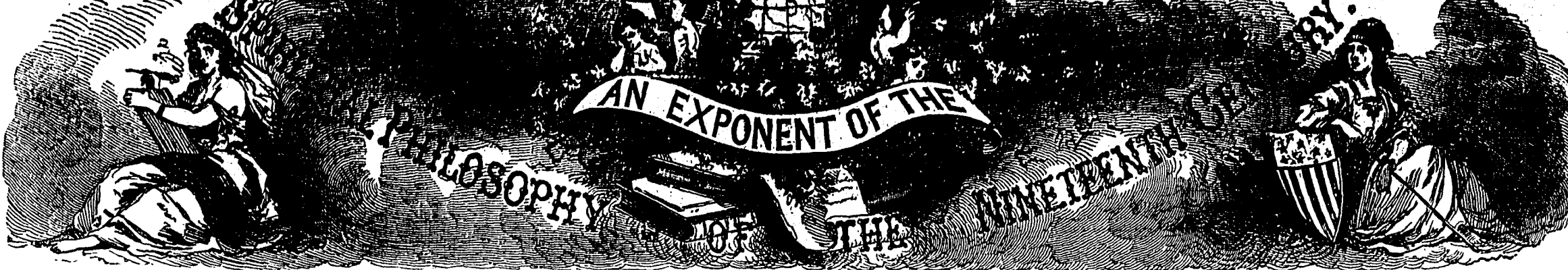


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The Spiritual Rostrom.

NO SOUL IS LOST.

A Lecture delivered before the Association of Spiritualists of Washington, D. C.,
BY SAMUEL WHEELER,
OF Philadelphia, Pa.

[Reported for the Banner of Light by J. C. Rowland.]

"For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" are words that we have read, and words from which we have been instructed in the past; and they suggest to us a few thoughts. It is a terrible question to put to one's self; it is a terrible question to put to another, provided we believed it to be literally true. "For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" We might even go further and ask, "What would it profit a great nation if it gain the whole world by conquest, and lose the liberties of its people?" But we are thankful for the fact that we do not believe that question to be capable of an affirmative answer, in the sense of believing that any man's soul may be lost. And we are thankful for the fact that our country shall not lose the liberties of its people, but that it shall constantly progress toward that which is better.

These words as interpreted by theologians, and as understood by the Christian, seem to imply the possibility that it may be—that at some time in the future by our actions, by our disbelief, or our failing to do right—we may lose our own souls. It is indeed a terrible thought! And what would a man give in exchange for his soul? Is also well to think of. But we are thankful for the assurance that we have in the light of the philosophy of Modern Spiritualism, in the light of the truth that we have had expounded to us, in the light of the reason that we profess to cultivate and know of—that God, that eternal principle of good, that so-called personality, or individuality, that which none can comprehend, but which men call God—we are thankful for the assurance that comes to our souls that that principle is love, and that in the economy of nature, as changes take place, as man dies and passes away, as man is born and passes from the cradle to the grave, as man gives up the ghost and goes to the other world, we know not a single soul can be lost. Thank God—and when we use that term, remember we are speaking of the principle of good, not recognizing or knowing a personality—thank God for the assurance of our belief that God is love!

But while we do not admit the fact of the possibility of the soul of man being lost, the question to your mind, and to my mind, will start a train of thought, and each one may think out, may know of, the possibilities that have been lost, the opportunities that have been neglected in this life in the past, the opportunities that we may neglect in the future, and the opportunities lost in the other life will there bring their fruit and their reward for good works, which should be there as treasures. Each one of us is losing golden moments. Each one of us is losing opportunities and possibilities for good that never can be to us return, and it is well for us to pause and ask ourselves whether we are not in a measure losing possibilities of our souls that might be to us grand mines of happiness, grand mines of joy and peace, if we would only act up to the highest light that is given to us here. Oh, the opportunities lost; the seasons of joy and gladness wasted because we do not do all we can! It were better for us if, instead of re- pinning over the lost opportunities, that each of us should resolve here and now to waste no time in idle regrets, to waste no time in re- pinning, to close the book of our past, and never reopen it only with reference to higher action, and to resolve that each and every day of our lives shall be devoted to the possi- bilities of the future and the making of our life in the spirit-world all that we might wish and hope for.

As Spiritualists, there are reforms to which you and I can devote our time, can devote our talents, can lift up our voices in favor of, can carry the banner of peace and progress, and point our friends to that which is better than they have ever known. We may point them to the fact that over there in the land of pro- gression no soul is lost. But we may point them to the opportunities wasted; we may point them to the fact that we are to-day building our spirit-homes, sending over there treasures

that we shall find safely invested when you and I shall pass from time to eternity; and that as we work here, as we act here, so it shall be with us hereafter.

As Spiritualists, oh, how grand the possi- bilities for us; as Spiritualists, how wide the field; as Spiritualists, how bountiful the har- vest, as Spiritualists, what noble and grand achievements there are for us in this life, and what grand rewards in the future! There is not an evil in our land that it is not your duty and my duty to raise our voices against, and by the prayer of words, by the prayer of earnest work, by constantly putting our shoulders to the wheel, labor for the reform that is needed. And so shall we find that instead of losing our souls, even for a day, even for an hour, much less, as is shadowed forth in the Book, the possibility of losing them for all eternity—that over there we shall find all those who have passed from our mortal sight, and that not a single deed, whether of good or evil, shall have been forgotten.

The evils that are abroad in our land to-day it is your duty and mine to help wipe away. It is a sad fact that poorhouses and jails are dot- ting all this fair land, and each day, each week brings to us a call for more money for chari- ties, more money for prisons, more money to suppress crime and the vice that is stalking abroad. It would seem as though the Chris- tianity of eighteen hundred years had been al- most a failure, and that to-day the thousands of churches that are pointing their spires heavenward and glistening in the light of the morning sun were mockeries, and, indeed, whitened sepulchres. Go with me to your pris- ons, and truly is it the fact, as we enter the portals of many of them, there arises forcibly to our minds the inscription over the doors of Dante's "Inferno." "He who enters here leaves hope behind." Go with me and look at those poor children of crime, the creatures of circumstances, the creatures of education, the creatures of bad generation that are now needing regeneration; and in the poorhouses of your land, there see the possibilities, there see the evidence, there see the fact exemplified of the lost opportunities, of the lost mo- ments, of the lost golden grains of beauty that have been thrown away by those poor creatures that are, as you and I, subject to all that is good and all that is bad; and let us as we view these instances, let us as we see these opportunities that have been wasted, let us as we see the regeneration that is attainable by them, resolve that we will do all that we can for the uplifting of humanity.

Again, as a Spiritualist, one other thought comes to my mind; and with that thought I shall close. As Spiritualists, realizing the fact that no souls are lost, but that many are in darkness, constitute yourselves, each and every one, earnest and persistent workers in the cause of uplifting the souls that are in dark- ness on this and on the other side of life. It is said that a good man of whom we know, and who in his life did many good things, and who preached the law of love, and who taught others that "all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them"; it is said that at his death he went and preached unto the spirits in prison; and there is for you, as Spiritualists, and for me as a Spirit- ualist, and for every one of us as men and women who resolve to do all that we can, a work on earth to do; and there is a work in the spirit-world to do, and each and every one of us can do something for the uplifting and the upbuilding of humanity. Realizing the fact that no souls are lost, but only that some may for a time grope in darkness, look not above for that which is higher and nobler. Let us also realize that our God is a God of love; and that by-and-by each and every one of us shall again hear the cry, "Come up higher"; that by-and-by we shall pass the iron door of the conditions of this life—the iron door with the crown of thorns above it—and shall come to the golden door with the crown of roses—a door that shall open to you and to me, and give us entrance into fields of eternal life, the land of continued existence, where we shall indeed realize the truth that no soul is lost!

"God Wrote It."

Capt. Lewis Corwin's farm is three miles north of Sag Harbor, and situated on an arm of Long Island known as Hog Neck, but which latter-day dwellers find pleasanter to call North Haven. It is here that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, declining in health, is passing her time in the enjoyment of that repose and quiet which is deemed so essential in her present condition. Two weeks ago when the steamer Sunshine, from Hartford, arrived at the unpretentious dock at Sag Harbor, the crowd that waited its coming was unusually large. Some event was about to happen, for there was a marked de- gree of expectation on the faces of many who waited. Among the first passengers to land was an old lady whose hair was frosted as white as the foam blown among the pebbles on the beach. She walked slowly, leaning upon the arm of a bearded, muscular-looking young man of about thirty, her son, Rev. C. E. Stowe. "We are in hopes," says the young cler- gyman, "that her trouble is merely temporary, and that she will return to Hartford in the fall fully recovered."

One evening about twilight, as Mrs. Stowe was walking alone in the garden, as is her cus- tom, she was approached by the captain. He held his hat respectfully in his hand.

"When I was younger," said he, "I read with a great deal of satisfaction and instruction 'UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.' The story impressed me very much, and I am happy to shake hands with you, Mrs. Stowe, who wrote it."

"I did not write it," replied the septuagenarian gently, as she shook his brawny hand. "You didn't!" ejaculated the captain in amazement. "Why, who did, then?"

"God wrote it," she replied simply. "I merely did his dictation."—*The New York World.*

A STRANGE DREAM.

BY S. T. SUDDICK, M. D.

While talking the other evening with an old and valued friend, who is a physician, the con- versation turned on visions and hallucinations, and my friend related a dream which he had experienced, and which seemed to me so re- markable, that, for the benefit of psychologists and metaphysicians, I will record it.

The dreamer in question does not belong to any religious sect, though he believes in the existence of a Supreme Being, and thinks that the good or evil deeds of men will meet an ap- propriate reward or punishment even in this life. He said:

"I am not a Spiritualist, as you well know; neither am I superstitious in regard to dreams; but I choose to regard this experience, or dream, if dream it may be called, as different and dis- tinct from the ordinary affairs which we call by that name. I thought I had been killed, seem- ingly by a railroad accident. My body lay upon the ground beside the track, upon which an engine and some cars were standing. It was washed and mutilated, while I was sitting under a tree a few yards distant. I remembered nothing whatever previous to or during the accident. I had simply 'shuffled off this mortal coil,' and was now sitting as described, waiting for the life or animal heat to come out of the body and enter myself, which it presently did. It seemed to be a process of disentanglement of my self- hood, or life principle, from the mortal, or per- ishable part."

"I suffered no pain or other disagreeable feel- ing, and was only waiting until this disentangle- ment should be concluded, which I in some un- accountable way understood would occur as soon as the body before me became perfectly cold. For the body itself I cared nothing; I looked upon it with as little feeling of regard as a butterfly would be supposed to look upon the chrysalis from which it had just escaped."

"I seemed to be the warmth, the electricity, the life of the body; and as I gathered myself from its embrace it became lifeless, cold and rigid. I say 'I,' for my form was just as per- fect in shape, feature and feeling as it had been before the stroke that broke the 'silver cord' with which I had been manacled to that earthly cloud. As the sensory nerves came to the sur- face over every portion of the human body, so as this sensory part of my body came gradu- ally to me my form seemed to round out to perfect symmetry, becoming an exact 'curl' of my former self. I felt, by a sort of intuition, that I was forever free from all earthly pain and care. An intense, overwhelming sense of in- finite rest and security pervaded me, such as no mortal could ever conceive or imagine while in the flesh. Although in life I had never con- sidered it a burden to perform the respiratory act, my first exclamation, on finding myself freed from the body, was: 'Oh! how deligh- tful to be relieved from the trouble of breath- ing.' Lungs, or the need of them, were no part of my present economy. Everything mortal, every physical instinct or desire, had perished with that mutilated body yonder, now lifeless, stiff and cold. I was all mind, spirit, soul. Though retaining the natural form of mortals, I was perfectly, infinitely at ease, infinitely con- tented; and this feeling of contentment con- sisted not in having every want gratified, but in having no want to gratify. I was neither too cold nor too warm; I was not hungry nor thirsty nor weary; but a sense of infinite pleasure and happiness pervaded my whole being."

"The first place I thought of was a small town in Missouri, where I once lived, and, presto! I was there. Oh! how light I was! Light as a thistle-down borne on the breath of a summer evening. As I passed up the street I met sev- eral old familiar friends, but none of them took any notice of my presence. In my rambles through the town I entered the court-house; it being the dinner hour, I found the offices all deserted until I came to that of the circuit clerk."

"My old friend, George M., who had occu- pied that position for many years, but who had died some time since, was sitting in the office- chair at the table, engaged in looking over an old record."

"He turned as I entered, and his face bright- ened into a smile. He arose, shook me heartily by the hand with a 'How are you, Doc?' then motioned me to a chair and sat down himself, placing his legs on the table, as was his habit in life. He was surprised to see me, and made some remarks about the change we had both undergone, which people call death. His exact words I could not remember on awaking. He had evidently not heard of my demise, but my seeing and recognizing him (a spirit) was suffi- cient evidence to him that I had severed my relationship with the flesh."

"After conversing with him awhile, I asked him if we were not to be transported to some far-away clime, as we had been taught by the tenets of our religion to believe."

"That is all a mistake," he replied, with a laugh that was peculiar to him in life. 'You don't need to go anywhere unless you choose to, but you can go anywhere you please. You will be likely to change places often than you wish, until you get accustomed to this life.' I asked him how that could be?"

"He replied, 'You remember in the other life your mind wandered at will, but to go any- where you were compelled to walk that old hulk of a body along, or get a conveyance to carry it like any other piece of baggage; but now you have no baggage; you are all mind, all soul; and when your mind wanders anywhere you are there.'"

"Just then I thought of a room in the house of my father-in-law, and although he lived in a distant city, I was there immediately, and

remember distinctly the contents of the room, bed, stove, chairs, bureau, etc. There was no one present, and I thought I would sit down and wait till my father-in-law came in, whom I then remembered wanting to see me on a matter of business. Suddenly I thought of my friend in the court-house, whom I had left so unceremoniously, and in an instant I was there again. He was still sitting where I had left him. He laughed heartily at my im- promptu exit and reappearance, and said that it was a most difficult thing to learn to hold one's mind, or self, in one particular place, in that condition of perfect freedom of action. I then remembered that I did not see anything on the road in passing from place to place, and asked my friend if it were always so.

"No," he replied; 'you will learn in time to travel, and see the road, or any part of it, while traveling. Remember that in this state we do not walk or ride, we simply think our- selves along. You are all mind now, all thought, and whatever particular place you wish to see, all you have to do is to first think of it and you are there. If you wish to see the points through which you pass, think all along the road to your destination.'"

"How will I find friends whom I wish to see?" I inquired.

"You will have to find them as you always did," was his reply. 'Go and hunt for them. We have no more knowledge of their where- abouts than we ever had, but our facilities for traveling are so great that if we know their homes or resorts we can easily find them. We cannot converse with friends who are yet in the flesh; they cannot see us nor hear us think.'"

