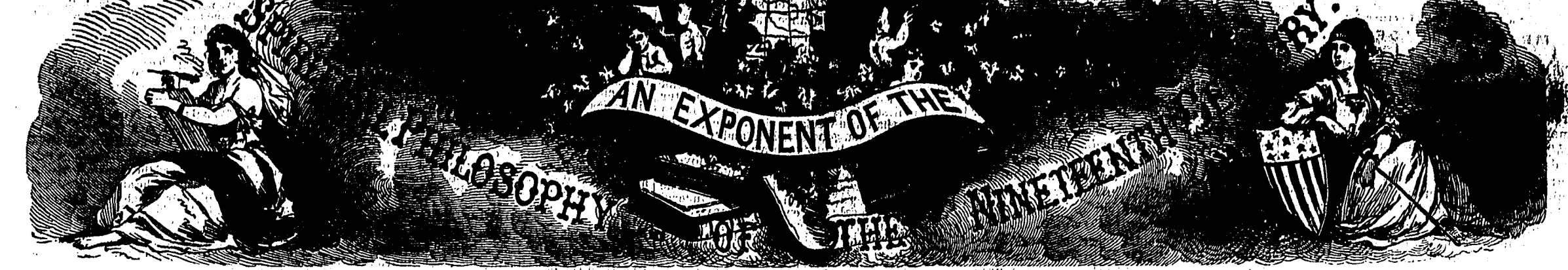


AUG 11 1892

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. 71. COLBY & RICH, 9 Bowditch St., Boston, Mass. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1892. (\$2.50 Per Annum, Postage Free.) NO. 23.

## ROMANCE.

Down from the sunken door-step to the road,  
Through a warm garden full of old-time flowers,  
Stretches a pathway, where the wrinkled toad  
Sits lost in sunlight through long summer hours.  
Ah, little dream the passers by in street,  
That there, a few yards from the old house door,  
Just where the apple and the pear trees meet,  
The noble deeds of old are lived once more!  
That there, within the gold-lit waning shade,  
To Joan of Arc angelic voices sing,  
And once again the brave, inspired maid,  
Gives up her life for France and for her king.  
Or now no more the fields of France are seen—  
They change to England's rougher, colder shore,  
Where rules Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen,  
Or where King Arthur holds his court once more.  
The stupid village folk they cannot see;  
Their eyes are old, and, as they pass their way,  
It only seems to them beneath the tree  
They see a little dark-eyed girl at play.  
—Mildred Howells, in St. Nicholas.

## Original Essay.

### The Spiritual Facts of the Ages.

A Series by Dr. F. L. H. WILHELM.

NO. XXII.—FROM THE THIRD CENTURY TO  
THE DAWN OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.  
(Continued.)

Emanuel Swedenborg.

WE have reached in our investigations the dawn of the eighteenth century. The religious aspect of the entire of Europe, and of our own country as well, at this period was materialistic in the extreme. The religion of the churches was cold, formal, heartless. Outside the churches the strong tendency of the times was toward skepticism or extreme atheism. It was the age of analysis. Everything was analyzed and weighed and measured. Men were searching curiously into the mysteries of nature, trying to find out what the air was made of; decomposing sunbeams to get at their constituent elements; measuring the distances between planets, delving among ancient rocks, sounding the depths of oceans. There seemed to be a mania for pulling things to pieces or analyzing them, as the phrase was, and soon this power of analysis was brought to bear upon systems of philosophy and religion, and they, too, were pulled to pieces in this intense search after facts.

It seems a strange anomaly that at this special age, when there was apparently so little vital belief in spiritual power among scientists, theologians or common people, there should have appeared upon the stage of action one of the most remarkable mediums the world has ever seen. Yet so it was.

Emanuel Swedenborg, the Swedish philosopher and seer, was born at the very height of that wretched materialistic philosophy that led up to and culminated in the terrible events of the French revolutionary period. He began his career as a student of natural philosophy, and devoted himself with incredible zeal to scientific pursuits in all directions. He pushed his keen powers of analysis into every department of scientific research. Geology, mineralogy, chemistry, anatomy, in fact every department of physics yielded to him its secrets, until he seemed to have mastered the realms of matter, and stood like an Alexander with nothing more to conquer. Step by step he had been led through the various departments of the physical until he was brought up to that point where he stood face to face with the spiritual.

As a scientist Swedenborg stood far in advance of his age. There is scarcely a recent development of science that was not pointed out or foreshadowed by him. So voluminous were his scientific works that it is impossible to give even a synopsis of them. For thirty years he devoted his time with incredible zeal to a most exhaustive examination of the world of nature.

He discovered the magnetic elements; the theory of atoms or the perfect law of particles; the chemical equivalents of water. He announced that there was a seventh planet some years before Herschel discovered the fact. He discovered the identity of electricity and lightning nineteen years before Benjamin Franklin made his world-famous experiments. The foramen of Monro, or the passage between the right and left ventricles of the brain, the respiration of the brain, the vitality of the blood, were all discovered by Swedenborg.

He embodied these discoveries in voluminous works, the most remarkable of which is entitled "The Animal Kingdom." He published five important works on Natural Philosophy in one year. Such voluminous writings upon such a diversity of important subjects, opening such a vast arcana of truths of which the world had never hitherto dreamed, could never have emanated from other than a mediumistically-illuminated, a divinely-inspired mind.

He was unquestionably the discoverer also of the important modern science of Crystallography, for he first proclaimed the idea of making cubes and the various crystalline forms by the grouping together of spherical particles.

The university at Upsal proffered him the professorship of mathematics in recognition of his devotion to science. In 1733 he published his greatest scientific work, "The Principia," or the first principles of natural things. Many regard this work as greater than Newton's Principia. In it he attempts to arrive at the cause or origin of the world. His position is that nature is governed by perfect laws, hence the necessity of understanding her operations. Its grand central idea is that external objects are the results of internal powers. It

reasons from the finite to the infinite, and its tendencies are spiritual. In this work he reasons out the truths of electricity afterward demonstrated by Franklin.

Of magnetism he contends that the particles are spherical; that their motion tends to the spiral; that when these particles meet with a body which is adapted to their motion, they form around it a magnetic vortex. In our own day Prof. Faraday proved this assertion true, and demonstrated it by actual experiment. Thus did the luminous mind of Swedenborg perceive in the comparative infancy of science the grand fact that the magnetic element controls the movements of planets, and gives to them their circular motion.

It is evident that at about this period he began to feel the mighty pressure of influences from the invisible realm of spirit acting upon his interior spiritual faculties, preparing him for the great work which was to be the crowning glory of his remarkable career as a physicist, through which he would be enabled to explore the realms of the spiritual with the same clearness and accuracy which had marked his investigation of the varied realms of matter.

It is exceedingly interesting to trace his progress at this period of his career. He says: "In the magnet and its sphere there is a type of heaven. Inasmuch as man is not created prone to the earth-life beasts, but is endowed both with an upright mind in order to enable him to look upward to the heavens, and with a soul derived from the aura of a purer and better world, in virtue of which he is allied to heaven; let us avail ourselves of this privilege to exalt our thoughts to the regions above, and from a vile stone of the earth and its magnetic powers contemplate what is similar on the largest scale and learn the nature and laws of the material heavens, both visible and invisible."

Of gravitation he says: "It is to be found most deeply in the spiritual, hence in the invisible material, hence in the visible material."

He argues that the constitution of the visible heaven cannot be understood without first understanding the constitution of the invisible heaven. He makes spirit primordial, and matter its expression. In this respect he takes a course exactly opposite to that of most scientific men; while they reason from the lower to the higher, he reverses the order, and reasons from the higher to the lower, and declares that we can only fully comprehend the perfection of the natural through our comprehension of the life and order of the spiritual.

He first declared the exact spot in the galaxy that our planetary system occupies. Five years after, Herschel declared Swedenborg right. He, too, declared that the entire heavens revolve, and this truth is comparatively one of the recent demonstrations. In his Principia he declares that every natural object has its aura or surrounding sphere of outflowing life. Baron Von Reichenbach, many years afterward, declared this to be a truth demonstrated by actual experiments through a long period of careful investigation. The progressive and sublime ideas of this remarkable work, the Principia, are so in advance of the age that produced them that whole generations passed before they were accepted as demonstrated truths.

Other works followed this in rapid succession—all full of scientific truth. He affirmed the breathing of the brain in animal economy long before it was demonstrated; and so one truth after another relating to the world and to man sprang forth from his vigorous and marvelously inspired brain, and stood silently awaiting the time of general recognition. The London Forces in 1844 declared his theory of the brain the most remarkable known. "It is the wisest thing that medical literature affords." It took one hundred years for it to be thus recognized.

It is impossible for us to dwell longer on his wonderful scientific discoveries, interesting and fascinating as the study is. We have but briefly alluded to them as showing clearly how step by step they led him along from matter up to spirit. It is his wonderful mediumistic experience that most concerns us.

In his diary he speaks of a peculiar method of inward breathing, which would sometimes produce in him a state of exaltation—undoubtedly that of partial trance. We give in his own words a statement of his first recognition of his spiritual gifts. It must be borne in mind that they are largely colored by his strong theological convictions, received by inheritance and education, his father being a bishop of celebrity, and his mother a religious zealot.

"I have been called," says he in a letter to Dr. Hartley in 1769, "to a holy office by the Lord himself, who has most graciously manifested himself in person to me, his servant, in the year 1743; when he opened my sight to the view of the spiritual world, and granted me the privilege of conversing with spirits and angels, which I enjoy to this day. The only reason of my late journeys to foreign countries has been the desire of being useful by making known the secrets entrusted to me. I was in London and dined late at my usual quarters, where I had engaged a room in which at pleasure to prosecute my studies in natural philosophy. I was hungry, and ate with great appetite. Toward the end of the meal I remembered that a kind of mist spread before my eyes, and I saw the floor of my room covered with hideous reptiles, such as serpents, toads and the like. I was astonished, having all my life about me and being perfectly conscious. The darkness attained its height and then passed away. I now saw a man sitting in a corner of the chamber. As I thought myself entirely alone, I was greatly frightened when he said to me: 'Eat not so much.' My sight again became dim, but when I recovered it I found myself alone in my room. The unexpected alarm hastened my return home. I did not suffer my landlord to perceive that anything had happened, but thought it over attentively, and was not able to attribute it to chance or to any physical cause. I went home, but the following night the same man appeared to me again. I was this time not at all alarmed. The man said: 'I am God the Lord, the Creator and Redeemer of the world. I have chosen thee to unfold to men the spiritual sense of the Holy Scripture. I will myself dictate to thee what thou shalt write.' The same night the world of spirit, heaven and hell, were convincingly opened to me, where I found many persons of my acquaintance of all conditions. From that day forth I gave up all worldly learning and labored only in spiritual things, according to what the Lord commanded me to write. Thereafter the Lord daily opened the eyes of my spirit to see in perfect wakefulness what was going on in the other world, and to converse broad awake with angels and spirits."

Here we find Swedenborg designating the angel, or controlling spirit, who appeared to him, by the terms God, Lord, even as did the patriarchs and seers of the Hebrew nation. From this time forth he devoted himself fully to the unfolding of his spiritual senses. In order to be free to do this he resigned his office of Assessor, but in recognition of the valuable service he had rendered, and as a token of the high personal regard felt for him, his king continued his salary. From this time forth his mediumship was to him a sacred mission, before which all earthly honors and emoluments faded into insignificance. He freely sacrificed them all in order to devote himself to this "new function" to which he felt himself called.

About this time one of his intimate friends and co-workers died, and we find the following entry in his diary:

"Polheim died on Monday and spoke with me on Thursday. I was invited to the funeral. He (Polheim) saw (as a spirit) the hearers, the attendants and the whole procession. He also saw them let down the coffin into the grave, and conversed with me while it was going on, asking me why they buried him when he was still alive. And when the priest pronounced that he would rise again at the day of judgment, he asked why this was, when he had risen already. He wondered that such a belief should obtain, considering that he was even now alive. He also wondered at the belief in the resurrection of the body, for he said that he felt that he was in the body, with other remarks."

