

BANNER OF LIGHT.

VOL. 71.

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1892.

(\$2.50 Per Annum,
Postage Free.)

NO. 17.

AT FIRST.

If I should fall asleep one day,
All overborn,
And should my spirit from the clay,
Go dreaming off the heavenly way,
Or thence be softly borne,
I pray you, angels, do not first
Assail mine ear
With that blest anthem, oft rehearsed,
"Behold, the bonds of Death are burst!"
Lest I should faint with fear.
But let some happy bird, at hand,
The silence break;
So shall I dimly understand
That dawn has touched a blossoming land,
And sigh myself awake.
From that deep rest emerging so,
To lift the head
And see the bath flower's bell of snow,
The pink arbutus, and the low
Spring beauty streaked with red,
Will all suffice. No otherwhere
Impelled to roam,
Till some blithe wanderer, passing fair,
Will, smiling, pause—of no award—
And murmur, "Welcome home!"
So sweetly greeted I shall rise
To kiss her cheek;
Then lightly soar in lovely guise,
As one familiar with the skies,
Who finds and need not seek.

—Century.

Original Essay.

The Diseases of Personality. By T. H. Ribot, Professor of Comparative and Experimental Psychology at the Collège de France, and Editor of the *Revue Philosophique*. Authorized Translation. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. 1891. pp. 157.

Mr. Gabbage and the Mysterious Stranger.

In his eloquent and matchless oration before the Grand Army Veterans at Middletown, N. Y., last Decoration Day, Hon. Luther R. Marsh, speaking of the soldiers who had died, said, "while their mortal part resumes its first estate, their immortal looks down upon this day's doings. They see the veneration we show them. They behold the honors we heap upon their memories. They would weep if we should mourn for them. They rejoice in our loving salutations, and though invisible they mingle in our joy."

In contrast to these sentiments are those of the African Chief expressed to the missionary, who was endeavoring to enlighten him as to the continuity of life and the resurrection of the dead. "You say," said the Chief, "that the enemies I have slain, whose bodies I have eaten, will live again." "Yes," answered the missionary, and he told the African of the resurrection of Jesus, and his appearance to his disciples after his crucifixion. While listening the Chief clasped his head with both hands, saying, "it will split, your story too big, my head splits."

A glance over the pages of the book whose title-page heads this article, has revived this recollection of the missionary anecdote. The work, besides its Introduction and Conclusion, contains three chapters, treating successively on Disorders, organic, emotional and intellectual, and its Chapter IV. on Dissolution of Personality. In this Chapter IV. the author, after classifying certain cases of dementia from psycho-medical books, concludes "that personality has its roots in the organism, and that it changes and is transformed with it," which conclusion, otherwise expressed, may be understood to mean that the ego or spirit has its roots in the body, and perishes with it; an inference essentially and utterly contrary to the principles and doctrines of Spiritualism.

The main effort of the author, having in view his before-expressed conclusion, appears to be to note the nature and development of the ego, to analyze it, and to show that it is not a perfect unity, simple and identical, but is the cohesion of certain states of consciousness, clear and unclear, accompanied by the coordinate action of a multitude of concordant physiological states. He would show that real personality, with an enormous mass of sub-conscious and conscious states, is condensed in our mind into a single image or fundamental tendency, which he calls the *idea* of personality, which is otherwise known as the ego.

Of course to a fair understanding of a subject so abstruse, clear conceptions of the idea and nature of Individuality, Instinct, Consciousness, Personality and Identity are necessary; for the problem is difficult. But the author appears to have limited his observation to these qualities or attributes, as they are discerned physiologically in the lower orders of animal life, and to the medical reports of the disturbances or diseases of mind apparent among patients in asylums for the insane. He takes note of the cutaneous condition, and other abnormal peculiarities of the insane, of the circulation, quantity and quality of the blood, of the action and condition of the brain and nervous system, but (except some allusions to hypnotic experiments) he makes no reference to, and betrays no acquaintance with spiritualistic literature, ancient or modern. He decides that "the unity of the ego is not that of the one entity of Spiritualists, which is dispersed into multiple phenomena, but the coordination of a certain number of incessantly re-enslaved states, having for their support the vague sense of our bodies. This unity does not pass from above to below, but from below to above; the unity of the ego is not an initial, but a terminal point."—p. 166.

Whether Prof. Ribot has appreciated and correctly analyzed Spiritualists' conception of the ego, and the origin of Diseases of Personality, and how variant he is from their understanding of these profound matters, may be ascertained by comparing his views with some revelations of Andrew Jackson Davis on the same topics. Let it here be borne in mind

that Andrew Jackson Davis has been, and is now regarded by many thoughtful readers of his works, as a clear, far-sighted, truth-revealing Seer, not surpassed by any Clairvoyant, Physiologist, Physician or Spiritual Teacher of ancient or modern times.

In "The Great Harmonia," Vol. I., pp. 106-114, he affirms that man's immortal, invisible principle is an actually organized, individualized and indestructible substance, that it acts within and from the body, by bringing into action magnetism, electricity, the cerebrum, the cerebellum, the nerves, the muscle and the bone; that all disease, mental and bodily, is caused by a want of equilibrium in the circulation of the superficial or soul-elements of the spiritual principle through the organism; that disease is not an entity or thing, of some matter in the body, to be removed therefrom, but is a condition to be altered; that the spiritual principle is a oneness, a unit made up of four lesser principles, namely, of motion which circulates in the muscle, life in the blood, sensation in the nerve, and intelligence in the brain, and that it is the organization of these principles that constitutes the ego, the totality of consciousness, which is one's self. The French philosopher's premises and reasonings reveal not a glimmer of life beyond the grave; but the Poughkeepsie Seer discerns and publishes continuous and immortal life.

"Father Abraham," said the rich man in Hades, "if one go to them from the dead, *μετανοήσουσιν*, they will change their mind"; not even if one rose from the dead would they be convinced, was the answer. Prof. Ribot's book proves that there are now-a-days honest thinkers, just as sturdy in their convictions as were the Sadducees of olden time. For instance, he reports the case of an American who, "prostrated by a sun-stroke, remained unconscious for a month. Shortly after recovering his senses, he heard a distinctly articulated human voice, which said: 'How are you?' The patient answered, and a short conversation was begun. On the following day the same question was repeated. The patient looked around, but saw no one. 'Who are you?' said he. 'I am Mr. Gabbage,' answered the voice. A few days later the patient got a glimpse of his interlocutor, who from that time presented himself with the same features, and in the same dress; he would always appear in front, showing only his bust. He had the appearance of a vigorous and well-built man of about thirty-five years, with a strong beard, dark brown complexion, large black eyes, strongly pencilled eye-brows, and was always dressed in hunting costume. The patient would fain have known the profession and habits of his questioner, and where he lived, but the man would never consent to give any other information than simply his name." Now what is the explanation of this scene, visible and audible to the patient, but invisible to the doctors? An experienced Spiritualist would say that the interior, the spiritual senses of the patient were opened, and that he actually saw and heard Mr. Gabbage, a spirit-man, freed from his body of flesh. Not unlikely certain Harvard College professors, Seybert (Commissioners and diplomated allopathic doctors might prefer Prof. Ribot's solution, that it is a simultaneous hallucination of the senses of hearing and sight—an explanation which, *lucida non lucendo*, explains not at all.

Now, let another case, remarkable, interesting and instructive, be presented. Prof. Ribot does not mention it. Andrew Jackson Davis records it in "Answers to Questions," pp. 380-406, as a personal experience happening to himself. Briefly stated, and without the charm of Davis's narration, it is that when a boy, not quite nine years old, while hastening homeward on an October evening after twilight, through a dark forest, he heard the words, "Why do you run, my lad? Do you not know me?" He saw nothing, but heard footsteps behind him, approaching nearer, though he was running at full speed. It was not a familiar voice, but that of a stranger. Again, though running fast, he heard it very near, and the footsteps just behind. He becomes breathless, tries to stop, and looks backward. At that moment a tall, dark figure rose (as it then seemed to him) from the ground. Davis saw his face, his white hair and snowy beard, and the touch of his forefinger, Davis felt on his left temple. The effect of that touch was electrical; a light red spot years afterward appeared, and is now apparent on his left temple, exactly in the place where he was touched. "Why do you run, my lad?" he again asked. "Do you not know me?" "No, sir, I do not know you." "Life is very brief," continued the stranger. "It passes quickly by. You cannot outrun it. Tell me, my lad, why do you run?" "I'm going home, sir; mother will be looking for me. I've been playing with the neighbors' boys. It was dark before we got supper, and I'm running home." "Going home!" His tone was filled with love and meditation. "I, too, am going home." "Are you going this way?" Davis asked, pointing toward his house, and taking some few steps forward. "Yes, my lad; we will walk together." Together they walked in silence through the wood, and up the road toward home. Davis was about to ask him to enter the house—but the stranger was gone. "Gone!" exclaimed Davis. Yes, there was not a sound in any direction. Listening at the gate, he could hear no retreating footsteps. All was silent in the darkness.

Years afterward, Davis, then living in New York, aged about seventeen, was inveigled into a gambler's resort, and there threatened by ruffians with personal injury if he did not immediately use his clairvoyant powers for their pecuniary profit. Five men and a woman, all

strangers to him, were there present. Said one of the men, "Will the young man give us a show of his powers?" "Let him do so now," gruffly interposed a short-bodied, black-haired, long-fingered gentleman. "At this moment the gentleman who was nearest the door walked across the room. No one seemed to notice him. He was silent, thoughtful, the handsomest of the party. Davis showed no sign of complying with their demand. "Damnation!" ejaculated another of the party, and glanced angrily at Davis, who in a moment of fear started toward the door. "Not so fast, young man," exclaimed one of the five, grasping his arm. "I must go home," cried Davis; "the hour is already late, and my magnetizer will be anxious for my return." "Cuss your magnetizer. Give us a show of your power," growled one of the five. "Tell this party what tickets will draw prizes in the Delaware lottery next day after to-morrow. If you don't, I'll—" "See here, young man," said another in a passion; "you can't leave this house till you look into that lottery business." "Good evening," replied Davis, and stepped out toward the hall door. The silent gentleman instantly placed himself between Davis and the man who last spoke. They seemed to take no notice of his interposition. Yet to Davis's eyes he was dressed not unlike his companions, and was, if anything, the tallest man in the room. The burly, short, black-haired ruffian attempted again to catch Davis's arm, but was prevented by the tall, silent gentleman. The whole company then rose to their feet; they looked villainous and revengeful. Davis opened the door, and hastened down stairs to the street door. The lock-bolt was in the staple, and the key was out of the lock. Then the tall gentleman unlocked the door, and stepped out with Davis upon the sidewalk. It was past midnight, and while Davis hastened away almost upon a run, a voice behind him said, "Why do you run, my son? Do you not know me?" The gentleman glided up to Davis, as he slackened his pace, and touched his left temple with the forefinger of his right hand, and said, "Why do you go so rapidly, my son, and whither?" "It is late, the folks are expecting me, and I'm going home," replied Davis. "Going home," exclaimed the stranger with deep tenderness. "I, too, am going home." Agitated at these words, Davis asked, "Are you not the same personage who overtook me many years ago?" "Do you not know me?" the stranger tenderly inquired. Then hurriedly and without a pause he added, "We may meet again."

Together they walked in silence, and Davis looked into the stranger's face. He was certainly the same tall, silent, graceful gentleman who had protected him in the gamblers' parlor, who had unclosed the front door, and now seeing his white hair and snow-white beard, Davis recognized him as the companion who had overtaken him years before, in the dense old wood. Assured on these points, Davis was about to express his astonishment and gratitude, when in an instant the stranger disappeared, and no sound of his footsteps was heard.

In the volume (A. J. Davis's "Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions," etc.), from which the foregoing has been abridged, other interviews with the mysterious stranger are recorded, and in one of them Davis asks him, "Are you a resident of this world? Or, tell me, are you a spirit?" "Why do you ask?" he affectionately inquired. "I ask," said Davis, "because you resemble a mortal man, as much as anyone I meet in human society, and yet on occasions when you have been perfectly visible to my eyes, others declare solemnly that they see nothing." Further interesting conversation continues, during which the gentleman pleasantly asks: "Would you believe me if I should tell you that I have never suddenly disappeared from your side? and could you believe that the change has on every occasion occurred in you, and not in me?"

In the preceding case Prof. Ribot may find, should he ever happen to read its fuller relation in the volume from which the foregoing is taken, confirmatory evidence that Davis through three senses—touch, sight and hearing—came into rapport with the mysterious stranger; and to this day bears on his left temple the red spot, caused by the electrical touch of the stranger's right forefinger. It will be a step onward in a knowledge of the three-fold nature of a human being when the concurrent, harmonious action of two or more of his interior senses, revealing scenes or persons invisible to the physical organs of perception, will not be regarded as conclusive of diseased personality. Prof. Ribot's book, inasmuch as it recognizes the intimate connection between mental derangements and nervous disturbances, is a great advance beyond the views entertained eighty years ago, when a prominent physician was ridiculed out of practice by his professional brethren for promulgating the doctrine that insanity is always accompanied by cerebral derangement.

