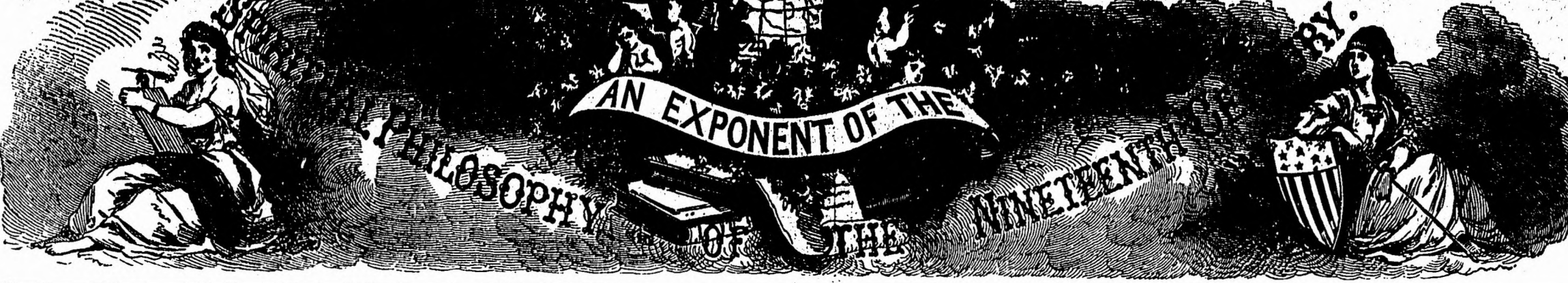


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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A VISIT TO THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL; THE INDIAN PROBLEM SOLVED.

BY J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It is no more true that Wm. Lloyd Garrison was the pioneer in the work that culminated in the proclamation of negro emancipation than that Luther Colby, of the BANNER OF LIGHT, has been a pioneer in the work resulting in the gradual emancipation of the Indians of the great West.

Thoroughly understanding with what vigor, and without any ostentatious fuss or big-sensationalism you have exposed alike political frauds and defended the red man's rights to his land when covertly being robbed by wily speculators, railroad corporations and border ruffian land-grabbers; and further, knowing how frequently your pen, aflre with that fraternal sympathy that would weld into one brotherhood all tribes and races, has pleaded for justice, forbearance, and for Indian protection and education, I pray for space to very briefly trace the progress of this Indian question up to the date of my recent visit to the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa.

THE DISCOVERY.

It was ten o'clock, on a clear Thursday evening, 1892, that Columbus pointed out a light and land ahead. The land sighted was called by the Indians *Guanahani*, and named by Columbus *San Salvador*. The aborigines peopling this island and the Western world received the white-faced Europeans with confiding hearts and open arms, believing that Manitou, the Good Spirit, had sent them. They called them the "white foam of the ocean," because they came riding upon the white, feathery sea-waves in great ships. Poor, untutored Indians! they were soon undeceived. We know the avarice of the old Spaniards. Religiously Rome was their paradise, St. Peter their ideal saint and gold their god. Their treachery, called diplomacy, was notorious. We remember Pizarro and his crimson sword. It is not strange that an eloquent Indian Chief said: "We had rather endure the sufferings of hell, as described in the white man's Book, than to enter the abodes of Heaven, if we must dwell there with Spaniards."

Their treatment by the English, if we except Elliot, Roger Williams, Wm. Penn and a few other Quakers, was not much better. It may all be summed up in the sentence, over-reaching aggression and shrewd selfishness. Chiefs were outwitted. Native villages were bought with beads and knives, and whole tracts of land were purchased for an intoxicating draught. Might, in English estimation, made right. The fittest, they said, must survive, and we are the fittest. And then, to make doubly practical the survival-of-the-fittest theory, these civilizing Englishmen dumped down at the wigwam doors of these red men, gunpowder and brandy, gaming-cards, syphilis and the smallpox. Considered physically, any fisticuffing Sullivan could smite to the earth an Emerson, and proudly shout "The fittest must survive." The ancient Spartans murdered their weak and deformed children, that the "fittest might survive." Was it commendable? Would Darwinians consider it practical to-day? Write me down as a disciple of Wallace and Sir George Mivart rather than Darwin.

WHAT BISHOP WHIPPLE SAYS OF THE INDIANS AND THEIR CHARACTERISTICS.

"The unwritten Indian tongues are marvelous for their beauty and power, and are capable of conveying as nice shades of meaning as classic Greek."

"An Indian Council has all the dignity of the House of Lords, with this difference—that the House of Lords never listens; the Indians always do."

"In my visits to Washington I found President Lincoln a willing listener. I once told him the story of the massacre of 1862 and the specific acts of the white man's dishonesty that caused it. The President said: 'This Indian business needs ten honest men to watch one Indian agent. If I live this accursed system shall be reformed.'"

"I have never known of an instance where the Indian was the first to violate plighted faith." "He is a true friend."

"To Shah-bah-shong and other faithful Indian souls we owe the protection of our northern frontier. Many of them have gone before to the land, as Red Cloud once said, where it is hoped that white men will tell no lies."

"The Indian is not in a gross sense an idolater. He recognizes the Great Spirit. He believes in a future life. His universe is peopled with spirits."

"They believe that the departed spirit lingers for a time by the grave, and offerings of bread are often placed beside it."

"I once saw an old Indian sitting on the bank of the upper Mississippi. I called to him and said: 'Friend, come and dine with me; and if you will go with me I will feed you.' He replied: 'You have a kind heart. I thank you. My old wife is sleeping in a grave yonder. I cannot go away from her, for she would be lonesome.'"

Some of the tribes let fly a confined bird just as the last breath is leaving the dying, bearing precious memories of love to their friends who have gone on and up to the brighter sunset lands of immortality. And these birds, they believe, return in the stillness of the forest darkness, bringing responsive messages in dreams and visions of the night.

"Thou art come from the spirit's land, thou bird! Thou art come from the spirit's land; Through the dark pine grove let thy voice be heard, And tell of the shadowy band!"

We know that the bowers are green and fair In the light of that summer shore, And we know that the friends we have lost are there, They are there—and they weep no more!"

SHALL THE REMAINING THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND BE EDUCATED OR EXTERMINATED?

It matters little to the ethnologist or philanthropist whether the American Indian's ancestry is traceable to Norse or Scandinavian, to Scythian, Israelite or Malay, he was upon this continent when discovered, hunting and fishing, cultivating maize and constructing comfortable villages; and, against the pseudo-civilizing influences of gunpowder and rum—against all odds he is with us to-day, sad, cowed and confessedly broken in spirit. And yet, according to Rogers, Catlin, Cooper, Clark, Bancroft, in fact all impartial, unprejudiced historians, these native Red Men of the forest were originally gifted with generous and magnificent traits of character.

Though haughty in bearing at first, what sentiments could be more kind, tender and telling than the pitying words of Powhatan, the Virginian Chief, to Capt. Smith after delivering him from captivity through the intercessions of Pocahontas? What speeches were more clear-cut and thrillingly effective than Red Jacket's, the Seneca orator of the Six Nations? What could be more touching than the venerable Shenandoah's words just before his departure: "I am an aged hemlock. The winds of a hundred years have swept over its branches. It is dead at the top. Those who began life with me have run away from me. Why I am suffered thus to remain, only the Great Spirit knows." And what could be more stirring and withering than Logan's speech given in presence of Gen. J. S. Eustace, and the authenticity of which was confirmed by Lord Dunmore:

"My cabin, since first I had one of my own, has ever been open to any white man who wanted shelter. My spoils of hunting, since first I began to range these woods, have I ever freely imparted to appease his hunger, to clothe his nakedness. But what have I seen? What but that at my return at night, laden with spoil, my family lie bleeding on the ground, by the hands of those who had found my little hut a certain refuge from the inclement storm, who had eaten my food, who had covered themselves with my skins? ... What could I resolve upon? My blood boiled. My heart leaped to my mouth. Nevertheless, I hid my tomahawk and lay quiet and at rest, for that was because I thought the great men of your country sent them not to do it. Not long afterward some of your men invited our tribe to cross the river, and bring their venison with them. They, unsuspecting of evil design, came as they had been invited. The white men then made them drunk, murdered them, and turned their knives even against the women."

Was not my own sister among them? Was she not scalped by the hands of the very man whom she had helped escape from his enemies, when they were scenting out his track? What could I resolve upon? My blood now boiled thrice hotter than before! I bade no longer my tomahawk be quiet. I no longer thought that the great men of your country sent them not to do it. I sprang from my cabin to avenge their blood, and fully have I done it by shedding yours from coldest to hottest sun. Thus revenged I am now for peace. To peace have I advised most of my countrymen. Nay, what is more, I have offered, I still offer myself as a victim, being ready to die if their good require it. Think not that I fear death! I have no relations left to mourn for me. Logan's blood runs in no veins but these. I would not turn on my heel to escape death. And why should I? for I have neither wife, nor child, nor sister to weep for me when I am gone."

Such was Indian oratory! God made them men, and Congress and the Constitution should long ago have made them citizens of the United States.

Shall the remnant of two or three hundred thousand be educated, or shall they be exterminated, as was the Dodo, the Ichthyosaurus, and the Moa bird of New Zealand? I confess to an innate, inborn love and admiration of the Indian. Are we not brothers all? Have they not heads that think and hearts that feel? Does not the Indian mother love her babe? Do not their dusky children smile the same smiles and weep the same tears as ours? Is not human nature one? Are we not all links in the golden chain of a common brotherhood? And yet, painful as it is to write it, there were inferior army officers in the past, and there are mole-eyed reformers and a few unprincipled vote-hunting politicians at present, who sneeringly say: "All good Indians are dead Indians." Let poor Logan go, as have gone the buffalo of the plains. "The Indian is a spent force, the fittest must survive." "Shoot them at sight; we want their lands and their mines." "Exterminate them, old and young; nits make lice." During a public meeting, Mrs. J. Swishelm, in the Rev. Dr. Sunderland's church, at Washington, D. C., said:

"If I were a man I would hunt, and shoot, and trap, and poison, and use every means to kill Indians that I would to kill wild-cats and wolves." And in her published account of the meeting she says that "when she uttered the above words

the applause was so loud and long that it seemed as though the very roof would burst from the church."

Mr. Coulter, of Colorado, introduced into his State not very many years since a bill offering a premium of twenty-five dollars for "the scalps of skunks and Indians." And Gov. Crawford, of Kansas, upon calling for a regiment of cavalry in 1868, in obedience to the Major-General, not only threatened the "extermination" of the troublesome Indians of the plains, but commenced the last paragraph of his proclamation in these words: "Longer to forbear with these bloody fiends would be a crime against civilization."

AMONG THE INDIANS AT THE TIME.

