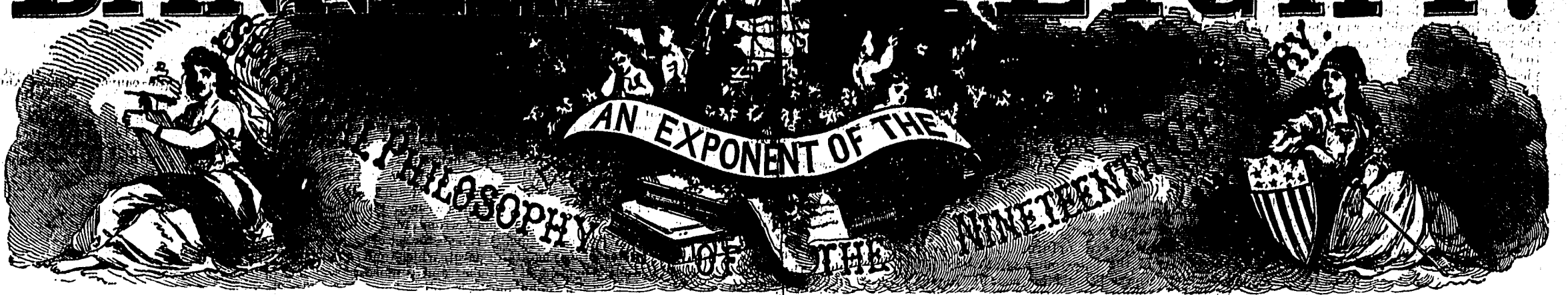


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Free Thought.

### THE SICKFOLL RESEARCH SOCIETY.

A Remarkable Cabinet, Remarkable Science and a Remarkable Report.

BY Z. HYPIENUTEN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

There has been constructed a newly-planned cabinet for the use of materializing mediums, which it is thought will do away with every conceivable objection that has been or can be made to those heretofore employed by them. It was invented by a member of the Sickfoll Research Society, for its special use in their investigations of the phase of spirit phenomena for which it is adapted.

Being introduced by an honorary member of that distinguished body of scientists, I was privileged to attend a séance at which the cabinet was first brought into use, and was greatly interested in examining its unique, I may say extraordinary construction. I found it to be in spherical form, a globe five feet nine inches and seven-tenths of an inch in diameter, made of corrugated sheet-iron. The entrance to its interior, and the only opening, is at its lowest point, covered by a trap-door something like a scuttle on the roof of a house. On the top is a polished plate of steel two feet in diameter. The ceiling of the séance-room of the S. R. S. is twenty feet from the floor. From the centre of this ceiling is suspended the largest horse-shoe magnet I have ever seen, or rather a group of them, three feet long, two feet wide. There are ten of these, each two and forty-three hundredths inches thick. I am exact in giving the measurements, as science is expected to be correct, and I do not wish my veracity to be questioned in any future statement I may make.

The purpose of this collection of magnets is to attract the steel plate of the cabinet, and consequently the cabinet, to a point four feet and one-fortieth of an inch from itself, and retain it there, leaving an open space of that dimension between the cabinet and the magnets. From the floor to the trap door entrance of the thus suspended cabinet, the distance, consequently, is seven feet and thirty-two fortieths of an inch. I obtained this estimate from an old reliable scientist who made it on a slate in my presence; and he being a scientist, it must be correct whether it is so or not.

At the séance I attended were eighteen able-bodied members of the Society, including its presiding officer, met to test the cabinet. The medium was an equally able-bodied woman, a good-natured, honest-appearing one, whose reliability and integrity of purpose in thus submitting to the crucial test these learned individuals imposed, no unprejudiced person would for a single moment question. The company was seated so that each individual covered a distinct point of observation, thus precluding all possibility of anything occurring that would not be noted by one if not by all. The medium, appeared in black, ascended by means of a step-ladder to the opening of the cabinet, and entered it, the cabinet away for a moment as she did so, then becoming motionless, the door was closed and bolted on the outside. This done, and the steps removed to an ante-room, a score or more of postage-stamps were collected from the members and attached to the door and blinds and placed over the key-holes—Yale locks, by the way—to prevent the entrance of confederates.

The room was luminous as day, fully as much so as were a noonday sun shedding its rays within it, being made so by twelve electric lights. It was, in fact, so brilliantly lighted that each of the sitters could easily count from where they sat the rivets that held together the iron plates of the cabinet.

There before us all, hung, with as little visible support as a star in the heavens, the cabinet, in which was the medium; there was a space of seven feet and a fraction below, and four feet and a trifle above. This in itself was a wonder. It seemed incredible that human ingenuity could produce, through the possibilities and limitations of magnetic laws, what indeed was a remarkable scientific phenomenon.

After all had united in singing the well-known hymn, the first line of which is:

"All hail to Science, welcome guest,"

and at the moment the last note was uttered, the trap-door opened, and small feet, wearing white satin slippers, were seen, and immediately following, a full female form, robed in

snowy white (the medium, it will be remembered, was entirely in black), floated slowly and gracefully to the floor, and glided rather than walked, with fairy-like ease and lightness, to the sitters, each in turn, stopping a few moments in front of the President of the Society, and thanking him and all associated with him for what had been done by their agency to establish means by which the visible manifestation of spirit forms could be demonstrated to be a fact. She then retreated to under the cabinet, when the door, which had been closed by some unseen hand, was opened in like manner, and the form arose and disappeared within the suspended globe. Scarcely had she done so when two forms emerged from it—a man and a woman—neatly and appropriately attired. At the moment their feet touched the floor their voices burst forth in a song of rapturous exultation, the words of which were entirely new to every listener, and the vocalization far superior to anything they had before heard; the sentiment, and its expression and execution, bearing no mark of earthly origin. At the conclusion of the singing the two passed among the company, greeting each individual, and expressing their unbounded happiness at being able thus to meet them; and what, if possible, was more surprising, four of the gentlemen recognized one, and six recognized the other, as old and familiar acquaintances, who had for ten or more years been accounted as "dead."

After remaining with us about ten minutes, during which time they answered in clear, firm and distinct voices, questions propounded by nearly every one present, upon a wide range of scientific and philosophical subjects, many of them of a most abstruse nature, the two radiantly appeared beings floated up to the closed door, which, as in the previous case, opened as they approached it, and disappeared from our sight.

The next manifestation was more remarkable than any I have seen recorded, as indeed all previous ones had been, considering the conditions. About five minutes after the two just mentioned vanished, the door again opened, and a child's feet enclosed in the prettiest slippers imaginable were seen to emerge from the opening; then the whole form of a fair, rosy-cheeked child, from whose head floated long tresses of golden-hued hair, appeared, its hands raised clasping the hands of another child which soon came in view, and that the hands of still another. By this time the feet of the first child touched the floor, and the little angel—that term seems most befitting for one so ethereal and glad—walked out, leading those that followed, until nineteen of them—one for each individual and myself, came, when the door closed, and an exhibition without its equal in any past or the present age greeted our sight. Hand-in-hand these nineteen danced about the room, very incarnations of the joy and gladness of the spirit-world. Then each spirit took one of the company by the hand, and in a sort of triumphal march passed around the room until the respective seats of the mortals were reached, when each seated himself as at first. The spirits after this grouped themselves in a circle, facing the company, and made a graceful obeisance. The leader, or the one who had thus far directed the movements, now formed all in a line, marched once around the room to directly under the cabinet, when the door above them opened, and in a spiral course, like that of a winding stairway, they all arose, passing within the cabinet, which had then been human beings like ourselves would not have held one-half of their number, and the astounding exhibition was with us an event of the past.

An instant of time only had elapsed when we were startled by the appearance immediately beneath the cabinet of a tall, athletic Indian, a foot or more taller than the medium—a very King Philip in personal bearing. He was diametrically the opposite in personality of those who had a moment before left us, and, without, came so suddenly that it was impossible for any one to determine whence he came, whether from the cabinet above, the door of which was not seen to open, or from the floor beneath. He wore richly ornamented moccasins and feathered leggings. Over his shoulders was a fancifully-colored blanket, that, falling gracefully, covered his entire body. From his neck, on a chain made of porcupine quills, was suspended a symbol of rank, bearing some resemblance to the moon in its first quarter. A band made of beads and small shells of various colors, on his forehead, was surmounted with feathers, some of them a foot or more in length. His complexion was the same as that of most of the Northwestern tribes.

When we had in some measure recovered from our surprise at his coming, he uttered a few guttural sounds, at the same time looking around to all, his face bearing a pleasing expression. He then drew from beneath his blanket a large, finely decorated pipe, and seating himself, Indian fashion, on the floor, putting the stem of the pipe to his mouth, began to use it, the smoke rising in gradually enlarging rings to the ceiling. We had already witnessed so much that was past our comprehension that we had become somewhat weary of expressing our surprise, and all we could do was to silently look on and ask ourselves if there is any limit to the possibilities of spirit, and to reply to our own query by concluding that there is not.

Our Indian guest did not remain with us long. He passed around, shook hands in a vigorous manner with each, then passing to the President of the S. R. S., motioned to him to examine his blanket, head-dress, pipe, etc. That gentleman was very glad of an opportunity to do so, and found all to be apparently as substantial as any article in the room. He was

about to call the attention of another to the fact, when the Indian, with every vestige of his apparel, flashed out of sight as suddenly as he had flashed into it.

While each of us was inwardly questioning, what next? the cabinet door opened, and a form, which proved to be that of the medium, slowly descended, strong, muscular-appearing hands and arms supporting her beneath the shoulders until her feet touched the floor. The hands were then withdrawn within the cabinet, the door of which immediately closed. Mrs. Blank, the medium, was at first wholly unconscious, but a few moments after being seated became aware of her surroundings, and on being told of what had occurred was as much interested and surprised as any one of us.

The medium having left for her home, accompanied by friends who were in waiting, one of the members suggested that it would be well to draft a report at once, while the events of the evening were fresh in mind; but the President and others thought it best to delay doing so until, as one remarked, reflection had matured their impressions. "One might be too sanguine," said the President, "so near the events; while looking at an occurrence one may think he sees it, whereas a week, a month, or six months of pondering may convince him that he did not"—a view from the standpoint of a scientist that I failed to appreciate the wisdom of, but which nearly all present seemed to accept; and it was agreed to ponder and then report.

The regular quarterly meeting of the S. R. S. was held three months after the séance, and hearing that it was the intention of the Committee of eighteen to attend that meeting, I submitted my report, and desired to learn what might be, I sought an opportunity to be present, which, fortunately, through the kindness of the gentleman upon whose invitation I attended the séance, I obtained.

There was a full attendance. After a lengthy and animated discussion upon what the President remarked was "a matter of vital importance," namely, whether dreams are the result of indigestion, or indication the result of dreams, it was announced that the Committee appointed to attend a séance of materialization, at which a newly-constructed cabinet was to be used, was ready, through its chairman, Mathias Tyke, D. F., to report, and if there was no objection that learned gentleman would now do so. No one objecting Mr. Tyke arose, and unfolding a MS. read, with marked dignity and ponderous solemnity, the report aforesaid.

After describing the cabinet, awarding much credit to the member by whose skill and masterly knowledge of the laws of magnetic attraction and repulsion it had been constructed, and giving details of the manifestations differing in no essential particular from those I have described, the report proceeded to say: "So far as your committee could see, what we witnessed we actually saw; but we cannot positively say beyond the faintest shadow of a remote doubt, that we really did see what we at the time thought we saw."

"The construction of the thing called a cabinet seemed to preclude all possibility of an attempt to deceive, yet as scientists who had never seen anything like it before, we were compelled to look upon it as being specially formed as a skillful means of imposing on us, and we so report."

"A member whose near-sightedness does not prevent him from seeing things at all, stated that forty-six inches and one-half inch from where he sat, he noticed a crack in the window-glass suggestive of an opening through which confederates to any number might have entered with impunity, and it was his opinion, he thought, the forms we saw, or imagined we saw, and went through, this being so, we conclude it might have been so, and therefore report that it was so."

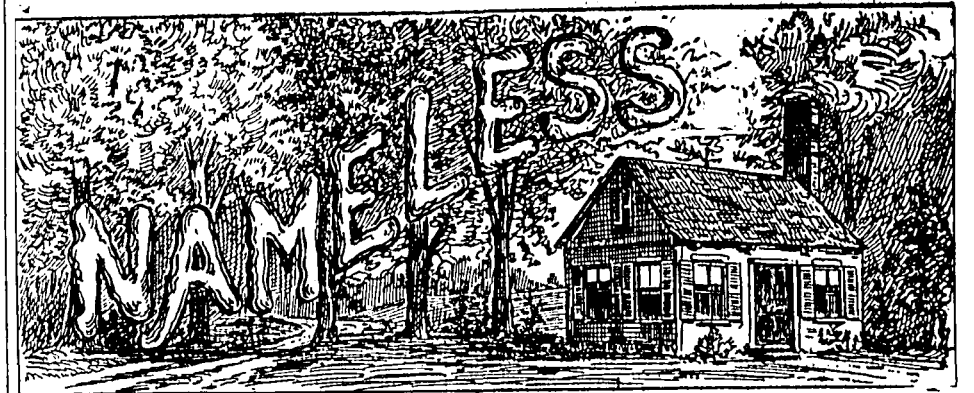
"Did the statement of our near-sighted brother, who, by the way, has been looking into this subject thirty years, be of any value to us? I think not, his own honesty, we find it in the asseveration of another member, that after the medium had left, and while we were intently engaged in conversation in reference to making a report, a slight flickering of the electric light was observed in the room, and at that instant, though of such momentary duration as to render it imperceptible to every one but himself, was sufficiently long to enable the twenty or more confederates to leave the cabinet, and unseen, escape through the crack in the window, and take with them all the paraphernalia they had used."

"The special attention of several of our committee was directed to a piece of cotton thread, fourteen and seven-eighths inches long, found by a closely observed member on the floor, directly under the medium's seat, which we all concluded was a portion of the material employed to clothe the forms we thought we saw—and which if we did see were confederates—and we therefore report that it was, but we beg to express our regret that thus far we have not been cheered in our investigation by the discovery of a single novel fact; but, undeterred by this discouragement, we trust, with your permission, to continue them with what thoroughness our future opportunities may allow, and with minds as sincerely and honestly open as heretofore to conviction."

A remarkable degree of attention accompanied the reading of this report, interrupted occasionally with applause, as some point peculiarly significant against Spiritualism—in their estimation—was presented. No discussion followed; it was accepted by a unanimous vote, ordered to be recorded, and ten thousand copies printed, so as "to put an end," as the Chairman said, "to the most stupendous delusion of century nineteen."

For my own part I was deeply impressed with the untruth, injustice, and, were the subject thus travestied of a less serious and important nature, the utter folly and absurdity of the proceedings of this meeting; and the more so when, while walking home with my friend, he told me confidentially that nearly every one of the eighteen who witnessed the manifestations of that, to me, ever memorable evening, were convinced of the reality of spirit, and that, owing to their standing in society, and a paramount desire and willingness to cater to a prevailing public opinion, prejudiced against the phenomena, it was decided to submit the report I had heard read.

