

BANNER OF LIGHT.

HARVARD COLLEGE
AUG 21 1891
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VOL. 69.

COLBY & RICH,
9 Bowditch St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1891.

(\$2.50 Per Annum,
Postage Free.)

NO. 24.

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The Spiritual Rostrum.

The Revelations of the Spiritual Philosophy.

A Lecture Delivered Sunday, August 9th, 1891,
at Lake Pleasant, Mass., by
HON. SIDNEY DEAN.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

THE leading features of the Spiritualistic Philosophy are:
1st. The establishment of the fact of the conscious immortality of the human race.
2d. The conscious, personal presence and participation of those whom we call dead in mundane affairs.

The conscious immortality of the human soul is substantiated by those proofs which have governed the faith of the civilized world for centuries, now supplemented and enforced by the palpable presence of those spirit personalities who once lived and acted in earth bodies. This, their presence, is manifest to the living, through sensitives, or living mediums, in the trance, semi-trance, or some abnormal condition, by and through which the returning personality acts or speaks, independent of the control of the medium's will or knowledge, and of the memory of the medium as to facts, names, dates, and the particular circumstances narrated, which transpired during the earth-life of the visiting or controlling spirit.

These visitations and communications are also connected with physical signs and forces, as in distinct and intelligent rappings, having an alphabet of sounds understood by the communicating spirit and the earth parties to whom the communications are made. Movements of organized and adjusted matter, such as the furniture of our homes, as well as the audible, alphabetical sounds, take place without visible contact with any other form of matter—organized or unorganized—with the material acted upon.

These, by repeated and daily experiments in all parts of the enlightened world for nearly the last half century, have established beyond question the fact that spirit disembodied is superior in force to matter, organized or unorganized; and that the same force of spirit acting through the will, while a human personality, exists and acts when, by the laws which govern matter, its body dies and the intelligent spirit becomes exanimate.

There is also an intellectual side to these personal manifestations, which, to close students of the psychic and intellectual nature of man, is of deeper interest and broader grasp than the physical phenomena. Without the conscious action of the mortal medium; above and beyond his or her individual powers of thought and reasoning; nay, from the standpoint of the realms of the invisible spirit, laws of being and action, relating to the race individually and as a unit family of the All-Father, are stated, their reasonableness and naturalness explained and commented upon; plans, involving the union of the exanimate with those still incarnate, are stated and discussed; great historic movements in human society are the subjects of the spirit of prophecy, and are quietly and naturally being wrought out in the actual movements of human society; as clear to the observing recipients of these prophecies as was the death of Saul, Israel's king, after the strict letter of the prophecy uttered by the arisen spirit of Samuel, the judge, at the séance held in the cottage of the medium of Endor.

False views and teachings concerning the spirit-world and the conditions of existence therein; creedal assumptions—born of an immature age and perpetuated in spite of all advance in every department of human knowledge—such as that laws were limited, partial and personal rather than general; of the infinite decrees of an infinite creative governor reduced in all his attributes to the quality of the human, and with a varying personal application of such decrees; of extraneous conditions, like those belonging purely to earth and matter, such as a four-square city builded of stones, pearls and metals, and filled with worshippers of the delightful; or a penal institution of torture and eternal spirit imprisonment; of a sudden transposition of character by a mere act of soul credence which places upon the innocent and pure the guilt and festering moral rottenness of a long life on earth spent in violation of law—these, and other

weighty problems of a kindred nature, are denied as finding expression in the facts of the spirit-realms.

Then there is the positive affirmation of the character of spirit-existence, in so far as human language, conception and intuition can comprehend it. The difficulty in comprehending fully, and as clearly as the investigator could wish, lies in the fact of his own earth environment in the natural body. His five mortal senses bound his knowledge of all facts on the earth-side. To him spirit can only be explained by earth figures, or by forms of speech created and agreed upon as expressing certain states, conditions and things. The wordless language of the spirit takes a wider and deeper range, just as a powerful emotion of the soul while in its mortal form—of which the spirit is intensely conscious even to the extent of physical pain—finds no medium of human expression.

But to the candid, honest investigator—critical as he may choose to be—certain positive features of that life to which we all hasten are clear. They are as harmonious as an essential unit, and form a philosophy of existence in spirit realms in perfect harmony with itself, with the deductions of an educated intellect, with the great underlying common-sense of the masses, and with those who, unprejudiced, are willing to receive just conceptions of the infinite creative design and plan, as well as the moral nature of the great architect of all universes, mundane and spiritual.

Let us voice a few of these revelations:

1. The conscious immortality of the human soul is the first, the primal fact, as it is the prime necessity, the fundamental basis upon which all spirit existence is predicated. It is not a condition of repose, of sleep, of inertia, of mere existence in an eternal state of spiritual coma. The whole spirit nature, the thinking and reasoning intellect—which is the workshop of the soul—the choices, the loves and hates, the will, and all the attributes of the spiritual entity, are normal, alert as never before, and all their actions conscious to the individual spirit person. We are never so much alive as when the unthinking world calls us dead; never so spiritually conscious as when we have put on immortality.

2. We enter upon life there just as we leave life here. What we call death is simply the breaking down of the material house, so that the spirit personality may step out of its restricting walls and be free, as a spirit, forever. It has served its uses, and is of use to the spirit no longer as a habitation. It is of the earth earthy, and is left in earth to follow the laws of matter and become incorporated in its various elemental forms. There is ether for its gases, water for its liquids, and loam to be vitalized anew by its more solid parts. But in the realms of pure matter, changing always under its laws, there is no permanent, natural home for the spirit. It must, and it does, seek and exist in its own realms.

We commence life here a tiny bit of matter, wonderfully adjusted, helpless as helplessness itself; with a spirit over whose firmament consciousness has shed no ray of light, with the seed of memory ungerminated, with the sleeping faculties of the mind still untouched by the mysterious wand of life, with no conscious cognizance of the outer world, or the uses of the organs which bring us into contact with it. As there is in the acorn all the constituents of that subsequent monarch of the forest, so there is in that unconscious babe the angel seed of intellectual and soul-life and power. If the earth-casket breaks, it will find development under spirit environment and by the aid of spirit helpers. Thus at the infant stage, or in youth, or in young man or womanhood, in middle life, or in an old age of earth, we go to take up spirit-life just as we leave life in the mortal.

Whether as ripe scholars or as intellectual dunces; whether as broad-minded, benevolent of nature and action, or penurious, miserly and supremely selfish; whether as morally clean and pure of heart and life, or leprous with crimes against the manifest laws of our own being and of society; whether as lovers of truth, or masters in prevarication and falsehood—just as we are at the time and act of our exit from the earth, we shall find ourselves in the spirit-realms of life. Death is no Bethesda pool of healing for mortal lepers. Death is a state, a condition of being, not a person. It is not a curse, as falsely taught by old myths and earth creeds founded upon myths, but is the natural antithesis of life; as essential as life in the creative plan, which embraced organized matter as a form of shelter for the primary stages of a developing spirit. It can neither dot an nor cross a t in the individual status, moral or intellectual.

The recent and continuous great controversy in the Calvinistic churches over what is known as "the Andover heresy," arises from a misapprehension of the nature and functions of physical death. Instead of acknowledging that it is and ever has been a law of the material universe, as beneficent as it is wise, the myth and the creeds, based upon it make it a curse, a pronounced judicial sentence of punishment, uttered and inflicted by the All-Wise and All-Loving Creative Parent; an after-thought, the result of an act of two of his children who ate an apple which he created and put before them as a temptation, and of which they partook contrary to his command. This mythical drama and tragedy took place, according to the chronology of both Judaism and Christianity—the same authorities upon which the myth is predicated—some six thousand years ago. And yet I have held in my hand—and you may in yours—formations of

an earth period which, by the clear teachings of geological science, existed in the same formation more than ten thousand years ago, which formation was a home, at that early period, for various animals, the prints of whose vertebrate remain, and the hardened shells of the bivalves left behind them when the living organism died. This was ages before Adam and Eve lived to eat their apple, and the subsequent mythical curse of death was pronounced.

John Calvin and his school believed and taught, his successors in faith believe now and teach that death has power to eliminate the attribute of choice from the human soul; that the spirit departs from its mundane home emanulated of an attribute which lies at the base of moral character; and it can never—eternally never—exercise a volition, or choose, under the brighter light of a better spirit environment, to cleanse itself and find the redemption of a higher loyal nature. To the higher spirits and to all who have listened to their reasonings, this seems like blasphemy against the nature and attributes of the All-Creating and All-Loving Father of the race.

3. The whole universe, material and spiritual, is a universe of law. It was under law at its inception; it has been under law, and it will be forever. The god Chance has no place in the dominions or government of the infinitely wise and omniscient. And I mean by the term law what we recognize as a uniform method of procedure, with no happenings, no interruptions, no precipitation of a special governing will to change the orderly law of either nature or spirit. When the Book says that the sun stood still upon Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon, in answer to the prayer of a fighting man intent upon human slaughter, I do not, because I cannot, believe the writer nor his statement. If Wellington had repeated the prayer at Waterloo, when his harried soul cried out for night, or Blucher with his forces, and night had suddenly enveloped the struggling hosts, showing a sudden suspension in the earth's daily revolution, and corroborative evidences of the fact were plentiful, we might question the universality of our proposition.

When the same Book teaches that the sun rises over the stationary and quiescent earth, performs its daily pilgrimage and sets behind the western horizon, I do not—because I cannot—believe it, for astronomical science and fact disclose the law of the movements of planetary bodies, and it becomes a question of known law against uncorroborated assertion. When the law of fire is to burn all consumable substances brought into contact with it, my fingers toying with it will not escape unharmed. How far spirit force, intelligently applied, under a universal law not yet understood or comprehended by man, can subject matter in its lesser forms and elements to its will, I will not now discuss or even offer an opinion. The spiritual is the real force in the universe.

As applied to the human race, one great law of its being and action is known as evolution or growth. We will not now consider this law as applicable to other forms in nature, but the race parallels nature in its workings under that law. It is birth into being, growth, maturity, decline, death, in all things material. Spirit, possessing no particles of matter to disintegrate and die, lives, by virtue of its own nature, under its law. There is an eternal youth and vigor of freshness in its nature. More or less mature it may and must be sometime, or in some eternity. The law of evolution, as applied to the spirit, begins with its birth into life, but ends never.

The objection of senility or second childhood in age, is answered by the admitted fact that, the physical machine becomes so worn as to be incapable of performing its functions, and by the further fact that the departing spirit often revitalizes, and so intensely quickens the body on its spiritual side of sight and hearing, that the spirit realms, with their loved and remembered denizens, appear to the consciousness and are voiced through the lips of the dying.