Pardon me saying I thoroughly understood these matters of proclamations, Indian agents and agencies, and general frontier hatred of the "red-skins," for at this time I was in the great Northwest, reporting for and participating in the deliberations of the "Congressional Indian Peace Commission," consisting of Gens. Harney, Sherman, Sheridan, Sanborn, Taylor, Col. S. F. Tappan, and Col. Parker. Our mission, both friendly and judicial, was to hear reports, listen to testimonies, adjust differences, suggest treaties, recommend peace, and aid in the general administration of justice. The first meeting with these chiefs, sub-chiefs and warriors around "their common council fire," was held at the confluence of the North and South forks of the lazily-flowing Platte. The most of the Indians present were Sioux, tall, sedate, broad-shouldered men, with Roman noses, and high cheek bones.

Among several cases tried one related to murder. The accused was a white man. The testimonies conflicting, and the cross-examinations, through the interpreter, critical; an Indian chief's word of honor was at stake. Gen. Sheridan was pressing him sharply, when Gen. Harney, rising to his feet, said, in substance: "As a government officer I fought Osceola in Florida, and Black Hawk in the North; I have been engaged in Indian wars and councils more or less for forty years, and I never knew an Indian chief the first to break a treaty of peace. They regard their honor and their treaties equally sacred." The effect of the speech was electric.

Rich and profitable were my experiences while accompanying this "commission" out to the agencies of different tribes. Seeing is knowing. I went unarmed. A warm hand was my defense; a kind word my protection. Kindness begets kindness in the Indian, as well as the Anglo-Saxon breast. Dating from my experiences with that "commission" my interest in the welfare of the Indians became intensified, and it has never for a moment since flagged.

But—think of the above uncivil, vindictive and murderous language: "bloody fiends," "kill them as you would wolves," "exterminate them!" And yet we talk of the solidarity of humanity, and preach that we are brothers all. Brothers are we? None deny it. But if we are the civilized and more highly educated red men's brothers, should we not mete out to them that forbearance and kindness, that robust manliness and royal-hearted fraternity that becomes a free and enlightened nation? I repeat, God made the Indians men, and the United States government should unlock and give liberally of her treasured millions to educate them.

CAN THE INDIANS BE CIVILIZED?

Seemingly none but a semi-idiot in this glad year of progress, 1890, would presume to ask such a question. Why, whole tribes to-day are civilized, owning and tilling their farm-lands, and encouraging and patronizing schools. I refer more especially to the Cherokees, Creeks, Chickasaws and Choctaws. These not only have their well-built houses, ornamental shrubbery, fruit trees and gardens, but many of them have their sewing-machines, elegantly furnished parlors, libraries, organs and pianos. Casting away their blankets long ago, they wear citizens' dress. Some own and have railway and mining corporations. Evolving upward from hunters to farmers, many of them have become as stingy, grasping and money-grabbing as their white neighbors. Query—is such evolution up or down? or how?

The Cherokees have one hundred primary schools, an orphan asylum, and a male and female seminary for their advanced students. The Creeks and Seminoles have thirty-six day schools, several high schools and one academy. The Chickasaws support fifteen common schools and four advanced institutions of learning. The above do not include several missionary and denominational schools that dot the Indian Territory.

Iowa journals informed us awhile since that a full-blooded Digger Indian had officiated the day previous as chaplain in the Legislature. He served as scout in the civil war, attended school afterward, graduated from college, and is now teaching and preaching Sundays. And the *Washington Star*, referring recently to the introduction of that clear-headed Indian, Bushyhead, to Mr. Van Wyck, at Willard's, reported the following conversation:

"I am happy to know you, Mr. Bushyhead. You will excuse the remark, sir, but you seem to be quite civilized."

"Oh! yes," blandly responded the chief, Ex-Governor of the Indian Territory, and one of the very rich men of that enlightened and prosperous region.

"And are all the Indians in your tribe as civilized as yourself?" inquired Van Wyck.

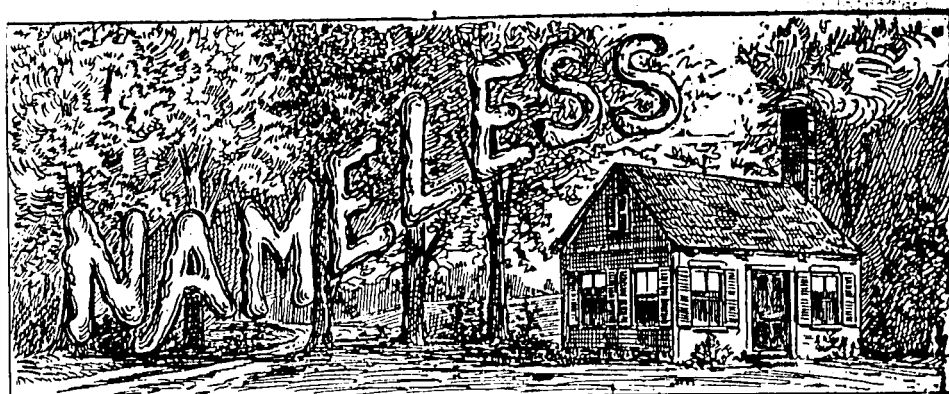
"Do you all live in tents and wigwams?"

"Certainly. Here is a picture of my own wigwam."

And the chief drew from the inside pocket of his coat a photograph of a beautiful Queen Anne cottage, which could not have cost less than \$35,000.

[Continued on third page.]

Literary Department.



Written Especially for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. M. T. LONGLEY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Sister Feller."

They entered a street car "Helper" full of spiritual reliance and strength, her companion trembling and full of fear. They did not speak until they alighted from the conveyance, and began their walk toward Spring-Valley. "I live in the very poorest district of the city; you will see rude sights, and hear strange sounds, but no one will molest you, child. Can you bear to be taken to poverty and discomfort, and perhaps to self-denial and pain?"

"Oh! yes, I can bear anything if you will take me in. I have no friends but those who laugh at my desire to be good, and who mock if I try to pray. You will not do that. My mamma before she died told me never to forget that God is everywhere."

"No, dear child, I will never mock you; prayer lifts the soul to heaven, and brings God's angels near. You are one of his little ones, whom he will not see condemned. You cannot have done very wrong if you can still remember to pray to him."

"Oh! yes, I have. I have been—what, I cannot tell you; yet you ought to know that for a home, and because I wanted to be loved, I have sacrificed honor and innocence. Oh! lady, I can't tell it."

"You need not," replied "Helper"; "it lies between yourself and heaven. You have broken away from that life; I will take you to mine, and help you to embark in it. Tell me your name, child, and how it is that you have no one to look after your welfare."

"I am Florence Mills; I don't know anything about my father, and my mother died when I was twelve. She used to work so hard, and she was not strong. She loved me, but she had to leave me. Then they put me in the Orphan Asylum for two years, till a lady came and took me to her home to look after her baby. I stayed with her till I was fifteen, when she went away to Europe, and I was left here. I went to an employment office, and Mrs. Percy found me. She engaged me as her maid; but after I had been with her three months she said she could not keep me unless I did as she wished. I refused, and she threatened to turn me into the street. I had nowhere to go, and no money. I didn't fall in with her plans all at once, but I got so tired, and felt all alone, and I didn't know what to do, till at last she had her way. Then I had five things; she dressed me handsomely, and took me round in her carriage, and introduced me as her niece. I don't know how I ever consented, but I was always so easy to be persuaded; mamma used to say I needed to be more positive. Oh! dear, I don't know what you will think of me; I have no claim on you, and no right to come to you in this way"—and she shrank back as her new friend halted at the door of her lodging-house—"perhaps I had better go."

"No, my child; come right in; I am only too glad that you brought your troubles to me. Walk right up stairs as far as you can go, for we live very high here."

There was a light in the hall, and the stranger found her way by its feeble rays as she had been directed; she was closely followed by her protectress, who unlocked the door of her little room, and in a moment the light of a lamp was illuminating the white and dainty retreat.

"Oh! how pretty," ejaculated Florence Mills as she gazed around her. "Is this your room? It seems like heaven; it is too sweet and pure for me; I must not share it—let me go."

"You will share it to-night, my child, and to-morrow we will consider the situation. Remove your wraps, and I will see what refreshment I can offer you. My fare is very simple, but it is wholesome, and you are very welcome to it. I do not require much, and so partake of that which is easily prepared, and that is of a cereal nature. I know that others may require more of a variety in their food, and to-morrow we will see what is best for you; but to-night—"

"Oh! I have had my tea, and do not need anything. How little I thought it would be my last meal there. I have no money; I left behind all I had. I could not bear to take anything with me; this plain cloak and dress are all I have, and I would not have worn them if I could have come without. Oh! lady, you will help me to get honest work and earn my living, and you will not despise me quite!"

"No, I will be your friend. You must call me 'Helper,' and I will try to be that to you. To-night you will share my couch, if you will."

"It will be a nest of peace to me."

She was a dainty, pretty, clinging little girl; nothing more than a child in years and manner; just the kind of a dove to be easily snared—and at last to be heart-broken and to bend its wings against the bars. She was grateful now for the succor she had found. The polluted natures and the evil example around her at Mrs. Percy's gilded prison had not crushed out the prayerful cry of this little one for divine assistance; a prayer that had been answered! God helps those who try to help themselves. Florence had tried to help herself by breaking away from the ties that held her, and the assistance had come. That night she slept like a babe on "Helper's" breast, but before she sank to slumber she whispered as she nestled in loving confidence to her protector: "You are so good; mamma used to read, 'I was a stranger, and ye took me in'—and that is what you have done for me."

Our heroine did not sleep; it seemed as if all the tender compassion and magnetic strength of her being were going out from her to this lamb on her bosom, and she knew that the angels rejoiced over what had been done. Once, during the night, the stranger awoke with a little cry; but nestled down again as she felt the arms of a pure and elevating love closing around her. "Oh!" she murmured, "I had such a dream; it seemed as if all was dark and gloomy about me; I felt hands pulling me down into the blackness, and I made a great effort and broke away from them. Then I saw a great light, and in it some beautiful faces, but the best and sweetest of all was mamma's. She was there, and I was afraid to go because their garments were all white, and mine seemed black. I trembled; I wanted to go up to them, but I didn't—I didn't dare. They looked so fair, and mamma best of all; and when I was so afraid and so sad, and thought they would spurn me, I saw a figure more shining than the rest; it stood out a little way before them; its robes were brilliant in their whiteness, its face was tender and loving, and oh! so beautiful, and the sweetest voice of all the world spoke from those lips and said: 'Neither will these condemn thee go and sin no more!' and then I felt the pain go away, and I saw my mother smile. I looked at the one who had spoken, and its face was like yours, Miss Helper, just like yours."