## Literary Department.



Written Especially for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. M. T. LONGLEY.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

In Heaven, where all is Love!

Three days had passed since she had called the physician and the Sister of Mercy to her room. It had not been to seek medical attendance that "Helper" had sent for these two who had been her associates, at the time of the pestilence, in her care of the sick; her interview with them was of another nature; and when the physician had advised her to follow medical instruction, she replied: "I do not need any medicine; I am not ill; I am only tired, and I shall soon find rest."

She lay upon the white couch of her neat little room through all this tired day, as she had the days and nights preceding it. It was September now, and a clear, cool atmosphere, tinged with a ray of warmth, had taken the place of fervid August. To her friends in the house, she said: "Do not worry about me; I need no attention; do not neglect any duty for my sake; I only want to rest," and, knowing that in her last illness, her weakness she preferred only the company of the angels, they did not intrude upon her, except when they felt they could do some little act of kindness, or bring the invalid some bit of dainty food, or secure some little flower from their humble means to lay upon her bed.

"Helper" was neither lonely nor sad; her mind was serene, her spirit tranquil, her heart at peace. Here, in narrow quarters, upon the upper floor of a humble lodging in the poorest part of the city, she felt all the life-forces of her being weakening, and she knew that her strength was spent; and yet she smiled with exceeding joy at the thought, and turned her eyes aloft, as if the Promised Land was already in view.

She lay thus, thinking of the dear ones who had joined the celestial company, and smiling in anticipation of the reunion with them all that she knew would soon be hers, when she was aroused from her reverie by a rap at the door, and the voice of Mrs. Blinker outside, calling softly: "Miss Helper, may I come in?"

"Certainly," she replied, and the landlady opened the door a little, and said: "Two gentlemen in the parlor, Miss, are waiting to see you. I told 'em you could not see any one, but they bade me bring you their cards."

"Helper" smiled as she read the names upon the tiny bits of cardboard, and said: "George Trenton and Thomas Preston; I had felt they would come. Ask them up here, if you please, Mrs. Blinker; I am too weak to go down."

She was lying upon the outside of the bed-covering. The loose white gown that she wore was scarcely whiter than the marble pallor of her own cheeks and brow, but her eyes shone like stars, and the shining gold of her hair lay like a mist of sunbeams upon her temples. She essayed to rise, but Mrs. Blinker said quickly: "I would n't do it, dear. I told the gentlemen you were ill, and they won't mind. You poor lamb, you do need rest, but you'll not get it here, I'm afraid." And the good woman wiped her eyes as she hurried from the room.

"Helper" had risen to a sitting posture when the two men, the elder in advance, entered the room. George Trenton gave one glance at the woman before him, and for an instant paused in hesitating wonder. It was, and it was not, she, the object of his search. But another look, and beyond the strange pallor of that countenance, beyond the mysterious and radiant light of the azure eyes, he beheld the likeness of his beloved child, and stepping forward, he cried:

"Viola, my own—my own, come back to me from the dead!"

She rose now, and reaching out her hands responded to that call of love.

"Father, dear father, they told me you would come, and I never doubted, though I could not see how you would be led to me. The angels have been good, and they have brought you to my side. Father, dear father, I thank them and you for this!"

He folded her in a close embrace. She was his, and yet not his; he could realize now that Viola, the mortal maiden, had died, and that "Helper," the pure and spotless angel, had risen from the ashes of his child. Yes, she was more of spirit than earth; and yet, in that hour of meeting, George Trenton felt that he must claim and keep her as his own dear treasure. He could see that she was far from strong, and he gently seated her while he presented his companion. "Helper" greeted Tom with a tender smile. He seemed full of manly vigor and courage to her as she gazed upon her trusty friend, and in that moment,

as if the book of fate had been opened before her, she read his destiny in the light that surged around him, and she knew that though he would never wed, nor form family ties of his own, yet Thomas Preston's life would be a useful and a happy one, and that when his time should come to go from earth, he would be missed and mourned by those to whom he had been a counsellor and benefactor and friend.

We will not depict the interview that passed between these three at this time. Explanations were given of all that had occurred with each one. "Helper" repeated her story to George Trenton, touching most beautifully upon the experiences she had undergone during the three days of her entrancement, and of the scenes and visions she had repeatedly witnessed during the years of her labors among the poor.

Tom recounted to her his movements and purposes, revealing the discovery he had made concerning her unknown parent's innocence, and of the guilty man who had at last confessed his crime. And then she said in a slow, sweet, musing voice: "I understand it all now. They always told me the shadow would be lifted, and the light would come. They said there was something wonderful to be revealed, and when I asked my angels why they did not tell it, they said it was better for me to learn the secret here, and while I was waiting for it to be shown, I must do my appointed work, and gain my own spiritual growth. I thank you, dear friend, more than words can tell. You have removed the shadow from my life. The terrible horror is past, and only the light of morning remains. The angels will bless you for your noble work."

Tom felt himself blest by one angel already, but he could only bow in silence at her words. Speech with her seemed sacrilegious in him, for she seemed in his sight like a celestial soul clothed in glory, and one that might at any moment take flight.

Her elder visitor wished to remove her to his hotel. She had grown away from his life, and hardly seemed to be a part of it now, but she had been his child for twenty years before she had been snatched away, and he could not feel that his claim was altogether gone. But she begged to remain with her poor people; she belonged to them, she said, and they would grieve and be lonely to have her go. Just a little while she must stay, and then we would see what would come. Her father and Mr. Preston might call every day, and she would be very happy to see them, but she did not wish to go to a hotel, and she was not strong enough to journey to Trent at present.

So they yielded to her wishes, and every day George Trenton came to her room with fruits and flowers and dainty offerings. Tom did not always call; he felt delicate about intruding too often, though "Helper" was glad to see him, and his heart ached to gaze upon her face, though he knew it was fading, fading, fast away. They had taken up their stay at the hotel where the physician lived who had been associated with "Helper" during the time of the pestilence, and whom George Trenton had seen mentioned in the papers with her while they were with the sick. They had sought this physician on reaching the city, and from him had learned her address. Dr. Stetson was considered a man of skill, and to him George Trenton communicated his anxious fears, daily describing the appearance of his ailing daughter, and asking for medical advice.

"It is a malady none can cure," said the physician, "Miss 'Helper' has given her life to others; her vital forces are spent, and cannot be renewed. I speak to you plainly, sir, for the mark of doom is on her face. Before you came she sent for me and confided to my care a paper which she said contained her last will and testament. I should like to place it in your hands, if she does not object." But the sorrowing father replied: "Not unless she urgently requests it, can I take the trust from you."

She did request it one day, and the paper was brought to her. Her father and Tom were both with her, and turning to the latter she said: "Mr. Preston, you hold an interest in the trusteeship of my property in Ayer. I have made my will, and have left you and Mr. Brown my executors; I shall place it in my father's hands until it is required. I will briefly tell you how I have bequeathed my estate. The land is to be sold, and its proceeds divided into six portions. One portion is to go to the Temple at Ayer, to be held in trust by the pastor for the benefit of the poor of his



society. One portion is to be invested as a fund for providing liberal books for the public reading-room at Ayer. One portion is to go to Mrs. Corwin, for the benefit of her child Effie, the principal to be paid over to the girl when she reaches womanhood; one portion is to go to Florence Percy, the young woman who occupies a room on this floor, on condition that she lives with and provides a home for Madam Hartine, the French woman; and the remaining two-sixths are to be paid the Humanitarian Society of this city, the income to be used by its sisters in providing as far as possible for the physical and spiritual needs of the poor people of this locality, which is known in Monton as Spring-Valley. I have been told that by the time the sale is made the Peesley property, which is an extensive piece of land, will bring a high price, and I know that the proceeds will do much good work."

She was easily exhausted now, and could talk but little at a time, and so she did not venture to speak of another matter that pressed on her mind; but the next day, when Mr. Trenton was there alone, she said: "Papa, I want to make one request; you know that I cannot stay much longer. You must feel that my time is almost out. It is as if the last feeble rays of light were flickering slowly, soon to pale from sight. Do not grieve, dear papa,"—as he put his hands before his eyes and groaned aloud—"it is best for me to go. You buried Viola years ago; the struggle and pain were yours then; the anguish will not repeat itself in your heart, for you have scarcely realized I could be the child you missed. So, darling papa, it will not be so hard; and remember, we shall soon meet, for you will come, and we will see our own face to face. In heaven, where all is love, we shall be united, and know no parting and no pain. Death is beautiful, and God is good, and Home awaits us there. But I have a request, dear papa; I do not like to think of the cold tomb, I do not like to remember the hours I lay there and knew not if morning would ever come. I do not wish my body to be laid therein. You may place the ashes there if you like, but, papa, let the useless, vacated form be consumed. I wish it to be consumed by flame."

At first it seemed hard to promise this; to have that beautiful body cremated was more than he could see performed, he thought; and yet he could not refuse, and he finally gave his word. It was touching to see her making her preparations and getting ready for the last great event. She could not move now from her bed of weakness, but she had no pain, and no one could say she suffered; it did not seem as if death could be so near.

September, that had opened cool and fragrant, had developed some latent heat, but "Helper" did not feel its glare, for the spirit had too far gained the ascendancy over mortal things to be affected by physical conditions; but the month had burned itself away, and the crisp, clear days of October had come. On the second Sabbath of that ruddy month "Helper" desired to be propped up by pillows, and to have the occupants of that upper floor, with good Mrs. Blinker, invited into the room. George Trenton and Thomas Preston were there, and when the others came they quite filled the little apartment. But "Helper" was glad to see them, and she kissed little Effie, and motioned the others to draw their seats nearer the bed. She seemed to be given strength this day to speak to them, and each one felt personally blessed and uplifted by the words she spoke. She would have liked to have had the entire number of neighbors who had been wont to attend her meetings present; but that was impossible, and so she directed her words of loving counsel to those few, and what she spoke they never in the after days forgot.

By-and-by she lay back and closed her eyes; there was deep silence in the room; George Trenton upon one side of the bed and his friend Preston upon the other, sat gazing, each of them, with longing, anxious gaze, upon that face that seemed already lighted by the glory of heaven.

Just beyond sat Mrs. Corwin, with her little girl upon her lap, near to Mrs. Blinker, and side-by-side at the foot of the couch were Madam Hartine and Florence Percy, the two who loved their "saint" so well. After a while she opened her eyes once more, and there was a new light in them; her face, if possible, had grown a shade paler, not ashen nor waxen, but white, like shining snow. She turned to each one and smiled, and then, fixing her eyes upon the ceiling, she began to speak again:

"Hark!" said she, and those who listened almost held their breath as they caught the faintest sound of exquisite music, as if far away: "Do you not hear the melody? Oh! how sweet! Yes, I see them now; they have come for me at last. There is mother—not my own mother, but the dear one I have always known—and yes, that sweet face, so free from pain, so full of joy now, near to hers, must be her sister's face, my own mother's. I see others: there is Zola, my faithful attendant, and I see dear old faithful Saunders and his Bessie. They are coming to greet me now. They will take me home to heaven, where all is love. Ah! who is this that comes? How grand his smile, how noble his bearing, how exalted his mien. He is an advanced, an unselfish soul. It is Hebron, the one who met me when I went before; he who conducted me through pleasant places, and he who told me I must return and labor, nameless and alone, with and for humanity. He has been my blessed guide, and he comes now to lead me home. Do you not hear him speak and call me his 'beloved child'? He is Hebron, and—Hebron is—yes, he is my own unknown father; he who suffered for another's sin, who died and went to heaven. Hebron, I am so thankful *thou art my own dear sire*. And now he is leading me onward; I see the trees waving with verdure and the banks starred with flowers; how sweet the perfume of those lilies that turn their cups to catch the light. How beautiful everything is, Hebron—more fair than when I came before. My work is done now; then it had not commenced. How bright your city seems; its dwellings shine like frost-work; its temples are like the sun in golden light. Oh! I shall be happy here; but I will not forget, Hebron, those whom we left below; there is dear papa Trenton, and so many others whose hearts are sad. I shall not forget, but I will cast my lilies down upon them to fill their lives with fragrant peace. Yes, I will come with you; but no sad bells must toll, only the silvery chime of the passing hour must tell the opening of the new day. In heaven, where all is love—it is here, and God is good, and life is mine at last!"

The words grew fainter and slower, and at last breathed themselves away, as the gentle eyelids closed once more and the quiet breast grew still. They folded her white hands, and never doubted that she had seen and heard the sights and tender faces and sounds she had

mentioned, and they knew that rest and peace and love and joy had come to her ascending soul.

A few years have passed. George Trenton still lives, but his life is one long and constant service to humanity. While he is still on earth he is making use of his influence and his means to bless and instruct and elevate the needy and the forlorn. He will not wait till he has passed on, leaving his wealth to be distributed by others, but he will see it dispersed now, that he may be sure it will be directed in such channels of usefulness as he desires it to go.

In the beautiful edifice that he has erected in Monton for free religious worship and for spiritual instructive purposes, there stands a marble statue of a radiant angel with uplifted hands and with eyes upturned. Its features are those of the pale young saint whose life went out so sweetly amid her poor in "Spring Valley." Beneath, upon the pedestal, are inscribed the words: "She came, and the Angels smiled; she went, and Humanity wept!" Close beside it is a silver urn, chaste and ornate, bearing the inscription, "Helper! Her ashes! Peace evermore!"

"Spring Valley" has already changed; some of its most dilapidated buildings have been demolished, and its streets have been widened. The houses have been freshened by lime and paint, and new boarding and glass. Its people are more neat and orderly. The bequest left in trust to the Sisterhood for the benefit of its poor has been abundantly blessed, and has done a renovating work. Mrs. Blinker has passed on to the higher life, and her house is known no more. Its inmates have scattered. Mrs. Corwin has taken her child to a far country home, where they rejoice in helping others who have felt the pinching hand of want. And Madam Hartine and Florence went away to a new life, where they could find comfort themselves and also aid in rescuing any child of misery or shame that came in their way.

At Ayer some of our friends still live, but others have passed on to their reward. Thomas Preston has become a staunch humanitarian; his work is broad and free: It is to help any one out of degradation or suffering. He is beloved and respected, and the warm personal friend and co-worker of George Trenton. And through and above all the changing events and shifting scenes of time the world moves, and humanity is uplifted nearer the Spiritual Kingdom of Love.

#### THE END.

#### Written for the Banner of Light. THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

BY JAMES M. ROGERS.

Sleep, softly clad, descended slow,  
And lapped her in its leathern stream,  
While perfumed airs around her blow,  
From flowers that mingle with her dream:

A dream of worlds where angels are,  
And music is the native breath;  
A land where blossom all things fair—  
The home of goodness after death.