Hyde Park, Mass. ALFRED E. GILES.
Note.—It may interest recent inquirers in hypnotism and psychical researches, not acquainted with A. J. Davis's works, to learn that page 206 of his *Autobiography* (frequently entitled *The Magic Staff*) contains four pictorial illustrations of the respective psychic spheres enveloping a hypnotized and patient; that pages 33-38 of *Principles of Nature: Her Divine Revelations*, contain a philosophical explanation of the psychologic and organic action which accompany hypnotic phenomena; that Vol. III., *The Great Harmonia*, subtitled *The Seer*, treats of seven mental states, including Psychology, Clairvoyance and Inspiration; and that the whole subject of Diseases of Personality, including mania, insanity and crime, with directions for their treatment and cure, is distinctly and fully set forth in his volume entitled *Diseases of the Brain and Nerves*.

POURQUOI LA VIE?

BY LÉON DENIS, OF TOURS, FRANCE.

Translated exclusively for the BANNER OF LIGHT, with the sanction of the author,
BY W. N. EAYRS.

The Purpose of Life; A Rational Solution of the Problem of Existence; What We Are; Whence We Come; Whither We Are Going.

INTRODUCTORY.

To Those Who Suffer.

It is to you, oh! my brothers and sisters in humanity; to you who are bending beneath the burdens of life; to you whom the fierce struggles, the cares, the bitter trials of earthly existence have crushed; it is to you that I dedicate these pages. It is for you, oh! ye afflicted ones whom the world has robbed of your birthright, that I have written them. Humble pioneer of truth and of progress, I have put into them the fruit of my arduous studies, my meditations, my hopes, everything that has consoled, everything that has sustained me in my journey here below.

May you find in them some useful instructions; may some little ray of light come from them to illumine your darkened way. May this modest book be to your weary souls what the cool shadows are to the laborer, wilted by the burning sun; may it bring to you strength and refreshment such as the thirsty traveler feels, when, journeying o'er an arid waste, a spring of cool and sparkling water meets his eye.

CHAPTER I.

Duty and Liberty.

What man is there who, in the hours of silence and meditation, has never interrogated nature and his own heart, asking of them the secret of things, the why of life, the reason why the universe exists? Is there a man who has never sought to know what is his destiny, to lift the veil of death, to find out whether God is a fiction or a reality? No, there is no human being, however heedless he may be, who has not, at some time, been brought face to face with these formidable questions. But the difficulty of answering them; the multitude of the theories to which they have given birth; the incoherence in the ideas, the deplorable consequences which follow the larger part of the systems which have been disseminated through the world; all this confusion and disorder in thought has fatigued the mind, and driven man to indifference and skepticism.

And yet man needs to know; he needs the ray that enlightens, the hope that consoles, the certainty that guides and sustains. If man has the need of knowledge, he has also the means of knowing. It is possible for him to see the truth arise out of the darkness, and to bathe himself in its beneficent light. That this may be, he must free himself from all preconceived opinions and established systems; he must descend into the depths of his own being, and listen to that inner voice which speaks to all, and which sophisms can never deceive—the voice of reason, the voice of conscience; and this have I done.

Long have I reflected, long have I studied the problems of life and death; with perseverance have I sounded these mighty depths. I have addressed to the Eternal Wisdom an earnest appeal, and the Eternal Wisdom has answered me, as it answers every spirit that is animated by the love of goodness. Evident proofs, facts of direct observation have come to confirm the deductions of my reason, to furnish for my convictions a solid, immovable base. After having doubted, I have come to believe; after having denied, I have seen, and peace, confidence and moral force have come to me. These are the blessings which, in the sincerity of my heart, desiring to be useful to my fellow-men, I come to offer to those who suffer and who are in despair.

Never has the need of light made itself felt in a more imperative manner than now. A mighty transformation is taking place in the midst of human societies. After having been in subjection during a long series of ages to the principle of authority, the people are now aspiring more and more to throw off every fetter, to govern themselves and determine for themselves their course of life. At the same time that political and social institutions are changing, religious beliefs and faith in dogmas are weakening; creeds are being abandoned. This is one of the consequences of liberty in its application to matters of thought and of conscience. Liberty in all its domains tends to replace constraint and authority, to conduct the nations to new horizons. The right of the few has become the right of all; but in order that this sovereign right may be conformed to justice and bear its proper fruit, it is necessary that the knowledge of the moral law should come to regulate the use of it. In order that Liberty may be fruitful, that it may offer to human works a sure and durable foundation, it needs to be supplemented and completed by light, by wisdom, by truth. Liberty for ignorant and vicious men, is it not like a dangerous weapon in the hands of a child?

CHAPTER II.

The Problems of Existence.

That which man needs above all things else to know, is what he is, whence he comes, whither he is going, what is his destiny. The ideas which we form for ourselves of the universe and its laws, of the part which each one of us is to play upon this vast stage, these ideas are of incalculable importance. It is in accordance with them that we shape our acts. It is by consulting them that we fix to our life an

object, and move toward it. This is the basis, this the real motive force of every civilization. As a man thinks so is he. For societies, as for the individual, it is the conception of the world and of life which determines duty; it fixes the way to be followed, the resolutions to be adopted.

But, as we have said, the difficulty of solving these problems has too often caused them to be thrown aside. The opinion of the majority is vacillating, undecided; and that this is so is manifest by their deeds and their character. In this fact is to be found the evil of the age, the cause of the trouble of which it is the victim. Man has the instinct of progress; he wishes to advance; but whither? It is this of which he does not think enough. Man, ignorant of his destiny, is like a traveler who mechanically follows a route, knowing neither the point of departure, the destination, nor the purpose of his journey. He is consequently ever ready to stop at the least obstacle, and lose his time without concern as to the end to be attained.

The worthlessness and obscurity of the doctrines of religion; the abuses to which they have given birth, drive many minds to materialism; and the belief is readily accepted that death is the end of all; that man has no other destiny than annihilation.

We shall show in another place in what flagrant opposition to reason and experience is this way of thinking. Let us say now that it is fatal to every idea of justice and of progress.

If life be circumscribed by the cradle and the tomb, if there be no perspective of immortality to throw light upon our existence here, then man is bound by no other law than that of his instincts, his appetites, his pleasures. It is then of no consequence to him to love virtue and practice justice. If he be created only to appear in this world for a little while and then to disappear from life forever; if he is to take with him into oblivion all his hopes and affections, then, in his short passage from nothingness to nothingness, the purer and the more lofty his aspirations are, so much the more will he suffer; for, lover of justice, soldier of the right, he thinks himself condemned never to see his aspirations realized; ardent for progress, sensitive to the sufferings of others, he believes that he will never see the triumph of the principle for which he has fought, for long before the day of triumph, he will have been blotted out of existence.

If the only perspective before you is annihilation, the more you shall have practiced devotion and justice, the more fertile in bitterness and deceptions your life will be. Selfishness would then be the highest wisdom; existence would lose all grandeur, all dignity. The noblest faculties, the most generous impulses of the human soul would wither and at last become entirely extinct.

The negation of a future life thus suppresses every moral sanction. With it, all acts end in the same result, whether they be good or bad, criminal or sublime. There is no compensation for wretched lives, for obscurity, oppression, or sorrow; no more consolation in trials, no hope for the afflicted. No difference awaits in the future the egotist who has lived for himself alone, and often at the expense of his fellow-men, and the martyr or the apostle who has suffered and fallen in the battle for the emancipation and the progress of the human race. The same shade will be the shroud for each.

If death ends all, there is no reason to be given why man should practice self-denial; why he should restrain his instincts and his tastes. Outside of earthly laws, there is nothing to hold him in control. Goodness and wickedness, the just and the unjust, lose their meaning and become one in annihilation, and suicide will be always the means of escaping the rigor of human laws.

Belief in annihilation, while it ruins every sanction of morality, leaves unsolved the problem of the inequality of existences in that which concerns faculties, aptitudes, situations, merits; in fact, why to some are given all the gifts of mind and heart, and the favors of fortune, while to the lot of so many others fall only intellectual poverty, vice and misery. Why in the same family do parents and brothers, sprung from the same flesh and blood, differ essentially in so many points? These questions we are going to examine briefly by the light of reason.

CHAPTER III.

Spirit and Matter.

There is no effect without a cause; nothing proceeds from nothing; these are axioms; that is to say, incontestable truths. Now, as each one of us is conscious of the existence in himself of forces, powers, which cannot be considered material, it is necessary, in order to explain the cause of them, to trace them to some other source than matter; to the principle that we name soul or spirit.

When, descending into the depths of our own being, we wish to learn to know ourselves, to analyze our faculties; when, removing from our souls the scum which life accumulates there, the thick envelope with which prejudice, error, sophism have shrouded our intelligence, we penetrate into the most secret recesses of our being, we find ourselves face to face with these august principles without which there is no grandeur for humanity—the love of the good, the sentiment of justice and of progress. These principles, which are found in differing degrees, as well in the ignorant as in the man of genius, cannot come from matter, which has no such attributes. And if matter does not possess these qualities, how could it alone form beings who are endowed with them? The sense of the beautiful and the true, the admi-

ration we feel for great and generous deities, cannot have the same origin as the flesh of our limbs or the blood in our veins. They are rather the reflections of a high, pure light which shines in each of us, as the sun is reflected from all waters, whether they be troubled or clear.

In vain is it asserted that matter is all. What! We are conscious of powerful impulses to love and to goodness; we love virtue, devotion, heroism; the sentiment of moral beauty is engrained in us; the harmony of things and of laws penetrates us and delights us; and yet we are told that in all this there is nothing that would distinguish us from matter. We feel, we love, we possess conscience, will and reason; and we proceed from a cause in which not one of these qualities is found, from a cause which is capable neither of feeling, love nor knowledge; a cause which is blind and dumb. Superior to the force which produced us, we should be more perfect and better than it.

Such a manner of reasoning will not stand investigation. Man participates in two natures. As to his body and his organs, he is derived from matter; by his intellectual and moral faculties, he comes from the spirit.

Let us say still more exactly in reference to the human body, that the organs composing this admirable mechanism are like the wheels of a machine, incapable of movement without a motor, without a will which puts them into action. This motor is the soul. A third element unites the two others, and transmits to the organs the orders of the thought. This element is the perispirit, an ethereal substance which escapes our senses. It envelops the soul, accompanies it after death in its infinite journeys, purifying itself, progressing with it, constituting for it a diaphanous, vaporous body. We shall return at another place to the proof of the existence of the perispirit.

The spirit lies in matter as a prisoner in his cell. The senses are the openings by means of which it communicates with the external world. But whilst sooner or later, matter declines and disintegrates, the spirit is always increasing in power, fortifying itself by education and experience. Its aspirations are constantly enlarging, and reach beyond the tomb. Its need of knowledge, of wisdom, of life, is limitless. Everything demonstrates that the human being belongs only temporarily to matter; that the body is only a borrowed garment, a short-lived form, an instrument by the aid of which the soul pursues in this world its work of purification and progress. The spiritual alone is the true, normal, infinite life.

CHAPTER IV.

The Harmony of the Universe.

The existence in ourselves of an intelligent and reasoning principle being admitted, in order to account for its origin, we are compelled, by the logical connection of cause with effect, to ascend to the source whence it proceeds. This source, in their poor and insufficient speech, men call God.

God is the center toward which all the forces of the universe converge, and in which they end. He is the radiant source from which emanate the ideas of justice, love and solidarity. He is the common goal toward which all beings, consciously or unconsciously, are moving. It is from our relation with the grand architect of the universe, that harmony, community and fraternity come. To be brothers in fact, we must have a common father, and this father can be none other than God.

But God, they will tell us, has been presented by the differing sects, under aspects so strange and often so odious, that the thought of to-day has rejected him. But of what consequence are the ignorant and flippant utterances of the sects? To pretend that the majesty of God can be lessened by the foolish words of man is equivalent to saying that Mount Blanc or the Himalayas can be injured by the breath of a gnat. Far above the obscurity and the errors of theology hovers the radiant, dazzling truth.

To catch a glimpse of the truth, the thought must be freed from narrow dogmas, from popular conceptions; it must reject the gross and material forms with which the religions have clothed and obscured the supreme ideal. God must be studied in the majesty of his works.

At the hour when all is at rest in our cities, when the night is clear, and silence reigns over the sleeping earth, then, oh! man, my brother, lift your eyes on high, and contemplate the infinite heavens. Watch the rhythmic march of the stars, as in a majestic procession they move through the dark blue depths above. These countless fires are worlds, in comparison with which the earth is but an atom, mighty suns round which troops of planets roll, whose rapid course is measured by millions of miles each minute. Such enormous distances separate us from them that to our unaided vision they seem like simple luminous points. But turn to them the telescope, that colossal eye of science; you will see their surfaces glowing like oceans of flame. In vain will you endeavor to count them; far into the remotest regions of space their numbers keep increasing, until, in the inconceivable distance, their light is blended, and shines as luminous dust.