On the following day "Helper" consulted with Mrs. Binker in regard to the disposal of her room-mate, and that worthy woman consented to empty her little storeroom—which was next to that of our heroine—of its baggage, and to fit it up for the girl. This was soon accomplished, and that night Florence Mills had the satisfaction of sleeping in her own room, but close to that of her new friend. This was Saturday night, and on Sunday "Helper" presented the young stranger to Mrs. Corwin and Madam Hartine, while little Effie soon claimed her share of the pretty stranger's admiring attention.

For a week Florence was obliged to live on the bounty of her benefactress, but after that she was enabled to provide for her own simple wants, having secured, through the offices of her new friends, a situation in an establishment where fine artificial flowers were made, and where her tasteful talent and nimble fingers found the employment for which they were adapted.

Florence remained the tenant of Mrs. Binker and the firm and devoted worshiper of Miss "Helper." She soon evinced a new interest in life, and began to take part in those little meetings that her friends had inaugurated for the poor people around. She had a very sweet voice, which accorded exquisitely with Mrs. Corwin's richer tones, and through it Florence added very much to the musical part of the exercises; while by her simple, girlish manner she soon made friends of those who came.

They had not seen or heard of Mrs. Percy since the night of the girl's escape, but on the day following that, "Helper" had asked Madam Rankin if she was aware what kind of a resort her rich patron kept—relating to her something of the events of the previous night.

The *modiste* was shocked, but could not afford to lose her customer, she said; however, she would take care that no more of her employes visited Mrs. Percy's home, and she should not allow that person to enter her work-room again, for she did not wish to subject those she employed to danger or to temptation.

Meanwhile the good work in Spring-Valley went on; the influence, the ministrations, the advice, and the real vital helpfulness of its

good angel were creating a new life in the place. She was so pure and gentle and loving! She did not set herself above them, but with her own hands showed the women and girls how to out and make a needed garment, or how to prepare a more inviting meal; by her helpful touch she aided the halt and the blind and the aged to get over the road; she repeated the lessons of spelling or reading-book to man and boy who wanted to study—pointing out the most easy way to those who stumbled; so that she could not but win the esteem and homage of these humble folks, for she drew out from even callous breasts love and devotion by the love and fidelity which she displayed. She had but little money to give—for her wage was small—but they loved her none the less for that; indeed, it seemed as if they realized that it was her very life that she gave, which was so much more than earthly gifts; besides, they had even more respect for her that she was poor and lived among them, and did not come with fine array, loaded with gifts for them. Yet "Helper" managed to save enough from her means to buy a bunch of flowers for some weak boy or poor old grandmother, whose eyes were never gladdened now by sight of light or wood; to purchase a pot of jelly or other dainty for some suffering invalid; to procure some useful article for one who was pinched by poverty. There was a little lame boy across the way who could not get out of doors till the lady brought him a nice crutch; there was an old man a little further down the street, bent and cramped with rheumatism, who owed the warm red flannels on his back to the same blessed friend; and there was a consumptive mother, a door or two below, whose hacking cough found some relief because of the chest-protector and the woolen jacket "Helper" had furnished her. And so, although she had not abundant wealth, yet from that which she had she gave freely—because she had toiled laboriously for its price.

As the season advanced, and the hot, moist days appeared, a dire calamity fell upon the city. "It is the plague," people said in frightened tones; and the physicians shook their heads solemnly, and knew not what name to give the direful disease. Strange as it may seem, it did not attack that quarter where one would most expect to see its ravages—for undoubtedly Spring-Valley held more of squalor and poverty and uncleanness than the locality where the malignant sickness appeared, and yet Spring-Valley was comparatively free from disease this year. Some of those who dwell in the neighborhood said: "It is because we are assisted so much by Miss Felice Helper that we escape," and the old French landlady stoutly asserted that it was because "Ma'mselle Felice is one saint. She comes to bless her poor, and we not get sick or die while she is here."

The malady increased, until it seemed as if a panic was in store for the people. Physicians, nurses, watchers, found themselves taxed to the utmost of their knowledge, skill and strength, and yet more help was needed. A benevolent sisterhood—of no creed or sect, but calling itself by the simple name of Humanitarian—sent every one of its members out to the work. This was an eleemosynary institution, full of good deeds, its members unselfishly devoting their lives to the sick and afflicted. It had no rich endowment, no influential supporters, and yet, such was the faith and zeal of its managers, that it never had lacked pecuniary means to perform its ministering work. The sisters of this Humanitarian school, recognizing that beautiful tie of fraternal love that makes all hearts as one, had renounced all other names, and adopted some simple appellation, prefixed by the word sister, that seemed most suitable for each one. The robes of this order were of soft, gray woolen; and its simple badge was a tiny anchor of shining gold.

When she heard of the terrible affliction that had closed schools and churches, and had even shut up many of the stores and business houses, and learned of the great need there was of nurses and watchers, "Helper" said: "I will go; there is my place. I can do a work there such as is needed at this time."

Her friends tried to dissuade her, but she was firm: "It is right for me to go; do not fear for me; I think I shall not be stricken down."

Madame Hartine, the French woman, resolved to go also: "Where Felice goes there go I," she said stoutly: "I have no one to care for; I not be missed; I go to take care the sick; I go to watch over Ma'mselle, too."

Florence Mills, the little flower-maker, wished to go, but "Helper" said: "No, my child, you must not. You must stay here and help Mrs. Corwin with the work. Who would entertain our poor people? We must remember them. Keep the meetings open, and do your best to fill my place. I will leave some good books, and you can interest the comers by reading to them and by your songs. Besides, I feel that if the meetings are kept open and the work goes on, it will help to keep this vicinity free from the pestilence. We don't know what a power comes to us from above in that way. I will not return here till all danger of bringing infection is passed; but I will contrive to let you hear from me, and at each hour of your meeting I will project my influence to you, that it may be felt, and that you may be assisted to keep the interest and attendance as we desire them to be."

Soon she was gone, out among the suffering and sorrowing, closely followed by the old French woman. Their services were gladly accepted, and places were assigned to them without delay. Many thought that the pale, quiet woman, in her dove-gray garments, was a member of the sisterhood, though she wore no badge; and soon she came to be called "Sister Felice"—principally because of the title given to her by Madame Hartine.

With unfailing zeal and tenderness and skill "Helper" performed her tasks. With no thought of personal fatigue or pause for rest, on, she went, doing her duty here and there and everywhere. It seemed as if she had a thousand helpers by her side, so calmly, carefully and unerringly did she do that which was before her. The doctors said: "She is invaluable, but she will kill herself." But she paid no heed, only continuing to do her work as she felt the impelling force. There was much of poverty and want among some of the stricken homes, and in these our friend was always found, and to her gentle presence and cool, magnetic touch, many patients owed the recovery to health which they found. As in the days of her early life at Bridgton, when the fever had fallen upon the people, "Helper" had the best of success in her ministrations and attendance upon the sick, and not one patient over whom she watched but was restored to health and strength.

But the poverty and the lack of means to supply the comforts and even luxuries that the

sick and the debilitated should have! True, there were charities that sent in certain relief, but this was, while useful, not that daintier kind that is so grateful and strengthening to the invalid; and as "Helper" saw her patients struggling back to health, and knew that a few little cordials and comforts would help them along so much, she longed for an unlimited purse from which to supply these things. One night, when she had fallen into a doze, there came before her a vision of that white satin, flower-embroidered pillow of hers, that bore upon its face that word which meant: "I shall rise again." It had been an exhausting day, and she had but just yielded her place to Madame Hartine, and been persuaded to lie down and seek repose. She had done this with a mind intent upon the needs of those around her when the vision of her pillow presented itself. Instantly she understood, and with a sigh of satisfaction she sank into a calm and tranquil sleep.

In the morning, through the kind offices of a physician, "Helper" dispatched a note to Mrs. Corwin by a messenger from an uninfected part of the city. This note requested the lady to enter the writer's room and secure the pillow, which lay at the bottom of a white-draped cushioned box, and send it at once to the owner, stating where the keys of room and box could be found.

The cushion was brought, and with eager hands our friend proceeded to rip its seams apart and to expose its filling, when, as she expected, she found notes and bills to the amount of five thousand dollars imbedded between its folds. "Where my guides made me place this while I was entranced," she thought. "They always said it would come to light again. 'Resurrexi'—yes, that is true of the money as it was true of me."

Now she had means at her command, and she employed them without stint for the comfort of her poor. And so until the disease died out and the suffering grew well and strong, she lingered with them and did her blessed work.

She did not take the disease, but when she returned to her friends at Spring-Valley she seemed her usual self. It was coming to autumn now, and the days were more cool and refreshing than they had been. Madame Hartine, too, had returned, a little worn, but none the worse for her noble work among the sick; and the whole neighborhood was glad to welcome them back.

But something had gone out from the life of our friend; some of the elasticity which had never failed before—some of the magnetic power that kept her above the conditions of materiality. She resumed her old place in the meetings below stairs, but did not immediately return to Madame Rankin's, though that lady would have been glad to have had the benefit of her skillful needle-work.

"Something is the matter with me," she said one day to Mrs. Corwin: "if I were a watch, you might say the main-spring is broken. I am tired, I think."

"Yes, that is it; you are run down; you must let your friends take care of you now."

In a month she lay upon her white couch listless and debilitated; not sick nor in pain, but just unable to rise. They said she needed rest, and she smiled, and one day sent for a physician she had known when among the stricken sufferers, and for one of the Humanitarian sisters to whom she had been attracted. They stayed an hour, and when they had gone she smiled again and said: "It is nearly done; the end is not far away. It is almost day."

[To be continued.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

OUR SLAIN.

Dedicated to his comrades of the G. A. R., on Memorial Day, May 30th, 1890.

BY JOHN W. DAY.

"Were these lives wasted that might have been useful? Men who have died for men in all ages, for the thought?"

O'er all our land, from East to Western sea—
In vale, on hill—a thousand sentries rise:
A nation's debt they type for years to be,
And lift mute witness to the approving skies.
They tell in bronze, carved stone, or marble guise,
Their fate who fell in Freedom's sacred name
When helm'd Columbia called to high enterprise,
And War's red lava wreathed the land in flame,
And, by the Southland roused, our Great Awa'king came!

They were our dauntless brothers true and tried!
They flung the crowding hopes of youth away.
They marched, they toiled; with manly front they died
On many a stricken field in darkness' day!
Till came at last the glint of Victory's ray,
And all our seven land gave thanks to God
Who bade the Dayspring through the thund'rous gray
Illumine the path by patriot martyrs trod,
And cheered with noon-tide Peace her gloom o'er-brooded sod.