She saw the faithful, fond and true,  
Walk in the splendor of that clime,  
Bright as the stars that gem the blue,  
In glory of the summer-time.

There falsehood, hatred, had no place—  
That land's excluded ones were they;  
No passion dimmed each sinless face,  
No hands unclean could lead astray.

Deep in her bosom sunk the dream,  
Nor found it wings at morning light;  
Her after-life, her actions seem  
As one whose steps are led aright.

#### June Magazines.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.—Columbia College, in the city of New York, is the subject of the opening paper, illustrated with portraits of Presidents and Professors, the frontispiece being one of Seth Low, LL.D., installed President last February. Chas. H. Payne contributes a succinct account of "The Great Dorr War," a famous episode in the history of Rhode Island, with a portrait of T. W. Dorr. "The Home of Lydia Maria Child" is a paper that in its text and illustrations will prove eminently satisfying to those who appreciate the qualities that made that Massachusetts woman renowned for her liberality of thought and humanitarian labors in a period when such traits were not as popular as now. Nearly a dozen engravings illustrate a very readable sketch of "The Early Home of Henry W. Grady," among them a *fac simile* of a letter written by him when eight years of age. The third of "Stories of Fugitive Slaves" has Thomas Sims for its subject. A paper upon "Oklahoma and the Indian Territory" is informative of an area larger than the whole of New England, of which the people have but a limited knowledge. Poems, stories and editorial miscellany combine with the above to form an excellent number. Boston: 36 Bromfield street.

THE BAZILLER. NOTES AND QUERIES contains "A Remarkable Dream" experienced by John Hargrove, of Baltimore, Md., in 1890. Mr. Hargrove was for several years the only minister of the Swedenborgian Church in America. The interpretation of the dream was that that church would be principally established among the Africans, after they should become a great, free, and sovereign people in the land where they then were slaves. Symptoms of this were to take place shortly after Mr. Hargrove's death (which occurred in 1839), but "its full accomplishment would not take place before two hundred years had rolled round." Other contents of interest are: "Antoniosmas of Cities," "Declinal Notation," "Legend of Adam's Bones," "Old American Bibles," "Kosherism," "Pythagorean Symbols," and "Cosmic Evolution." Manchester, N. H.: S. C. & L. M. Gould. For sale by Colby & Rich, Boston.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL contains the first part of a new story by Kate Upson Clark, entitled "Myrtle's Mistake"; a new summer diversion, "Progressive Conversation"; new chapters of Mrs. Whitney's "Ascotby Street"; "Outdoor Sports for Girls"; "All About Flowers"; and several fine poems, one of which, "The Eternal Will," is by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Philadelphia: Curtis Pub. Co.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL continues its series of "Studies from Lavater." "Notable People of the Day," and "Phrenological Biography," with other articles of practical value. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.

THE KINDERGARTEN in this month's contents fully sustains its reputation as a valuable guide for parents and teachers. Chicago: A. B. Stockham & Co.

#### Philosophy versus Oxygen.

"What is it to die? If we will only look at it apart from the fearful mask which fancy has imposed, we shall see that death is a natural after all, and he who dreads the course of nature, in which everything is for good, is a child."

This is philosophy. But before you resort to philosophy, try Compound Oxygen. It has effected wonderful cures in desperate cases. Here are two testimonials as to its worth:

DR. STARKEY & PALEN:—"I am fully satisfied that your Compound Oxygen Treatment is an excellent remedy." Dr. O. A. BABY, President of Columbia Female College, Columbia, S. C.

DR. STARKEY & PALEN:—"I fully endorse your Compound Oxygen Treatment." J. F. BERNARD, President of Grant Memorial University, Ash Grove, Tenn.

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We have many more of them. You will find hundreds of them in our work on Compound Oxygen, its nature, discovery and results. This is no primer, nor is it an almanac, but a well-written medical work. It is sent free. Address YVES, STARKEY & PALEN, 1629 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., or 320 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal.

## The Spiritual Rostrum.

### Is the Soul Self-Existent, or Does it Depend on Causation?

A DISCOURSE DELIVERED BY  
MR. J. CLEGG WRIGHT,  
Before the First Society of Spiritualists, at  
Adelphi Hall, New York, Sunday Morning,  
May 4th, 1890.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

In dealing with all subjects which to you lie in the province of the transcendental, I must continue the assumption that they are in the transcendental. I must use a materialist's terminology to make myself partially understood, so far as the experience of natural phenomena has taught you the relative use of the terms. Beyond this I cannot step aside that I may view transcendental phenomena objectively. My objective experience as a spirit cannot be available to you in consequence of your lack of experience and capability. This is the reason why I will retain the terminology and hypothesis, and proceed in the discussion of the subject as one belonging to the realm of the transcendental.

The province of our subject carries me into that sphere of nature which is entirely subsensible. Permit a word of explanation here: The nature with which you stand environed is within and without the domain of sense. Vast fields of existence lie there unknown to you, but not unknowable. The doctrine of the unknowable is only temporary, and applicable to one state of consciousness, not to all states of consciousness—consciousness being a state, and any state is relative. The consciousness possessed by man covers conscious phenomena, but there are fields of existences lying outside which only may come within the pale of some state of consciousness. The terms which you employ to designate mind are terms which have a relation to the phenomena of physical sense. Sensation depends upon the body, and body depends upon soul. Soul and body are co-related, and the express development of that relation is consciousness. That consciousness does not give a perfect self-consciousness, the self-consciousness being limited by comparison, and the comparison is the result of the objective and subjective states of this relation. So that man's conception of himself is limited originally to the capability of the perception and the power of contrast between the perceptions and the perceiver. Hence anything that may be affirmed of phenomena can only be affirmed of them as relative to consciousness, and the imperfections of the conscious state will be barriers or limitations of man's capacity to deal with phenomena.

Man's conscious capability of the phenomena of nature is a progressive capability. When you view life in its aggregate powers, taking the manifestations of life, we see different states of consciousness, and each state of consciousness looks upon the phenomena of the world differently. The oak tree will not be the same thing to a worm as it is to a man, and the house you live in will look different when seen through the lens in the eye of a fly from what it looks to you. The diversified phenomena of nature are produced by the medium through which the soul views phenomena.

This being so, any discussion of the nature and constitution of the soul itself must be limited by its capability to view phenomena, and the progressive stages of the study of phenomena must *a priori* lead up to conclusions in relation to the soul, which must be true as far as the revelation of inquirers will go. Now this domain of physical sense is limited by the physical constitution. The spiritual being, the soul in its spiritual relations, obtains another view of nature. By the term nature I mean all phenomena and existences which are not phenomenal. I mean the known and the unknown; that which lies within the domain of sense and that which does not lie therein. These existences are as real as the phenomenal, though they lie outside of the conscious mind to-day. The spiritual world is as real a world as the physical world, but you are not capable of sensing the phenomena of the spiritual world in like manner you are capable of sensing the phenomena of the material world.

But I warrant you the unseen existences of spirit nature are more potent in their ruling and in their power over the conscious and unconscious acts of man's soul, for he who attempts the study of nature and the formulation of the laws of nature without taking into consideration the forces which lie within and the existences which precede in the subsensible domain, fails to grasp the general and the particular impulses of phenomena. The causative world is equal, and more extensive, let me say, than that which to the man's soul is purely phenomenal. Man stands in this unfortunate, sensational position, that he only senses a very small part of existence; his finite capabilities sweep but a small horizon of nature. He does not penetrate deep, he does not ascend high, but he swims in a state of consciousness. And reasoning from this consciousness alone will hardly put a man upon solid ground in relation to soul-existence. This is the reason why there has been a tendency in cultured civilization to blot out all existence of a spiritual nature. Materialistic terminology has correctly proceeded upon the assumption that sensation is the totality of the avenue to human development and capability. So far it is right; but it is only a stepping-stone to a higher and a grander view of nature. The *a priori* or the exclusive method in philosophy can never be correctly subjected, never justly advance from its alliance with sensation. It is not this causality that is to be the solvent; man is marching in another direction. On the intellectual plane of mind first there is sensation, then perception, then memory, then inference and deduction, then perception again, which is as spiritual perception, and calls into existence in the constitution of the consciousness what is popularly termed clairvoyance and clairaudience, capabilities which are senses, and come from the new relations in the consciousness, the conscious capability being continually rising. It is not a moral but a biological rise. That is to say, clairvoyance, or psychometric capability, does not depend upon moral states, but upon biological, and natural, relations of progress inherent in the changing relations of phenomena.

This is somewhat of a difficult problem for me to make clear to you. It is naturally ambiguous, but I must try to elaborate it more. For ages man has associated spiritual progress with moral culture purely. But the whole domain of nature is progressing upon biological and not upon moral lines. You cannot say that these phenomena are good only as they are related to the vital welfare of all; you cannot say that this combination in cosmic matter is good or bad; you cannot speak of nature as good or bad. It is theological to say that God is good or that God is bad; you cannot qualify God in this way; you cannot qualify causation in this way. Nature is sovereign—it can do no wrong. [Applause.] Its processes cannot be impeached, it is neither moral nor immoral. It is above morals; it is biological in its process of evolution—this state of consciousness to which I refer. You cannot say in regard to the late cyclone that swept over a part of the Western country, that that power did wrong; that death did wrong. When death killed a man it did not do wrong; death is not a wrong; a storm at sea is not a wrong. For a butcher to kill a sheep is not a wrong; for a man to eat it is not a wrong. Wrong is the act of transforming those habits of nature which tend to the development of a higher and a more harmonious state of happiness, happiness being the greatest expression of compatibility or harmony.

These acts are good which comply with nature. This capability of perceiving phenomena by clairvoyant power and psychometric power is a capability that results from a relation having sprung up between the soul and its environment. The environment is greater than the study. I have told you before that we do not see all of the phenomena and the existences beyond the senses. Inspiration, or the inspirational power, is a sense. All senses lead to inspiration. The external world is ascertained by an inspiration and interior perception upon the magnetic plane of being of the thought-forms of existence.

This power which sees, this soul which is conscious, and which knows as a conscious power, is limited in the circumference of its perceptive being, and limited in its constitutional knowledge. The soul has no conscious constitutional knowledge. That is, its constitutional knowledge already attained is attained through its objective knowledge drawn by sensation, perception, analysis and deduction. This comes into the consciousness, but in the realm of the unconscious consciousness, in that realm where the objective states of soul-knowledge are different, that realm of the transcendental into which you will more and more enter by processes of development, there are data of another kind, capable of another method of study and of analysis. But this morning I can deal with only the objective aspects of my subject.

The phenomenal phase of consciousness never penetrates beyond the phenomena. Those things which appear do not settle themselves in any order but that of transition. One thing succeeds another in consciousness. Consciousness reveals a panorama, and there springs in that relation a knowledge of self, engendered by the action of these sensations upon it. The continuity of change does not give a continuity of experience of change in the soul itself. You know that you are the same personality that gazed upon the phenomena twenty years ago. You know that self is the same self, that there is no break in the continuity of the ego, the original self. This original self persists; it is what is called the soul, the man's soul in his present relation—the spiritual soul in my relation. These varied relations give me a higher knowledge of myself. I know more of myself than I did twenty years ago. I know more of myself than I did a hundred years ago. In a hundred years from now I shall know more of myself, because I shall have developed relations of consciousness I have not now. And this development of relation is not a creation. I am not making my soul; nature is not manufacturing my soul; nature is not a manufacturer; but nature is the same it always was. It loses not anything; it makes not anything; it is just what it always was so far as stuff is concerned. It makes nothing, it destroys nothing, but it is changing its relations within itself. All that takes place in the making and in the destruction of a world is the dissolution of one community and the arranging of another. No community persists, but the members of the community persist. And they enter into new relations as far as their constitutions will permit them to enter. Matter is phenomena. Existence covers all that pertains to the common stuff of the universe. And this common stuff of the universe is eternally changing. The atom of an archangel, the atom of a glowworm, the atom of carbon, the atom of oxygen persist, but they are eternally changing their relations; entering one community for a time, then let loose, entering another community. The matter-stuff of the body came out of the atmosphere, the ground, the food you take; a portion of their elements, transmitted, incorporated by the process of life, becomes the body. And these bodies wear out. They burn up, burning being the process of disintegration; separating, going away, but going somewhere else into a new community. And the soul of man is an atom, just as an atom of carbon or an atom of oxygen. It flies off to a new relation; it never loses relation. It persists, it mechanically co-relates.

It has no power of choice, any more than the planet Mars has the power of choice to fly out of its orbit. If the body of the planet Mars had consciousness, that consciousness would say, "I am free." Its relation to phenomena would impart the impression of personal freedom—freedom within its constitution.

The right of social relation is different from the natural relation. This natural relation of consciousness to phenomena is a changing relation, and the states of consciousness are changing states. The changing consciousness is not the destruction of the personality. The original ego is all the same. It never loses itself, it is an indestructible quantity in nature, and as an indestructible quantity in nature it is ever entering into new combinations. The combination is a new combination, and it is a combination which draws out some new phase for conscious power. The endlessness of the variety is the most amazing thing in this persistent self. With a realization of thyself, or a partial realization of thyself, such a view, such an aspect presented by thyself sailing through the phenomena and existence of nature, is a power and a promise so great to thee to-day that the faintest realization of it should banish all thought of pessimism, should destroy thy woe, should exalt thy conception of the value, the growing dignity and the glory of life. The social aspect sinks into insignificance; the combinations of life dwindle to a minimum when thyself contemplates its potentiality in undeveloped relations in the domain of infinite possibility. Great is the glory of consciousness.

Then causation—a term which has been theological, but which in a more limited sovereignty enters into the domain of scientific terminology—causation has been defined to be the power and the process of the divine action. And wherever there is action there is change, and the attributes of power, in man's finite perception of phenomena, have been made en-

titles. The tendency in metaphysical speculation has been, in, and will be for a long time to come, addicted to the intellectual vice of making qualities entities. An entity can have qualities, qualities cannot be entities. The qualities of an atom define the atom, they give personality to the atom. The characterization of the atom comes from its qualities, the qualities give the idea, the "it" is the result of the qualities, and you cannot think of anything without its qualities. You cannot think of an absolute existence. You cannot think of an existence apart from its attributes, you can only think of things with their attributes. Everything that you can think of becomes limited by the process of your thinking. The moment you attempt to think of a cause, you think of it in the terms of its phenomena. You cannot separate the cause from the effect. The cause and the effect, for purposes of explanation, in metaphysics, can be separated, but they cannot be separated. You can distinguish between a man and a pump. You can separate the pump from the water, but the flowing of the water through the pump by the process of pumping involves the man, the pump and the water. The phenomenal effect involves the whole.

But what a vast field of existence comes into the discussion of the cause in the simple pumping of the water. The constitution of the universe itself is involved—the nature of the water, the nature of the relationship of water and air, of gravity, of the unknown something which is presented in each phenomenal relation. So that in the simple manifestation which takes place in nature when traced back to the realm of cause is involved the discussion of the constitution of nature; and the human mind limits the field of causation by its necessary constitution.

