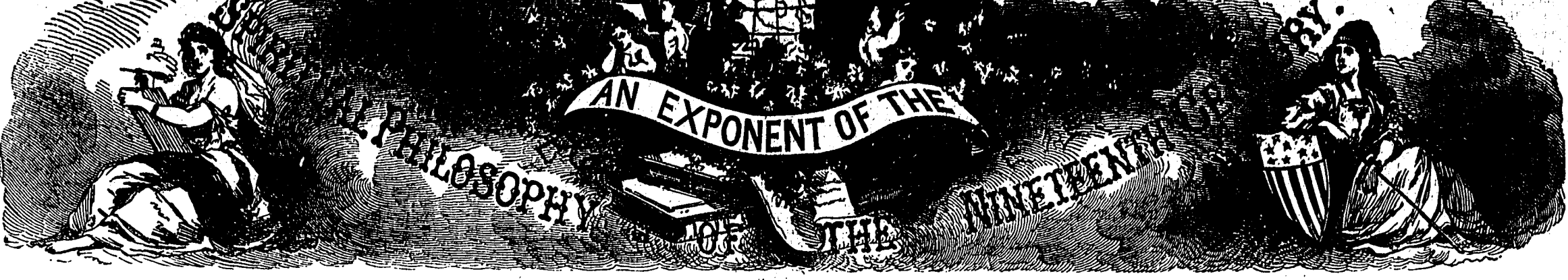


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The Spiritual Rostrum.

DESTINY.

An Address Delivered by
WILLARD J. HULL,
At Cassadaga (N. Y.) Camp, Sunday, June
10th, 1890.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

Ladies and Gentlemen: The subject of my address is "Destiny," and as an underlying text I have chosen these words: "Canst thou by searching find out God?"

"To matter or to form

The all is not confined!
Beside the law of things
Is set the law of mind.
One speaks in rock and star,
And one within the man:
In unison at times,
And then apart again;
But both in one have brought us hither,
That we may know from whence and whither.

The sequence of law
We learn through mind alone;
We see but outward forms,
The soul the one thing known.
If soul doth speak we feel
The voices must be true
That give these visible things,
These laws, their honor due;
And tell of love which brought us hither,
Which holds the key of whence and whither.

This love this science plans
That no known laws foretell,
The wandering stars, and fixed,
Alike are miracle.
The so-called death of all,
The life renewed above,
Are both within the sphere
Of this all-circling love.
The seeming chance that cast us hither
Accomplishes love's whence and whither."

The experiences of the ages handed down by history, tradition and contemporaneous events reveal the fact that there has ever been a desire, intense and all-absorbing, to know and to place upon a rational analysis the origin and destiny of life. "From whence do we come, whither are we bound?" is the cry enigmatical and persistent that has followed man through all time. To the great mass of humanity this inquiry is as futile, the answer to it as unsatisfactory, to day as it ever was; though there are scores of religious systems scattered about on the planet which claim, each for itself, the only true solution, while each differs from the other in many essential points.

But we will say that persistence of the aspiration to solve the mystery carries with it the means of solution. The babe of tender years stretches forth the tendrils of an inborn curiosity, and perpetually seeks to fathom the problem of its child-life. Every shrub and tree that grows, every bird and animal that moves and breathes, every cloud that hides the sunlight, every wind that blows and flower that blooms, possesses the wonderful charm of mystery to the inquiring mind of the child. But with the growth of years dawns the unfoldment of intellect, of love, of wisdom, and the mind grasps and gradually comprehends more and more the wonders of life and motion, and in the plenitude of nature finds those manifold forms of motion and organic development which to the true student ever present untold variety of effect, which finally leads to approximate knowledge of the laws of forces underlying the manifestations. I say approximate knowledge, because that term implies the *ultima* cause of thought and analysis upon the Infinite cause of things. We study the forces of nature, the myriads of varieties of life, the composition and laws governing the heavenly bodies. We look into the unfathomable depths of the stellar universe, gather into an intellectual granary the harvest of a whole life-time of ceaseless research, and may be honored with all the category of learned degrees, and yet we arrive at an approximation only of the whither and whence—the origin and perpetuation of life.

The lesson begins with the protoplasm and ends with infinity. Trace it back from effect to cause, and we land in infinity. Matter from the atomic particles which produce nebulae, still acted upon by the energizing and potent forces of life and intelligence, produces teeming worlds. The great Lick telescope is revealing to the wondering eyes of astronomers the marvelous process of world-building now going on in the famous nebula in the con-

stellation Lyra. It is obvious from the deductions drawn from the observations that the plan of this great nebula is a series of ovals or ellipses with well-defined stars inside the inner ring, the fixed or outermost ring of which is formed of faint stars; then come outer and inner bounding ovals of the nebula, then a ring of stars around the edges of its interior ellipses, and finally a number of stars fixed on various parts of the nebulous light and the outer oval. Here, then, in the cosmic workshop we seem to see world-formation actually in process, and the operations of that intelligent Force which governs and controls the universe. Yet all is mystery. Force—what is it? Electricity is by inductive science regarded as a mode of force. But who can tell what electricity is? Attraction and gravitation are known laws, which in a great measure govern the universal mechanism. Yet who is there who knows the secret of these forces? The law through and by which the blade of grass is made to grow, or by which the beautiful petals and fragrance of the rose are unfolded, as well as the law which unfolds and perfects the planet, conveys to the mind naught but mystery as unfathomable as the starry depths of space. Sages and thinkers of all time, men gifted with wisdom born of the highest inspiration, have delved and toiled to bring before the understanding of man the secret power and forces of Nature, but they have all failed. The relations of spirit and matter, although many crude theories have been overthrown, are still questions with science and with theology. The problem is not solved, and it will remain an unsolved mystery until reason ceases to move backward from effects to causes, from matter to its own final analysis. The center of gravity, unitary and deductive method of reason, from cause to effect, from progressive intelligence—spirit to matter—must ultimately take the place of the present Baconian method of inductive reasoning.

When that era shall have dawned the significance of law, and its effect in every development of nature, will be perceived and understood, and the race placed upon a plane of philosophy which shall draw every conscious soul to an absolute instead of relative position with regard to the purposes, trials and discomfitures of life. But looking at the momentous subject from the standpoint of a rudimentary knowledge, we hold that the problem as presented is a source of rejoicing. Our position is upon the confines of an unlimited field of exploration. Ptolemy supposed and taught that the earth was the centre of the universe, with every other orb that meets the eye rolling around it, and yet he said that in relation to the whole it was a mere point. Bear this thought in mind, and consider that man has lived and wrought from the remotest antiquity.

You might as well try to conceive the eternity before you as to conceive the time when man existed not. Through all these mighty epochs intellect has grown and unfolded—civilizations have been born, nursed, and lived their allotted time—died, and not a vestige remains of their power. Other races, other civilizations have followed them, and left their marks upon the eternal rocks. In the dim vistas of centuries gone by history was born, and has recorded man and his works until to-day that record bears witness to achievements, to power, to science and art unmatched and unapproached. We live in a maze of intellectual light. Man delves into the bosom of earth, scales its crags and snow-topped mountains, breasts the storms of land and sea, draws from the secret depositories of nature her treasures and her lore, but with all this how little he knows of this earth. What vast plains and seas and mountains, what laws and forces, spiritual and physical, are yet hidden from the eye of the explorer. Is it not fair to presume that, counting the time of life and the little we do know, we shall require eternity to explore the regions of space? If man has aspirations which compel him to relinquish the ties of love and home to buffet the horrors of the Arctic zone to satisfy those aspirations and benefit the world, how much more does he need the eternity before him to explore the infinite worlds of the spiritual and material universe, and learn of the glory and magnitude of nature and of nature's God! Oh! my friends, what a stupendous field of view, what a panorama of infinitude is spread before the mental vision when thoughts deep and profound stir the soul to action! What a picture of surpassing grandeur greets the spirit-eye when uplifted into stellar space! 'Tis then we realize that our tiny sojourn here is but a parenthesis, with eternity behind and before us.

Calculate the length of time it requires for a single ray of light to travel to us from the nearest star, Alpha! The motion of light is one hundred and eighty thousand miles per second. It takes light at this rate three years to reach us from this star. There are stars nine hundred times more remote from us, and there are stars whose light does not reach us for more than two thousand seven hundred years. Think of the great clusters of stars so distant that the most powerful telescope ever made shows them only as patches of star-dust! Masses of light so faint that separate stars cannot be distinguished! The distance that separates us from them being beyond not only all our means of measurement, but all our powers of estimation. Is there anything to prevent our supposing them to be centres of groups of planets as extensive as our own, and each planet to be as full of inhabitants as this one? Yet were we transported to one of these distant planets, instead of finding the neighboring suns in close proximity to us, we should only see a firmament of stars around us, such as is seen from earth. Astronomers compute

the number of stars at one hundred and forty-eight millions. Our sun is one of these stars. The earth is one three-hundred and fifty-five millionth part of the mass of the sun; and here on this tiny atom, which floats and glitters like a little gem in a cluster of diamonds, man lives, labors and aspires. Here he robs his form in silks, and struts a brief moment and vanishes. Here on this speck of clay and rock, like the little ant, he builds his habitations, takes upon himself the ownership of the soil, and conceives naught beyond. Here, too, he has presumed to grasp infinite purpose, and has brought the cosmology of the universe down to his august dictation. Here saviours have come, and while they breathed lilies of immortal promise upon the hearts of men, by men have they been stoned and crucified.

Here man stands and looks out upon the light of stars that had not left them when the earth, which he conceives to be the sum of God's purposes, was a chaos of forces, piling ring on ring, layer on layer, the almighty courses of masonry that form the foundation of his feet. Oh! the infinite littleness of man! We do not see the light of Alpha as it is now, but as it was three years ago. Ninety-two millions of miles separate us from the sun. Light traverses the distance in nearly eight minutes. Conceive, if you can, the almighty void that separates us from a star whose light requires three years to reach our eyes, and then let your imagination draw to your spirits the eternity it takes for light to travel from the remotest star-depths to our earth. Suns and systems of worlds may have lived and died out before the birth of our world whose last flickering rays have not reached us, and we still behold the orbs in all their glory. And consider that in all this inconceivable universe of suns and worlds nothing is ever lost, but that change and reproduction are written all over it. Force is the lever that moves planets in their courses, as it moves the physical and spiritual qualities in all organic life. Call it God if you will. Names signify nothing. What, then, are ye, oh Brahman, Buddhist, Jew and Christian, that ye should think the ultimatum of Infinite purpose centered in you? Why should ye look for favor while ye ignorantly disregard the voices of other worlds? What are ye, inhabitants of this terrestrial ball, in all your pride and glory, when placed in the balance with the claims of the teeming worlds and systems innumerable about you? As grains of sand that simoon blow over the arid wastes of the desert! As dust-particles that float and glisten in the sunlight. And ye say that the man of earth was primordially thrust into being by an Infinite fiat and breathed upon by that Infinite God, and became a living soul and a proclamation to all creation—that his handiwork was here consummated, and a creature partaking of its Maker's qualities and attributes designed to glorify that maker in all things.