He began now to write wholly on spiritual and celestial topics. In rapid succession eight volumes of "The Arcana Celestia" appeared, which set forth in a vividly descriptive style things he had been permitted to see in the spirit-world. In these volumes he unfolded, too, his method of teaching from Scripture through the doctrine of correspondence; but by far the most interesting part of these volumes is the narration of his interviews with spirits, and the scenes he portrays in the spirit-world. He beheld in it hill and valley, plain and mountain, lake and river. It was nature spiritualized. He declared the inhabitants thereof to be men and women, who had once dwelt upon the earth in mortal bodies. Their circumstances he declared to be societies, families, houses and lands, and all that belong thereto. Everything with which we are familiar in this sphere of existence is perpetuated there, and innumerable other things added thereto. The heaven of theology with its barbaric splendor of gold and jewels sinks into insignificance when compared with the magnificent scene of natural beauty that presented itself to the spiritual vision of the Seer of Sweden as forming a fitting sphere in which to develop to maturity and perfection the marvelous powers of the human soul that find this life so utterly inadequate. Nearly a century and a half ago he grasped the grand truth that our introduction to the mineral and vegetable and animal worlds, to the air and the sun, in this sphere of existence, is the beginning of a friendship that can never be dissolved. He says:

"Stone and bird, wood and animal, sea and sky, are acquaintances which we meet with in the spiritual sphere in our latest manhood or angelhood, equally as in the dawn of the senses."

His next work, "Heaven and Hell," is replete with facts concerning the spiritual world. He describes these places as from actual observation. Heaven clothes itself with beauty. All dwelling therein are filled with unselfish love. It is a condition of peace, purity and good-will. Hell is discord, inharmonious, selfishness. It stands against heaven as its opposite. As heaven is the result of the condition of the spirit, so also is hell the result of the opposite condition of spirit to that which creates heaven. Good and evil spirits are attendant upon every human being. From them we constantly receive influences that modify and control our thoughts, our emotions and actions. The good ever pour in their tenderness to virtue; the evil attempt to drag us away from goodness into vice. Every thought becomes real to the spirit. The future is prepared in this life. Hell is not punishment, but the evil delights of evil souls.

It is worthy of note just here that the vast majority of the host of spirits who have communicated with mortals since the first tapplings of that spiritual telegraph at Hydesville, N. Y., startled the world and inaugurated Modern Spiritualism, have corroborated with remarkable closeness these statements of Swedenborg concerning the spirit-world and its conditions.

And now he reaches forth into the sublimity of the universe. Other planets claim his attention. In the interior or spiritual condition he visits Saturn, Mercury and the Moon. He asserts that the spirits of each planet are attracted to that planet. He declares the possibility of all men's holding intercourse with spirits, and that they need only open their spiritual eyes to behold the spiritual world.

Surely the man who makes such declarations should be able to give some proof of his power beyond mere assertion. The distinguished German philosopher, Kant, relates the widely known incident of his vision of the Stockholm fire:

"On Saturday at four o'clock p. m., when Swedenborg arrived at Gottenburg from England on the 19th of July, 1793, Mr. Wm. Castle invited him to his house, together with a party of fifteen persons. About six o'clock Swedenborg went out, and after a short interval returned to the company quite pale and alarmed. He said a dangerous fire had just broken out in Stockholm at the Sudermalm (Gottenburg is three hundred miles from Stockholm), and that it was spreading very fast. He was restless, and went out often. He said that the house of one of his friends, whom he named, was already in ashes, and that his own was in danger. At eight o'clock, after he had been out again, he joyfully exclaimed: 'Thank God, the fire is extinguished the third door from my house.'"

This news created great commotion throughout the city, and particularly among the company in which he was. It was announced to the Governor the same evening. On the Sunday morning Swedenborg was sent for by the Governor, who questioned him concerning the disaster. Swedenborg described the fire precisely, how it had begun, in what manner it had ceased, and how long it had continued. On the same day the news was spread through the city, and as the Governor had thought it worthy of attention, the consternation was considerably increased, because many were in trouble on account of their friends, and property which might have been involved in the disaster. On the Monday evening a messenger arrived at Gottenburg who was despatched during the time of the fire. In the letters brought by him the fire was described precisely in the manner stated by Swedenborg. On Tuesday morning the royal courier arrived at the Governor's with the melancholy intelligence of the fire, of the loss it had occasioned, and of the houses it had damaged and ruined, not in the least differing from that which Swedenborg had given immediately it had ceased, for the fire was extinguished at eight o'clock."

This is one of the finest possible illustrations of clairvoyance. It was vouched for by some of the most influential and respectable citizens of Gottenburg, among them the governor. It occurred a hundred and thirty-three years ago. It is but one of innumerable instances throughout the ages, and yet scientists and professional men have utterly ignored the existence of such a power, and heaped obloquy and contempt upon those claiming to possess it, and denounced those who have dared to exercise it for the benefit of mankind as swindlers and frauds, and it is only within a few years that science has graciously condescended to admit that possibly man may possess more than five senses.

In 1761 the widow of Louis Von Marteville, who had been an ambassador from Holland to Sweden, moved by curiosity, went to the seer in company with several ladies of her acquaintance, all eager to have a "near view of so strange a person." Her late husband had paid away twenty-five thousand Dutch guilders, and the widow being again applied to for the money, could not produce the receipt. She asked Swedenborg whether he had known her husband, to which he answered in the negative, but he promised her in response to her earnest entreaty that if he met him in the other world he would inquire about the receipt. Eight days afterward her spirit-husband told her in a dream where to find the lost receipt, and also a hair-pin set with brilliants which she had long given up as lost. This was at two o'clock in the morning. Pleased yet somewhat frightened, the widow rose at once and found the missing articles just where the spirit said she would. And now comes the most remarkable and interesting part of the narration. Returning to her bed, she slept late in the morning. At eleven o'clock a. m. Swedenborg was announced. His first remark before the lady could open her lips was that during the preceding night he had seen Von Marteville, and had wished to converse with him, but the latter excused himself on the ground that he must go to his wife to reveal to her something of importance.

Swedenborg added that he would then depart out of the society in which he had been for a year, and ascend to one far happier. This account became generally known throughout Stockholm. It was attested by the lady herself through the Danish General Von E., who became her second husband.

That same year the Queen of Sweden, Louisa Ulrica, desired an interview with the "Spirit Seer." She was very skeptical with regard to his powers, but was nevertheless curious and willing to put them to the test. Her curiosity had been greatly stimulated by the affair just related. Swedenborg having come to the court one evening, she took him aside and begged him to seek in the spirit-world her deceased brother, the Prince Royal of Prussia, and ascertain from him what he said to her at the moment of her taking leave of him for the Court of Stockholm. She added that what the Prince had said was of a nature to render it impossible that he could repeat it to any one, nor had it ever escaped her own lips.

Some days after Swedenborg returned, and requested a private interview with the Queen. She was engaged with a game of cards, and replied that he might state what he had to say before the company. Swedenborg assured her majesty that it would be impossible for him to disclose his errand in the presence of witnesses. In consequence of this information the Queen became greatly agitated, gave her cards to another lady, and requested a gentleman to accompany her with the seer into another apartment of the palace, where she posted him at the entrance, and advanced with Swedenborg to the farthest extremity of the room, when he said to her:

"Madam, you took your last leave of your august

brother, the late Prince of Prussia, at Charlottenburg on such a day and such an hour in the afternoon. As you were passing afterward through the long gallery of the Castle of Charlottenburg, you met him again; he then took you by the hand and led you to such a window, where you could not be overheard, and then said to you these words.—The queen did not repeat the words, but she protested to us they were the very same her brother had pronounced, and that she retained the most perfect recollection of them. She added that she nearly fainted at the shock she experienced."

One of the most distinguished professors in the University at Tubingen vouches for the following:

"Swedenborg was one evening in company at Stockholm, when, after his information about the world of spirits had been heard with the greatest attention, they put him to the proof as to the credibility of his extraordinary spiritual communications. The test was this: He should state which of the company should die first. Swedenborg did not refuse to answer this question, but after some time, in which he appeared to be in profound and silent meditation, he quite openly replied: 'Olof Olofsohn will die to-morrow morning at forty-five minutes past four o'clock.' By this predictive declaration, which was pronounced by Swedenborg with all confidence, the company were placed in anxious expectation, and a gentleman who was a friend of Olof Olofsohn resolved to go on the following morning on the hour mentioned by Swedenborg to the house of Olofsohn in order to see whether Swedenborg's prediction was fulfilled. On his way thither he met the well-known servant of Olofsohn, who told him that his master had just then died; a fit of apoplexy had seized and had suddenly put an end to his life. Upon which the gentleman, through the evidence of the death which really occurred (according to the prediction), was convinced. At the same time this particular circumstance also attracted attention; The clock in Olofsohn's dwelling apartment stopped at the very minute in which he expired, and the hand pointed to the time."

We could go on citing innumerable recorded instances of a similar character, all well attested by persons of high position socially and intellectually, but they would swell our chapter beyond all reasonable limits.

These instances were not considered by Swedenborg as miraculous or supernatural, but as purely natural occurrences. He saw and held converse with spirits just as he saw and held converse with his friends in the natural body. One day he seemed to be holding a conversation in Latin with an invisible. His own remarks were audible to those present, but the replies were not. He turned to his friends who were present, and said: "Only think, Virgil has been with me, and do you know he is a fine, pleasant fellow."

We give, in closing, the following interesting incident, as it forms a valuable link in our chain of testimony, proving how all the ages have been linked together in this golden band of unity, and how unweariedly the angel hosts who are laboring for humanity's good seek out their instruments:

"GREAT BATH STREET, COLDBATH FIELDS, February, 1772. Sir—I have been informed in the world of spirits that you have a strong desire to converse with me. I shall be happy to see you, if you will favor me with a visit. I am, sir, your humble servant, EMANUEL SWEDENBORG."

John Wesley."

This note was placed in the hand of Mr. Wesley, who read it with amazement, and frankly acknowledged to the company he was in that he had been strongly impressed with a desire to see and converse with Swedenborg, but had never mentioned the desire to any living person. He immediately wrote in reply that he was then about starting on a six months' journey, but would wait upon Swedenborg on his return to London. Swedenborg wrote in return that the proposed visit would be too late, as he—Swedenborg—should go into the world of spirits on the 29th day of the next month, nevermore to return. The result was that these two celebrated persons never met in the flesh.

Taken in connection with the remarkable manifestations that were occurring in the Wesley parsonage, and which we shall have occasion to refer to in our next chapter, the fact that the spirit-world evidently sought to bring these two together is, we repeat, a most interesting one.

Swedenborg died peacefully on the very day foretold by himself, having unshaken faith in his spiritual powers, and retaining his spiritual insight unimpaired through his illness to the last.

Modern Spiritualism owes to him an immense debt. He was one of its noblest heralds. He first disclosed to the world the power of clairvoyance resident in man, and thus opened up to modern ages a phase of humanity it had not hitherto dreamed of, bringing them into relations with the past ages that throbbed with vitality. It is true that clairvoyants and seers lived in all the ages of the past. We have found in these our researches that they figured in the sacred and secular histories of all times; but Swedenborg's power was the first to take on orderly or systematic shape, and afford positive proof that the human mind can be liberated from the mortal form otherwise than through the mystic process of death, and walk with spirits in the immortal realms that lie beyond the confines of the grave.

He declared the sublimest facts that can be known, viz., that man is a spirit, and governed by spiritual laws; that the spiritual world is within the sight of mortals; and the gentle breathings of its presence touch the ear and impress the feelings until Heaven lies before man, to be achieved and attained while on earth. In his day, as we have seen, the world was trembling at death, fearing the grave, and skeptical as regards immortality; and we hesitate not to affirm that the remarkable impression made upon the eighteenth century by his revelations, rendered possible the establishment of full communication between the two spheres in the nineteenth, through the open doorway of Modern Spiritualism.



## The Spiritual Rostrum.

### THE USES OF SPIRITUALISM.

An Inspirational Lecture by  
MR. A. M. BRADFORD.

This sublime and important subject elevates itself with great grandeur and majesty before us. We do not perceive it in few of its aspects merely. We do not behold it as a simple phenomenon of the human soul; but as a vast and mighty science, replete with beauty and truth, and decorated with the new and almost supernatural trophies of its spiritual inhabitants. A subject of such immense magnitude cannot in the space of an hour be treated as a theme for discussion; it ever confronts us with its new and stupendous development of Truth, applying with equal force to every member of the human family.

Why does this Truth rise up so majestically before our minds? Why do we regard it as a great and universally important subject? Simply because we have familiarized our minds with the broad and immovable foundation upon which it rests, and contemplated with an honest heart the immutable principles which support the edifice.