"I now noticed for the first time that we were not talking as we do in mortal life, but were just thinking to one another."

"At this point several persons came into the room; some who had experienced the change called death came and greeted me cordially, congratulating me on having escaped the bondage of the flesh, while those who had not undergone this change ignored our presence entirely."

"The clerk came in with another gentleman whom I did not know, and the two took their places at the table, my friend George M. hav- ing vacated the chair. I heard and understood all their conversation, but could not recall any part of it on awaking."

"Every one I met, with whom I had been formerly acquainted, had a familiar look, but I readily distinguished those who had passed that strange dividing line from those who had not; the latter looked graver and older grown, while the others were younger in appearance, and on their faces was a peculiarly serene and satisfied expression."

"My friend George M. was in his lifetime very fond of accumulating money, and as the men at the table were counting a considerable sum of it, I asked him if he still liked it."

"No," he replied, 'I have no use for the stuff whatever. I used to like it because it was a means of supplying my wants, but now I have no wants to supply.'"

"I then, for the first time, thought of my wife and daughter at home, and in a trice I was with them. They were preparing dinner, and I noticed that it was past one o'clock. They had evidently not heard of the accident, and had delayed the meal, thinking I would come. Here a blank occurred in my dream. Then I was in my old home again, and met and shook hands with an old colored woman whom I had attended in her last sickness. She seemed very glad to see me, and we talked for some time, but I cannot remember the con- versation."

"Then I was again at home. My wife and daughter were about their household duties as before, but their faces were sad and tear- stained, and their eyes were red with weeping, and both were mourning garments. Strange to say, I was not in the least affected by their sorrow, but looked upon it with as little com- passion as a father would look upon a child crying because its cob house had tumbled down. Indeed, all their joys and sorrows, their plans and labors, seemed frivolous to me as child's play. I could hear their conversa- tion, but could not converse with them. But even this did not distress me. I felt in this matter very much as a man would feel who, coming home with a bit of news and finding his wife occupied with domestic duties, con- cludes to defer imparting it to her until she is ready to listen. I felt that the time was short. I could afford to wait. On one of my visits to my late home I found that my wife was sick, and I watched her illness with some degree of in- terest, hoping that it would end fatally."

"Life now was a continual reception. New friendships were being formed each day, Mr. M. introducing me to all with whom he had become acquainted, and they in turn present- ing me to others; and each one of these new- formed acquaintances proved to be exceedingly interesting and agreeable. I had not much time to think of my family or friends from whom death had severed me. Besides, many whom I had left behind were approaching and crossing the mysterious dividing line, and our greetings were warm and sincere. I noticed that all that was evil or disagreeable in them was left behind, the good only being immortal."

"I have thought over this dream a great many times," continued the Doctor, "and the more I study about it the more reasonable it appears. I almost believe it will be that way."

"The doctrine of being separated from our loved ones at death and transferred to some distant region, always seemed a little impos- sible to me. It seemed as if the soul were held in a continued probation. I should like a future such as my dream pictured. Besides,

does not the Scripture speak of a 'new earth,' and intimate that it shall be our future habi- tation? Did not John see the New Jerusalem descending from heaven and resting on the earth, and hear a voice saying, 'The taber- nacle of God is with men, and he shall dwell with them?'"

Bonne Terre, Mo.

GUIDE-BOARDS ON THE WAY TO A FUTURE LIFE.

BY DR. S. D. PACE.

By inquiry the curious reader may find in almost every household the record of events, well authenticated and free from the semblance of collusion or superstition, which carry with them the evidence of a life beyond this, and this evidence is by no means confined to per- sons who accept the truths of Spiritualism.

Many years ago the writer resided in Canada, near Port Stanley on Lake Erie. The country was new, or but partially developed, and the present site of many beautiful farms was then a wilderness. There came into this neigh- borhood from England, about the year 1834, a man named Joseph Brumpton, who purchased a piece of wood-land, and with the industry characteristic of his people he immediately commenced to subdue the forest, with a view of making for himself and family a home. He had been in Canada a year or two, and was still en- gaged in clearing land. One day he happened to be employed in a field by himself, and look- ing up from his work he saw approaching him a woman, and as she came nearer, he recog- nized her as a sister whom he had left in En- gland. Having no suspicion that the person whom he saw was in reality a spiritual being, but believing her to be his sister in the flesh, he started to meet her and welcome her to his humble home in America, but to his amaze- ment when he came so near as to be al- most able to clasp her in his arms, she com- menced perceptibly and rapidly to fade from his sight, and in a minute or two she had van- ished.

This wonderful appearance and sudden dis- appearance caused a very severe shock to Brumpton's nervous system; in fact, he was obliged to return immediately to his home and retire to bed. Many comments were made upon the affair at the time, and the whole neigh- borhood were much interested. Some, of course, doubted the genuineness of the vision, others thought him slightly demented, but per- sonal criticism of the man was very much dis- armed when in about two weeks from the date of this occurrence, a letter bearing the date and postmark of a village in England, reached Brumpton, containing the news of the death of the sister whose appearance to him in the field had produced such a sensation in the neighborhood.

I was fully conversant with the facts in this case, so far as they related to the nervous prostration of Brumpton. I heard his story the day after the alleged appearance of his sister in the field, from his own lips, as he lay upon his bed in great agony of mind. I also read the letter, post marked as I have before described, and carrying with it unmistakable evidence of its genuineness. This letter gave the date of his sister's death, and this date corresponded exactly with the date of her spiritual appear- ance in America. Collusion was simply out of the question in this case. It will be seen by reference to the date that this manifestation occurred years before the time of ocean tele- graphy. It would seem all candid persons should agree that this occurrence carries with it a lesson which teaches that the spirit does not become extinct with the death of the body; that it retains its individuality, and that the forms of our departed friends bear such a striking resemblance to the earthly body as to be easily recognized by the friend or friends who may be so fortunate as to see the spirit.

Only the day before yesterday I was in con- versation with two elderly gentlemen, one a retired Lake captain. Both of these men had been active in business, and physically and mentally well preserved for their years. Our conversation was at first upon political topics, but finally became somewhat metaphysical. Capt. C. remarked that he had no evidence of a life beyond the grave. "I have read the Scriptures," said he, "and can find nothing satisfactory to me. I have conversed with min- isters who are supposed to understand all about these things, and I find them to be fully as much in the dark as myself upon this great question. I find no evidence, no word of en- couragement in my search for a future exist- ence, and I am strongly inclined to the belief that death means for man an eternal sleep."

The other gentleman seemed to have more hope, and argued that the evidences of immor- tality were seen in all Nature; but when he attempted to point out the footprints, they were found to be vague and of but little practical use; in short, he was not clear in his arguments drawn from Nature.

I then stated my belief that there was evi- dence of the continued existence of the soul, or spirit, after death, and that this evidence came directly from the spirits of those who had once been dwellers on the earth; and I ap- pealed to them individually to state whether, in looking back over their past lives, they could not discover some footprints such as I had in- dicated. Capt. C. was the first to speak, and— omitting names—I will endeavor to give his story, in substance, at least, as he gave it to me.

"About thirty years ago," said he, "I was first mate with Captain J. S. on board the American schooner C—. We were weather- bound at the port of Milwaukee, ready to sail with a shift of wind for Buffalo. As we had

leisure, Captain S. invited me to take a stroll up town. As we were walking leisurely along we passed a small, unpretentious-looking little cottage opposite which Captain S. came to a standstill, and, pointing toward it, he said, addressing me by my first name: "They tell me there is a very strange person residing there; they say she knows everything; suppose we give her a call." To this I assented, and we both entered the cottage, and met a plain looking, middle-aged woman, who pointed us to seats. The Captain soon opened the conversation by saying, "They tell me you can tell us most anything, and we came to see if you could say something interesting to us." The woman disclaimed any superior knowledge, but said: "Sometimes the spirits tell me what they see or know; and should they do so now I will give you what they give me." She then rested her head on her hand for a few moments as though listening to something being whispered into her ear; then turning to Captain S. she said: "You have a letter at the post-office; this letter brings you bad news; it tells of the death of your little eight-year-old daughter (calling her by name)." Some other things of minor importance were then communicated, and after placing a coin in her hand we went to the post office, where, sure enough, the captain received a letter announcing the death of his daughter. I am well satisfied," said Captain S., "that Captain S. had no intimation of the death of his daughter, except that received from the woman, until he had opened and read that letter."

When Capt. S. had finished his story, I turned to the other gentleman and asked him to give his experience, if he had any, touching this question. "Well," said he, "when I lived in L. County, (naming a county in the interior of this State,) I was at the farmhouse of Mr. K. (the abbreviation I make myself, the full name was given). Just before supper that evening, Mr. K. walked into the family sitting-room, looking pale and somewhat agitated. His condition was so marked as to attract attention, and Mrs. K. anxiously inquired if he was ill. "No," said he, "I am not ill, but Charley is dead." It may be proper here to state that Charley, the person to whom he referred, was a brother of Mr. K. who resided forty miles distant from him in another county. "How do you know he is dead?" inquired Mrs. K. "Why," said he, "I saw him as I was coming through the gate, and he told me that he had been killed by an accident." Supper was now announced, but Mr. K. refused to go to the table, and insisted upon driving immediately to the residence of his brother in the adjoining county, and he started as soon as his team could be harnessed. He was accompanied by a friend, and when they had reached within ten miles of his brother's residence, they met a person who had been sent to convey the sad intelligence that his brother had been killed at a barn raising that day, having been struck on the head by a falling piece of timber."

Events similar to these I have related in this article are quite common in the history of most families, and perhaps the reader may call to mind more convincing testimony in this direction. I mention these instances because they happen to be fresh in my mind; but if people will stop to consider, they will find the pathway of life strewn with similar testimony, all pointing to the continued existence and intelligent condition of man in a future world.

Port Huron, Mich.

Lake Pleasant.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have conversed with many prominent, well-informed men while stopping at Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting. I do not know of any better way to arrive at facts concerning the Spiritual Philosophy than by the exchange of individual experiences, and especially so when the men and women who relate them are removed beyond the sphere of pecuniary interest. Among the narrations to which I have recently listened at the Lake is the following, by a prominent business man from New York, who is one of the oldest Spiritualists of that city:

"A Presbyterian minister was employed to officiate at the funeral of my sister—employed for obvious reasons that the family are conversant with. I said to him before the exercises, 'We are largely Spiritualists in our belief of a future life,' and that minister performed his duties as well as any spiritualistic medium could have done on the occasion; he cited a case where the mother of a little child passed on in childbirth; afterward the father married again, and they had a mutual understanding between them that the child should not know but that the latter wife was his mother; the child lived until some ten years of age, and knew not of the contrary, and supposed the last wife was his mother. Just before its departure to spirit life, the child looked up to its heretofore supposed mother and said: 'Are you my real mother?' 'Of course I am,' replied the wife. 'Why do you ask me this question?' She replied, 'There is a lady standing by my side who says she is my mother.' Comments are unnecessary in this case; coming as they did from a sectarian minister, the facts related speak volumes for Modern Spiritualism, and *vice versa* for the views of the church in regard to a future life, and its creedal requirements to obtain it.

Another instance of reliable evidence of the spirit's continuity after the change called death, which I have met here, is that of a wealthy merchant residing in San Francisco, Cal., by the name of Thomas Dyer, who formerly lived in Woburn, Mass., and worked at the shoe business forty years ago. He has for several years annually visited the Lake Pleasant and Onset Bay spiritual camp meetings, and received what satisfies him that Spiritualism is what it is claimed to be. His interior vision has been opened for the past few years, and he can see his spirit friends as tangibly as he can those in the material form. The exercise of this gift affords him the greatest pleasure; and the details which accompany his recognition of the forms he beholds prove their genuineness to others.

The "Christian Science" fallacy, which has been attempted to be foisted upon Spiritualism, has received a pronounced set-back at Onset as well as at Lake Pleasant this season, and the theosophists and eclectic adherents did not attempt to make converts. To my mind at least, the sum and substance of the whole matter regarding these speculative idealities is to be found, practically, in what can be made peculiarly in teaching them to the people—not in showing the practical working of the same, or the benefit derived therefrom by the public in general. Much that is encountered in the different phases of these systems is Simon-pure psychology, made use of in many cases that the apostle may derive benefit from the student.

At Lake Pleasant, Mr. Dawbarn, Dr. Clarke and several others, handled that waning absurdity, "Christian Science," so called, with its "no disease" theory, without gloves. This camp-meeting seems to be settling down into a business transaction, and doubtless will gradually increase in all ways that will be desirable for families to visit and enjoy the healthy mountain air as well as the meetings—with sensationalism left out. It makes a great difference whether an individual is improving his own land or that of another on lease. May success attend the effort.

Aug. 22d.

A. S. HAYWARD.

THE DREAMERS.

We are the music-makers,
And we are the world's great cities,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;
World-agers and world-forerunners,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world to-day, it seems.
With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory:
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three, with a new song's measure,
Can trample a kingdom down.
A breath of our inspiration
Is the life of each generation;
A wondrous thing of our dreaming,
Unearthly, impossible seeming,
The soldier, the king, and the peasant
Are working together in one;
Till our dreams shall become their present,
And their work in the world be done.
—ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

Foreign Correspondence.

ANOTHER SURVEY IN PARIS.

BY HENRY LACHOIX.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Jeremiah, the "ancient," would have deprived the moderns of his Lamentations, had the heavens wept in his time as at present in this old Europe. He would have been dumfounded at such a display of heavenly grief, and his silence might have been profitable to him—and to us. However, things take their course, under our feet and above our heads, such as we would not have were left to us to decide. The plain fact is that we have had no summer as yet—not a day scarcely. Cold and wet it has been all along since May began, and it is general throughout Europe. Such an amount of snow fell in mid-July in Bavaria and other parts as to stop cattle from feeding in the pastures. I was then in Belgium, and found the crops seriously injured by the inclemency of the weather, and it is so all over. America will have to feed Europe next winter, and prices will go up in the land of plenty. It is said that such weather, so calamitous, has not happened for one hundred years. I have come to the conclusion to give up hope for better days—and endure what cannot be helped. It is a wise philosophy, in the passive sense.

Tourists, however, flock in from all climes and countries, and seem bent on defying overhead powers, that scowl on them as well as others. Overclouded Europe, so cruelly dealt with in that way, may thus escape a still more severe trial—that of general war—as Nature usually afflicts us with only one disease at one time.