Here lift we yearning thought to friends on high!
The simple grandeur of the great ones gone
Is theirs who dared in Freedom's cause to die,
And scaled the heights of everlasting morn!
No word of ours their virtues may adorn—
We that remember, and grow old in tears,
Begin by ills, with failing powers forlorn:
This hour our youth tide's faded form upbars;
We clasp their warrior hands across the vanished years.

No wrinkled brow with less'ning silver crown'd,
No painful, halting footstep worn and slow,
No heart grown cold, where care and grief abound,
Claims briefest kinship with the boys we know:
They early cross'd life's feverish river's flow
To rest from life's 'neath Paradisean trees:
We yet shall meet when earthly lights are low
Those fallen comrades where the uplifted breeze
Blows from Eternal Hills o'er Alden's golden leas!

While man remembers him who dies for man;
While steadfast valor fronts a tyrant's frown;
While tongue shall plead and mind for freedom plan,
Shall spread the circle of their fair renown.
Not lost these lives! though time-wrecked suns go down,
And nature's vestments drop in pale decay:
For firm-poised Truth is deathless Being's crown;
All Good survives dull Matter's disarray,
And God himself, for aye leads on the broad'ning day!

We wake no slogan this memorial hour;
We bid no wrathful beacons round us shine!
Lo! North and South have merged their martial power,
And Union smiles in Freedom's fane divine.
Oh! may free hearts distill true manhood's wine
O'er all our spreading land through centuries vast,
And waking nations past the seething brine,
Flx copying eyes where on the Western blast
Her morn-crown'd flag of stars streams from Columbia's mast!

"Let us cross over the river, and rest in the shade of the trees." Reputed last words of the Confederate General "Stonewall" Jackson.

Quicker than anything else on earth, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will reduce inflammation.

Banner Correspondence.

California.

NAPA.—Capt. A. Y. Easterby writes: "In your issue of Jan. 25th, 1890, I read with some interest your illustration, 'The Protection of Spirits,' quoted from 'Rare Bits,' and published in Emma Hardinge Britton's 'Two Worlds,' relating a sea experience in 1853, which amusingly illustrates the successive changes of translation; for instance, 'I found the head sailor on the lookout,' read in the original, 'I found the chief officer on the poop-deck.'"

My letter was originally published in the BANNER OF LIGHT many years ago, was copied into French and German spiritual publications, and now comes back re-translated in its present form. I thought on reading it that I would give you, as near as possible, the original, and now do so.

In 1852 I became acquainted with the rapping and table-tipping phenomena in San Francisco, through the mediumship of Mr. Bonell; and held several circles on board my ship, Edwin.

In 1853 I went East across the Isthmus on mule-back. In July of that year I returned to California with my wife. New York friends advised me not to try the Isthmus route with a lady in delicate health, and recommended a passage around the Horn in the newly-built clipper ship, the *Queen of Clippers*, Capt. Lerega, to whom I paid for passage one thousand dollars.

After several weeks I recognized my old friendly raps on the stateroom bulkhead (landmen say partition). I explained to my young wife what they meant. She at once adopted the alphabet, and her mother's name was spelled out. This gave her confidence, and the raps became an amusement to while away the wakeful hours of many stormy nights. She regarded them as signals of protection. Her prayer, you will not leave us to night, would elicit a shower of raps.

One night in August, off the Horn, under close reefed topsails, she awoke me. She had been amusing herself as usual. I was asleep. They have just spelled out, there is danger ahead, and no head on deck. I started up, and found the chief officer, Geer, every inch a sailor, on the poop-deck. To him I did not, of course, refer to the rapping warning, but as we were very intimate, I related to him my experience of a collision on my own ship 'Levanline,' some years before, told him I was anxious on dark nights, and requested him to see if the lookout watch were awake.

Of course he found them all asleep, and roused them up, and on deck with him until nearly daylight, and finally, tired and cold, returned to my cabin. 'Well,' said I, 'there is nothing in sight; what can be the matter?' While we were talking the rap-signal came for the alphabet; then was spelled out: 'The ship Sabine is near you.' This, evidently, in answer to my remark. In the article reprinted from 'The Two Worlds' it is said: 'I jumped on deck just in time to avoid a collision,' which is not at all correct. I never saw the ship, nor know that no passenger can interfere on board ship; but what did occur was this: While still talking, the chief mate, Mr. Geer, came to my cabin and said: 'Jump up, if you would like to see us speak a ship.' In a minute I was on deck, and saw the *Sabine* pass us on the opposite tack, about fifty yards to windward. The day was fast breaking, and a man at either end of the flag displayed to us their *Burgee*—as the name flag is called—with the ship's name, 'Sabine' upon it. This was noted in the log-book of our ship, *Queen of Clippers*, and the *Sabine* reported off the Horn on our arrival in San Francisco.

We were both beating to windward, in doing which ships frequently cross each other several times on opposite tacks. When I was first called the *Sabine* had probably crossed us on the starboard tack.

In discussing the matter next day, I incidentally observed that the matter might be run down some night pending the lengthy operation of spelling out a warning. Presently a shower of raps came for the alphabet; when in reply to my remark they spelled out, 'In future we will give you free loud raps in the direction of danger.' I said, 'Give us a specimen,' when immediately came five raps upon the cabin bulkhead, as loud as though made with a hammer. We fortunately never had occasion for the warning, and arrived safely in San Francisco October, 1853.

Oregon.

CLACKAMAS.—Wm. Phillips writes: "The phenomena called spiritual to-day have been known from antiquity; yet perhaps in no former age of the world has due weight been given them, or their true worth been half so well understood."

When I was a small boy aged people would talk about such things for hours at a time: such an one's father had appeared to him on a certain occasion, or his mother, his brother, or his sister; yet no attempt seems to have been made to take advantage of the opportunity to learn wisdom from such visits. In his time John Wesley seems to have been convinced by such phenomena of the fact of the communion of spirits with mortals, and gave such convictions to the world in printed form. But the world was not ready to step upon Wesley's plane of thought in regard to these things; or, it may be many were ready for such advance, and could they have known the law governing in such matters would have availed themselves of the opportunity to profit thereby. At least, such was my condition from boyhood to manhood's stage, a period in which many such phenomena appeared to me. But I knew not fully the force of their import or truth from whence they came. An incident in this connection I will here relate.

It was in the early days of the settlement of Oregon. I had moved on to a new place the first week of October, with no feed for my cattle during the coming winter. Yet the wild range was good, and my cattle lived comfortably through. But when spring came, and my crops were to be planted, it was necessary I have some feed for my work oxen (no horses were in use in this country at that time), and the only place then to be found in this section where such feed could be had was Oregon City flouring mills, six miles distant. I went there on Friday morning to see if I could get a half ton of feed. No feed was to be had, and the mill was shut down for repairs, to be running again on Monday. The miller told me, as others had spoken in advance of me for feed, he could not supply me before Wednesday. As there was no help for it I returned home, intending to wait as patiently as I could until the appointed day.

But on Monday morning, as I arose from my bed, a voice—I knew not from whence it came—said to me: 'Do up your chores quickly and haste to Oregon City; you will get feed.' At the same time a feeling came over me of hurry and rush that filled my whole being, which I could not throw off. I reasoned against the admonition, but without avail; go I must. I hurried through my chores, sat down to take my meal, but was compelled to leave the table ere I had half finished, compelled to run to where my oxen were grazing, hastily to attach them to the wagon, and drive as fast as oxen could travel, going in a trot on every smooth part of the road. Arriving at the mill, and being the first to call that morning, my sacks were filled and returned to the wagon just as the first promised drove up with his team.

I felt very thankful for this curious form of luck, as I was then pleased to call it, yet there was an intelligence about it I could not account for. Could I have known then the law governing in such matters I should have given credit to whom credit was due; could have cultivated my powers, perhaps, so as to have been of some benefit to others as well as to myself."

New York.

BROOKLYN.—C. A. Pulsifer writes, May 12th: "THE BANNER comes to us as a welcome visitor from week to week. I note with pleasure the progress of our grand cause here in Brooklyn, as recorded in its columns, and I want to express my appreciation of what we are doing in Williamsburg (Brooklyn, E. D.). Sunday, May 11th, we had the pleasure of listening

to the grand inspirations of Oscar A. Edgory; subject, 'The Living Thought of the Nineteenth Century.' It was handled in an able and precise manner, and could be considered to the furtherance of our philosophy. The lecture was followed by a satisfactory discourse. We shall hope to have Mr. E. with us again at no distant date."

BUFFALO.—J. W. Dennis writes: "As an old worker in the Cause, I wish to say that the longer I read THE BANNER, the better I am pleased with it, and the better I like it. One of the reasons is that its columns are not open to virulent gossip concerning our workers and mediums. Denunciation of every Spiritualist of note, or of a medium, or a speaker, is by such assumed to be a grand and noble work! But I am thankful that I can take up THE BANNER and find it free from the fault of proclaiming to the world that some poor brother or sister has fallen from grace."

The worst that can befall those who have diverged from the path of rectitude is to be let alone by the community. This THE BANNER does most effectually. Frauds and 'fakers' are not Spiritualists, and we have nothing in common with them. Let them alone. Let THE BANNER's pages continue to glitter with truths, beauties and wisdom rays from the higher side of life; let it be the banner paper of our Cause, one that we can point to with pride, and say it does not condemn without reason, nor disseminate scandal in any form."

NEW YORK CITY.—Maj. Kirkright writes that having been afflicted for about two months, and suffered greatly without obtaining any relief from the employment of eminent physicians, he did so at last from three treatments by a clairvoyant, Mrs. H. D. T. Wilson, M. D., of 907 6th Avenue, New York, who was first a physical medium, and is now a magnetic and clairvoyant healer. The lady referred to, he says, has been an earnest worker, and—though she is also "a graduated physician"—trustfully depends on the invisible powers for her remarkable success.

Massachusetts.

BOSTON.—Dr. F. L. H. Willis writes: "I have looked in vain to see some notice of the Anniversary exercises in Bridgeport, Conn. I was filling a lecture engagement there at the time, and although no special display was made of decorations, either floral or otherwise, the interesting occasion was not passed by unnoticed. On Sunday, the 30th of March, I made both my services commemorative. In the afternoon I took for my theme, 'The Central Principle of Spiritualism,' affirming it to be Love; hence that Spiritualism is preeminently an evangel of good deeds of great joy to all mankind—much as it is the redemptive power of earth, the divine element from which radiate all the virtues."

In the evening I chose for my subject: 'Modern Spiritualism the Corrective of the Evils of Ecclesiasticism and Materialism.' I had remarkably responsive audiences. There are elements in Bridgeport for a fine society if they could only be brought together under the right sort of management."

It is a great pleasure to me to have learned by my great regret that it is very doubtful if they sustain meetings another season. I impute this wholly to what seems to me the very mistaken policy of employing a different speaker every Sunday or every two Sundays, and selecting for the most part those who draw the greatest crowd of curiosity-seekers, rather than those who can attract and hold thinking minds. I believe permanent growth to be absolutely impossible under such conditions."