He made the cancer with an organization as complete as the heart of man. Do you look for design? Behold its long and graceful tendons and tendril, as they fasten upon the vitals, its glowing color vying with any flower that ever bloomed. But what is its mission? To bring agony and death to man. The sum of Infinite purpose incorporated in man? Behold the harmonious provision of means to end in all the departments of organic life! See the adaptability in the construction of the various species of carnivorous animals to pursue and retain their prey. Note the fact that in all life the weak succumb to the strong. Is man an exception? Is not a universal truth that the class or species possessing qualities or characteristics inferior in degree are the food for those species or classes having the necessary power wherewith to destroy? Look about you in mercantile life and tell me how far man is exempt from this law.

All this is to bring home to you the truth that man advances and rises only as he aspires and grows. He may be an angel or a fiend. Nature gives to effort, and that alone. Place the world's inhabitants in a garden of Eden, and ultimately they would all starve mentally and physically if they did not exert themselves. Clearly, then, man has no absolute right to anything on earth save the right to selfhood and the products of his exertion. With what other power is he by nature clothed save the power of exerting his own faculties, the power of will? If the motor nerves become paralyzed, this acme of Nature's divine revelations has no more external influence than a log. Nature then acknowledges no control in man above the sphere or plane of his own effort. She makes no distinctions, discriminates against no creature, and is absolutely impartial. There is not a rule of human conduct, ethical or religious, that finds any partial sanction in Nature. The rain falls alike upon the just and the unjust. All men to her stand equal. She recognizes effort with no regard to the claimant. If a fiend slay his mother, the ambient air is just as plentiful for his lungs as for the sycophant who kneels in humility at the altar. A murderous pirate may spread his sails, and the same wind that moves a peaceful merchantman or a missionary ship will blow the pirate and his myrmidons down upon them, and sing through the rigging as long as a spar remains above the waves.

Grain will grow, fish will bite, and birds will stand and be shot without respect to Sunday laws, truant boys, landlords or thieves. The laws of Nature are the decrees of the Infinite. There is written in them no recognition of any right save that of exertion, and the equal right of all men to the use of their own powers and the enjoyment of Nature consequent upon obedience to law. As man recognizes this truth, the correspondence manifested through-

out all life, either vegetable, animal or human, becomes patent to him, and he perceives the fact that every function in his physical and mental organization is given to him for use, is adapted for a purpose, performs a legitimate office, and when wisely and properly used results in his advancement, or, as he terms it, his good. The experiences of the mind, memory, thought, ideas and aspirations, all are unfolded for his gratification, his guide and monitor through life, and he bases his rules of conduct, ethics, philosophy and religion, upon these experiences. The brain being the pivot upon which the whole structure acts, governs the whole with wisdom or perfdy, dependent upon the balance maintained by the different functions constituting it. Thus aspiration for the good, the desire for personal spiritual advancement, every thought that has the welfare of humanity for its burden, shall be fulfilled. This is a perfectly logical conclusion. We do not create aspiration nor experience; they are results attending the fact of existence. They exist without volition on our part, and the law of correspondence being absolute, and compensation or justice and equity the fulfillment of that law, we may know that in human aspiration there is no void. But in this train of thought we must not overlook the fact of duality in the nature of man. If we do, the very laws of Nature, blind and impartial, to which I have adverted, will destroy our foundation and leave us without a glimmer of hope.

The most advanced students in material and inductive science of our day take the ground that matter is the Alpha and Omega of nature.

Their theory of evolution places man at the apex of nature, and his powers the ultimate of all-life and motion, a miniature compendium or cosmos of the universe. In his physical constitution we have a condensation of gases, oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, each of which is floating in the atmosphere, chemicals such as phosphorus, calcium, sodium, chlorine, sulphur, potassium and iron, every one of which exists in the plants and animals which he eats, or the rocks and earth beneath his feet; and the contemplation of man upon this basis has brought these men to the conclusion that all there is to man can be revealed by the scalpel or probed with the lancet. They declare with lofty assurance that thought is the product of the brain, and cannot exist without a physical brain—ideas, the fruit of material mechanism—and all die when the body dies. Immortality, the memory of virtue in the minds of those remaining, that memory and those minds in turn answering the call of death, are delivered up, and in time our whole life-experiences swallowed up and forgotten. Here we have the cardinal principle of materialism, which is as susceptible of proof, and no more so, as the doctrine that capital must exist before the wages of labor can be paid. Don't you know that about everything you meet with is running back end to? Is not the doctrine of contradiction the pet of civilization? I hear some one ask: If Nature's laws are blind while being the decrees of God, and evil triumphs while justice fails, how can an intelligent and just Deity exist and permit it to be done? Here is the mistake of putting the effect before the cause, carried to its final extremity. Let me declare to the questioner, if man recognized and practiced the attributes he ascribes to Deity, there would be no pirates, no murderers, no thieves, truant boys, poverty nor disease.

Selfishness, which is the master motive of human action, would be banished, because there would be no motive for it, where all had an equal right and opportunity to share in the spiritual and material bounties of nature.

The crimes of man against himself have always been charged upon Deity, and when disease, famine, war and poverty decimate his numbers he stands appalled at the spectacle and blind to the providence of God. His own sin is so prodigious that nothing short of infinity can express it, and so he either thinks that Deity permits it to be done, or that there is no God, else these horrors would not be allowed.

These people forget to reason; they lose sight of causes in the complexity and seeming contradiction of effects. They fail to perceive that the fundamental laws of nature in every department of organization are in perfect and complete correspondence. And yet upon this law all primates meet and embrace. The truth is manifest in every circle of vegetable, animal and human life; in the repetitions of history, public crises, and the periods of individual happiness and unhappiness, pleasure and pain. The same correspondence exists in the human soul, and its relations with the universal spiritual energy of love and wisdom. The soul is the man. It is the eternal energy that drives the entire material and spiritual fabric. Spirit exists in the corporeal body just as deity exists throughout the universe; everywhere for the enlightened thinker, nowhere for the merely physical perception. It ramifies the body from the brain to the toes, and permeates every organ, while every organ serves the spirit each according to its capacity. But its constitution is not a gross material substance, therefore it is independent of them all, and its existence is not necessarily confined to material substances. Spiritual substances are none the less real because they are inappreciable by the physical senses, or because their realm is beyond the reach of chemistry and edged tools. Matter in its lowest and grossest form only is subject to such treatment, and thus comprehensible by the senses. Flint and granite are no more truly material than heat and electricity, yet we can neither cut nor weigh heat and electricity. The air can neither be seen nor felt unless put

in motion. Invisibility, therefore, is no proof of non-existence, and to disbelieve the existence of a thing because we cannot see it is rank folly. It follows, then, that two classes of substances exist everywhere about us, and each class is real to the world it belongs to; and each kind has to be judged of according to its place of abode. Science has demonstrated by numerous experiments, with many of which doubtless you are familiar, that matter can be dissolved and attenuated beyond the influence of attraction. All material objects are resolvable into certain forms known as solid, liquid and gaseous. But to effect these changes a repulsive force is necessary.

I want to impress the fact upon your minds, that under all circumstances matter is subject to force, through the operation of heat is dissolved, and evaporates in steam and vapor. In electro-metallurgy, electricity as a force dissolves metal, and we can suppose that all matter can be so far attenuated as to form universal ether. When will you stop? Indeed, these same scientists who ridicule spirit as the potential force of cosmogony, and declare thought to be dependent upon molecular action, tell us that the earth was at one time in such an etherialized condition that no sense possessed by man could have revealed to him its elements. Where, then, I ask, can the line be drawn between energy and visible matter? What becomes of the doctrine that matter is the prime ultimate of the universe? Here we stand at the limit of inductive reason, and the Baconian scientist is dumb.

The problem which now confronts us can be answered only by starting from spirit and reasoning forward to matter. Resolve, if you will, every known force in Nature—light, heat, attraction, gravitation, electricity, magnetism—down to one little word, and call it energy; and although you cannot tell what energy consists of apart from these forces, you have grasped the force, the instrumentality of expression and form of things. The intelligence behind all energy is infinite, and here the mind stops. Matter should not be applied to the original state or condition of things, or to primordial elements. It relates to and should be applied only to the phenomena of body or of form; and body is only produced by the process of cooling and condensation. Matter, then, is the outward or physical expression of the spiritual form of all things; and thus we have the spiritual world as the positive and the material world as the negative principles of infinite dynamics. Look where you will, and it is intelligence back of visibility which is the potent factor of life and motion. We see it as we watch the unfolding of the flower, or the mind of a child, or with the microscope gaze upon the infinitesimal particles of organic life, and when with uplifted eye we dwell upon the unspeakable grandeur displayed in the heavens, then we see Deity forging in outward material form the principle of being.

The immortal Addison conceived this thought when he paraphrased the words of the Psalmist: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork."

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim;
The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his creator's power display:
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Proclaim the tidings as they roll
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round their dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voices be found
Amidst the radiant orbs to sound
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made them is divine."

What more do we require than to know that the Infinite, Eternal Intelligence who molds and fashions a world, will provide for the final good of every creature in life?

The round of birth, life and decay is eternal in our midst. But with a precision as unerring as the power that wheels our parent sun and its retinue of worlds around its mother Alcione in that matchless circle which since history dawned forms an arc that scarcely deviates from a straight line, so man is slowly and surely advancing in the round of eternal progress. Notwithstanding the cataclysms of war, deluge, famine and ignorance, which have decimated his numbers and turned back whole civilizations into the sea of oblivion, progress still moves on, leaps over every mark of former epochs, and man is raised to more elevated planes of material and spiritual unfoldment. Why is it, what the purpose, if it be not to enjoy the fruits of life's lessons, to bask in the light of its happiness, to meditate upon its sorrows, thus intensifying that bond which beautifies and spiritualizes the looms and shuttles of mortal existence and makes us sons and daughters of God—to reap that harvest which constitutes the supreme goal of human experience: Immortality?