Then causation is that process which is eternally outworked in phenomena and in adequate existence, giving ever new relations, and which science defines as power, power being that unknown which is the cause of the change in phenomenal existences. Man's nature builds with poetic power upon the foundation thus laid. Imagination does a magnificent work. It builds up an imperial structure, and it raises a tale of artistic work upon the idea of cause. The more ignorant the imagination, the more fertile will be the gorgeous details of the vine panorama. It was this which led the ancient critic to observe that poetry flourished with more luxuriant power in the ignorant ages of the intellect than in the more cultured and civilized forms. Another Shakespeare can never come. That form of intellectual, imaginative fertility has ended until the same stratum is reached again. In New York City the spiritual and the mental states are largely the culture, the criticism. The mechanical and the form of the intellect promotes a fertile, free and grotesque imagination like that of Shakespeare. The classical, intellectual form does not make nor perceive nor depict the Indian. The idealization, the visualization of primitive character, existence and life are beyond the cultured, intellectual power. Culture and genius, inspiration and fertility, do not depend upon the school. The school is not everything; it may crush a genius, but it cannot make one. [Applause.]

The development of the imagination in its past state, the fertility it manifested when it was ignorant, made causation assume the poetical and magnificent proportions of polytheism. Polytheism was the gorgeous pandemonium when the gods were rich in sovereignty, when they presided over destiny, when they made nations and institutions, when they greeted the grand pantheistic displays of nature. Man made in his brilliant imagination this gorgeous pantheon. The progress of intellect, the subjugation and the limitation of imagination produced monotheism in relation to causation. Personality resisted the naked force of gods. The adoption of three gods as one in Christianity was a great compromise with polytheism; it was the bridge across the chasm from ignorance to knowledge. It filled the gap, and fills the gap to-day. Christianity is the scaffolding on which the soul of man rises from stage to stage (doing some, not all, doing some of the work eternally, but doing some of the consciousness. The external environment has its use. The subjective field of imagination has its use. Poetry has its use; it is as useful as the useful. The beautiful is the beginning of religion. It is a painting of causation. The true poetic spirit is not that which paints the outward lines and forms and tints of nature. The true poet is the poet who paints the spirit of all, the life of all, the truthfulness of all. [Applause.] Religion is that which points man to the poetry of all. The ideal is eternally the need of man.

It is this, then, that must be the eternal basis upon which religion must lie. I regret to see to-day that men and scholars are losing the meaning of religion. To-day the tendency is to confound religion with ethics, with morals. Be good; live a religious life by doing works suitable to thy moral performances, and thy religious life will be perfect. It is all false doctrine. Morals and religion are eternally separate. Paul was right, it is not thy works. Evolution is not of morals, it is the spirit of the mighty God within thee. [Applause.]

Spiritual culture is the drawing to thyself those existences in spirit-nature which have not yet become phenomena. The poet Wordsworth could feel the presence in the spirit of the scene around. "I do not like this room," says a sensitive. "I know not why, but I am depressed here." No phenomena, but a presence. "I do not like that person, I do not like that person. I can give no reason, I can present no facts, I have no object, but I feel something above facts and logic; I feel I do not like the ruling power." You may try to correct your feelings by your reason, but you fail. You see that power in the social world, you see it undermine homes, destroy happiness and dislocate the conditions of social life. It is there. It is an existence in the domain of nature pressing hard upon the phenomenal consciousness. It is the spirit of the unseen stirring the action of thy spirit.

Seek then to understand causation. First, by the study of phenomena. The unknown quantity exists. Bearing upon thee is that force in nature working up into thy knowledge. It is upon this unknown that thy religion must play; it must depend upon the power of inspiration to let in, to bring into the subjective realm of thy being brighter and happier glimpses of thy spirit possibilities. The stage we have thus only entered upon in preparatory way is so sublime, it fills the mind with such rich ideas, that any mind which is standing face to face with the spirit of nature must feel that an angel has touched with the odors of peace his despairing soul.

The presence of the departed is within you. They are not phenomena, but they are in the realm of existence—not below, but above. They are reaching down to you, you are reaching up to them. They fill the place of your mental strength; you insensibly feel their presence, a redemptive, awakening consciousness bringing you into relation with them. The gulf is being bridged. Imagination is building that bridge with beauty; it is making a religion of relation; it is putting a practical, impulsive, poetic spirit into the shaking of hands of the two worlds. The griefs which have afflicted the gravestones to the Church and its faith. Religion soothes the wounded soul, and the relation, practical and true, between the two worlds shall be more potent than the faiths of the world. There is no grief like wounded love; there is no woe like that which death can make. That communion established brings to light the world we love. It brings your friend, it brings you hope; it opens with light; it cheers again with love the desolate chambers of your soul; it fills the want; it paints the temple; it adorns the world's life with tints of glory it never loses. Religion is the springtime of your highest hope; you look, and in those fields untrod by you, guided by eternal persistence, the darlings gone before, not lost, in a brighter darkness nowhere, but onward, in a larger land where sunshine never fades, eternal mind and consciousness, enveloped in its friendship's aura, in the companionship of eternal love, runs on forevermore. [Applause.]

May life's aspirations lead to the cultivation and the contemplation of those themes which enter into the joys and happiness of man. May the study of the great themes of social and spiritual progress be our work forevermore.



JUST BEYOND.

When out of the body the soul is sent.  
As a bird ascends from its cage and tent,  
As the smoke floats out when it finds a vent,  
To lose itself in the spending—  
Does it travel where? Does it travel far?  
To find the place where all spirits are?  
Does it measure long leagues from star to star  
And feel its travel undimmed?  
And caught by each baffling, blowing wind,  
Storm tossed and beaten, before, behind,  
The courage fails and the light is dimmed—  
Must it go in search of its heaven?  
Oh never believe that it can be so,  
For weary is life, as all men know,  
And, battling and struggling to live,  
Man goes from his home to his even.  
And surely this is enough to bear,  
The long day's work in the hot sun's glare,  
The doubt and loss which breed despair,  
The anguish of baffled hoping.  
And when the end of it all has come,  
The soul has won the right to its home,  
It truly knows it will find it there,  
Through the infinite spaces groping.  
No; wild may the storm be, and dark the day,  
And the shuddering soul may clasp its clay,  
Afraid to go, and unwilling to stay;  
But when it glides its way to go,  
With a rapture of sudden consciousness,  
I know it awakes to a knowledge of this,  
That heaven earth's closest neighbor is,  
And only waits for our knowing:  
That 'tis but a step from dark to day,  
From the world of pain and the burning clay  
To the rapture of youth, renewal, and joy,  
And the smile of the saints uprisen:  
And that just where the soul perplexed and awed  
Begins its journey, it meets the Lord,  
And finds that heaven and the great reward,  
Lay just outside of its prison!

—Susan Coolidge.

Banner Correspondence.

Massachusetts.

BOSTON.—"J. W. H." writes: "The friends of Mrs. H. W. Cushman, to the number of two hundred, met on the 13th of May to celebrate her sixty-fifth birthday, the Ladies' Aid kindly offering the use of its parlors for the occasion. In the afternoon a circle was formed, Mrs. Loring, Mrs. Logan and others entertaining the friends. Supper was served from six to half-past seven, seventy-five to a hundred partaking of the same. The entertainment for the evening commenced at about quarter of eight, Mrs. Waterhouse presiding. Mrs. Little opened with a song. Remarks were made by Mrs. Waterhouse, in which she spoke highly of Mrs. Cushman's mediumship at home and at Lake Pleasant. Recitations were rendered by Miss Clark, Mrs. Loring remarked upon Mrs. Cushman's mediumship as having been exercised for the benefit of mankind nearly forty years. Miss Willis gave a parody on 'Lochinvar,' by request, an encore following. Mr. Simonds, of Cambridge, recited the well-known poem, 'Nothing to Wear.' Mr. Little sang 'From Shore to Shore.' Mrs. Shuckley, under control, gave a number of excellent tests. Mrs. White sang, and Miss Jennie Rhind, Mrs. Clara Field (Conant) and Mrs. Kate R. Stiles spoke in eulogistic terms of Mrs. Cushman's mediumship. The reception, which was a success financially as well as socially, closed at about ten o'clock by singing 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

WOBURN.—"S. R. D." writes: "I have read with interest your reply to Prof. James' call, and have thought that in its connection a voice heard at Maud E. Lord's circle some ten years ago may be of interest. Mr. Jacob Wright and Hall Wright, his brother, were Spiritualists, and Dr. Wright, another brother, scouted at their belief. Many discussions were held by the Doctor and Mrs. Jacob Wright. Said she, 'You'll acknowledge it to me sometime; you see if you don't.' At the circle in question, consisting of some twenty persons, with hands joined, I having Mrs. Wright's Sheriff Collamore the hand or wrist of Mrs. D., with Maud E. sitting back to us and on the opposite side of the circle talking to one or more there, and patting her hand as usual, while a guitar was floating overhead and being thrummed, the instrument alighted on Mrs. Wright's lap with loud raps, and she asked, 'Is this Hall?' 'No.' 'Is it the Doctor?' (both having then passed over). Three raps came in reply, and the peculiar voice from the air said, 'I've got the end of me at last.' She said she, 'I told you you would acknowledge it to me sometime,' and then she related to me the story of their discussions. There were other voices heard there, hands materialized and other phenomena. Another voice I have heard, but it was not for the outward ear; none but myself heard it. I had long desired to know the method by which astronomers and engineers calculated the distance of an object by a known length of base line and the two angles, and when the method was found I obtained the order book on trigonometry, and puzzled over tangents, cotangents, and artificial lines—what seemed to me like the minstrel's musical medley, beginning somewhere and ending when it was done. I at last cut loose from books and set sail on the sea of desire, without chart or compass, with my mind's eye on the long acute triangle the sun's distance must represent with either end of earth's half-diameter, (3,963 miles the base line used by astronomers,) and a voice said: 'As rate of convergence or divergence, the same thing looked at from the other end; it was like the flash that doth heaven and earth unfold.' Now every schoolboy of proper age knows, or should know, that every circle large or small, or part of a circle, is in fixed proportion to its diameter or half-diameter radius, and allowing the sun to be the center of a circle, and two lines starting from a point in the sun to go straight to either end of a cross line representing earth's half-diameter, (3,963 miles,) and as astronomical measurements indicate the angle of the sun from this base line to be 8 45-100 seconds, and that is so much of a circle whose radius is what? But a simpler method would be to find out the radius of a circle that an angle of 8 45-100 seconds shall diverge to one mile, and multiply by 3,963.

This method brings it to the common understanding, elucidates it is sufficiently accurate for small angles, but for large angles the chord of an arc and not the arc—or part of a circle—would be perfection. But for the voice: Was it impression, intelligent or intelligence? A man is here not to work, but to be worked upon? A spiritualistic truth at last.

To the persevering mortal the blessed immortals are swift, said Goethe. 'Yes,' says Emerson, 'for they can give you in one moment the solution of the problem you have been trying for months to solve.'

ORANGE.—William Alcott writes, in renewing his subscription: "I have just removed here, and am in hopes not again to make any break in subscribing for the dear BANNER; the few months that I have been without it have been dreary, for I yield to none in love for the grand paper." Mr. Alcott will attend functions, if addressed Look Box, 693, as above, though the state of his health precludes labor on his part in the general letter field.

BOSTON.—A correspondent writes: "Oscar A. Edgerly, of Newburyport, is making his mark wherever he goes as a lecturer. His guides astonish the people by their display of what appears to be their medium's learning. For instance, Mr. G. D. Parsons, of Copenhagen, N. Y., while Mr. Edgerly was lecturing at Watertown, N. Y., employed a clairvoyant to give him a lecture, sending circulars asking the people of the town to meet the young man in debate, and further, that if they would not do so, they hold their peace in regard to the truthfulness of Spiritualism. The citizens of all denominations turned out to hear the lecturer; among them was one who had represented them in the Legislature; also the school-teacher; and when the lecturer and the guides were questioned, a learned man of the town called upon Mr. Parsons and asked him what he knew of the man. He replied, 'Nothing, except what he states himself.' 'Well,'

said the questioner, 'Mr. Edgerly is deceiving you; he is a learned man, and has studied for his information.' The fact was, they could not understand how one who did not claim to be educated, could elucidate the laws and principles of life and trace history as he did. Mr. Edgerly said if they would not take his word they could write to a certain individual, naming him, in Newburyport, who knew him well, and they could get his word for it. Mr. Edgerly declared that he ceased going to school at the age of fourteen, and does not claim that what he gives forth is from any other source than that of the influence of spirits upon his organism while he is in a semi-trance condition. Like others possessing his phase of mediumship he does not study the subject of his lectures beforehand, but gives out thoughts without knowledge of his own being connected therewith. Col. Crockett has engaged his services for Onset this season, at which place he will deliver two lectures."

BOSTON.—A correspondent writes: "The Courier, of this city, is my authority for the statement that four physicians, at the close of a consultation, resulting in the conclusion that the patient, a young mother, had but a brief time longer in this life, so informed her husband and sisters, but questioned the wisdom of telling the dying woman, quite unimpaired of little Edith, her only child, five years old, who was busily playing with her dolls, apparently unconscious of what was going on about her. But in a few minutes Edith left her toys, walked slowly upstairs, and went directly to her mother's room. With the aid of a chair she placed herself on the bed at her mother's side, when she kissed the wan cheek, and asked in low, tender tones: 'Mamma, are you 'fraid to die?' The mother was startled by the question, and hesitatingly asked: 'Who told you?—do they think—?' 'No matter, dear mamma, you needn't be 'fraid at all; hold my hand tight, like this; shut your eyes close, and I will stay by you, and when you wake up again you will be where 'tis all light.' The eyes were closed as directed, the two hands tightly clasped for a few minutes, and when the members of the family reentered the room the child looked up and said: 'I helped dear mamma to die, and she was not 'fraid at all.'"

New York.

TROY.—Mrs. Lavina Barnes, of 709 Jacob street, writes: "At 47 Harrison Place resides Mrs. Ella Cady, who May 19th was suddenly deprived of her eyesight, and subject to great distress and pressure over the eyes and upper portion of the brain. The case became widely known by being reported in the daily papers of the city, and much sympathy was expressed for the lady. A physician well known, and said to be skilled in his profession, was immediately summoned, who, after a close examination, said he could do nothing for her, and advised her removal to the hospital. I was an entire stranger to the family, but through the great sympathy I felt for her I called upon and urged her to resort to magnetic treatment. At first quite an indifference was manifested, but at length, in compliance with my earnest request, she consented to telephone to Dr. W. H. Vosburgh, No. 24 Ninth street. He came, and at once partially relieved her of the great pressure. The treatment was continued each day until the pain was entirely removed and she began to see flashes of light. At ten o'clock in the morning, June 3d, her eyesight was fully restored. I have known many similar cases of wonderful cures done by Dr. Vosburgh, one in my own family; therefore, in justice to him and in defense of magnetic treatment, and for the benefit of suffering humanity, I submit the above statement."