The natural law runs parallel with spirit existence. The law of our spiritual nature is as permanent as the nature itself. Its mandates will never cease. We shall grow, and this growth will be in essential harmony with our own characters formulated by choice and will and act, though conditioned here by heredity and early environment. But the choice, more or less weighted and hampered by its earth conditions, will still be potent, under a better spirit environment, to work out the problem of character in the eternal realms.

Another feature of this reign of universal law in all worlds is, as we express it, that results follow causes, and that special results can be traced to their legitimate causes. Apply this law to the moral status of the race, for we are moral beings, and as such under moral laws. If we were not moral beings, no law of morals could or would apply to us. But experience discloses the uniformity and universality of the law's application. If we are morally low, vicious or corrupt; if we have no respect for purity or truth; no aspirations which exalt to an angelhood of character; if leprous by choice and life, we pass to the realms of the eternal and eternal life, then the results of our lives abide in the character we have formed and take with us.

What we call conscience is the natural judgment of the soul upon its own choices, will and acts, and conscience is a part, and a necessary part, of the machinery of our moral natures. An intelligent mortal, or spirit, without a conscience would be an anomaly in the universe. Our heaven, like our hell, is a state, a condition.

[Continued on third page.]

Literary Department.

THE ONWARD WAVE;

OR,

THE "LIFE-LINE" OF A SENSITIVE.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,

BY WILLIAM PHILLIPS,

Of Clackamas, Ore., author of "Nirva, The Orphan Girl," Etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Music of Civilization.

The next morning the storm had ceased. The water in the river had fearfully swollen, roaring and rushing in its mad career toward a lower level, carrying huge masses of drift-wood on its bosom. But to await there would not do. I again mounted "Aloe," and started on my journey, but had not proceeded far when I was compelled to cross a small stream largely swollen by the floods. Its banks were covered on either side with water, so I could not see where I should drop into the stream, or where I could get out; yet I could not stand there—cross I must, or perish, and it seemed I should perish if I made the attempt to cross. Just then a white water-fowl about as large as a duck came flying over my head, made one or two circles in the air, then descending near the water in front of me, flew out to the middle of the stream, flying down the stream for one hundred yards, and went out on the other side. Returning, it followed the same course a second and a third time—disappearing at last over the hills. Not knowing what else to do, I resolved to try to follow the course indicated by the fowl. I urged "Aloe" ahead, leaving his comrade to follow at will. I found a sloping bank leading to deep water, then turning down the stream on the course of the fowl, found an easy place to get out on the other side.

Again my path diverged from the river, running across a high table-land and mountainous region, through which the stream had cut deep and winding gorges, or cañons. In these cañons were several immense water-falls, the roarings of which could be heard for miles. The grass on these high lands was green and plentiful, and timber was in abundance. It took me eight days to cross this region, but one evening, when the sun was yet one hour high, and the soft warm wind was gently blowing from the south, I came to a beautiful yet leafless grove of cottonwood and myrtle trees; from near one edge of this grove clear, spring water ran, where I resolved at once to camp and rest until the morning of the next day. The view from this spot eastward was beautiful indeed. The broad valley of the Mississippi appeared in outline, and I imagined I could see just where the great river lay, and a faint outline of the mountains beyond. While musing on these scenes, and trying to imagine the busy life connected with them, I seemed to hear the softest, sweetest music imaginable. When I stirred, or when my attention was attracted to other things, it would cease, to begin again when all was still. My thoughts then reverted to the condition of my life during the past four years: Surrounded, as I had been, by savage and semi-savage people, where ignorance of the beauties of life was the prevailing condition, yet in all this I could not say but the invisible ones had played an important part in my behalf. I remembered the times I had been led in these years from one condition to another, and the results of my compliance with the requirements of the spirits. While thus musing I fell asleep. How long I slept I do not know, but was awakened by some one touching me. It was Minnie. I arose hastily, with a glad greeting on my lips, but she disappeared from my view. I was sorely grieved at this, and lay down for some time in a state bordering on despair. At length I became calm again, and was about to fall asleep when I heard "Cuff's" voice, saying:

"Boy, you too much haste, you spoil him all!"

I then resolved to be calm should Minnie ever come again, and was once more about to fall asleep when she reappeared, saying joyfully:

"Jackson, my dear Jackson, I am so happy to see you again; happy to find you so far on the road home. I know the perils you have passed through. I know them now, but I did not know them fully at home, nor until I came within your conditions. All the past concerning your life is clear to me now; but your future is but dimly shown."

She then spoke of many other things concerning our past and future—praising me for my noble conduct, as she was pleased to call it, on many occasions, and congratulating me on my escape from danger. I then questioned her as to the musical sounds I had heard the evening before, when she said:

"Dearest, that was the music of civilization! Vibrations proceed from the minds and souls of a progressive people—musical pulsations come from the great heart of humanity! You, having been outside of, or away from the divine influence of civilization so long, are dwarfed and starved for that soul-nourishment this condition gives, and being alone for the last month or more, without seeing a human face, you naturally gravitated to the receptive plane. The soft evening air and the

grand scenery that lay before you, aroused your latent love for justice and harmony. Through your past sufferings and hungerings you became responsive to the onward heartbeats of progression."

The time came all too quickly that Minnie must return to her home at home. Taking me by the hand, she said:

"Jackson, I have learned many things of late. I used to wonder why I could not take you with me when I made such visits as this. Now I know why; nor would it be best if I should. Use the same care, dear, for the remainder of your journey that you have thus far, and you will arrive—I am sure you will—in time for our appointed wedding-day."

Then she gradually faded from my view—the hand I held in mine being the last to disappear.

CHAPTER XV.

Anticipation.

My course from this place still lay eastward, down the "Mu-ah-lush" valley, crossing streams and mountain spurs, winding around buttes, with no guiding object save that ever-prompting influence that impelled me to leave "Shaking Ground's" camp to face the perils of a thousand miles' journey in winter, over mountains of snow and rivers of overflowing waters, to reach the home of my childhood and the idol of my heart.

Alighting one evening, five days' travel from the place of Minnie's last visit, to pitch my camp for the night, I discovered where a fire had been kindled not more than three or four months before. On looking further I observed axe-marks, evidently the work of white people, cutting timber to build their fire. No one, unless he has been similarly situated, can imagine the feelings of pleasure I experienced at seeing these evidences that I was again in the confines of civilization!

Low rumbling thunder was all at once heard in a southern direction; nearer and still nearer it came; louder were its peals; soon the wind began to blow furiously and the big rain-drops to fall, when "Aloe" and his mate came galloping to my fire. I seized them by their halters to hold them, for fear they would allow themselves to be driven away from me before the wind. Just then I saw the form of "Cuff" pass by. He said, pointing in the direction of a huge rock about one hundred yards distant: "Boy, hide behind dat."

Although the darkness was intense, yet, by the frequent flashes of lightning, I soon found my way there, and with my mustangs took shelter behind its perpendicular wall. No sooner had I done so than a terrific peal of thunder came, and the lightning struck the ground, tearing it up all around and through my tent—sufficiently to have caused instant death had we remained. The wind increased to a tornado, leveling to the ground every tree in the grove, covering my camp with fallen timbers; but behind this rock my mustangs and myself were safe. Here we were compelled to remain in the drenching rain until the morning.

With daylight came broken clouds with rifts of sky; soon the clouds cleared away, and the sun arose in beauteous splendor, kissing the earth with his warm rays as if trying to make amends for the damage the storm had done. After one hour's search and labor among the debris of the storm, I succeeded in finding all my camp-equipment, and one more day's travel brought me to a beautiful valley through which the "Mu-ah-lush" ran. Here I halted on the bank of the stream, rolled up in my robes, and slept soundly until morning. On awakening, the gray dawn was streaking the eastern sky, and Venus, the star of morning, was shining in all her attractive beauty; just then a meadow lark's song was heard floating from the top of a neighboring tree. "But listen! From the distance down the valley came the tinkling of the cow-bell. I ate a hasty meal; saddled "Aloe," and started on my journey; anxious to see the white man's herds again; but they were on the opposite side the stream, and I could only pass them by. All the day long I saw fresh signs where the herds had been. At length the sun sank behind the western hills; darkness was drawing near; I heard the report of a gun in the distance, then the barking of a dog, and the well-known lowing of the ox! Then I came to a place of land enclosed with a "Virginia" fence—there a large shed, under which were several tons of hay, finally to a log-cabin in which white people lived. On coming in front of the cabin, the door being open, I saw the identical fire in the huge fire-place which I had seen in my several visions ere I had left "Shaking Ground's" Camp!

A man came to the door, in answer to my call, and spoke in some tongue I did not understand, of which fact I at once informed him in English. He then asked:

"Who are you?"
 "My name is Jackson Draper; I am just in from the Comanche nation, on my way to Kentucky. I believe I will camp here, if I can find a suitable place."
 "Are you a white man?"
 "Yes, though I wear an Indian dress, I am a white man."
 "Then you will just come into the house. Mother and Liz and the boys will be glad to see you."

I at once alighted. By this time the mother and girl had come to the door, bringing a bright lantern the better to view their unexpected visitor.

When the mother had been informed (in reply to her queries) by her husband that I was a stranger, a former prisoner among the Comanches, etc., she turned to her daughter and said: "This must be the young man you have dreamed about lately"—alluding to the fact, as I subsequently learned from the girl herself, that she had seen me in spirit in visions several times before my coming in material shape; on these occasions the details of my Indian dress were so vividly presented that she recognized me at once.

Supper was served me with a bountiful hand, after which we all repaired to a larger room in the cabin, which was used as a parlor, sitting-room and bed-room, all in one. Seated around the fire, I was urged by the mother—who seemed to be the presiding genius of the household—to remain at their home during the winter; but I declined, stating my four years of exile and my anxiety to know concerning my relatives and friends.

Mr. Moore and the boys, of whom there were three, now became curious to know something definite of wild Indian life. I gave them a general description of my experiences for the last four years, to which all listened with much seeming interest.

I learned from the party that Little Rock, Ark., (where some of the family went every month,) was ninety miles distant from the home to which I had been so mysteriously guided. I also had a brief but interesting conversation with the young lady, in the course of which she practically admitted her power of "second sight," or clairvoyance.