We have now reached a point where it becomes necessary to consider as briefly as possible what constitutes man's right of immortal inheritance, and his knowledge apart from philosophy and reason that the soul is immortal, and destined to exist a conscious entity forever. The first and natural thing; to do, in view of its importance and the pretensions put forth, is to turn to the great religious oli-

garchy which for the past eighteen centuries has barricaded every avenue to a rational solution, and call forth the evidence it can produce that man is immortal; and we receive no more evidence of it from that source than we do from Mirabeau, Voltaire, Rousseau, Volney, D'Holbach, or Ingorsoll. Christianity, considered as a theology, is utterly incapable of furnishing a conclusive fact to establish immortality. And no other religious system *per se* that the world has known has ever presented any proof of man's immortality that has accorded with human experience or withstood the test of reason.

It is manifestly absurd to predicate a theory above or beyond human experience, and in no other branch of man's mental power is this attempted except in his religious proclivities. Now we say man's religion should conform to known laws and accompany his development. No idea of infinitude is ever higher or broader than the mentality of man. Weighed in the scale against this truth, the foundation of every system based on plenary inspiration and theological dictum vanishes and the structure falls to the ground.

All analytical thinkers have entered a phase of doubt, and it is a fact cogent and overwhelming that man's intellectual faculties are naturally skeptical. The logical conclusions of the faculties are one by one met and overthrown by the skepticism of the intellect. Belief, hope, logic and historical antiquity, which to millions form the warp and woof of this faith in endless life, and which are in themselves strong supports of the doctrine of immortality, are nevertheless beaten and routed when brought to the bar of ultra-intellectualism, which treats every proposition that tends to weaken its hobby, whatever it may be, with ridicule and scorn. When wisdom is made subservient to certain faculties they become atrophied or wasted to build up other faculties, and true knowledge can never be attained. The truly-balanced intellect, with every faculty in use, is the receptacle of true wisdom.

Of what importance, then, and fraught with sequences so prodigious, must be any measure that can remove doubt, combat and overthrow the skepticism of the intellect, and give mankind the assurance of endless, personal existence? This Spiritualism professes to do; and I point to the millions whom grief had weighed down to despair, to the sages and philosophers, scholars and statesmen of our day, to the father, mother, brethren and lovers before me to whom knowledge of its mighty significance has come.

If this be rejected then, indeed, destiny is dumb, the secret of the grave cannot be told, and there is nothing in human experience that can demonstrate a future for mankind.

I make this statement without reservation, and with due consideration for all honorable objections that may arise against it on any score whatsoever. I know, too, that ignorance or prejudice lies at the base of every attack upon Spiritualism, and that to thousands it is of no more significance than the laws of planetary motion are to the tadpole that wriggles in a cistern.

A bug creeping and crawling up the side of a building may imagine the little crevices and ridges of the wall to be swamps, jungles and mountains, and marvel why such a useless, ill-shaped pile of stone and rubbish should be permitted to block up the precincts of bigdom.

But the man who stands off a few rods beholds the noble edifice in all its architectural symmetry, use and beauty.

This is just the difference between a Scotch Presbyterian and a Spiritualist in contemplating the truth and grandeur of Spiritualism.

Now man's right to immortality exists in the duality of his organization, and in the phenomena which, by virtue of that organization, enable him to know that he survives the change called death, and as a sequence that he will survive all other vicissitudes. Man stands physically at the summit of nature's plan of material unfoldment, and in his formation she has exhausted her efforts and completed her almighty mission. Man's organization is the repository of all forms, substances, forces and principles. No earthly construction can supersede it, and reproduction and propagation are all that can be performed; just as the oak engenders and elaborates its functions in producing branches, twigs and finally the acorn, and when this formation is perfected then the acorn carries on the multiplication indefinitely. All this we recognize and concede to the materialist and to the intellectualist.

Now, in obedience to the law of evolution, in conformity therewith, in all the gradations of force, from motion, life, sensation, intelligence and humanity—of organization from fish to reptile, marsupial and mammalia, the spine works upward until it unfolds the negative side of the human brain, the cerebellum. Here are found the instinct and intelligence of the whole animal and vegetable kingdom, the semi-reasoning faculties, loves, attractions and repulsions.

Let us consider the cerebral formation or positive side, the cerebrum. Here are found the intellectual faculties, the reflections, perceptions, analyses, etc. However, the fact of brain-formation is not of itself positive proof of immortality, because the same structure is found in many of the domestic and semi-domestic animals. But in the animal the brain ramifies the whole structure, existing in the nerves and muscles as well as in the head, consequently the animal never reaches a plane higher than sensation. It feels as it thinks, and thinks as it feels. Its intelligence is exercised in one direction only, and that for, to and of self. Right here is the gulf between the animal and man, and also between sensuality and spirituality in man himself; between the automaton obeying the instinct of self-preservation, and the unfledged soul that wings its aspirations beyond the stars. Man becomes the God whenever and wherever the animal proclivities are subordinated to the positive powers of the soul, wisdom and love. The office of the brain in man is to preside over and control the bodily functions. Here, then, in this twin formation of the exterior brain are the seats of two sets of controlling faculties, the passions and the intellect; but the individual is still incomplete. At the apex of these two sides of the mental arch, and without which there can be no stability to the organization, is the key-stone of impersonal principles: the region of aspiration, inspiration, intuition, spirituality and love. Here it is that man conceives ideas and looks out from the chambers of his matchless temple upon the infinite dynamics of the spiritual universe. Here the touch of angel-fingers electrifies the spirit and attunes it to the thoughts and voice of a mother dead but yesterday, or of the Egyptian who carved the eye of a sphinx. Upon this throne man reads

buried Pompeii, and the winding sheets of mummies reveal to him the pomp and power of forgotten civilizations. He touches a bone, and behold a plesione mastodon stands before his mental vision.

Bring him a stone from the pyramid of Ghizeh and he tells you the character of Pharaoh who built it.

Bring him a handful of soil from Karnak's ruins, and the careers and ambitions of mouldering dynasties are resurrected and painted in language more vivid than the hieroglyph that tells you of their existence. Here you have that power in man which made the soul of things animate and inanimate. It is this which gives the consciousness of oneness with the Infinite to the individualized soul of man; the immaculate saviour which maketh him to comprehend the idea of eternal, personal progress and happiness.

Man lives and dies; so do blades of grass, worlds and suns live and die. But you see the outward effect, you do not see life. Suns and planets materialize just as the human spirit materializes, whether it be through the eternal aons of evolutionary time, the slow process of unfoldment, growth and experience of the human organism, or the fiat of Will that produces in an instant a loved form for you to touch while it vanishes in your clasp.

The soul of man, like the Infinite Energy of the universe, is behind all manifestations of spirit or matter. It is the controlling power of body and function, whether that body exists in the full reality of the physical sense, or through chemical analysis and physical decay is transmuted to the realm of spirit, and becomes so attenuated and refined as to be immaterial to the physical senses.

When I assert that I have seen a table or chair with a person seated thereon lifted three feet from the floor, without human contact, I am met with the declaration that the thing is impossible, because, if no worse reason is given, the law of gravity is violated. But, I ask, is that any more derogatory to the law of gravity than the process through and by which a granite rock is so changed that its specific gravity becomes its specific levity? And this you can see in any chemist's laboratory.

If gravity acts only upon matter, what has become of the properties of the rock that it should violate gravity and escape in the form of gas? Now carry the analysis a little further. Is there anything to prevent our supposing that rock might be by a human intelligence utilized as a force to raise ponderable bodies? If you admit this, then you acknowledge the underlying principle of all physical phenomena connected with Spiritualism.

Our honored parent and brother, Robert G. Ingorsoll, declares, with an eloquence equalled only by its despair, that all paths, whether strewn with thorns or flowers, end at the tomb, and a world of benighted men and women echo the sentiment, and applaud the speaker.

These are another variety of bugs creeping upon the walls of the infinite temple of spirit heretofore alluded to. They see nothing but the magnified holes between the atoms that compose it, while the enlightened man and woman, positioned at the proper focal distance, grasp the conception of the glorious temple in its entirety, and do not see the bugs at all.

Upon these beautiful grounds some years ago, while the gentle winds of a glorious summer day were whispering through the leaves of the trees, and birds twittered and flitted about from branch to twig, I carried a slate to one of the gate-keepers of this temple I have just mentioned. I wanted a message, a word, a straight mark, upon those stones under conditions which would eliminate all possibility of fraud or collusion; that I could use as irrefutable contradiction to Ingorsollism, and the dogma of science which declares that thought is a product of molecular action of the physical brain, and dies with that brain.

This gate-keeper, or medium, as we term him, had never seen or heard of me before, yet he said my mother was there, and wished to communicate to me on the slates I carried, and told me to hold them out. I did so, no other word being spoken, no mortal hand upon the slates save my own, without even a crumb of pencil between them; and in five seconds I was told to look between them, and there, filling one side of the slate, was a communication from my mother telling me of matters incident to my experience, known only to myself, and signed with her full name. Now what did I have? What stupendous fact was thus brought down to the most simple method of revelation? Is it to be wondered at that people fail to grasp the significance of Spiritualism, when with a suddenness that fairly shocks the motor nerves the mightiest problem that has ever racked and tortured the brain of man bursts and overwhelms us with its solution? The affirmations of hope—that dove of all human attributes—the calm trust of faith, which, though blind, still feels the touch of God's recompense in the grandeur of correspondence, the law of supply to the demands of aspiration, all here find in that experience of mine their complete answer. If I did not receive at that hour a word from my angel mother, if that message was not what it purported to be, then I stood face to face with a law which lied to and deceived me. You cannot find a parallel to it in the whole range of cause and effect.

Nature never leads astray unless in the holiest impulses of the human heart she, our common mother, acts the part of a siren, and lures men to her charms and endearments only to destroy them. Do you believe that? What, then, becomes of the dogma that thought is dependent upon a material brain-formation? Here was thought, human nature, love, intelligence, all manifested in direct contradiction to every known physiological law.

What are the physiologist and the materialist going to do with these facts? In the words of our friend and honored fellow-citizen, A. B. Richmond, whose Waterloo in the war of physical forces was reached amid the shades and sunbeams of these trees, I say, "In vain may sage and savant in scientific verbiage attempt to explain away this knowledge. The logic of the experience of every-day life confounds their philosophy and its conclusions. Conscious cerebration cannot cause a fragment of stone to perform an intelligent act when it is beyond human contact or the reach of physical force, and unconscious cerebration has no lever or fulcrum known to science by which it can move the most minute atom of matter; and yet, in spirit-phenomena, an unseen force not only does perform this seemingly impossible feat, but it relates to inquiring friends familiar scenes of the past, recognizes those who are present, answers interrogatories mentally propounded, and not unfrequently points to the future with the unerring finger of prophecy."