Why do not all view this matter in the same light? Because they have never entered and contemplated the beautiful possessions of that vestibule which leads to more interior departments of truth and beauty. Why has not the world investigated this subject in a calm and dignified spirit? The answer is plain. The majority of minds believe, or imagine they see, or are told by their clergyman, that, stationed about the threshold of this edifice, there are to be found a great many suspicious and dangerous characters; such as delusion, deception, ventriloquism, legerdemain, and a host of similar characters whose well-earned reputation renders them very formidable personages for the weak, unthinking and prejudicial classes to encounter.

Clergymen, I repeat, generally teach their congregations to believe that the vestibule which leads to this great temple of Truth is literally crowded with these deceptive and fleshly characters; and thus they succeed, to a great extent, in preventing the proper investigation of a sublime development of mind, which especially characterizes this era of the world's history.

But what is to be the use and the effect of this new development of science, whose mighty truths have already startled and confounded the whole world? It is destined to break in pieces and demolish old systems and creeds, will purge them of old superstitions, and unlock the prison doors of their long-considered impregnability of theological errors, that the light of heaven may shine in, dispelling the gloom and darkness that for past ages has reigned supreme. The human mind has been practically treated by metaphysicians in all ages as a mere abstraction; as the most impalpable and unreal of things. And yet systems of mental philosophy have abounded, systems founded in imagination, not in nature. Theory has succeeded theory like waves of the sea. But the relation between mind and matter is not yet scarcely comprehended.

But no form of obstruction can impede the rising tide of intelligence. The opposition of the clergy and others is as a passing cloud before the blazing sun. It can no more arrest the progress of psychological science than a pebble can stay the flowings of the mighty river as in its onward course it seeks the great father of waters, there to unobscure its mighty flood and remain at rest. Through Spiritualism, or this new philosophy, the world has received a momentum; it has acquired an impetus forward which no conservative or sectarian plans can counteract.

No bold and honest mind is now in danger of personal destruction. Man comes forth as the crowning result of immutable principles! These principles are the methods in accordance with which the Deity lives and acts. They express his nature, his actions, his omnipotence and his immutability. Man is the grand consummation of the attributes of Deity. He cannot be depraved, for he came forth from the fertile nidus of Nature—a child of God! He cannot be interiorly contaminated, because God is over all and in all things. He is all in all, and man must search and explore forever. To his progress and development there is no limitation, no conceivable boundaries. And the Infinite Father is not jealous lest his earth-born children should approach too close to the majesty of his unutterable omniscience and omnipotence. In no part of the boundless domain of the universe upon which man enters is he treated as an intruder on Jehovah's secret possessions. Nay, for the multifarious elements of physical and mental nature, extending far down into the bottomless abysses of the material universe, and reaching upward through a galaxy of angelic spheres to the soul of Deity, are all thrown open to man's inspection and eternal progress.

There is nothing too sacred for human investigation. An angel's clairvoyance sees more of truth than we can imagine. Yet there is nothing too holy for the immortal soul to investigate. While, to thousands of minds, the thunder was God's voice speaking in sublime accents to rebellious mortals; while the lightnings gleamed in vengeance from his invisible hand, and while earth and heaven were filled with portentous signs and startling wonders—earthquakes, meteoric showers and blazing comets—while many thousands were thus overwhelmed by these manifestations, and dared not even erect a lightning-rod to conduct away the frantic elements, the venturesome Franklin calmly investigated those terrestrial phenomena, and extracted from the clouds the higher knowledge that the electric fire can be rendered subservient to the will, purposes and improvements of man.

God ever desires his children to become enlightened and happy; for what pleasure even can a good earthly parent experience in the ignorance and unhappiness of his child? If the prying investigations of men required a rebuke, why was the world not taught a lesson once for all, on the head of that rash experimenter, who, while heaven's artillery blazed and roared above him, first snatched the fiery bolt, and sparkling from his lofty forge? Instead of being blasted for thus obtaining his fearful prize, the author of this promethean feat is honored with immortal renown!

Thus we see progression is encouraged. Man may fearlessly examine all things; and the more he grows in wisdom, the happier will he become, physically and spiritually. He issues from the magnificent arcanum of Nature, and thus stands as the crowning development of immutable principles.

Thus Spiritualism, with its manifold truths, in its onward march is destined to put all enemies under its feet. Old theology is to disgorge its errors; new theology its mighty truths. In Spiritualism we see the hope of the world. Philosophy, at once the incarnation of divine love and wisdom, in its mighty sweep, mapping out the whole nature, duty and destiny of man, is even now the Morning Star, the thrice glorious herald of the coming day. Let the people proclaim justice, love, light, liberty!

The word Spiritualism itself forms a grand, significant subject. It has, like all other truths, started the world with its singular and mysterious *modus operandi*. Who will roll back the curtain and gaze into the future unfoldment of truth, and there learn the mighty facts that Spiritualism in its onward progress certainly sure to unfold to the light of the world, but will start back with amazement and wonder? The spiritual reformer rejoices in knowing the fact that the future is to unfold new and powerful truths, while the sectarian churchman trembles with fright, and declares the devil is about to conquer and bear rule. No wonder, being cloistered within costly temples dedicated to the gods—as Mecca of the honored and sainted few—whither reverential and grateful intelligences congregate to meditate and worship. The marble-walled temples of Greece, the brown-roofed pagodas of India, the prison-built cathedrals of Europe, the high-spired churches of America are all temples, not of progress, but of ancestral superstitions and numberless misapprehensions.

In slumbering stillness of intellect and reason the world's inhabitants visit these God-houses, and listlessly linger to catch the words of divines, which ooze out from the gloomy slopes of the consecrated sanctuary. Past ages and the Bibles, like the nightly shades of giant warriors who fight for the cross and crown, are the gods of authority in these material temples. Rapturously does the deep-toned organ peal the praises of these gods, like a gurgling streamlet at the base of the holy mountain, then swelling like an undulating flood of anthem melody, and now floating our prayers off over the horizon's verge up to the throne of grace! No wonder the people go to these pagodas. No wonder that reformers, iconoclasts, the temple-breakers and progressionists, with their hard-seated halls and harder sentences, receive the roughest and toughest treatment. These have no flood of music with which to soften the rocky protruberances of an audience; but, instead, the dagger-points of prejudice project themselves with great keenness from nearly every mind, and the muffled murmurs of embittered disapprobation surge round about the speaker. The proved history of all reformers, from Jesus to John Huss, from the Apostle Paul to Theodore Parker, repeats the same tale of misapprehension and persecution.

But as Spiritualists and Reformers they have to spread the canopy of our world-wide principles of progress. Here, where the silver ocean of immortal ideas undulates within every bosom, and where the peerless priests of eternal principles meet in the lofty love and simplicity of wisdom, we tread the pillared aisles of the spiritual cathedrals of Truth. Prejudice can have no place in this temple, whose walls are adorned with thoughts and deeds of moral beauty. Here we behold the waving plumes of stately minds, whose loving kindness and labors of wisdom outshine the mysterious stars of heaven. The swinging censers of Thought fling fragrant fertilization upon every intellect. Here we find every spiritual and ecclesiastical Reformer in this Congress of the many-minded, and the increase of our softly-whispered gratitude floats afar between the arches of Infinity. Every phase and status of mind is here represented. History spreads her banquet upon the tables of immutable Truth. The divine splendor of her altar-hills pervades all the sky with resplendent pictures of Nature and her God, so that he who runs may behold, comprehend and worship. The many-voiced scroll of immeasurable Progress unrolls itself like the Spirit of the Universe; and the music of ransomed millions, mingling with the flower-songs of boundless Nature, and sweeping through every heart, beats

"To that great anthem calm and slow,  
... which God repeats."

Whatever cathedrals adorn the summits of distant Europe, or stupendous as may be the lofty pyramids of ecclesiastical authority, or countless as are the pearly gods of antiquity which ornament the error-recesses of modern churches, they are nothing to our eyes, which see the IDEAS of God, crowning the brows of departed (or living) men and women, whose angelic presence fills to overflowing our Spiritual Progress. Behold, oh, man! and rejoice; for this is THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE. In America is placed the hope of the world. Let her sons and daughters of Liberty and Wisdom sing out joyfully with the morning stars.

The question is asked, Will Modern Spiritualism supplant the Church? Has it not supplanted man since the creation? As certainly will it supplant all things terrestrial, all principles and theories that will not bear the brilliant light of truth, both in the church and out of the church, both in man and out of man. Thus you may see its fulfillment in each new though startling demonstrative fact. Now we behold its tangible form portrayed upon the crystal plate; the fact alone that it is done speaks louder of its perpetuity than did ever the edicts or synods of the church speak or give credit for their sincerity or truthfulness.

Or will Modern Spiritualism resolve itself back into the church? I ask, did ever philosophy or truth in its onward march, while from age to age it has unfolded and scattered broadcast to the world its verities, and revealed in 'vivid contrasts its beautiful problems' to be analyzed and appreciated by man?—I repeat, has the fact ever been known of any newly revealed truth resolving itself back into the elements from whence it came? Has not the sacred record of time recorded each new truth, and as time rolls onward will she fall to record every new and succeeding truth, which shall stand as monuments marking the ever onward and rising progress of man.

Let us for one moment look at the fast falling church around us. With an unnatural growth in her time and age she has grown strong and powerful. But old age has overtaken her; her garments, once seeming beautiful, are now worn threadbare and tattered; her feeble limbs are tottering at the entrance of her self-made sepulchre. Alas! she is dying; let the convulsions of her own institutions be her funeral knell, and the bleak winds that play frantically around her desolated abiding places be her requiem.

But in these scenes of desolation the world sees a ray of light. It beams upon it from Modern Spiritualism. In it there is hope, from it cometh the world's salvation.

## Banner Correspondence.

### Colorado.

ASPEN.—Mrs. S. L. Sutes continues her account of interviews with her spirit-daughter: "The second and last séance was the following week at the medium's home. After those present were seated, the lights turned out, singing, and the Lord's prayer offered, the control opened the circle with a few remarks, promising to assist all the spirits as much as possible to speak distinctly through the trumpet. My daughter was the first to do so. Her voice was much stronger than the week previous; she greeted me with 'Mamma, good evening,' and 'dear Alice, I am so happy to have you come so far to get along to talk with you. I do love to come through this young lady.' We spoke of several friends who had called to see us; she gave their names and asked questions concerning them; then said there were so many spirits waiting to talk that she would give up to them. A spirit talked that night that almost shouted for joy because his sister-in-law was investigating Spiritualism. He came with these words: 'Jennie oh, Jennie oh, Jennie Butler! I am so glad to have you come. I am George Butler. Mrs. Butler responded: 'Well, I never knew you while you were in earth-life.' 'I know it,' said the spirit, 'but I know you from spirit-life, and I do love you, for I can come through you and get beyond this earth-bound condition.' Mrs. Butler was astonished. She asked him to tell her how he passed away. He replied: 'I was killed; but do not refer to it now, as it brings on the conditions.' Upon saying this he seemed to suffer intense agony. If any one of the relatives in Boston wish further proof of the introduction as in mortal. Then she said: 'I was so discouraged when I supposed, the work of our young medium was over. I said I might as well return to my home in Aspen as stay in Denver. She said: 'I will come to your rooms and see what we can get.' She and her mother, my daughter and I sat, and instead of rapping, as I only expected, came physical manifestations without the use of the trumpet. The doctor first greeted his medium by patting her forehead enough to be heard down stairs. In a few moments we saw the control, in close proximity without the trumpet, took off the medium's watch and rings and passed them around, and told us that Myra had another ring at home, and said many things that proved to us she was with each and every one of us; but the best of all she expressed to us her own lively, sweet nature when she said: 'Now, mamma, you and Mrs. Bender (the medium's mother) talk, I want to tell sister Myra something.' We tried to keep on talking until she was through telling Myra what she wanted to, which exhausted the last of her strength.

The next sitting was in three weeks, sickness in the home of the medium preventing one earlier. It was in our room, five being present, Mrs. Butler joining us. The doctor welcomed us, and then gave up to my daughter, who came full of glee. After addressing all of us, I introduced her to Mrs. Butler, and she acknowledged her introduction as in mortal. Then she said: 'Mrs. Butler, I am so glad to see you. I intended medium.' From that she opened the bureau drawers, took out everything, then taking paper and pencil, wrote a long letter to her brother, saying many things, all wonderful to us, for over an hour. At the closing she asked for scissors, which being given her, she cut a curl from her sister's and her medium's hair and enclosed them in the letter to her brother.