I rested well in the open air under the hayshed until morning; breakfast was called at daylight, and when I was ready to mount "Aloe" to resume my journey, Mrs. Moore gave me some supplies for a "noon lunch," assuring me that the good people of the country would gladly see to my later wants in this direction. Bidding them all "good-by," I was once more on my journey home.

My course was still eastward over a rolling prairie country and down the valley of the "Mu-ah-lush," but called by the white people here the "Arkansas." I traveled all day without seeing the habitation of man, but just at sunset I came to another log-cabin, the owner of which was also a stock-raiser on a large scale. Here I put up for the night, and when the good people learned of my stirring experiences, I was called to recount them till nearly midnight.

By sunrise next morning I was again in the saddle, wending my way toward Little Rock. My path lay over a similar country to that of the day previous; many herds were on the hills, and during the day I passed many habitations of man. Night coming on, I again sought shelter at the log-cabin of a settler.

With the new day I was up and on my way, still passing over hills and valleys and by herds of stock, and more farms of extended cultivation, with orchards of fruit-bearing trees, some fruit still lying on the ground, of which I delighted and partook, the first I had tasted for over four years. I also came to where bridges spanned the streams, and the roads were kept in good repair; but darkness at length closed the scenes of the day, and I sought a resting-place for the night—this time at a stately farm-house, where the utmost hospitality was extended.

I learned from the owner of this mansion that it was yet ten miles to Little Rock; that the steamer *Sky Rocket* was to leave there in a short time for the New Orleans market, loaded with bacon, corn and tobacco; that his wagons were now loaded with such freight, to start at daylight next morning, as a part of her cargo.

On learning this, I was anxious to reach Little Rock at an early hour next day, that I might have more time to dispose of one of my mustangs to raise a little money to enable me to buy some clothing in harmony with the customs of a civilized people, also to pay my fare on the *Sky Rocket* to Napoleon, at the mouth of the Arkansas, and as much further as boats might go in the direction of my home; consequently, at the dawning of the day (the fourth after leaving Mr. George Moore's house), I was again on my journey homeward, passing through a rich farming country. I reached Little Rock at 10 A. M., engaged an open lot on which my mustangs could graze and at the same time be in plain view of the passers-by, went to the hotel, and prepared a notice to the effect that I would offer for sale at public auction on the morrow a fine brown mustang pony, four years old—recently owned by a chief of the Comanche nation; also one well-dressed buffalo robe (large size), and one grizzly bear-skin; the sale being for the purpose of raising funds to take me to my home in Kentucky, from which I had been absent the past four years.

When the people at the hotel saw me writing, they seemed surprised that an Indian could write, for no one there thought me to be white; but when they read the notice they seemed more surprised than before, and began to ask questions concerning my past history—all which I answered seemingly to their satisfaction. Then the hotel-keeper bade me welcome to his house, and people began to look at the mustang, the robe and bear-skin, so that when the next day arrived there were several hundred people gathered to witness the sale, or perchance to buy the property. The Sheriff of the County kindly offered his services as auctioneer, and the sale began; the usual formalities of a public auction were well conducted, and after a test of the good points of the animal, as to gentleness and speed, he was sold—to be the pet of the local blacksmith's daughter—at one hundred and twenty-five dollars. The robe and bear-skin were then disposed of—the robe bringing ten and the other five dollars.

With the funds thus secured I procured clothing fitted to my present state of life. The one robe, the bow and quiver, "Aloe" and his saddle and bridle, I kept for future use, and as reminders of a wild country and of a wilder people—yet a people, in whose bosoms there dwelt, in circumstantial bonds, the latent fires of human love.

By this time the day was far spent, and the *Sky Rocket* was ringing her bell, as a warning to the people to board her. I had just time to

to the people that she would soon leave the landing. I bade good-by to my new-found friends, started with "Aloe" on board the boat, and was soon steaming down the river.

We reached Napoleon at ten next morning, where I went on shore to await the coming of an up river boat; at about one o'clock on the same day the *Reflector* hove in sight, bound for Louisville. The dockman hailed her; she took "Aloe" and myself on board, to be landed at Cairo at the mouth of the Ohio. On account of ice floating down from the rivers of the north, we were nearly four days in reaching that place—sighting Cairo at daylight on the morning of the fourth day. I persuaded the captain to leave us at Belmont Landing opposite, on the Kentucky shore; here I engaged breakfast, and turned "Aloe" in to graze on a lot of Kentucky "bluegrass," which he ate with great relish.

While at breakfast, I noticed that the landlady, Mrs. Kennedy, a light blonde, and of delicate frame, who presided at the table, was doing her work imperfectly, as though she were half asleep; her husband observed it, too, and asked:

"What is it, Gracia?"
 She hesitated at first, but being pressed for an answer, she presented a true outline of my past life from the time Minnie gave me the robe and the kiss at her father's gate up to the present moment. This was too much for my long pent emotions; I gave way to tears, after which I ventured to ask: "What month is this? and what day of the month?" They both seemed a little surprised at my questions, but answered: "December—the 18th day."
 "How far is it to Bakersfield?"
 "Forty miles."

Mrs. Kennedy then said:
 "I see a fair young woman—a woman yet of this life—holding out both hands to you." She then described Minnie, and added: "My young friend, are you not to be married to-day?"
 I confessed it might be so, but that I did not know.

"Well," she replied, "it looks that way to me. I wish you joy."

CHAPTER XVI.

FRUITFUL.

Breakfast being over, I mounted "Aloe" and started for Bakersfield—forty miles distant, and five miles further on to Minnie's home. It was then eight o'clock in the morning, but on account of the slightly frozen roads, it would take me until eight in the evening to reach my destination. How should I find conditions there? Were Minnie's visits in spirit only dreams of hope, never to be realized? Yet this was the 18th day of December—the day she had set as our wedding day, and in all probability I should reach there in time. Should I realize the fullness of these many promises? While thus reflecting I received audible signal raps from my unseen helpers, assuring me that success awaited me; and with these came calmness of soul for the remainder of the day. I continued my course—letting "Aloe" graze at noon—but took little note of things I passed; my whole aim was to keep moving steadily along. Ere I was aware the sun was almost down; the trees were casting their shadows far up the hill and across the valleys; visitors from Bakersfield to the country were swiftly passing me in their carriages on their return; yet I dare not urge "Aloe" faster, lest he tire on the way. Soon darkness set in; but Bakersfield was reached. By the light from the windows I could see my way through the streets. I had yet five miles to go. Soon the darkness gave way to the bright beams of the moon. A warm south wind kept the roads from freezing as soon as the sun went down. This was to "Aloe's" advantage—he jogged along seemingly as easily as he did in the early part of the day. Soon I came to the edge of the well-known Highland Farm, and entered the long lane that passed down by the barn and house. The lights began to appear from the upper windows of the dwelling; but why this nervous trembling? this heavy beating of the heart? this weakness of frame? Should I halt now and turn back, lest I go on and find all was lost? "No! I will brave it through," I thought, "and learn my fate, either for weal or woe." I soon reached the barn; the black boys were there caring for the horses. Sam raised his lantern and peered into my face:

"Is dat you, Massa Jackson?"
 "Yes, Sam, it is me; but quiet."
 "Miss Minnie bin lookin' for you all de day; she tell ole missis you come ter-day. But when you no come, she cry a heap; den she larf an' say she knows you come for supper. An' here you is! Massa Jackson you has come, haint you?"

"Yes, Sam, I am here. Now, put my horse away, while I go into your room and dress before going into the house."

But Sam gave him to another, then assisted me to take off my overcoat and unroll my heavy robe to be hung on a beam to dry; but when the gray-haired slave saw the unusual sight, he exclaimed: "De debil hab got he hide tanned, an' dis am hit, shuah!"

I soon prepared myself to enter the house, and started in that direction, cautioning the blacks to keep silence. The barn was about one hundred yards from the house, and I could plainly see a number of people there. I had crossed the lane and proceeded but a few rods down the walk, when I saw a female approaching; when she saw me she halted, then turned slowly back. I called just loud enough for her to hear: "Minnie!" She came to meet me—then hesitated—then rushed forward with extended arms, and fell on my breast, saying:

"You have come at last! I knew you would come. Yes, Jackson, I knew you would be here in time."

She took my arm; and we started toward the house; she did not seem to be in a hurry to reach the door, but moved slowly under the boughs of the Lindens and Magnolias, asking many questions: "How did you get away? When did you leave the Indians? Did you cross those high, snowy mountains?"

"Yes, Minnie; do you not remember what you told me in regard to a knowledge of my past, at your last visit in spirit, when you explained the cause of those musical sounds in the air?"

"Oh, yes; I do remember now; and you passed through it all to come home to me and to your native home—didn't you, Jackson?"

By this time we had reached the door, where we were met by friends, and I was introduced to strangers whom Minnie had invited to the wedding supper.

I then withdrew to an apartment where Sam assisted me in preparing for the wedding. Minnie was arrayed for the occasion by her sister, and when she came forth as a bride, her dress and ornaments were identical with those she had worn—apparently—on the occasion of her first astral (or spirit) visit to me. I arose

at her approach. She offered to kiss me, saying:

"This will be the last lover's kiss."
 But she kissed me not—while I perceived the tears coursing down her cheeks. Finally she said:

"The very thought that our day-dream of love might ever wane in the least gives me pain at the heart."

"Do not in the least entertain such notions, dear. Is not an eternal life before us in which, as in the past, we may cultivate the sweet and tender plant of love which shall bring us joy forever?"

"That is true, Jackson; but you will forgive my weakness. It did seem for a moment I had reached the climax of joy—and I feared the calm that should follow."

She then gave me the offered kiss, saying: "Then take this as the beginning of new joys." She took my arm and we walked into the front parlor, where the minister soon gave the State's sanction to our already perfected union.

While the marriage was going on, to the material eye none but mortals were visible; but there was a spiritual gathering "over head," in which one stood, in appearance, like a priest, who waved his blessings over Minnie and myself, saying:

"True marriages of earth are recorded in heaven." Then he pointed with his left hand far away beyond the sky, where flowery fields of Eden seemed to open to our view. Many people were there; many cities, towns and villages; many beautiful groves, with crystal fountains and streams of living water; many birds of bright plumage and sweet song; while in the zenith over head a golden sun lit up the depths of space with a bright, mellow light. Minnie saw these things as well as I—for this was the culminating point of our perfect union.

Congratulations of friends followed; nor were the congratulations confined to the mortal side of life: Many of the Indian "shades" and many of the departed friends of both families were there—"Cull" seeming overjoyed, as though this event was the result of his own efforts.