See how upon the worlds which are neighbors of the earth, the lines of valley and mountain are seen, the contour of the seas, the moving clouds float past. Acknowledge that in every part life is manifested and that an admirable order unites under uniform laws and in a common destiny, the earth and her sister planets, revolving in the infinite space. Learn that all these worlds, the dwelling places of other human societies, as they traverse their enormous orbits with differing rates of speed, are forever in motion, retreating, approaching one another; on every hand, the magnificent spectacle is displayed of ceaseless motion, activity and life.

Turn now your thought toward our globe, this our mother-earth, who seems to say to us, "You are my children, from me is derived your body!" Observe her, this great nurse of humanity; notice the harmony of her outlines, her continents in whose bosom the nations have germinated and grown; see her vast and ever-restless oceans; follow the seasons in their change, now clothing her with garments of living green, now with the golden dress of harvest-time. Study the vegetable kingdom; the living beings that in it find their home; birds, insects, plants and flowers, each one a marvelous workmanship, each one a gem from the jewel-case of God. Study yourself; see the admirable working of the organs of your body; the wonderful and complicated mechanism of your senses; what human genius could even imitate those delicate and perfect masterpieces, the eye, the ear?

Consider all these things; then ask your reason, your judgment, if all this beauty, all this splendor, all this harmony can be the work of

chance; whether all this does not point rather to an intelligent cause which, resides over the order of the world and the evolution of life.

But you will say the plagues, the scourges, the catastrophes, all the many things which disturb this admirable order, are not consistent with the existence of this intelligent cause; and I will reply to your objection. "Scrutinize the problems of nature; examine them closely; stop not at the surface, but go to the bottom of things, and you will discover to your astonishment that these contradictions are apparent only and serve in fact to confirm the general harmony; that they too are useful to the progress of beings, which is the sole purpose of existence."

Certain materialists, with an air of triumph, demand, "If God made the world, who then made God?" This is a senseless objection. God is not a being to be added to the series of beings. He is the universal Being limited neither by time nor space; infinite and eternal. There can be no other being above or beside him. God is the principle and the source of all life. It is with him that all individual forces are united in harmony; without him they are isolated and divergent. Abandoned to themselves, undirected by the law of a superior will, these forces could produce nothing but chaos and disorder. The existence of a general plan, of a common end, in which all the forces of the universe participate, proves the existence of a cause, of a supreme Intelligence; and this is God.

[To be continued.]

(From the New York World, June 19th, 1892.)

The Life of Thomas Paine, with a History of his Literary, Political and Religious Career in America, France and England. By Moncure Daniel Conway. To which is added a Sketch of Paine by William Cobbett (hitherto unpublished). In two volumes. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The formidable task of sifting out facts about Paine has doubtless deterred many a person, professional historians and others, from writing his life—persons that desired to see placed before the world some worthy record of the career of that powerful character. Mr. Conway, however, has been influenced by writers to abstain from the tracing of Paine's biography, but the tremendous labor of gathering data may be taken as the chief one. No such reason could appal Mr. Conway, for he, beside possessing a peculiar faculty for detecting the lurking places of documents, has energy indefatigable enough to tunnel a mountain, if necessary, for a mere autograph.

In the building of this monumental work, it is evident that it gives pleasure. Every page of it testifies to a patient hand and an honest purpose. Less complimentary to Paine it might have been if produced by one less earnestly and intelligently devoted to the principles of philanthropy, but more fundamentally impartial the most indifferent man to all morals could not have made it.

The work is only sectionally discursive concerning Paine's Age of Reason and the generally accepted view of his attitude toward Christianity and the churches. Mr. Conway, recognizing the fact that many scholars and advanced thinkers still whisper in each other's ears certain conclusions, has confidence in contemporaneous intelligence, and does not deign to controvert errors which, though of long standing, are grounded in ignorance, and will in time crumble and fall. He gives ample space to the subject of Paine's conflict with the theologians, and expresses himself clearly and strongly as to the equality and humanity of Paine, and the absurdity and savagery of the great deist's relentless persecutors; he closely analyzes Paine's assailment of established beliefs concerning God, Jesus, the Bible, and the destiny of man, but does not attempt to answer any particular one of his defamers; he attacks no one, and his defense of Paine's view of Christianity is based not so much on a vindication of the deist's maligned moral character, as on what the unorthodox author conceives now to be the embodiment of common sense and good-will. The political career of Paine, so potent, but so strangely obscured, is given unflinching consideration, and many of the events of his phenomenal life are here discussed upon documents which none but a bold and energetic hand could ever have unearthed.

The volumes are conspicuous for the presentation of important papers, inclusive of private correspondence, not heretofore known to be in existence, and for the embodiment of biographers' ignored by adverse partisan historians. Some exceedingly interesting documentary evidence is thus produced in Mr. Conway's exposition of the trickery of Gouverneur Morris while intriguing with Robespierre for the imprisonment of Paine during the days of the Terror. As depicted in these pages, Robespierre was a sincere and humane man compared with our duplicitous then Minister to France, whose hatred of Paine is attributed to the latter's superior tact in dealing with the French Government for the settlement of certain American affairs advantageously to the interests of the young Republic. It is true that Paine's virtual death-sentence was found in Robespierre's handwriting, but it is also true, according to Mr. Conway's interpretation of matters, that Robespierre saved Paine's life. Mr. Conway makes a seemingly clear case against Morris, and incidentally Washington and Jefferson are shown in a very unfavorable light. It was their inexplicable lenience regarding Paine that nearly resulted in his execution. "Thus," ejaculates Mr. Conway, "Thomas Paine, recognized by every American statesman and by Congress as a founder of their Republic, found himself a prisoner and a man without a country. Outlawed by the rulers of his native land—though the people bore his defender, Erskine, from the court on their shoulders—imprisoned by France as a foreigner, and treated by the Minister from returning to the country whose President had declared his services to it preeminent! And when Paine did finally return to America it was but to find the spirit of ingratitude waiting to break his heart. Paine felt very bitter toward Washington because of his silence, when a word from him could have opened the doors of the French prison, and about that time he incorporated in a pamphlet, which was suppressed, the following epigram, which Washington might have been influenced by treacherous friends, this terrible epigram, entitled: "Advice to the Statuary Who is to Execute the Statue of Washington":

"Take from the mine the coldest, hardest stone;
It needs no fashion; it is Washington.
But if you chisel, let the stroke be rude,
And on his head engrave—Ingratitude."

The story of Thomas Paine's life is a deeply touching one—the true story of his life; the untrue stories are sad enough—sad commentaries on ignorance of fact and perversion of verity. But perhaps the most touching histories, from the intelligent philanthropist's point of view, are those which, dealing with the momentous events of our colonial and revolutionary times, are silent as to the deep interest taken and great personal sacrifices made by Paine for the cause of American independence and the consequent emancipation of the condition of man. Mr. Conway points out how alone wayfaring man, who recognized the whole circle of human ideas and principles, as the first to urge the extension of the doctrine of independence to the enslaved negro; the first to arraign monarchy and to point out the danger of its survival in the presidency; the first to propose articles of a more thorough nationality to the new-born States; the first to advocate international arbitration; the first to expose the absurdity and criminality of the war between the first to suggest more rational ideas of marriage and divorce; the first to advocate national and international copyright; the first to plead for the animals; the first to demand justice for woman. It is a remarkable fact that Garrison, at a time when he shared the common prejudices against Paine, printed at the head of his *Liberator* a motto closely resembling one of Paine's. The motto of Paine was: "The world is my country; my religion is to do good." That of the *Liberator* was: "Our country is the world; our countrymen are all mankind." Garrison did not characterize justice to Paine as he had outgrown early prejudices against him. On April 12th, thirty-five days after Paine's first special plea for emancipation, the first American Anti-Slavery Society was formed in Philadelphia.

Edmund Randolph, our first Attorney-General, who had been on Washington's staff in the beginning of the war, and conducted much of his correspondence, ascribed American independence primarily to George III., but next to Thomas Paine, an Englishman by birth, and possessing an imagination which happily combined political topics, poured forth in a style hitherto unknown on this side of the Atlantic, from the ease with which it insinuated itself into the hearts of the people who were unlearned, or of the learned.

"Let it not be supposed," says Mr. Conway, "that Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Randolph, and the rest were carried away by a meteor. Deep answers only unto Deep. Paine's ideas went far because they came far. He was the authentic commoner, representing English freedom in the New World. There was no dreg in the poverty of his people that he had not tasted; no humiliation in their dependence, no outlook of their hopelessness, he had not known, and with the addition of intellectual hunger which made his Old World despair conscious. The squalor and abjectness of Thetford, its corporation held in the hollow of Grafton's hand, its commoners nominated by him, the innumerable villages of the English peasantry, the corruptions of the Government; the repeated and always baffled efforts of the outraged people for some redress—these had been brought home to Paine in many ways, and finally driven him to America, where he arrived on the hour for which none had been so exactly and thoroughly trained. He had thrown off the Old World, and that America had virtually done the same constituted its attraction for him."

The service that Paine rendered under the banner of independence is far from being generally known. In several of his direct straits Washington himself was reinforced by this hopeful lover of liberty who was daily marching at his side—marching by day, listening to the consultations of Washington and his generals and writing by the camp-fires at night. Few persons are aware of the fact that Paine was the author of the rallying-cry that saved the army from disgrace just before the battle of Red Bank, when the army was almost hopelessly despair. The disheartened soldiers were called together in groups to listen to Paine's thrilling exhortation, the opening words of which were a victory:

"These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands firm under the fire of opposition, he is the man who is worth of notice. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered, yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict the more glorious the triumph; what we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly; it is the precious blood that gives every particle its value, and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as Freedom should not be highly rated."

The very faults of the composition, which the dilettante have picked out, were effective to men who had seen Paine on the march, and knew these things were written in sleepless nights of unwarmed labors.

Before the Declaration of Independence, Paine had minted the phrases "Free and Independent States of America" and "The Glorious Union." In his second *Crisis*, dated Jan. 13th, 1777, he says to Lord Howe: "The United States of America" will sound as pompously in the world or in history as the Kingdom of Great Britain." Too often, as in Paine's case, the deserving one gets neither the glory nor the pay.

Let us discuss of "The Age of Reason." Mr. Conway, defining that work as "The Uprising of the Human Heart Against the Religion of Inhumanity," says of the book: "It is accessible in many editions. The Christian teachers of to-day may well ponder this fact. The atheists and secularists of our time are printing, reading, revering a work that opposes their opinions. For above its arguments and criticisms they see the faithful heart contending with a mighty Apollonion giant, the forces of revolutionary and royal terrorism. Just this one Englishman, born again in America, confronting George III. and Robespierre on earth and tearing the like of them from the throne of the universe! Were it only for the grandeur of this spectacle in the past, Paine would maintain his hold on thoughtful minds. But in America the hold is deeper than that. In this self-forgetting insurrection of the human heart against defiled inhumanity there is an expression of the innate sense of the human mind, a revolt against the force of the same world in the circulation throughout the earth of the Bible as the Word of God, even after its thousand serious errors of translation are turned, by exposure, into falsehoods; in the deliverance to savages of a scriptural sanction of their tomahawks and poisoned arrows; in the diffusion among cruel tribes of a religion based on human sacrifice, after intelligence has abandoned it; in the presentation of costly services to a deity who demands no service; in the love of the poor, who need much; in an exemption of sectarian property from taxation which taxes every man to support the sects, and continues the alliance of Church and State; in these things and others—the list is long—there is still visible, however refined, the sting and claw of the Apollonion against whom Paine hurled his far-reaching dart.

Mr. Conway occasionally indulges in some fine satire and the response, the sects and churches of to-day, but in his subtle and sly or bitter. He writes in the kindly spirit which is natural to him. He frequently reminds one of Emerson.

After quoting at length Paine's own words, to substantiate the deist's reverence for Jesus, Mr. Conway adds: "Three noble and pathetic tributes to the Man of Nazareth are audible from the last century—those of Rousseau, Colver, and Paine. From theologians and their outlets, the Man of Nazareth is tribute to our most eminent divines, even to leading American and English Bishops, beside any theological estimate of Christ from the same century, the Jesus of Paine would be surely preferred."