District of Columbia.

WASHINGTON.—Mrs. Flora B. Cabell says: "The May meeting of The Excelsior Literary Club was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Bacon, Mrs. J. L. McCreery presiding. A programme of much interest, and finely rendered, closed with a recitation from Mrs. Belle Bacon Bond, who gave the stirring account of 'The Ride for Life,' from 'The Fool's Errand,' by George, whose works were the subject of the evening's discussion. Later in the month, at the suggestion of Mrs. C. Fannie Allen, the First Society of Spiritualists held memorial services in G. A. R. Hall. The exercises were unique, poetic and patriotic, and in them the children of the Progressive Lyceum, the choir, led by Miss Jennie Parslow, organist, and the audience in turn, took responsive parts. The platform and walls were decorated with flags and banners and a rich variety of flowers. The stand in the centre bore the inscription, 'Our heroes; not dead, but arisen.' An address by Mrs. Allen closed the services. Mrs. Allen, who has spoken with great acceptance in this city during the month of May, was, on its last Wednesday, tendered a dinner and reception by Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Conant. A large company of invited guests was present, and the occasion was one of complete satisfaction to all."

Arkansas.

HOT SPRINGS.—"A Spiritualist" writes: "Having not seen any report in THE BANNER of an incident that took place here a few months since, illustrative of the guardianship of spirits, I send you a brief account gathered from the Daily News of this place. On Tuesday, Feb. 25th, a fearful hurricane destroyed the observatory on Hot Springs Mountain. Judge Hammond, an old gentleman, formerly a lawyer of prominence, was in charge of it, and his escape from death he attributes to his spirit-friends. As the storm struck the building he saw a light, and he was influenced to stand at a spot where he was unhurt, and the only spot where it was possible for him to have escaped. As the timbers fell they piled up around him, and only space for his person was left, and that was where his person was. He said he knew as soon as the disaster was over that his spirit-friends had saved him."

New Publications.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALING: Its Principles and Practice. With Full Explanations for Home Students. Help for Mind, Body and Spirit. By Frances Lord. 12mo, cloth, pp. 471. Chicago, Ill.: Lily Publishing House. The author in his preface defines "Christian Science" to mean "the Science of Christ," with special reference, we are led to infer, to his power to heal the sick. At the same time we are told that "Spirit Agency, cures included, is considered by teachers of Christian Science to be entirely outside their province" (p. 109); and of Spiritualism: "It is not part of Christian Science to recognize the topic at all" (p. 109). "Christian Science, as taught in America, repudiates the doctrine of communication with spirits." (p. 235). These statements constitute the foundation of the theory and teachings of the entire volume, which, we are informed, is not intended to cover the whole ground, but to give beginners ideas that they can at once put into practice.

MIDNIGHT TALKS AT THE CLUB. 16mo, cloth, pp. 208. New York: Fords, Howard & Hubbert. These talks are full of clear thought and generous feeling, expressed in attractive words in a quiet corner of the Asphodel Club on Saturday nights. Their topics include temperance and prohibition, Sunday observance and religion—with objections to making a fetish of the Bible—the value of human evidence and the power of personality. An animated discussion arises, in which one of the Club, while earnestly advocating the existence of God and the immortality of the soul as "the only reasonable explanation of things as they are," rejects all theological systems which "require negation of the intellect or the conscience of reasoning men." The book will lead many to think for themselves who have not before attempted to do so.

Ball-players and athletes need Johnson's Anodyne Liniment for bruises, lameness and out-

fitting in the shadow of the lilac bushes, I read Lyman Abbott's letter to Col. Ingersoll in the North American Review for April. And as I read it, I could not help thinking how fast the two schools of religious thought, the theistic and the atheistic, are approaching one another. The Atheist still vociferates: "There is no God!" The Theist still asserts with confidence that there is a God, and that particular kind of God. But it is noticeable that while the Atheist speaks with reverence of the attributes with which the Theist is fond of clothing his divinity, the Theist is learning to insist more and more that those attributes alone are the things that command his faith.—T. L. McCready, in Twentieth Century.

TO INVESTIGATORS.

Works of Spiritualistic Reference and Study for Investigators and Students.

It has been suggested to us by one of a party of investigators that we publish a list of such books on MODERN SPIRITUALISM—beginning with those calculated to meet the wants of the new beginner in this research, and leading up to more profound and philosophical works—as will prove instructive to the student and investigator of our Cause. We accordingly append below a list of some of the spiritualistic publications that will answer this demand, all of which are for sale at this office:

Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions from the People. By A. J. Davis. All persons should read this book, as it will develop thought on the part of the reader. Price \$1.50, postage 10 cents.

Philosophy of Spiritualistic Intercourse. By A. J. Davis. Concerning Spirit Circles, Guardianship of Spirits, etc., etc. \$1.25, postage 10 cents.

Real Life in Spirit-Land. Being life-experiences, scenes, incidents and conditions illustrative of spirit-life and the principles of the Spiritual Philosophy. Of practical value to any who are anxious to study the theories of Spiritualists and mediums, etc. 75 cents, postage 12 cents.

Apostle of Spiritualism. A biographical monograph of J. J. Morse, with an abstract report of a Lecture, entitled "Homes in the Hereafter." Paper, 15 cents.

Attending Facts from the Spirit-World, witnessed at the house of Dr. J. A. Gridley, Southampton, Mass., by a circle of friends, embracing the extremes of Good and Evil. Cloth, \$1.00, postage 10 cents.

Clock Struck One, and Christian Spiritualism. Revised and corrected. Being a Synopsis of the Investigations of Spirit Intercourse by an Episcopal Bishop, three Ministers, five Doctors, and others, at Memphis, Tenn., in 1855. Price, \$1.00.

Discussion between Mr. E. V. Wilson, Spiritualist, and Eld. T. M. Harris, Christian. Paper, 10 cents, postage 2 cents.

Is Spiritualism True? Lecture by William Denton. 10 cents.

Gift of Spiritualism. Being a course of five lectures delivered in Washington, D. C. By Warren Chase. 50 cents.

Witchcraft of New England Explained by Modern Spiritualism. By Allen Putnam. \$1.00, postage 10 cents.

Spiritualism Defined and Defended. By J. M. Peebles. 15 cents.

Eight Liberal Lectures. By A. R. French. This work contains one hundred and forty pages, with portrait of the author. 50 cents.

Is Materialization True? and Eleven Other Lectures. By Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. 50 cents.

Life and Labor in the Spirit-World: Being a Description of Localities, Employments, Surroundings and Conditions in the Spheres. By members of the Spirit Band of Mrs. M. T. Shelhamer-Longley, medium of the Banner of Light Free Circle. Cloth, \$1.00, postage 10 cents.

Light on the Hidden Way, with an Introduction by Rev. James Freeman Clarke. Cloth, \$1.00.

Mediumship: Its Laws and Conditions. Powell. 25 cents.

Mediumship: A Course of Seven Lectures by Prof. J. S. Loveland. \$1.00.

Mediumistic Experiences of John Brown. \$1.00.

Mind-Reading and Beyond. By Wm. A. Hovey. \$1.25.

Materialized Apparitions: If Not Beings from Another Life, What Are They? By E. A. Brackett. \$1.00.

Immortality Demonstrated Through the Mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant. \$1.25, postage 12 cents.

Lifting the Veil; or, Interior Experiences and Manifestations. By Susan J. and Andrew A. Finck. \$2.00, postage 12 cents.

Seers of the Ages. By J. M. Peebles. Ancient, Medieval and Modern Spiritualism. \$2.00, postage 12 cents.

Addendum to a Review in 1887 of the Seybert Commissioners' Report: Or, What I Saw at Cassadaga Lake. 1888. By A. B. Richmond, Esq. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

After Dogmatic Theology, What? Materialism, or a Spiritual Philosophy and Natural Religion. By Giles B. Stebbins. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

Studies of the Outlying Basis of Psychic Science. The author sets out to put on a more scientific and rational basis the proofs of the doctrine of Immortality. \$1.25.

Rays of Light: Two Chapters from the Book of My Life. With Poems. By Mrs. R. Shepard Little. \$1.25.

Scientific Basis of Spiritualism. By Epes Sargent, author of "Planchette, or the Despair of Science," "The Proof Palpable of Immortality," etc. \$1.50.

Transcendental Physics. An Account of Experimental Investigations from the Scientific Treatises of Johann Carl Friedrich Zöllner, Professor of Physical Astronomy at the University of Leipzig, etc. 75 cents.

Spirit-Workers in the Home Circle. By Morell Theobald, F. C. A. \$1.50.

Outside the Gates; and Other Tales and Sketches of the Two Worlds. By a Band of Spirit Intelligences, through the Mediumship of Mrs. M. T. Shelhamer-Longley, Banner of Light Medium. \$1.25.

Missing Link in Modern Spiritualism. By A. Leah Underhill, of the Fox family. \$2.00.

Use of Spiritualism. By S. C. Hall, F. S. A. Being a letter addressed to Clergymen, and others, containing a reply to the oft-repeated question, "What is the Use of Spiritualism?" From England. Cloth, 75 cents.

And many other Spiritualistic Works of deep interest. Catalogues sent free.

Quarterly Convention. The Spiritualistic Association of Northwestern Michigan will meet in Quarterly Convention at Lake Corn on Sunday, June 22d, 1890.

Speakers Engaged.—Mrs. R. Shepard Little of Boston (formerly of Michigan) and Mrs. E. C. Woodruff of South Haven.

Mrs. Little has become a great favorite among all classes of Michigan people. She is said to be second to no speaker in the Spiritualistic rostrum. Her services have been secured by a great effort and heavy expense. She will also speak at the Opera House in New York Sunday evening at 7:30. Lavatory people will be returned after the lecture by special train.

Music by a competent choir. The Harris-Twin Sisters and Prof. A. J. Davis have been invited.

To defray expenses, a few of 10 cents for each person will be taken at the gate. Small children free. Also 10 cents for each team, double or single.

People not prepared with lunch baskets will be fed at a lunch counter. Moderate prices. A beautiful steamer, and plenty of small craft are among the attractions. Stabling and feed for horses can be obtained. A large hall can be used in case of rain.

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## BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

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Colby & Rich, Publishers and Booksellers, 9 Bosworth Street, (formerly Montgomery Place), corner of Province Street, Boston, Mass., keep for sale a complete assortment of Spiritualist, Occult, and Esoteric books, and all other books of interest to the student of the occult. Terms Cash. Orders for books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by cash or at least half 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 the fractional part of a dollar in postage stamps—one and two preferred. All business orders 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 any charge, except the usual fee for insuring the order, which is not more than 50¢. This is the safest and best way to remit your orders. A complete Catalogue of the Books Published and for Sale by Colby & Rich sent FREE.

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## Banner of Light.

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## COLBY &amp; RICH,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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JOHN W. DAY, ASSISTANT MANAGER. All other letters and communications must be forwarded to the Editor.

Before the coming light of Truth, Creeds tremble, Ignorance dies, Error decays, and Humanity rises to its proper sphere of Knowledge.—Spirit John Pierpont.

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For the purpose of inducing parties who are non-subscribers to obtain an experimental knowledge of its practical value as an exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy in all its various phases,

## THE BANNER OF LIGHT

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## NEW SUBSCRIBERS

For Three Months,

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POSTAGE FREE. Remittances can be made by postal note, or by postage stamps.

## Girls Hypnotized.

Under the above heading, with several additional headlines, a recent number of the Boston Daily Record prints the following:

A TRANCE, JUNE 19.—There is a system of instruction in vogue at Lasell Seminary which is believed to have produced nervous prostration in two well known instances (i. e., two members of the class, living in Newton). It is known as the art of mind-concentration, and during the year just drawing to a close this department has been conducted by Miss Annie Call, a class of about one hundred and twenty young women. Miss Call believes the system one of great advantage to her students, teaching them entire and full submission to the will, and placing them in such positions that they may entirely relax their nervous systems, and gradually learn to economize their new force. The catalogue of the seminary thus describes the new department, which, by the way, has never been introduced elsewhere in this country in an institution of learning:

## NEUVE-TRAINING.

We have introduced a systematic training in the use of the mind in itself, as well as in its guidance of the body, and the results are such as to bring the mind into a more balanced, and so prepare them to meet life, out of school, with strong nerves, thoroughly controlled according to natural laws.

The two girls from Newton, referred to by the Record, were reported by their family physician to be "thoroughly hypnotized or mesmerized, and in a serious condition," and are now, it is stated, only in a convalescent state after a six months' illness.

In explaining the system of instruction Miss Call says:

"I work to obtain a perfectly quiet mind, and then to get that mind well centred or focussed by its owner at pleasure; and to secure a better direction of the mental faculty. We aim first to secure a perfectly passive body, and then to be able to use any muscle or nerve necessary, whether we are to play the piano, sing, or sustain a part in an act on the stage. In this way the body is left more perfect for natural expression in any form. In pursuing the study the first thing we secure is the power of mind concentration—pure and simple, and the second is to acquire the power to act independently in thought."

The system under discussion, as explained by Miss Call—who is reported to be a cultured lady of much experience and varied erudition—deals with the method of breathing by the subject, also the separate use of the muscles in various parts of the body, independently of the other—the mind being centred upon the one thing being done at the time.

Miss Call evidently does not consider the system itself to be primarily chargeable with the affliction of the two invalids specified.

This would seem to be, from our standpoint of observation, not an instance of hypnotization at all, but rather one of "statuolence," so-called, taught and explained by the late Dr. Wm. F. Farnestock. Hypnotism, as practiced in France and elsewhere, is but the psychological control of a sensitive individual by an expert operator, to such extent as to make the subject utterly unconscious to pain or to surgical operation.

Hypnotism is the careful direction of combined mesmeric power and magnetic force upon the system of a patient, which has the effect to overcome existing ills in the person of the subject, and for the time to stimulate into action any higher quality of mind or body than is usually employed in the normal state. The so-called science of Hypnotism is, we believe, but another name for that occult operation of mind over mind which Mesmer first introduced to public attention, and which was received with derision by an unthinking world. "Statuolence," on the other hand, is the

government of mind over its own external organism. It is the power to withdraw all force and action from any one part of the body, and to concentrate the same upon some other part or member. It is also the power of drawing the mind into such concentration of will-force as to enable it to rise superior to the body, and even, it is claimed, to act and to roam at will independent of the external organism. We submit, then, that inasmuch as the system of Miss Call aims at "mind concentration" and "to acquire the power to act independently of thought," the course pursued by that lady with her pupils belongs to the domain of "Statuolence," and not to the realm of "Hypnotism"—or Mesmerism and Magnetism combined—at all.