The wave of being rolls on. We have traced in this instance its course from the ripple of childhood to the deepening current of youth, till it now sweeps forward into outbreddening—and perchance more pacific—manhood. Nature throughout her vast domain moves not with even pace—the waves of the sea, one following another, are not identical in height or volume; to-day we rise, to-morrow sink so low—yet we do not sink after all—but, as the rising tide, universal individual humanity moves onward and upward, too!

Earth and time place upon us one and all imperative duties which must be rightly discharged to fit the spirit—oft through danger and sorrow and tribulation—for its home in the sky. When the stern lesson of trial has been learned, and the fierce excitement aroused by continued effort to attain that which the soul holds most dear, seems to fall away and give place to negative quietude, the "calm" that follows on such occasions is but the spirit's resting-time—the day of the soul's recuperation. As sleep is to the weary body, so is this "calm" to the souls of men. In sleep, the body gains strength for the toils of the coming day—so from these "calms" the spirit awakes with renewed strength to meet the demands of a wider development.

New Publications.

CASSADAGA: ITS HISTORY AND TEACHINGS; With Histories of Spiritualist Camp-Meetings and Biographies of Cassadaga Pioneers and Others. Edited and compiled by H. D. Barrett and A. W. McCoy. Illustrated. 8vo, cloth, pp. 248. Meadville, Pa.: Gazette Printing Company.

This volume is of historic value, in that it gives the leading points of interest relating to the rise, growth and influence of fifteen Spiritualist Camp-Meetings in the United States, and the grove-meetings that preceded them. Of the camp-meetings, the first was held in Pierpont Grove, Malden, Mass., in 1866, Dr. H. B. Storer being for two years its presiding officer. Next came the camp at Harwich, Mass., 1867, of which Henry C. Wright was one of its earliest Presidents, since whom Dr. Storer has held that office about one-half the time, his present engagement at Onset in the same capacity preventing him from continuing to do so.

Mr. McCoy gives a very full history of Cassadaga, which, we are told, owes its origin indirectly to a spiritualistic movement in the town of Pomfret, Chautauque County, forty years ago; that taking its rise from discussions caused by a course of lectures on Mesmerism—or what its early opponents now accept under the name of Hypnotism—in the winter of 1844-5 by Dr. Moran of Vermont. Want of space prevents us from giving even the leading incidents of the author's narrative, which is very full in its details, and of much interest. Several fine photo-illustrations are given, including a full-page one presenting in a group excellent portraits of the eight Trustees. Biographical sketches of sixty pioneers in the work, mediums, lecturers, and others, with portraits, and other matters of interest, contribute to render this a volume that will deeply interest all Spiritualists, and all who would be informed of the remarkable growth and present status of Modern Spiritualism.

THE RECTOR OF ST. LUKE'S. A Novel. By Marie Bernhardt. Translated by Elsie L. Lathrop. With Photogravure Illustrations. 12mo, cloth, pp. 345. New York: Worthington Co., 747 Broadway.

The opening chapters give one the impression that this is nothing more than a society book, an ephemeral production for the passing hour, but as the reader proceeds he soon realizes that he will be amply repaid in following it to its close. The story of the prisoner alone is a book in itself, while the fine, mainly character of the young clergyman inspires one to imitate his many good deeds. The artist, Karl Delmont, is a character full of interest and gives emphasis to the tone of the story, which is finely worked up and displays an original power of construction.

ORIGIN, PURPOSE AND DESTINY OF MAN, or, Philosophy of the Three Ethers. By William Thornton. 16mo, cloth, pp. 100. Boston: The Author.

The author will be remembered as having published a book in 1885 entitled, "Rationalism in Medicine." The favor with which that work was received by medical authorities has led to the publication of this, which is an elaboration of a theory of which the previous was simply a summary, the aim of the writing being to prove to the satisfaction of his readers that a science of medicine can be founded with mathematical precision. He upholds the germ theory of disease to be untenable, rejects that of transmission, and closes with an argument for immortality.

THAT UNCOMFORTABLE SHOE. By Avar J. Moore. 12mo, paper, pp. 138. New York: M. T. Richardson.

The author, a practical shoemaker, describes the imperfections in construction that cause the discomforts of foot-gear, especially of "breaking in" new shoes, and gives suggestions that, if followed, will insure ease and comfort.

COURT BONDS, and Other Stories. By J. T. Trowbridge. 12mo, paper, pp. 411. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A new, low-priced edition of the most popular of the author's works, supplemented by nine stories that will pleasantly occupy the vacationist's leisure hours. The volume is the eleventh of the "entertaining publishers' Good Company Series."

Slack-Headache? BREXHAM'S PILLS will relieve.

Banner Correspondence.

California.

LOS ANGELES.—"Aunt Fanny" writes: "Having noticed lately in the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT some discussion upon the merits of prophecy, I desire to add a few words in favor of prophetic inspiration."

For the last forty years I have been known as a Modern Spiritualist, and from my first experience, following on in the same channel of thought, my mind has been wrought up to the point of giving testimony in favor of the predictions of past generations of mind, and also of forecasting future events.

Unlike Prof. B. I have no claim to scientific knowledge to assist in any conclusion of fact touching the scenes presented for my judgment to rest upon. I simply see the portrayal of certain phenomena, the same as we see things in our dreams. I seem to be in the very midst of this active life, and the conviction comes with the presentation that these scenes will become living realities in the near future. The exact months and years in which these scenes will be enacted are not given me to know; but daily and hourly we are forced to acknowledge the verification of both ancient and modern predictions of coming events.

I think it was about two years previous to the great Chicago fire that quite an excitement was raised in that city in regard to waiting sounds of bells and anguish, which were nightly heard with startling effect for some two or three weeks in the vicinity of the court-house. The phenomenon was thoroughly investigated in its external aspect, but no clue was obtained to the why and the wherefore of those sounds. One of the papers, in commenting upon the incident, suggested that the Spiritualists make an effort to solve the mystery. When I read the suggestion, I took my pen in hand, and the following prediction is what came of it:

"I come to render to the people of Chicago, and all others whom it may concern, a candid and truthful solution of the mysterious walling which have lately been heard within the area of the court-house, arresting the attention and startling the minds of witnesses with intense curiosity, coupled with a goodly amount of superstitious fear touching this peculiar phenomenon, which has thus far proved itself entirely unsolvable as a commonplace occurrence. We have come to assure our brethren in the flesh that they are not, as many have supposed, made by ghosts of individuals who have taken an ignominious flight from this to the other side of life from your courts of justice, come back through a feeling of revenge to annoy and disturb the peace of the community; but are given as notes of warning to mankind everywhere, that afflictions dire and calamitous are about to fall with crushing weight upon the most sacred interests of human life."

"We have come to assure you that elemental strife, both in the physical and the mental atmosphere, is even now preparing to open all its portals of action to the most unbridled license and tempestuous fury of its power, in fires, floods, droughts, earthquakes, famine, pestilence and war, and afflictions of every name with all their attendant horrors. These are the voices of the seven thunders (spoken of by the prophets) unsealing the fountains of the great deep in these latter days, in the 'valley and shadow of death' which is now opening. Very soon mothers will be heard weeping for their children because they are not. Wailing cries of distress and sorrow will come rolling in upon every hand, exciting the love and the sympathies of the more favored of earth's children in behalf of the heartrending anguish of the afflicted ones, with death and destruction scattered broadcast in their pathway, in every land and every clime."

"These troublous times will continue to increase in volume and intensity of action until the human soul will be led to cry out in all its bitterness of anguish, 'Except these days be shortened, no flesh can be saved.'"

"This desolating scene of affliction which hangs with such fearful import over the destinies of nations will, in its practical application upon human interests, serve as a crucible of fire, purging all the dross and impurities from the life of manhood, leaving only pure and solid principles of action to build up a kingdom of righteousness in the earth which shall transport the family of man from the old to the new Jerusalem dispensation in the administration of human affairs."

"When the character of manhood becomes purified through this fiery influence of suffering, mankind will learn to deal justly, and to love mercy, bestowing equal rights in social life upon all the people in a government of the people, for the people and by the people. Then God will be honored in the completion of his work upon the shores of time, and the resurrection will be had from the old world of sorrow, of suffering and tears, and the splendors of an eternal day will burst into view as the shadows disappear. (Signed) MANY VOICES FROM THE SPIRIT-LAND."

SUMMERLAND.—A. H. Nicholas writes: "Truths can never antagonize; facts can never be opposed to each other, however much they may appear to disagree. If we cannot reconcile truth with truth and fact with fact, it is no argument against the perfect friendliness of all truths and facts to each other; it simply shows us how limited are our powers of perception. Truths are stubborn facts, and facts are stubborn truths. Though men may lack wisdom in support of truth; though they may not fully understand it, it lives and grows and conquers the human soul at last and sets it free."

Theology has failed to save the race from unbelief, and it is left to Spiritualism to demonstrate immortality through the simplest facts. Man now desires knowledge instead of belief. Truth sweeps down the centuries, destroying things that cannot stand the test of its searching power. It plows deep the soil of superstitions and destroys the roots of error that have grown strong in beds of ignorance. But it builds as well as it destroys; and so, out of the walls it has torn down, erects fair temples of liberty."

The soundest argument will produce no conviction in the mind of him who has not the mental development to comprehend it; and you can comprehend only as you live in harmony with the highest truth you find. We accumulate soul-wealth by living the truth."

It is only when one is thoroughly true that there can be purity and freedom. He whom the truth makes free is redeemed from the tyranny of things, and enters like a prince into the possession of higher freedom, which is liberty to serve and live a life of truth in obedience to one's highest convictions of right and duty. And we are called upon to-day to live the highest and purest truth in every act."

Many cry for truth, but reject it when presented. It is too blinding for the soul, perhaps. It is not necessary to startle and astonish with truth; genuine is a simple and convincing truth. Truth knows no favorites; bows to no individual shrine; neither can it be mocked or set aside with impunity. Opposition only causes it to shine with a clearer, brighter, steadier light."

It is a matter of importance what relation you sustain toward the truth, whether it be valuable to you or not. Those who under trials are faithful to the truth that is within them are souls that are blessed of heaven; for they who feel a truth so strongly that neither temptation nor heart's carnal change can link with the "conscience of all truth" and demonstrate their relationship to the divine."

Oklahoma Territory.

GUTHRIE.—Mrs. G. W. Townsend, Secretary, writes: "The Spiritualists and Freethinkers of this city having organized a Sunday School and Lyceum, solicit contributions of books, papers, in fact anything calculated to

advance the aims and purposes of a School and Lyceum of the kind. Our members are few in number, and peculiarly poor, but they have organized with a full determination to work faithfully for success, and build up a practical and useful religion in Guthrie; hence solicit aid and will thankfully receive all the assistance our brothers and sisters are disposed to grant us."