The most trying time of Paine's life—the hour of his mortal destiny—was when on his return to America, discouraged by his misfortunes in France, and on his way away from his happy vision of the Commonwealth of Man, he found himself, through the stratagem of Gouverneur Morris and others, absolutely without a country. He owned a home at Bordentown, N. J. Soon after his arrival he visited New York to see Monroe. He drove with a friend from Bordentown to Trenton, but so furious was the pious mob he was refused a seat in the Trenton stage. He and his friend dined at Brunswick House, but when starting for home, they were the people for whose liberties Paine had marched that same road on foot, musket in hand. At Trenton insults were heaped on the man who by camp-fires had written the *Crisis*, which animated the conquerors of the Hessians at that place in the times that tried men's souls. These people he helped to make free—free to cry *Crucify!*

Mr. Conway has followed the political career of Paine both in this country and in France, with tact, good judgment and keen sympathy. Paine's social life he has traced with accuracy and gentlemanly delicacy. Pervading all the historian's work is the dominant tone of humanity. He even made diligent inquiry concerning Paine's reported inebriety, and produces abundant evidence disproving the unmanly aspersions of the deist's malignant defamers.

The allegations that Paine's intimate friendship with friend, Mme. Bonneville, was impure, Mr. Conway says: "The present writer, having perused some thousands of documents concerning Paine, is convinced that no charge of sensuality could have been brought against him by any one acquainted with the facts, except out of malice. Had Paine held or practiced any latitudinarian theory of sexual liberty, it would be recorded here, and his

reasons for the same given. I have no disposition to suppress anything. Paine died at eight o'clock on the morning of June 8th, 1804. Mr. Conway establishes that "shortly before his death two clergymen had invaded his room, and as soon as they spoke about his opinions, Paine said: 'Let me alone; good morning!' Mme. Bonneville asked if he was satisfied with the treatment he had received in her house, and he said: 'Oh yes.' These were the last words of Thomas Paine."

Pursuing the subject of misrepresentation concerning Paine's hour of death and his alleged recantations, Mr. Conway writes: "The day of Paine's death was a day of judgment. He had not been struck blind or dumb; Satan had not carried him off; he had lived beyond his threescore years and ten, and died peacefully in his bed. The self-appointed messengers of Zeus had managed to vex this Prometheus who had brought fire to men, but could not persuade him to whine for mercy, nor did the predicted thunderbolts come."

In closing his exhaustive work, Mr. Conway says:

"Above all, Paine was a profoundly religious man—one of the few in our Revolutionary era of whom it can be said that his delight was in the law of his Lord, and in that law did he meditate day and night. Consequently he could not escape the immemorial fate of the great believers, to be persecuted for unbelief—by unbelievers."

Mr. Conway's work is an honor to himself as a historian, a man, and a gentleman.

A SERVICE OF SONG.

The girls had gone to town. Grandma sat in the open sitting-room door, sewing. Grandfather stood in the cool shade at the long work-bench at the end of the kitchen, making a new single-tree for the light wagon. They could not see each other. I doubt if they heard, or at any rate observed, each other's voices, but I could plainly see and hear each one, and I forgot my book listening to them, and trying to guess their thoughts from their disjointed, changing, abrupt fragments of song. And the occasional flutter of the leaves, stirred by a wandering breath of wind, the shadows dimpling the second growth of red clover, the straying note of a restless bird, the long, dusty road, stretching far away past the woods to the "high prairie," the flash of a butterfly's wings—how it all harmonized with the broken songs that fell almost unconsciously at times from the old lips, while "the singers were over the business of the house," and in all that hour of peace, while "the whole earth is at rest and is quiet, they break forth into singing."

A flash of bright, beautiful blue from the willows, and a kingfisher, with his lonesome cry, skimming for a pool in the slough with a place, and then the old man's eyes followed the flight of the bird, and then rested a moment on the wandering stream, loitering away to the woods on the Schnelly farm, and the strong voice sang to old "Exhortation":

"Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive minutes refuse to stay;
The arrow is flown;
The moment is gone—
"O! may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near."

came from grandma's lips, and she had not opened them before in half an hour until the clock struck four. Her voice died away while I listened for more, for her old hymns, as she sang them, were always known unto us as a very lovely song, with a pleasant, pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument. I heard the old clock give its hectic cough, as if in illustration of the hymn. Grandma wearily turned the work in her hands, and the measures of "Brown" swelled out in

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labors have an end—
A broken thread broke the song, and when the busy needle resumed its flight, the dear old singer had passed to the closing line of the next stanza:

"And streets of shining gold."
I knew how the busy brain and the tired hands had been for years and years, and if she was not thinking of all the years of weariness and toil, and of a certain mortgage that with its black wings of threatening and terror had been hovering above the farm for years like a hawk. I didn't have a very clear comprehension of a mortgage, I am afraid, but I knew that times had been easier and money more plentiful since it had been lifted.

The click of a falling frame and the beseeching "cheeps" of half a dozen terrified chicks that moved about the farm, set where no quail was ever known to come! Grandfather stepped away from the bench to relieve the unarmed captives, for I never moved, fearing a demand for explanation, and in a moment the plaintive minor strains of quaint old "Hyacinth" rang out:

"I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sight thou of me, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness to light."

"Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields arrayed in living green—
And the sound of grandma's voice I turned my face, and saw the wrinkled hands dropped in her lap as she sat looking out on the long pasture, over the great rolling field where we sowed the first crop of Hungarian, the fringing woods and the wide meadows all flooded in glorious sunshine—how could she sing anything but the praise of the Father of the long rolling sun, the beautiful voice sang on for a moment, and then the old hands picked up the work, and the melody drifted into the sad sweetness of "Naomi," and the voice of the singing went on:

"When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er."

Sure enough, I remembered, it was only Wednesday, and it seemed to the busy ones yet a long time to the restfulness of the farm Sabbath. A moving shadow at the work-bench drew my eyes, and as grandfather drew the tape line to run the middle of the hickory piece he was shaping, he sang to Scottish "Avon."

"Teach me the measure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame,
I would survey—"

There was a fault somewhere, and silence indicated it, for grandfather never sang in moments of perplexity. He would talk to himself then as though he was or were, as the case, or rather number may be, twins, but he never sang in such a moment.

The cloud drifted away, and the sunburst of light blazed over the earth again, and in stately measure "Dundee" swelled in its half-note step from the bench:

"A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt."

It may have been the majestic old tune, or it may have been, I rather think it was, the cooling wood-down in the tall old elm down by the horse well, that made grandma sing:

"Return, oh! holy dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn—
Rock, rock, rock, the old straight back rocker finished the verse without words, and in a moment the whirling flight of my pigeons sweeping from the barn roof over to the cool woods changed grandma's song to joyous "Amsterdam!"

"Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward heaven thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
[This prose poem by Burdette will doubtless recall to many old Spiritualists the days of our primitive camp meetings at "Walden Pond," near Concord, where large and important meetings were held beneath the trees, with Charles W. Sullivan, in making the woods ring with "the songs our fathers sang in Asia, Lang, Byne. Many of these voices are still in our ears, but joyful in the Better Land, whither all our feet are tending:

"Here in the body pent,
Absent from heaven we roam;
But nightly each one's mind
A day's march nearer home!"

Time shall soon this earth remove,
Rise, my soul, and haste away—"

But grandma, with lutey arm and clanging hammer, beating on the iron rings that bound the ends of the single-tree, sang aloud with terrible voice, that dreiful old revival hymn that used to melt with sudden fear the trembling souls of impotent youth:

"Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Faint you not that iron rings
With which he breaks his foes?"

... A distant strain of song from the men in the field with Uncle John caught the old man's ear, and he straightened himself a moment, to rest or to listen. He looked at the reapers, then down at the mulberry trees by the spring in the pasture, across at the long ranks of corn, at the golden field of oats, waiting impatiently for the reapers, and sang:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To that fair happy land,
Where my possessions lie."

While like a benediction came chanting into his song the mourning dove and grandma's "Zion."

"Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved."

DOXOLOGY.

A rattle of wheels down the carriage drive, a chorus of pleasant voices and rippling laughter, a cataract of talk, of hand-box and package and sample and price-list, and news of the friends in Peoria; who is dead and who is married, who they saw and what he said—the girls have returned from town, the service of song is over!—Robt. J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

The Reviewer.

A Chapter on Lies.

RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER GIVES SOME INTERESTING FACTS.

The Difference between a Purpose and Motive in Fiction; A Unique New Work which Treats of Lying in a Very Unconventional Manner.

Rabbi Solomon Schindler, the brilliant Boston scholar, has contributed a most interesting paper to a recent issue of *The Arena* on lying, in which he takes the new realistic story, "Who Lies?" as a text. By special permission we are enabled to publish this notable paper.

It may appear tautologous to speak of the "purpose" and the "motive" of a literary work in one breath; still there is a slight distinction between the two, and this distinction separates the former idealistic school of novel-writers from the modern realistic school. It would be unjust to say that writers like Sir Walter Scott, Eugene Sue, Alexander Dumas, Berthold Auerbach and others, have lacked a "purpose" when writing their admirable novels; yet that "motive," that tendency, is indeed wanting in them which characterizes the works of realistic authors. Charles Dickens, who may be termed the connecting link between these two schools—the novelist of the transition period—adds a distinct "motive" to the "purpose" when he attacks the miserable school system of his time, or the inhumanity with which the submerged masses are treated, or when he ridicules the hypocrisy of charitable institutions. Step by step we can trace the evolution of the "motive" in the progress of the realistic literature of our time.

The latest contribution of this character in fiction, embodying a strong "motive," has been presented to the reading public through *The Arena* Publishing Company of Boston, in their fifty-cent series of vigorous works by leading thinkers. The authors, Emil Blum, Ph.D., and Mr. Sigismund B. Alexander, have correctly called it an "Interrogation." They desire to call attention to one of the most serious problems of life; they hurl an accusation at our modern civilization, against which a defense is not an easy task; they cast a flash light upon which it rests.

Eight gentlemen, belonging to the cultured and well-to-do classes of society, and representing various walks of life, are assembled at a banquet. They are all graduates of the same college, in which they had been nicknamed by their classmates the "Model Nine." Their friendship had existed during ten years, in which time each of them had won for himself a respected position in society. One is a successful physician; another a famous lawyer; the third stands at the head of a lucrative business concern; the fourth is the chief of a banking house, and known as a great philanthropist; the fifth occupies the pulpit of a fashionable church; the sixth edits a newspaper of wide circulation; the seventh holds a professor's chair at the Alma Mater; the eighth is identified with the politics of his State; the ninth, the most promising of them, had inherited from his father an immense fortune, and had during these years traveled extensively. He had, therefore, never been present at any of their annual reunions, but is expected to join them on this occasion. A belated train brings him to the city and into their company at the moment when they are drinking the toast to a huge and praising the noble qualities of the absentee.

He is warmly greeted by his friends, who, however, find that he has changed considerably. Though apparently the same genial and brilliant fellow whom they had known in times past, he seems to have become infected with the blackest kind of pessimism. He fiercely attacks the very civilization which they cherish so dearly. A controversy arises, which culminates in a peculiar wager. First, the pessimist claims that our whole civilization is a huge "Lie"; that this "Lie" has permeated and poisoned society to such a degree that no one could speak the truth, even if he desired, for any length of time, without harming, if not destroying, his reputation and business prospect. This is emphatically denied by his friends, who, on their part, claim that for one week, at least, they would pledge themselves to adhere strictly to the truth. The wager provides, therefore, that if they adhere to the truth for one week, Rust must pay eight thousand dollars; but if one of them breaks his word, he must pay one thousand dollars. The money is to go to some benevolent institution, which the winner shall designate. It is further agreed that any member may withdraw his obligation on payment of one thousand dollars during the week if he finds telling the truth too expensive.

The result was as predicted by Rust. Disaster in some form overtook each of them. In the last chapter Rust informs them that he had offered the wage of eight thousand dollars, but to give them an object-lesson, he had made from which society is suffering, says he, are the logical consequences of the prevailing untruthfulness. Instead of trying to remodel the world, and to better conditions by assailing consequences, they ought to attack the root of the evil, the "Lie." He proposes, therefore, the formation of a society of veritists—of men who will pledge themselves to speak the truth always, unflinchingly, at whatever consequences. It is his firm belief that in the end money will learn that they prosper much better with truth than with untruth, and that while for a short time they may be the losers, in the end they will win confidence and make up for the loss.

The lightning which illumines the path of the wanderer on a stormy night shows him the precipice into which he is about to fall; thus "Who Lies?" reveals the dangers with which our present civilization is fraught, and the root from which most of our evils grow. It suggests the only remedy, namely, to speak the truth and nothing but the truth, regardless of consequences.

"Who Lies?" will be found not only amusing and interesting, but the reader will admire it for its courage and fearlessness. It is deserving of a wide circle of readers.

False Economy.

Is practiced by people who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

END.]

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Colby & Rich, Publishers and Bookstores, 9 Bowdoin Street, Boston, Mass., keep for sale a complete assortment of Spiritualist, Esoteric, Occult, and Miscellaneous Books, at Wholesale and Retail.

Orders for Books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by cash. When the money forwarded is not sufficient to fill the order, the balance must be paid O. D. Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must be accompanied by cash. When the money forwarded is not sufficient to fill the order, the balance must be paid O. D. Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must be accompanied by cash. When the money forwarded is not sufficient to fill the order, the balance must be paid O. D.