In a late number of the Boston Globe the same affair is discussed in an article which states that President Bragdon of Lasell Seminary was interviewed by a reporter from that paper upon the story that hypnotism was in the instruction given to pupils under his care.

He said that the statement published in a Boston paper to the effect that the two Newton girls were prostrated as a consequence of the instruction conducted by Miss Call, the elocution specialist, was untrue. The faculty could not admit that the illness of the two girls, serious and deplorable as it certainly was, was in any way due to the methods in use in the class.

"Even if Miss Call's instruction could be reasonably said to be the cause," said Dr. Bragdon, "it would not be remarkable that a system, which in hundreds of cases produces benefit, should here and there in one or two cases meet with subjects whose condition of body made unforeseen danger. Many such cases are met with in gymnastics and military drill, but nothing is ever said about it."

Miss Call simply uses the first part of the Delsarte system, as it is used in hundreds of institutions all over the world. Delsarte's name for this particular process was "devitalization," I believe, but Miss Call prefers to call it "mind concentration" or "relaxation."

I understand this practice is necessary to get out of the habit of involuntary muscular rigidity, and as accompanies great pain or excitement, and interferes with natural and graceful action in the untrained.

It is not true that the attendance on these classes was required, until these cases of illness were made public. Before that happened, as well as at present, this instruction was free to all pupils, and all were expected to take it, but no compulsion was used."

As a help to nervous organizations in overcoming that condition of tension and excitation in the system which leads to Neurasthenia and its evils, the power of "mind concentration" may well be cultivated and employed. This, if properly directed, might be made of great use by all who desire the mind to regulate and control the body; and intelligent persons will seek to acquire such a habit by personal thought and study. But, as we have stated, this is very different from the indiscriminate employment of mesmeric power or hypnotic control over other minds than our own. Many individuals are endowed with a quality of positive will-force which enables them to obtain control over other lives. Accident or experiment may acquaint these positively vitalized persons with the power they possess; but ignorant of the laws of psychology, and not knowing how to intelligently direct, hold or withdraw their mental force as the case may demand, such natures may become very dangerous among sensitive persons who come under their influence.

We are personally knowing to instances where individuals endowed with this hypnotic power have operated upon certain organs of the cranium of a sensitive, producing an excitation of that particular organ, which became greatly accelerated in action at each operation, until, at last, the psychologist could not enter the room, or even step into the building where the subject was, but his presence would at once be felt, and the sensitive be violently agitated in the manner formerly willed by the operator. Now had these experiments been continued, the subject would have become so thoroughly negative as to lose all power of self-control, and to become merely the echo of the operating mind. A case in point was that of a young lad who, after once having been brought under the mental power of a mesmerist, could not enter the room where the latter sat, but he would at once be violently affected with laughter, and it was not till the operator—seeing the danger in continuing experiments, of making the lad a directed hysteric and irresponsible being—directed his attention entirely from the subject and remained away from his presence, that the power was withdrawn and an equilibrium of forces established in the mind of the child.

A little knowledge is a dangerous implement in the hands of an unprincipled person, and none the less so in the hands of those who do not understand the laws governing the particular matter in hand. Better never learn of the occult powers in man or in nature, unless one studies how to intelligently direct these powers so as to make them a blessing to mankind. In the hands of humane and wise instructors mesmericism may be used to overcome evil habits and corrupted forms of character in other lives, and magnetism may be imparted to asuage pain, heal wounds, and remove disease. Mesmerism and Magnetism combined under the hypnotic system may prove a blessing to the race, by not only removing disease and strengthening the moral force, but also by bringing the patient into a harmonious state through which the higher nature may be appealed to, and where the work of self-education and government may begin.

## The Fruits of Old Theology.

What the human race has suffered, and still continues to suffer, in consequence of the old time preaching of cruel hell fire and brimstone terrors, it will never be possible to compute. The deep and lasting injuries wrought by the relentlessly steady inculcation of these most woeful of dogmas can never be compensated for in untold generations: Think of the murderous wars between different peoples; of the reckless dismemberment of empires; of the barbarous sacrifice of innocent and unoffending lives; and, not least of all, of the insanity caused by these events and the tenets that were their undeniable cause; and then say, if it be possible, that the world has in the whole course of its experience undergone equal paroxysms of torture and wretchedness from any other cause, or because of any combination of circumstances whatever.

But for man's dual nature, the temporary but mysterious conjunction of the spiritual and physical in his present existence, these fatal falsities of belief never could have effected a lodgment in his nature and taken such firm root. Of this generic fact the acute Apostle Paul sufficiently attests the reality. The result has been that, through an insane apprehension of being finally lost, armies of impressionable people have lost self-control, and become maniacs for life. It is in no sense surprising that, in view of the reiterated terrors of infant damnation and of eternal torment for recalcitrant adults, such a multitude have been deprived of their reason, and made wrecks of

everything for which life was given them. With people of sensitive temperaments and sympathetic natures could not well be otherwise. To introduce such inhuman dogmas into the human mind and fairly lodge them there, must on the face of it be equivalent to its overthrow. There is no plague for those on whom such a belief is fairly poured but insanity.

We are led to make the above utterances by reading in a recent day paper, printed in large letters, that an insensate man in Ohio had been uttering the cry again and again—"I am the Christ! I am the Christ!" as if calling on all who heard him to make the coveted acknowledgment. It is his own wild outcry all through the day. He calls to his mother continually in the same tones—"am the Christ, mother, and if you are the Virgin Mary, why don't you acknowledge me?" When the poor woman attempts to reason with her demented son, his uniform reply is a fierce threat to kill her. Now if only a single case of this character does not furnish a sad and much-needed commentary on the teachings of the old and dark theology that has been the world's nightmare for centuries of its troubled life, then it would be an extremely difficult matter to say what will supply such a commentary. A theology that can yield even one such product is evidently the bane of human intellect and the destroyer of human happiness.

## The Danger to the Press.

What is the right and real office of journalism yet remains to be defined. Within the last three decades it has made successful excursions of discovery into new and untried realms, and established its right and its authority without asking any one's permission or offering any reason of its own for venturing and claiming before stating its purpose. Journalism began with commenting upon what it collected into a succinct record. Next it made a distinct profession of gathering the freshest intelligence from the widest space. Then it almost naturally dropped from the office of a news-gatherer to that of a detective, out of which it has grown by ominously rapid stages to be a self-constituted power to investigate, arraign, try, convict, sentence and punish. It hardly needs saying that any kind of power, self-constituted or otherwise, that can exercise all these varied and most responsible offices with impunity, transcends the limits within which the common safety is assured.

A late issue of the Boston Sunday Globe contained a highly just and timely article from the pen of W. H. Murray, in which the most pertinent reflections were set down. The article took the very view of the matter which we have outlined. He properly considered the power of the press as it is now exercised to be greater than that of any known king, since it acts without consultation with any authorized body and is unchecked by any prescribed form of proceeding. "Its eyes," says the writer, "are multitudinous, and against their searching scrutiny neither the doors of men's houses nor the walls of their domestic chambers are a protection. It boasts that its detectives are more efficient than that of our courts of law. Untrammelled by any connection with long-established and traditional methods of legal procedure, and so rich as to be heedless of expense, it acts with the celerity and efficiency of a power centered in one person, and that person absolutely irresponsible." How few in any community reflect and realize what is thus plainly said.

As it now stands, the publisher's power is practically without bounds, and he is to all intents irresponsible. It manifestly is on this wild theory respecting private rights and the claims of the individual to protection, that so many real and pretended journalists send out their agents armed with books and pencils to minutely report and extravagantly color the happenings and doings, and even the sayings of anybody and everybody, no less in private than in public life, that they, the journalists, may be able to boast first of their enterprise, and finally of the responsibility that rests upon them to make all things straight according to their idea of rectitude, and to keep them so. The result is a complete turning of private and social life upside down and inside out. As Mr. Murray truthfully says, in our country journalism is practically an exercise of irresponsible power. The great journal of today is a group of irresponsible and concealed personalities. They report what they please, and publish what they please.

The day will surely come, and it is not far off, when all this must be stopped where it is. People in the future will wonder at the patient endurance of the time in which such an unrepressed license was tolerated. They will rightly describe our age as one in which the world became a vast whispering gallery and gossip was universal. It is indeed an anomaly in social life that it does not rise and demand the repression of a habit in publishing that has grown into a power without limitations. At any rate, it ought to be settled once for all that this irresponsible invasion of private rights and trampling of individual character has passed beyond the bounds of toleration. It ought to be further understood that the press is not to usurp the functions of a police, nor afterward to assume the duties of prosecuting attorney, jury and judge.

## Changed Conditions.

It has been said many times that the conditions of labor are almost entirely changed, so that it is fast becoming necessary to reorganize all our industrial activities on a new basis in order to meet the requirements of the case. The methods of business have changed sufficiently to make necessary a corresponding change in the methods of work. New material agencies have appeared to make an entirely different domination of business and industrial life the inevitable result. So that it is becoming an urgent matter to reorganize the methods of the latter and proceed after a new way. The labor class, so called, is out with a declaration of its purpose to obtain increased wages for diminished hours of daily work. Capital and labor are practically at war with each other. The capitalist and employer on his part fears from competition above everything else, while the laborer is more and more getting into a tighter place, which promises shortly to become actual distress. All is in a state of agitation and ferment, as likely as not to develop into one of open hostility.

On one side are ranged the great corporations and monopolies, and on the other stand the organizations of labor. Interests that all acknowledge ought to be in harmony, are at open variance, and measurably threaten each the other's life. Public economy seems to require to be recast. What is needed is a harmonizing of interests, on principles of justice and equity, and in the genuine spirit of brotherhood. The

wage system for labor has evidently entered upon a new stage, to be superseded by another that will be as great an advance on itself as it was on the times when the laborer was, but a chattel and a slave. It is plain enough that progress on this line cannot be arrested, however much it may be wished by some people that things might be considered settled and left forever alone.

Never before were men made to feel as now that each one is indeed his brother's keeper. Never before were all classes in the great community of men brought into such close contact as now, and by questions that closely concern all alike, and will not be put aside.

Here we can readily see how great moral issues are successively presented to the race, in direct consequence of its necessities for existence. The present ferment does not mean revolution and destruction, so much as it expresses the restless tendency to reconstruct and reform our whole life, social and industrial, on a broader and better basis.

Now is the time for the leaders of thought in these and kindred matters to come forward and attempt a pacific, and so a more permanent, solution of questions which all the conditions of an advancing civilization render imperative and inevitable. They will have to be met and answered in some future time, if not in ours.

## Spiritualism and The Investigator.

The Boston Investigator of May 28th has the following editorial comments upon a debate on Spiritualism which recently occurred in San Francisco between Moses Hull and S. P. Putnam:

"It was confidently expected by the friends of Mr. Hull that he would show, even to those who did not wish to believe it, that Spiritualism was true, while Mr. Putnam's friends depended upon him to demolish the faith in spirits. The debate occupied two evenings, and was very largely attended. It is not claimed that any converts were made to either Spiritualism or Materialism, or that the disputants were less strong in their respective convictions after the debate than before."

It seems to us that it is worse than time wasted to hold a debate on such a question. There is only one way to prove that Spiritualism, as it is called, is true, and that is by producing a fact. The attempt has been made to do this, and thousands of people think they have seen the dead alive, and talked with them, but it is a fact that in every case where the spirit has been caught, the medium, or an accomplice, was all the spirit there was.

Men and women do not want to be deceived in a matter of this kind. It is too serious, too sacred. It is time that the so-called "phenomena" of Spiritualism were rigidly sifted, and if there is anything more than the illusion of trick and deception of fraud in them to have it known, and have the nature of such phenomena explained. An experience of any person with a medium is not the proof we want. A clever performance can deceive a clever person. We want facts, if there are any. If there are none it is time for Spiritualism to be called another name."

During the discussion the usual refuge sought by skeptical debaters under like circumstances—i. e., a challenge—was resorted to: According to The Investigator, Mr. Putnam "gave Spiritualism an opportunity to number him among its adherents by offering any medium in the world one hundred dollars to produce writing between slates that he should fasten together," which challenge Mr. Hull is reported to have declined.

In the above remarks our esteemed contemporary shows a lamentable ignorance of the vast array of scientific facts that phenomenal Spiritualism has given to the world. Such careful investigators as Prof. Wm. Crookes and Prof. Alfred R. Wallace, of England, not to speak of scores of learned and analytical minds in our own country, have received and tested manifestations made by excommunicated intelligences, until they have become satisfied, not only of the reality of the phenomena, but of their scientific basis and value.

The Investigator inquires why the challenge made by Mr. Putnam to Mr. Hull was not at once accepted. The reason probably is, that knowing no mortal has a right to command the attendance and service of a spiritual intelligence, Mr. Hull very wisely understood that even in the presence of the best medium in the world, the spirit-operators might object to being made the subject of challenge and dispute, and refuse to become participants in the proposed trial, and therefore the slate-writing might fail to appear, whereupon the medium would at once be set down as an impostor by the ignorant world.

This, however, does not militate against the fact that slate-writing has been secured time and again by careful scrutinizers and investigators under the most perfect test conditions, and like all the other phenomenal phases of Spiritualism it has made its way and emphasized its truth in the hearts of its recipients through the presentation of undoubted facts. The Hon. A. B. Richmond—whose able criticism upon the Preliminary and only report that the Seybert Commission has ever made on its investigations of Spiritualism we commend to the attention of Mr. Hull's opponent, S. P. Putnam, and to the editor of The Investigator alike—has published the results of his own personal observations and experiments with slate-writing mediums, which of themselves furnish an important amount of testimony as to the value of this phenomenal work.

Mountebanks and clever charlatans will not hesitate to accept a challenge such as the debater has made, but genuine mediums have no desire to bring their spirit-guides to the tribunal by any such arbitrary action as that proposed. Those who care to give time and thought and service to the work of investigation can soon convince themselves by actual experience whether Spiritualism is truth or otherwise, and the facts that our contemporary calls for may be easily obtained by those who, in entering upon the field of inquiry and scrutiny, will do so in a fair-minded manner, and not after the spirit of those who are so blind they will not see.

## Monopoly.

How often we hear it said of late that there is scarcely anything in the full list of business pursuits that is not capable of entering a combination. That these great controlling organizations are dangerous to the welfare of the country there can be no question in the minds of all honest people. All such combinations drive out of business small dealers who are unable to compete with concentrated wealth. Not only are our capitalists combining under the name of Trusts, but English operators are doing the same thing on our soil, thus forming a step toward centralization. The great fact is coming home to us daily that for everything we eat and wear we shall eventually be obliged to pay tribute to a Trust. The result will inevitably be that the many will be controlled by the few, until finally those left out in the cold will rebel. May it not become true, which Wendell Phillips uttered in a public speech many years ago in regard to the tendency of wealth, that gigantic mobs would yet get the Fifth Avenue palaces of New York as well as those of like standing in other cities?