South Dakota.

ABERDEEN.—E. Bach writes: "Spiritualism has literally been the architect of its own fortune. It has propagated itself with very little assistance from any one; or, to say the most, what assistance it has had has come from the poor and lowly—from those who were not able to push it with anything beyond their personal exertion; that was all that class had to give. Every dollar received by its mediums has been more than repaid, even if it hardly gives them the bare necessities of life. Spiritualists papers have not had the support they are entitled to from the followers of the ism. Rich Spiritualists have not been liberal to any great extent, or not nearly to the same extent as rich men in the churches. The rich are timid; they have business interests, and Spiritualism does not bring popularity. Many wealthy Spiritualists keep the knowledge to themselves, and affiliate with some popular church, such as the Unitarian. The writer does not think he stands in the very 'upper crust' when he says that the rich are not the thinkers of the country. Their time is employed in other directions; besides, they have the means of hiring their thinking done."

All that our opponents seem to know of Spiritualism is its physical phenomena; and what little they know about that, as they think, they have picked up from hearsay, or from garbled and ignorant reports of alleged séances. That has been their measure of investigation, and on that foundation they call us 'frauds' and 'fools,' as well as credulous dupes. The assertion is, however, easier made than proven. The writer has had so many strong manifestations within his own family circle that he positively knows the reality of the physical phenomena; and yet as compared to what is beyond it in the science of Spiritualism, the most wonderful physical demonstration pales into the most insignificant nothingness. It is simply that announcement from the outside that it does not even deserve the name of 'prelude' when contrasted with the facts and beauties developed in Spiritualism on the higher plane."

Different opinions exist regarding the acceptance of challenges (public or otherwise), by mediums; but it seems to me that we, as Spiritualists, having hung out our sign, owe it to ourselves to prove the physical phenomena to be true, when their verity is denied by investigators or opponents. Thousands of slate-writing séances have been given, and the wonderful results obtained have been advertised far and wide. Thousands upon thousands of forms have been materialized; thousands have disappeared, and if we cannot show these things when challenged, it seems to me that thousands of Spiritualists have been duped, and if I have been, I want to know it. Spiritualistic mediums who profess to do these things owe it to themselves to demonstrate that they are true mediums; the burden of the proof lies with them. Let it be forthcoming."

What Spiritualists needs to-day more than anything else is to get within the ranks of people of intellect—positive people, people who have the courage, who have proven that they are worthy of followers; while there are many mediums whose shoe-laces common people are not worthy to undo, men and women who dwell very much above the average, men and women who are spiritualized in the full sense of the word, there are not near enough of these—not near enough intelligent, practical, progressive teachers and demonstrators among us. They have not been encouraged; there are also too many among the Spiritualists who are still in the orthodox churches—who accepted one ism, not because they had reasons to do so, but because of certain psychological impulses, and they have accepted their present ism for no better reason. We want to make converts among people who cannot be converted through that blood-pump, the heart; we want men and women among us who can only be reached through their well-developed senses—through the intellect—and when you convert these you will have no backsliders, you need not be ashamed of them, and they will bring the ism to the front."

I positively know that Spiritualism is a fact, and I have not found the information through the 'blood-pump,' but through laborious and intelligent investigation through a series of years under the best conditions. If every professional physical medium were proven false it would have no impression on what I know. It would simply prove that there are 'frauds,' but there it would end. My own knowledge is based on no short acquaintance, but on well-investigated facts, proven over and over."

Written for the Banner of Light.

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

BY MARY WOODWARD WEATHERS.

"Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?"
 Why should it seem exceeding strange,
 That spirits should have interchange;
 As well, when habited with grace,
 As when enwrapped in cloth and lace;
 As if the spirit could not know its own,
 What time itself becomes diviner grown.

Were it a lesser wonder how
 Soul can lift finer essence bow,
 And in the body take its rounds;
 Its minister there in prison bounds;
 So closely veiled, can have communion still
 With other souls, by force of Love's sweet will.

Then, should it soon or late far,
 Among the many mansions there,
 Where all are ministers: how plain,
 It should communicate again
 With other souls, as correlated heirs,
 And tenderly help them mount life's winding stairs.

The Italian government has at length become thoroughly alarmed at the wholesale emigration of its subjects to America, and will not, for the present, allow minors to leave the country except under certain stringent conditions.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures colds, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From his home in Roxbury, Mass., Aug. 15th, Mr. J. S. Bishop, in his 67th year.
 He was originally from Glasgow, Scotland, but has resided for several years in Boston. He was a good, upright man in all vocations of life; a devoted Spiritualist, doing all he could to further the cause he dearly loved.
 Most impressive funeral services were held by Miss L. Barnicot. His departure was left a sad void in the hearts of his relatives and friends.

From Portland, Ore., Thursday, July 24, 1891, Mrs. Phoebe Humphrey, aged 66 years 9 months and 11 days.
 Born in Elmira, N. Y.; afterward lived in Iowa, but the past eight years has lived in Oregon. After an illness of five weeks, crossed the "river" and entered the "other side" of life beyond. While sick she was shown her "spirit-home." She was a clairvoyant and trance medium.
 The funeral services were conducted by J. W. Miner, a trance medium (at the request of the departed sister). The address was considered grand and beautiful, even by non-believers. At the grave Mrs. Miner sang the beautiful song, "Tell Us, Oh Tell Us," Sister Humphrey leaves a daughter and son and grandson.

[Obituary Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously. When they exceed that number, twenty cents per line. Additional lines will be charged. Ten words on an average make a line. No poetry admitted under this heading.]

Oregon Camp-Meeting.

The Annual Camp Meeting of the Oregon State Spiritual Society will be held at the Grand Hotel, Portland, Ore., beginning Sept. 4th, 1891, and continuing ten days. Good speakers and mediums will be present.
 One and one-third fare on all the Southern Pacific Railroad lines in Oregon.
 Hotel accommodations for those not wishing to camp, at the Grand Hotel, Portland, Ore., will be \$1.00 per day. East Portland, Ore., Aug. 15th, 1891.

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Colby & Rich, Publishers and Bookkeepers, 9 Bowdoin Street, Boston, Mass., have for sale a complete assortment of Spiritualist, Reformer, and Miscellaneous Books, at Wholesale and Retail.

Terms Cash.—Orders for Books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by cash, or at least half cash, when the money forwarded is not sufficient to fill the order, the balance must be paid on delivery. Orders for Books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by cash, or at least half cash, when the money forwarded is not sufficient to fill the order, the balance must be paid on delivery. We would remind our patrons that they can remit us the fractional part of a dollar in postage stamps and two cents preferred.

All business operations looking to the sale of books on commission respectfully declined. Any Book published in England or America (not out of print) will be sent by mail or express.

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

In quoting from THE BANNER care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of independent thought, but we do not endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance. No notice will be taken of any letter or communication which does not come authenticated by the name and address of the writer.

Newspapers sent to this office containing matter for inspection, should be marked by a line drawn around the article or articles.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1891.

(Entered at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class Matter.)

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE, No. 9 Bowdoin Street, corner Province Street, (Lower Floor.)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS: THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY, 14 Franklin Street, Boston.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 69 and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

COLBY & RICH, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

ISAAC B. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER. LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR. JOHN W. DAY, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

All communications relative to literary or editorial matters must be addressed to the EDITOR. All business letters must be sent to ISAAC B. RICH.

Before the oncoming light of Truth, Creeds tremble, Ignorance dies, and the human family rises to its proper sphere of knowledge.—*Spirit John Pierpont.*

Subscription Terms for The Banner.

A Camp-Meeting Secretary writes under a recent date:

"Will you please state prominently your special rates for new subscribers for one year, six months, three months, or one month, that we may announce the same from the platform? We would like to see THE BANNER in as many new hands as possible."

Thanks, friend, for your good wishes. Our terms for subscription are as follows:

Per Year.....	\$2.50
Six Months.....	1.25
Three Months.....	.65
One Month.....	.25

Postage Free.

We earnestly hope for your cordial assistance—and that of the officers and friends at all these summer gatherings—in efforts to extend the circulation of THE BANNER.

Material and Spiritual.

There are two divisions of the life of the world in respect to religion—the material, which makes much of the merely ceremonial, and the purely spiritual. The one is satisfied to conform to external rights and observances, the other is wholly internal and searching, piercing to the very joints and marrow.

The Hebrews thought, in the days of Isaiah, that if they could but have a beautiful temple, could join land to land, field to field, estate to estate, possess enough riches and material prosperity, and form satisfactory alliances with neighboring nations, there would be success for them as a nation, a salvation that would be righteousness, holiness for all, and that the very bells on the horses would ring it out.

But on the other hand, they who worship holiness spiritually, apart from and in spite of any and all material conditions; who, though exposed to the great temptations of riches—standing on the apex of the pinnacle of worldly honor and glory where men have placed themselves to express their souls and stand in the strength which God supplies; or who, though stricken to the earth, surrounded by poverty, and the very outpouring of men in point of reputation, are alive like Paul because they have the life of God within them—these are the truly spiritual, regardless of all circumstances of material prosperity, finding the expression of their souls in the life of God, whence it springs, to whom it belongs, and whither it is going.

These two divisions in religious conception and life formed the theme of a deeply impressive discourse recently delivered by Rev. Mr. Fuller, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Malden, Mass., his immediate text being taken from Isaiah, the familiar one reciting the touching of the prophet's lips by one of the seraphim with a live coal from off the altar. In the case of the prophet, said the preacher, the fire of God has done its perfect work, and there stands before us the greatest of the Hebrew prophets; a creature of clay touched with the fire of God, and behold, one of the grandest figures on the page of history.

Isaiah is a sagacious politician; a profound statesman; a man bred in the city, always living in the capitol; of high social rank; having access and great influence at court, and great opportunities and power, so that he could address the King in every plain and direct language. And he is a man of great literary skill and training as well, as is apparent from his writings. His soul is so set on fire by God that his mental perceptions are all aglow, and he can see where other men are blind, hear where others are deaf, and respond where others are indifferent to the fundamental principles of eternal truth.

Fancy with me, said Rev. Mr. Fuller, eternal life as a choir. Moses taking hold of his segment of the circle, Isaiah taking hold of his, and so with every great spirit, every one taking hold of his own particular segment of the circle of everlasting truth; and you will get some conception of the opportunity that rests upon every human soul to declare itself. Isaiah thus was himself.