The future life to which we are all journeying, and upon which daily, hourly and moment-

arily our kindred friends and acquaintances are opening their spiritual sight, is indeed a momentous subject, involving so much that volumes are necessary to explain even a tithe thereof. But the simple knowledge of its reality and proximity—our close relation to it and its denizens, who but a short time since may have been our companions here—is a consummation precious beyond all earthly riches and glory.

It makes it possible for us to reach the threshold of the vast temple of Infinity, look upon the wonders of its boundless circumference, and listen to the refrains of a congregation composed of the emancipated throngs of all worlds, and hear as it rings and reverberates down through the eternal chancel, sung by spirit voices and kissed by every ray of light divine, that hymn of Destiny, the Fatherhood of God, the Motherhood of nature and the Brotherhood of man.

The barbarous Jehovah, and his institutions of "total depravity," "eternal hell" and a "ravenous devil," entailed from the misty ignorance of the past, lie dead in the path before us, and millions of ransomed souls to-day join in swelling to the eternal stars his funeral dirge. And upon the dying embers of a worn-out theology we hail and sing with the chanting, happy hosts of spirit-life, the glorious anthem:

"Let us banish sadness,
Sing for your gladness,
Our loved ones gone before are angels grown.
Come, wipe away all tears,
And banish all our fears,
For we shall know them all as we are known.
In the sweet Summer Land,
On the bright starry strand,
When winter never shall chill the heart again,
Our angels at their home
Will greet us when we come
To join their happy life and sweet refrain."

"Psychic Studies."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
I have just finished the perusal of the book entitled "Psychic Studies," by Albert Morton, and I am so well pleased that I cannot resist the temptation of writing a brief review of it, and heartily recommending it to the readers of THE BANNER.

I have known Bro. Morton for twenty years to be a consistent, sincere and earnest Spiritualist, and he has done well to give to the world in this book the experiences and conclusions of his long-continued and intelligent investigations. He has been rarely equipped for this work by fine mediumistic gifts in his own person, and also having for a companion one of the best of mediums, as well as the noblest of women.

Like myself, he has had such positive evidence of the presence of invisible spiritual intelligences as would convince any sane man, occurring in his own home.

Endowed with strong natural common sense, Bro. Morton has not been an easy prey to the far-fetched and inconsistent theories that have been put forward by visionaries and would-be dictators, and high priests of a new dispensation.

His criticisms and strictures on the Theosophists, with their "transmigrations," "primaries" and "astral shells"—claims that have no foundation in human experience—are, in my opinion, just and true. He holds firmly to the original idea that spiritual intercourse is communication between human beings embodied and disembodied, or, as he expresses it, "car-nate and decarnate." He believes that the phenomena of Spiritualism can be accounted for on this simple hypothesis, and does not deem it necessary to create mahatmas, or primaries, or any other order of beings, superhuman or subhuman, to explain the facts in the case. In this, again, I agree with him.

We know that there are human beings. We do not know that there are primaries or astral shells, any more than theologians know that there are angels and devils. We know that the phenomena of Spiritualism proceed from an intelligence that is purely human in its characteristics, that claims itself to be nothing but human; and what right has any one to create a purely imaginary set of beings and affirm that they are the producing cause? It is perfectly legitimate for the unbeliever to affirm that these phenomena are the result of the action of some unknown force in nature, or an unconscious exercise of our own powers that belong to mortal life and a mundane world. There is consistency in this. But to create a class of beings utterly unknown to human experience, like the fairies and genii of ignorant and superstitious times and peoples, is to me the height of absurdity, and I do not consider that such teachings are worthy of a moment's attention from people of ordinary common sense and judgment.

I do not wonder that Bro. Morton rejects these claims with scorn, and refers to them with scathing sarcasm. His statement of facts that occur in the last part of his book would seem to be absolute proof of the presence of spiritual beings, providing he relates them—as I have no doubt he does—as they actually occurred.

On the whole, I regard this book as a valuable contribution to the literature of Spiritualism, because of the vigorous and clearly-stated views of the editor and author, and the selections it contains from the writings of the ablest minds in our ranks.

He does well to introduce at the beginning the able lecture of Prof. A. R. Wallace, given in San Francisco three years ago, on the subject, "If a Man Die, Shall He Live Again?" His occasional selections from that inspired poet, Gerald Massey, are most happily chosen.

Honest, sincere and conscientious Spiritualists and investigators will read this book with much pleasure and profit, and to such I most earnestly recommend it. A. E. CARPENTER.
East Gloucester, Mass.

STUDIES IN THEOSOPHY, by W. J. Colville.—The motto of this book is that of the Theosophical Society, "The religion is higher than Truth." The larger portion of the volume was originally given by Mr. Colville "inspirationally," as he calls it, to classes in San Francisco and elsewhere in the form of lectures. There are some good things in the book, especially where the lecturer does not talk about Theosophy. He says: "What is the good of thundering from the Deologue: 'Thou shalt not steal'—at poor human nature if it is natural to be dishonest? What is the use of the command, 'If one feels all the time that persons cannot execute it? Who would be so unreasonable as to expect a person with no voice to sing finely?' And again: 'To recognize good in man is the only way to reform, the only way to thoroughly protect society.'"

When Mr. Colville talks about man he generally talks good sense, but when he talks about God the subject is too big for him. "Studies in Theosophy" shows that the author has studied the works of the pretty thoroughly. Colby & Rich, Boston.—The Investigator, Boston.

Free Thought.

THE MONEY QUESTION.

BY GEORGE A. JACON.

Realizing that the Money question is the most potential factor in political economy, that its equitable adjustment affects the practical happiness and prosperity of human kind more than any other one question, I regard every intelligent and dispassionate discussion of the subject as an effort toward materially contributing to this desired end.

Upon the character, quality, quantity and wise management of the money of a nation, one can largely determine as to the prosperous condition of the people of that nation.

The effort of the present monetary movement in Congress on the part of the bi-metalists may be said to be in general, first, to secure the same legal rights for silver as are now given to gold—wherein they will be likely to fail; second—to secure the coinage of four and one-half millions of silver per month, the certificates of which shall be full legal tender, which they will be likely to obtain.

The opponents of these measures, who may be termed monometalists—gold men—seek to have what silver is coined, and the less the better, at its bullion value, issuing notes of deposit therefor at the rate of one hundred dollars when it is deposited, the certificates of which not to be full legal tender.

The leading features submitted by the single gold standard advocates are substantially these: that free silver coinage would drive gold from the country, and the evils of contraction would follow; that the United States would become the dumping ground for the silver of the world; that it would destroy all chances of any international agreement; that if the balance of trade should turn against us we would become bankrupt.

The bi-metalists declare that history and experience disprove every one of these assertions; that when in 1878 a partial remonetization of silver took place, of all the dire predictions then made by the advocates of a gold standard, such as form the basis of their present argument, not one has been fulfilled. Then, as now, all sorts of calamities were predicted as sure to follow the coinage of two millions per month; that gold would leave the country; that silver was degraded coin, and only suitable for Eastern and South American nations; that the people could not be made to use it; that it would be impossible to float fifty millions in this country; that if we did, the inevitable result would be disasters of every kind, etc.

Against these assertions facts show, (1) that instead of gold leaving the country we have increased our gold holdings by nearly seven hundred millions; (2) that not a dollar of the fifty millions of silver, but three hundred and fifty millions, seven times as much, have been actively absorbed by the business of the country, and it is hungry for more; (3) that of the three hundred and seventy millions of silver dollars coined since the passage of the act authorizing the coinage of two millions per month, all but about sixteen millions are now in circulation, either as standard silver dollars or as certificates; (4) that the difference in our own coinage valuation of silver, added to its transportation cost, etc. The free coinage of silver means simply increasing the present rate from two million dollars per month, to four and one-half millions per month, which is practically the product of the United States.

As to the balance of trade being against us, as the result of our business with foreign nations, it certainly has been in our favor, save on one or two occasions, for many years, and it is more than likely to increase in the future. This brings gold to our doors, nearly two hundred millions annually, from gold-using countries alone; and silver-using countries take one hundred and seventy-five millions of our silver to offset their balance. Thus the points adduced by the advocates of gold only, are shown to be indefensible.

Bi-metalism was the nation's policy from 1792 to 1873, during which time gold fluctuated far more than silver. When the latter has depreciated relatively to gold since then, is because of its demonetization by Germany and one or two other European governments, followed by that of the United States—all of which was in the interest of the moneyed power.

As is well known, the finances of the government are conducted in the interest of the national banks, which are inimical to silver, like the fairies and genii of ignorant and superstitious times and peoples, is to me the height of absurdity, and I do not consider that such teachings are worthy of a moment's attention from people of ordinary common sense and judgment.

The demonetization of silver and the consequent increased value of gold, was to the benefit of the creditor classes—money-lenders, capitalists, etc. Now the debtors are said to be ten to one to the creditors, and the debts of the former, when silver became merchandise, were made well nigh doubly burdensome.

All equities between debtor and creditor are lost sight of, when one money metal is discriminated against, and another correspondingly favored. Regarding silver to a mere commodity and making gold the only legal tender, reduces labor and property in the same ratio that it increases the power of gold—the power of money to oppress. There is no more danger of getting too much silver than there is of getting too much gold, if equal rights and favors are given to each. Should it chance to happen that silver was at a considerable premium over gold, do you think that those who are now exhausting their ingenuity to lessen silver would be so industrious and ambitious to get gold?

The hostility to silver comes from the money power, whose interests alone are enhanced in proportion as it is cheapened, while the interest of all others, laborers, employees, farmers, producers of all kinds, would be promoted by treating it as gold is treated.

The idea of a seventy-cent dollar is a fiction. The action of the people repudiates such a notion. Everybody knows that one hundred silver dollars are fully the equal of one hundred gold dollars, and precisely as valuable for all conceivable purchases; and that a certificate representing these silver dollars is to be preferred to the metal money, just as a gold certificate is better than the gold coin. Why falsely call it, then, a seventy-cent dollar? When the hostile legislation silver was devalued in 1873, it commanded a premium of more than three per cent. over gold. Until the passage of this act, it had always been the equal and oftentimes the superior of gold.