Cook's office in Paris, 9 rue Serbie, is the rendezvous of multitudes of men and women, speaking all sorts of idioms, who congregate there as chicks under the protecting wings of the mother hen. The fact is that Cook's Universal Institution, taking charge of tourists and seeing them through safely the world over, is one of the great inventions of our great century. Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son (Ludgate Circus, London, as headquarters) are the greatest sovereigns on earth, as their rule extends over it all, and without any serious opposition. They give a hand to the humble mortal as well as to the nabob, or the pasha of many tails, furnishing here (and elsewhere as well) lodging and board, in good hotels, from \$1.25 to \$4.00 per day. The broad principles of business, including a paternal like care of the traveler, ranging through every agency, is the distinctive feature of Cook's Institution. To travel under its auspices is a safeguard against accident, sickness, extortion, and many other ills too numerous to mention. It acts honestly toward every one as broker, banker, counselor, and, in fact, endeavors to deserve the meritorious title of modern Mentor. The Cook's excursions in Paris, including carriages and cicerones to each set of parties, embrace the summum of what is to be seen. There are three such excursions every week during the season. The fare for one excursion is two dollars, and for the three, five dollars, exclusive of lunch. The starting hour is at 10 A. M. from 9 rue Serbie, and return about 5.30 P. M. There are other excursions, outside, to Fontainebleau, etc.

The number of strangers inhabiting Paris and environs aggregates as follows: Belgians, 57,619; Germans, 35,718; Italians, 28,351; Swiss, 27,233; Dutch, 19,227; English, 14,701; Russians, 8,018; Americans, 6,915; Austrians, 3,800; Spanish, 3,212; Swedes, Danes and Norwegians, 1,294. As a total, 180,233 strangers.

The total receipts of the Salon (yearly exhibition of paintings, etc.) held lately, amounted to 332,000 francs; there were 314,000 free tickets. The expenses were 210,000 francs, leaving a profit of 122,000 francs to be added to the capital of the society, viz: 717,429 francs. The Society of French Artists owns a total capital of over 900,000 francs. Its field of benevolence is great, and its works for the encouragement of art cannot be too highly praised.

There are fine institutions in this world of ours, even in badly organized countries. It takes, indeed, a small dose of good to counteract the effects of evil, or the "lesser good." That has always been to me a topic of wonderment and admiration at the same time. Progress goes along through everything, transforming all atoms of matter, and beautifying us and our surroundings. Who has not noticed in his community or town the regular growing in perfection of men and women? How beautiful our mixed humanity in time to come will be!

En attendant, in the meantime, there are mean things to be seen everywhere, that grow, logically, as offshoots on the great tree of our social economy. Beggary is one of those mean things. It exists here, although forbidden by law. The City Fathers in Paris, as those at home, shut their eyes on, when they don't wink at, many things that are disgraceful. There are ten thousand beggars in Paris, as one of the papers lately said. To many the profession is a liberal or profitable one. Those proficient in art, who act their part well, make a good day's work, realizing more than mechanics, who have to sweat hard for a living, or clerks that get bestumped on their calling. The deformed beggar, or the would-be one, the blind one "who cannot see," as one on the Pont Neuf once announced on his card, or those who can see when convenient; those without arms or legs; widows with borrowed babies, or without work; most of these queer or unfortunate professionals make, it is said, from ten to twenty francs a day. It is a paying business! Some merchants, as an advertisement more or less questionable, are in the habit of giving one son to every beggar calling at an early hour on a specified day of the week. One of these, my neighbor, a music publisher, doing a large business, under the title of *Le Ménestrel*,

is thus stormed once a week, from 8 to 9 A. M., by able-bodied men and women. Sometimes they number over one hundred, sitting down on the sidewalks, chatting together and waiting patiently for the opening of the store. The first time I noticed that crowd of becoming-like beings, far from beggary in appearance, I was thunderstruck when posted regarding them and the cause of their presence there.

And *à propos*—as strikes are *à la mode* just now in the city among many kinds of workers, clubbing more or less together, as a general manifestation against their patrons—I may as well bring forward a class of them who take an active lead in the disturbance, as the police authorities call it. It is the *garçons* of hotels, cafés, restaurants, etc., who have a deep grudge against the Registry Offices, that "skin" them unmercifully, in league with the *patrons* or employers. It is the employees here who have to pay the Registry offices, and as much as twenty dollars in many cases is exacted of a *garçon* who, through their means, gets a situation in a hotel. Sometimes it happens that the incumbent, not satisfied, leaves his situation soon after getting it. In that case, when within a fortnight, the amount he has disbursed is refunded to him; but not so when it is a day more than that short period. The grievances of the *garçons* against their double-sided masters, who hold together as the Siamese twins, are quite legitimate, and public opinion is on their side. But then here it takes long and hard fighting to get redress. The question is one that interests the world at large, it might well be said, as the traveling public are affected by it. The *pourboire*, or "attendance," as it is called in Great Britain, is a nuisance, a vexation, that exists as a leprosy all over so-called civilized Europe. It is a relic of the "good old times," when the people were simply *vassals*, liable to be bedridden and slain at the good pleasure of their lords, whose rights were "divine." It reminds one of when the common folks had no family name, only a Christian one when that existed—when the herds of men and women had to go to the doors of castles and manors and beg hard for a crust of bread.

The revolution which the *garçons* of Paris are endeavoring to bring about, concerns the common law. It proves at the same time that this French class of employees have a sterling notion of right about them, that they are not mercenary and mean. They want the *pourboire* abolished. Although forced to count on the *pourboire*, they never in fact extend the hand for it, as seen in a neighboring country to France. The mean ones here are the *patrons*, the employers, who belong to the middle classes, or the *bourgeoisie*. To tell the plain truth, that class, in every country almost, presents a mongrel appearance, morally so; obsequious to the upper ones, they grind down as much as they can the "million," that labor and furnish conveniences. As hydrogen in chemistry, the *bourgeoisie*, psychologically, throw a poor light over our world, and it is not much amiss that the French radicals or socialists should do as they do, despite that class, which maintains *opportunisme* in politics—as a safeguard for their capital.

Many things here are reversed to what they are with us. We pay our helps, but here the servants have to pay their masters, in many cases. It is the public after all who have to pay, not only what they buy or consume, but the servant as well that delivers it to them. In the Restaurants *Duval* (there being forty-two of them) the *garçons* have to pay two francs each every morning before putting on the apron. In other restaurants the prices vary. Some of the cafés on the boulevards exact as much as ten francs from their helps. The cabmen are also subjected to the same misrule, and employees in public baths, the tonsorial business also. In fact, it is hard to tell where it begins and ends. In the Senate even, as I found out by experience, my hat was taken away from me on entering, and on leaving I was indirectly reminded to pay.

I have been having lately a tug or discussion with Mr. Leymarie, in the *Revue Spirite*, on several practical points of our doctrine, which are quite familiar to us, but which in France and on the continent are rather a dead letter. They have eyes here—not to see—into the practical organization of the other world. They do not, in fact, realize organization outside of material spheres; that much, at least, is advanced by Mr. Leymarie, in the *Revue Spirite* of 1st August, in reply to my last article in same number. My kind adversary—not blessed with clairvoyance, and following more or less in the footsteps of Allan Kardec, (the *Master*, as he is called,) who also was no medium or clairvoyant—claims that the spirits have no sex, being neither men nor women! and other such disorganized arguments, that have a Gaut-mole origin.

Authority—or "Thus saith the Lord"—is not obsolete in Europe, even in this new-born and three reborn Republic. They say in French that "the road to the church is a road of habit." Well, the French Spiritualists, as a rule, keep up old habits and mix up a good deal of the old with the new. They have an authority to look to, and that authority they call the *MASTERS*: Allan Kardec. It must be said, however, to the credit of Kardec, that *he*, in his works, repeatedly cautioned his followers that others, after him, would come and add to the sum of truth which he gave them. Notwithstanding that wise reminding, our brothers here, having been accustomed through early education to bow down before authority, in its various senses, cannot be reclaimed altogether from that propensity. Before the Society here, I said several times that we had no recognized Master of the doctrine; that each of us was his own master; and that, after all, that way was the best, as the cause with us was more flourishing than anywhere else in the world—a fact which cannot be gainsayed.

On the 8th Sept. next, there is to be a general Spiritual Congress in Barcelona, Spain. The promoters have issued printed circulars as to the bases, rules and proceedings to be adopted; and I have to remark that a *free platform* is not contemplated, as it is intended to be here next year. However, the stir will be a wholesome one, and the Spanish brothers will learn more as they go on. I may attend that Congress, but anyway I shall inform your readers of the result.

In the last No. of the *Revue Spirite* I announce that I will publish a work in French during the coming winter, under the title of *My Experiences with Spirits*, which work will serve to demonstrate the cause in America, the value of our mediums (so numerous), the go-ahead spirit that animates us, and throw new information into this important centre.

Paris, 9th August, 1888.

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

WHAT ONE WOMAN HAS DONE.

The Red Cross of Europe and America.

The Story of Miss Clara Barton and the Red Cross Association.

(From the New York Sun.)

Into the shell-shattered city of Strasburg, on the morning after its capitulation to the Grand Duke of Baden, those walked—unarmed, unattended, save by a maid—a slight, delicate woman, in a dark plain dress, with a scarlet cross wrought on her sleeve above the elbow. Through the battalions of conquering troops which guarded the city she passed unharmed and unmolested, and the sentinels on the ramparts grounded their muskets as she touched the scarlet symbol on her arm and hurried past them over the heaps of dead and dying into the heart of the stricken city. She found famished, fire, terror, a shattered city surrendering through hunger, its hospitals filled with wounded women and children, its streets on their arms, and the proudest ladies of Germany, under the sign of the crimson cross, went down to the help and succor of the city which their troops had conquered. Indeed, so abundant were the offerings of clothing that a message was sent to the Empress saying, "You are making paupers of all Strasburg with your generosity; send me materials rather than clothing, that I may have them made up here, and thus create an industry for my people." The material was sent, and twice each week hundreds of women went to her door with baskets on their arms to receive their work, for which they were abundantly rewarded.

She came to a naked people, and she left the best dressed city in Europe, while forty thousand neatly-fashioned garments of assorted sizes were packed in boxes stamped with the scarlet cross.

The Commune had fallen in Paris! The crash of the Column Vendôme still thrilled in the startled air! The flames of the Hôtel de Ville lit the city with lurid light. Long files of insurgents marched through the streets at the point of the bayonet, down to a mock trial, whose judge knew no mercy, but condemned every offender; whose victims were backed up against the buildings and shot down by the soldiers. The streets were reeking with blood, and the air was heavy with the groans of the dying.

Suddenly there appeared the same vision of mercy that came to the need of Strasburg. Pale, dust-covered, travel-worn, and well exhausted, for she had walked seven miles into the city, she touched the glowing symbol, and the sullen mob made way for her to pass.

The Mayor had been reinstated in his office but a few hours, his assistants were hurrying to and fro, while the flames licked and the buildings smoked in the square. The Mayor himself was anxious, weary, heart-sick. Suddenly a soft voice sounded in his ear; an earnest, tender woman's face was lifted to his; he caught the gleam of the scarlet cross, and heard the clear words: "Mayor, I have come to help you. I have forty thousand garments in my boxes outside the city, and plenty of money." The Mayor's house was instantly at her disposal, she said: "It is too grand for my work; give me some humble place where the poor will not be afraid to come to me."

"Madam, did I not say I left my home, as I supposed, to be burned—to-day, through the grace of God, it stands intact. Is it too good for God's poor? Make it your headquarters—they will go to you anywhere."

The history of Strasburg repeats itself. The hungry women, the naked children, the poor, taught self-helpfulness, and then the woman of the red cross vanished.

It was Christmas in Strasburg. Down through the lanes and slums of the city, where letters seldom were carried, the postman hurried with his message, stamped with a tiny cross of red, which invited their receivers to the most beautiful hall in the city, called the "Marriage Hall." There were many wild women. They had torn up the paving-stones and hurled them at the police in the days of the famine, and some of them had been seen in the elegant hall. Arrived there, to large Christmas trees towered to the ceiling, glancing with candles, and beneath them, with a smile on her strong, tender face, and tears in her kind eyes, stood the woman of the scarlet cross, while around her gathered the titled and beautiful ladies of Strasburg, in garments and jewels of state. Each woman received a purse filled with new silver money, and was shown into the banquet hall, where waited maidens of rank to serve with white hands and beautiful feet. Still the women were not content. Something was wrong. Some one divined that the woman of the scarlet emblem must eat with them. When once she had "broken bread" with them, such shouts, and cheers, and tears, and broken hearts were sent to heaven as never heard before, while the wives and daughters of Strasburg, with tears falling, looked on amazed.

When the Mississippi overflowed its banks in 1884, and people were without homes, food, or even for next season's planting, suddenly out of the turbulent water a steamer laden with every variety of provender, sustenance, and comfort for man and beast, came to the rescue of the suffering people. Whence she came, how provisioned, by whom supplied, no one knew. Only a woman stood at the helm, with a cross of crimson on her sleeve, and at her mast a banner floated—a shield of white crossed with scarlet bars. When the floods abated and the needs were all supplied, the strange craft vanished to an unknown port.

High up on the Balkan mountains the soldiers of Bulgaria were freezing and dying for want of supplies. Word came to the woman with the scarlet cross, and was forwarded by her to her colleagues in various cities; before night this telegram was sent from New Albany, "We are on our feet for five hundred dollars for the Balkan soldiers." Telegrams were sent from Geneva to Bulgaria, goods were purchased to that amount, and the next day after the woman of the Red Cross received the call of need, high up in the fastnesses of the Bulgarian mountains, the soldiers were wearing the warm garments sent by the people of New Albany, America.

Who is this mysterious woman that controls the soldiers of opposing armies, and commands the exchanges of the world with the gleam of a scarlet cross? Heroes of the rebellion know her as the first woman nurse to bring comfort and succor to the wounded. The surgeons remember her as a complete relief corps in herself, and remember, too, that when her white-tented wagons drove up on the field, the things most needed were at hand and that the wiles designed for the wounded did not find their way to the officers' tents. The army of the Potomac knew her, and the heroes of Morris Island have never forgotten the only woman who remained on the island, caring for the wounded, while shot and shell fell like hail. The Andersonville prisoners remember the woman who took them by the hand, and the widows and mothers of the Andersonville dead will ever remember her, as she requested the bodies of thirty thousand men who died there were buried in marked graves. The sufferers of the Ohio floods, Michigan fires, Charleston earthquake, Texas drought, and recent Mount Vernon tornado, can tell who she is, and every sovereign of Europe knows the name and works of Clara Barton, the President of the American Red Cross Association.

[To be concluded in our next.]

MATHEMATICAL PROPORTION IN SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

The three-fold nature of man has been shown in an article in the *Banner of Light* of April 21st, 1888. The application of triangles to illustrating such a subject is there suggested. Chemists, musicians, geographers and others use objective diagrams, mathematically related, to study their branches of science, and to convey thoughts systematically.