Now I do not consider myself in the lecture field, as I accept but very few engagements, and those only at urgent solicitation—as the many societies I am constantly refusing can bear me witness—I feel that I can speak freely upon this matter without incurring the charge of interested motives."

I have one earnest, almost overwhelming desire, with regard to our movement, and that is to see a worthy public presentation of its highest truths and principles in the many communities where it has awakened interest; such an expression as cannot fail to attract thinkers."

It is an undeniable fact in every community that hundreds of Spiritualists do not go near the halls where our Sunday meetings are held. We find them on Sundays in Unitarian, Universalist, and the more liberal of the so-called Evangelical churches, or in the quietude of their own homes. Why is this? We seek far for the causes? Does not the most potent onlie in the methods of our public efforts? Will not earnest men and women, seeking the highest development of the spiritual nature, or even of the intellectual nature, go where, on the whole, the demands of those natures are best ministered unto, most fully supplied?"

I profess to believe in psychic laws, all of which are as immutable and positive in their operations as are the laws of physics. We believe in Psychometry, in Magnetism, in the absolute necessity of conditions for the highest manifestations of the spirit, and violate them all in every Sunday meeting that we hold in rooms that are used all the remainder of the week for all sorts of purpose."

I may be called an 'old fogey'; I confess I am just 'old fogey' enough to believe in that law which through all the ages has compelled men to conserve certain places to certain purposes, and that it is impossible to ignore that law and expect the highest results."

This has never been brought home to me so forcibly as during my engagements at the Spiritual Temple in Boston. It is a delight to me to speak in the sweet, pure, magnetic atmosphere of that beautiful audience-room, kept sacred to the one purpose. I cannot tell you what a satisfaction it is to feel that my best thoughts and my highest inspirations can drop into the minds of the hearers without passing through an atmosphere dense with all sorts of magnetic influences that have accumulated in it during the week. Even persons not psychics, not very sensitive, feel this clearness of spiritual atmosphere, and speak of its peacefulness and restfulness."

NORTHAMPTON.—A correspondent writes: "Dr. Edward E. Denniston, long a resident of Northampton, passed to spirit-life May 10th, aged eighty-seven years. He was born in Ireland, and his father, who was an extensive land-owner, was a brother-in-law of Oliver Goldsmith. Dr. Denniston was for a time a surgeon of the Royal College, Edinburgh, and after coming to this country opened the famous water cure sanitarium on Round Hill."

Dr. Denniston wrote to a magnetic physician in Boston, April 16th, 1890, as follows: 'I have for several years past, from personal, practical knowledge, become satisfied of the truth of what is called Spiritualism, and of the intimate intercommunication and influences exerted by the spirit-world on the earth-life.' May 2d he again wrote: 'I am anxious to obtain a clairvoyant diagnosis from a reliable source.'

These letters show that he was a progressive doctor, and willing to consult a clairvoyant in complicated cases; also that he held to the truths of Spiritualism in regard to a future life."

Illinois.

HAMILTON.—J. W. Lane writes that upon the entrance of each individual into the world of spirits, and learning that all who have ever existed upon earth still live, active intelligent entities, they will naturally be surprised that an open and free intercourse has not constantly been held between the inhabitants of the two states of existence; and the question will arise, why has communication ever been suspended? The answer is, that the law of the universe is that the followers of Him who came to teach immortality for an answer; and the truth for itself upon the attention of every one, in view of the position of the church, that instead of bringing immortality to light through the Gospel, the church has done all it could to veil immortality in impenetrable darkness."

It is with human character very often as it is with a torch, the more it is shaken the more it shines.—W. W. Newton.

BEECHAM'S PILLS act like magic on a weak stomach.

Verifications of Spirit Messages.

L. HAKES.

There was printed in the BANNER OF LIGHT of March 15th last a message received through the mediumship of Mrs. Hinchman-Longley from L. HAKES, which is very characteristic of him in its expression of views regarding healing by laying on of hands, and through the spiritual forces of the universe and human solace. He had vented his own conditions as to his mode of treatment, being far superior in many cases to that of drugging the patient by guess-work. Within the last eight years Mr. Hakes has written to me several letters, and what he says in his communication seems to me as they are, and he has not received any benefit from the use of medicine. I had a peculiar thought for money for his services. If his patients were poor, he never presented them with a bill, and he allowed those with abundance of means to do as they pleased. His mode of treatment was not exacting, hence was quite poor. In the last years of his earthly life he was in constant fear that some one would complain of him for healing the sick, his mode of treatment being unlawful in the State of New York, his home, there being a statute making a criminal offense to eradicate disease without first having a diploma from a legalized college, which he had not. His communication was true to life, as his letters to me indicate. I never saw the man, or had any acquaintance with him except that which came through his spirit, and through letters, which harmoniously correspond with the communication, given as above stated. What a shame it is that this man, over eighty years of age, should have been assailed in his last years with a statute that prevented the people from obtaining relief, and made him out a criminal before the law, liable to be held in imprisonment if that statute had been enforced.

A. S. HAYWARD, Magnetic Physician.

ANNIE CARTER GOODWIN.

I cannot refrain from giving my testimony in favor of the truthfulness and character of the message received through the mediumship of Mrs. B. F. Smith, from my only sister, ANNIE CARTER GOODWIN, received through the mediumship of Mrs. B. F. Smith. It was very pleasing and consoling to mother, father and myself. Her allusion to dear friends and schoolmates dropping silent tears, and to the flower-covered casket, was correct. Sister always took a great pleasure in reading the BANNER OF LIGHT. She came to me a while ago and said she would send a message through THE BANNER sometime, and she has now fulfilled her promise. The message reads just as natural as though she had come into the home and sat down to talk with us. All who knew her are much pleased with the message, and its value to us is beyond all price. It is a great comfort to the dear sister and each individual instrumental in its reaching us. Mrs. GEORGE H. BRAGG, 38 Temple street, Newburyport, Mass. April 20th, 1890.

MARGARET LEONARD.

I am pleased to acknowledge the correctness of the communication received through the mediumship of Mrs. B. F. Smith, from my dear old aunt, MARGARET LEONARD, and published in the BANNER OF LIGHT of the 8th of last February. She passed on to the house of her daughter, Mrs. B. F. Smith, in the Mich. What a soul satisfaction is this great truth of a knowledge of immortality—that spirits can and do return and tell us of a life on the other side. I hope to hear from many of my friends over there."

Yours fraternally, E. C. SEVERANCE, March 26th, 1890, 157 Chambers street, New York.

FLORENCE ARMITAGE.

In the BANNER OF LIGHT of March 1st is a message, given through the organism of Mrs. B. F. Smith, by a little girl giving the name of FLORENCE ARMITAGE. It is one of a band of beautiful messages, and one of our family, giving us much pleasure and consolation. The message is correct in every particular, and we feel grateful to Mrs. Smith and the angel-world for the communication received."

Yours truly, JAMES ARMITAGE, Saugus, Mass., March 16th, 1890.

TRAVERS SWAN.

In THE BANNER OF MAY 10th is a communication received through the mediumship of Mrs. B. F. Smith, from TRAVERS SWAN of Bridgeport, Conn. I verify the same. He was one of those all felt it a privilege to associate with. Being in the express business he came in contact with a great many of the best of men, and he gave some word of cheer, and on every proper occasion spoke of the knowledge he had of the return of our dear ones. I always thought it a benediction to meet him, especially to receive him in our home."

Reading, Mass., May 12th, 1890. MARY A. BOYER.

JOHN L. COLBY.

Your paper of Nov. 30th, 1889, was sent me by a friend, containing a beautiful message received through the mediumship of Mrs. B. F. Smith, from JOHN L. COLBY, of Franklin, N. H. In every respect it was characteristic of him, and truthful in reference to his last moments."

Yours truly, JOHN L. COLBY, wife of the late John L. Colby, Franklin, N. H., April 10th, 1890.

May Magazines.

THE NATIONALIST.—In the leading paper Charles N. Chadbourn, in a consideration of the purpose of Nationalism, replies to the query, "Will it Destroy Individuality?" claiming that it does not, that it lays its ecclesiastic hands on Individualism, which is diametrically the opposite of Individuality—"that full and rounded culture of body, mind and soul, which brings out in each human being the utmost of which he is capable. Thus only is he individualized; thus only is he differentiated from his kind." Referring to what is popularly thought to constitute individuality, the writer says: "When at last the stronghold of the competitive system shall surrender, and its walls crumble into shapeless ruin, then will it be shown in the clear light of day that the Individuality it was so jealously guarding was but its bastard counterpart, Individualism! Individuality is not Individualism. The latter refers everything to self, and sees nothing but self in all things. It is the quality which primarily regards self for self interest. (Worcester.) Speeded the time when the inauguration of the principles of strict justice, equal opportunity and universal brotherhood may indeed deal the death-blow to individualism, which is selfishness." Max Georgi gives his view of the relation of Nationalism to Individualism, and Charles E. Waterman writes of "Small New England Farms." The remaining pages contain Editorial Notes, news of the movement, and quotations from the press—showing its hostility to the aims of the Nationalist. Boston: 77 Boylston street.

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE contains a sermon preached in New York last month by Rev. Phillips Brooks, D. D., on "New Needs, New Mercies, New Miracles," and in its "Book Reviews" refers to W. J. Colville's new work, "Studies in Theosophy," in highly commendatory terms as "a scholarly, systematic and inspirational treatise." New York: 13 West 42d street.

HORTICULTURAL ART JOURNAL.—A new feature introduced this month is its illustrations, which are photographs of oranges, clematis coccinea, and a snow-bell bush in full flower, colored to nature. Rochester, N. Y.: Stecher Lithograph Company.

Causes of Failure in Business.

Promises made that cannot be kept. Inducements held out that do not exist. Claims that have no foundation. Great promise. Little result. So, when you see a firm prosper year after year, you know at once that these are not its business secrets."

You will also see that they cannot be the principles of Drs. Starkey & Palen, for after 20 years of success with their Compound Oxygen Treatment they have a record of cures that is something wonderful. This record is not a private affair, locked up in a safe, or worse still one that does not exist. On the contrary, you can see it. All you have to do is to send for Drs. Starkey & Palen's Treatise on the Compound Oxygen Treatment. It is free to you. You get it by return mail. This book contains a record of diseases removed, tells who have been cured, and shows where they live. Send for it. Address Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1629 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., or 120 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal. It is filled with such testimony as the following: "Drs. Starkey & Palen." "I have received remarkable benefit from the use of your Compound Oxygen Treatment. I was entirely cured of Neuritis by it." Mrs. G. W. VALENTINE, New Douglass, Ill., July 30, 1889.