The next circle was the last in Denver. Mrs. Butler sat with us, and we were shown beautiful lights, something we had never before witnessed. Several spirits came with these lights, and would write their names on our arms and clothing. When the medium would sing lively pieces the lights floated above us, moving in perfect time with the music. When we held our hands up or down, they would touch them. Mrs. Butler's brother-in-law talked a few minutes independent of the trumpet, telling Mrs. Butler he would not talk in his own home. This closed our circles in Denver.

**Texas.**  
GALVESTON.—G. E. John writes: "The following dispatch from an interior town appeared July 20th in a morning daily of this city:  
BAILED THE PARSON OUT.  
LIBERTY HILL, TEXAS, June 10th.—A female Spiritualist has been here a week or two giving sittings. A preacher at this place a few days ago consulted her in regard to the loss of a horse. To-day when he went to fill his appointment he found the doors locked against him, and has had to seek fresh fields and pastures new."

As I understand this the parson lost his situation—the cause presumably being the consultation had with the 'female Spiritualist.' Just why he should receive such treatment for such an act at the hands of a people professing a belief in the Bible is more than I can explain. Are not those Christians aware that he had scriptural example in the case of Saul, who, while searching for his father's lost asses, consulted Samuel, the seer? The difference is, Saul was a man of God, and the seer was a man of God; while the parson tried one of the other sex about a horse. Saul through his act was anointed King of Israel, but the poor parson was disowned by his church—though their acts were essentially the same; Saul was rewarded by the same God whom the parson's congregation pretend to worship.

Now the question arises: Who is correct? God or the congregation? The parson evidently believed too implicitly in Holy Writ, which is full of just such narratives, especially that part pertaining to the life and teachings of Christ, the great medium.

I am inclined to think the parson should have followed more closely in the footsteps of the divinely anointed Saul, and instead of making inquiries concerning his horse should have directed them toward some of the spiritually blind and bigoted asses comprising his congregation.

**Rhode Island.**  
NEWPORT.—Mrs. C. Brigham writes: "I am a constant reader of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and having seen the name of Dr. F. H. Roscoe therein a number of times, I felt very anxious to see him. Learning he was stopping here for the season, I availed myself of the opportunity I so much desired of meeting him. I have visited many mediums, but I never met the equal of Dr. Roscoe. I cannot find words to express the pleasure I had at my sitting with him, during which I communed with my loved ones gone long ago to the higher life. I have taken many of my friends to him, and they all express the same satisfaction as myself."

Herbert Mortimer also writes: "Dr. F. H. Roscoe of Providence, R. I., has had the honor of sitting for over one hundred and fifty of Newport's best citizens, all of whom have expressed themselves as more than satisfied with his mediumistic gifts. He has also given three interesting lectures in the great Masonic Hall which were largely attended, and he has done much good and efficient work for our Cause."

**Massachusetts.**  
BROOKTON.—S. L. Beal writes: "I have just closed my labors for this year with the Cape Cod Association, whose camp meeting was profitable and enjoyable; many, I think, left the grounds with renewed courage and a feeling of the inestimable value of Spiritualism. Our Cause steadily gaining, and carrying solid comfort to many bereaved ones. I am glad to see in THE BANNER many good reports from other camp grounds. By the way, I think THE BANNER is rightly named, for it carries light into many dark places. I wish every Spiritualist could see the way clear to subscribe for it. There is not enough attention paid to our literature. I wish Spiritualists

could have a day set apart each year in their camps to consider its claims; it would result in great good to our Cause. I feel that there is great need of carrying our doctrines to the masses of the people, and by what better way can we reach them than through the press? Of course many are reached from the platform, but the press is a better missionary than the speaker. We want all means and all methods that are right, but some measures and some methods are more effectual than others. Let us do what we can for each, and thus keep the good work moving. 'Persevering efforts command success.'"

In closing, I would say that in the past my time has been somewhat otherwise occupied, but now I am so situated that I can devote my whole time, if required, to our Cause, and am ready to answer, on lecture or to officiate as a general when we can agree upon dates. Am now arranging them for the season of 1892 and 1893. Will be pleased to communicate with any of our societies. Address me as above."

**Illinois.**  
CHICAGO.—Joseph Maille writes, Aug. 2d: "Being in this city last Sunday I took occasion to attend the meeting of the First South Side Society of Spiritualists at 77 Thirty-First Street. The attendance was quite large and select, and above all showed much intelligence and earnest desire for truth. Mrs. J. Alice Trubett, under control of 'Clara,' held the platform about an hour. She modestly announced her lack of development, but proved somewhat more advanced than her announcement. She dilated on several subjects, saying that all houses are haunted by our beloved departed; that the spiritual body is an ethereal substance, and that the spirit-life does not end as here. She forcibly demonstrated the fact that a true Spiritualist never goes back to old creeds; and advised those who seek truth, but who do not want to find it, not to investigate Spiritualism, because it is too true, real and palpable."

"How many," she said, "would their steps from the path of iniquity, if they only knew their spirit-friends are ever watching them. But all an erring son whose loving mother has gone before, would stop his reckless career if he knew his spirit-mother stood by gazing in sorrow, and patiently waiting for his return to goodness. Theology is wrong in advocating the laying of our burdens at the feet or on the shoulders of Jesus Christ. Every one shall be his own accuser, judge and redeemer." She went on thus, and proved herself a pure soul guided by pure spirits. She gave several handkerchief tests which afforded general satisfaction, and the things were so good that no correspondent had to be gratified too, and he was. Mrs. Segner was called upon until she consented to "excuse herself," but however went on for about twenty minutes, and in a truly eloquent and oratorical way proved herself an able advocate of divine truths."

**Michigan.**  
PORT HURON.—J. H. White writes us that Mrs. Margaret H. Brown, an excellent medium, who for upward of thirty years has been engaged in bringing light and truth from the spirit-world, deceased in that city recently—G. W. Brooks conducting the funeral.

## Spiritualist Camps.

### A Call on Northwestern Spiritualists.

We have just returned from the Camp-Meeting of the Northwestern Spiritualist Association on MICHIGAN ISLAND, near ST. PAUL. The weather was good all through, the shade magnificent, and the number present fully up to expectation.

There was but very little in the line of physical manifestations, but what we lacked in that we more than made up in the presentation of the philosophical, the metaphysical and the spiritual. These mediums who attended did well financially, and we hope that more will be present another season. Everything went off smoothly and satisfactorily for a first effort, and it is said that we left a good impression on the visitors from the cities and the surrounding country. The people all expressed themselves as highly pleased with what they saw and heard, and many were the expressions of surprise when they found that Spiritualism was not an entirely different matter from what it has been pictured and represented by its defamers and by the ignorant world. Many came there to "see the fun," but became interested, began to investigate, and will henceforth be supporters and investigators of the Cause. These mediums who were among the most interested investigators before the camp ended. The ice is now broken, the Spiritualists of the United States are rolling and pushing their shoulders to the wheel and pushing the cause of spiritualism progression forward. The annual camping meetings of the Association thought of having a camp-meeting only a few weeks previous to the time of the assembly. We had no grounds, but Dr. Barton of Inver Grove, Minn., came to the rescue and offered the use of the Mississippi free of charge. Dr. Barton has also done all possible in other ways, and the Spiritualists of the Northwest owe him a debt of gratitude. The grounds were practically in their virgin condition, and it took money and labor to fit them for the purpose. The society was absolutely no property to begin with, but little in its treasury, and had to get tents, lumber, bedding, etc. To-day the Association has of these things about \$300 worth, and is able to hold a meeting of 1000 people. The work was done to a large degree by a few, and I think that their names should be mentioned here: They are Mr. and Mrs. Howells, Mr. and Mrs. Bauer, V. H. Bach and wife of St. Paul; and Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Packard, and Mr. Stowell of Mazapapa, as well as the President, Mr. Wiggins. These people worked incessantly and made the affair a success. Others assisted in a minor way, but these did the real work, and when I say work, I mean actual and organized force for the Cause. The society was organized to do the work, and it is the duty of the Spiritualists to support it. The writer has been elected President of the Northwestern Spiritualist Association for the coming year. I have accepted the responsibility with great reluctance, but as they said some one must accept the lead, and I am sure that I shall give my best efforts to the abilities toward fulfilling the duties of the position. I am a Spiritualist from the top of my head to the bottom of my feet, and shall do all I can in the sphere of action assigned to me to raise Spiritualism higher, and make it more prosperous, if possible.

In military operations, the rank and file and the subordinate officers must enthusiastically work in harmony with the general and his staff, if the plan of campaign is to be carried out. So it is with the work we are engaged in. The cooperation of the Spiritualists of a certain region must be assured. The possibilities of the officers of an association are limited. We must have the assistance of the rank and file of the Spirit-world, and the enterprise will be a failure. And as President of the Northwestern Spiritualist Association, I take the liberty of asking for the countenance and support of every Spiritualist in the country designated as the Northwest. With this I cannot overstate. It has been laid to the charge of Spiritualists, and with good reasons, that they are very lukewarm in the support of their Philosophy. Let us change this. The churches (and the Spiritualists are not churches) are not subject to this charge. Let the Spiritualists emulate their example in this particular, and support our grand knowledge in the way it should be supported.

I do not think that Spiritualism will ever be as strong as the churches are, but we can and must be cooperative. The brunt of the Merimac Camp-Meeting has fallen on the few whom I have mentioned. The making up of the shortage spoken of is left on the few. I do not want it to be said that there are a legion of Spiritualists in the Northwest. They are intelligent, good citizens, and liberal, but they seem to do nothing for their Philosophy. Perhaps the reason is that they have not had the opportunity to do so. Here it is now. We ought to have at least five thousand members in the Northwestern Spiritualist Association. The membership is one dollar a year. Send in your dollars, either to me or to the Secretary of the Association. Life membership is \$20. These who are unable to give all at once, may give in installments. Let us all unite. Let each appoint himself (or herself) a committee of one to push the cause of Spiritualism, do all that can be done, assist us in every way; let not your hearts

alone be left, but touch your "pockets"; a little, it takes money to make things succeed in this world, and Spiritualism is no exception.

I will say further that I shall be happy to receive suggestions, advice and communications from all who feel inclined to write. It shall be my aim, as before said, to make the Association a credit to the country, and an aid to the cause of Spiritualism by advice as well as in more substantial ways. Hoping that I have not appeared in vain, both as to getting a census of the Spiritualists of the Northwest and also for financial support, I am truly yours,  
E. BACH,  
Abolition, South Dakota.  
President Northwestern Spiritualist Association.  
Secretary's address is  
W. H. BACH,  
St. Paul, Minn.

**Lake Brady, O., Notes.**  
To the Editors of the Banner of Light:  
Wednesday, July 27th.—J. Clegg Wright addressed the conference at 10:30 upon "The Despair of Solitude." Dr. J. C. Street claimed the despair of science to be "Spirit-Manifestations." The afternoon services comprised an address from Mr. Wright, and tests from the platform by Mrs. E. A. Kilb of Cincinnati.

Thursday, 28th.—At the conference at 10:30, the subject of "Clairvoyance" was discussed by the audience; and at 2:30 P. M. Mrs. C. L. Richmond lectured under inspiration in her usual pleasant style; all the Ohio people are pleased with her.

Friday, 29th.—At the forenoon meeting the subject of "Psychometry" was discussed by the audience. J. Clegg Wright delivered a fine lecture in the afternoon at 2:30—platform tests following his address.

Saturday, 30th.—A conference was held at 10:30, at which time the subject of "Trance Condition" was ably handled by Dr. Street, Mrs. Richmond and others.

Sunday, 31st.—Mr. J. Clegg Wright occupied the platform, and answered the following questions: "When does the soul of man make possession of his mortal body?" "The origin of the Christian's doctrine." "Martin Luther and his impression upon the Christian world." "Soul and Spirit—tell us the difference." Monday, afternoon Mrs. H. S. Lake, of the "Boston Temple" addressed the audience in her usual happy style. Mrs. Lake when she is under an inspiration seems lifted above the world, and her lectures are of a very high order.

Monday, Aug. 1st.—"Thought Transference" was ably discussed by Mrs. Lake, Dr. Street and Frank T. Ripley.