In the profusion of Israel's material pros-

perity, when there was a failure to distinguish between righteousness as it affects the soul and more ceremonial righteousness, the one burden of his message to his fellows as individuals and as a part of the state, speaking both as a preacher and a statesman, is holiness. To a large extent it had been with them ceremonial righteousness merely. The Jewish mind conceived that everything would go well if they conformed to the requirements of the state. Isaiah first gives us the embodiment of spirituality in concrete form, and establishes the fellowship of righteousness. In him we discover that larger, completer view of the oneness and the brotherhood of the human race. Up to his time there was the lurking feeling in all men that our brethren are foreigners, barbarians. It is a poison that pervades our present day civilization. It is a disease which refuses to recognize the brotherhood of man. Isaiah beholds the true vision of the oneness of the brotherhood of mankind, in which alone the human race is to accomplish all the grandeur for which it is called into being.

There is a moral necessity for this oneness. When the faces of the poor are being ground, then the kingdom of heaven is being thwarted. We are holding back the great chariot of the divine purpose, when one member of the human race is outraged, his rights withheld, or himself made a slave. Whenever we are oppressing the poor, adding field to field, estate to estate, piling up millions at the cost of the suffering of any brother, we are ignoring that fundamental principle of the spirituality, the brotherhood of the human race, and rolling back the onward movement of the coming of the great civilization, the divine citizenship, the coming of the kingdom of God. The highest achievement of human life is oneness with God himself. Even though the life be cut back, it is done by a pruning knife held by the loving hand of God. The branch is pruned because the great heart of God sees in the vine and in the branch greater possibilities. The pruning is in order that it may bring forth more fruit.

The State and the Sabbath.

Judge Hammond of the District Court of the United States has given his decision at Memphis, Tenn., in the case of Mr. R. M. King, the Seventh Day Adventist, who was convicted a year ago of breaking the Sabbath by plowing on Sunday. The State Supreme Court affirmed the sentence on appeal, and the case was then taken up by the Adventists and carried before the Federal Court on a writ of *habeas corpus*. The contention was that the conviction of Mr. King on a charge of that character was contrary to the bill of rights of Tennessee and the Constitution of the United States, and that the sheriff held the prisoner in his custody without due process of law.

The application was argued several months ago, and it has been held under advisement ever since. The decision of Judge Hammond is that the defendant be remanded to the custody of the sheriff, to pay the fine imposed or to serve the time fixed for imprisonment instead. It harmonizes with other decisions of United States courts, that amendments to the Constitution bind Congress alone, and not State legislatures; and as Sunday laws are simply religious legislation, and sustained on that ground alone, the present decision is based upon the fact that King was convicted under the laws of Tennessee, and therefore the Federal Court cannot interfere to review the case. Judge Hammond observes that it is not essential that the violation of a Sunday observance law shall be immoral to make it criminally illegal.

It may, he adds, even be harmless in itself to work on Sunday, as the prisoner believes it, because God has not set apart that day for rest and holiness; yet if man has set it apart in due form by his law for rest, it must be obeyed as man's law if not as God's law. So that any legislature can establish religious holidays, and enforce their observance, and the United States courts can afford no redress.

This ruling of the judge foreshadows a singular condition of affairs in the United States, if it is to be maintained as a precedent hereafter. If, indeed—as under this decision—the national guaranty of religious freedom for the citizen has no binding power on the States, the matter should be fully understood by the people of the country. The case should be carried higher.

"The Religion of Man."

We shall print next week a *verbatim* report—prepared expressly for THE BANNER's columns—of a discourse titled as above, which was delivered Aug. 8th at the Cassadaga Lake (N. Y.) Camp-Meeting Ground, by **Hudson Tuttle, Esq.**, of Berlin Heights, O.

Through toil—and strife, if need be—this nation of ours is to be led on and up to the triumph of a purer and better condition. The Spirit of Justice is not dead. A more equitable distribution of the products of industry will be the rule. The fraternal spirit yet will supplant the competitive. A more perfect government will embody the spiritual evolution of the masses of the people. The new heaven on earth will be the reign of harmony and peace.

Among the communications that appeared in the Message Department of THE BANNER, June 13th, was one from a spirit who said she once resided in London, in which city her relatives and friends now reside, with some of whom she expressed a desire to communicate. At the request of Chas. Gray, of Birmingham, the communication is reprinted in the *Medium and Daybreak* of July 31st, with the hope that it will lead to a recognition of the spirit, who gives her name as **MARY ELIZABETH DAVIS**. We trust that the purpose of its republication may be attained.

Mr. W. T. Tallman, the noted trance medium, who is residing at present at Lake Maranacook, Me., exhibited to us recently a new phase of his mediumship, no less than automatic writing, from the top of the page downward, continuing to the left until the spirit message was finished. By turning it round, we found a communication in a clear hand, the same as if it had been written from left to right in the usual way.

Interesting articles are those on our third page headed, "The Spirit-Machine of the American Psycho Society," and "Mind-Reading at Cassadaga."

Do not miss perusing each week the Message Department of THE BANNER on the sixth page. It is a valuable index to the great book of the life beyond.

The Veteran Spiritualists' Union.

This new organization is rapidly gaining adherents and friends. This is encouraging. We have been made a life member, and shall add the Union all we can, as we feel it will do much toward assisting not only unfortunate Spiritualists in need, but will also be a blessing to the Cause. Already one modest individual, who declines to allow us to use his name, has paid over to the treasurer one hundred dollars, to be used for the special relief of a worthy veteran Spiritualist in need. Thus the good practical work is going on. At the present time the Union has one hundred and seventy members. Life membership is put at twenty-five dollars, and yearly membership costs one dollar. Let us enroll your name in one class or the other, veterans, or as donors in this good work. Members of the Union who have not received their certificates of membership will please send their names and post-office address to the Treasurer, Moses T. Dole, care BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston.

"Starnos"

Is the title of a new work to be issued about September 1st from the press of Colby & Rich, Boston. Its contents comprise some two hundred pages devoted to pertinent and apposite selections (nearly one thousand) from the inspired writings of the spiritual seer, Andrew Jackson Davis. These have been personally collated and arranged in their present form by his wife, Della E. Davis, M. D.

The volume cannot fail of being of interest, for the pages of Mr. Davis's many books afford a rich field from which to cull rare blossoms of spiritual truth.

Now that THE BANNER is from week to week noting fully the doings at our SUMMER CAMP-MEETINGS, we ask the managers to frequently call attention to this paper—which has for so many years stood in the front of the battle against superstition and bigotry and error—to the end that its circulation be increased tenfold.

The Great Pressure exerted upon our columns by the current Camp-Meeting reports has necessitated the leaving out of a number of editorials and much other matter of interest which we had purposed giving our readers—but which must now be deferred till next week.

The recent work wrought by J. Frank Baxter, at Onset Bay Camp, as orator, platform test-medium, musician, etc., called out high encomiums alike from residents and visitors. Cassadaga is requested to make a note of this fact.

The readers of THE BANNER may look for some startling evidences of cures made by the newly-introduced mineral water, called WATER OF LIFE. Look out for a special column in our next issue.

"The Voices of the Stars!"

Zadkiel, the London astrologer, makes the following statements in the line of prophecy regarding August, '91:

- "Austria is under a cloud, and cannot hope to escape war, her emperor is in personal danger in the latter part of this month. Sedition is rampant in more than one European capital. Deaths by violence and murders will be very prevalent both in London and Paris. Mars speeding through the sign Leo excites the warlike spirit of the French, their president will find his position a thorny one, and will be in personal danger. News from America will tell of intense excitement there, and confusion in government circles; the tax-gatherer and the soldier will be to the fore."
- Raphael, an English astrologer, gives admonitory lines regarding the days of August, from which the following (remaining) dates are excerpted:
- "22. Avoid females; buy nothing."
- "23. Sunday—Court and marry, travel and visit thy friends."
- "24. An unfavorable day; be very careful."
- "25. Avoid the fair; sell; the day is evil."
- "26. Ask no favors especially before noon, and do not buy."
- "27. Sell before 4 P. M."
- "28. Court and marry between 11 A. M., and noon, then be careful."
- "29. Buy and negotiate thy business in P. M."
- "30. Sunday—travel and see thy friends; do not court."
- "31. A doubtful day; be very careful."

A Protest for Justice.—We are pleased to note that *The Sumnerland* (Cal.), of a recent date, contains a card signed by Mr. H. L. Williams, the founder of the settlement and proprietor of the newspaper, in which he emphatically denies that Albert Morton, its late editor, retired from his post because of ill-natural pressure brought to bear upon him (Williams), by the inhabitants of the village. Filled with righteous wrath Mr. Williams exclaims: "The statement is false from beginning to end."

"The facts in the case, (he continues), are that Dr. Morton came here for his health, and not to edit a paper. He resigned before he commenced, and many times during his editorship said he thought he would resign. Three or four weeks before the close of the second volume of the paper he resigned, to take effect at the end of the volume."

We are glad that Mr. Williams has taken this uncompromising way to set matters right before the people of America—for Mr. Morton is, as it were, the common property of both Atlantic and Pacific coast Spiritualists, and is known to be an honest, reliable and gifted man, and one immeasurably superior to those who, for reasons best known to themselves, are seeking, by various peculiar methods, to do him harm.

Mr. Colville's Work.

W. J. Colville addressed two large audiences on Sunday last at Corinthian Hall, 1624 Arch street, Philadelphia. A resort of his remarks will be presented next week. Mr. Colville is giving special lectures and answers to questions at the same place on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 3 and 8 P. M.

On Sunday next, Aug. 23d, he lectures again at 10:30 A. M. and 8 P. M. On Sunday, Aug. 30th, he resumes his work in Berkeley Hall, Boston. By request of many friends at Onset, he will revisit that camp Aug. 31st, and remain there till Sept. 4th, inclusive.

Alex. Keht, President National Indian Defense Association, Washington, D. C., issues a call to the members of that Association and to other friends of the Indians, to the effect that Dr. T. A. Bland has recently returned from an extended visit to the Sioux Indians: His report of his observations and experiences—including his arrest and expulsion from Rosebud Agency, at the request of the commanding officer at Fort Niborara—is very interesting and instructive, and it is thought its publication would be of much service to the cause of justice. There being no funds in the treasury of the Association to meet the expense of publishing this pamphlet, President Keht feels constrained to ask for subscriptions to it in advance. The pamphlet will be uniform in size and style with the last two issued by this Association, and the nominal price will be ten cents a copy. The publication of the pamphlet will depend upon the sufficiency of the subscriptions to meet the expense. Friends desiring to subscribe for it can address Dr. T. A. Bland, 1121 10th street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Spiritualists going to Paris—we are requested to say—will find pleasant, respectable and reasonable accommodations at the boarding-house of Madame Baulot, No. 3 Rue Berryer (Avenue Friedland). This lady speaks English, is a firm Spiritualist in belief, and enjoys the confidence of the friends of the faith in the French capital, being endorsed, we are informed, by P. G. Lemayrie, editor of the magazine *Revue Spirite*, and by the Spiritualist Society of which he is director.

