a quick push; it opened and revealed a private press, which had some boxes in it. She then pressed against the back; another door opened, and it proved to be a double press, which contained a tin box. She exclaimed:

"I saw grandfather put some papers here in this box the day before he died; yes, it is all plain to me now. That dear, good old man, how often have I sat on his lap while he rocked me in this chair to sleep!"

Captain G. looked at Edith and said: "What do you mean? It seems you have been here before this time."

She replied: "Captain, I will not keep you in ignorance any longer. I am Captain Lindsey's daughter, and my mother, here, is his widow."

"Can it be possible?" he exclaimed. "It is true," Mrs. Lindsey replied.

The Captain clasped one of each of their hands, saying, "How glad I am to know who you are. Why did you not tell me last night that you were the widow and daughter of Captain Lindsey?"

"We were not ready to let ourselves be known," replied Edith. "I was impressed to visit this mansion, the home of my early childhood, in a dream, or vision, which I had two nights before we came here, and I have often had similar dreams and heard strange noises which I could not understand; but the last dream or vision I had was so plain to me I felt that we must visit this mansion once more. I feel that I have been led here by the power of the spirit, as St. Paul was led, but do not know for what purpose."

Edith then opened the tin box she had taken from the private press, and which she had held in her hand from the time that she first picked it up. She took from the box a large envelope, stained with age, and handed it to Captain G. He opened it, and found it contained Grandfather Blakemore's, or Sir Robert's, will. He read it to Mrs. Lindsey and her daughter. By it he

left his entire estate to Mrs. Lindsey and her daughter Edith, provided his own daughter Baulah, who was supposed to be stolen by the gypsies when two years old, twenty-eight years previous to the date of the will, or her heirs, never made their appearance. But if they did appear, and sufficiently proved their identity, they were to have one-half of the estate, and Mrs. Lindsey and her daughter the other half. The will was witnessed by two prominent men of the neighborhood, and one of them appointed Edith's guardian. They had both died a few days previous to grandfather, with an epidemic which was raging in that community; but their signatures were substantiated by a mysterious influence, which impressed upon her the feeling that she herself was the lost Baulah; and could not she herself the impulse to speak of it to her companions.

The Captain, naturally excited by these disclosures, said he hoped she would prove to be the lost child. Even if they could prove that they were the widow and daughter of Captain James Lindsey they would be entitled to half of the estate. Mrs. L. replied that she could easily do that. They returned to the Captain's home, and there Mrs. Lindsey gave him her history, so far as she knew it. She at once telegraphed to New York City for Lawyer Dean, her husband's friend.

#### CHAPTER III.

When Captain G. communicated their discovery to his family, Mrs. Lindsey was congratulated upon her prospective good fortune. She then related her history as follows:

"I was raised by a poor but clever family in South Carolina, but where or how they got me I don't know. When I was, as I supposed, about fifteen years old, a busy old woman in our neighborhood told me I was not Mr. and Mrs. Cirtus's child. I did not believe but that I was, and telling Mr. and Mrs. C. what Mrs. S. had told me, I asked them if they were not my parents. They were too honest to tell me a falsehood, and acknowledged that I was only an adopted child; that they had got me from some poor people who were passing through that part of the country, and that was all they knew about my origin. They were kind to me, and sent me to school until I could read and write. Soon after I learned this sad news I went to New York City in the capacity of waiting-maid with a wealthy gentleman and his wife, Captain Lindsey was boarding at the hotel where they stopped. He saw and admired me, and after an introduction at his request and a brief acquaintance we were married. He played me in school, and then started on a long sea voyage. I remained in school three years. Then I traveled one year with him; after that I settled down to house-keeping, shortly after which my daughter was born, and two years after her birth Captain Lindsey was lost at sea. Since grandfather's death we have suffered the pangs of poverty in its most hideous forms. It seems that an unseen hand guided my daughter here. I thought strange that grandfather made no provision for us by will. After diligent search for one, and none being found, there came a man and woman saying they were the legal heirs from Scotland. They gave me money to pay my expenses to New York City. Since then I have seen in the papers that a third party claimed to be the heir."

Mrs. Lindsey closed her narrative by saying she would immediately send for her adopted parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cirtus.

In a short time Mrs. Lindsey's adopted parents and Lawyer Dean were at Captain G's. The former testified that the two before him were the widow and daughter of Captain James Lindsey. Captain G. told Mrs. Lindsey's foster-parents that they must tell all they knew about Mrs. Lindsey.