Tuesday, Aug. 2d.—Forenoon, the matter of "Automatic Writing" was discussed during the conference. Mrs. McCullin, a lady reporter from Cleveland, took part. J. Clegg Wright, Dr. Street and J. W. Dennis also had a word to say.

Henry E. Chace of Cleveland, O., had very fine slate-writing and also two fine oil paintings produced on plates yesterday. Mr. Chace is a fine medium in his line.

A picnic or two at a time on this camp-ground is an every-day occurrence. To-day there is a camp full from Gallion, O., making over one thousand people here.

There are now twelve mediums for different phases on the grounds.

The Rev. Augustus Davidson, from Cleveland, is camping here.

Tuesday afternoon Mrs. H. S. Lake delivered an able address on spirit cause and approach, and the conditions necessary thereto.

Two hundred dinners were served at the hotel to-day. Mrs. T. Ripley will stay at camp all the month. Mr. and Mrs. Richmond will be in the room for several days, and after a few days they go to Lily Dale camp.

Yours truly,  
J. W. DENNIS.

**Etna Camp, Me.**  
The First Maine State Spiritualist Camp-Meeting Association will hold its fifteenth annual meeting at Buswell's Grove, Etna, beginning Friday, Aug. 26th, and continuing ten days.

The officers of the Association are: President, A. F. Burnham, Ellsworth; Vice-President, Dr. Cyrus Chase, Monroe; Secretary, W. E. Luce, Newburgh Village; Treasurer, L. A. Packard, North Newburgh; Board of Directors, J. M. Davis, Newburgh Village; B. F. Gentner, Foxcroft; G. N. Miller, Carmel; Olive Emerson, Glenburn; Belle Smith, West Hampden, and A. H. Clough of Bangor.

The grove is situated in the town of Etna, seventeen miles from Bangor, on the line of the Maine Central Railroad. Special rates will be given over the Maine Central and Bangor and Piscataway roads. Trains will stop at the grounds, and teams will convey passengers and baggage to the hotels and boarding-places. The Maine Central will run excursion trains both Sundays of the meeting.

The splendid hotel, "Echo Farm," of Capt. William B. Wellcome, the spacious farm house of Daniel Buswell, and the boarding-house on the grounds, will accommodate all visitors.

Campers can secure lots on which to pitch tents by application to the Treasurer, L. A. Packard.

The society's President, A. F. Burnham, will be chairman of the meeting. A fine corps of speakers has been engaged, and every phase of mediumship will be represented upon the platform. Moses Hull of Chicago, Ill., and his talented wife, Mattie E. Hull, will be present the entire ten days.

A. E. Tisdale, the noted blind inspirational speaker, will be on the rostrum next morning. J. Frank Baxter will be in attendance the last five days of the meeting, and will sing, give wonderful tests and lecture on chosen subjects. Mrs. Mattie Beckwith Ewell of East Haven, Conn., will speak at stated times during the meetings. Mrs. Adams of Portland, Me., will advocate the cause she so well loves in an able and effective way. Other speakers have been invited and will be present.

Special séances and test circles will be held informally every day. A good choir will be engaged for the occasion.

A concert will be held Thursday, Sept. 1st, and the best talent on the grounds will be secured for the features of the program.

W. E. LUCE, Sec'y F. M. S. S. C. A.

**Opening Day at Sunapee Camp, N. H.**  
Sunday, July 31st.—Exercises were held in the Grove, the speaker's stand being handsomely decorated by Mr. Charles Carter. An appropriate address was made by the President, Mr. Eben Cobb; the song, "Beckoning Hands," was very fluently rendered by the choir, and an invocation made by Mrs. Cella Tucker, the speaker of the morning.

No subject for the lecture was announced, the controlling intelligence defining Modern Spiritualism as he understood it. He declared that only Spiritualists can demonstrate the good that Spiritualism has done, and that the rostrum must be given to those who are doing the good work must be continued. Mr. F. A. Wiggins followed, giving a number of convincing tests. A test séance by Mr. Wiggins occupied the noon hours. The afternoon services were held in the Pavilion, as a slight rain was falling. Mr. Wiggins occupied the platform, and gave a discourse on "The Necessity of Right Thinking and the Mission of Spiritualism." At its close he again gave many evidences to those present of the continuity of life. As the evening drew on, a very interesting meeting was held, at which valuable experiences were exchanged. Mr. F. A. Wiggins gave fine psychometric readings. The National Developing Circle met at the usual hour with good results. Attention was given to the large for the opening day. At the afternoon session the Pavilion was packed, every seat being occupied. The extensive auditorium was also well filled at the morning meeting. The large attendance at both meetings indicated a successful season. The Forest House has been improved and renovated, and the table is very well kept. Mr. Byron Blodgett, who has charge this season, gives good satisfaction. Sunapee never was more lovely and soul-enchanting than now. Come, all ye who adore Nature; come, and revel in her charms at beautiful and picturesque Sunapee.

JANE D. CHURCHILL, Sec'y.

**A Good Work in England.**  
To the Editors of the Banner of Light:  
The Spiritualist Corresponding Society—of which Mr. Robert Cooper (2 Manchester Street, Brighton), is President, Mr. W. C. Robson (105 Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne), Treasurer; and Mr. J. Allen (14 Barkley Terrace, White Post Lane, Minor, Essex), Honorary Secretary—is doing excellent service for the Cause in its own chosen way.

Its first annual report sets forth that the Society is growing slowly but surely, having members in New Zealand, Australia, America, Holland, and a fair number in England, thus linking those of a common faith in sympathy together.

For the benefit of those who may desire to join, says the Secretary, I may say that the Society is supported by voluntary contributions of its members, no one being refused admission to membership who cannot contribute. The principal objects are:

1. To assist inquirers by correspondence or otherwise, by assisting in the formation of private circles for the development of mediumship, also giving lectures on Spiritualism in public halls.

2. To form a connecting link between Spiritualists in all parts of the world for the mutual interchange of thought, etc.

3. To supply the press with information on Spiritualism, and answer press criticisms.

4. The distribution of spiritualistic literature.

5. All members of the above Society have absolute freedom with regard to their method of propaganda, only pledging themselves to assist in proving the truth of spirit communion.



## Pearls.

—Elegiac.  
And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,  
That on the stretched forefinger of all time,  
Sparkle forever.

Crime clothed in greatness holds a wondrous claim  
On the world's tenderness: 'Tis few will dare  
To call foul conduct by its proper name,  
When it can prattle and prey in golden hair.

—Ritza Cook.

It is such a sad thing to be born a sneaking fellow,  
That I sometimes feel as if we ought to love the crippled  
soul—'Tis I may use this expression—with a certain  
tenderness which we need not waste on noble  
natures.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

—EVER PRESENT.

Whatever way my days decline,  
I felt and feel, though left alone,  
His being working in mine own—  
The footsteps of his life in mine.

—Tennyson.

The richest genius, like the most fertile soil, when  
uncultivated, shoots up into the rankest weeds; and  
instead of vines and olives for the pleasure and use of  
man, produces to its slothful owner the most abundant  
crop of poisons.—Hume.

Our life is nothing but a winter's day.  
Some only break their fast and go away;  
Some stay to dinner and depart full fed—  
The deepest abode but sups and goes to bed;  
He's most in debt that lingers out the day;  
Who dies betimes has less and less to pay.

It is seldom that anybody falls down on ice. Our  
hardest tumbles generally come when we think we  
are safe.—Ram's Horn.

## Seen in 1846!

[From The Medford, Mass., Chronicle.]

## A PUZZLE FOR METAPHYSICIANS.

In the month of November, 1845, the ship  
*Sophia Walker* sailed from Boston bound for  
Palermo. The owners, Messrs. Theophilus and  
Nathaniel Walker, had invited their brother-in-  
law, the Rev. Chas. Walker, to go out to  
Palermo as passenger for the benefit of his  
health.

Among the crew was a young man named  
Frederick Stetson. He was the eldest son of  
the Rev. Caleb Stetson, at that time pastor of  
the Unitarian Church in Medford.

Frederick had been in a store in Boston, but  
not being well, returned home to be under the  
care of a physician. His health did not im-  
prove, and Dr. Bemis of Medford advised a sea  
voyage as most likely to restore his vigor.

Frederick was delighted with this prospect,  
and his parents reluctantly consented.

It was thought best for his health that he  
should go on board as a sailor; but a contract  
was made with Captain John Codman that in  
case Frederick should become weary of his  
duties he should be admitted to the cabin in  
the capacity of captain's clerk.

From the fact that the Rev. Mr. Stetson was  
a neighbor and friend, I became acquainted  
with these circumstances at the time the young  
man left home and embarked on board the  
*Sophia Walker*. The father also requested my  
husband to speak to Captain Codman, his  
former pupil, in regard to the youth.

In common with other friends I sympathized  
deeply with Mr. and Mrs. Stetson in parting  
from their son under these painful circum-  
stances; but domestic cares and other scenes  
gradually effaced these impressions, until I  
forgot the length of time he expected to be  
absent, and indeed lost all recollection of his  
voyage.

I relate these circumstances in detail that  
the reader may understand more fully the re-  
markable facts which followed.

During the latter part of February, 1846,  
the death of my mother, Mrs. Leonard Woods  
of Andover, was succeeded by my own dangerous  
illness. In March I was seized with hemor-  
rhage of the lungs, and lay for hours hovering  
between life and death.

One night, when the crisis seemed to have  
passed, a member of my husband's church,  
Mrs. Sarah Butters, who had been watching  
with me, retired soon after midnight to give  
place to my husband, who was to watch with  
me till morning. I had taken the medicine pre-  
scribed by the physician, and was endeavoring  
to compose myself to sleep, when all at once,  
with the vividness of a flash of lightning, the  
following scene was before me: A tremendous  
ocean storm; a frail vessel pitching headlong  
into the trough of the sea; a billow mountain  
high ready to engulf her; a slender youth cling-  
ing to the mast-head; a more furious blast, a  
higher wave, and the youth, whom, notwith-  
standing the darkness, I instantly recognized as  
Frederick Stetson, fell into the foaming,  
seething deep.

As he struck the water I shrieked in agony;  
and my husband sprang to my side, expecting  
to see the crimson drops again oozing from my  
lips. My countenance, full of horror, terrified  
him.

"What is it?" he asked.  
I motioned him to silence, unable to with-  
draw my thoughts from the scene. I still heard  
the roaring of the angry billows, the shouts of  
the captain and crew: "Man overboard!"  
"Throw a rope!" "Let down the life-boat!"  
"It's no use; the ship has pitched beyond his  
reach!"

Fresh groans from my lips brought new anxi-  
ety to my faithful watcher. He seized my  
trembling hand, placed his fingers on my pulse,  
and started back with dismay when he felt  
their feverish bound.

"What is it? Are you in more pain? Shall  
I go for the doctor?"  
"Oh, it's dreadful!" I gasped. "I can't tell.  
It's awful!"

Then I passed into a still more remarkable  
state. Heretofore I had seen what was going  
on at the moment; now my mind went forward  
and saw events that occurred two, three days  
—two weeks later.

The storm had abated. The vessel, though  
injured, was able to proceed on her way. It  
was the Sabbath; the crew were sitting in  
silent reverence, while the clergyman, Rev.  
Mr. Walker, read, prayed, and preached a fu-  
neral sermon, caused by the late sad event.  
Every eye was moistened, every breath hushed,  
as the speaker recounted the circumstances  
connected with Frederick's voyage, and en-  
deavored to impress upon the minds of his  
hearers the solemn truth of the uncertainty of  
life.

Another scene: Our own chamber; a mes-  
senger coming in haste with a letter from Cap-  
tain Codman announcing Frederick's death.  
The words of the letter I could read.

One more scene: I seemed to be again on  
board the *Sophia Walker*. Mr. Stetson was  
there, standing by Frederick's open chest, into  
which the captain had thoughtfully placed  
every article belonging to his late clerk. The  
father's tears fell copiously while Captain Cod-  
man dilated on Frederick's exemplary conduct  
during the entire voyage. When they reached  
Palermo, he had expressed his wish to enter  
upon the duties of a clerk, according to their  
contract, (if tired of a sailor's life), and since  
that hour had taken his place with the officers  
in the cabin.

All this passed before my mind with the  
rapidity of lightning. I lay trembling with agi-  
tation, until startled to present realities by  
my husband's voice, while he held a spoon to  
my lips.