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 free 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, JULY 2, 1892.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

[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, 89 and 91 Chambers Street, New York.

COLBY & RICH, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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

Communications for publication must be addressed to the Editors. All business letters should be forwarded to the Business Manager, in order to receive prompt attention.

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

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We have decided to offer those of our patrons, who feel disposed to labor for the extension of the circulation of THE BANNER, a pecuniary incentive, namely: until further notice we will accept Clubs of six yearly subscriptions to the Banner of Light for \$12.00. We ask for the united efforts of all good and true Spiritualists in its and our behalf.

Specimen copies will be furnished gratuitously to canvassers and to those who desire to increase the circulation of this paper.

COLBY & RICH, Publishers.

4th of July.

Monday next being the National Holiday, the BANNER OF LIGHT ESTABLISHMENT will be closed on that date.

Boston parties having advertisements which they wish to appear on the seventh page, must have their applications for renewal at this office by noon of Friday, July 1st.

The True Mission of Spiritualism.

We shall next week place before our readers an inspirational lecture upon the above subject, delivered by W. J. COLVILLE in Grand Army Hall, Washington, D. C., and reported expressly for THE BANNER.

The Seen and Unseen.

This was the theme of Rev. Mr. Savage's sermon just preceding the summer vacation of the Unit. Church. He descended in a very thoughtful way on the fact that the only real things are the spiritual, that which sense accounts as solid and substantial being but shadowy and fleeting. To most people the spirit is nothing real and vital. Not being able to see, hear or feel spirit, they turn back to what seems hard and tangible fact. Granite is surely solid, they think; yet granite may be pulverized, vaporized, and made to vanish, becoming a part of the invisible world. Science to-day stands on the border line of physical discovery which promises to bring us face to face with spirit. It tells us that the atom is probably a little ring of ether, matter still, but out of the reach of our senses. Science shows us that the phenomena of things are only shadows, and that the real things are the unseen—the eternal.

Gravity is an unseen force, occupying no time, yet it grips this earth with a power with which nothing is comparable. Whichever way we turn we find the things that abide are not the things we can see, but are the invisible. The earth has no more permanency than the morning mist. What we call the eternal hills are being continually molded, and can be finally destroyed by the invisible forces. The waves of the sea are as stable as they.

We think governments are abiding, because we consider them as composed of officers, armies, navies, police, and other external signs of existence. But government is very far from being king and president, congress and canon; these are but the temporal and fleeting manifestations of the eternal powers of the human mind that create and require government. These invisible forces of the human mind are what are eternal—the political desire in the human mind. What is seen is temporal, the unseen is eternal. And the same way in business: when we think we are dealing with solid things—banks, stores, ships, and the laws that govern business—we suddenly discover that all these things are naught, of no avail; and looking below the surface we find that, after all, the only basis of the world's business is this invisible faith and trust of men in men. Take that away, and the entire fabric of business is gone at once. The business community, whether we believe it or not, rests for its support on the things of the spirit.

We are, as the great poet says, such stuff as dreams are made of; and dreams, fancies, are made of a stuff that is not temporal, but eternal. They are thought, feeling, aspiration, the

powers that unite us with God. Dreams have transformed the earth. It was a dream that possessed Moses, and the mightiest civilization of earth fell back before it. Slaves became a people; a religion was created; and Egypt in comparison with it is ancient history. The same people who came forth out of Egypt in later days brought forth another and a greater than Moses, whose divine dream was of freedom and of religion, a nobler conception of God and a higher thought of man; and his dream has become the mightiest force in the history of the world.

Dreams are the stuff that gives life to all we call real, and the world's dreamers have proved that men are made of the same stuff as dreams. All of us seek after happiness, but few indeed are they who find it. The trouble is to discover the well-spring of it. Material possessions do not constitute happiness. To wait until we get fortunes, thinking we shall then have attained it, is all an illusion. Happiness is invisible, intangible, a feeling, a disposition of the soul. We are eager seekers for things; they may, it is true, minister to happiness, but happiness does not really require them; that exists only in the soul.

We know our past selves only invisibly and intangibly. Our bodies are as much in flux and flow as is a cataract. We change and pass our bodies; but the real ego—that nobody ever saw or touched. We are each one of us as invisible as is God. Yet God is as near to us as our best friend, for he is the friendship of that friend, the love of that lover. And we are eternal like him, and can look unmoved upon the wreck of worlds. It is they who live in the spirit, therefore, who lay up treasures in the invisible world, where they will not pass away! We are to lay up treasures of thought and of love. We are to deposit in a bank that never fails. All else will pass away—this only is eternal. Faith, Hope, Love remain forever; and in Love, chiefest of all three, is to be found the secret of happiness and peace, of life and of God.

The Growing Popularity of Cremation.

The facts all go to show that cremation continues to grow steadily in popular favor, and that with our advancing civilization and the spread of intelligence among all classes alike it will in good time challenge the burial method to a successful issue for supremacy in practice. Cremation is believed to be the most sensible way of disposing of the human body. The number of bodies thus disposed of by the United States Cremation Society is stated at a little less than eight hundred. This is since its beginning in December, 1885. This last month the Detroit Cremation Society held a convention in connection with the American Medical Association, and discussed the most effective means of incinerating human remains, the improvements in furnaces for this purpose, and other related practical matters.

The New York Society has its crematory at Fresh Pond, and the number of incinerations is steadily increasing there. It was organized as a limited company in 1884, with a capital of \$25,000. It is an educational body, aiming to convert people to the cremation practice. In the first half of the present year it has incinerated 92 bodies. Of the total number thus treated 483 were bodies of men, 218 of women, 40 of boys, and 26 of girls. In the United States there are to-day cremation societies in Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Davenport, Iowa, Denver, Des Moines, Ia., Detroit, Jersey City, Lancaster, Penn., La Crosse, Wis., Los Angeles, Cal., Louisville, Milwaukee, Newark, New Orleans, Oil City, Penn., Omaha, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Sacramento, San Antonio, San Francisco, Savannah, Springfield, Ill., St. Louis, Troy, N. Y., Washington, Penn., Washington, D. C., and Worcester, Mass. The United States government likewise has a crematory on Swinburne Island, New York, for burning the bodies of those who have died of infectious diseases.

In Europe cremation has a stronger footing than here, for the reason that population is denser, and people realize more vividly the danger from the drainage of burial grounds with their crowded population of decaying bodies. Pasteur proved the propagation of the tuberculosis bacillus by earth-worms, which can preserve this germ of disease within themselves for several months. Among the patrons of cremation in England were Mme. Blavatsky, Charles Bradlaugh, the Duke of Bedford and Lord Bramwell, the distinguished jurist who recently died. The "Transactions of the Cremation Society" in England have been published. At the International Congress on Hygiene, held in London last August, an almost unanimous vote was given for cremation. A deputation from the Council of the Association of the Municipal Corporations of the United Kingdom not a great while ago waited upon the Home Secretary and asked the government to empower local authorities to use public funds for the promotion of cremation, and were promised that their request should be carefully considered.

All Christian sects alike adopt cremation, and even a few Catholics have been cremated at Fresh Pond. The New York Society cremates a body for thirty-five dollars, which is far from being an extravagant price. The Fresh Pond Crematory is on an elevation at Bushwick Junction, the next railway station to Long Island City, on the Long Island Railroad. It is very convenient to New York City. It is a one-story brick structure, having three or four long windows, and a slender iron chimney about twenty feet high above the roof. A new two-story building is shortly to replace it, and will give wider satisfaction. An hour or more is required to reduce remains to ashes, which will weigh an average of four pounds. A temperature of two thousand degrees Fahrenheit is required. Three or four hours more are needed to cool the retort sufficiently to allow the door to be opened. Relatives usually call for the ashes on the following day. The Company supplies neat funeral urns, and intends to have in the new building a receptacle for the urns. It takes a ton and a half of Lehigh Valley hard coal to raise the retort to the proper degree for the combustion of a body.

The ashes are variously disposed, sometimes in strangely erratic ways. A well-known brewer's ashes were scattered from the Statue of Liberty into New York Bay. A Detroit gentleman directed that his ashes be given to a florist friend to be buried beneath a rose-bush that bore flowers which were the special object of his admiration. It grows ten or twelve feet high, and sometimes bears from fifteen hundred to two thousand flowers. His wish was religiously carried out. The following well-known Americans have been cremated after death: Courtland Palmer, formerly president of the Nineteenth Century Club; Harry Dodge, vice-president of the New York Stock Ex-

change; Dio Lewis, the health reformer; Emma Abbott, the American prima donna; Harry Edwards, the actor; the daughter of Judge Barrett, one of the editors of the *State's Zeitung*; Otto Hunte, president of the Arion Society; and many more that might be mentioned. Among the stockholders of the society are Charles A. Dana, James D. Townsend, Felix Adler, and other equally strong advocates of cremation.

It is not at all presumptuous to say that the opposition to cremation rests almost entirely on prejudice, and that time will certainly bring the practice into general favor.

The Ocean and the Broom.

In the exhaustive opinion of Rev. Madison C. Peters, of the Bloomingdale (N. Y.) Reformed Church, "Spiritualism" "converts the dead into busybodies, and changes the beatified into phantom tramps and spectral gossips." He accuses Spiritualists of "greedily rendering their judgments captive to the garrulity and guesses" of those who are known as mediums, against whom this Rev. inveighs in the bitterest terms of which our language is capable.

This is the individual to whom Walter Howell recently replied from his platform in Carnegie Hall, New York; but the New York papers refused him (H.) a hearing, while they printed ad nauseum the insane diatribes of M. C. P.

Odd as it may seem, the man who indulges in the style of high-seasoned rhetoric in the lecture under consideration possesses the unbounded conceit to think he knows enough about the angelic order to tell an angel from all other beings, and to describe with accuracy their way of dealing with men. Angels, declares this pulpit-tearing speck of omniscience, "are not the spirits of dead men. They are an entirely different order of beings. When angels appeared to men no mediums were used, no admission was charged, no croles were formed, and there were no turned down lights, cabinets nor planchettes. The angels came directly to the persons to whom they were sent, and never in a darkened room." Therefore he publicly warned the mediums and clairvoyants of New York City, "whom he has been personally investigating," that "if they do not go out of business he will invoke the civil law to deal with them." There you have it at last! What men of his torrid temper and economical mental calibre really want to do is to get the power into their hands to fine, imprison, hang, draw and quarter all mediums and clairvoyants, and silence by brute force the voices that he and his kind can never hush with reason.

He deliberately and knowingly outrages the fact when he repeats the stale falsehood that "there are more than ten thousand persons in the insane asylums of the United States to-day through its [Spiritualism's] tomfoolery." This statement made by others, and by him repeated, has been proved untrue again and again by the most reliable statistics.

In his own beautiful dialect: "What a silly thing he is," to be sure! His mind, as he may be pleased to call it, is inflated with a barren east-wind. What order of intellect would be equal to saying that if the disclosures of the other world made by Spiritualism are to be accepted as true and real, then "the inhabitants of that future life are souls in the process of losing their mental powers, souls destined soon to become extinct, and under such circumstances eternity is not attractive enough to convince a man that it is worth striving for."

The Reverend Peters is playing the rôle of Mrs. Partington vs. the Atlantic ocean, at a late day; he is far behind the age and the facts when he seeks to sweep out of doors with his zealot besom the oncoming tide of liberated thought. Spiritualism is steadily creeping along the church aisles, into the pews, and up to the pulpit stairs, and will in due time reform and reorganize ecclesiastical religion, or else set it aside altogether—such bigots as the Rev. Peters to the contrary notwithstanding.

"The Evil Eye"

Exists in Christians as well as in Infidels, and comes from the affluence in humanity called hate. In ancient times the Theban, the Illyrian and the Thracian women were regarded as exercising it. Later, in Asia Minor the same feeling was cherished about the Turks, and by the Turks about the Christians. In our day we witness the same psychologic manifestations with curiosity and amusement.

The senior editor of this paper was born a free-thinker; hence our brain never was contracted in its early plastic conformation by the influx of the superstitious tenets of theological bigotry; we grew up to the stature of manhood free and independent. There was no "Evil Eye" about us; we looked upon our common humanity as a wonderful aggregation of all the elements in material nature. We knew nothing then in regard to the infinite law of evolution. Now we know why we thought as we did. Now we know why we embraced Modern Spiritualism. It was because we were born in the sphere of freedom; because we had been embodied—hundreds of years before we became an American—in the Orient, and lived among the Egyptians, who were a race of intellectual giants.

We now know that a band of these Orientals, who were contemporaneous with us, are our constant companions in the sphere of our earthly pilgrimage, and why they have been dearly by Celestial Wisdom to guide and protect us until our mission in the physical is accomplished.

This is why we comprehend the idea of the "Evil Eye," known to the ancients so many thousands of years ago, when we were a living entity, and an active participant in the events of that remote period of time.