Mr. Cirtus said that about thirty-eight years ago a company of gypsies camped near where he lived; he was frequently at their camp. They had with them a beautiful child about two years old, and he determined to rescue her from them. One night when they were all asleep he stole the child and a satchel that he had seen them take some of her clothing from. "Here," said Mr. C., "is a picture I had taken soon after I took the child, and here is the dress and locket that were in the satchel, and which we put on her, thinking it probable that sometime she might be identified by them."

He said that the gypsies were gone the next morning after he rescued the child. Then he advertised the child, but no one ever claimed her. He had been married but a short time, and they were devoted to the child, and kept her in ignorance of her origin until she was near grown, when a busy old woman told her she was not their child. She then went to New York City and married Captain James Lindsey, who perished at sea.

Lawyer Dean, while examining the locket, pressed the inside and it opened, revealing the pictures of Sir Robert and Lady Blakemore, with this inscription: "Sir Robert and Delia Blakemore, to their daughter Baulah, on her second birthday."

Captain G. exclaimed: "And this picture is exactly the same, dress and all, that hangs in the gallery at the mansion." He sent for the portrait at the mansion, compared them, and they proved to be the same.

The identity of Mrs. Lindsey was then regarded as sufficiently established; and Captain G. congratulated her on the good fortune, brought about through the inspiration of Edith, and her own.

Mrs. Lindsey's adopted parents wept for joy—embracing her. Lawyer Dean congratulated them, also offering his services to establish them in their rights of the estate. Captain G., Lawyer Dean, Mrs. Lindsey and Edith went the following day and had the will recorded. Mr. and Mrs. Cirtus, Mrs. Lindsey's adopted parents, returned to South Carolina, sold what little they had, then went to Blakemore Mansion, where they will spend the rest of their days in luxury and ease. Lawyer Dean is Mrs. Lindsey's agent, and has a beautiful retired home in the neighborhood of the mansion. The long neglected park which surrounded the mansion soon resumed its former beauty. The mansion was renovated in modern style and refurbished.

Mrs. Lindsey and Edith settled quietly down in wealth and luxury. Edith had grandfather's chamber handsomely furnished, and no room in the house was so attractive to her as that. She was there one evening, when she heard loud raps on one of the wainscoting panels. She examined it, and by pressing it, it flew open and revealed another private press, containing treasures of value. Their sympathies were aroused for the four poor families whom they had left in the gloomy tenement house in New York City. They sent for them to come and live on their farm and cultivate it,

giving them a bountiful support, and pleasant, happy, sunny homes.

Grandfather's chamber had kept sacred, and when Edith wished to hold sweet communion with himself and other spirits, she goes there; and two evenings in every week, Captain G. and his family, Mrs. Lindsey and her adopted parents, meet there to hold converse with their loved ones who have passed to the summer-land. Edith's experience as here related is an evidence of spirit power, controlling mortals of earth, giving counsel, and comforting them when in distress.

The goodness of heart and simplicity of manner which distinguished the ancestor, his daughter and granddaughter still remain. Having been children of sorrow, they feel for all who are such, and their charity is often bestowed upon them as a tribute of gratitude to the Guiding Hand that so mysteriously led them to compliance.

#### Sense and Spiritualism.

The Truth Seeker (New York) for June 16th contains a lengthy essay by "McARTHUR," in which the writer states in advance that he does not propose to attempt any labored defense of the Spiritual Philosophy, but to give his subjects as based on his earnest study of the subject from a business man's standpoint—an inquiry in which he brought to bear every resource he was capable of, and which ended in his being compelled to accept the spiritual teachings. The following generous extracts will serve to show the outspoken character of this article, which is throughout to the point, and full of interest:

I claim that it is hardly necessary to argue as to the existence of mediums. Theology teaches the existence of *spirits*, and any one who has witnessed a mesmeristic entertainment knows how fully the subject is under control of the operator.

So to properly appreciate the operation of the psychological law through and by which the medium is controlled, it is fair to presume that one must understand somewhat the status of the next world, if there be one. Here evolution, twin sister to Spiritualism, steps in and gives us an insight.

As we have come from the lower, so we ascend to the higher. All nature's laws, as far as we know them, are fixed, unchanging. Our friends, when they leave us, simply advance one round on the ladder of progress. They have become neither gods nor angels, but remain women and men, with the same weaknesses and prejudices that they had when here. A murderer may have died in the arms of Jesus himself, but he is still a murderer in heart, and will remain so till he has evolved out of that condition.