It is a principle of mechanics that the strength of a chain is to be found in its weakest link. The price of any commodity is the price of the portion of that commodity which can be bought cheapest. As long as there is a portion of the silver of the country which cannot by any method turn itself into money, that portion of bullion will remain a mere commodity, and will continue to occupy the level of commodity prices.

To possess an instrument of its normal power and then to denounce it for not doing its full

duty, is what has been done to silver. Gold and silver, as legitimate money metals, have stood together nearly as long as men and women have existed, and either cannot be divorced from performing their natural functions in such a country as ours, without irreparable injury, any more than a general divorce among men and women would prove advantageous to either sex.

Objections to silver are in order, but they must be valid—they must be of pure metal, and bear the stamp of the mint.

Why Congress should legislate to enhance gold and to depreciate silver has not yet been shown. Why government should repudiate one of the constitutional coins of the country, par excellence the money of the people, to favor a few at the expense of the many, has not yet been made apparent. It is simply a case of might against right.

Washington, D. C., June 23d, 1890.

Topoka, Kan.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

We have found here a little city that is full of just pride for its beauty, business and public enterprise. The climate seems to be generally pleasant, although the peculiar warmth is of a character to affect a stranger. The summer sun is warm, but a cool breeze is continuously being wafted generously into the highways, and every nook and corner. There is no sultry weather. The winters are not severe. The old residents say that blizzards and grasshoppers are events that rarely occur to seriously consider. New sections of the inhabitable country, like new religious movements, always suffer from prejudice and exaggerated reports.

There is no doubt but that this growing West is destined to be the great and prosperous part of our nation in the near future—indeed is now a garden-spot filled with the plucky and intelligent from Yankeeedom.

The much-needed room to build cities is here; and they are being constructed with comfort and beauty. This city is a park, its streets being wide, with trees and grassy lawns between the foot-walks and carriage-ways. The air is crisp and clear. Twilight loves to linger. Long after darkness falls upon the East, the people here sit under radiant skies and commune with the gods of light. A paradise of bloom stretches away over the rolling prairies. The industrial farmers are subduing crude fields and awakening the greatest fertility. The soil grows richer under cultivation without being artificially fertilized.

Religious and secular education have each found prominence; churches, schools and colleges are numerous represented, and more are being erected. Prohibitory liquor laws have made this city, at least, a locality free from drunkenness. We have not seen one intoxicated person since arriving here nearly three weeks ago. But the "courageous" is now on sale, and we will observe results.

Spiritualism has been variously represented here. The disagreeing factions have caused separate efforts, out of which has finally been organized a spiritual church society.

The First Society continues to meet in a little church edifice it has leased. But the promising society is the one noticed at some length in the *Daily Capital* of this date, extracts from which are given by the *Banner*, because this Society has accumulated strength by combination of earnest people for the presentation of Spiritualism in its best attitude as a philosophy, religion and science.

Fraternally, G. W. KATES.

Topoka, June 17th, 1890.

From The Capital, Topoka, Kan.—That the old established churches look upon Spiritualism as a marvelous something, is very evident; for, in their different convocations, its growth is frequently discussed, and now is proposed to check it. But the ranks continue to increase in numbers, largely drawing from the older churches.

The spiritual church, lately organized here, is calling to its support many of our better citizens who were not previously allied with the cause of Spiritualism. The meetings at Music Hall are fairly well attended. The present officiating mediums and speakers are G. W. Kates and wife, of Philadelphia, Pa., who have done very successful missionary work in the South and East. They conduct their services much after the usual church fashion, except that they read poems frequently, and the Bible seldom. Sunday morning last Mr. Kates read from the "Sermon on the Mount," and discussed at length in an effort to spiritually interpret the same. He said that they looked upon Jesus as a medium, and his words, parables, sermons, etc., as having been rendered by spirits the same as is done at present through the modern mediums. It was not an orthodox sermon, but was interesting and novel to the hearers.

At the night service Mrs. Kates spoke with closed eyes, claiming to be entranced by a spirit. Subjects of the discourse were sent to the desk from the audience. Mrs. Kates selected "The Sunday School Lesson." An eloquent discourse followed, which seemed to be satisfactory—and indeed was an eloquent effort. Mr. Kates briefly replied to the remaining questions, and then Mrs. Kates gave tests, told of several spirits present, and gave incidents of her life and personal characteristics of several persons.

To the Spiritualists of the World:

It is believed that this is an epoch in human evolution when "all things are to be made new"; that it is a climatic period in history when institutions should be rebuilt in harmony with the new thought which is now being evolved from the progressed mind of humanity; that it is wise to rear a social structure, establish a social order in accord with the deductions of the highest reason and the most unfolded ethical principles. It is the unwavering conviction that Modern Spiritualism, in its facts and principles, and the personnel of its following, embraces all the forces and conditions necessary for the accomplishment of such purpose.

Notwithstanding the claim that there are over twelve million Spiritualists in the United States, they do not possess a single institution of learning for the teaching of spiritual principles, or their scientific investigation, or where our children can be educated beyond the influence or teachings of the Orthodox church.

Summerland was founded as a result of an inspiration to establish a place on one of the most desirable spots in the Pacific coast, for the aggregation of progressive minds, constituting a mental and spiritual centre of light and power for the perfecting of the evolutionary work of Spiritualism.

In aid of this movement, and to promote the elevation of all to a higher plane of spiritual growth, it has been thought best to found and publish a spiritual paper at Summerland, to be called *The Reconstructor*. Prof. J. S. Loveland, President of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualist Association, is the editor-in-chief, assisted by some of the ablest writers in the spiritual field. *The Reconstructor* will be no indiscriminate iconoclast, bent only on destruction, but as far as possible "a wise master-builder." Neither is it gotten up or published to "boom" Summerland. Experience has proven that those who are wanted will come, and those not wanted will not come. Notwithstanding the depressed financial condition throughout the entire country, Summerland has grown steadily until now it has thirty-one houses, one hundred and fifty inhabitants, with new arrivals weekly, with word from all parts of the Union and from abroad of Spiritualists preparing to come. Summerland is taken care of on the "other side."

The object of this letter is to state briefly the end proposed by this Colony, and our belief as to the present condition of the world as it comes to us, and to ask every Spiritualist and intelligent thinker to aid in the circulation of *The Reconstructor*. Who is there who is willing to pay one dollar a year to be regularly informed of the progress of the educative work which the spirit-world is inaugurating at this chosen spot on the Pacific coast? Of one thing you may be assured, *The Reconstructor* will be consecrated to Spiritualism in its purity and entirety. Its interpretation of Spiritualism will be that it is all-inclusive—that it embraces all the good of all the past, and that it is the interpreter of all past religions and philosophies. It will be unique in its discussions of its themes, and will fill a place, and meet a want not supplied by our present periodicals. Hence it comes not as a rival or competitor for patronage, but as a helper by cultivating some portions of the great field left, or passed by, by the preceding workmen. We ask, therefore, the friends of a scientific and exhaustive exposition of our Spiritualism to send their subscriptions to *The Reconstructor*. Printing and Publishing Company, Summerland, California.

Fraternally, H. L. WILLIAMS.

FOR A DISORDERED LIVER TRY BEECHAM'S PILLS.

We are astonished that our old friend, Mr. Mondum of the Investigator, should have admitted into his columns such a scurrilous article as has just appeared, signed F. G. Hatch, of Everett, Mass., entitled "Spirits." The following extract is a specimen:

"Not only are the spirits selfish, they are heartless as well. In the darkness and storm a good ship is heading straight upon the unseen rock, and while thousands of these 'spirits' all over the world are sitting down, monkeying with banjos, and filling their heads with senseless lies, not one of them can 'quit the business' long enough to move with 'unseen hands' the helm of the ship, and so she goes down in storm and darkness, and the prayers and sobs and moans are lost on 'spirits' ears. If I had any spirit-friends of this kind I should despise them beyond the power of words to tell. I prefer to be thoughtless dust, to being a heartless 'ghost.' I do not believe in 'spirits,' they are too much like the 'Gods' and 'angels'—selfish, heartless, brainless."

Such reasoning is unworthy the brain of a thinking man; he who knows anything of the work of returning spirits, will not speak of it in this "heartless" way; and he who is ignorant of that work has no right to criticize or revile it.

There are two routes open leading to Onset after passengers leave the Old Colony Railroad. One is by horse-cars from the Wareham station, and the other, further on, from the Onset depot, by steam-cars. Those who stop at the latter place, we are informed, aid the Association financially, as the Old Colony officials allow it a discount on each ticket sold, thus assisting the lecture committee in canceling the expenses incurred by the engagement of platform speakers.

We are informed by correspondents that one "Dr. Lester," advertising himself as a "clairvoyant," "seventh son," "born with a veil," etc., etc., is now traveling about giving sittings to the public, under the pretense of being a spirit-medium. Such a person, as far as our knowledge extends, is unknown among the Spiritualists and genuine mediums of this country. It is said this party formerly traveled under the name of James Copeland.

Franklin Smith, of Dedham, Mass., has files of the spiritual papers, including the BANNER OF LIGHT, A. J. Davis's Herald of Progress from 1860, the Religio-Philosophical Journal from commencement, and several other Spiritualist journals, both American and English, which he is obliged to dispose of, as he has no place to store them. He will sell at a very modest price. Correspondence solicited.

We are in receipt of a communication from Capt. Volpi, of Vercelli, Italy, which refers to the part he took in a certain matter at the Spiritual Congress held in Paris last year. We must acknowledge that we do not clearly understand the writer's arguments and aim, as expressed by him in a language that does not seem familiar to him.

Attention is called to the contents of the Banner Message Department, on our sixth page, the present week. The answers to questions are of profound interest, and what is urged by the individual spirits speaking, with regard to the necessity of harmony and self-sacrifice in the spiritual ranks, is true to the letter.

The Fall of Babylon.

From eight thousand to ten thousand people witnessed on Monday evening last the first representation in Boston of the Destruction of Babylon—and on all hands nothing but praises could be heard concerning this splendid spectacle which Messrs. Barnum, Bailey and Kraly have established for a summer season at Oakland Garden. No description of this grand scene can be given in the space at our command—but all the Boston dailies have vied with each other in enthusiastic comments upon it, and there is every evidence that it will prove one of the greatest successes peculiarly—as it is in the way of tableaux and dramatic action—which has ever been achieved in this city. One thousand persons take part in the presentation, on the largest stage now existing on earth—elephants and other living animals finding plenty of room in the great processions, etc. Special railroad facilities are offered for denizens in other cities to visit Boston and see this wonderful spectacle. At the close of a short summer season in this city, "Babylon" will be shipped to London, where arrangements are perfected for its presentation in that city.