The present day is bright with the radiance of the higher spheres of wisdom down-cast upon the modern mind. Science and the arts are superseding the crudities and the fallacies of theological creeds; men and women are beginning to think for themselves, and their expanding intellects are giving to the world a clearer view of human destiny than was ever before vouchsafed the race.

Nothing except utter selfishness and sheer ignorance has been retarding this grand forward march of intellect; hence "The Evil Eye"—that continually throws out its dislikes and its hates, that is the primal cause of war, pestilence and famine—to offset the effects of which ministering angels walk the earth to-day, whose purpose it is to establish the truth on a more permanent basis than ever before, and this is the mission of Modern Spiritualism.

During the months of June, July and August the Banner of Light Bookstore will close at 5 P. M. each day, and on Saturdays at 2 P. M. Advertisements intended for the seventh page of THE BANNER must be at the office on Saturday of each week before 1 o'clock.

William C. Tallman.

We have had full knowledge for a long time of the excellent mediumship of the gentleman whose name heads this article, and have many times said to him that he ought to allow THE BANNER to make a statement in regard to his wonderful mediumship, which comprises many phases too numerous to itemize; but his extreme modesty has been the only drawback up to the present time. Now, however, he is willing we should make a statement of what recently occurred in our editorial room. It was, indeed, a wonderful séance. After the usual salutation on such occasions, Mr. Tallman remarked:

"I don't understand why I am impressed to call upon you at this time, especially as I have an appointment elsewhere. What does it mean?"

Wo of course replied that we had n't the least idea, except perhaps some spirit-friends desired to communicate through his organism something we should know at once; which proved to be the fact. But the method used by the spirit was the strangest part of the séance. Instead of entrancement, as we supposed would be the case, the medium was influenced in an entirely different manner. He seized a pen and spasmodically, and wrote rapidly, beginning at the top of the right side of the paper, writing in what seemed to us to be hieroglyphics, from top to bottom, continuing in a similar manner line by line from right to left, until the page was filled. Of course we considered the matter given in some foreign tongue; but found we were mistaken, as when a couple of pages thus written were completed, the medium turned the paper half way round, bringing the page on a line with the left hand, when, to our utter astonishment, the apparent hieroglyphics were very good English. The matter given was of the utmost importance to us at the time, for which we of course thanked the spirit-friend as well as the medium.

If the so-called psychics in our midst could have witnessed this manifestation of spirit-power, they would have been in ecstasies, and reported to the daily press or written up a report of it in such glowing terms as to make the public believe that they alone had not only overcome "the despair of science," but entirely overshadowed the Spiritualists, whom their societies wholly ignore. The Hodgsons and the Jameses and the Fullertons are far behind the grand facts in occultism, with which many Spiritualists have been familiar for years. The message we received through the mediumship of Mr. Tallman was another sterling proof of the many we have had, proving beyond doubt the return of our excommunicated friends, who are deeply interested in the welfare of THE BANNER, as well as those in the earthly life connected with it.

We understand that Mr. Tallman, whose residence is at 22 Berwick Park, Boston, has withdrawn from business as agent in this city for several years of the Grand Trunk Railroad, and has, under competent spirit-guidance, taken upon himself the important work of healing the sick, and that he is remarkably successful in his new vocation, some of Boston's very best people being his patrons.

Unconstitutional and Void.

The International Hahnemann Convention at Narragansett Pier, R. I., recently, listened to many remarks of an important character on various themes from thinking men in the Homeopathic ranks—but none more so than those expressed in re vaccination. It was the sense of the association that the potentized vaccine matter should be given internally, instead of the crude virus in the arm.

Dr. Hitchcock of New York in the course of the meeting read a paper on vaccination which was productive of the longest and most enthusiastic discussion of the convention. He closed with quotations from a very recent decision by Judge Thomas M. Wyatt of New York, to wit:

"An act to enforce vaccination in the public schools is not an act of police regulations, and, furthermore, the attempted legislation on the part of the State is not an attack upon an evil that exists, but upon a possibility of an evil. It is not aimed at the sick, but at the well. It subjects the well to pecuniary damage, but does not attempt to cure the sick. Its shafts are leveled not at a reality, but a possibility—a possibility that may never happen. The Legislature of the State might as well compel every child or person to be treated with an injection of the lymph of Koch to protect them from possible consumption, or with the bichloride of gold to prevent the possibility of drunkenness. If the legislation is proper in one case, certainly it is in the other. The remedy claimed in either case is quite as certain as in the other, and any attempt at legislation in either instance, when brought before the proper tribunal, would be declared unconstitutional and void."

Every reflecting mind will at once decide that Judge Wyatt is right, and that his position is utterly incontrovertible. For years THE BANNER has proclaimed the same doctrine, and many Spiritualists, Liberals, and friends of humanity, have from year to year joined in endeavors to impress like views upon the Massachusetts Legislature—thus far, however, fruitlessly; but we all hope for better things of the law-makers by-and-by. Truly has A. E. Giles, Esq., summed up the matter in his celebrated pamphlet, "The Iniquity of Compulsory Vaccination," when he calls it stupidly and absurd, unconstitutional and void under the spirit of the Massachusetts statutes. Now comes Judge Wyatt declaring it unconstitutional in New York. And what applies to compulsory vaccination in the Empire and the Bay States is true of this curse of humanity wherever it is found.

One of Boston's excellent clairvoyant mediums called at our editorial sanctum the other day on private business, when a hand and arm (to the elbow), belonging evidently to some spirit, reached up to our desk apparently for a book, the suddenness of which so affected the medium that the materialized hand and arm suddenly disappeared. The book the spirit wanted was Allen Putnam's work on "Witchcraft Explained by Modern Spiritualism." Had the medium not been thus suddenly disturbed—not expecting any physical manifestation at the time, especially in broad daylight—doubtless the spirit would have retained sufficient nerve-aura to successfully effect its design: thus proving, by failure, how nice is the law in regard to the production of the phenomena.

We shall print in the next BANNER a description of a Hindu Temple—a complex institution, over which the high caste Brahmins exercise supreme authority as receivers, trustees and ministrants, etc.—in order to inform our young readers in this part of the world as to what is going on in the Orient to-day, and has been for hundreds of years, in a religious point of view.

Mr. Geo. T. Albro, manager, informs us that the séances of Mrs. Martin, heretofore held at 55 Rutland Square, Boston, are now closed till further notice.

Commentary.

We publish the following complimentary notice of THE BANNER because it is true, especially coming as it does from one of our oldest patrons:

"I don't know whether I should apologize or not, Messrs. Editors, but I feel inwardly urged to say a word about the contents of the last number of the BANNER OF LIGHT, which I have just been reading. While enjoying its perusal, I could but think of the very excellent mental which you had served for the delight of your many readers."

Were I to specialize, I should have to mention nearly every article—certainly I would not omit to call attention to the first one, which is rare with age, and richly suggestive with thought nor rendered familiar to latter-day metaphysicians; nor the translation from one language into another of an account concerning the transition of a spirit from one plane of existence to another—from the physical to the spiritual; nor the emphatic statements of Mr. Abbot Walker as to form-materialization. Great personal knowledge enables one to speak with authority. The happily conceived and beautifully expressed lecture as to the Doing and the Destiny of Spiritualism, by Miss Lizzie Ewer, you have already fittingly characterized as 'a gem.' Spiritualists, 'lend your listening ears to the teachings' of this spirit. Read it, heed it and grow wise.

'The Relation of Mediums to Spirit-Forms,' by Mr. Foster, opens up a necessary phase of spiritual consideration which, like too many other branches of spiritual thought, is, alas! too often ill-considered, or allowed to go entirely by default.

The call to rationally explain the actualities of Dream-Life is pertinent, is desired, and it cannot be supplied by material philosophy.

The editorial page seemed to me to be unusually clever, each article being full of pith and point; notably so those on 'A Prelate's Preaching,' 'Jugglery and Confession,' in which Rev. Joseph Cook is placed in a pillory. 'Loose in a Clover Field of Epithets' is as good as its heading is poetic. A happy hit. The extracts furnished of Mr. Colville's 'Unbalanced Wisdom,' and of Mrs. Lake's 'Individuals and Institutions,' are worthy to adorn any album of spiritual literature. I have placed them among my valuable scraps. But not to prolong this particularization, what has been said is also true of every other page. PENN.

June 23d, 1892.

The Present Outlook.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT is a live paper, devoted to the cause of Modern Spiritualism per se, although it liberally gives space, when it has the room to spare, to other views of occultism, such as Theosophy and its kindred claims, which, however, in our view, belong to the myths of an ancient era, while the present generation receives direct knowledge from purely spiritual sources.

We know that healing "by the laying on of hands" is a fact, which has been demonstrated time and again; hence we place no reliance in "falth cure," so-called, as practiced by religious fanatics, believing it to be not in accord with natural law.

We also believe that harmony should at once take the place of discord in the spiritualistic ranks. At a time when thoughtful minds are breaking away from the thrallhold of the benighted creeds, is it not the paramount duty of all true Spiritualists to come together in unity of purpose, laying aside the idiosyncrasies that have in a great measure retarded the progress of our Divine Cause, and is still retarding it?

Onset Bay, Mass.

Read the announcement made on fifth page regarding the Grove-Meetings to be held at this popular resort during the season of '92.

Those people who still contend that the materialization of spirit-forms is not a verity, when the requisite conditions by mortals are complied with, will be obliged to withdraw their opposition as time proceeds. But they will never be convinced of the fact by and through psychic societies, so-called, which are composed chiefly of clergymen, who, however learned they may be in other respects, are incompetent to come to any definite conclusion in regard to the occult—as have practical Spiritualists who have given the subject constant attention for many years. This seems to be self-evident. For example we have only to refer to the Seybert Commission of Philadelphia, with ample funds left by Mr. Seybert, the devoted Spiritualist, for the purpose of having the phenomena thoroughly investigated, he mistakenly supposing that such men as the Rev. Mr. Fullerton of the University of Pennsylvania, et al., were competent to analyze the facts, and just enough to impartially place them before the public. Up to date the whole project has proved an utter failure. Why? Because of the prejudice against Modern Spiritualism with which the minds of the gentlemen composing the commission are imbued.

When a good word comes to us in reference to our Cause, although not intended for publication, we feel like letting our readers know what the writer says. In a private note to us some time since, Dr. Joseph Beals, President of the Lake Pleasant Spiritualist Association, one of the sincerest of Spiritualists, remarked, in regard to the inharmonies existing in our ranks, that we should not allow such things to disturb us in the least, as we are all working for a great end. Continuing, he said:

"The Cause of Spiritualism is dear to us all. There are none of us perfect, and all make mistakes. If we all thought alike there would be an end to progression. The Spiritualists as a class are very much individualized; and I have no doubt that each one thinks he could run a paper better than any one else; and for that reason we never shall have a paper that all think is perfect. So we must pick out that from each which is soul-food for us, and let that we cannot accept go for what it is worth, hoping it will feed some other hungry soul. But all should try to work in harmony, feeling sure that when we join the great majority we shall see many things in a different light than we do now. If we all strive to do what we honestly think is right, we shall be satisfied when we come to look over our 'Book of Life.'"

A report of the official action of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Spiritual Association, in regard to the recent demise of its beloved president, Samuel B. Bogert, will be found on our seventh page. Another faithful worker has entered into his reward.

Mrs. Mellon, who left England a few months since with her husband on account of the impaired health of the latter, is holding very satisfactory materializing séances in Sydney, N. S. W.

Our thanks are returned to Mrs. Col. W. D. Crockett and Mrs. De Witt, of Boston, and Mrs. S. M. Ingraham, of Windsor, Vt., for floral donations to beautify our Free Circle-Room table.

Mrs. B. F. Smith, the trance medium, of Vernon Cottage, Crescent Beach, Revere, we understand, has resumed her public sittings, on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Caborn's Healing Girl—To be Shot!

In a special to *The World*, (New York), it is stated that considerable excitement has been created at Quymas, in the State of Sonora, by the arrest of a young girl called Teresa Urea, who, for some time past, has, on account of marvelous cures effected by her, been an object of veneration in that primitive locality.

Teresa (says the account), is now twenty years of age, of tall, slight and delicate build, with a dark olive complexion, expressive and penetrating black eyes. She appears to be a girl of a singularly sweet nature, given to meditation and to mystic dreams and visions.

Her curing powers were developed some two years ago, and soon her fame spread far and wide. Crowds of pilgrims trooped to the once quiet village of Caborn, and it was no uncommon sight to witness three or four hundred infirm and crippled people standing in a long line, awaiting their turn to receive the healing touch. Indians from neighboring States often accompanied in thousands on the hillside, as house accommodation in the village proved totally insufficient for the crowd of devotees.

Accounts of the marvelous cures she effected are related with a surprising amount of detail, many testimonials having been published by persons freed by her touch from various kinds of ailments, including some which have always defied the highest medical skill.