Drs. Starkey & Palen:—"Your Compound Oxygen Treatment cured

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

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Terms Cash—Orders for Books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by all or as much cash. When the money forwarded is not sufficient to fill the order, the balance must be paid. C. O. D. Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. We would remind our patrons that they can remit us the fractional part of a dollar in postage stamps—ones and twos preferred. All business operations looking to the sale of books on commission respectfully declined. Any Book published in England or America (not out of print) will be sent by mail or express.

Subscriptions to the BANNER OF LIGHT and orders for our publications may be sent through the Purchasing Department of the American Express Co. at any place where that company has an agency. Agents will give a money order receipt for the amount sent, and will forward us the money order, attached to an order to send the paper for any stated time, free of all charges except the usual fee for issuing the order, which is 5 cents for any sum under \$5.00. This is the safest and best way to remit our orders.

A complete Catalogue of the Books Published and for sale by Colby & Rich sent free.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condemned or approved) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of varied shades of opinion, but we decline to endorse the irresponsible. No notice is taken of 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 preserve manuscripts not used. When newspapers are forwarded containing matter for our inspection, the sender will confer a favor by drawing a pencil or ink line around the article.

When the post-office address of THE BANNER is to be changed, our patrons should give us two weeks' previous notice, and not only to state their present as well as future address.

Notices of Spiritualist Meetings, to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Monday of each week, as THE BANNER goes to press every Tuesday.

Banner of Light.

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Before the coming light of Truth, Creeds tremble, Ignorance dies, Error decays, and Humanity rises to its proper sphere of knowledge.—Spiritist Philosophy.

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The Presbyterian Discussion.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States has finished its session at Saratoga, the absorbing question before it being the revision of its standards of confession, with a view to the elimination of certain statements of doctrine borrowed from the hard and inhuman Calvinistic scheme of faith, now repudiated by the advancing religious class in all communities. The Assembly was called upon to carry out the better sentiment of a large majority of its representatives throughout the country, and would have come far short of its duty in neglecting to obey so plain and direct a demand. It was no trivial or superficial request that was made to the assembled representatives of this large and powerfully influential church. The responsibility thus put upon them was too grave to be shirked. It was and still is a direct issue between reform and rupture. The highest courage, as well as the best judgment, was fairly challenged to grapple with a contingency that involved the life of the church itself. Of the fact that revision of the creed is a clear necessity there is no longer any doubt.

For it is self-evident to all truly intelligent minds that all forms and expressions of belief need restating, modifying and changing according to the varying experience of mankind, and inevitably have to submit to it. The Presbyterian brethren are only taking their turn. Their Assembly has just settled the matter of revision for the present by committing the work not to further debate in the presbyteries, but to a composite commission of clergy and laity, who will report a year hence.

There has been some pretty hard talking done, and there has been a good deal more hard feeling. The agitating question before the Assembly concerned the selection of prooftexts, in order to make such an improvement in them as will warrant the softening of certain doctrinal statements. That naturally and inevitably leads to the foundation and root of the whole matter, thus becoming radical and reformatory. It will put to a severe strain the stereotyped old dogma of the wholly divine character of the Bible, and test orthodoxy as it has never been tested in the house of its own friends.

As a writer in the Boston Transcript observes, the simple suggestion of a readjustment of prooftexts as warrants for doctrinal statements is of itself a recognition of the fact that, so far from teaching one harmonious and consistent set of doctrines, the Bible admits of being turned to the uses of sects fundamentally discordant in their creeds. The Bible, released from the traditional, mechanical and superstitious estimate of it, and put to the searching tests of intelligent, honest and candid examination, is found to be strangely inconsistent in the materials which it affords for a digest of its contents into doctrinal systems. To the Universalist it affords texts and promises for the salvation of all men; to the Calvinist it dooms the majority to perdition.

This thoughtful writer admits that with the vast masses of men at the present day the church, the ministry, and the current theology have wholly and irreversibly lost their power.

The statements contained in the Westminster Confession, once honestly accepted by a large number of devout and serious persons, are now relegated to the list of outgrown and discredited beliefs. And he adds with impressive force that it is to be emphatically affirmed that the discrediting of the old view of the Bible has not come about through any towering increase of folly, ignorance, and wickedness of men, but has come from the enlargement, expansion of knowledge, enlightenment and discovery and certification of positive truth.

Higher and more adequate conceptions of the Supreme Being, of His nature and attributes, have led to a protest against the ascribing to His inspiring and infallible dictations writings that so abound with proofs of the errors, follies and misconceptions, as well as of the limited intelligence of men.

A Noble Institution.

The Women's Educational and Industrial Union held its annual meeting in this city on the afternoon of the 13th inst. Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz presiding. The Union originated in the brain of Dr. Harriet Chisley twelve years ago. She appeared on the platform, as did also Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Dr. H. Beecher, sister of Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. C. T. Ames, Superintendent Baldwin of the Young Men's Christian Union, and a number of prominent women. After the regular election of officers, the President read her report, which states that in the city of Boston, besides those engaged in household service, there are twenty-five thousand women employed. The Union, at 98 Boylston Street, is open day and evening, at which any one of these women can find friends. Women come there from everywhere, and with inquiries of every kind. Advice is sought personally or by letter on all the various affairs of life. The experiences confidentially related are oftentimes of deep and thrilling interest.

Above all things, the Union stands a power for women, and a shield against injustice as well as a means of advancement. It is an institution equipped and ready for any new philanthropic effort, and is frequently made the means of furthering a worthy cause. The industrial department is not a charity, but educates in the direction of self-support. The aim of the Union is to establish here a social intercourse which recognizes no narrower basis than a common womanhood. And this family unity demands a family impartiality in providing opportunities. Hence the purpose is to so equalize opportunities that advancement may be made possible for all.

The Secretary, Miss Lucia Peabody, reported enlarged work in the new quarters, and increased interest in all the branches. The reading-room, with its quiet comfort, is free to all women, and its opportunities are more largely used than ever. A new branch of work is the mending bureau, which promises to find employment for many women, as well as to aid a large class who have neither time nor skill to mend their own garments. The library has received donations of seventy-three volumes within the year. The reading-room now has more than fifteen hundred books, together with magazines and papers.

The treasury has on hand a balance of over nine thousand dollars. The sales of the industrial department for the last year have amounted to \$37,134.64, an increase of \$1900 over the year previous. In the employment bureau six hundred and twenty-nine situations have been filled, part of them temporarily. Reports were likewise made for the Social Affairs Committee, for the Agency of Direction, for the Entertainment Committee, for the Sunday afternoon meetings, for the Hygiene Committee, for the Lecture and Class Committee, for the Art and Literature Department, and for the Protective Committee.

These various reports were full of most interesting information, and show the practical character of the work to which the Union is devoted. Addresses were subsequently made by many of the ladies and gentlemen present, and tea was afterward served. An evening entertainment was also given, music furnishing the principal feature. It is the intention of the Union to give an entertainment in the coming fall, which shall continue one week, taking the form of a Dickens bazaar, and furnishing representations of the characters of Dickens in costume. This is one of the noblest institutions to which Boston can point.

The Dark Side.

There are some persons, perhaps too many in comparison with the rest, who prefer to look at the dark side of things. It may be wise for all of us to recognize the fact that disappointment is the common lot, but it would not so generally be esteemed disappointment if we schooled ourselves to regard it as such in the true sense, but only because of our short sight and our inability to take in at a single view all the circumstances of the situation. From this, however, we are by nature debarred, and therefore have no right to complain. We are thereby taught the plain and simple lesson, whether we take it to heart or not, that there is a power that rules, causes, combines and orders over our heads and above the reach of our little wills, and that when we do our best to discover the ultimate intent and purpose of that power we have done all we can be asked in reason to do, and may well rest content with whatever final result is commended to our acceptance.

There is a somewhat fashionable complaint in our modern civilization which is termed pessimism, or looking at the dark side of things exclusively. Its professors fancy it is a sort of philosophy, whereas it is nothing more nor less than a chronic bear market. It is an utter want of belief in any possibility whatever. It cannot be called a faith in any sense. It is not much better, in fact, than sheer ugliness—a settled disposition to oppose everything, and run counter to everybody. Most generally it is the offspring of disappointed vanity, and a forever unsatisfied selfishness. No traits of the human character are much more undesirable than these. When not ascribable to them, it is the product of a temperament that approaches all things and persons at a sharp angle. And what the value of judgments are that rest on such a foundation it is hardly worth the trouble to estimate. The pessimists are the stormy petrels of a community. They are always carping, croaking, raising objections, when not openly finding fault, grinding over worthless grain, and imitating the cynicism of some acknowledged leader.

What makes them specially disagreeable is their conceit of a wisdom respecting all matters that is superior to the wisdom of everybody else. Just what good they do, or of what use they are, they could not pretend to say for

themselves. It can at most be said of them that they darken counsel, darken the sky, impart heaviness to the atmosphere all around them, and obstruct the working of every active agency for the common good. Now inasmuch as this uncomfortable and unhappy frame of mind is so largely the result of education, and especially of neglected education, why is it not best to begin early with the young and teach them the art of being happy, and of becoming so by first of all looking on the bright side of life in all its changes and chances? They are just as capable of being trained to find pleasure as to fall into lumps and sour tendencies. It is within our power to diffuse welcome sunshine through them over the society of the future.

Doctors' Latin.

"Any one who has made even a very slight examination of physicians' prescriptions, says the Boston Globe, knows that they are generally almost undecipherable, besides being written in rather rocky Latin:

"Who can blame the drug clerks, then, for making occasional mistakes? It would be strange if they did not. And such mistakes are apt to be very serious, sometimes fatal. Again, it would seem that even a patient, though he has but few recognized rights, ought to know what he is being dosed withal. Why should a live nation be dosed in a dead language?"

The custom of writing prescriptions in Latin is a relic of a darker age, and is self-evidently retained for the sole purpose of befogging the patient. If physicians were obliged to write their prescriptions in plain English their patients would live longer to bless the change.

We are just in receipt—at the hands of a correspondent in Toronto, Can.—of a copy of The Evening Telegram of that city, for May 16th, wherein is detailed, in a four-column article, the results of a well-conducted raid by its reporters on the chemists' shops of that portion of the Dominion. Under the good old Latin custom of writing for remedies, this report avers that some of the city druggists thereabout "make twelve hundred per cent.; while others again are satisfied with a trifle over five hundred." Fifty drug stores—about half the total number in the city, and representing every district—were visited for data as to prices, etc. The Telegram also has no hesitation in declaring that "there are a number of doctors in Toronto who not only charge their patients for prescriptions, but get a percentage from the druggists as well. And the druggist does not lose that percentage out of his own profits, either."

A Quick Return.