Fund for the Destitute Poor.

DONATION MONKEY RECEIVED.
Contributions from the Free Circle, \$5.00; Sagoy-wathia, \$1.00; A. G. F., \$2.00; Mrs. A. E. B., \$1.00; L. Jacobs, \$2.00. Thanks, friends.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.—It is with much satisfaction that we notice in the July number that increased circulation and business have forced the publishers to remove to larger quarters at 218 to 222 Fulton street. The magazine is eminently worthy of its success. Its contents this month are of special interest and value. A leading article upon "The Eyes" gives much valuable information regarding their proper use, as well as suggestions that will lead to an avoidance of abuses that are all too common to enable the present generation to guarantee good eyesight for the next. In an article relating to Mollie Fancher, it is stated that her latest venture is a Bazaar, at 100 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, directed by her by means of a speaking tube, connected with her couch on an upper floor. The invalid directs her two assistants, keeps the books, even to the slightest detail, and watches the progress of her enterprise. For months at a time she does not take food of any kind, and really seems, as she lies down and wasted upon her accustomed bed, less a mortal than a spirit. The case is a remarkable one, and so far as we are informed, unprecedented.

Agreeable to a call issued by nearly sixty ladies, representing every section of the Union, a convention of liberal-suffrage and liberal-thought women was held last February in Washington, D. C., for the purpose of organizing a more radical Woman's Society than then existed in this country. The inception of the movement was due to Mrs. Matilda Joselyn Gage, a worker in the woman suffrage ranks since 1852, who had become convinced that the teaching of the Church was the greatest obstacle to woman's freedom. A report of the proceedings of the convention has recently appeared in a pamphlet of nearly one hundred octavo pages, containing the addresses delivered, papers and poems read, resolutions adopted, and letters received from persons in full sympathy with the object of the gathering, but unable to be present. Copies may be obtained at fifty cents each by addressing Mrs. M. J. Gage, Fayetteville, N. Y.

THE RECONSTRUCTOR.—No. 1, Vol. I., of a new four-page weekly paper bearing this title is received from the publishers—a company of the same name, located at Summerland, Cal. Prof. J. S. Loveland is editor. In a lengthy salutatory he expresses his views of the work before him, and his ideas as to carrying out the motto, "Behold, I make all things new," which is held at the most-head of this new venture on the newspaperal ocean.

THE GLEANER.—The latest number received contains a portrait of Mrs. Dow, of Dover, N. H., a brief sketch of her control of the horse railway in that city, and a miscellany, in which the educational and industrial interests of women are chiefly prominent. San Francisco, Cal.: Julia Schlessinger, editor, 841 Market street.

Mrs. Jennie K. D. Conant, having improved in health, has resumed her daily sittings, also Friday afternoon circles, at 20 Bennett street, Boston.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

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, 10 Bowdoin street, Boston.

ORIENTAL (?) NOMENCLATURE:
Have you heard from old Aroostook?
Androscoggin, Sagadahoc,
From Kennebec? Pleasantly?
Heard the shouts of loud rejoicing
Echo o'er the placid waters
Of Umbagog, Passamaquoddy,
Millenokki, Sebago, Schoduck,
Allagash, Wallooskook, Cobscook,
Chesuncook, Mooseheadmaguntuck,
Pamuncook, Polenagumook,
Passamaquoddy and Bar Harbor?

The official report of the Secretary of State of the Republic of Mexico for the fiscal year just ended, contains some interesting compilations to people of the United States. The total exports from Mexico were valued at over \$60,000,000. Of this amount more than \$40,000,000 went to the United States, \$12,000,000 to England, \$8,000,000 to Germany, and \$3,000,000 to France.

Belva Lockwood has a law practice that brings her in more money than a Congressman's salary; has property in Washington worth \$20,000, and a country place worth \$6,000, all acquired in a comparatively short time from her legal business.

A lot of Harvard College students were employed as spies in Barnum's big show at Oakland Garden at the opening on Monday last. Has this anything to do with Prof. James's "hallucination" theory?

The late State House investigation has ended in a grand fizzle. The result can be summed up in a few words: "Nonsense," "Fassett made a slight mistake"; "Sanderson impeached by the Senate investigators"; "Williams's action was too hasty"; "No evidence that an honorable member sold his vote." Although the West End Surface Railroad Co. was quietly censured for "expending large sums for lobby purposes."

Claret-soda has been tabooed by the Police Commissioners. What next?

Supt. Porter, in conversation with a Post reporter, said that from present indications the returns of the census enumerators would show a total population of the United States of 64,000,000, against 50,155,784 in 1880.

A Russian ukase has just been issued permitting the employment of women on railroads. On the Trans-Caspian line there are female station masters, traffic managers, signal women, and point women.

What is glory? In the socket
See how dying tapers fare?
What is pride? A weeping pocket
That would emulate a star.
—Wordsworth.

A decrease of \$20,000,000 in the public debt since June 1st is announced.

The Supreme Court of Tennessee has just rendered a decision affirming the action of the lower court in the case of the State vs. R. M. King, a Seventh-day Adventist, who was tried for working on Sunday—to which instance of unjust persecution THE BANNER has referred in the past. Mr. King is a farmer, and the work for which he was indicted was done quietly on his own premises, not in sight of any place of public worship. None of the witnesses testified that anybody had been disturbed. The case will now be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States.

It is marvelous how long a rotten post will stand, if it be not shaken.—Thomas Carlyle.

One of the results of the recent floods of the Trinity river is an immense land-slide, which is carrying off the entire face of the bluff which encloses Fort Worth, Tex., overlooking the river. For eight miles up and down stream the bluff is gradually sloughing toward the river.

"THE SHEEP-SKIN."
Lo! when we went to school, we strove
To learn our A B C,
But here at Harvard now we look
No farther than A. B. —Class Poem for '90.

Spain fears that the cholera has crossed her frontiers.

So you want to know where the flies come from, do you, Lucullus? Well, the cyclone makes the house fly, the blacksmith makes the fire fly, the carpenter makes the saw fly, the driver makes the horse fly, the grocer makes the sand fly, the boarder makes the snoring fly, and if that is not enough for you, you will have to pursue your future studies in entomology alone.—Terre Haute Express.

Severe electrical storms have recently occurred in West Virginia and Ohio, doing much damage.

New York State has established a short and simple form of deed, mortgage, and executor's deed, superseding the present mass of senseless verbiage, obsolete expressions, and endless repetitions that serve only to confuse the unlearned and add to the revenues of conveyancers and recorders.

ON THE BORDER.
Said the doctor, as sadly he took his stand
By the doctor's dying bed,
"He is nearing the happy, happy land—
One minute, and he'll be dead!"
He is going away to that better clime,
Where he'll meet with the rest of his tribe;
Ah! weep, good friends, for now is the time—
Gaspeth the editor—"To be sure!"
—Atlantic Constitution.

It is said that the common cowcatcher attachment to locomotives is about the only article of universal use that has never been patented. Its inventor was D. B. Davies, of Columbus, who found his model in the plow. Red lights on the rear of trains, it is further said, were adopted at the suggestion of the late Mrs. Swissheim after a railway accident in which she had a narrow escape.

Discussing hydrophobia at a recent meeting of the Pennsylvania Medical Society at Pittsburgh, Dr. Charles W. Dulles, of Philadelphia, protested against the establishment of Pasteur institutes in this country, declared that most of the so-called cases of hydrophobia were merely meningitis, and said it was the doctors, not the disease, which killed persons bitten by dogs.

"A Constant Reader" of the Post asks through its columns the authorship of "Young Lochinvar." Great Scott! If he had looked in "Marion" he would have found what he was "Lochinvar."—Washington Post.

That country is the very best and decidedly the greatest where people are the most intelligent, prosperous and happy, without regard to population or wealth.

"So you have eighteen children? And you used to insist that a small family was the proper thing." "Yes, I did think so till I moved to St. Paul and heard the arrogant boasts of Minneapolis about her population. But say, we're going to down that town yet!"—Chicago Post.

Says Life: It may send a thrill of horror down the spine of the Metropolitan Museum trustees to learn that the Museum of the Peabody Academy of Science, at Salem, Mass., is now open to the public on Sunday afternoons. That the Salem trustees are moved to this step by a desire to debauch the public is a theory that will not be universally accepted. The obvious difference between these two institutions is that one is controlled by a body of benevolent and liberal-minded men in honest sympathy with the working public, while the other is under the unfortunate management of a handful of individuals who are not in step with the spirit of the age.

The world is full of rascals who are yelling "whip behind."

A Williamsport girl, who in the matter of beauty and affectionate exuberance was not to say "fresh as first love and rosy as dew," was asked why she did not get married, and this is what she said in reply: "I have considerable money of my own, I have a parrot that can swear, and a monkey that chews tobacco, so that I have no need of a husband."—Old City Bazaar.

Spiritualist Camp-Meetings for 1890.

The season of out-of-door gatherings on the part of the believers in the New Dispensation is drawing night; and the reader will find subjoined a list (as far as yet announced) of the localities and time of season where such convocations are to be held.

ONSET, N. Y.—The Fourteenth Annual Camp-Meeting at this place commences its season July 12th, to close August 31st. Trains leave for Onset at 8:15 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:30 a. m., 1:30 a. m., 2:30 a. m., 3:30 a. m., 4:30 a. m., 5:30 a. m., 6:30 a. m., 7:30 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:30 a. m., 1:30 a. m., 2:30 a. m., 3:30 a. m., 4:30 a. m., 5:30 a. m., 6:30 a. m., 7:30 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:30 a. m., 1:30 a. m., 2:30 a. m., 3:30 a. m., 4:30 a. m., 5:30 a. m., 6:30 a. m., 7:30 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:30 p. 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You may be happy in coming into communion with us, but you cannot realize the pleasure, the satisfaction in it that we do; neither can you know how great is our disappointment when we come to you time after time and cannot make you sensible of our presence.

It is grand to feel that after laying aside their old form you meet and know your friends; and not only that, but you know yourselves as well as your friends. There are many to-day who do not know their friends.

As I have been with them in the little meetings many times, I have felt so disappointed on leaving the hall, because no one recognized me there; then I would try again, as they came together again, a few Spiritualists. When we were together again, I felt that these spirits had come to us in thought, it gives us more confidence to us in thought, it gives us more confidence to make ourselves known. In Burlington, Vt., I earnestly desire they may know that I have been as anxious to come into communicative union with them as they could have been with me.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1890.