Eminent medical authorities testify to the completeness and permanency of many cures wrought by this remarkable young girl. Many believe that in her prolonged trances her spirit ascends to heaven, and communicates with the wise and good, and with eminent departed practitioners of the healing art. At all events, her touch is a cure. Her glance alleviates painful symptoms. Her pale, spiritual face, her magical touch, the inspiration which flows in her young face, completely fascinate and hypnotize.

In the course of time the authorities of the State of Sonora began to grow distrustful and jealous of the increasing authority and influence acquired by Teresa over the large masses of Indians. Hence her arrest.

Later on, she was informed that Teresa was arrested at her humble home in the mountains above the village of Cachaera over three weeks ago by a detachment of soldiers, who escorted her and her aged father, Thomas Urea, to Guaymas. Both were heavily ironed, and were kept closely confined in prison until placed on trial. They were found guilty of witchery by the judge, who sentenced Teresa to be shot, and her father to imprisonment for life. The latter was a raiser of goats, and very poor. Teresa would never accept remuneration of any kind for the wonderful cures she performed. She awaits her fate quietly, and offered no defense when on trial.

Independent Slate-Writing, Etc.—Dr. M. V. Thomas, of Boston, informs us that the wife of Peter McKenzie (of 104 Washington street) has recently developed assured power as a medium for the production by spirit-agency of what is known as independent slate-writing; she also gives promise of excellent results in the phase of form-materialization.

Dr. Thomas recently called, without appointment, and seemingly by chance, at the residence of Mr. McKenzie; it was broad daylight, with a bright sun. It was proposed by the medium's husband that an effort be made to obtain slate-writing, and the three—Mr. and Mrs. McK., and Dr. T.—resolved themselves into an impromptu party of investigators. Two slates, which our informant declares were clean to his knowledge, were put together, no pencil being inserted between the frames—and held tightly on her lap, by their extreme edges, the medium in plain sight all the time of the entire party.

Under these conditions highly satisfactory messages of a purely personal character to Dr. T. were found written upon the interior surfaces in what resembled the usual mark of a slate pencil.

Having an idea that the brilliant sunlight in the room must make the process of the spirit-writing additionally difficult, Dr. Thomas himself suggested that the slates be darkened by throwing a cape belonging to the medium over them—her hands being then placed on the outside, and in sight of the rest. Writing was again obtained; in this case, in addition to that in the common color, writing was found presenting the appearance of having been done with a blue pencil—though no pencil whatever was between the slates.

On a later occasion a small fragment of slate pencil having been inserted for use by the unseen writers (if they wished), they contented themselves with making only one scratch with it (to denote their power to use it), and then wrote their messages in blue—no such color being within the slates.

Dr. Thomas reports that he has attended several semi-private sances for form-manifestations in presence of Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie with the most gratifying results as to phenomena witnessed thereto.

For Open Gates.—Mr. Peter M. Herold devotes two and a half columns of the *Free Press* of Carrollton, O., to a discussion of the Sunday opening of the World's Fair, and presents a formidable array of strong points in the body of a close and cogent argument for a perfect liberty to enter the enclosure on seven days of the week uninterruptedly. He rightly calls it a "World's Columbian Exposition, and NOT AN ECCLESIASTICAL COUNCIL." None of the governments or nations of the world, says he, refuse to participate in it on account of certain days not being kept holy; on the contrary, they would be more likely to return home in a body, disgusted with our spirit of intolerance, were this objectionable feature rigidly enforced. The nations of the world that are invited to be present and participate are civilized, semi-civilized and barbarous peoples.

A gathering of this character is not to obey the restraints of a handful of presbyteries and church conferences that seek to run the Exposition on ecclesiastical rules. It is a purely secular enterprise in a strictly business and social enterprise between the governments and nations of the world. It should not be mistaken for a sabbatical camp-meeting, nor a missionary gathering to hear the Fourth Commandment expounded. Our neighbors in all parts of the world have been invited to bring their products and curiosities to this Grand Exposition, and to bring their peculiar views and beliefs along with them; for it would be too intolerant and exclusive to ask a government to give up its religion before it is allowed to make an exhibit of its products. This view is enforced in energetic phrase and with convincing logic, and bigotry cannot expect to overcome such a forcible presentation.

Japan's True Course.—The delicate and refined genius of the Japanese is wholly unadapted to develop that populous nation into a great manufacturing nation like England. The temperament, the training, and the necessary materials are, for the most part, lacking—says Mr. Fenollosa in the June *Atlantic*. The far-seeing, he asserts, are now beginning to recognize that even in industrial lines the greatest hope of Japan lies in her very genial and artistic temperament. Her greatest natural advantages over competing peoples lie along the line of the development of her indigenous art-industries. She has stored away an enormous capital in her capacity to design. It may be, he adds, that at some distant day China will develop into a fully armed colossus, which will draw the attention of European coalitions to strategic centres far to the east of the Dardanelles and the Neva; but he thinks it is much more possible and the more probable, that Japan, deriving inspiration from carefully nurtured refinement, unworldly ideal and creative individuality, to peacefully invade the willing markets of the West with her laden "treasure-ships of good fortune," and conquer the world by the sword of the spirit. Let each nation be strictly obedient to the instinctive promptings of its ruling genius. Japan was not constituted for war or manufactures, or mere commerce. She may yet triumph over all the rest by following closely in the path marked out by temperament, taste and training, and so contribute a wholly new power to the world's civilization.

The Lyceum Banner gives in its June number a portrait of Mr. H. A. Kersey, President of the Spiritualist Lyceum Union in England; a Lyceum lesson on "The Evolution of Worlds"; hints upon "How to Make Our Lyceums More Attractive"; a pleasing talk by "Aunt Edith to Her Nephews and Nieces," and much else that is entertaining and instructive. Liverpool, Eng.: J. J. Morse. For sale by Colby & Rich, Boston.

Tribute to Prof. Petersen.—The *Newton* (Mass.) *Journal* reprints from the *American Art Journal* an article commendatory of Carlisle Petersen's works as an author, and his artistic performances as a pianist—making lengthy selections from his "Discovered Country."

Personating the Prophet.—The truth of the Scripture declaration, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," has been often verified; but it was left to our own country to not only deprive him of honor, but of his liberty, as it appears from a press report, which says a colored preacher in Anderson, Ind., in the early part of May, went into a trance on the street corner, and foretold the destruction of the cities in the oil regions of Pennsylvania by fire.

Everybody thought him crazy, but the power and earnestness with which he talked about the affair impressed all who heard him. The poor fellow was looked up for insanity, and at last accounts was still in jail.

Nothing more was thought of the matter until the terrible disaster befell the oil regions.

The Unseen Universe.—The contents of the June number are chiefly of a retrospective nature. They include the third chapter of "Historical Spiritualism," the third installment of extracts from Vol. II. of "Ghostland," and a paper on "Physical Manifestations and Their Modus Operandi," as learned at a circle held regularly at the residence of Dr. Gray in New York City in 1881, of which Edward Fowler, a well-educated medical student, was the medium. "The Mystery of No. 9 Stanhope Street" is continued, and interesting minor articles fill the remaining pages. Manchester, Eng.: John Heywood, publisher; Mrs. Emma Harding Britten, editor. For sale in Boston by Colby & Rich.

Spiritual Songs and Music.—The popular compositions of that well known author, C. P. Longley, which are for sale at this office, are just what are needed at camp meetings, circles, social gatherings and entertainments. All who hear them are charmed with the inspired words and tuneful melody. "Echoes from an Angel's Lyre" contains a number of these choice selections, and is neatly bound in boards, with illustrated cover. It sells for \$1.00. We have also a large number of Prof. Longley's songs in sheet music, which retail at twenty-five cents a copy, or six for \$1. See our advertising columns, and make your selections.

International Anti-Vaccination Congress.—The friends of personal and parental rights will be interested to hear that the Sixth International Anti-Vaccination Congress will be held at Scheveningen (suburb of The Hague, Holland) in August next. Delegates from the various continental States and from the leading Anti-Vaccination Leagues are expected to be present and to take part in the proceedings. Further particulars may be obtained from Mr. Alexander Wheeler, Darlington, Eng., or Dr. Hubert Bobas, Charleroi, Belgium.

The Royal Commission.—We published recently a telling letter to vaccination, and in reference to the Interim Report of the Royal Commission of England on that subject. *The Medium and Daybreak* of London, in view of this report, and other indications, remarks with truth in a recent issue: "Evidently compulsory vaccination is in a bad way, and only requires that anti-vaccinators at the election do their duty to give it the quietus once and for all."

A note from Rufus C. Hartnaff of Philadelphia, Pa., informs us, under date of June 24th, that "Mrs. Nettie C. Maynard is lying dangerously ill, and that her household have no hopes of her recovery." We have no later advices on going to press concerning her condition. Our deep sympathy goes out to the anxious family. Our thanks are returned to Mr. Hartnaff for his friendly interest in conveying the intelligence to this office.

College of Therapeutics.—At the (recent) closing session of those attending the fourteenth season of Dr. J. Rodas Buchanan's College of Therapeutics, held in Kansas City, Mo., a declaration of highly appreciative sentiments, similar to those expressed to him by classes of previous years, was signed by all the pupils. Dr. Buchanan is doing excellent work, evidently, in his new home in the West.

Miss Lottie Fowler—so well known in Europe and America as a trance medium of great power and reliability—has returned to this country, and is now located at 270 7th Avenue, New York City—as per card on fifth page.

Read the able and sympathetic review (second page) of Moncure D. Conway's "Life of Thomas Paine"; well does the *New York World* say of it: "Mr. Conway's work is an honor to himself as a historian, a man and a gentleman." *The World* also deserves the thanks of all liberal souls for devoting so much of its space to the defense of the "Author-Hero of the Revolution."

Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten is announced to deliver a lecture in London, Eng., July 5th, on "The Great New Reformation."

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

G. W. Kates and wife are engaged at Parkland camp, July 3d, 4th and 10th; Martin, O. camp, July 24th and 25th; Ashley, O. camp, Aug. 28th and Sept. 4th; balance of September at DeLancey, O. Will accept calls in the west for winter months. Address 2234 Frankford Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Celia M. Nickerson, Wollaston, Mass., will attend funerals and accept engagements to speak wherever her services are desired.

Dr. Mary A. Charter of Boston is at present located at Pine Cottage, near Lakeside House, Rindge, N. H. She goes thence to Gardiner, Me., and later to Lake Pleasant Camp. Grove meetings will be held by her near the Lakeside House, July 3d and 10th.

Mrs. A. E. Cunniff's address after July 8th will be at Lake Pleasant, Mass. She would be pleased to make engagements for the coming fall and winter as a platform speaker and test-medium. Present address, 247 Columbus Avenue, Suite 8, Boston.

A. W. Pierce of Londonderry, Vt., writes that Miss S. Lizzie Ewer of Portsmouth, N. H., has of late accomplished much good for the Cause in that part of the Green Mountain State by her eloquent discourses and gratifying psychometric tests.

E. J. Bowtell speaks at Rindge, N. H., July 3d and 10th; Lake Pleasant, August 12th. Address 223 Shawmut Avenue, Boston.

Bishop A. Beals commences an engagement at Mt. Clemons, Mich., the first Sunday in July.

W. J. Colville's present address is, care of Mrs. F. J. Miller, Onset, Mass.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

JUNE.
[Atlanta Tour.]
But by the laughter of the brook,
The fragrance of the blossom,
We think we know the way she took,
And how she leaped across 'em;
We hear her trailing robe—so sweet
As scent on hill and hollow;
We long to see her flying feet,
And cannot choose but follow!

One of the most notable features of the World's Fair at Chicago next year will be a complete model of the entire plant of the H. C. Frick Coke Company of Scotland, Pa. This Company employs about forty million dollars capital in their business, and is the largest of the kind in the world. The estimated cost of this model is between three and four thousand dollars; it will be an exact facsimile of the original, including engines, machinery, etc., and will be in operation. The motive power will be electricity.

Employer.—"You put that note where it will be sure to attract Mr. Smith's attention when he comes in, didn't you?" **Office Boy.**—"Yes, sir; I stuck a pin through it and put it in his chair."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Messrs. Leland, Tower & Co. of 59 Congress street, Boston, have issued a pocket manual showing the dates of payment of interest on all bonds listed in the New York and Boston Stock Exchanges, a copy of which will be sent to any one on application.

THE DAUGHTER OF AN EDITOR.—"Why did you reject him?" "He was not accompanied by stamps."—*Life.*

[QUOTE THE THING, JUST NOW.]—"Who is it that possesses all knowledge?" asked the Sunday School teacher. "My brother James," replied a diminutive pupil. "He's just home from college."—*Brooklyn Life.*

The Boston Pilot is credited with styling a woman who gave a costly funeral to her pet mastiff a "dog-gone idiot."

One of the most interesting exhibits at the National Museum, Washington, D. C., is a miniature viking ship, an exact reproduction on a small scale of one of the vessels used by the Norsemen in the "semi-historic" age, 1000 years ago. These were open boats of great size, propelled by wind and oar, and built "doubled-ended" on the best principles of naval architecture even as now known to modern sailors.