Of all triangles we find those which have equal sides all around are the most symmetrical and offer most harmonies or agreements on being placed together in a mosaic or design. It is thus suggested with peculiar fitness that the three elements in man need equality in development to give harmonious results. In many schools of to-day this is neglected, and with very serious results. The ancient Greeks knew the need for this harmony or balance of growth of the three elements of human nature, and studied by geometry the higher harmonies, which later peoples have neglected whilst striving to get Greek originality and eloquence by the grammar rather than by the mathematics of that wonderful race.

If any man or set of men are pushed to physical growth and strength while their minds or spirits, or both, are neglected, they become brutalized. When the mind is cramped, the tendency is toward insanity, for want of physical and spiritual development.

If spiritual culture is excessive, whether among church-members or Spiritualists, there is danger: for the body is not suitable to carry out the plans adopted, and the schemes are inferior for want of knowledge.

These inharmonious results are visible in society. People are deficient in one element by reason of overattention to another. Brutal, cranky and easily befogged people are seen in all directions. Society suffers, and individuals become criminals or victims, by reason of the want of proper guidance.

When States are spending millions for education, and it is looked on by many as the panacea for social ills, it is highly important that this scientific principle be understood and applied. Schools and colleges that ignore physical culture, or carry it to excess, or leave it to the pupils; those that push spiritual culture to the exclusion of other things; those institutions that have no spirituality or little in their processes, and those that crowd the mind, are abundant. We are appalled at our social disorders. Let spiritual science be studied, and let it be in due proportion. The mathematical idea of order will also aid in this science, and many other applications of the science of method can be used. FRANKLIN.

Abner Kneeland.

Friday last, August 17th, was the fiftieth anniversary of the release of Abner Kneeland from the Boston Jail, where he was imprisoned sixty days in the year 1838, for the unmeaning crime of what the statute called "blasphemy." As some of our new subscribers may not be exactly aware what that "crime" is, or rather what it was then, (as it may be somewhat modified now,) we will quote the precise words that constituted Mr. Kneeland's "blasphemy," or, what was termed, his indignity to God.

When Mr. Kneeland renounced Universalism, and soon after he became editor of the *Forwarder*, he was publicly inquired of by the Rev. Mr. Whittemore, editor of the *Universalist Trumpet*, wherein he (Mr. K.) differed from the Universalists now that he had left their denomination. Mr. K. gave a number of reasons, and among others was the following, and this was what constituted his "blasphemy," and for publishing which he was tried, convicted and imprisoned:

"The Universalists believe in a God which I do not, but I believe that their God, with all his moral attributes, aside from Nature itself, is nothing more than a chimera of their own imagination."

These words were Mr. Kneeland's "blasphemy." He had four trials, extending through four years. On the first two trials the juries disagreed, owing to the justice and firmness of Col. Charles G. Greene and Horatio Dunbar. On the third trial Mr. Kneeland was convicted, but appealed to a higher court, which sustained the previous decision; and on the 17th of June, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, which was fought for liberty, Abner Kneeland was locked up in the Boston Jail for not believing in the "Universalist religion."—*Boston Investigator*.

Ex-governor Levi Lincoln, of Worcester, Mass., was the bigot who prosecuted Father Kneeland, the latter being one of the most exemplary men in this commonwealth. But he was a free-thinker, and that damned him in the estimation of the stiff-necked ecclesiastics. But the times have slightly changed since then.

September Magazines.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART.—An interesting contribution to this month's issue, by Henry Thoreau, is a paper on "Art in the Theatre," in which he discusses the stage as a school of art and archaeology, quoting as the ground of his remarks from Ruskin: "With scene-painting like that, this Princess' Theatre might do more for art-teaching than all the art galleries and professors of Christendom." Four engravings of noted actors are given in illustration, more particularly to display artistic skill in dressing: Mary Anderson as "Hermione," Forbes Robertson as "Leontes," Henry Irving as "Werner," and the court scene in "The Winter's Tale" at the Lyceum Theatre this year. The current exhibition at the Palais de l'Industrie is the subject of a descriptive sketch by Ed. Brandard, with engravings of four paintings of the collection. Of other interesting contents are "Studies in English Costume," seven illustrations; "Mr. Ruskin's Museum at Sheffield"; "The Language of Blue," by Walter Crane, its specialty being Design, illustrated with twelve drawings by the author; "Twenty Years," a poem by Walt Whitman, interwoven with illustrations, occupies a page, and a very striking treatment of a familiar subject in photography, beneath which is the line, "A sword shall pierce through thy own soul also," is given as a frontispiece. New York: Cassell & Co.

THE QUIVER.—"The Story of the Spanish Armada," accompanied by several illustrations, is the subject of the opening article, and possesses much historical interest. A thrilling incident of mining life is related in "Out of a Horrible Pit." New installments are given of two serial stories. Self-denial is inculcated in a story of "Edith's Green Dress," and words to young men which it would be profitable for them to heed are given in "Companionships," by Sam Twinkle. W. B. Stacey contributes a complete story entitled, "Through the Arleta." New York: Cassell & Co.

OUR LITTLE ONES.—Amusement and instruction are happily blended in the reading matter and engravings of this month's number. Of the former may be noted as especially attractive to the youngest children, "Isadore's Goat," "The Singing Mice," "The Clock and the Duck," and "The Yoked Kittens." Russell Publishing Co., 36 Bromfield street, Boston.

You will Not be Sorry

For hearing before judging.
For thinking before speaking.
For holding an angry tongue.
For stopping the ear to a tale.
For being kind to the distressed.
For being patient to all men.
For doing good to all men.
For "laying up treasures in heaven."
For asking pardon for wrongs.
For speaking evil of no man.
For being courteous to all.

TO BOOK PURCHASERS.
 The *Banner of Light*, published by Colby & Rich, 39 and 41 Chambers Street, New York, is a complete and comprehensive work, containing all the latest and best of the Spiritualist literature of the day. It is published weekly, and is sold by all the leading bookstores and newsdealers. The price is \$1.00 per volume, or \$10.00 per year in advance. The work is published by Colby & Rich, 39 and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

SPECIAL NOTICES.
 In quoting from the *Banner of Light* care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of important free thought, but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion that correspondents give utterance to.
 We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or make use of communications that are not signed. When newspapers are forwarded which contain matter for our inspection, the sender will confer a favor by drawing a pencil or ink line around the article he desires to be recommended for perusal.
 When our patrons desire the address of the *Banner* changed, they should give us two weeks' previous notice, and not forget to state their present as well as future address.
 Notices of Spiritualist Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Monday of each week, as the *Banner* goes to press every Tuesday.

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Before the opening light of Truth, Creeds trouble, ignorance dies, Error decays, and Humanity rises to its proper sphere of knowledge. — *Spiritist John Pierpont.*

September 3d

Being a legal holiday, the *BANNER OF LIGHT* Establishment will be closed on that date.

We shall print next week "SOME [very interesting] EXPERIENCES IN EARTH AND SPIRIT-LIFE OF THE SPEAKING CONTROL OF J. J. MOISE" — the same being embodied in a discourse recently delivered in Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, and specially reported for our columns by G. H. Hawes.

Ingersoll on Marriage.

Even when hardening old and worn truths, Col. Robert Ingersoll passes them through the medium of his individuality and transmutates them for others into fresh and living forms. He has again exemplified this in an interview with a reporter for a Boston Sunday journal on the always engrossing theme of Marriage, involving of course its rights and relations. Without repeating any part of the horrifying incident which the interviewer made the occasion of his quest, we proceed directly to the recital of the views enunciated by the distinguished orator.

"The ground has been taken," said he, "that woman would lose her dignity if marriages were dissoluble. Is it necessary to lose your freedom in order to retain your character—in order to be womanly or manly? Must a woman, in order to retain her womanhood, become a slave, a serf, with a wild beast for a master, or with society for a master, or with a phantom for a master? Has not the married woman the right of self-defense? Is it not the duty of society to protect her from her husband? If she owes no duty to her husband, if it is impossible for her to feel toward him any thrill of affection, what is there of marriage left? What part of the contract remains in force?"

If, he continued, she fears he may take her life, she is not to stay in the same house with him. Their relations are those of hunter and hunted, of tyrant and victim. Is it desirable that such relations should be rendered sacred by a church, or that families should be raised under such circumstances, or that society is in need of children born of such parents? Then, if the fault is not on the part of the woman, has society the right to insist that her life shall be wrecked? Can the virtue of others be preserved only by the destruction of her happiness, and what is the same as her perpetual imprisonment?

Col. Ingersoll said he held marriage to be the most important contract that human beings can make. Suppose the man does not keep his contract; is the woman still bound? A contract is a mutual thing, or it is nothing. There is a consideration on both sides, moving from one to the other. A contract without consideration is null and void. A marriage without love is dead enough, but what shall be said of a marriage where the parties hate each other? Is there either morality or virtue in it? Will any decent person say that a true, good, loving woman should be compelled to live with a man she detests, and be compelled to be the mother of his children? Is there a woman, asked Col. Ingersoll, who is so heartless and immoral as to force another of her own sex to bear what she would shudderingly avoid?

The right way is to bring these questions home to ourselves; to exercise sense, feeling, heart. Marriages are made by men and women, not by the State, and not by the gods. What is useful to human happiness is the foundation of virtue, the foundation of morality. Nothing is moral that does not tend to the well-being of sentient beings. Nothing is virtuous that does not result in human good. The world has hitherto been living for monsters begotten by ignorance and fear; it should now learn to live for itself. Man ought by this time to be convinced that all the reasons for doing right and doing wrong are within the horizon of this life. And we should likewise have imagination enough to put ourselves in

another's place. Let any man imagine himself to be a helpless wife, beaten and tormented by a brute who believes in the indissolubility of marriage; would he not want a divorce?

Few people know anything of the daily sufferings of women and children of the wives who tremble to hear the footsteps of returning husbands; of the children who hide when they hear the voice of their father. Few know of the blows that fall on the flesh of the helpless every day. Few know of the nights of terror passed by mothers holding young children at their breasts. The hardships of poverty, borne by those who love each other, are nothing compared with this. Men and women truly married, bear the sufferings of poverty. They console each other; their affection gives to the heart of each perpetual sunshine.

The home is the unit of the State. Never until all fathers are kind and all mothers loving shall we have civilization. That begins at the hearthstone. When the marriage contract is broken by either party, said Colonel Ingersoll, the other has the right to ask for a divorce, and should be allowed it. And it should be granted as publicly as the marriage itself is contracted. As all marriage records should be kept, so all divorces should be open, public, and known. The property should be divided by a court of equity, according to statute regulations. If there are children, they should be provided for through the property and the parents. People should understand that men and women are not virtuous by law. The law is not the fountain of love. Real love is always virtuous. People who love each other will be true to each other. The death of love is the commencement of vice. People should marry to increase their happiness, and so the general happiness; but where they have made a mistake, and the result is misery instead of happiness, the quicker they are divorced the better.

There is more good than evil in the average human being, and the natural tendency of most people is toward the good and the right. The good of society does not demand that any good person should suffer. The misfortune of our time is that so many people are married who do not love each other. Position, wealth, title, and all that, have nothing to do with real affection. Where men and women truly love each other, that love lasts as long as life.

Humanity to Animals.

Rev. Dr. Wild, of Toronto, not long ago preached a timely and impressive sermon on the Dumb Creation, in which he eloquently emphasized our duty to all kinds of animals, to treat them with unvarying kindness, as much for our own sake as for theirs. He especially praised the intent of the Humane Society of Toronto, quoting the article in its constitution which declares its object to be to promote and develop a humane public sentiment, and to secure the enactment and enforcement of suitable laws for the prevention of cruelty. God's Gospel, said Dr. Wild, is the great remedy for the destruction of all cruelty, suffering, and sin. It seeks, in every case, to reduce suffering to the lowest minimum. It is divided into specialties, one society taking hold of one distinct evil and another of another, each working on some special line for some special purpose. There is the temperance cause, the sanitary-reform cause, the prison-reform cause, and the humane cause; and in Toronto is a Veterinary College, second to none on the face of the earth, whose professors are striving to ascertain the cause of diseases in animals and the remedy, and whose students are sent out as missionaries to the horse, the cow, the dog, the cat, the bird, and to all living creatures.

The Humane Society of Toronto proposes to aid in the suppression of cruelty, especially to animals: to see first that they have proper shelter, enough food, and needed care, which three things some men, through avarice or viciousness, will neglect, and beat their horse or cow in the most brutal manner. The Society also looks to it that they are not overworked or overtaxed in their daily labor, and additionally afflicted with the whip. Likewise to suppress the unnecessary cruelty of sportsmen. To provide, further, for the proper treatment of cattle in transportation, in which regard the humane society of the United States has proved itself eminently successful, by persuading the railway companies to make better and more wholesome accommodation. Even in the mode of slaughtering, the Toronto society, like our own, desires that it shall be done scientifically and without any excessive torture, no violence being employed save what is necessary to the slaying of the animal. Dr. Wild is inclined to endorse electricity as the least cruel and most healthy agent in taking the life of any animal.

We are all of us intimately related to the animal world, he assured his hearers, for our comfort. Dumb creatures do much of our work, minister to much of our pleasure; they furnish us with some of our best food, our clothing, our shoes, our warm fannels, our milk, butter, and cheese. Then ought we to abuse, or even treat unkindly, such faithful servants? We are intimately related to them both in their health and disease. Angry beef will affect us with anger. The scratch of a playful cat will soon heal, but that of an angry one is poisonous. And so with the bite of a dog. It is a mysterious influence that works in this way, but it is always there. Kindness to his animals pays their owner in many ways. The man who abuses an animal nurses a passion that soon stunts the finer feelings of his nature. To exercise our passions in acts of cruelty brutalizes both ourselves and the creature we act upon, and strengthens the temptation with every repetition. We were made lords over the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, the fish of the sea, and everything that creeps on the earth; for that reason alone we should use our authority kindly and wisely, and always under proper control. Even the Mosaic laws were very humane toward the animal world.

Do not fail to carefully peruse the spirit answers to questions propounded by mortals which are given at our Public Free Circles and are printed on our sixth page each week. The individual spirit messages are also of a very interesting nature, showing as they do that direct spirit communion is an unquestionable fact to those who have carefully investigated the subject.

It may not be out of place at this time to state that our Free Circle Room, 84 Bosworth street, will be reopened for the season on Tuesday and Friday afternoons, commencing September 11th, 1888—where everybody will be welcome. As we freely receive (in a spiritual sense) so we freely give.

Cremation Holds its Ground.