The Visiting Editors.

June 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th, Boston was favored with the presence of a representative body of men and women who are in a position to do any amount of good for this country and humanity at large, i. e., The National Editorial Association. There were forty-eight associations—represented by two hundred and eighty-nine members, including both male and female—present, coming from nearly every State and Territory in the Union. They held their meetings in the Representative Hall at the State House. The National Association meets annually—this being the sixth year, and the first convocation held by it in an Eastern State; last year the session was held at Detroit, Mich.; next year it will occur at St. Paul, Minn. The time of these talented pilgrims—when not devoted to the meetings—was thoroughly utilized in looking over the city and suburbs, and in making practical acquaintance with Boston's beautiful bay. They evidently enjoyed their visit highly.

On the evening of June 27th the Convention closed with a fine banquet tendered the visiting delegates at the American House by the Committee of Arrangements. Men distinguished in politics, journalism and in other directions, eloquently addressed the assembly, and Rev. M. J. Savage read the following original poem, which *The Globe* rightly calls a "two-edged poetical satire":

THE PULPIT AND THE PRESS.

I found a strange photograph only this week—
I shall tell no one where it is hidden;
It had heard all the chatter men carelessly speak,
And it talked, like a gossip, unbidden.

'Twas a centre where all the town's tattle was caught,
The markets, the tariff, the lobby;
One had but to listen to find what he sought,
And discover his neighbor's pet hobby.

I had promised some verses to read to-night,
Yet found myself weary, or—lazy;
And when I would be most especially bright,
All my mental horizon was hazy.

Just then I discovered my strange photograph,
And so all apropos was the matter.
I found it repeating, I could not but laugh
And say, "I will copy it better."

So no one will think I have had ought to do
But to listen and play the repeater.
For what it is worth I report it to you,
The reason, the rhyme and the meter.

The Pulpit and Press, in contention that day,
Each claimed that the world was its debtor,
That it, and it only, had found the one way
For making society better.

The Pulpit, no doubt, was of the old kind;
And the Press has not always been the same;
So you will not wonder that each spoke its mind
In words that sometimes sounded lawless.

The Press, with a modesty ever its own,
Spoke first, and said: "In Revelations
It tells of a tree that is celestially grown
With leaves for the healing of nations."

"It is plain that the seed upon Patmos foresaw
The leaves from the printing press scattered,
While newshounds, turned about both gospel and law,
The people besprinkled and smattered."

"King Solomon also foretold this great age,
The spread and the increase of knowledge,
When reporters should run to and fro in a rage
To outstrip both the church and the college."

The Pulpit, accustomed to have people take
In silence its doses though drastic,
Content if they listened and kept half awake,
Not expecting reply, grew sarcastic.

As thus it broke in: "The devil," it said,
Is handy and apt at the kind of things
But, perhaps, if he practiced one-half that he read
Satanism might turn to salvation."

"Oh, yes, it is true that you run to and fro,
Bad and good you heap up all together;
But when one has read it how much does he know?
'T is as certain as—New England weather."

"You rake all the slums, and you spread out the
crimes,
What's wicked is news; but behaving,
Though it outnumber wickedness thousands of times,
Is too commonplace for the saving."

"Pray, tell where the healing comes in, from such
leaves
As leave every reader persuaded
That each man he meets steals, cheats or deceives,
And all the wide world is degraded."

"But," broke in the Press, "you seem not to like
Your own doctrine when newspapers teach it;
If total depravity is false, why, then, strike
The thing from your creeds, and don't preach it!"

"And then we but publish what readers demand;
Of every journal throughout all the land
Are the people that purchase the papers.
We furnish what's wanted!" "Yes, yes, that is
true."

Said the Pulpit: "And so do the nameless,
The underground caterers in gin shop and stew,
The mention of whom we count shameless."

"You must live, do you say?" Dr. Johnson once said.
The necessity was not admitted.
'T is better to sleep with the noble, though dead,
Than to live tolerated or pillied."

"Then," added the Pulpit, "your columns you sell
To the scoundrel, if rich, or his minions;
What you find in the gutter there's no low can tell,
We but know you hold golden opinions."

The lip of the Press curled a little just there,
As he said, with a touch of the scornee,
The Pulpit itself has been known to take care
For the pie with the plum, like Jack Horner."

"The sinful are sometimes suspicious that calls
Often lie not where work is the harder,
But in the direction of worldly windfalls
In the shape of profit and fairer."

"He says it's a call, when it's only a raise,
So innocent, so harmless, so true,
And then he's content if the people but praise
Not the truth that is taught, but the teacher."

"It has even been said—by the wicked 't is true—
That the pews, if their owners are wealthy,
Are reproved with a mildness that still keeps in view
That a shock to the weak is unhealthy."

"'T is ever the fate," then the Pulpit replied,
Of the good at the hands of the scoffer:
To suffer derision, but to choose you deride,
I only the other cheek offer."

"We preachers are humble and modest, at least,
While you, with your pride of inflation,
Boast ever your numbers piled up and increased,
And brag of your great circulation."

"But hold," cried the Press; "did you ever feel sad
On a Monday, when, going it blindly,
A big congregation, twice more than you had,
Was reported, with wish to be kindly?"

Then, turning the subject, not much to his mind,
The Pulpit said: "If there's one feature
In all of your newspaper work I can find
To condemn, it is this—that the creature

"You call a reporter so mangles his task!
Now my last Sunday's sermon, who'd know it?
A newspaper favor I never would ask,
But, if you're inclined to bestow it—"

"Why then I would do it correctly!" The Press
Broke in here, with smile aggravating,
"I wonder how often you've come in distress
For our kindly pious praying and waiting."

"I've known more than one of your cloth who has
paid
This same wicked reporter for telling
The world what a wonderful mark he had made,
The mist of her fame thus dispelling."

"And as for the mangling! why, only last week
The thing you complain of was added,
To fill out the sense; for sometimes when you speak,
Your skeleton has to be padded."

"Then, your Sunday newspapers," the Pulpit
broke in,
"They've broken the Sabbath to pieces,
And so entertaining the people and sin,
That I find my own audience decreases."

Then the Press spoke again: "If one-half of the snap
You spend in newspaper attacking
You put in your sermons, you'd rouse from their nap
The audience that would not be lacking."

"I'm sorry, of course, but if people do find
That the Press with the live word is dealing,
And you will come droning and lagging behind,
Then we must your best thunder be stealing!"

I listened, but all grow confused just here,
With cries like the stock market's racket;
Suggestions of both sides were quite clear,
Save a cry of some one, "I will back it!"

So now I have told what the photograph said,
The echo of old-time contention;
And perhaps there's a moral in what I have read
Worth the notice of this wise convention.

In deacons there's odds, and in editors, too,
Just as there is odds in the preachers;

All can help on the truth if they keep it in view
And play the grand part of world-enchanted;
The Pulpit is force, and the Press is a force;
But force is not good, nor yet evil;
It may wreck, or it may do us good ship on its course;
We may work or for God or the devil!

The Preacher is human, and so is the Press;
Were any man perfect, not only
Would he be saved the sins that we others confess,
He'd be also exceedingly lonely!
We must work all together, all good men and true,
From the heart and the brain break each fetter:
In society, politics, old good and new,
Let us strive to lift ever to better!

Till the rich and the poor, till women and men,
Till white and black, alien and neighbor,
Find life is worth living—no, not until then
Will we falter or rest on our labor!

When both Pulpit and Press can rise above self,
And be willing to pay with some losses
For putting the kingdom of God above self,
Both may buy a grand crown, with some crosses.

If God be above then 't will pay to be right,
Though we sometimes lose nearer successes;
If man be God's child let us climb to the height
Of the mission that lifts and that blesses.

The only success is the making of men;
For the lower successes who palter
Will find they have lost for the postage again
The ministry high at God's altar.

May the Press be a power for God and the light,
For truth and for help and for leading;
Let its lift high the banner of man and his right,
All poorer ambition unheeding.

So join in one cheer for the Pulpit and Press.
The cheer for the love we delight in,
One cheer for the nation we labor to bless,
One cheer for the cause that we fight in!

The reading of the poem was received with very
evident pleasure, and Mr. Savage was heartily
applauded.

Meetings in New York.

The American Spiritualist Alliance meets at Royal
Arcanum Hall, 4th Avenue, on the first and third Thursday
of each month at 8 P. M. Parties seeing articles in the secular
press treating of Spiritualism in their opinion should be
replied to, are requested to send a marked copy of the paper to
either of the officers of the Alliance. Prof. Henry Kiddle,
President, 7 East 120th St., W. 2nd Ave., New York.
Secretary, 219 West 42nd Street, John Franklin Clark,
Corresponding Secretary, 95 Cedar Street.

Adelphi Hall, corner 52d Street and 7th Avenue,
New York, N. Y., every Sunday evening at 11 A. M. and
8 P. M. Conference at 3 P. M. All welcome.

The People's Spiritualist Meeting every Sunday evening
at 8 o'clock at Mrs. Morrell's parlors, 316 West 48th Street,
New York, N. Y. Conducted by Mrs. Morrell, Secretary,
South Columbia Meetings every Friday at 8 o'clock at Mrs.
Morrell's parlors, 316 West 48th Street.

The Ladies' Society of Mercy meets at Columbia
Hall, 82 1/2 Avenue, every Thursday evening. Mrs. Kate
A. Thigley, President.

Adelphi Hall.—On Sunday last, June 29th, W. J.
Colville lectured again in Adelphi Hall to large and
deeply interested audiences.

The morning discourse was, by request of several
friends who were in attendance on the previous Sunday,
a consideration of "The Law of Cause and Effect
as Affecting Human Trials," seemingly uninter-
ested, particularly such suffering as Jesus is said to
have borne in Gethsemane and on Calvary, when he
is upheld before Christendom as a perfect example of
godliness. So long and hard is held in the chains of
strict orthodoxy, and believes in a vicarious
sacrifice appeasing the anger of a wrathful Deity, no
special difficulty has to be encountered in any such
theory, for the law of cause and effect is a simple
suffering covers the ground from Calvin's standpoint,
so far as the agonies of Jesus are concerned; but
even to the minds of those professing orthodoxy the
question must often arise: Why is it that so many
seemingly excellent souls, who have been subjected to
torture, while the unholiness and uncharitable often
appear to escape all just retribution? To say with
reference to Jesus: "A sinless soul taught us how to
suffer," does not touch the matter.