A young man ill with consumption, with no prospect of recovery, promised a correspondent of The Medium and Daybreak (London, Eng.), several weeks since, that if, upon his departure from this life, he found any possibility of his returning and making his presence known, he would employ it and appear at Peckham. The writer, Joseph Perry, of Clarendon Place, Camberwell New Road, Eng., now reports that the man passed away at 2 o'clock Sunday morning, April 27th, and appeared at 12 o'clock—ten hours after—and was correctly described to him at Chepstow Hall, Peckham. To reassure Mr. Perry of the fact he appeared again at night, and was seen and accurately described by another medium.

This must have been an exceptional case, as our experience teaches us that, as an almost universal rule, it is exceedingly difficult for any one to fulfill a promise thus made, being wholly unacquainted in advance with the laws that will govern his acts when he shall have entered what is termed, for the sake of distinction, "the spirit-world." Some who have thought, and whose friends have thought, they would be able to immediately make their presence known and to communicate with mortals, are not heard from for many years, if in fact ever; while others, who never in this life gave a single thought to returning, do so with apparent ease. If, as has been said, in this life "circumstances govern cases," they certainly do so in that other life most emphatically.

WATERTOWN, N. Y.—The Spiritualist Society recently formed at this place is very desirous of establishing a library of spiritualistic and reformatory works, to assist its management in arousing public interest regarding the New Dispensation. The Banner Publishing House has already made a donation of books in this direction; Spiritualists everywhere who have such volumes which they feel to spare will be assured of a thankful welcome for their offerings. The books should be sent in care of Mr. J. Gifford, 12 Bronson Street, Watertown, Jefferson Co., N. Y.

THE LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN (Tenn.) CAMP-MEETING of Spiritualists—so writes George A. Fuller, Secretary (whose letter we shall print next week)—will commence Sunday, July 6th, to close Aug. 31st.

Electrocution, and its effects upon the spirit of its victim, are interestingly considered on our sixth page through the mediumship of Mrs. Longley.

Read the call for a Spiritualist Convention at Hillsboro' Bridge, N. H.—eighth page.

"Psychic Studies."

The several numbers of the periodical bearing the above name, and published in San Francisco by our esteemed correspondent, Albert Morton, are now issued in a handsome and durably bound duodecimo volume of two hundred and eighty-eight pages, prefaced to which is the admirable address of Alfred Russel Wallace, delivered by him in San Francisco in 1887, making the full number of pages three hundred.

The larger portion of the contents consists of essays upon the highest intellectual, philosophical and aspirational teachings of Modern Spiritualism, their object being to lead mankind beyond a knowledge of the fact of immortality to a study of how best to employ our life on earth in order to fit ourselves for a full enjoyment of the life beyond. A portrait of Prof. Wallace faces the title-page. The book is worthy of an extended circulation, and we trust it may receive it.

Mrs. Jennie W. Holmes.

The well-known physical medium, is in destitute and needy circumstances. All sums sent to our care will be duly acknowledged in these columns and forwarded at once to Mrs. Holmes. Received and forwarded to date the following sums:

Previously acknowledged.....\$23.00
C. F. D.....1.00

We are in receipt of a letter from Mrs. Holmes, under date of Brooklyn, May 16th, in which she acknowledges the receipt from this office, up to that date, of twenty-eight dollars, for which she returns her earnest thanks to all the dear friends who have so kindly assisted her in this time of trouble. [She also acknowledges with thanks the receipt of two dollars from Prof. Van Horn, which were sent to her direct.]

Foreign Items.

The proceedings at the Semi-Annual Meeting of the Adelaide Spiritualistic Association, held on the 8th of March, are reported in The Harbinger of April 1st. The President, Mr. C. Perrot, congratulated the members on the success that had attended the Society during the past six months. From small beginnings good advances step by step had been made, until now the Society has a good library, in which the thoughtful of various minds can find something to study. Two or three good trance mediums have been developed, and two circles have met regularly every week in the rooms with satisfactory results.

To show how public opinion is changing, he read from The Methodist Journal a report of the reappearance of a spirit, which a few years since would have been scouted by such an Orthodox paper as superstition.

He concluded by wishing that all the members, after a life here in harmony, should at some future day meet in like harmony in the Summer-Land, to talk and converse with each other of days gone by concerning things discussed in this room.

The election of officers was then proceeded with, and the following were appointed: President, C. Perrot; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. Drews and Ople; Committee, Messrs. Frost, Mackenzie and Freeth; Librarian, Mr. Haxby; Secretary, Mr. Mitchell.

"Dr. M. was a Spiritist who flourished in Melbourne years ago," says a writer in the Sydney Bulletin. He claimed to be able to diagnose and prescribe a cure for any ailment on merely seeing a lock of the sufferer's hair. Coroner Vult clipped the locks of a corpse in the City Morgue, and got a young friend to send the hair to Dr. M., with a note to the effect that it had grown on the head of an invalid relative in the country. By return post the hair came back, and on the turned-up corner of the note was written, "Bury this man at once."

The Harbinger says that recently a sealed letter, sent by a gentleman to Fred Evans, in San Francisco, was returned unopened, with an answer that fully satisfied him that it was given by the spirit-friend he addressed. In addition to this the spirit added—when and where he was born in earth life; when he first came to Australia, and how he amassed wealth there. This information was not asked for, but volunteered to strengthen the proof of his identity.

No greater evidence exists of the influence of spirits on the work of mortals than is shown in the inventions, arts and literature of our times. An instance of this is that in France Massenet's new and popular opera, "Esclarmonde," which the public flocks in crowds to witness, carries the spectators into the realm of spirits, and gives them a highly suggestive idea of Occultism. As to that wonderful medium, Joan of Arc, never was her history more popular or her name more highly venerated in France than at the present moment.

It is reported that Spain includes among its advocates of the truth of Spiritualism a larger proportion of people of social distinction and intellectual eminence than any other nation. In this connection it may be stated that Viscount de Torres-Solano contributes to La Revolucion (Alicante, Spain), an admirable article on "The Scientific Period of Spiritualism," which he considers has been already entered upon, and he believes that it will prove the aurora of a new civilization, and the prelude to a nobler chapter in the history of the human race.

The wreck of the "Quetta," on the 28th of last February, was the cause of the sudden transition to spirit-life of John C. Garner and his son, a lad eleven years of age. Mr. Garner was an intimate friend of Geo. Smith, well known to our readers as an able advocate and defender of the truths of Spiritualism, and who contributes to the Harbinger of Light an interesting account of some circumstances attending the sad event, from which we learn that Mr. Garner was deeply interested in all matters of a spiritual nature, and at one time Secretary of the Brisbane Psychological Society. He was employed as an artist and engraver by the Brisbane Newspaper Co.

"His object [says Mr. Smith] in leaving this colony was first, to visit his old father and relatives in London, after an absence from home of about fifteen years; and, secondly, to carry out an idea formed some time ago of visiting that new colony of Spiritualists in California called 'Summerland.' From the first time he heard of the scheme and saw the plan of the colony he became interested, and often afterward stated his intention of proceeding thither....

He reached Summerland sooner than he expected, but not that in California, indeed, he crossed the Summerland of the spiritual spheres, and no doubt was glad to find that though not carried to the place for which he booked, he was landed at a better place.

He lost his wife some years ago, but regularly saw her on the anniversary of her death. On the last occasion, after a visit to him only a few weeks ago, she appeared, so he stated, plainer and more distinctly than ever before, and he particularly spoke of this to his friends.

We hear of the usual presentiments and warnings that always precede a calamity like this: many curious stories are being told of passengers who at the last moment decided to go by that vessel, and dreamed depicting the catastrophe before the vessel sailed. One well-known gentleman, whose wife and son were lost, drank twice of something dreadful and soon felt, and he said, "I was going, but my fear departed with the darkness, and in the daylight he let them go with the result that both passed over."

The marvelous escape of Miss Laezy is known to all who have read the reports of the wreck; how she was rescued after being on the water for nearly forty hours, over twenty of which she was entirely unsupported by anything, but floating about in an unconscious condition, during which time (as she stated when recovered) she thought she was in a hotel under water. That a frail, weak girl, subject to fainting fits, should float safely on the water so many hours, certainly points to an influence or power of some sort outside herself, which kept her in safety until rescued.

Matters Current.

The Ladies' Aid Association of the Soldiers' Home in Massachusetts, hopes that all ladies who can make it convenient will attend the exercises on Memorial Day at its lot in Malden. A special train leaves the B. & M. Station, Haymarket Square, Boston, at 2 P. M. of that day. The new wing of the Soldiers' Home will be dedicated June 7th at 2 P. M. The anniversary meeting of the Association occurs the second Thursday, June 12th, at the Soldiers' Home, Chelsea.

The fact is patent to even the most casual observer, that no organizations in the United States have multiplied more rapidly in the past decade than the sick-benefit, funeral-aid, death-benefit, and other kindred societies. They are generally confined to those who are in the humbler walks of life, and the good they have done is incalculable. We are requested to state that any one interested in these associations can help render the statistics of their organizations for the forthcoming census more complete, and disseminate a knowledge of the good work they are doing, by sending the names of such societies as they may know of, and the addresses of their principal officers, to Mr. Charles A. Jenney, Special Agent of the Eleventh U. S. Census, 58 William Street, New York City.

Just now it is the wont of certain parties to lament the decadence of the Republic, and to declare the existence of a laxity of moral sentiment among our people which needs the interference of the law for its contravention. The essayist Herbert D. Ward evidently does not share in their apprehensions, as may be seen by the subjoined paragraph from his pen, recently appearing in a Boston daily contemporary:

"We are the most civilized nation in the world in the one supreme and sacred item of morality. Disrespect exists among us to an insidious extent; but public opinion goes along with clean lives. We have a greater proportion of homes where purity is a matter of course than any other large nation. In spite of a weekly incursion of five thousand aliens, the overwhelming majority of American men honor the chastity of women and the virtue of their own lives. This is the saving salt of American institutions."

From our Washington correspondent, George A. Bacon, we are in receipt of a copy of the Official Congressional Directory, compiled by W. H. Michael, and corrected to May 10th, 1890. Mr. Bacon finds place in it as Corresponding Clerk of the Department of Agriculture; residence 2026 P Street, N. W.

A lady reporter of the Frederick Free Press, South Dakota, recently interviewed twenty-six matrons of that village, with a view of ascertaining their view

upon the woman suffrage question. The ladies interviewed were not aware that their sentiments were to be made public, which gives additional importance to them. Of the twenty-six all but two were emphatically in favor of the ballot for women.