The first question I asked was, "What day  
of the month is it?"  
"The 10th of March."

"What time did you come into the room?"  
"It was past twelve when I gave you your  
medicine. Soon after, you seemed greatly dis-  
tressed. Can you tell me now what it was?"

"It is dreadful," I whispered, gasping be-  
tween every word. "Frederick Stetson is  
drowned; I saw him fall into the sea."  
"Oh, no!" was the cheerful reply. "You  
had been thinking of him, and dreamed it."

"No! I was wide awake. I saw him fall. I  
have not thought of him for weeks. Oh! what  
will his parents say?"

Soon after this, exhausted by my terrible ex-  
citement, I fell into a troubled sleep. When I  
awoke I found I had immediately com-  
menced narrating to my husband the scenes I  
had witnessed, he making a note of them, and  
their precise date.

Perceiving that this conversation greatly agi-  
tated me, he left the chamber to inquire whether  
the *Sophia Walker* had come in port, and  
promised to direct our son, a school-mate of  
Edward Stetson, to ask whether Frederick had  
returned from his voyage.

This he did, thinking to allay my nervous  
excitement, which he fully believed to be the  
result of a fevered dream.

At an early hour Dr. Daniel Swan, one of  
my physicians, came to my bedside. He ex-  
pressed his disappointment at finding my pulse  
greatly accelerated, and asked the cause.

I then, though not without great exhaustion,  
repeated to him what I had seen, my husband  
being present. Mrs. Butters (the lady already  
referred to), and a woman who had lived in my  
family for years.

In the course of a week several persons were  
made acquainted with these facts, though,  
from the fear lest they should reach the ears  
of the parents, they were told under an injunc-  
tion of secrecy.

In the meantime I listened eagerly to my  
son's daily bulletins from his schoolmate.

"Fred. is coming soon." "Mother has his  
clothes all ready." "Father says he may be  
here any day now." "The *Sophia Walker* is  
due this week."

It was two weeks before the ship arrived in  
port; but I was so far convalescent that I was  
permitted to sit up, wrapped in blankets, for an  
hour or two each day.

On one of these occasions, while Mr. Baker  
and the family were at dinner, the bell rang,  
and presently I heard my husband, in answer  
to the summons of the servant, hurry to the  
door.

It was scarcely a minute before he entered  
my chamber, pale, and evidently trying to con-  
ceal his emotion. He had an open letter in  
his hand upon which his eyes were fastened.  
"You have Captain Codman's letter," I said.

"Yes," he answered, "and in almost the  
words you repeated to me."

I held out my hand for the sheet, and my  
tears fell fast as I read the following lines evi-  
dently written in great haste:

"Rev. Dr. Baker—  
"My DEAR SIR—I must beg you to perform a  
painful duty. Poor Frederick was lost overboard  
in a gale on the 10th. You must tell his father. I can  
not."

"I never had anything occur that has given me  
so much pain. He was everything that I could desire; and  
I can truly say that I never had occasion to reprove  
him, and that his uniform good conduct won the es-  
teem and love of all. There was this satisfaction—  
that no one of us was so well prepared for death."  
"I will detail the circumstances at more leisure;  
but enough to say now, he was lost from the fore-  
sail yard in a gale of wind, and human exertion could  
not save him. You can best administer consolation  
to his distressed parents. Show them the sermon  
preached on the Sabbath following his death, which  
accompanies this, and assure them of my heartfelt  
sympathy. Yours truly, J. CODMAN."

—"March 25th, 1846."

While my eyes glanced over the lines, famil-  
iar as if penned by myself, Mr. Baker was mak-  
ing hurried preparations to go to Mr. Stetson's.  
Young Hall brought it out," he explained.

"Captain Codman wished me to have the letter  
at once, lest the parents should hear the sor-  
rowing tidings in any other manner."

The sad scenes which followed are too sacred  
to be even touched upon here. Mr. Baker did  
not return home for hours, having offered to go  
to Cambridge, and convey the sad intelligence  
to Merriam Stetson, the second son, who was a  
member of Harvard College.

"I am going in to Boston to see Captain Cod-  
man in the morning," he said. "Mr. Stetson  
is anxious to see him, and I shall ask him to re-  
turn with me."

I recalled the last scene on board the *Sophia  
Walker*, and said: "I thought he himself went  
in. It is the first thing not exactly in accord-  
ance with my vision."

I called it vision, for I was not asleep, and  
therefore it could not be a dream.

The next morning, when Mr. Baker called at  
Mr. Stetson's house to take any additional mes-  
sages, he learned that, impatient and restless,  
the sorrowing father had found it impossible  
to wait, and had taken the earliest conveyance  
into Boston, where a scene occurred like what  
I have witnessed.

There was no longer need of secrecy in regard  
to prescience or foresight, if so it may be  
called, and it speedily came to the parents' ears.  
Persons of intelligence of both sexes  
speculated and puzzled over it as a remarkable  
mental phenomenon, unlike most recorded by  
philosophers, in the fact already stated, of the  
mind not only recognizing what was passing at  
the moment at a distance of hundreds of miles,  
but going forward in advance of events, and  
forgetting them with minute accuracy.

I make no effort to explain my mental state,  
which I am entirely unable to do.

But to resume my narrative. I find it im-  
possible at this distance of time to recollect  
all the persons to whom these operations of  
my mind were made known before the letter of  
Captain Codman gave reality to my vision.

Among them were Dr. Swan and two female  
friends, who have since passed beyond the  
scenes of earth. During his life my kind physi-  
cian frequently urged me to publish an ac-  
count of these remarkable facts. My reasons  
for not doing so are suggested in a letter to  
Rev. Mr. Stetson, which, together with the  
reply and testimony of other eyes and ear wit-  
nesses, I subjoin, for the satisfaction of those  
who may desire additional proof of the strict  
accuracy of this narrative:

"Rev. Caleb Stetson:  
"DEAR SIR—If any apology is necessary for my  
addressing you this note, I trust it may be found in  
the friendly relations which have long existed be-  
tween your family and ours, and in our personal re-  
lations to the subject of this letter.

"You will, no doubt, recollect the singular mental  
phenomena which occurred during my severe illness  
some weeks before your son Frederick's death, and  
which at the time caused considerable talk in lit-  
erary and scientific circles. By some conversant with  
the facts I have been urged to write an account of  
them for philosophical inquiry, they being considered,  
in many respects, a more remarkable instance of  
prescience or foresight than any on record; but the  
fear of being classified with visionaries and Spiritu-  
alists has heretofore prevented me.

"Now, however, on a fresh application to state the  
particulars in detail, I have consented to do so, and  
will carefully examine the accompanying statement, and  
so far as memory will aid you, add in a note to me,  
which I may be at liberty to publish, your corroborat-  
ing testimony respecting it.

"Mr. Baker unites with me in very kind regards to  
yourself and family.

"With great esteem and respect,  
HARRIETTE W. BAKER.

"Dorchester, Feb. 10th, 1870."

Rev. Mr. Stetson, having been sick for several  
weeks, requested his wife to answer for  
him. She writes:

"DEAR MRS. BAKER—We have read your manu-  
script with deep interest. You have expressed clearly  
and correctly the whole subject, as it has lain hid-  
den in our memories; and so vividly, too; have you  
portrayed it, that the sad event of bygone years comes  
to us with the freshness of yesterday."

"JULIA M. STETSON.

"Lezington, Feb. 10th, 1870."

Other similar letters follow from Lucy Os-  
good, Sarah B. Butters and Rev. A. R. Baker,  
which we are obliged to omit.—*Harper's Maga-*

## August Magazines.

THE CENTURY.—A finely drawn portrait of  
the poet Shelley is the frontispiece, given in recognition  
of the centenary year of his birth, which is to be pub-  
licly observed in England. In connection Geo. E.  
Woodberry contributes an essay in which he expresses  
a high estimation of his work, remarking that "those  
to whom social justice is a watchword, and the devel-  
opment of the individual everywhere in liberty; in-  
telligence and virtue is a cherished hope, must be  
thankful that Shelley lived." The present number  
abounds with midsummer features. The opening pa-  
per describes an ascent of the sacred mountain of  
Japan, made to learn its utility as an astronomical  
station; the illustrations are charmingly picturesque.  
John Burroughs gives "Glimpses of Wild Life." Prof.  
C. A. Kenaston writes of "The Great Plains of Can-

ada," the artist R. C. Cox presents pen and pencil  
sketches of Gloucester Harbor, Mr. Castelar gives in-  
cidents of the first voyage of Columbus. Continuations  
of stories, several fine poems and essays, with the  
usual supplementary departments, complete the con-  
tents. New York: The Century Co.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.—An incident  
in North Carolina connected with taxation is related  
in the opening paper entitled, "The Historic Tea-  
Party of Edenton, 1774." "The Ends of the Century."  
How They Differ and How They Blend," by Miss  
Shelton, is an entertaining retrospect of social life in  
New York City, strongly in contrast with that of to-  
day. Joseph Kirkland contributes an interesting and  
valuable paper upon "The Chicago Massacre of 1812."  
Mr. Spencer gives a summary of "The Successful  
Novel of Fifty-Six Years Ago, Horse Shoe Rob-  
inson's," "Minor Topics," "Notes and Queries," "So-  
cieties" and "Historic and Social Jottings" complete  
the contents. New York: 743 Broadway.

WIDE AWAKE.—"French Leave," "Trypheny's Bi-  
cycle," "Grip," "In a Thunderstorm," "Kee-e-e-p  
Cool, Billy," and "The Crimson Handkerchief," are  
the complete stories in this, the "Vacation Num-  
ber." In adventure Lieut.-Col. Thorndike describes  
an incident of his brief stay "At the Tombs of the  
Mings," Mrs. A. G. Lewis "A Mountain Pageant,"  
and Chas. E. Fay tells his young readers "How Not  
to Get Lost." The boys are told "How to Put Paddles  
on a Row-Boat," and the girls "How to Bota-  
nize." New chapters are given of "The Coral Ship,"  
and "That Mary Ann." A beautiful frontispiece  
illustrates a poem by Susan Hartley, "Gather ye Lil-  
lies While Ye May." Boston: D. Lothrop Co.

## BITS OF THOUGHT.

Specially translated for the BANNER OF LIGHT from  
the *Spiritualische Blätter*,  
BY W. N. EAYRS.

I.  
The reasonable man recognizes the fact that  
his proper course on earth is to take the situa-  
tions and conditions of things in the universe  
as he finds them, and to adapt himself to them  
as best he can, instead of grumbling at them  
or fighting against them. Nature cares as lit-  
tle for a man as for a worm or a stone. Law  
and necessity are supreme in every place.  
Law is remorseless, and in its operations, like  
the slowly-moving glacier: above, upon the  
surface, all seems to be light, harmony and  
security; while everything beneath is ground  
to powder. He who, knowingly or unknow-  
ingly, violates the moral or the physical law,  
must suffer; no substitute can take his place  
and release him from the consequences of his  
acts.

II.  
Nature estimates the worth of a man only  
by his ability to endure afflictions, and by his  
power of will to withstand them. How many  
men there are who only through sorrow come to  
self-knowledge and to the development of the  
better qualities which were lying dormant  
within them. He who is not bettered, purified  
and ennobled by sorrow, is made of poor ma-  
terial. We cannot with soft rags and fine  
leather draw out from the uncut diamond its  
flashing beauty. Man is like the diamond:  
only by hard work and afflictions of many  
kinds is his character strengthened and re-  
fined. Sorrow is as necessary for the unfold-  
ing of the soul as nourishment for the body.  
At our entrance into the spirit-world we shall  
find the sorrows and afflictions which have  
made our souls to grow, transformed into glo-  
rious flowers of joy.

III.  
"Man, know thyself," and "Love one an-  
other," are the highest commandments of Law,  
and the foundation and essential conditions of  
happiness for the individual and for society.  
The second is easily obeyed as soon as man has  
learned the first. To learn to know one's self  
is not an easy task. To attain this knowledge  
it is necessary first to gain an exact and intimate  
acquaintance with the splendid mechanism  
of the human body and the hidden springs  
of force and action. We must first know the  
house in which we live; then must we study  
ourselves, our character, our abilities, our de-  
sires. To succeed in this and to draw a useful  
purpose therefrom, demands a steadfast love  
of truth, unselfishness and strength of will.