This is the simple pure teaching of evolution, and I doubt if any scientist can successfully dispute it. Now if this be a fact—and it looks reasonable to me—then this great psychological law has opened a way, free alike to saint and sinner, and the great cry about the immortality of mediums is "a tempest in a teapot," for he being operated upon by unseen forces, any act of the poor sensitive should be viewed with charity.

I do not pretend for one moment to defend immortality, whether in a medium or any other person. That there are moral and immoral mediums, none can deny; but I claim that as far as my experience goes with that class, the latter are in a very small minority. Morality and mediumship are no more synonymous than morality and religion; than morality and intellectuality. Most mediums are moral, some are religious; and the few immoral ones do not detract from the morality of the many.

In viewing these matters, I prefer the optimistic side. With our present surroundings, we are just as good as we can be; and if one man be better than his neighbor, it is due to his opportunities, and to them alone. So, if my proposition be true, we must, as a certain philosopher held, commence the education of a child "a hundred years before its birth"; then we will have more morality.

There is another and very important fact in connection with mediums. Of the many thousands, public and private, no two seem to be developed alike. So if it be "thaumaturgy," as some intimate, then Spiritualism must certainly have demonstrated that fully twenty-five per cent of humanity are unconscious prestidigitators.

But various people have widely different experiences with any given medium, and under circumstances which seemingly tend to the suggestion of fraud. I am now speaking of genuine mediums.

Well, what of it? Are our experiences here always the same? I opine not.

A few years ago, in the Crawford House, Boston, I was attracted to a group of gentlemen gathered around an old soldier, who was giving his experience in the battle of Fair Oaks. I loved his recital with great interest, as I was a participant in the same fight. Finally he reached a point in his recital where he touched on the fact that a handful of our men, at a critical juncture, seized on a small log house, and from that vantage-ground so distressed the enemy that they retired, and thus the battle on that part of the field was gained. After he was through, one of his listeners announced that he also had been present at the same battle, and while he admitted that some of the points were correct, yet he held that in the main they were wrong. The argument lasted over an hour. Each was certain of the correctness of his account. Yet I know both were wrong; at least I think I do, for the simple reason that I was the officer in command of the men referred to. Now let us suppose that mediumship be true, and that these two gentlemen and myself were in turn communicating through a medium, and on the above subject. These gentlemen would each insist on the correctness of his statement and they would all be right. Each would honestly thought, himself correct, and I would give an altogether different version. What would be the position of the medium? How about her character for truth?

Of the teachings of Spiritualism no true Spiritualist need be ashamed. There is no enemy in the Philosophy but of the most ennobling nature. There is no savior. Each works and builds for himself. And I insist, it is the only system that grants, nay, insists on woman's occupying that position which nature intended her to fill.

I had the pleasure of many sittings with John Pierpont, who has "passed over" many years. Most Bostonians know him by reputation—a sturdy truth-seeker; an honest man.

We conversed on many philosophical subjects, and I gained much valuable information from him in the two years I was thus privileged. When the time for my departure arrived, I naturally felt grateful for all his kindness, and so expressed myself, asking, at the same time, what I could do to prove that I was grateful. "My son, live up to your highest aspirations," was the answer. This is the embodiment of the Spiritual Philosophy.

But many are so constituted that a philosophy will not commend itself to them. They accept evolution because they have been laughed out of their old theological views. For these there are the various phenomena. Now, I do not mean to claim that all these manifestations are genuine. There are frauds, undoubtedly. All Spiritualists admit it. Just so long as the almighty dollar is more highly valued than truth, just so long fraud will exist. But it should be remembered that most of the frauds are exposed by Spiritualists.

And even if only one manifestation in a million be true, science should investigate that one and demonstrate it to the public. But science says Spiritualism is a humbug. Let us see.

Every one knows that Sir Isaac Newton was made a scientific saint, not only for the discovery, but for the demonstration, of the law of gravitation. That law is too well known to be discussed here. But come with me into yonder séance-room. We find a plain double-table, and neither springs, cords nor confederates. The investigators sit around it at a distance of, say, six feet, and, without any physical con-



1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.











ALPHEUS B. HOAG.  
I desire to recognize a message from ALPHEUS  
HOAG, of Sandwich, N. H., given through the me-  
mbership of Mrs. B. F. Smith, in THE BANNER of Au-  
gust 4th. Very truly yours, FRANK J. PEASE.  
Lawrence, Mass., Aug. 4th, 1888.