The twenty-first annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac will be held at Portland, Me., on the 3d and 4th of July. All veterans cordially invited. Every officer and enlisted man who has at any time served with honor in any of the armies which did duty east of the Alleghany Mountains, and has been honorably discharged therefrom or remains in the service in the regular army, is entitled to membership in the Society. Many distinguished officers have already signified their intention to attend the sessions. General Sherman has been invited as a guest of the city of Portland, and will undoubtedly be present.

Prof. Henry Kiddle, of New York City, delivered a lecture last Saturday evening before the Brooklyn Spiritual Conference, on "Modern Spiritualism—Its Trials and Triumphs." He was met by a fine audience—good both in number and quality. There is, we are informed, much earnestness of interest among the Brooklyn Spiritualists.

"A Magnetic Wonder" is what the managers of Mrs. Abbott (a lady of great physical strength and electrical power, similar to Luis Hurst), who is now on exhibition, claim the lady to be. A correspondent writing from Gallatin, Tenn., requests us to ask the Controlling Intelligence of our Circle-Room the source of this woman's strength, that enables her to lift strong men with ease, and to perform other remarkable feats. We have done so, and the spirit assures us that this woman (as do those of a similar nature) generates a superabundance of electrical force, which not only of itself acts upon surrounding objects and persons, but is also directed by intelligent and powerful spirits, who understand the laws of electrical activity, and who are attracted to such an individual as this by the peculiar elements her personal atmosphere contains.

Marshall von Moltke's recent speech before the German Reichstag is being given a pacific meaning which did not enter the head of that veteran warrior at the time. He strongly supported a bill looking to an increase of the army of the Fatherland, etc., on the plea that the situation in Europe, instead of becoming more promising, grows more difficult, and a strong government alone can preserve peace; that the days of war originated by ministries are past, and the disturbing element is now found among the people—and he feared that some popular outburst would drag the established governments of Europe into war, even against their own inclinations: Which leads the Christian Union to remark that if the day of ministerial wars has indeed passed, and war is now only to be expected by a popular prompting, the dawn of universal brotherhood is indeed near—since what the people of Europe want is not war, but an era of peace, reduction of taxes, freedom from military service, and relief from the cloud of suspense which now paralyzes and overshadows them.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

To work, to work, with hope and joy,

Let us be doing what we can;

Better build school-rooms for the "boy,"

Than cells and gibbets for the "man."

—Eliza Cook.

Story, the sculptor, has been chosen to design the bronze statue of George Washington which will be presented to the French people in return for the gift of the Bartholdi statue of Liberty Enlightening the World.

In the world of unheard sound about us (says an exchange) some notes we cannot hear because they are too high and some because they are too low; we live in a world of odors, of which, to our grave loss, we smell a bare hundredth part of what a healthy dog smells.

The name of a Chingalese gentleman who has been appointed by Queen Victoria to a seat in the Legislative Council of the Island of Ceylon, is Panabokke Samastawikrama Karumattakka Abhayawardhana Bhuvanasekara Jayasundara Mudiyanselage Tikiri Bandana Ratnamahitaya; and Oriental courtesy demands that the full patronymic should be used whenever there is occasion to address a native dignitary.

The greatest calamity that can befall a nation is the destruction of its young men. To destroy this promising class upon whose future so much depends, there are licensed by the general and municipal authorities of our American cities, drinking places by the thousands.

In ten years, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean, women's clubs have done more for the actual good of society than all the men clubs of the past fifty years have done.

"This House For Sale!" the placard read,

And ere there was a chance to read the place—

A Kansas cyclone struck the place—

And, sure enough, it did.

—Waltham Herald.

The returns of the pensioned veterans who fought under the great Napoleon, who now receive \$50 a year, put their number at 112 instead of 180, as in 1888.

All who read the English papers have seen advertisements setting forth the fact that manuscript sermons, suitable for either Church of England or Nonconformist pulpits, could be bought at very moderate rates; and it has long been an open secret that many country clergymen in England, possessed of more money than brains, willingly purchased these ready-made effusions, the work of obscure preachers possessing more brains than money. But it will be a surprise to many to know that these vendors of sermons have numerous reverend customers in America, who find it more convenient to buy their sermons than to write them.—Ex.

The total loss by fires in the United States during the first three months of the present year was \$25,032,625, against \$30,610,700 during the same period in 1889, and \$37,171,600 in 1888.

Jaggs—"What makes Signor Spaghetti so stiff on the state? He looks like a hard man." Gagg—"I guess he has swallowed his Umbre."—Puck.

AN "ORIGINAL PACKAGE."—The following is said to be the shortest sentence which contains all the letters of the alphabet: "Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs."

A compositor on an exchange recently got a marriage notice by mistake among a lot of items under the caption of "Wrecks and Disasters of 1889," and when the foreman heard that the groom was a clerk in a dry-goods store at eight dollars a week, he said it had better remain under that head.—Truth.

It is proposed to have executed a statue of Susan B. Anthony, as one of the contributions to the World's Fair at Chicago, Ill.

"There is always room at the top" is a saying that applies just as well to the hereafter as to the here. If there is any truth in evangelical religion, heaven will be as sparsely settled as Nevada, while that square mile in New York City that holds 250,000 inhabitants do not begin to be as thickly settled as Hades will be.—Marlboro' Times.

Wine is now transported in Europe in tank cars, like petroleum in the United States. One recently carried eleven thousand litres from Italy to Berlin, and such transport is looked upon as successful.

It must be a comfort to the highly poetical, superstitious Transcriber to know that the tulips in the Public Garden are about gone.—Record.

Nature plays queer freaks with the flower seeds sent out by the Agricultural Department at Washington. A man who received a package of seeds labeled "giant pansy," planted them in a flower bed, and soon had a small crop of turnips, while a number of seeds labeled "double pinks" produced longneck squashes.

The butterfly is a greedy creature; no sooner does it come from grub than it goes for grub.—Texas Siftings.

The International Arbitration Conference is to open in London, Eng., July 23d.

The story goes that a Lewiston gentleman gave his little girl a bad quarter of a dollar the other day, telling her that it would do to play with. She kept it for a day or two, and seemed to be saving it for a purpose. "You must not attempt to spend it," her mother said. "No, I am not going to, papa," was the reply, "but I know what I shall do with it. I shall put

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

shadow pass over his face as the thought came to him of the parting from his loved ones when he went out. The greatest suffering we endure is when we go to the loving friends mourn for us so much. We often cry to you, "Why cry tears; those in mortal life are not more than we do. Oh! much more." I have looked upon the faces of many loved ones at they have been called home, with sadness, because at that period I did not understand it was merely moving out of one tenement into a better one. As the dear, loving friends look upon the form, it is all they can see, for the jewel contained in the casing, the spirit, they cannot behold. How grand is the thought that comes over us—"we shall find our own again"—and true are these words, "there are no lost, no one." The mother meets the child, the husband the wife, and the wife the husband, and how gladly, how tenderly do they greet them and escort them to their homes.

How true that love is eternal, never to be broken, a victor over death. If we loved our friends here, are we not eager to meet them yonder, and are we not eager for them to visit us? And we come to visit, dear friends. You were anxious for our visits while we dwelt in the form; then why not welcome each one as they come to you from the spirit-world?

I well remember these words that were spoken in my younger days: "The spirit goes to God who gave it; we must wait until the judgment day." Dear friends, the judgment day is every day, as I look at it. What more can you ask for than the judge that is within you?

In Warren, Penn., I am not forgotten, and there are anxious ones waiting to hear from me. I have made the attempt several times to make them know I was there with them. I have been here once before, some time ago, but there is a purpose I am trying hard to bring into effect, which I feel if I persevere I shall accomplish, and that is why I have come here today. I am grateful for the time given me. I think my message will reach some friends, who I know will be glad that I have spoken here, only there are some points I cannot touch upon in public, so I will leave the request that they try to come into communication with me through some medium privately. Sarah Catherine Ross.

Dan Norris.

While the lady was speaking I could see there were points she wanted to touch upon, but she hesitated, thinking it would not be best to speak in public, or account for my affairs, perhaps. I did not know her business, by any means; it is all I can do to attend to my own. I am very glad that when we pass out of the mortal form we have a great desire to attend to our own business, and we also feel, if we can assist any one, that is a part of our work. There is not so much selfishness with us as you have in this life. I am grateful for that. I well remember a short time before passing out a conversation I had with one that they termed an elder. Of course we were educated to believe they knew a little more than we did. I don't tell you I believed it. Now I can't understand how they are going to know any more of the future than you or I do.

It has been said they have made it their study. Perhaps so. In what way? There's a mystery again. But I am not here to solve it. There's one thing sure: we all have reason given us for some purpose, and if we do not make a good use of it, when we enter the other life we must learn there. It is a school either side of life. Not long after passing out I heard these words spoken: "I wonder how he finds it, if he has got into a good place in Oakland, Cal., and asked a spirit—what benefit from them, I said, and a spirit—who told me he had attended many of my meetings—what made him come, in the first place? He explained to me it was through the law of attraction. Well, I can't explain that to you; I am going to try; but I'll be honest and say I am attracted into the meetings of these same Spiritualists. You know who they are. I am glad to be one of their number to-day, and say it is a grand time in which they are interested. You should all want to learn of the world you are fast coming from, for every day brings you nearer that beautiful Summer-land and that the children talk so much about.

It isn't wholly because our homes are so beautiful that we have no desire to come back to stay; when these bodies are cast off, much of the desire of earthly life is taken away from us. I find it so, and express it according to my feelings. They used to say, many times, that Dan Norris was a strange person. I was myself. I never personated anybody else. In Pasadena a few will remember me, and some only know me by hearsay. I am glad to be obliged to you, Mr. Chairman, for allowing me to have my say. Anything to pay? I haven't a cent. I came near forgetting myself.

Julia Caler.

There are some who mourn me very much, Mr. Chairman, and it has been said: "I cannot understand why she was called away so early in life." Dear loving friends, we have no voice in the matter. Often these words are spoken harshly by some loved ones: "I don't feel it right they should be taken from us." Oh! be careful. Little can you understand why these things must be. The parting is hard; but only think of the reunion, which will be more grand, more glorious, more beautiful than anything of earth can be. Dear mother has said so many times: "I can see why they have taken you, Mr. Chairman, for allowing me to have my say. Anything to pay? I haven't a cent. I came near forgetting myself."

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Orders for lots in Summerland will be received, entered and selected by the undersigned, where parties cannot be present to select for themselves, with the privilege of exchanging for others without cost (other than recording fee), if they prefer them when they visit the ground.

Reference: Commercial Bank of Santa Barbara, Cal. Send for plat of the town and for further information, to

ALBERT MORTON, Agent,
210 Stockton St., San Francisco, Cal.

H. L. WILLIAMS, Proprietor,
Summerland, Santa Barbara Co., Cal.

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"Ever I'll Remember Thee."
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"I'll be Waiting Over."
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