Judge Dobson has evidently discovered more crookedness in the management of the so-called Maud Lord Drake case than he cared to disclose in his report to the criminal court. The case now bids fair to be pushed on to a merited punishment of the parties to the conspiracy.—*Kansas City Journal.*

The signs of a renewal of volcanic action on the moon which began to be discussed a century ago, are now not merely scientific nuts to be cracked by the astronomers, but are claimed to be facts for the people.

There were few more popular men in Chicago than the late Emmons Blaine. He was amiable, bright, witty, cheerful, and everybody liked him.

Are all Club men "strikers"?

HOW BIG SHIPS ARE LAUNCHED.—With the aid of 1200 pounds of tallow, 250 pounds of grease, 300 pounds of soft soap and the force of gravity the 1,400 tons of steel slide off the ways and float like a duck.

A CONDENSED EPIC.—An exchange is responsible for the statement that the subjoined is a sample of some of the "heads" published in the *Cincinnati Enquirer*:

ONLY A DOG.
But Neighbors Lied—and Said He Killed—The Sheep That Died.
His Master Chubb'd—the Dog to Sleep—Another Dog—Had Killed the Sheep.
The Wounded Dog—Went Home Again—His Head Was Bruised—and Full of Pain—He Bawled for Joy—When Master Came.
The Master Could Not—Hide His Shame—So the Master Wept.

A MILITARY "TRUST" BROKEN.—ALMOST. The vast armies of Europe are sure in time to break down the nations there—the weakest first. Holland with its 30,000 men has not yet been heard from, but Italy has weakened to such an extent that Kaiser William has agreed to pay for her army as well as his own, in order to keep up the Italo-German combine vs. Gallia.

War seems imminent again between the English government in India and the Ameer of Afghanistan.

May—"Do you believe in real live fairies?" *Agnes* (whispering)—"No; but I don't want to say so until I hear, 'cause one might be listening."—*Harpers's Young People.*

Certain deniers of spirit return—who will laugh at this naive declaration—take, practically, the same ground as the little girl aforesaid.

Seattle, Washington, had a \$500,000 fire on the evening of June 27th.

Various points in Iowa, Illinois, New York and Pennsylvania were visited by rain, wind, cloudbursts, etc., on the 27th—floods, landslides, destruction of dwellings, etc., being the result, but no loss of life is reported.

A Theosophical Convention is to be held in London, Eng., July 14th and 15th, by the European section of the Society, the members of which anticipate an occasion of more than ordinary interest.

White Grandfather England is going to the dogs, Germany is eating American hogs.

The Sherman House in Court Square, Boston, is being torn down. It ought to have been long ago, for many reasons.

The Royal Commission on Vaccination.—All particulars of any evidence likely to be of use before the Commission must be sent to Mr. J. H. Lynn, 19 Vesta Road, Brockley, E. E. London, Eng. Mr. Lynn is Secretary to the Special (Commission) Committee of the London Society.—*The Vaccination Inquirer.*

Two severe accidents occurred Sunday night on electric cars in Boston—necessitating the conveyance of some of the injured passengers to the City Hospital. Streams of blue fire shot up from the car floor among the living freight, and created a panic, and an effort to leave the cars ALL at once—hence bodily harm. President Whitney of the West End Railroad thus explains the phenomenon:

"The two cars blew off fuses at the same time, and the rain forming a conductor for the electricity, caused the display that frightened the passengers. These

fuses are the electrical safety valves of the car. When ever too much electricity accumulates the fuse is blown out. It happens on some cars every day, and nothing is thought of it. The war was what made the cases last night exceptional. If the passengers had remained in their seats they would not have been injured."

The French warship *Dupuy de Lorne* exploded one of her boilers at Brest, 21st of June, whereby fifteen men were killed and others severely burned.

Gladstone was pelted, June 28th, with hard ginger-bread while on his way to speak, but his injuries, luckily, proved slight. British electors should behave more like human beings. The United States is a paradise for quiet politics in comparison with England, Ireland, and sometimes canny Scotia.

Matta, the fire-eating Chilian, has in typos' parlance just become "dead matter."

JULY.
A sweltering blind still sings and slugs
In fields of bloom and spice,
While millions hail the cart that brings
The hero with the ice!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"Windy" Chicago is just now catching it from a flood. More than a thousand houses between State street and Lake Michigan have been flooded. Five square miles of territory adjacent to the village of Dauphin, a suburb of Chicago, as well as other villages, it is said, are submerged.

Dr. C. W. Eldred of Newburyport, Mass., is to open the speaking at Lake Pleasant Camp, July 24th, and will also speak on Tuesday, July 26th.

INVALIDS recovering from the effects of **FEVERS, DYSPEPSIA or Wasting Diseases** in any form will always find

ALE AND BEEF

The ONLY TRUE TONIC combined with a perfect food known—and so recognized by the leading physicians throughout the country.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

The Ale & Beef Co., 267 W. 17th St., New York City.

Spiritualist Camp-Meetings for 1892.

The season of out-of-door gatherings on the part of the believers in the New Dispensation is now drawing nigh; and the reader will find subjoined a list of the localities and time of session where such convocations are to be held.

As this paper is always ready and willing to give all the Spiritualist Camp-Meeting proceedings free of cost to those interested in these pleasant gatherings, we hope they will bear in mind the importance of freely circulating it among the visitors as fully as possible, and that the platform speakers will not fail to call attention to it as occasion may offer—thus co-operating in efforts to increase the circulation of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and thereby strengthening the hands of its publishers for the arduous work which the Cause demands of all its public advocates.

Lake Brady, O.—The Ohio Confederation of Spiritualists will dedicate this new spiritual resort on Sunday, July 24th, 1892. The exercises for the summer will begin July 24th, and continue until Aug. 28th.

Cassadaga, N. Y.—The Thirtieth Annual Summer Assembly of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association, Lily Dale, Chautauque County, N. Y., will continue from July 22d to Aug. 28th.

Onset Bay, Mass.—Meeting from July 10th to Aug. 28th.

Liberal, Me.—The Second Annual Camp-Meeting of the Liberal Spiritual Association commences Aug. 20th, and closes Sept. 1st.

Denver, Col.—A Spiritualist Camp-Meeting will be opened at Taylor Park for the first two weeks in September—perhaps to continue to the 30th.

Hastett Park, Mich.—The Hastett Park Association will hold its Tenth Annual Camp Meeting from July 31st to Aug. 29th.

Clinton, Ia.—The meeting at this place will open July 31st and close Aug. 28th.

Chesterfield, Ind.—The next camp-meeting will commence July 21st, and continue to Aug. 15th.

St. Paul, Minn.—The Northwestern Spiritualist Association will hold a camp meeting beginning July 1st and continue over Sunday, July 24th.

Summerland, Cal.—The camp meeting will be held from Sept. 11th to Oct. 2d.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.—The annual camp meeting will be held July 24th to Aug. 28th, inclusive.

Verona Park, Me.—The Tenth Annual Camp-Meeting commences Aug. 14th, and closes Aug. 28th. 1892. Matilda H. Cushing, Secretary.

Nunneke Lake, N. H.—The meeting this season will commence Sunday, July 31st, and close Aug. 28th. Jane D. Churchill, Secretary.

Queen City Park, Vt.—The meetings at this camp ground, in Burlington, commence July 31st and close Sept. 6th.

Tenmile Heights, Me.—The Tenth Annual Camp-Meeting commences Aug. 12th and closes Aug. 21st. G. H. Rich, President; F. O. Gould, Secretary.

Pine Banks, Malden, Mass.—The Union Spiritualists will hold meetings the first Sunday in each month during the season. Dodge & Logan.

Devil's Lake, Mich.—July 28th to Aug. 8th.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, operating through the blood, eradicates the scrofulous taint.

Notice.
The Veteran Spiritualists' Union will hold a meeting at the *Banner Circle-Hall* on Tuesday evening, July 5th, at 7:30. All are invited.

The world wants a broad, true, free religion, based on the very highest revelation of God—that is, the being of Man! It is the work of the true Spiritualist to supply that demand, with angel help and guidance.—Medium and Daybreak.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure Bilious and Nervous Ills.

1892 July. 1892

Su. Mo. Tu. We. Th. Fri. Sat.

1 2

3 4 5 6 7 8 9

10 11 12 13 14 15 16

17 18 19 20 21 22 23

24 25 26 27 28 29 30

31

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Jan. 2.

Andrew Jackson Davis, Physician, will be in his office, 63 Warren Avenue, Boston, Mass., Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, from 8 A. M. to 3 P. M. No new patients after 2 P. M. July 2.

J. J. Morse, 80 Needham Road, Kensington, Liverpool, will act as agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of Colby & Rich.

James Burns, 15 Southampton Row, London, Eng., is agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and keeps for sale the publications of Colby & Rich.

To Foreign Subscribers the subscription price of the BANNER OF LIGHT is \$5.00 per year, or \$1.50 per six months, to any foreign country embraced in the Universal Postal Union. To countries outside of the Union the price will be \$5.50 per year, or \$1.75 for six months.

"A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills."

Thousands of women have been benefited by Mrs. Pinkham's advice, and cured by her remedies after all other treatment had failed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been more successful in curing Female Complaints than any remedy the world has ever known, including Leucorrhoea, the various Womb and Uterus Troubles, Backache, and is invaluable to the Change of Life.

For Kidney Complaints the compound is unequalled.

All Druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of 25c. Liver Pills, 25c. Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

A Rare Opportunity.

IN consequence of age and infirmities, I desire to sell 100 or more lots in the growing town of Rosehay, Cumberland Co., N. J. We have railroad lines, good schools, good land, good water, brick-yard (patent), capacity 30,000 per day; button, sewing and other factories. I have a store and a saloon, two stories, tenement above; a hall 10x20, 3 stories above basement; blacksmith shop, meat shop—which I want to sell, or to sell an interest in lands and buildings and business in the real estate in the town of Rosehay. Forgive me to a younger man. To a working Spiritualist will give a rare bargain, 8,000 less than it is worth. Single lots for sale for cash at low price, or part cash and balance on installment. We have published a paper here over one year, and want a printer to buy or rent outfit of us and continue it. When any one writes, name this paper.

Address A. C. COTTON, for particulars, Rosehay, Cumberland Co., N. J. July 2.

GROVE MEETINGS AT ONSET BAY!

SEASON of 1892, commencing July 10th and continuing daily until Aug. 28th. Excellent music, to be given by speakers and mediums. Write for Program to Dr. H. B. STORER, Onset, Mass. At all stations on Old Colony R. R. call for excursion tickets to "Onset Junction." July 2.

USE & PAY IF PLEASED.
We will send the great French *Capillary*, *Lavender Paste*, for removing superfluous hair, free of charge. It is put up in French Cur-Glass Bottles. Each one in its name and address. *Lavender Paste Co.*, Importers, Louisville, Ky.

Use Dr. Stansbury's Elixir of Life

FOR a Tonic and Renovator. A certain universal remedy. Half size, by mail, 50 cents. Liberal terms to Agents for twelve of the best selling Remedies known. For Circulars, Terms and Testimonials, address DORNBURG & WASHBURN, Olmstedville, N. Y. For sale by COLBY & RICH. July 2.

Miss Lottie Fowler,

(ELEBRATED) Medical and Business Spiritual Medium. Returned from Europe. Hours 2 till 8 P. M. Also answers letters. Massage treatments. 276 7th Ave., New York City. July 2.

Voltaic Mineral Rods.

I have been out of the body nearly two years,

I would like my brothers to know that I

I did not belong to your country, and so I may not speak your words quite right, but I do my best with the help of the good spirits here. I come from the warm sunny clime across the blue waters, where I lived many years ago. I did not know your tongue when I was here, but I learn it from the wise teachers in the spirit-world, so they bring me back to you in a new, human form.

I wish to say to you, dear lady, Do not get downcast; do not be sad, lady, you cannot work as great as some of the others do in this field. You are doing your work, you are filling a place, an influence goes out from your home to others that is strong and sweet. They get

Therefore one spirit entering the other life may find himself surrounded by beautiful objects and pleasant scenes, while some other may find himself surrounded by clouds and mists and things unpleasant to look upon; but many, finding themselves surrounded by that which is beautiful, may conclude that having found so much that is pleasant, they have

[Continued on seventh page.]

is Soothing, Healing, Penetrating. Once used always wanted; and dealers say "Can't sell any other."
Every Mother Should have Johnson's
 house for Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Croup, Tonsillitis, Colic, Nervous Headache, Cuts, Bruises, Gramps, Pains, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Complicated, and Acute. Sold every where, Price 25 cents, 5 bottles \$2.00. Express paid. Pamphlet free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

25 CTS.

PURE'S CURE FOR

CURBS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

Best Cough-Syrup. Tastes Good. Use

in time. - Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

25 CTS.