The recent death of Cortlandt Palmer, of New York, having revived public interest in cremation by reason of the process having been applied to his own remains at his special request, the subject naturally invites fresh comment from all sides, since it is one that is destined to a prolonged discussion before being settled either one way or the other. Mr. Savage, of this city, presented some time ago, in an article published in the *Sunday Globe*, a fair summary of the considerations which favor cremation and support it as a practice, and we now return to it because it virtually expresses in small compass about all that is to be said upon it. He gave an historical statement of the different modes of disposing of inanimate human bodies, showing that it has always been regarded by all nations a matter of great importance. The practice of embalming was followed in Egypt, for example, to preserve the body from decay, in the belief that the soul would some day come back to inhabit it. But it is not at all clear what provision was made for the poor souls that died before the process of making mummies was invented. This doctrine of the soul's coming back to claim the revived body is likewise a part of the Christian belief, though gradually losing ground.

It has likewise been regarded as necessary that the body should be placed in "consecrated ground," as having much to do with the resurrection and the soul's salvation. And it has even been deemed necessary then to label each place of burial, in order that the omniscient God might be able to find them and to recognize their occupants. The Jews held a similar belief, since they held that the first resurrection, which was to take place at the coming of the Messiah, would be confined to those buried in the sacred soil of their country. The Chinese believe the same thing to-day. They are anxious to have their bones laid in the soil of the Celestial Kingdom, as a necessary step on the road to the Celestial Kingdom on high. Socrates was among the first to break away from such a superstition, telling his friends, who asked him how he would like to be buried, that they might bury him as they pleased, if they could find him. "Bury my lifeless body where you please," he added, "but do not mourn over it as if that were Socrates."

The question of the disposition of the dead is complicated with three other questions, viz: Has religion anything important to say on the subject? What has the health of the living to say about it? What is the voice of sentiment? The answers to these questions in their order are, that religion has nothing valid to say against cremation; the welfare of the living demands it; and the process of combustion is identical with that of decomposition, only it is more rapid. It may be mournfully pleasant to think of grasses and flowers growing on the mounds beneath which lie the forms of those we loved, but when we pause to think of what is going on below, the process of decay is repulsive in the extreme. The clean, sweet ministry of fire delivers at once from all the horror of the invading worm and the foul reek of putrefaction.

In a few years at most, all monuments crumble and all cemeteries are blotted out. Therefore there is no such thing as permanent honor to the bodies of the dead. About the urn of ashes, made pure by fire from all that can decay, may gather all the sweet sentiments, all the tenderness and devotion that really are associated with the body. And by the process of cremation the heavy expense to the poor, as well as the ostentatious and wicked waste of the rich, may be wholly avoided. The sentiment of one age or people on many or most subjects, is not the same as the sentiment of other ages and peoples. It is a changeable quality, the product of education, association and custom. Thus it can be subordinated to reason without the loss of any of its tenderness or beauty. And since health and human welfare are opposed to the practice of burial, it cannot be any part of a true and enlightened religion.

Inter-oceanic Strabismus.

While a journal like the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* admits that "there is no more universal longing than the desire to peer behind the veil which hangs between this life and the hereafter," it does not reticulate at all at the fact which it feels compelled to accept, that "those who claim to have solved the mystery of the future life are looked upon with especial distrust." It allows—though without attempting to offer any reason for it—that "there is more prejudice to day against Spiritualism than against any other form of the day." It asserts without a visible pang that "even the religious public has more patience with disbelief in the Bible and in the immortality of the soul than with those who claim to have detailed and current information in regard to a state of being above the present, in which joy-hunger is satisfied."

The tendency of the day, generally speaking, says the *Inter-Ocean*, is to let the mysteries of the hereafter remain unsolved until the river of death has been crossed. It believes the wind blows steadily in that direction. And that being the case, its easy inference is that Spiritualism cannot expect to make much headway. It will not allow that public sentiment has become, or is becoming, specially materialistic or skeptical; but it insists that it is simply content to apply in spiritual things the familiar proverb about not crossing a bridge until it is reached.

Now this is decidedly a great compliment to pay to the influence of the Christian religion, of which we hear so much. If this is the whole outcome of the vast amount of effort its preachers and professors have put forth, it is a pretty slim showing for so large an expenditure. If the result of it all is simply to induce or compel people to rest in the belief that the one-world-at-a-time theory is the safest and best one, we should say, and so must all persons say, that Christianity is a dismal and complete failure; that it has not lifted the vision of the mortal spirit to the contemplation of anything beyond or above the familiar objects of sense, and that it sheds no glimmering ray of illumination upon death and the life to which it naturally introduces us.

One world at a time, says the *Inter-Ocean*, and in the same breath it admits "that there is no more universal longing than the desire to peer behind the veil which hangs between this life and the hereafter." The *Inter-Ocean's* "two-viewed" article on this subject must have been concocted in two different weeks, or perhaps by two different minds.

Correspondents of the San Francisco *Golden Gate* say that Mr. Colville's lectures in California were a great success, and that when he left everybody felt as though they were losing a near and dear friend.

Again the Sioux; the Formation of the Indian States and the True Notion of the Indian Question.

We last week applauded the recent action of the Sioux nation in refusing through its legal representatives to sign the agreement proffered by the Commission, and now hold that in so doing they have but done their duty to their present dependents, and to their children who are to succeed them in the arduous task of outliving the hereditary tendencies of the past, and fitting themselves for life under the new conditions with which time in its march is sure to environ them.

We revert to this matter once more for three reasons, the first two remedial and historical, the third having practical bearing on the future solution of the Indian problem.

First, we desire to remind the public that all the "war talk" of the telegraphic dispatches regarding the Sioux, to which we referred last week, has (like that concerning those other alleged uprisings in the San Carlos region) proved, as we then said, to be utterly without foundation in fact—although the motive for the circulation of such alarms is not far to seek. The Sioux are keeping within the strict letter of the law, and there will be no war, unless it is forced by the overt action of white adventurers upon an excited and despairing people!

Second: we wish to give certain facts in the history of the past dealings of the government with the Sioux, which are not generally known; but which have just been placed before a wide field of readers by the *Boston Herald*, under the date of Aug. 22, in the *Indian*, General Agent of the National Indian Defense Association. We consider that *The Herald* deserves the thanks of the friends of the red man, everywhere, for its action in putting these facts so succinctly before its numerous clientele.

After characterizing Dr. Bland as a pleasing conversationalist, who talks very interestingly of the Indians, whose cause is dear to his heart, the narrative proceeds with the depicting of the following act of atrocious injustice, heretofore sought to be perpetrated on the Sioux, but fortunately averted by their white friends, and the subsequent and indignant report of a Senatorial Committee:

"In 1882 the President sent a Commission to the Sioux tribes for the purpose of obtaining their signatures to an agreement by which they were to cede one-half of their reservation, amounting to eleven million acres, and receive therefor twenty-five thousand cows, ten thousand bulls, agricultural implements, seed, school houses, teachers, etc., etc., aggregating in amount about four million dollars.

This Commission reported to the United States Senate in December, that they had received the signatures of the requisite number of Indians—that is, three-fourths of the male adults of the Sioux nation, in accordance with the treaty of 1868."

Dr. Bland denounced this alleged agreement in *The Council Bluffs*, on the ground that the cows, bulls, agricultural implements, seed, schools, etc., promised in that agreement were all due these Indians under the treaty of 1868 and the agreement of 1876 for lands sold by these tribes to the Government.

When the Commission reported that the Sioux tribes had signed the agreement, he promptly denied its statement. The Senate refused to accept the report, and sent a committee to investigate the affair.

"That committee," he says, "was composed of Senators Dawes, Logan and Cameron, of Wisconsin, who visited the Sioux tribes of the Sioux nation. In the summer of 1883, reporting to the Senate at the next session that the Commission had practiced stupendous frauds upon the Indians; that some of the Indians had been induced to sign by telling them they would get a lot of cows and other things, and a strip of land in Nebraska adjoining their reservation on the south, which the Sioux had always claimed belonged to them, but that the Commission put it not tell them they were surrendering any portion of their reservation, and that most of the signatures were names of women and children, and that they had been induced to sign by the promise of a reward of \$100,000, which was to be paid out of the Sioux nation's fund for the purchase of land for the Indians."

Efforts were afterward made from time to time to revive this project in Congress—the Dawes Sioux bill being a sort of compend of them all. The Sioux nation called upon Dr. Bland to visit them and explain the action of this proposed measure. He went to their reservation in June, '84, for that purpose, but [as referred to in the *Banner of Light* columns at the time] was arrested immediately upon his arrival by Agent McMillen, and forcibly put out of the reservation. He left them really at their headquarters at Cannon's Blanche, near the reservation line.

"Here," says Dr. Bland, "the Indians visited me freely, and on the 24 of July they came together in council in Arledge's grove, near by. Red Cloud and one hundred and thirty-eight chiefs being present. I laid before them the reservation, prepared expressly for me by the Indian office at Washington, showing the lands to be surrendered and the agreement under which they were to be surrendered, and the provisions of which I explained. They examined the map carefully, and decided unanimously that the land proposed for taking their best lands from them, leaving the poorest, and for that reason they opposed it. On my showing them that the cows and other things offered them in the Dawes bill were already due them for lands previously sold to the government, and that they would really get nothing for their reservation except a new promise to pay an old debt, they also unanimously refused to sign the agreement should it be presented."

This refusal to become a law. After varying violations in the forty-ninth Congress, the bill was brought up in the session of the fiftieth Congress—the bill being slightly changed for the worse. This time, however, it came up in the name of the Indian Rights Association [a society supposed to be friendly to the Indians], and the report states that Mr. Herbert Welsh, the Secretary, and Mr. C. C. Painter, the Agent of that Association, lobbied for it in conjunction with the regular lobbyists representing the territory of Dakota, and the St. Paul, Milwaukee and Chicago Railroad Company, which Company has a line of road projected across the Sioux reservation, and a syndicate already formed to plot towns on the line of that road.

The Indian Defense Association decided not to contest the matter with the Indian Rights Association before Congress, but contented themselves with laying before the Sioux chiefs, at their request, a full exposure of the provisions of the bill. Congress passed the bill, the President signed it, and it is now before the Sioux tribes, who are being urged to sign the agreement, by the chairman, Capt. Pratt, and his associates of the Commission; but so far, it reports are correct, without success.

Questioned as to what he would think, were a report made that the present Commission had succeeded in obtaining the signatures necessary from the Sioux, Dr. Bland responded that he should then know that it was but a repetition on a more gigantic scale of the peculiar methods of '82—elated above!

Asked if he thought war was imminent, he replied, "There will be no war unless it is forced upon the Indians in the interest of the land grabbers."

Requested to give his estimate of the Sioux, he answered that from long and personal experience he considered them the best representatives of the genuine American Indian now on this continent, and that Red Cloud is the greatest chief now living, who stands inflexibly by his treaty of 1868, in which he agrees that he will never go on the war-path against the United States, and the government agreed in that treaty never to make war on the Sioux nation again.

Asked concerning the reported war (?) party sent from Pine Ridge to the Cheyenne agency, he replied that they had a perfect right to go anywhere in their own reservation, and a legal right to meet and advise their brethren not to sign the proposed agreement; there was nothing hostile or illegal in such action—the refusal of the Agent to grant (1) them passes for the purpose to the contrary notwithstanding; [the Indian agent being, according to the law in the case, as Dr. B. subsequently assured us at our office] but a person stationed among the Indians, and appointed by the government to do for the Indians what that government has agreed to accomplish for them; which appointment necessarily conveys no arbitrary control over the tribes to which he is to minister; the status of those tribes being that of independent nations—not prisoners of war. The Sioux, he informed us, maintain a national police of three hundred men to preserve order, and do not recognize the agency police as a factor in their concerns.

Asked: "What was your advice to the Sioux?"

Dr. Bland replied: "In 1884 I advised them, should the government present an agreement to them, that they should be permitted to sign it, and that they were willing to part with—on one-half their lands to the government, and they unanimously agreed to take my advice. I made the further condition that they should not sign

the agreement until the government had paid them what it already owed them for lands previously sold. I said to the congressional committee three years ago, that when the government had paid them what it already owed them for lands previously sold, I would be presented to the Indians they would sign it, surrendering one-half their reservation to the government."

We feel that no one who has followed us thus far will fail to be convinced that justice is on the side of the Sioux. Will they receive it at the hands of the great nation, notwithstanding the intense pressure which will inevitably be brought to bear on the Washington authorities this "Presidential Year," by interested white men who have everything to gain if a system of despoliation of the Indians can be successfully inaugurated?

This brings us to the third of the points mentioned at the outset, viz: How is the Indian problem to be satisfactorily settled? Dr. Bland called at the *Banner of Light* office just previous to his return to Washington, and being asked by us for his opinion—as an expert in Indian affairs—regarding what was the most feasible method of deciding, with full justice to all parties, the future of the red man in this country, he replied:

"I would preserve Indian Territory intact, putting in it the Indians of the Southwest, and be very glad if it could be found to be practicable to reserve the west half of Dakota for the Sioux Indians and other Indians of the Northwest, who could be induced to sell their reservation to the Government and move into that country."

Then, after the Government had by industrial schools educated them up to the knowledge of our literature and our industrial arts and system of political economy, admit these territories as Indian states, leaving the Indians free to govern themselves locally, and give them representation in both houses of Congress and in the electoral college, thus preserving a remnant of the tribes, who once owned the whole continent, in a safe and honorable way.

The Indians have surrendered of the four billion acres of land they formerly owned all excepting about one hundred million, and for a very small compensation, and, in some instances, nothing at all.

The Indian Territory embraces forty-one million acres, and the west half of Dakota contains about forty million acres. It seems to us of the Indian Association that the Government and the people of this country could well afford to let the Indian race retain forever for themselves and their descendants this small portion of their former territory."

Spiritualist Convention in Spain.

As mentioned in *THE BANNER* some weeks since, and as briefly referred to in the interesting letter of Henry Lacroix on our second page, a Convention is to be held Sept. 8th by the friends of Spiritualism in the Iberian Peninsula, and from other points.

We are in receipt of the somewhat lengthy call issued by the Executive Commission of the Spanish Spiritualists, and present the following from the translation made for our columns by C. G. Helleberg:

"This Commission—unanimously elected at the preparatory National Congress which took place the 26th of February last, and assisted by our spiritual notabilities, all the spiritual journals, and the great majority of all our Societies—convened at the residence of the Spanish Spiritualists, all associations and friends of the Spiritual Philosophy, wherever residing, to a consideration of the status of the cause and the best methods for its further advancement.

"In our time, fertile and wonderful," say the Commissioners, "secret science makes immense progress, and very radical and deep transformations in sentiment have taken place through the Spiritual Philosophy, which universally propagates itself."

It makes itself widely known in this way, because it expresses the natural law which permeates in intelligence quite in accord with the results of research and reason. These manifestations have been going on, without making the least alteration, through the diverse circumstances and vicissitudes of the ages! One can see that this Philosophy is not a product of any other—contains universal, unchangeable facts.