It puts before us an example of potential torture in
the hour of distress. Suffering must be both reformatory
and educational; in the case of those who have con-
science, it is a lesson for our own souls, and thus aggra-
vate our woe; on the other hand, when we have
willingly suffered, we only suffer the educational effect, which is, under such
conditions, accompanied by self-satisfaction and remorse.
If, when we are undergoing trial, we would but
seek for the blessing concealed in it, it not only should
we cease repining, we should offer thanks for means
of moral and intellectual advancement. Many people
content themselves with the thought that they are
suffering the suffering cannot hurt us if we place con-
fidence in God; but such statements are not at all
sufficient to explain the reason of trial, for according
to such philosophy should be just as well without
it, as with it. The higher view shows the positive
advantage of affliction, and compels us to see in it an
opportunity for growth otherwise not afforded.

The books of Daniel and Job, as well as many por-
tions of the New Testament, clearly show the law of
advantages accruing from trial. The crucifixion of
the Christ, followed by no story of a resurrection and
ascension, would be a tale of tragic mystery, and weird
and awful injustice worthy of those philosophers whose
speculations are so easily broken by the facts of life.

German materialists, who see nothing but inevitable
shipwreck in store for all humanity. Has not the spiri-
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dispel the nightmare of the pessimist? Are there no
voices from the veil which break the dreary silence
and explain the methods whereby crosses
are exchanged for crowns? Spiritualism has a mes-
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reign antidote to despair, and the highest manifestation
of the otherwise linky pages of human destiny.

All suffering is educational, and the only way to rise
above it is not to seek escape from it, but learning the lesson
it can teach, attain such wisdom as shall lead us to
heights of knowledge where we know it no more.

In the evening when the lecturer spoke in answer to
the question, "What can we really know of the spiri-
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and many spiritual communications cited, the nature
and purpose of which threw much light on the prob-
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world when we only know of one, as we cannot really
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lecture in Philadelphia at 1524 Arch Street, (Corti-
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10th, 11th and 12th, at 3 and 8 P. M. His closing lec-
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in Kingston Hall, corner of Kingston and Atlan-
tic Avenues. Everybody freely invited. Voluntary
offerings.

Friends in Boston will please bear in mind that Mr.
Colville will lecture in Berkeley Hall the four Sun-
days of September, 1890, at 7 and 8 P. M. He
will speak in Norwich, Conn., Sundays Oct. 6th and
13th.

The Camp Meetings.

Parkland, Pa.

The Twelfth Annual Camp-Meeting of the First As-
sociation of Spiritualists of Philadelphia commenced
at Parkland, Pa., June 28th, to continue to Sept. 12th,
1890.

We welcome the season of the year when nature in-
vites us to the enjoyment of her bounties in the flow-
ers, fruits and cereals of her harvests. We delight in
both the sunshine and the shade, which equally en-
hance the realities of spiritual life, and give cause of
thankfulness from grateful hearts, who are happy in
the realization of spiritual experience, and desire
earnestly that the inspiration of Truth and Love may
be unfolded in all humanity. The friends are invited
to partake with us the summer sojourn at Parkland,
where we have already had evidence of angel visits
and sweet communion with our loved and happy spiri-
tual friends.

Parkland is on the Round Brook Division of the
Reading Railroad, twenty-two miles from Philadel-
phia and twelve miles from Trenton.

Lectures, Mediums, etc.—Hon. Sidney Dean will
speak for us on Sundays, July 6th and 13th, at 11 A. M.
and 3:30 P. M.; Mrs. R. Shepard Little Sunday, July
20th, at 11 A. M. and 3:30 P. M.; Mrs. H. S. Lake Sunday,
Aug. 3d, at 10 A. M. and 3:30 P. M.; Prof. Wm. F. Peck Sunday,
Sept. 7th; Mrs. Minnie Brown, Mrs. Sadie Faust, Mrs. Elizabeth Cutler, and other
mediums, will be present at the circles on Tuesdays,
Thursdays and Saturdays of the Camp.

The vocal music will be conducted at the lectures
by the Association Quartette: Miss Annie McDonough,
soprano; Miss Bessie Spear, alto; Mr. Frank Fray,
tenor; and Mr. C. L. Smith, bass. Miss Spear will be
present at all the circles.

There will be dancing in the great Pavilion on every
Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening, from 8
until 10:30 o'clock, beginning on June 28th, and con-
cluding Sept. 6th. Music by the well-known orchestra
conducted by Joseph DeBarth. Other amusements—
Boating, Swings, Pony Riding, Shooting, Photography—
are amply provided for. We have many safe and
good boats, and the finest stretch of water for boating
in this State.

The sanitary arrangements, as perfected, are of the
best, making the meadows dry and beautiful and
pleasant for promenades. Many springs of pure
water, ample shelter for thousands of visitors, and
every comfort is provided.

The large dining hall, capable of accommodating
three hundred persons at a time, is under the careful
management of Mrs. A. R. Joyce, and abundance of
good food is provided.

Four days of July will be a red-letter day in the
history of the camp. Dancing free all day, fireworks in
the evening, and athletic sports in the afternoon.

The freight of campers, consisting only of camp
equipment, furniture, bedding, etc., will be delivered
free of charge at the Camp, if shipped from shed C,
Noble street wharf, Philadelphia, and addressed to
"care of Capt. Keffer, Superintendent, Parkland, Pa."

Campers should have their mail addressed to "Spiri-
tualists' Camp-Meeting, Eden, Bucks County, Penn-
sylvania."

Excursion tickets between Philadelphia and Park-
land will be on sale at all Reading railroad stations
on July 4th, and all the Sundays of the Camp-Meeting,
from June 28th to September 12th, inclusive—at fifty-
five cents, good for one day. Trenton excursion tickets,
on card orders, to be had of Wm. H. Smith, 151
Cooper street, Trenton, good for two days, will be
in force during the Camp-Meeting.

The morning discourse was, by request of several
friends who were in attendance on the previous Sunday,
a consideration of "The Law of Cause and Effect
as Affecting Human Trials," seemingly uninter-
ested, particularly such suffering as Jesus is said to
have borne in Gethsemane and on Calvary, when he
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will speak in Norwich, Conn., Sundays Oct. 6th and
13th.

The seventeenth annual convocation of the New
England Spiritualists' Association will open on these
grounds July 27th, continuing to Aug. 31st.

A fine array of talent has been secured for the plat-
form, including the best test mediums. Among the
speakers who will be present are Rev. E. L. Rexford,
Hon. A. B. Richmond, Rev. M. J. Savage, Hon. Sidney
Dean, Dr. R. H. Colver, W. B. Bowen, Dr. Fred L.
H. Willis, A. E. Thale, Frank Baxter, Dr. J. E. Davis,
Annie Davis Smith, Mrs. R. S. Little, Mrs. S. A. Byrnes,
and others.

The Worcester Cadet Band will be present the en-
tire week, giving two concerts each day.

Vocal music will be a special feature of the sessions.
Arrangements have been perfected with the several
railroads and steamboat lines leading to Lake Pleasant,
for excursion tickets, and they are now on sale.

Boarding and lodging accommodations are ample, and
of the best.

Of the natural advantages of Lake Pleasant for a
grove meeting, and as a summer resort, it is almost
impossible to speak; the natural grove of one hun-
dred acres, the clear water of the lake, the pure
mountain air, rendering it a temple of nature not often
found. Adding to these, the advantages of Investigat-
ing the Spiritual Philosophy, and the many entertain-
ing and profitable lectures already given, the general
whole is not surpassed anywhere.

NOTES.

The stores are open.

Tickets are on sale at all stations.

The latesting is out at Headquarters.

Several new cottages have been built.

Four hundred tickets are already held, of Boston.

Return tickets for Boston must be obtained of the
Spiri-

Several prominent mediums are here for the sum-
mer.

Everything in the way of provisions can readily be
obtained.

A grand band tournament is among the probabili-
ties.

All societies are welcomed to these grounds.

The Newburyport friends will bear in mind that a
special ticket has been arranged.

There is a loud call for cottages and rooms from all
parts of the country.

Lake Pleasant, Mass., June 28th, 1890.

Ocean Grove, Mass.

The Cape Cod Camp-Meeting of Spiritualists and
Liberals will be held at this pleasant resort, com-
mencing July 13th, and closing July 27th. The follow-
ing lecturers and mediums have been engaged: Sun-
day, July 13th, A. M., Dr. H. B. Hagan, of South
Freetown; P. M., Dr. H. B. Hagan, of South
Freetown; Tuesday, 15th, A. M., Conference; P. M., Miss Jennie
B. Hagan; Wednesday, 16th, A. M., Conference; P. M.,
Eben Cobb; Thursday, 17th, A. M., Conference; P. M.,
Mrs. C. M. McKerson, of New Bedford; Friday, 18th, A. M.,
Conference; P. M., Dr. H. B. Hagan; Saturday, 19th, A. M.,
Conference; P. M., Dr. H. B. Hagan; Sunday, 20th, A. M.,
Conference; P. M., Dr. H. B. Hagan; Monday, 21st, A. M.,
Conference; P. M., Dr. H. B. Hagan; Tuesday, 22nd, A. M.,
Conference; P. M., Dr. H. B. Hagan; Wednesday, 23rd, A. M.,
Conference; P. M., Dr. H. B. Hagan; Thursday, 24th, A. M.,
Conference; P. M., Dr. H. B. Hagan; Friday, 25th, A. M.,
Conference; P. M., Dr. H. B. Hagan; Saturday, 26th, A. M.,
Conference; P. M., Dr. H. B. Hagan; Sunday, 27th, A. M.,
Conference; P. M., Dr. H. B. Hagan.

There will be lectures on each Sunday evening and

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON

QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION

÷ MODENE ÷

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN

Discovered by Accident.—In consequence, an incomplete mixture was accidentally applied to the face of the hand, and on washing it, it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. It was purchased the new discovery and named MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair will disappear. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. IT CANNOT BE ILLUSTRATED BY WORDS. It is a discovery of the most important character, and the only growth on the face or hair on which it is applied, and without the slightest injury to the skin, and without the slightest pain, and without the slightest inconvenience, and without the slightest expense, and without the slightest delay, and without the slightest trouble, and without the slightest risk, and without the slightest danger, and without the slightest harm, and without the slightest loss, and without the slightest cost, and without the slightest effort, and without the slightest trouble, and without the slightest risk, and without the slightest danger, and without the slightest harm, and without the slightest loss, and without the slightest cost, and without the slightest effort, and without the slightest trouble