Pamphlets Received.—Notes on Beauty, *Vigor and De-*  
velopment. 16mo, pp. 23. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.  
*Infidel Death-Heads*. 16mo, pp. 98. New York: Truth Seek-  
er Co.  
*Education of Business Men*. An Address before the Amer-  
ican Bankers' Association. By Prof. E. J. James, Ph. D.  
8vo, pp. 39. New York: Am. Bankers' Association.

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## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 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 Bowditch 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 41 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 ANNOUNCEMENT.

Until further notice the undersigned 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 aid and our behalf.

COLBY & RICH, Publishers.

We shall give in our issue for Aug. 20th an original story by C. H. BRINTON, entitled:

"Confessions of a Suicide."

In the following number we shall print a poem in prose, from the pen of Edith Willis Linn, the gifted daughter of Dr. F. L. H. Willis of Glenora, N. Y., entitled:

"From Paradise."

### The Struggle that is Impending.

After the tempest comes the calm—is the burden of one of Mrs. Richmond's recent inspired discourses. Though we do not know or realize it, she said, we are in the midst of a cyclone of spiritual truth, that undermines everything that can be undermined. That which is above and within the spirit of man is bound to find out the false foundation to any system of philosophy, any theory of ethics, any principles of human life or government, or in theologies. The searcher of hearts is abroad. The two-edged sword is doing its work. The power of spiritual truth is strong, and as swift as the lightning in its course. It comes only to attack error; it is destructive only where there is that which can be destroyed; it can imperil nothing that is secure; it disturbs the foundations of no human faith or human love that is strong in the truth of the heavens.

Endowed with truth, man stands without apprehension in the midst of the warring elements around him. He is not afraid that his truth will be overthrown, nor that error will prevail. He knows that between truth and God there is no warfare. Whatever is weak, feeble, hateful, full of pride, murderous, selfish, oppressive, seeks its own and does not seek for others, will be swept away beneath the wings of this all-potent power.

The world itself and mankind upon the earth are passing through a critical period. Physical changes are manifest everywhere. Lightnings and tempests are devastating the face of the earth. Earthquakes rumble beneath the surface. Long slumbering volcanoes belch forth their consuming fire and smoke. Great seas, lashed to fury, engulf ships and swallow up human lives. There is no greater safety on the land. Winds sweep down out of the clouds and destroy the works and habitations of men. Destructive fires occur in densely populated cities. The threatening power of pestilence is visible far toward the East. All this betokens the closing period of a succession of years of disasters. No ten years of the earth's history have yielded so much violence, or so much terror, in the material world; so many tempests, and so much general destruction.

The nations are apparently preparing for a final struggle in the political arena. They eye one another with a fierceness that betokens conflict. The present lull in the warlike preparation of the nations of the East is but the quiet that precedes the final outbreak of a conflict that will inevitably involve all the existing monarchies of Europe. The kingdoms and empires of the earth are in great peril. In the northern parts of Europe there is universal uneasiness and restlessness. Imperial power

is inadequate to hold in check the surging billows of human thought that are rising in a mighty tide toward freedom. Great changes are likewise taking place in southern Europe.

Warlike as France may feel, she still enjoys that peace which is born of the possession of power by the whole people, instead of a single ruler or emperor. England is likewise busy with unrest, the great problems she must grapple with as a nation being almost paralleled by problems of a spiritual import that are gathering force in her midst.

The great wars that threaten Europe to-day are not so much the result of political intrigue as of the growth of the nations, which are bursting their bonds and impatiently struggling to be free. The great tide of thought that is sweeping up in this age implies a greater age than the world has ever known, not even excepting the age of the Reformation.

It is this freedom that the world covets. It is this clear light between God and man that has made all the changes and revolutions of the past. In these modern days the influence of Spiritualism is everywhere at work, and is realized in its action to an extent never before known in the history of the race. It is that which tends to uplift and exalt mankind, which points to human brotherhood, which works to make it possible for men to be kind to one another, and which, above all, will not only insure liberty of conscience, but call forth the right kind of conscience, which is now sought for by all the nations of the earth. They reach out to a larger manhood and a grander humanity.

The other nations of the world look to America, and see in it the prophecy of that which is to come. The struggle is between servitude and responsibility, between youth and manhood. It is the conflict between people and authority, between the conscience of man's individual life and all that seeks its unholy repression. Let us each resolve the conscience shall win the victory!

### The Gates to be Shut! Shall "Exclusives" go in?

The long conflict is over, and it seems that the gates of the World's Fair are to be closed on Sundays at the demand of American—not Christian—bigotry: since the great founder of that system of religious belief unhesitatingly declared while on his earthly mission that "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

With the greatest cunning the "Sunday closing" scheme, which was made a condition of government aid in this bill, has been kept out of the press dispatches, as far as we have seen, since the preliminary skirmish over it between the U. S. Senate and House. Final action was taken prior to the week ending Aug. 6th, and the bill has become a law. The "godly" Mail and Express of New York of that date devotes some two columns—news and editorial—to glorification over this victory of "the saints." Here is a rescript of its displayed lines, which will give a good idea of all the rest:

"The Sabbath Will Be Sacred. Columbian Exposition Must Be Closed on Sundays, or the Appropriation is Void. Five Million Silver Half Dollars to be Coined from the Subsidiary Silver Now in the Treasury. Marks of the Country's Progress. The Provisions of the Bill Must Be Adhered To or Nothing can be Done. Ten Millions of Dollars Must Have Been Collected and Disbursed Before the Souvenirs are Turned Over to the Commission. The Commission Meets Aug. 16th."

The Express editor is very glad. In his editorial, "The Sabbath Triumphant," he chuckles out: "The form of the law is happy. It gives a premium of \$2,500,000 on doing right. It proves in a concrete way that 'Godliness hath great gain.'" "Godliness" and "gain" are a matched pair, which pull well in harness, no doubt, in the management of some of the daily papers that might be mentioned.

The Fair, to our mind thus handicapped, presents a forbidding aspect as to its future. Indeed, it is a singular fact that the "blooming" editorial of the Mail and Express has (or at least our copy has) regular old-fashioned "mourning lines" above and below it, as known to the printer's craft for centuries—though in this case caused perhaps by the breaking down of rules in the press-work! A singular portent, truly!

The Fair now being ordered closed Sundays, we have a question to ask: Will it be open on Sundays to any "exclusive" class of the community? or will it be rigorously kept shut to all, with a minister stationed at each gate to see that it is hermetically sealed? We ask this because the Chicago Times, just before the passage of the bill, made this telling point against it, which has special pertinence now.

Said The Times: "Senator Hawley, who opposes the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday, does not recall that while the mass of the people were denied admittance to the Centennial Exposition (at Philadelphia) on Sundays, thousands of favored individuals, genteel deadheads, and hypocritical Sabbatarians, enjoyed the favor of Senator Hawley's confederates and were permitted, without contact with the vulgar throng, to visit the entire exposition at their ease on Sundays."

Now what is there to hinder the same kind of doings at the Columbian Fair at Chicago? There is nothing. If it be closed on Sundays, shall we see an unbroken stream of favored exclusives going in and coming out, tickled above all things in the region of personal vanity at seeing the wonders of the Fair without having to touch elbows with the mass of people indiscriminately? While on the other hand, shall we see the liquor saloons of Chicago running at full blast, dispensing drinks to the idle multitude, and thus helping them to pass away their unoccupied time? Is this about the shape of the Sabbath observance which the advocates of Sunday closing have been laboring with such pious assiduity to secure? If so, the hypocrisy of it is too ardent to claim even the public contempt with which it is sure to be visited.

Just as we go to press a letter is received from H. Clay Stephens, of New York, stating that Mrs. H. Lane Woodhouse of that city—a fine business medium, with clairvoyant gifts—is to be at Onset Camp-Ground for awhile, and will hold sittings for the public.

THE SPEAKERS at Lake Pleasant next Sunday are DR. F. L. H. WILLIS and MR. WILLARD J. HULL—both of them talented exponents of the Cause.

### Spirit-Writing on the Skin.

The scientists are now appropriating and renaming the phenomena of Spiritualism as fast as they grow up to a clear comprehension of them as facts. Certain French scientists have of late administered the rite of baptism after their order to the phenomenon of writing on the skin. They have named it "dermography," or stigmata; just as other scientists call mesmerism by the name of hypnotism. But it is nothing new; it is only an old and familiar manifestation. At the time Charles H. Foster gave sittings, in the mortal, his spirit-friends repeatedly produced this phenomenon upon his arm with startling effect, as the files of THE BANNER will show; and other mediums have repeatedly yielded the same result through their organization. It is an old manifestation of spirit-power, and far from being a new or recent one in any sense.

It is freely admitted that the writing of the names on the medium's arm in scarlet letters is done by pressure, but it is spirit-pressure, not that of mortal hands. This fact has repeatedly been demonstrated to us when sitting with Mr. Foster in New York years ago. These Frenchmen now claim to have solved a historical, philosophical and religious problem. The account from Paris says that no one thought of investigating this phenomenon from a scientific point of view until some time ago. This was the method of investigation and the attendant result: Dr. Beaumetz saw a woman at the Saint Antoine Hospital whose skin reddened at the slightest contact, but without the least sensation of heat or irritation. He took a pencil and made cabalistic inscriptions on her skin, which so astonished him that he called Dr. Mesnet's attention to it. The latter reported that if he wrote with a well-sharpened pencil on the arms, shoulders, or chest of this woman, a bright red line followed the pencil immediately, the redness remaining for six or eight hours.

These two French doctors claim to have found many new "subjects" since, some of them affected with no disease, and others subject to hysteria. Army doctors have also been performing experiments on the soldiers, finding, it is said, the skins of many so impressionable that inscriptions may be read fifty feet away for a period of five or six hours.

Dr. Beaumetz is endorsed in this account as one of the greatest authorities on hypnotism, claiming that many ills are relieved by this treatment, though not all.

Now the tracing of letters on the human skin by a human hand, as described above, is precisely what has been done for years by the exorcised spirit. The stigmata have been called *stigmata diaboli*, or "the seal of the devil," and it has many a time sent so-called witches to the rack and the stake. As for its being the seal of the devil, there is nothing of any devil, known or imaginary, in it. It need not challenge denial that it is a "scientific" fact, but a fact produced and substantiated by purely spirit-power when legitimate and unassisted by human instrumentalities. What a "well-sharpened" pencil will do the exorcised spirit will do and has long done far more satisfactorily.

### What is Life?

Being confronted with the above inquiry by a still unsatisfied interviewer, the world-renowned electrician, Thomas A. Edison, admitted his readiness to attempt an answer, though he began with saying that his mind was not of a speculative order, but essentially practical. He explained that all he really thought about was getting something useful, of making electricity perform work.

He frankly expressed his belief that every atom of matter is intelligent, deriving energy from the primordial germ. He thought the intelligence of man the sum of the intelligences of the atoms of which he is composed. Every atom has an intelligent power of selection, and is always striving to get into harmonious relation with other atoms. The human body is maintained in its integrity by the intelligent persistence of its atoms, or rather by an agreement between the atoms so to persist. When this harmonious adjustment is destroyed, the man dies and the atoms seek other relations.

Man is to be regarded as in some sort a microcosm of atoms, agreeing to constitute his life so long as order and discipline can be maintained. But of course there is disaffection, rebellion and anarchy, leading eventually to death, and through death to new forms of life. Life he regarded as indestructible, that is, if matter is indestructible. All matter lives, and everything that lives possesses intelligence. Mr. Edison's illustration of this statement in the case of an atom of oxygen flying through the atmosphere and seeking a right combination with other atoms was especially striking, if not convincing.

The atom in man's composition is conscious, he said, if man is conscious, is intelligent if man is intelligent, exercises will power if man does, and is, in its own little way, all that man is. He believed there were only two things in the universe—matter and energy. Matter he could understand to be intelligent, for he regarded man himself as so much matter. Energy, he knew, could take various forms and manifest itself in different ways. He could likewise understand that it works not only upon but through matter. What this matter is, what this energy is, he confessed he did not know.

The great German philosopher, Loetze, also holds that all atoms are conscious, and of a spiritual nature. In this way he undertakes to account for the soul. According to this theory, the soul is only a dominant atom. In place of the hypothesis of some evolutionists that only the strongest atoms survive, he considered it more correct to assert that the stronger atoms control the weaker ones. The difficulty begins when we set out to select words with which to express so abstract an idea as life. No form of expression means the same thing to all men. This consciousness of atoms, Loetze holds, extends resolutely to all material objects, even to crystals. Yet, he contends, they have no distinct existence, but are all purely dependent upon the soul, which is God.