That Spiritualism has long been unacknowledged, that its nature even has been questioned, and that it has been made to ignore, prove nothing in themselves, because these are the natural effects of humanity's imperfection. To-day its light is conspicuous before which diverse models and persistent accustomed routines fade away and disappear. People who in former times elevated sumptuous temples and offered perfumes to the imaginary gods, have, confounded, broken their golden idols, and states that with fire and blood for newly imposed religious worship and strict obligation to observe intolerant customs, now establish generally in their laws the right of the people to freely express their individuality.

Meantime Spiritualism invades the public conscience as Supreme Truth found after continued investigations in spiritual science, and that is the reason why this Philosophy inspires the most noble knowledge of man and his destiny after leaving the earth, and the only one which can free the skeptic's heart from the harsh doctrine of other creeds. It subjugates the most unruly passions, and leads humanity to moral regeneration.

Still more: It is the Eternal who with this morning light elevates himself in such a way that all absurd and false ideas about him must disappear. That the people may sooner attain to this light—which is our most ardent desire—the Spanish Spiritualists believe it is an absolute necessity to practice the transcendent acts of virtue which it reveals; and to more efficaciously propagate this truth, so favorable for human progress, they propose to take advantage of the coming Universal Exposition, to give the elite of America, Africa and Europe—the first which saw Columbus returning from an unknown ocean with the news of a new world, which promoted the progress and civilization of the human race, to progress and civilization of the human race, to progress with your cooperation, to establish a project which will offer immense advantages by putting before the public a solemn manifestation of our principles."

"GEMS FROM CHRISTIAN PREACHERS."—Ministers and laymen of the Orthodox ilk are roused every now and then to a denial that a literal sulphurous burning lake is the kind of "hell" meant by their creeds. But their denials are vain; the proofs to the contrary are too handy! We have before us, while writing, for instance, a leaflet headed as above, containing several fine specimens in evidence, from which the following are extracted:

"Under a Pyramid of Cinder."—The *Clarkeburg* (Va.) *Register*, in 1856, published the following as an extract from a sermon preached by Rev. Samuel Glasgow, a Methodist minister, in allusion to a Universalist who was present:

"Thank God the day is not far distant when you will be chained down to hell's burning floor, and the devil, with his three-pronged harpoon, will pierce your reeking heart, and pile the red-hot clinders of black damnation upon you as high as the pyramids of the desert, until the pride of your heart to graze the gaudiness of hell."

A *Musical Devil*.—In Spurgeon's sermon on the Resurrection is the following:

"In a fire exactly like that which we have on earth, thy body will be, ash-stone-like, forever unconsumed; every nerve a string on which the devil shall forever play his diabolical tune of Hell's Entrancement."

Additional to the above, and of later date, is the following, reported in the *New Orleans Picayune* of July 18th, 1888, as having been enunciated by Rev. Dr. W. C. McCoy at the Seashore Camp Ground, Miss., the day previous. It purported to be a description of a lost soul receiving its punishment. Said the Reverend (?) gentleman:

"I can see a rebellious soul standing in the presence of Jehovah, and counting him, while before all the hosts of heaven, he dares God to do his worst. He is the angels, at God's command, grapple that defiant soul, bind him hand and foot and carry him to the utmost bound of heaven, and there, with all the power of their great strength, from the top of the soundest promontory, hurl him out, out into utter darkness. I see him dashing down the vast abyss, striking from projecting crag to crag, until he lands upon that scorching lake of fire, and bounding from wave to wave, bound, wrestling, struggling, unable to help himself forever and forever, groining, subject to the power of God."

THE THEOSOPHIST for August contains an interesting biography of Capistrano, of whom the writer says that among the many remarkable men of the eighteenth century, he is one of the most fascinating; he has been made the hero of romance and the drama, and while his foes may not epithet too shamefully to apply to him, the array of myths, the advance guard of humanity which surrounds him, though it often seems to die, hail him as a noble martyr to his cause. Part IV is given of the papers on "Himalayan Folk Lore," and "The Mind" is the special topic treated upon in the series "Nature's Finer Forces," by Rama Prasad. "The Double in Norway," translated from Dr. Sphynx, will attract many readers. Madras, India: The Proprietors. For sale by Colby & Rich, Boston.

"JUSTITIA" is published semi-monthly in Chicago, as the official organ of the Illinois Equal Suffrage Association. It is edited by Caroline A. Huling, and has among its contributors Frances Willard, Sara A. Underwood, the Pundits Ramani, Nettie Fosse Fox, and other able writers. In its efforts to obtain justice for women it needs the sustaining power of many friends, and we trust those of our readers who desire to render aid to a worthy cause will hasten to make it manifest by enrolling themselves among its subscribers.

Letter from John Slater.

A word from this gentleman, which arrived just too late for publication last week, states that on the 25th of August Mr. Slater was to leave San Francisco by the steamship *Alameda*. He intends stopping at Melbourne and other places in Australia, coming home by the way of Europe, and thereby making a tour of the world. He says of his experiences in "Erebo": "My success here in San Francisco has been great, and I am very much pleased therewith. The climate here is lovely, and the cause of Spiritualism progressing wonderfully. There are many good mediums here in San Francisco, and they have all the way to satisfy the eager craving of the multitudes who are seeking after the grand truths as given through Spiritualism. I have been treated most kindly since my sojourn here by my brother and sister mediums. I have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Lillie and E. W. Emerson, who, I am pleased to state, created a very pleasing impression on the people of this coast; also Mr. J. J. Morse and family, who are doing quite well; and also a friend from Boston, Mrs. Mary F. Lovering, of whom I can only say words of praise for her earnest sincerity and good feeling for the cause. She looked very well indeed, and was fully enjoying herself. I look for THE BANNER each week as patiently as possible, for some news of home and friends. I am sorry that I could not be at Lake Pleasant, but my heart goes out to the many kind friends I have met there."

At the Cassadaga Lake Spiritualistic Camp-Meeting, according to our correspondent, "Grapho," they are having very satisfactory evidence of independent slate-writing. He says there has never been a season so marked by marvelous phenomena as the present one at Cassadaga. Slate-writing has been the most popular, and some of the most remarkable tests have been given through this phase. Our correspondent has seen slates bearing messages in German, in Latin, in shorthand, and in telegraphic characters; some of the messages having been obtained under absolute test conditions, the slates being either locked or screwed together. What has the Psychical Research Society to say to this evidence of spirit-power, which, indeed, is on the increase all over the land? The phenomena will not down at the bidding of bigots or the mutterings of theological zealots. The spirit-world's forces are bound to be heard, to the end that the superstitious of the past give place to a knowledge of the truth as inculcated by Modern Spiritualism.

Several English mediums ask if there is a pecuniary opening for them in America. We are obliged to answer in the negative, for the reason that our own speakers, several of them at least, complain that they are not fully employed. One writes that his average pay for several years past has amounted in the aggregate to not much over \$200 per year! We cannot comprehend why this is so, knowing the fact as we do that large additions to our ranks are being made all over the country. The laborer is worthy of his hire, we all know, and we hope and trust that the coming season will inaugurate a new era, wherein the officers controlling societies will make it a point to place these facts before their members and raise a fund in advance in order to adequately remunerate those who give their time and talents to the Cause.

There are said to be no less than three thousand parochial schools in this country, says the *Boston Investigator*, and if they were designed to teach freedom and patriotism on the American system, they would not be objectionable. But this is not their motive and design. They are established to teach mental slavery, denying as they do the right of private judgment, and furthermore they exalt the Pope of Rome above the Government of the United States. Hence no American, native or adopted, can consistently support the parochial schools.

Joseph L. Newman, at 84 Bosworth street, Boston, (Room 4) is a capital magnetic healer. If anything ails you he will make a new man of you in almost less than no time. We may say (as one of Mr. J. A. Shelhamer, i. e., that he is an excellent healer, and can be found at the same number (Room 5). He cures pneumonia when the regular M. D.'s fail. We know this to be a fact. Give them a call.

The man who sees only the good there is in his fellow-beings, says the *Golden Gate*, making no note of their weaknesses or failings, may be deceived and wronged many times and in many ways; he may die in poverty, unhelped and unknown; yet we would like to be in his place when he wakes in the morning of his resurrection to life-eternal in the spirit-world.

Brother Kates and wife are doing a vast deal of good work this summer in different sections of the country in behalf of the glorious Cause we all feel so deeply interested in. God bless all the workers.

Beware of those who profess to make spirit photographs. They are unquestionably impostors.

Read the call for the New Era, Oregon, Camp-Meeting—on our eighth page.

A correspondent of *The Two Worlds* (Thomas Beaman) furnishes an account of a séance for materialization, of which Mr. H. Turner was the medium, held at his house on Pseudon. There were six in the circle, the medium being separated from it by a curtain, and the light was such as to enable all to see one another plainly. The first appearance was a small boy, who was recognized. During the evening ten forms appeared, among them the mother of the writer; all were clothed in fine drapery, and walking about evinced much satisfaction in being able to cause themselves to be seen and known. The spirits slowly built up their visible forms in front of the curtain, directly in view of the sitters, and as slowly dissolved them. All who were present attest to the correctness of Mr. Beaman's statement.

THE BAY STATE FAIR, which will be held at Springfield Oct. 4th to 11th, promises to be one of the finest agricultural and industrial exhibitions ever attempted in New England. The premiums aggregate over \$10,000. Execution tickets will be sold from nearly all points in New England. Entries for the different classes of animals close Sept. 5th, for most of the other classes, Oct. 3d. Further information will be furnished by the Secretary, Winslow S. Lincoln, Worcester.

We are in receipt of a very neat card bearing appropriate verses printed in gold upon a black surface, "In Loving Remembrance of James Clark," whose transition to the next stage of being took place, at the age of 77 years, July 24. It is a souvenir of the event that all the friends of the enfranchised spirit will highly prize.

The Seventh Annual Convention of the Wisconsin Woman Suffrage Association will be held at Stevens Point on the 25th, 26th and 27th of September, to elect officers and discuss plan of work for the coming year.

W. J. Colville

Commences his engagement with the First Society of Spiritualists in Martin's Hall, 55 South 4th street, Chicago, Sunday, Sept. 3d. Subjects of discourse: 10:45 A. M., "The Home of the Future," "New Heavens and a New Earth." A special birthday reception will be tendered him in Lodge Hall, Thursday, Sept. 6th, at 8 P. M., when Rudolf King and other eminent artists will take part. Classes in spiritual science commence Tuesday, Sept. 4th, in Central Methodist Church, at 2:30, and at 247 Ogden Avenue, (residence of Dr. and Mrs. Congar, with whom Mr. Colville is at present residing) at 8 P. M. Friends of Mr. Colville will be pleased to learn that he will spend the month of October in Boston. Particulars of his engagement will be announced in due course. It is already settled that he will lecture in Berkeley Hall, Sunday afternoon and Thursday evening; and hold special gatherings on other days at the rooms of the Society, 478 Shawmut Avenue. A few evening engagements can be accepted in neighboring places. Address 247 Ogden Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Hitherto the *Sarasvatiandaree*, a Buddhist journal in Sinhalese, published in Colombo, Ceylon, has given several articles in each number in English, but finding this practice encroached too much on those in Sinhalese, they propose to publish a supplement, which virtually will be a new paper, to be printed entirely in English, entitled *The Buddhist*, a specimen of which is sent to this office. It is a small sheet of eight pages, to be printed weekly, its purpose being a dissemination of a knowledge of Buddhism to foreign lands, and the revival and strengthening of it in its own. The price to American subscribers will be two dollars a year. Address Sarasvatiandaree, Pettah, Colombo, Ceylon.

The Spiritualistic Phenomena Association of Boston, will, we are informed, resume its meetings early in October, at Lyceum Hall, 1031 Washington street, this city. First class talent is and will be engaged for the platform. The hall has been leased for the season, and all the meetings, Sunday and week evenings, will be as interesting as usual.

The Annual Announcement of the Cincinnati American Eclectic Medical College informs us that Dr. J. M. Peabody, one of the faculty, is expected by the Board of Trustees to lecture a portion of the winter before the students in attendance. The Doctor fills the Chair of Physiology and Physical and Mental Hygiene.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN (widely acknowledged as the best arrangement and rendition of the play ever known in Boston) holds the boards at the Hollis remainder of the week, ending Sept. 1st. Beginning with Sept. 3d, J. M. Hill's Union Square Theatre Co. will appear at this popular theatre in "A Possible Cause."

Mr. John H. McElroy, Pittsburgh, Pa., sends two clippings from the *Dispatch* of that city, which set forth that a Mr. Green, a young man thereabout, is a remarkable flower medium for the Mrs. M. B. Thayer order, also a materializing medium—having had four forms appear at one time.

"Saratoga Springs Items" will appear next week. Arrived too late for this issue. Well attended and intellectually profitable meetings occurred in Saratoga, Sunday, Aug. 26th, among the speakers being F. Cook, of New York (formerly of Chicago).

Augustus Day writes us from Detroit, Mich., that Dr. William Bradley is making remarkable cures without medicine at No. 12 Park Place, that city. The Sale and Circulating Library, projected by Mr. Day, will soon be opened at 73 State street.

Dr. J. C. Street has, we are informed, won golden opinions by his skillful management, as regular and efficient services at the Cassadaga Lake (N. Y.) Camp-Meeting.

Mrs. Carrie G. Foster writes us that after a very pleasant visit at Cassadaga, she has returned to her home in Baltimore, Maryland.

J. O. Barrett is a candidate (Prohibition) for election to the next Legislature in Minnesota.

Movements of Mediums & Lecturers.

(Notices under this heading must reach this office by Monday's mail to insure insertion the same week.)

J. W. Fletcher speaks in Providence, R. I., in October; in Williamstown, Conn., the first two Sundays in November; in Springfield, Mass., the last two Sundays of November and December; in Norwich, Conn., the last two Sundays of December; in New England only. Address 6 Beacon street, Boston. He will return to his office about Sept. 1st.

C. W. Kates and wife lectured and gave tests, satisfactorily, at the Clinton, Ia., Camp-Meeting, Aug. 18th to 26th. From thence they journeyed to Ord, Neb., where they remain West during September and October. Address at Greenville, Ark. One More Side of Temperance—The Under Side.

Oscar A. Egerly, of Newburyport, Mass., has, we are informed, from the 1st of July to the present, filled engagements at Rockport, Maine, and Temple Heights Camp-Meeting; at present he is devoting a week to the Verona Park Camp; he will also be at the Fairmount, Ind., Camp-Meeting, for the month of September and a part of October. He would like to make engagements in Massachusetts for the month of November.

Mrs. Jennie K. D. Conant is now at Lake Pleasant, where her 3 o'clock and 8 o'clock readings are well attended. Her psychometric readings are, we are informed, making her very popular among the campers and daily visitors. She would like to make engagements with societies to lecture, and improvise poems, (subjects from the audience) with psychometric readings and spiritual tests. She can be addressed in care of this office for the present.