## Children's Progressive Lyceum in England.

It is a somewhat singular fact that the excellent form of organization for the education of the young in the truths and principles of Modern Spiritualism, known as the Children's Progressive Lyceum, has been more widely availed of in England than in this country, where it originated. Our attention has frequently been directed to this subject by reports of the institution of new Lyceums and the considerable degree of interest taken in them not only by Spiritualists but by those not reputed such in England and its colonies, and more especially of late by accounts given of the annual conference of delegates from the various Lyceums held in the Spiritual Temple, Oldham, on Sunday, May 11th, from one of which, that published in London Light, we learn that at the hour of opening the Conference a full muster of delegates and friends had assembled. After the usual preliminaries, the President of the Conference, Mr. H. A. Kersey, assumed his official duties. The Secretary, Mr. Alfred Kitson, presented his annual report, from which it was seen that the Lyceum movement had increased nearly fifty per cent. since the Conference of last year. At present there are sixty Lyceums in operation, at which there is an average attendance every Sunday of five hundred and seventy officers and three thousand six hundred and seven scholars.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted in the unanimous reelection of Mr. H. A. Kersey, Newcastle, as President; Mr. Alfred Kitson, Batley, as Hon. Secretary; and Mr. Joseph Sutcliffe, Sowerby Bridge, as Treasurer. The question of a suitable recognition to Mr. Alfred Kitson for his many years' devotion and unselfish service to Lyceum work was raised, and a committee comprising Dr. and Mrs. Britten, and Mr. Kersey, with power to add to their number, was formed to consider how effect should be given to the suggestion. The Conference, which extended over two sessions, terminated in the evening with a suitable lecture through Mrs. E. W. Wallis, of Manchester, upon "Our Children; Their Claims and Duties," at which there was a good attendance.

The interests of the Lyceum have been sustained in England by the united labors of all the schools in what has been termed a Federation, but which is in future to be known as "The Spiritualists' Lyceum Union." This Union is to have for its objects the promotion of the movement by an Annual Conference; by district assemblies; by establishing Lyceums in new localities; by cultivating a close sympathy between the Lyceums; by holding a uniformity of working; by encouraging the publication of suitable literature, and by all other methods it may be thought advisable to adopt.

Determined effort on this line by the Spiritualists of this country would produce results that would astonish the people. The trouble is the Lyceum work here has been too fragmentary; it has been left to a few earnest souls, while the great mass of avowed Spiritualists have exhibited a lukewarmness, we may say, an indifference that, in view of their knowledge of its importance, is most surprising. The children of Spiritualists number tens of thousands. It cannot be supposed that any very appreciable portion of them are deprived of Sabbath instruction, and it necessarily follows that they are having instilled into their minds teachings called religious that are diametrically opposite, if not condemnatory of those their parents know to be true, and the only foundation of a life here that will qualify them to fully avail themselves of and enjoy the life beyond.

A Union similar to that our English brethren have instituted is desirable for this country. It is unnecessary for us at this time to state the benefits that would accrue therefrom, as they have been repeatedly alluded to, and naturally suggest themselves to all who give the subject a moment's thought.

## Race Bigotry.

Nearly all countries have their Pariahs. It seems as if they could not thrive unless they possessed an outcast race. The blacks have formed such a race in this republic of ours, but the march of events has served to put them measurably on a level with the rest. They at least enjoy equal rights and privileges. The Jew is the one selected for social and civil ostracism and hatred in Germany, as he was for centuries in England. There he is loaded with a weight of prejudices which it requires all his stolid patience to carry. Even in educated Prussia this hatred of the helpless Jew is a strongly characteristic feature of its life and manners. In spite of the remonstrance of Herr Gossler, the minister of public instruction, the Prussian Diet has passed a resolution requesting the government to exclude the Jews from the higher schools, on the alleged ground that they "constitute a social danger."

So it appears that a state calling itself Christian is so meanly unjust as to collect taxes from parents for the support of the public schools, and at the same time to exclude their children from all of their benefits. Such a record is in this age a disgrace to any country. As a contemporary well expresses it, it is taxation without representation, based upon that meanest of all motives, religious bigotry. The Jewish children go through the forms of Christian devotion in the public schools of Germany without a murmur or a protest, but that, it seems, is not enough. They are still accounted "a social danger," and so they are to be excluded from the enjoyment of what their taxed parents are compelled to pay for.

The spirit of the age, however, is wholly opposed to the rule of such insensate race prejudice as this. It is the growing spirit of fraternity, not of hatred for any cause. The air itself is charged with revolt against such bigoted hatred and narrow persecution. The world moves. The course of things is not backward. Unless this fact is not only acknowledged but welcomed, we turn our backs on progress and spiritual enfranchisement, and choose the company of darkness rather than of light. The old prejudices are doomed.

Persons leaving the City during the summer months can have the Banner of Light mailed to any address free of postage three months by remitting fifty cents to Colby & Rich, 9 Bosworth Street, Boston.

Under the Camp-Meeting heading, in last week's issue, read the very full account of what visitors may expect at Cassadaga Lake this summer. THE BANNER, from week to week, will contain full reports of the proceedings. See eighth page for Annual Pledge report.



## Indian Soldiers.

Major G. W. Baird, in *The Boston Journal* of Saturday last states what has driven the former United States Indian scouts, and what eventually drives the Indians generally, to come in conflict with the whites in the Northwest. It is important information:

To the Editor of The Boston Journal:

The *Journal* recently published an account of an attack upon white settlers made by Indians near the Tongue River, Montana. If the facts shall prove to be as stated, they illustrate an important point in the present and proposed Indian policy which the friends of the Indians need to be fully informed upon. From the position of the alleged attack, and from circumstances preceding it, as reported, it is probable that the Indians were some of a small band of Northern Cheyennes, who surrendered to General Miles in the spring of 1877, and were subsequently sent to the reservation at Fort Belknap, Montana. The report published in *The Journal* tallies with that given to me by a trustworthy Indian, and seeing their families starving, they stole beef, and so came into collision with the settlers.

Assuming that the Indians who made the attack were of the band of which I write, it is quite within the truth to say that the Indians made considerable advance in agriculture and in skill in the care of domestic animals. They were located on land along southern affluents of the Yellowstone, and seemed to be on the road to self-support in a civilized way. A recent private letter from that region informed me that, as a result of three successive seasons of drought, and of the fact that white settlers had taken up the best of the land, the Indians were on the verge of starvation. The report published in *The Journal* tallies with that given to me by a trustworthy Indian, and seeing their families starving, they stole beef, and so came into collision with the settlers.

The purpose and point of all this is that "land in severity" is not the end of the Indian question, how good soever it may be as a means to settle that question. On many of the reservations, the Indians are good agricultural land for the Indians probably cannot be found. Irrigation is a necessity for agriculture in case of nearly all of the reservations east of the Rockies, and irrigation implies capital, skill and the cooperation of a large number of people. In New Mexico, where irrigation is also a necessity, the care of the main ditch, "Acquia Madre," is relatively as important to each village as the care of the Cochituate to Boston. The friends of the Indians must not expect that they will advance rapidly with intelligent watchfulness under their exceptional difficult surroundings even with "land in severity," and so must be prepared to guard their interests for many years in the future.

G. W. BAIRD.  
12 Pearl street, Boston.

## Sunday and the World's Fair.

The issue is raised already, and it is the very time to meet it in open and fair discussion—Shall the coming Columbian Fair at Chicago be open to the assembled representatives of all the world's people on Sundays, or shall it be closed? The *Chicago Herald* sees what is ahead, and declares that the struggle may as well be invited at once and debated to a finish. It promptly and positively answers Yes to the question whether the exposition shall be opened on Sundays. It is vain, it says, for narrow pedants and shallow preachers to remind us that the Sabbath was made solely for rest and prayer: In the first place, Sunday is not the Sabbath. Saturday is the Sabbath, and they for whom it was instituted keep the Sabbath holy in decreasing numbers. Modern Christianity is not under the Hebrew dispensation. Even the Hebrews acknowledge that the time has long since passed away when the Mosaic Sabbath, which was one of prayer and worship under a hierarchy, governed social conditions, and that we are under no more obligation to heed the old conditions than we are to rebuild Solomon's temple.

## The Need of More Charity.

Would that mortals, especially those who have enjoyed direct communion with the spirit-world, would take more care in exercising charity toward their erring fellow-beings, and thus change the face of society without further effort! When a person has strayed from the path of rectitude, is it for any special one of his fellows to stop and administer condemnation? Who has invested such with all this assumed authority to sit in judgment on one or another? On the contrary, has not the one and only Divine Man bidden us to cast no stone, but to overlook and forgive, and tell the wrong-doer to go and sin no more? It is our first and last duty to take the erring by the hand in pitying kindness, and help lift them out of the slough of sin and shame to a higher moral level, where they can in time stand firmly alone and in their turn dispense true charity to other erring ones for their salvation. They who are favored above others are morally obligated to help where help is most needed, and never to condemn lest they may fall into the same low estate themselves.

"The Devil," (?) it seems, has got into the St. Paul's African M. E. church at Cambridge, Mass., and its pastor has been accused of "heresy, insubordination and disruption of the church," and been expelled. In his defense Rev. Mr. Brockett says: "By the belief of that church in the personality of the devil, God is represented to us as a monster of injustice and cruelty. Such opinions I could not hold and be true to my convictions and understanding of the Bible." And this is why he says he resigned nearly six months ago—hence the late action of the Worcester expulsion conference. What a cracking up among the dry bones of old theology is rapidly taking place all around the compass! Verily, a new era is dawning, when reason and common sense will take the place of blind zeal and rank superstition.

As *THE BANNER*, after thirty-three years of existence, is on a firm financial basis, all good and true Spiritualists should cooperate with its publishers to increase its circulation all over the world, to the end that the Spiritual Philosophy shall be engrained upon the hearts of the people who need this great light of the nineteenth century. Our spirit-friends state that it is the duty of all conscientious friends of the Cause, wherever located, to uphold the Spirit's paper, not only with their purse but with all the energy of their souls during the great mental revolution that is impending in the earth-life regarding the future state.

The Christian Endeavor Conference, at St. Louis, Mo., has passed resolutions against whiskey rings and millionaire syndicates of whatever description. The Canadian delegates were, it is inferred, in favor of annexation to this country, as one of them came forward and, after a very neat speech, blended together the folds of the stars and stripes with the Union Jack. From ten to twelve thousand people were present, the delegates comprising some seven thousand six hundred individuals.

The Boston *Evening Record* significantly remarks that "it would be vastly entertaining if Prof. Wm. James, or some other of our able psychologists, could obtain and would give a public blackboard lecture illustrating the mental processes of the police commissioners." But he has got as much as he can do to look after Harvard's "hallucination" students just now, probably.

## A Practical Idea.

A few weeks since a dog, thought to be rabid, created a panic in Winchester, Mass., and was finally shot, but not before he had bitten several dogs in the neighborhood. The Selectmen had an autopsy performed on the body of the dog by a physician from Boston, who has made a study of cases of so-called mad dogs, who reported that he found the lungs diseased; and it was his opinion that the disposition and character of the dog were changed, and his conduct occasioned by the inflamed and congested character of his lungs. *The Star* says: "The brain and other organs, excepting only his lungs, were found to be in a perfectly healthy condition; but the dog had been without food lately, and he was evidently half starved, being greatly emaciated."

That very useful publication of the S. P. C. A. calls attention to the fact that the above is one of a large number of cases of alleged hydrophobia, which Dr. Rufus K. Noyes, of 50 Chambers street, Boston, has, by post-mortem examination, shown to have no foundation; and it recommends that individual owners, and the authorities of cities and towns, before muzzling or shooting their dogs, apply to him for advice. Doing this would not only save the lives of the faithful animals, but much of mental suffering to others.

It has been proven by a vast amount of evidence that dogs are in possession of faculties akin to those possessed by man. It is reasonable to suppose that they are subject to many of the ills and pains that afflict mankind. As their sense of smell, hearing and sight are often far more keen than those of men, so, too, may be their sense of suffering, and it doubtless is, a dog suffering the excruciating tortures of some pain that afflict man (as is often the case), cannot be expected to display very amiable traits of character. If the dog shows any signs of discomfort at such times he is at once said to be mad, and pursued by a panic-stricken crowd, whose hootings and peltings intensify the sufferings, and add to them the yet greater of fright and bewilderment. Under such conditions and by such means the most faithful and steadfast friend of man, in all ages and among all nations, is driven to his death.

"When we become," says the editor of *Our Dumb Animals*, "as wise as the Turks in our treatment of dogs, there will be as little danger of hydrophobia here as in Constantinople, where some eighty thousand of them, male and female, roam the streets unmolested. It is not the fashion there, when a dog is sick or poisoned, to chase him through the streets as above described."

## Look for this Book.

Early in September the firm of John W. Lovell & Co., of New York, will publish a book by G. B. Stebbins, of Detroit, entitled: "Upward Steps of Seventy Years."

It will be the record of some of the experiences of the author in childhood in New England, and during fifty years of later life, largely spent in the reform field as a lecturer and writer, well and widely known in both capacities. An interesting feature will be biographic sketches of many eminent reformers and excellent men and women known personally and well by the author. Its aim will be to show the growth of reforms, one after the other, beginning with the old anti-slavery reform, in which he had active part with Garrison and others.

The closing chapters of the book will be devoted to Spiritualism and psychic research—personal experiences and suggestions of a pioneer Spiritualist, and to the religious outlook and coming reforms. Many of our readers will be interested in a book so valuable in its aim by one whom they know well. Fuller particulars hereafter.

The trial of Ezra H. Heywood, of Princeton, Mass., charged with sending obscene literature through the mails by circulating his publication called "The Word," was brought to a close in the United States Circuit Court Thursday afternoon, June 12th. It was six o'clock when the jury filed into the court room and announced that it had found the prisoner guilty on the second and third counts in the indictment and innocent on the first. Immediately Mr. Heywood's counsel gave notice that they wished to file a bill of exceptions, a motion for a new trial and a plea for an arrest of judgment. The court granted them ten days in which to make out their papers, and continued Mr. Heywood's bail at one thousand dollars, the amount of his bond before the trial. The noted defendant received the following letter from Rev. M. J. Savage a day or two ago, says the *Boston Globe*:

MY DEAR MR. HEYWOOD—Understanding that you are in another legal contest over your right to express your opinion, I hasten to send you a word that you are at liberty to use as you see fit.

I need not raise the question as to whether or not I agree with you in all your opinions or methods. It is a petty and narrow view of man who can agree and work only with his own personal echo.

I wish, however, to say, as emphatically as I can, that in my opinion it is either stupidity or something worse that causes you to write the kind of stuff that is the subject of this persecution, springing out of the narrowest religious bigotry, rather than a manly zeal for social purity.

Work in just your way, or not I believe you are true and manly in character, and are actuated by high and humane motives.

I trust that those having the matter in hand will be broad-minded enough to see that the real issue is a question as to the right of an honest man to speak his mind. Most sincerely, (Signed) M. J. SAVAGE.