Mr. Baxter at Onset.

On Friday P. M., Aug. 14th, Mr. J. Frank Baxter occupied the platform at Onset Bay, and addressed an unusually large week-day audience. He was introduced by Rev. Solon Lauer, acting chairman in Dr. H. B. Storer's absence, and sang "The Master's Gold Year," following it with a poem, "The Reformers." After an original composition, he sang "The Golden Age," and proceeded to his lecture, a synopsis of which is here given, taking as his theme, "Has Spiritualism Anything to Do with National Ethics?"

In view of the fact that we live beyond the grave, and have learned that our condition, happiness and growth in spirit-life depend largely upon our character, education and surroundings, Spiritualism certainly teaches a humanitarian course, reaches every department of life on earth and every reform. It not only produces ecclesiastical changes, but is destined to revolutionize political and national affairs.

The all of Spiritualism is not spirit communication or manifestation. Spiritualism has a deeper and grander meaning. It has revealed to Spiritualists a mighty work—thorough renovation of church, society and State. It has come to produce practical work against all things which fetter the mind and keep the world in darkness.

Spiritualism teaches that better than being a Jew, a Catholic, a Protestant, a Free-religionist or a Spiritualist, is being a true man or woman; and so, too, in the political arena, better than being a Democrat, a Republican, or one of any party, necessarily, is being a true man or woman in whatever position one feels to take.

Mr. Baxter then proceeded to show how the adage, like attracts like, has had exemplification through all history—how warlike and corrupt ages have been accompanied with warlike and corrupt spirit assistance or interference, drawing his illustrations freely from both sacred and profane history. He clearly demonstrated that as was the condition and advancement of a nation, so in great degree was the animus and disposition of the attracted spirits. Hence, logically, if followed, the better and better we condition the people, the better and better, naturally, will be the classes of spirits attracted to move among, influence and assist them.

He believed, and gave good reason and illustration, that the minds and actions of many of our best politicians, statesmen, leaders and thinkers were more often directed by spirit forces than people, or often those moved themselves were aware. In illustration he cited certain experiences and declarations because of them, of many of our public servants; Lincoln, Garrison, Sumner, Wilson, Phillips, Parker, Queen Victoria, Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi, the former Czar of Russia, and others. He alluded to the clergy as having been moved by spirit-power, and in many instances lifted from their pulpits to a broader platform, calling to mind the experiences of the Hulls, Strickland, Fishback, Taylor, Denton, Peebles, Pierpont, Putnam, Spear, Beals, Dean and others, they proclaiming the fact that they had learned that it was spirits at work—and others who while not yet able to acknowledge direct power of spirits, yet admitted some unaccountable force, as an Adler, Frothingham, Father Welsh and Father McGlynn.

From the experiences of these and others it was easy to argue that it is possible had not this latest revival in Spiritualism, called Modern Spiritualism, have been, human slavery might now be in existence in our country.

Spiritualism as to the creeds or theologies of Spiritualists—Spiritualism as a religion has nothing more to do with the State than should the church have, and that is nothing at all; but Spiritualism as a natural development, as a matter of phenomena, as a science, no nation can ignore or any church movement attack to injure. Remember Spiritualism is not man-made; theologies are. Spiritualism is beyond mortal control; theologies can be and are manipulated. How can man avoid the influx of thought which comes surprisingly over him at times suggesting a higher power than he himself possesses? He cannot. He can only wonder and await results. How can man prevent the coming, unlooked-for to him, of a spirit unconscious of it as he may be, until made aware by some sign or outpouring? It is impossible. Nations are but men. Then what nation is wise that turns itself against the inevitable powers that be? Nations, like men, must learn that there is a power unseen which exerts an influence upon them.

Mr. Baxter referred to the teachings from the inspired lips of a Swedenborg, a Davis, a Harris, a Colville, a Richmond, a Brigham, a Brittan, a Lillie and others, that there are legislative bodies in spirit-life as in earth-life, who have guided the "ship of state" safely through many conflicts and heated passions; and that grand principles have been projected and grander results have been secured, and yet greater issues are to be outwrought in the near future. Hence it is that spirits urge the need of an acquaintance with the controlling forces, for whether recognized or not, man is an instrument in the hands of powers unseen. The belief of Christendom is that God directs all by special enactments, and these often in answer to the prayers of an imploring people, as instanced particularly in outpourings of prayer on Fast and Thanksgiving days, or during a special week of united prayer at the beginning of the year. They ask God to direct the affairs of the nation, to lead the President and his officers to do right, etc., and say God will do as they sincerely implore; but it is more reasonable—at least, as reasonable—to ask wise and experienced spirits, like Washington, Lincoln, Garfield, Grant, Sumner, Paine, Jefferson and others—if they live. Christendom believes they do, and Spiritualists know it—to add us and our national cause, in which they still must be interested. He could easily believe in spirit interposition than that a personal God heard, directed and acted.

Men, we know, are not only subject to laws governing all matter and things, but they are likewise subject to influences special and direct from other minds, and are often made to perform acts, enact laws and espouse causes which they do not clearly understand the full meaning of at the time.

Here in illustration Mr. Baxter quoted effectively the words of Gladstone to Talmage in reference to how by circumstances and unaccountable influence he, in his old age, when he "ought to be resting," was led to espouse Ireland's cause, and also from the statements and concessions of explorer Henry M. Stanley, wherein he frequently admitted that a power higher than his own sustained him and his, and other intelligence than his own guided and guarded them; and he declared himself conscious that the issues of all his efforts were in other hands.

Empires, kingdoms or republics seldom recognize the need of reform in any department until the people make the demand. The Church never would have advanced from its past dogmas had not the people pressed her on; and the people themselves all acknowledge that they are subject to a power which crowds them forward. Everything must advance, or be ground to powder.

Spiritualism comes as a pilot to guide the Ship of State. We say it because it comes to guide and uplift individuals—and individuals make the nation. As was said of old, "Vox populi, Vox Dei!" so today we may with more propriety declare, that the voice of the people is the voice of the spirit-world.

Miss Jennie Leys was a visitor at THE BANNER editorial rooms the past week. She is rapidly regaining strength, and has evidently years of good work before her on the rostrum, which the various Spiritualist Societies all over the country will, we feel confident, see that she does. She can be addressed for engagements at 116 Walnut Avenue, Roxbury District, Boston, Mass. She speaks at Onset, Mass., Friday, Aug. 21st, and Sunday, 23d; and at Lake Pleasant, Mass., Sunday, Aug. 30th.

The health of A. E. Giles, Esq., of Hyde Park, Mass.—one of the veteran Spiritualists of New England—is, we are sorry to state, not of the best. He informed us, recently, that he was confident he should ere this have passed from the body had it not been for the skill and power of his attending physician—Andrew Jackson Davis.

Mrs. Gillette, now at Onset Bay, Mass., is acknowledged by all to be an excellent medium in the line of her special gifts.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

JONAH.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

[The Whale-Religion.]

But when, with his team sorely displeased, He tore and he whooped and he squeezed and he sneezed
Till he made the cetacean feel so diseased
He could no longer bear it and grin
The fish made a spout for the shore hereabout,
And he served on his tenant a writ of "get out,"
And landing him there did triumphantly shout:
"Eli, Jonah! old boy! you're not in it!"
—*Courier.*

The Gallic republic has two illustrious invalids within its borders just now. Gounod's health has become so badly shattered that his physicians have deemed him the sight of callers. The other distinguished sick man is De Lesseps, whose hold on life is regarded as very slight. He is eighty-seven, and lacks physical vitality to rally.

FORCE OF HABIT.—A lady who wished to weigh her baby, two months old, but who had no scales at hand suitable for the purpose, took the child to a neighboring butcher's shop. The butcher put the baby in his spring scale, looked at the dial and remarked: "With the bones and all, mum, it's fourteen pounds and a half. Shall I?" "How dare you make such a suggestion!" screamed the woman, as she snatched her baby and rushed out of the shop.—*Youth's Companion.*

An exchange is responsible for the statement that a publisher who "picked up the trade," on making up the forms for the first time, got a marriage and grocer's notice sandwiched so as to read: "John Smith and Miss Ida Quay were united in the holy bonds of sourkraut, which will be sold by the quart or barrel. Mr. Smith is an esteemed codfish at ten cents a pound."

Moncure D. Conway will, it is said, bring out before long a work on the life of Thomas Paine, in which new information will be set forth.

In Germany it is stated semi-officially that all European nations will combine against America commercially.

The inventor of the "Waterbury watch," William N. Weldon, passed to spirit-life recently from his home in New Bedford, Mass.

President Harrison has detailed Lieut. McCarty Little, one of the brightest officers in the navy, to go to Spain to superintend the construction of the *fac simile* that is to be made by the government of the *caravel Santa Maria*, in which Columbus sailed on the greatest voyage of the ages, for exhibition at the World's Fair. The caravel will make its first appearance in the grand naval review in New York harbor, where it will be saluted by the huge guns of the cruisers of the world's navies of to-day.

We are in receipt of two photographs of Solomon W. Jewett of San Francisco, Cal. Mr. Jewett, who has passed the eighty-third year-stone on the highway of his earth-life, has the appearance of being as hale, hearty and rugged as a young man of fifty.

Time pulls down Error but establishes Truth.—*Courier.*

Like the mosquito, the anonymous letter-writer is a perennial pest.

Lee & Shepard, of Boston, have in press a handsomely illustrated volume by the Rev. Louis Albert Banks. The book is a series of realistic studies of the Sweating, Tenement House, and kindred wrongs of the working people of our great cities. Dr. Banks's extensive personal investigations eminently qualify him for this task.

"We have no use for bear stories," said the editor. "Our readers demand something spicy." "Well," said the man with the manuscript, "this story is about a cinnamon bear."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

James Russell Lowell, poet, litterateur, ambassador and man of letters, passed to spirit-life from his home in Cambridge, Mass., soon after 2 o'clock on the morning of Aug. 12th.