Frank T. Ripley, platform-test medium, can be addressed for engagements in care of this office.

Miss M. T. Shelhamer lectured at Attleboro' and Onset in July, and at Attleboro', Mass., and Verona, Me., in August. She is to speak at Pigeon Cove, Attleboro', and Hanson, Mass., during September.

Dr. F. H. Roscoe and wife, of Providence, spent Sunday, Aug. 19th, at Onset Bay, and will be at Lake Pleasant, Camp-Meeting, on our eighth page.

Dr. H. F. Merrill's permanent address is now 87 Lowell street, Augusta, Maine. The friends should keep this worthy platform test medium actively employed.

Hon. Warren Chase lectures in Maquoketa, Iowa, Sept. 2d; in Moline, Ill., Sept. 9th and 10th; after that he may be addressed at Cobden, Ill., till further notice in THE BANNER.

Miss V. E. English medium of good gifts, is to be found at Exelsior Cottage, Longwood Avenue, Onset. A. W. S. Rothmel is now on his way Eastward.

A man with a sensitive nature, and who possesses any manly pride, should never engage in journalism, because it is the most aggravating business on the face of God's green earth, and a position that is the hardest to fill acceptably. No matter how hard an individual tries to please and benefit a community, there are hundreds of people who seem to take special delight in finding fault with what he writes, and in decrying both the paper and its editor. Of course all this comes to the editor's ears, and the fact that he has done these same vituperations many personal favors, makes no difference with them. It is said—but with how much truth we are unable to say—that after a man has been in the newspaper business many years he naturally becomes cynical, and learns to distrust all mankind. It is no wonder if they should become such, and old journalists will agree with us.—*Burrton Graphic*.

George T. Albro states that séances for full form manifestations will be held as usual at 55 Rutland street, Boston, commencing Sunday afternoon, Sept. 9th.

Read the call for the Annual Meeting at North Collins, N. Y.—on our seventh page.

Dr. A. S. Hayward, the well-known magnetic healer, who has many friends in Saratoga, is spending a few days at H. Lyman's, on Clinton street.—*The Daily Union, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.*

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

DEATH.
I am the key that parts the gates of Fames;
I am the cloak that covers covering Shame;
I am the final goal of every race,
I am the storm-lashed spirit's resting-place.
The messenger of awe and swift relief,
Welcomed with walling and reproachful grief;
The friend of those that have no friend but me,
I break all chains, and set all captives free.
I am the cloud that when Earth's day is done,
I am the final goal of every race,
I am the storm-lashed spirit's resting-place.
The waking from a dream that Man calls—Life.
—From the August Century.

Ancient darkness as a necessary condition in spirit manifestations, J. A. Doane, in the *Truth Seeker*, says: "I am pleased to raise our without witnessing the sprouting process; I would be equally as willing a spirit should have darkness to produce a negative aura necessary to draw to itself a tangible form."

It came out in the suit over the Stewart will the other day that the late Mrs. Stewart always entertained a holy horror of the confining of wills. If her spirit hovers about the unextinguished sun, it can hardly be in a seraphic form of mind while the lawyers are endeavoring to prove that her own last will and testament is not fit to be probated.—*N. Y. Sun*.

A very good way to keep cool in warm nights, says *The Sedgewick* (Kan.), *Panorama*, is to take three or four pounds of ice, place the whole in a sack and hang the sack in the open window, where the breeze will strike it. You will be surprised at the wonderful cooling effect it will have on your sleeping apartments.

We accompanied Judge Cross, of New York, last week to Winnepeg Lake, N. H., for rest and recuperation, and were cordially received by those whom we had the pleasure of meeting at this most charming retreat. We are under special obligations to Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Merrill, of Lake Village, for favors rendered.

WILD WORK OF THE ELEMENTS.—Since last we went to press, fire, water and wind have done what they might, in savage fashion, to make heavy the lot of mortals. Michigan has been devastated by fearful forest conflagrations, a heavy pall of smoke covering a scene of ruin in which many farmers have lost their all; many persons are thought to have been consumed in the flames; immense damage has been wrought by a flood at Wheeling, W. Va.; great losses caused by heavy rains in Canada, in Pennsylvania, and in the Southern States; nine lives were lost, Aug. 21st, by a cyclone at Still Pond, Md., and five at Wilmington, Del.

A red-headed reporter from the Chicago *Tribune* has been rusticated at Provincetown, on Cape Cod, for a brief time, but the females in that quarter didn't take much stock in him. Here is his revenue in cold type: "Provincetown ladies trim their hats with the red gills of the mackerel, and confine their long tresses with small sculpins, while minims are used in the place of clothes-pins."

There are said to be thirteen cottagers at Lenox, Mass., who are worth \$150,000,000 in the aggregate.

CHARMING MATE.
Charming maid of beautiful face,
Full of sweetness, light and grace,
Half concealed by veil of lace—
Tell me this:
Art thou not of noble race?
Canst thou not thy lineage trace
To some old historic place?
Tell me is not this the case.
Dearest Miss?
I appraise ancestral blood,
Doubtless I would find it good
As the rest.
But I'll best be understood
And nip your question in the bud
If I say I don't think blood
Any test.
Fact is, papa carried mud.
Way out West.
—Texas Siftings.

In the middle of the late heated term a railroad man in Interior New England received a shock which threatened to entirely overturn his mental equilibrium—being asked snap short fashion by a tourist: "Have you any data on which to base a prognostication of the duration of the present period of excessive caloric in the circumambient atmosphere?" A cold wave followed at once.

[A HINT FOR SPIRITUALISTS.]—It is remarkable that while no individual Dodson was satisfied with any other individual Dodson, the whole was satisfied not only with him or herself, but with the Dodsons collectively.—*The Mill on the Floss*.

The steam sloop *City of Chester* was run down and sunk about 10 A. M., Aug. 23d, by the Occidental and Oriental steamer *Oceanic*, thirty-three lives being lost. The accident occurred in the Bay of San Francisco, at a short distance from the Golden Gate. Fog did it.

The Boston herds is almost as powerful an engine of destruction as New York's bob-tail car.—*Boston Herald*.

The Pipe of Peace, published semi-monthly at Genoa, Neb., by Indian youths who are in their student years, says that the knowledge of the English language furnishes expressions of profanity which cannot be found in the Indian tongue; and asks quite pertinently: "Is it best to be too much civilized?"

We talk about the ignorance and the inequities of the Dark Ages. What shall we say of the women of these enlightened times, who lap their ribs by means of corsets several sizes too small for them, and drag down what few internal organs are left unfettered, by skirts that weigh sixteen pounds. Add to this list high heeled shoes as many sizes too small as the corsets, and we have a costume which would break down the constitution of a woman who was naturally as strong as a horse.—*Eleanor Kirk*.

The consumption of brown paper does not seem to hurt the goats; but cigarette paper is liable to bring consumption to the "Kids."—*Puck*.

Twenty five years ago only fifteen women were employed in the whole country as editors. Now two hundred find employment in New York alone.

A sheet of yellow paper placed on the wall over the desk is said to afford rest to the eyes of writers.

Many of the native tribes of Northern British Columbia and Quakers are primitive, absolutely refusing to resort to warlike measures for defense or retaliation.

THE BANNER is in receipt of some queer stories given it of late in re the management of the Lake Pleasant Hotel, which the corporation should fully investigate.

The merry month is enjoying his annual feast of fun. That is what he amorph.—*Philadelphia Press*.

A camel can make a hundred miles per day, if he has five crackers tied to his tail, but he'd rather go about ten, and then loaf around the rest of the day.

Planos always stand on four legs. Although planos are used for balls, you cannot play billiards with them.

A certain means of stopping a dog fight or loosening a vicious dog's hold upon anything is showering something over the animal that will produce sneezing. He will power ever so strong, the motion of sneezing involuntarily opens a dog's jaws. Pepper answers very well, but snuff is the best, as it can be used without limit.

"No, indeed," said Miss Prudence, "I never ride in those Robert-Latt cars."

At a summer resort: Bella—Oh, dear! What are we to do to day without a man on the grounds? Carrie—Get a boat and row around the buoy.—*Burlington Free Press*.

The public prints aver that a man in the West recently attempted suicide by driving a chisel into his heart, but the instrument was turned from its course by a rib. He then cut his throat from ear to ear with a razor, but did not sever the jugular vein. He then commenced hacking away at his head with an axe. Fully fifty scalp wounds were inflicted before a neighbor rushed in and disarmed him. Thus far, all is plain sailing—whether he subsequently lived or died—but when we add that the telegram states he was the pastor of the Methodist Church at Newark, maybe Parson Talmage will be led to take some interest in the case; perhaps he was "a Spiritualist" in disguise, after all—ministers are never crazy; oh no!

The yellow fever is still active in Jacksonville, Fla.

The present peculiar season has proved bad in Egypt—as well as elsewhere—for the farmers, and the corn crop, upon which the *fellaheen* depend for subsistence, has been seriously damaged.

The term "precipitate" I invented some fourteen or fifteen years ago, to designate the production of legible and visible images of things upon or in any opaque or transparent body—such as paper, paraffin, wax, wood, metal or glass—without the agency of brush, crayon, pencil, pen, acid, or other mechanical aid. There was no word in use that exactly expressed the nature of the phenomenon, and it seemed to me that the deposit, or infusion, of pigments matter, which had been separated from the ether, or akasha, by will action, resembled the precipitation of inorganic matter from a salt, by chemical action rather than anything else.—*H. S. Olcott, in Theosophist for July*.

Brazil is reported as on the eve of revolution. The emancipation of the slaves was, it is said, merely a sop thrown by Princess Isabella, the regent, to the Liberals. The six southern provinces, really the strength of the empire, are ripe for revolt and a republic. They only await the death of Dom Pedro, when they will split the empire, and a president will rule over Brazil.

The *Wildwood Messenger* has many wise sayings in it, said to be copied without credit from the works of Dr. J. M. Peabody. This is very naughty of our young friend in the estimation of the author, if he does such things.

C. E. Watkins, the bona fide independent slate-writer, is still *Waktating* the people of Lake Pleasant with his wonderful powers. He has a heart as big as an ox; that's what makes him minus the duce so often. He is, however, a very queer mortal; still like him, he has so many honorable traits of character.

A cow, said Mr. Beecher, is the saint of the barnyard. She could be fat if she only would be selfish. But she economizes beauty that she may be profuse in practical virtues.

A terrible calamity occurred at Neenah, Wis., on Wednesday night, Aug. 22d. The large paper mill there was burned, and by an explosion of a boiler the roof and walls of the building were thrown upon the crowd of people present, killing twenty-five and injuring many others.

Without mediums we have no Spiritualism, and materialization is one of the vital truths which mediums have developed.—*The Better Way*.

Even so, Bro. Barney. And be sure to keep this truth in mind.

A city submerged by the sea for one thousand years has just reappeared above the waters. The town of Haichang, north of Hingpo, in China, was completely overwhelmed during the Sung dynasty, and lay buried till quite recently, when the sea gradually receded and exposed the remains of buildings. Quantities of vases, plates and domestic utensils have accordingly been recovered—of the utmost interest to Chinese historians.

Who is blind? He who is bent on doing what he should not. Who is deaf? He who does not listen to what is beneficial. Who is dumb? He who does not know how to say kind things at the proper time.—*From the Hindoo*.

Speaking of the late Cortlandt Palmer's directions for the cremation of his remains, a New York correspondent of *The Rochester Democrat* says: "Cremation essentially must become the custom in our large cities. At present three thousand acres are absorbed by cemeteries in the suburbs of this city, and Greenwood, which has the greatest run of interments, will eventually be indelred as a nuisance. The noxious effluvia is already felt in South Brooklyn, and naturally must increase."

Horsford's Acid Phosphate for the tired brain from over-exertion. Try it.

For Sale at this Office:

THE TWO WORLDS: A Journal devoted to Spiritualism, Occult Science, Ethics, Religion and Reform. Published weekly at 100 N. 5th street, New York. Single copy, 5 cents. HALI'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH. A Progressive Family Health Magazine. Published monthly in New York. Single copy, 10 cents.

RECHERCHES JOURNAL OF MAN. Monthly. Published in Boston. Single copy, 10 cents.

THE NEW THOUGHT. Illustrated. Published weekly in San Francisco. Single copy, 10 cents.

THE BAZAAR. NOTES AND QUERIES, with Answers and Interesting Facts. Single copy, 5 cents.

THE FIVE BRANCHES: Utiq, N. Y. A Monthly. Price 10 cents.

RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Published weekly in New York. Single copy, 10 cents.

THE NEW THOUGHT. Published weekly in St. Louis, Mo. Single copy, 5 cents.

THE NEW THOUGHT. Published monthly at Chicago, Ill. Single copy, 10 cents.

THE NEW THOUGHT. Published weekly in New York. Single copy, 10 cents.

THE MIND-CURE AND SCIENCE OF LIFE. Monthly. Published at Chicago, Ill. Single copy, 10 cents.

THE BAZAAR OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published monthly in New York. Price 10 cents.

THE THEOPHIST. A Monthly Journal, published in India. Single copy, 30 cents.

THE GLOBE. Published weekly in San Francisco. Single copy, 10 cents.

THE RETRIBUTION. Published weekly in New York. Single copy, 10 cents.

THE EASTERN STAR. A weekly journal. Published at Boston, Mass. Single copy, 10 cents.

THE PATH. A Monthly Magazine, devoted to Universal Brotherhood, Theosophy in America, and Aryan Philosophy. Single copy, 10 cents.

THE ESOTERIC. A Monthly Magazine of Advanced and Practical Esoteric Thought. Published in Boston. Single copy, 10 cents.

MENTAL HEALING. A Monthly Magazine. Published in Boston, Mass. Single copy 10 cents.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first and every insertion on the fifth or eighth page, and fifteen cents for each subsequent insertion on the seventh page.

Special Notices forty cents per line, Minimum, each insertion.

Business Cards thirty cents per line, Agate, each insertion.

Notices in the editorial column, large type, headed matter, fifty cents per line.

Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at the office before 12 M. on Saturday, a week in advance of the date whereon they are to appear.

Only small and light cuts will be allowed in the advertising columns. When accepted, the advertiser pays for the space occupied by the cut will be one-half price in excess of the regular rates.

Electrotype of pure type matter will not be accepted.

The publishers reserve the right to reject any and all electrolytes.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT cannot well undertake to do much for the honesty of its many advertisers. Advertisements which appear false and honorable upon their face are accepted, and whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns, they are at once detected.

Electrotype of pure type matter will not be accepted.

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Electrotype of pure type matter will not be accepted.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO STOUT PEOPLE.

Distant Patients Successfully Treated.

Obesity is fatty degeneration. This disease is not only cured, but permanently so, by new, rational means. No dieting. No failure in a single instance. Band stamp for full particulars to DR. EDITH BERDAN, 113 Ellison street, Paterson, New Jersey.