Boston, June 12th.

Mr. Heywood also received a letter of the same tenor from Walter C. Wright, son of the late Eliza Wright of abolition fame.

Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings writes us from Somerset, Ky., June 11th: "Mr. Richings and myself are spending some very pleasant days with Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Haley—good staunch Spiritualists—who unite with us in good wishes to yourself and your staff, seen and unseen."

Read the card of E. M. Donnelly (massage and electricity) on the seventh page.

Five hundred "regular" Massachusetts medics held their annual banquet in this city recently, at Cotillon Hall—the one hundred and ninth. This association now numbers one thousand seven hundred and twelve members. The daily press reports say that after the cigars were passed around, Gov. Brackett, an invited guest, was introduced, and said, among other things, that the Commonwealth recognizes the fact that new methods are coming into use, and also new diseases; that these improvements [we would say the spiritual] are constantly enhancing the skill of the practitioner [whether he belongs to the "faculty" or not] in warding off attacks on the public health.

Several of our good friends in different sections of the country are writing congratulatory letters, assuring us how gratified they feel to know that the merits of *THE BANNER* are being testimentarily as well as in many other respects appreciated. A gentleman in New York writes: "I hope the legacies will come in thick (solid) and fast." We hope so, too. When they do, we shall hasten to reduce our subscription price, notwithstanding we print more than double the number of ems each week that go to make up any other Spiritualist paper in existence.

Tuesday of this week being a holiday, upon which business is suspended, we go to press one day earlier than usual, and for that reason are obliged to defer until next week several favors of our correspondents, received too late for this issue, among which are reports of the NORTH COLLINS (N. Y.) FESTIVAL, and the CONVENTION OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE SPIRITUALISTS at Hillsboro Bridge.

Don't omit perusing Mrs. LILLIE's grand lecture printed on the first page of last week's *BANNER*. Back numbers can be had on application at this office.

Read the call (third page) for the Quarterly Convention of the Spiritualist Association of Southwestern Michigan, June 22d.

## NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

As *The Banner* is the people's paper, it expects that all true Spiritualists will take every occasion to lend it a helping hand.

A PLEASANT OCCASION.—A number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hatch, Jr., met at their new residence at Bay View Station, Boston, on the evening of Thursday, June 12th, to spread through the home the warmth that flows from congeniality of feeling and heartily expressed best wishes. J. B. Hatch, Sr., presided. Remarks were made by Spirit Robert Anderson—through the mediumship of Mrs. Longley—John W. Day, and Mr. Hatch; singing was participated in by Prof. C. P. Longley and wife, the host and hostess, Mr. George Hatch, Mr. Fred B. Shelhamer and others. The sprightly "Lotels" also had a word to say. The editor-in-chief of *THE BANNER* and other guests were present. The happy meeting closed with the partaking of a fine collation.

The Cause needs every sword to-day;

Let no one lay it down,  
But boldly run into the fray,  
And win a martyr's crown. —GOTHAM.

A severe storm, in which wind, rain and hail joined in the work of destruction, swept over portions of Illinois, Ohio and Kentucky, June 15th and 16th. The property loss is very great, that in Cincinnati alone being placed at \$300,000.

It looks as if that woman whose life was saved at the Roxbury crossing would add one to the census of hallucinations, says the *Boston Evening Record*. Why don't the Professor hallucinate her?

## HAPPINESS.

Know, all the good that individuals find,  
Of God or nature meant to mere mankind,  
Happiness's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,  
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence,  
But Health consists with temperance alone;  
And Peace, O Virtue! Peace is all thine own.  
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;  
But these less taste them as they were obtain. —Alexander Pope.

The Boston & Plymouth Steamboat Company commenced the season with its fine boat, the Stamford (newly refitted), on Sunday last—Capt. E. W. Davidson commanding. Mr. L. L. Whitlock is the enterprising advertising agent for the steamer. The first trip proved enjoyable throughout to the numerous delegation from the newspaper fraternity on board. The steamer will make daily trips to historic Plymouth and return during the summer, starting from Lincoln's wharf, Boston.

He only is a Spiritualist to whom the grand truth of the spirit-world is a living light, arousing desires to gain a knowledge of spiritual laws, increasing his aspirations for spiritual attainments, and strengthening him to rise superior to all the selfish and sensual allurements of human environments. —Albert Morton.

Harvard College students who will be looking for a job after graduation might find it profitable to turn their attention to painting. The field is wide, and some of the students have shown themselves adepts in the art.

What a sad muddle they are in at our State House! Why, "The Doctors' Plot" was a mere bagatelle alongside of it, notwithstanding the Boston M. D.'s lobbied the whole State to bag members of the Legislature in advance.

## PRINCE PUFF-UP.

Prince Puff-Up was a haughty boy,  
And once, when it was showing,  
For fear the drifts would be too deep,  
He bade the wind stop blowing!

And once, when on the skating pond  
The heat was undermining  
The smooth, hard ice, beloved of boys,  
He bade the sun stop shining!

He strode about as if he owned  
The earth and all that's on it,  
I've never heard that wind or sun  
Obeyed Prince Puff-Up's orders. —Mrs. M. F. Butts.

It is reported from Rome that there are alarming fissures in the dome of St. Peter's. About a century ago a similar state of things was remedied by encircling the dome with a strong band of metal.

A curious incident happened to a census man recently in Philadelphia. On a doorstep of a house on Mutter street he met a woman nursing two babies. As he approached, she inquired, "Are you the census man?" He replied in the affirmative, when she remarked, "Them 's twins! Put 'em in the census."

HEAVENLY DISHARMONY.—The editorial "we" of the *Camden (Me.) Herald* has an ear for music, so it seems, and wants the old-fashioned singing schools revived among the people: Otherwise he fears trouble when he reaches the "heavenly land."

"Ministers will preach and saints will sing of the other shore, but unless they first learn some of the principles taught in the old-fashioned singing-school, we would prefer our 'manston' should be in the outskirts, at least."

Prince Philippe, Duc d'Orleans, a crescent danger (?) to the Gallic republic, has been turned loose again after one hundred and seventeen days in prison, whether he was conveyed on his landing in France in despite of the Interdict.

PREVENTIVE OF SORRY THOUGHT.—People who are subject to inconvenient throat trouble, caused by a propensity to catch cold on slight exposure, says an exchange, are advised to place a few threads of Berlin wool around the neck and wear them continuously. From ten to twenty threads are enough for the purpose. They should only be removed for making ablutions, and should be left off gradually by discarding daily one thread at a time. The remedy probably acts by keeping up a belt of skin action, thus acting mildly and continuously as a slight counter-irritant.

## A LESSON IN ARITHMETIC.

The boy that by addition grows,  
And suffers no subtraction,  
Who multiplies the thing he knows  
And carries every fraction,  
Who well divides his precious time,  
The due proportion giving,  
To sure success aloft will climb,  
Interest compound receiving. —London Temperance Caterer.

On June 26th will occur the initial Meeting and Organization of the World's Fair Commissioners, in Chicago.

It is announced that Phya Propi Soang Kham has started a rebellion in Siam. The first class in geography will be startled at this news.—Herald.

The only woman in South American journalism is from Wisconsin. She is the wife of a secretary in the Brazilian war department, and is connected with *Os Estados do Rio*, edited by the great Brazilian abolitionist, Jose do Patronilho.

Milwaukee, Wis., is called the "Cream City."

## "AWAY DOWN EAST."

Have you heard from Pattagumpus, Saccarappa, Wytopitlock, South Molokuns, Madawaska, Tunk, Skowhogan, Kennebecago, Tonus, Pomequit, Sabatus, Damarscottia, East Sebago, Passadumkeag, Wiscasset, Deblols, Meddybemps, Masardis, Kikory, Kennebecum, Passaboo, Ogunquit, Monhegan, Bear, Mattawamkeag, and Moose River?

France has now the largest sailing ship in the world: Name: "La France," rigged with five masts, on four of which square sails are carried; length, 344 feet; beam, 49 feet; cargo, no less than 61,000 tons. The ship is built of steel—masts and yards being of the same material.

"I am learning zee language vary fast. Zee lecture yore zara a spinning his top. He's a spinster—eh?"

Says the New York *Evening Decoon*, with a sanctimonious snifle, "If the elite people who were drowned yesterday at Fall River alive and well." Fought! What if they had gone on Saturday or Monday with too many people who could not swim in the boat? Again, Faugh!—Boston Transcript.

DECHAM'S PILLS cure sick-headache.

## Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Henry H. Warner, inspirational trance lecturer and poet medium, is engaged at Onset, Aug. 6th and 10th, 1890. Would like engagements for season of 1890-91 for camps or by societies. He will be in Helena, Mont., in March, 1891, and would like to hear from societies en route. Address 441 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Emma Miner took up her abode at Lake Pleasant, June 14th, to remain until Sept. 1st. Address her "Lake Pleasant, Mass."

For the next two weeks Dr. A. W. S. Rothermel's address will be 8 Columbia Avenue, Rochester, N. Y. Abby N. Burnham lectured in Lynn May 18th and 25th, and June 6th and 12th; in Chelsea June 1st. She will speak in Lynn June 29th.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter says his first annual visit this season to Plymouth County on Sunday next, June 22d, and will lecture in the town hall, Hanson, forenoon and afternoon. After, dentistry requiring his attention, he will take a vacation until Sunday, July 13th, when he will resume with Wachusett Park Grove Meeting, and follow with his round of the camps.

J. Gifford, President of the Watertown (N. Y.) Spiritualist Society, writes that Mrs. Mary C. Lyman (formerly Knight) is still doing efficient work thereabout for the best good of that organization and the advancement of the Cause.

Frank T. Ripley, lecturer and platform test medium, is making up his schedules for the fall and winter season of 1890 and '91. Societies desiring his services can address him in care of BANNER OF LIGHT.

FOR NERVOUS EXHAUSTION use HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE. DR. H. C. McCoy, Algona, Ia., says: "I have used it in cases of dyspepsia, nervous exhaustion and wakefulness, with pleasant results. Also think it of great service in depressed condition of the system resulting from biliary derangement."

## To Correspondents.

No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer in all cases indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return cancelled communications.

MRS. K. H. BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—We cannot engage to advance spirit messages; each must take its regular course, unless a request for earlier publication is made by the spirit, who voices the communication. We would be pleased to notify you and others of the friends who in all parts of the country are asking a similar favor, but the idea is utterly impracticable.

## For Sale at this Office:

THE TWO WORLDS: A journal devoted to Spiritualism, Occult Science, Esoteric Religion and Reform. Published weekly in Manchester, England. Single copy, 5 cents.

HALF'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH: A Progressive Family Health Magazine. Published monthly in New York. Single copy, 10 cents.

THE BAZAR: NOTES AND QUERIES, with Answers in all Departments of Literature. Monthly. Single copy, 10 cents.

RELIGIO-Philosophical Journal. Published weekly in Chicago, Ill. Single copy, 5 cents.

THE TRUTH-SEER. Published weekly in New York. Single copy, 8 cents.

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

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE. A Monthly Magazine devoted to Science and Philosophy, as related to Universal Human Progress. Edited by W. J. Colville. Single copy, 10 cents.

THE TROPHICIST. Monthly. Published in India. Single copy, 50 cents.

THE GOLDEN GATE. Published weekly in San Francisco, Cal. Single copy, 5 cents.

THE BROTHER WAY. A Spiritualistic weekly journal. Published in Cincinnati, O. Single copy, 5 cents.

ALCYON. A Semi-Monthly Journal devoted to the phenomena and Philosophy of Spiritualism. Single copy, 5 cents.

THE PATH. A Monthly Magazine, devoted to Universal Brotherhood, Theosophy in America, and Aryan Philosophy. Single copy, 20 cents.

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

THE BANNER OF LIGHT cannot well undertake to vouch for the honesty of its many advertisers. Advertisements which appear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns, they are at once interdicted. We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover in our columns any advertisements of persons whom they have proved to be dishonest or unworthy of confidence.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

Three Hours More.—Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, from 8 A. M. to 2 P. M., A. J. DAVIS, Physician, in his office, 63 Warren Avenue, Boston. No new patients treated by mail.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Apr. 5. 13w.

J. J. Morse, 16 Stanley street, Fairfield, Liverpool, will act as agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of Colby & Rich.

James Burns, 15 Southampton Row, London, Eng., will act as agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and keep for sale the publications of Colby & Rich.

To Foreign Subscribers the subscription price of the BANNER OF LIGHT is \$3.50 per year, or \$1.75 per six months, to any foreign country embraced in the Universal Postal Union. To countries outside of the Union the price will be \$4.00 per year, or \$2.00 for six months.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

OBESITY SAFELY CURED by one who has BEEN A FELLOW-SUFFERER. Dr. Edith R. Berdes, 113 Ellison St., Paterson, N. J. Send stamp for information. Jan. 25. eow

## NEW BOOK.

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HEALTH, DISEASE AND HEALING. Accompanied by Plates illustrating the lessons.

By the Spirit of DR. BENJAMIN RUSH. Through the mediumship of MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND. Price \$1.50. Published by WILLIAM RICHMOND, Rogers Park, Ill. Will be for sale by MESSRS. COLBY & RICH when ready. May 2.

ONSET Camp-Meeting Association. PASSENGERS buy tickets for ONSET STATION, on the Old Colony, because by so doing they contribute to the support of the Association. The Association has a revenue from this source, and even with this revenue the meetings draw upon the treasury; it has maintained them for twelve years, costing over \$50,000, without asking for donations or collections. Any liberal Spiritualist should willingly cooperate to the extent of buying tickets for the meetings. Station now open, and passengers, baggage and freight transferred therefrom. June 7. 1st

LADIES! write for terms. \$3 sample Corset and Tricorsets. SCHULTZ, 387 Broadway, New York. June 21. 12w

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ELIXIR OF LIFE TONIC AND NERVE-NEURINE.—Warranted the most powerful invigorator, Regulator, Purifier, Restorer and Conservator of the Blood, Brain and Nerve Forces. The first dose will convince you of its value in Premature Decay of Body or Mind, or General Debility of either sex. Highest Testimonial, 777 ft. \$1.00 per bottle; six bottles for \$5.00.

BLOOD PURIFIER AND RHEUMATIC CURE.—A powerful vegetable specific for the cure of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Heart Disease, Kidney and Urinary Complaints, Blood Disorders, and all Malarial, Mercurial, Syphilitic, Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains in the Nerves, Bones and Muscles. The greatest Blood Purifier yet discovered. \$1.00 per bottle; six bottles, \$5.00.

CELESTINE.—The great nervous antidote. Cures Palpitation, Nervous Headache, Nervous Dyspepsia, Hysteria, Ovarian Neuralgia, Nervous Dysmenorrhea, Sleeplessness, Despondency, and all Nervous Conditions. A very pleasant, harmless and wonderfully efficacious remedy. \$1.00 per bottle.

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