Vacation sojourners are beginning to journey home again for rest and recuperation. There is no place where a man can get as much rest after all as in his own home.

A quarter of a million dropped, as the result of an architectural blunder in the construction of the World's Fair buildings, is hardly the method to further the great exposition, which is on a not altogether too strong financial basis already.—*Boston Evening Record.*

The Damon Safe Works, located on the West Boston Bridge, on the Cambridge side of the Charles River, also the Kendall Machine Works, near by, were destroyed by fire on the morning of the 18th inst.—loss \$350,000.

Orthologists tell us that when feeding the stride of the ostrich is from twenty to twenty-two inches; when walking, but not feeding, twenty six inches, and when trotting, from eleven and one-half to fourteen feet, or at the rate of about twenty five miles an hour.

The New York Sun calculates that the transformation of Trinity Church, Boston, into a cathedral would require an endowment of millions of dollars; but it allows that Bishop Brooks is a man who could probably get that sum together.

The churches, in their haste to convince, wait neither for calm reason nor clear sight, but build up a specious wall of fallacies, in the vain hope of strengthening a truth which needs no such support, and which is weakened by every such attempt. They frighten when they should convince, and then wonder why their cause does not make more headway.

The Parisian woman is plain, but there is a witchery about her that is captivating; an abandon, a chlo, a delicious fascination, that with her passionate eyes and inimitable taste in dress, make of her a creature to hold one's interest and admiration. So says an American visitor.

The Theosophist for July opens with a tribute in memoriam to Mme. Blavatsky from H. S. Olcott; an address read at the cremation of the body, and a résumé of incidents connected with her departure. "Theosophy in the West" is the subject of the Adyar Convention lecture by Bertram Keightley, printed in this number. Archibald Meston contributes a paper of great interest and historical value, entitled, "Religions and other Notes on Queensland Aborigines." Mr. Olcott prefixes an introductory note in which he says: "The awful tragedy of the merciless extermination of dark races by the conquering whites is being repeated in Australasia with the same concomitants of ferocity, selfishness and faithlessness, as darkened the history of Mexican and Peruvian conquest." Following Mr. Meston's article is one by W. O. Hodgkinson upon "Australasian Gophers," Madras, India. For sale by Colby & Rich, 9 Bowdoin street, Boston.

Domestic Happiness.

The secret of domestic happiness to a certain extent is the housewife's ability to place upon her table dishes which are so deliciously palatable as to call forth words of praise from her better-half. It has been said, and with truth, that in households where this sublime and much wished-for consummation has been reached, Baker's Flavored Extracts are always to be found; they are as necessary as the existence of true love.

John Slater, platform test-medium, called (with his agent) at THE BANNER office on Monday afternoon, 17th inst. Mr. Slater is at present making his home at the Lake Pleasant Camp ground. He reports everything to be successful there, and has found all he could do in the way of mediumistic labor since he established himself at the grounds.

E. W. Gould of St. Louis, Mo., called on us recently. He is making a tour of the camps—having already visited Minnetonka, Minn., Cassadaga, N. Y., and Lake Pleasant, Mass., on his way to Onset, where he is stopping at present.

"Union Villa," Onset Bay, Mass., kept by Mr. F. L. Union—who is well known to Boston Spiritualists—is a fine hostelry, and worthy the public patronage. Mr. Union proposes to enlarge his dining-hall next year.

No callers.
Aug. 22. 1w* P. TOMLINSON,
67 Revere street, Boston.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE. From a Chela's
Diary. By G. M., F. T. S.
Paper. Price 25 cents.

(Continued from sixth page.)

just what their situation is, or to help them in the way that we most desire; but sometimes we can come, and sometimes they are open for us to bring an influence that is useful and that does a helpful work for our friends on earth.

Another sends love. She does not feel equal to coming in this way. She has been gone to the spirit-world so long that it seems almost impossible for her to take hold of the material things and use them in communicating or in doing other work, but her affection always goes out to those whom she knew and loved on earth, and who are left to gain experiences on this side of the river of life.

R. D. Maynard.

I am permitted to step forward and to announce myself as an inhabitant of the spirit-world. It is indeed a vast country; and its area is large, and its people are many. If one who has passed through the experience of death can report what he is living and is very much the same man that he was before he went from earth to another world, one may believe that he is also living in a locality that is real and tangible to his senses, and that he has associations and employments there which will satisfy the demands of his nature.

I was an active business man on earth, Mr. Chairman. I lived over half a century of time, and perhaps reaped more experience in that number of years than some others do who live to be three-score-and-ten; and yet my experience was not very complete with that of many others who live a like number of years on this side, but I make no complaint. I used my energies in such ways as I could, and I feel that my discipline has been good for me.

I will not say I left a dear family on this side, for I hardly feel that I did leave my dear ones. As far as the body is concerned, I did; but as far as that goes to make up a man is concerned—intelligence, love, sympathy, active remembrance, and consciousness—I did not forsake them. Their interests and my interests, their happiness and mine, and I send out to them from my spirit-home my love and thought, hoping I shall be received, and that my dear ones will desire to come into close communication with me through such avenues as they may find by seeking, and surely I will do my part in bringing to them information and truth from the other world.

The closing years of my life, and many of them, were spent in Waltham, of this State, where I built up my business, which was that of a caterer, and where I formed many pleasant associations and friendly ties. I bring my greeting, not only of love to my family and circle of relatives, but to my friends everywhere. Tell them I am pleased with my spirit-life, and am most pleased to know that I shall meet them all when they, too, come to the spirit-world. R. D. Maynard.

Susan Place.

I would like to give just a few words to my friends in Cambridgeport and Boston. Tell them that Edward and I come to-day with loving thought and regard for each one, still cherishing in memory the kindly deeds which they performed for us in our closing days, and still holding in tender remembrance the loving service bestowed upon us by thoughtful friends.

You, friends, are bringing in these days your floral offerings, your tender tributes to the memory of your dear ones who have gone to the spirit-world. You decorate their graves with flowers, although you know the friends are not there; yet you think of the bodies you have loved which rest beneath the sod, and so you place your blossoms upon the lowly mound, with songs and beautiful words of tribute to the memory of your ardent friends. Why, then, should we not come back from the spirit-world bringing our lovely blossoms that do not fade to place upon the brows of our friends, bringing our magnetic forces in which to bathe their beings, that they may gather strength from our atmosphere, bringing our words of remembrance, appreciation and thanks for their kindness in times past? For as they give tribute to us in the spirit-life, so do we bring remembrance and tribute to the kind friends who are still walking the pathways of the mortal world.

Some of you, friends, are mediumistic; some of you are passing through strange experiences; you find the thorns piercing your feet and the way rugged. You have many cares, yet I also know you have some pleasures, some happy experiences, and some flowers blooming along your way that bring beauty and fragrance to your lives. I wish to say to you all that we of the spirit-world who care for you in your trials and your pleasures; we sympathize with you in all, and will do what we can to help you along the journey of life, to bless you with the sunshine of spiritual peace and love, and to make your passage into the higher life pleasant and sweet. Susan Place.

INDIVIDUAL SPIRIT MESSAGES

June 5—Oliver Field; Thomas Sherwin; Mary E. Hewins; William Brown; John Mann; John Spaulding; Mattie Roberts; May Flower; the Reddells; and for Mary Sawyer, Joseph Strong, Charles C. Dudley.

UNAWARES.

He leaned from out the dusty car,
And looked far up the village street,
Where great green boughs met overhead,
And all the air was soft and sweet.

He watched, half wistful, half amused,
The country traffic ebb and flow,
The farmers' wagons in the shade,
The village people come and go.

A little girl stood near the track,
With cheeks that matched her fresh pink gown;
She watched the train that blocked her way
With quick, impatient little frown.

He felt the charm of simple things,
The madcap of a drowsy day,
Then the bell rang, the whistle screamed,
And he was whirled upon his way.

He had no thought that summer noon
That this small village, fresh and green,
Would come to be his fairy land,
Where that young girl would reign, his queen!

Nor did she dream, while standing there,
Impatient of the slight delay,
This train was an enchanted coach
That bore her lover far away!

—Bestie Chandler, in Chatter.

THE ORIGINAL ORGANIZATION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
I note that in a recent BANNER Mr. J. J. Morse states his desire to hear from me relative to the first formation of the Theosophical Society.

I have recently been looking up the matter, and the results of my researches will be published in the next (August) number of the *Carrier-Dove* of San Francisco, in which journal I am now publishing a history of Theosophy so far as it has been connected with Spiritualism. My information has been gathered principally from articles in the Boston *Spiritual Scientist* in 1875, and from an account of the early history of the society by Col. Olcott, published in *The Theosophist*, November, 1890.

The narratives of Mr. Newton and Mrs. Britton refer to the same society—there was only one; and it is seen that the differences in the two consist mainly in the place of meeting of the infant society. My sources of information do not state the rooms at which the early meetings of the society were held; it was at Madame Blavatsky's rooms that the initial steps were taken for the formation of the society, and this occurred Sept. 7th, 1875. On Oct. 16th a meeting of the members was held to discuss the draft of the by-laws, and on Oct. 30th the by-laws were adopted and the society formally organized.

At an early date the Society selected Mott Memorial Hall for its meetings, and the President's inaugural address was delivered there Nov. 17th, 1875; but at what rooms it held its sessions from Sept. 7th to the time it went to this hall I am not informed. Probably some were held at Mr. Newton's and some at Mrs. Britton's parlors.

San Francisco, Cal.

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Miss A. Peabody,

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Mrs. Lizzie Kelley,

PSYCHOMETRIC, Business, Test and Trance Medium. Gives private sittings daily. Public circles every Sunday and Tuesday evening at 7:30, at her parlors, 322 Washington Street. Aug. 22.

Mrs. M. E. Johnson,

BUSINESS and Test Medium. Hours 10 A. M. to 9 P. M. 61 Circles Thursday and Sunday evenings, 8 o'clock. 41 Winter Street, Room 4, Boston. Aug. 22.

Mrs. A. Forrester,

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MRS. J. C. EWELL, Inspirational and Medical

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DR. JULIA M. CARPENTER, 303 Warren

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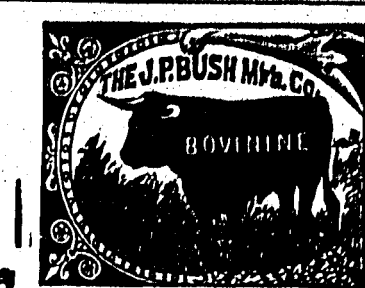
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