Thin People increased in weight and flesh by regulation of the nerves of nutrition. Vegetable Remedies. Can be sent by mail. Address DR. BERDAN, (formerly Dr. Edith Hale). Au25

CAUTION!

SPRITUALISTS who desire to support Mediums, Camp Meetings and Speakers, and who intend to visit

ONSET BAY

This season, are cautioned by their excursion tickets or "ONSET" tickets, and 40¢ r. m. trains from Boston to Onset Bay, N. Y. Sunday, at 8:15, from Boston.

COMFORT, SPEED AND SAFETY.

Buy "ONSET" tickets, and thereby avoid the dust and annoyances of horses, and reach the Grove in advance of any other way. You will also help to support the meetings and

SAVE MONEY

For yourself, as you will secure advantages by showing your "ONSET" railroad ticket to the

CAMP-MEETING.

DR. J. C. STREET, 75 Montgomery street, Boston, Mass.

DR. BARKER and MRS. MULLIKEN, M.D., with their magnetic medicines and their powerful magnetic treatments, cure tumors, cancers, kidney, liver, and all female complaints. Consultation free. Visitors 25 Dartmouth street, Boston. (W. 17)

Just Received from England.

Spirit Workers

HOME CIRCLE.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHIC NARRATIVE OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA IN FAMILY DAILY LIFE EXTENDING OVER A PERIOD OF TWENTY YEARS.

BY MORELL THEOBALD, F. C. A.

</

Message Department.

The messages published in this Department indicate the progress of the spirits with the characteristics of their earthly life. They are not, however, the full expression of their state, eventually progress to higher conditions. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that is not consistent with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

It is our earnest desire that those who recognize the messages of their spirit-friends will verify them by informing us of the fact for publication.

Letters of inquiry in regard to this Department of THE BANNER must be addressed to the medium in any case.

L. W. H. WILSON, Chairman.

The Free-Circle Meetings

At this office will be resumed Sept. 11th.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED,

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

Mrs. M. T. Sheehamer.

Report of Public Séance held June 19th, 1888.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh! our Father in Heaven, whatever discipline thou shalt bestow upon us will be for our good, and we accept it with thankfulness. We seek for knowledge and truth; we would be led over that pathway which shall enlighten our minds on thy law, and give to us something of comprehension of the infinite wisdom. Oh! our Father, we desire to walk and talk in spirit with thy angels; we desire to minister to humanity. We wish to grow like thee, holy and pure in thought, and accord with thee in all thy ways. Oh! our Father, we desire to walk and talk in spirit with thy angels; we desire to minister to humanity. We wish to grow like thee, holy and pure in thought, and accord with thee in all thy ways. Oh! our Father, we desire to walk and talk in spirit with thy angels; we desire to minister to humanity. We wish to grow like thee, holy and pure in thought, and accord with thee in all thy ways.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—You may now present your questions, Mr. Chairman.

Ques.—(By Rev. T. W. Woodrow, Seneca, Kan.)—Is there a band of spirits attending mortals?

A.—Yes, which is the purpose of it, or why are they with us?

A.—From all that we can learn concerning human life, we are satisfied that each human being brought into this individual existence upon earth, for the purpose of receiving a certain discipline, and that this discipline, is attended and guarded by one or more special intelligences from the spiritual world. Not only are such intelligences attracted to the child upon its entrance into mortal life, because of some element within its organism, which is assimilative of their own influence, but because it seems to us that these spiritual attendants have been appointed—by what high power we shall not say—to guard the life of the child as much as possible, and to keep watch over it, so that it may, at no time, be affected, under conditions as favorable as possible, by influences not of earth. These guardian spirits may never have been attracted to the individual on earth through the laws of consanguinity, or even of association, but they may be wise and good, and as we have said, attracted to the child for benevolent purposes.

Then, again, every individual upon earth has within him (or her) self a special nature, and that special nature sends out ties and tendrils, so to speak, which find a resting place. It may be that these tendrils may be formed and utilized, in connection with individuals on earth, and perhaps some of these may be attracted to the spiritual world, but being bound to the mortal by affection, they are attracted to him, and desire to serve his interest and to help him over the pathway of life, therefore such may form themselves into a band, and perhaps intend to do more than to guard the child, but to assist him in his earthly experience, and to assist him in preparing his spiritual home by and by.

Your correspondent may say that if it be the case that a man is individually surrounded by a band of spiritual intelligences who desire to guard and guide his life, why is it that he so often falls into danger, meets with catastrophes of various kinds, or perhaps leads a life of sorrow? If those ministering spirits are about him, why do they not interfere and prevent the man from coming into any condition of painful experience? We reply that, however large the band of spiritual attendants, and however loving and fervent they are in their desire to protect his life, they are not sent in contact with him to bear his burdens or to do his work. The man may require a special discipline, perhaps, and that discipline may be of sorrow and affliction; possibly his spirit requires to pass through just such a fiery furnace in order to purify and elevate it to a high and exalted position. Very well; these attendant spirits are not allowed to so far interfere with his destiny, but they do vote their attention to the unfolding of his life, just as a teacher devotes his attention to the unfolding of the mental powers of the pupil. This is the encouraged, assisted, quickened by influences of the spiritual world to put forth that which is within himself.

It is not always the business of the province of any spirit guide to bear your burden, to relieve you of your own responsibility, to do your own work; this must be accomplished, even though through repeated failure, mistake and struggle, by the individual himself. But it is the province and the desire of wise and good spirits to so place those whom they have under their charge as to assist the unfolding of whatever is pure and good within the soul.

Q.—(By the same.) In the New Testament record of "possessions," the subject was often afflicted in body and mind. Why did they afflict their subjects? Was it unavoidable, accidental or intentional?

A.—It sometimes happens that pain and suffering are produced through the very forces, and by their operation, that are ultimately intended to work out grand results, and in this case it was undoubtedly unavoidable that the subjects should be afflicted in body and mind under the superior and strong pressure laid upon them by the magnetic forces of spiritual attendants. It sometimes happens that a spirit-band, in choosing a medium through whom they desire to effect good works, is obliged to bring to the subject a powerful influence, one that will search through every portion of his being, and affect him mentally as well as physically, and under this strong magnetic pressure the subject may feel disturbed in mind and body; he may declare himself ill, and unable to cope with the forces of life, and he may also affirm that his mind is not strong, that it cannot take hold of the questions which arise before it and solve them satisfactorily. Very well; this disturbance must take place perhaps in that particular organism before good results can ensue. If frequently happens that a medical man, in treating his patient, finds it necessary to apply certain remedies which must cause a seeming disturbance throughout the entire system before they begin to take proper effect. The medicine makes the patient feel badly, distressed in mind and body, and he longs for ease, but after a time the remedies begin to take effect, and the disease is cured, and his forces become tranquilized, the vital fluid begins to circulate freely and properly, and the patient finds himself

growing at ease, becoming rested, reopenerated throughout the entire system. With these unseen intelligences that approach human life, it is possible that their influence and their magnetic force may be so powerful, so strongly attracted at first with the magnetic forces of their subject or patient, that they must unavoidably produce a sense of uneasiness and of friction; but under the potent power and the wise ministrations of these intelligences the magnetic forces are properly applied, and by-and-by they begin to assist themselves, the subject grows passive beneath them, and finds that they will assimilate with his nature, and that if he but receives them in the right spirit they will not only restore himself to a proper state of mind and body, but not only afford his own life spiritual instruction and helpfulness, but they will also flow forth unto others, giving ease, comfort and enlightenment in the hour of need.

Q.—Are new-comers in spirit-life usually accompanied by guides in travels and researches?

A.—New-comers into the spiritual world are usually received by some friend (or party of friends) who has had them in charge during their previous existence, and who has been magnetically attracted to them through the laws of sympathy and association, and supplied them with magnetic force in the hour of trial. These attendant spirits are privileged, usually, to welcome the new-comer into their life, to take him in charge, and perhaps to direct his movements for the time being. Should such a spirit be alert and active upon entering the spirit-world, eager to learn and to understand something of his surroundings and associations, anxious of making explorations into the spiritual life, of visiting its various countries and locations, and familiarizing himself with its many associations, he may be attended by his guides if he so desires, and undoubtedly he will, because there must be a sympathy or congeniality between himself and these attendants, and he will please them to go together. These guides will, if they know anything of the localities he desires to explore, be very glad to guide him, and if they have not been attracted to such scenes, or are unable to visit them, they will have the power of summoning other spirits who are familiar with and will be delighted to lead their charge unto the scenes he desires to witness.

One spirit may have an attraction for certain places and certain people, and if so, the desire to visit those places and people, and to come into vital contact with them, will be so great as to impel him forward toward them. It may be that those who have attended him in the past have had no such attractions, their work and their thought having been called in other directions; but the spirit cannot be lost, nor is the way that he desires to go, and he will seek knowledge ever after, for its very desires will attract to itself kindly spirits who have a like longing, who will give him companionship, guidance and helpfulness in his search. Even should he desire to travel alone he could not be lost, since the magnetic force of his own nature is so strong that it would stretch forth from his life like a silver cord, leading him onward to those places and those scenes which had such power to hold him in their grasp. The soul cannot be lost, for the entire universe is God's, and wherever a spirit may stray, there is still in the domain of God, under the watchful care and guidance of ministering spirits, and sure to be brought back again to his own resting place.

Q.—By "Inquirer," Utica, N. Y.—How should a person proceed who wishes to become a medium for independent slate-writing?

A.—We should advise such a person to sit quietly and persistently, week after week, month after month, and year after year, if necessary, asking the guidance and the assistance of good spirits in his undertaking. It sometimes happens that a person who possesses this phase of mind, and who is able to sit quietly and patiently for a long period of time, before his faculties in that direction are unfolded and put into practical use. We would advise an individual to hold his séances in a quiet, calmly lighted room, and to make an effort to have pencil and paper at hand, to sit quietly at a table, passive in mind and at ease in body, holding no speculations, brooding over no anxieties, but yielding himself up, so far as he possibly can, to the spirit-world. It is only a matter of time when he can make an appeal to himself as to draw his thoughts away from the outside world and his business cares, to sink self in the higher thought of yielding up the material to the use of the spiritual world.

Having that the individual possesses the faculty or gift mentioned, it may be a long time before he will draw to himself those spirits who have the power to make use of his faculties, and after they have gathered they will be obliged to unite their magnetisms and to operate upon him, their medium, and his surroundings, before they can make a practical use of his gifts; therefore he should be patient, persevering, ready to sit at a required time, and to yield up all other thought but that to which he directs his mind and his desire in the development of mediumship. If, after a trial of some weeks, he finds that his circumstances may be, he should find himself gaining no idea of special influence, feeling not the presence of spiritual attendants, it might be well for the individual to invite to his séances one or two congenial friends, either of a positive or negative nature, and he may be able to find in them the assistance he needs. If he is himself very positive, he may require the assistance and presence of some sympathetic friend who is negative and passive; but if he is extremely negative, then the presence of a friend who is more positive, who possesses a strong will of his own, may prove beneficial. While these rules apply to all cases, and all cases where there is a desire to develop mediumship, each one should have special directions, because no two persons are alike in every particular, and each one requires some variation in the general rule in order to effect the very best results. We are happy to be patient, persistent, seeking the advice and assistance of good spirits, and if he possesses the medial gifts desired, it will only be a question of time, if he yields himself up in passivity to the spirit-world, before his mediumship is unfolded and brought to use.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF

Mrs. B. F. Smith.

Report of Public Séance held May 25th, 1888.

Thomas D. Morse.

Will you, Mr. Chairman, please to announce my name as Thomas D. Morse, of Franklin, Mass.?

I have many times stepped into this room, hoping to be able to give a few words that my friends would hear, and I have been dead. How it hurts us when we hear mortals speak of us as dead! I am satisfied with the home I have, yet feel that I can make it more beautiful as I progress.

Your work here is not new to me, for your paper has been in my hand, and I have seen its pages and read the messages from the other shore.

I have met father in the spirit-life. He was very much surprised to find things as they are; the teachings of his early days had taken such a strong hold upon his mind that he was hard for him to realize the truth, but he is learning. Mary, this is a beautiful truth, a blessed reality; too beautiful to be true, many say. Oh! no; you will be happily disappointed when you come to the experience yourself.

Elizabeth F. Lindsay.

My home was in Lacombe, N. H. Elizabeth F. Lindsay. I am glad at this time to make myself known, for I have tried before, I have felt so happy even to come into your meetings and hear others speak of the beautiful beyond. I prayed often that I might stay longer in the form with my dear husband, so that I might minister to his wants; but the angels called me higher. Albert and myself often talked of coming to me before the spirit took its flight. I cannot find words to express my feelings as I beheld the bright ones beckoning me on. We

have no desire to enter the mortal form again, but the thought is sweet that we shall all come together again. I know they will receive the message, because they got the paper.

Oscar Lane.

My head was hurt when I went away. On the way home I was between Fitchburg and Gardner I got the blow. My name is Oscar Lane. I have a dear mother in Ashburnham, Mass., and I know she has been turning the paper over and over to see if Oscar could not give a message as well as many others.

Grandma, Cora and Uncle Elmer are with me, and we are happy in our spirit-home. I know, mother, of the many trials and worries that come to you. And you have often said: "Oh! why did they take away my boy, just coming to manhood?" The angels knew best, dear mother. I would not come back to stay, if I could as well as not. I want you to tell Auntie that Cora is not the little girl she was when they laid her away, but she has grown, and we are often together, but not all the time. I want Charlie to know that I often come around him; and I think they all ought to know there must be some power back of mortals.

Grandma wants me to say that we ask the angels every day to help dear auntie, who is suffering so much physically.

Mother, you could not turn the picture back, could you, by closing the window? You thought perhaps the wind turned it the other side out. You turned it back, and then you opened the window, and came up and blowed, to see if you could turn it; but you could not do it. We had more power spiritually than you had in the means you used. You found the picture turned two or three different times, and you sometimes thought that perhaps we did it. We did do it, and we will do it again. I think if we've done it once we can again.

Dr. Miller stands beside me. He feels pleased to think that he was able to speak, and to the people of Fitchburg, who were so kind.

I am with you often. I know you are lonely. When you feel so, look up, and you will feel happier in knowing we are around you. This is from your own darling boy, Oscar.

Mary Mich.

My home once was in Haverhill, Mass. It troubles me a little to talk in this way. My name is Mary Mich. My mother has been looking for a letter from her Mary for a long time, and now as they give me the privilege, I am glad to just send this through your paper, that she may know her kind lives, as we call it—her dear Mary.

I am happy, mother, in my spirit-home. Josie is here, and will send a letter, when she can, to her people in Cambridge. I tried once before, but I was not quick enough. I don't leave mother nor sister. We often come into the home.

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