During our late visit to Onset Bay we had the pleasure of meeting many of the spiritualistic friends of the BANNER OF LIGHT, among them C. O. Poole and wife, of New York; Mrs. Milton Rathbun and her two sons (one of whom enters Harvard University in the Fall), and others. We are confident that at least six thousand people were present there last Sunday—our opinion being shared in the course of conversation, by the New Bedford reporters present.

A number of important and significant questions are succinctly considered on our sixth page.

### A Day at Onset—A Reflective View.

The charming morning of last Sunday induced the senior editor of THE BANNER to visit Onset Bay, where annual Spiritualist camp-meetings are held, as all our readers are aware; but as many non-Spiritualist people read this paper, it behooves us to inform them what a lovely, salubrious spot Onset is. At this unexceptionable summer resort one may view the lovely scenery that skirts the Bay, and enjoy the excursions by water—as this is a temperance place—by sail and by steam, as Buzzard's Bay is contiguous.

Then, again, the people swarm by the thousands at the auditorium to listen to the wise sayings of the invisibles through the talented mediums now congregated on these sacred shores to give light to the mundane world.

We were happy for the time-being, as all the numerous throng we witnessed—men, women and children—were so orderly and peaceable; indeed, a friend remarked: "I am astonished I never before saw so large a gathering of evidently all classes of people who were so peaceably disposed." We responded, "Amen. True in every particular."

Well, what was the result to our mind?—some of our spiritualistic friends at home and abroad may ask. Our reply is that if the whole world could only be brought into so harmonious a condition for any length of time there would, we believe, be no more wars, no more murders, no more hangings, no more shootings, no more paupers, no more insane, no more Strydoms, no more starvings, no more vile combinations of wealth to usurp the inalienable prerogatives of the American citizen, whose ancestors fled from a land of oppression.

We look forward to the day when wise counsels may prevail over selfishness, hate and malice, so that the teachings of the humble Nazarene will permeate the inhabitants of the whole earth, to the end that Love shall take the place of the Mosaic law of "an eye for an eye," and that the voices of our angel friends shall be heard all over the land, praising the ALMIGHTY INTELLIGENCE which created all things for the benefit and happiness of his children.

Then, indeed, the long-foretold millennium will be ushered in by heavenly voices and harmonious music, and the earth will resound with "PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN."

This is what MODERN SPIRITUALISM AIMS TO ACCOMPLISH, and this is what the denizens of the Celestial World, who are ever active, will effect, as sure as the sun shines and the evening heavens are glinted with innumerable stars!

### "Phantasms of the Dead."

Between the upper millstone of materialistic scientific (or assumption and denial, and the nether one of the half-admissions, both ways, made by the modern Psychic Societies in their strenuous efforts to meet all classes of minds "half-way," the modern spiritual phenomena, physical and mental, are, it would seem as judged by mortal standards, in peril of a very fine grinding to powder! But the fact remains that these phenomena do occur, and continually prove, by interior evidence of their verity, that they are the result of the action of extraneous supermundane power.

The scientists have given us "unconscious cerebration," "self-deception," "a-ly-klok force," "telepathy," "undue expectancy," "awakened second-sight," "optic nerve entrance by the imagination," etc., etc., *ad nauseam*, while the modern medicasters come sweating along with their load of "hypnotic suggestion," to add to the pile of explanations that do not explain.

Now comes the London Society for Psychical Research, with its little admission that, as per one of its writers, there are really "indications of continued terrene knowledge on the part of phantasms of the dead." Our contemporary, *Light*, takes up this matter, and trenchantly replies: "How a phantasm can have any knowledge we are not aware—and especially a phantasm of the dead!" And it further quite pertinently asks, in view of the far-fetched and labored "telepathic impression" theory put forth by said writer: "Is it not easier to believe that the soul returned?" We should say so—but that admission would be fatal to the truly orthodox psychical position.

### The Camp-Meetings.

Announcements regarding the camps at BRADY LAKE, O., ETNA, ME., SUNAPEE LAKE, N. H., and MERRIMAC ISLAND, (in the far Northwest) will be found on second page. Other well-known meetings are also reported on our fifth and eighth pages. All the accounts go to show that the Spiritualist camping season is being enjoyed with all its old-time fervor.

If there are any other Spiritualist camps not named in our list, or mentioned in THE BANNER's columns, we shall be glad to give them space and notice. Send us on your reports; separate! And don't forget to circulate this paper among the friends of the Cause, and others as well.

Mr. W. F. Nye—oil merchant, of New Bedford, Mass.—owns a large tract of land within Onset Bay limits; he recently showed us a diagram of great improvements to be made thereon at a future date; he also exhibited the draft of the projected enlargement of the Auditorium near the headquarters; the audiences the present year have increased so that added accommodations are needed; the plans embody also a roofing-in of the structure to protect these large assemblages from the sudden rains of the summer. A good idea, we think.

Let no reader of the present issue of THE BANNER fail to give thoughtful attention to the grand article on EMANUEL SWEDENBORG, which Dr. F. L. H. Willis contributes on our first page. It is impossible to rise from its perusal without joining with Dr. Willis in the statement that "Modern Spiritualism owes to him [Swedenborg] an immense debt. He was one of its noblest heralds."

George A. Bacon—of the Agricultural Department, Washington, D. C.—a confirmed Spiritualist and a veteran defender of the faith, has recently been in Boston, a guest at the Crawford House, where the senior editor of THE BANNER makes his home. Mr. Bacon is now at Onset Bay Camp; he will go thence to Lake Pleasant, where, we understand, he has an invitation to speak from that platform.

"I have friends in London, I have had many friends there in the great city," says Spirit MAY MARTIN on our sixth page. Will some of them tell us of this ascended medium, who is a stranger alike to the publishers of THE BANNER and to Mrs. Longley?

### Death of John C. Bundy.

He passed away at his home in Chicago, Ill., Aug. 6th, 1892, after a severe illness of seven weeks' duration. Col. Bundy took charge of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* after the demise of its originator, Mr. S. S. Jones, his father-in-law, as publisher; but several years ago he had the plant incorporated. Whether the stockholders will think proper to continue the paper or not remains to be seen.

The deceased believed firmly in continued life after death, and also in the possibility of communion between the spirit-world and this under favorable circumstances. He made no claim that man could predetermine positive knowledge of the conditions of the future life, and believed that all communion with spirits was more or less colored by the personality of the medium and by the environment.

Col. Bundy was born in St. Charles, Ill., Feb. 10th, 1841. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Asa Bundy, are still living at their homestead in Englewood. He enlisted in the Union army at the outbreak of the civil war, and served, it is said, with distinction in the Department of the Missouri. He was appointed Second Lieutenant of an Illinois company of cavalry by Gov. Richard Yates, and afterward was promoted to the position of Lieutenant Colonel of an Arkansas regiment. During the war he was married to Mary E. Jones of St. Charles, who survives him, as does one daughter, Miss Gertrude Bundy, who graduated from the literary department of Michigan university in June last.

The funeral was strictly private, being held at the family home, La Salle Avenue, at one o'clock P. M., on Monday last.

Our deepest sympathy is tendered the bereaved family of our lately ascended brother.

Isn't this issue of THE BANNER a glorious one?—filled, as it is, with a vast amount of readable matter bearing upon our sacred Cause. Peruse every page, friends, and let us know your opinion of our grand work.

The matter contained under the heading "Banner Correspondence," the present week, will be found of marked interest.

According to the *Boston Globe*, there were five thousand people present at Lake Pleasant last Sunday.

### Another Fine Theory Exploded.

As we have frequently remarked, the theories ventilated by investigators and non-Spiritualists generally to explain away the spiritual phenomena, are almost as numerous as the persons making them, and are frequently so grotesque and insane as to take them out of the field of sober consideration, and to entitle them only to the position of a passing and pointless joke.

We were much amused on seeing in the *Cambridge (Mass.) Tribune* of a late date, an instance of a neat theory—this time, however, leveled at the feathered tribe, instead of the invisible, intelligent forces now operant in our day—which it seemed did not "fit" the case when practically tried. While the whole account is entirely on the ground of the humorous, we feel justified in saying that this lady's theory regarding the impossibility of a parrot's talking intelligently—when she knew nothing evidently about the bird—is entirely "of a piece," precisely parallel with and quite as sensible as the theories put forth by doubters concerning the spiritual phenomena.

The *Journal's* "Talk of the Day" has this: A lady in Cambridge has a parrot of which she has often boasted to a friend. That friend was numbered among those who do not believe that the green feathered crook-beaks can really talk; but ascribes the stories of their vocal powers to the imagination of the listener, who is expecting certain answers, and so distorts changing sounds into actual words.

The lady, so says the account, actually determined to convince her doubting friend; a day was set, the "investigator" was present to prove that parrot-talking existed only in the imagination of the listeners, and "Poli" was brought forward; but concealing at once a dislike for the visitor, he resolutely refused to talk—venting his rage in screeches and grunts. Half an hour passed, when the visiting investigator triumphantly exclaimed: "It's just as I told you! That parrot cannot say a word!" and prepared to march out into the social world as a demonstrator that parrots could not talk, and had never talked, of course; but, says the account, she was suddenly thunderstruck and her views entirely reversed, at hearing the bird, with bristling feathers and angry accent, cry out: "You're a liar!" Further application of this instance is needless. *Verb. Sap.*

### A Call on Northwestern Spiritualists.

Made by our friend and correspondent E. Bach, of Aberdeen, South Dakota, will be found under camp reports, on our second page.

It seems the initial camp-meeting has just been successfully held by the Association of which he is President, at Merrimac Island, near St. Paul, Minn.

The words of Mr. Bach as addressed to the Spiritualists of the Northwest regarding the importance of union for local work, are powerfully applicable to Spiritualists in all parts of the country, and, therefore, should receive a careful perusal everywhere.

Texas and Palestine!—What it was once good for a man to do in Palestine, is not good for a man to do now in Texas—if report is correct. Read what our Galveston correspondent says, on second page. In continuation of the idea peruse, also, the following clear criticism of Texas bigotry, as given in the *Sunday Gazette*:

"The preacher at Liberty Hill, who had the audacity to consult a spirit-medium as to the whereabouts of his missing horse, which act so aroused the ire of his flock, has been tried for heresy on account of it and bounced from the church. Nothing yet has been done with the good brother in the Lord who inveigled him into committing this awful crime by introducing him to the medium. According to the New Testament, the apostles Peter, James and John went up into a mountain and had a consultation with the spirits, Moses and Elias, but there is no record of their having been 'churched' on that account."

A well-known millionaire, it is reported, being asked why he did not erect a palace of a house to live in, so as to achieve additional distinction, said: "I don't want a house that will be so easily found by the hungry fellows when they break loose." There is a whole army of menaces condensed in that confession. That the "hungry fellows" certainly will break loose is as true as any prophecy yet uttered or recorded. And why? Simply because there is in this country a class of rich men—become such through favor rather than by laborious merit—who buy up legislators, own the courts, secure special legislation for themselves, pay little or no regard to private rights and interests, live in a state of offensively ostentatious idleness and luxury, and defy the opinion of the people in every form of expression it chooses to take. These defrauded and defied millions are the "hungry fellows," and woe be to their oppressors when they "break loose!"

THE THEOSOPHIST for July is received and for sale by Colby & Rich. Mr. H. S. Olcott gives Chapter Four of "Old Diary Leaves." In it he describes singular phenomena witnessed by himself, and other of his personal experiences in 1875, during Madame Blavatsky's sojourn in this country. "The Law of Karma" is explained from the Zoroastrian standpoint. "A Vision of the Dawn" is given by "R. H." "A Striking Test" is related by a correspondent. Of the remaining contents are "Unseen Adept Helpers," "The Wisdom of the Upanishads," "The Gayatri," etc.

Mrs. Corn L. V. Richmond was at Lake Brady, O., to July 31st; she delivered five lectures there to excellent acceptance. She was personally pleased with this new camp-ground and its prospects; August 1st to 5th, she was at Syracuse, N. Y.; she will be at Lily Dale (Cassadaga), on Aug. 16th; Onset, Aug. 23d to 28th. The week between she has not yet decided upon, we understand.

The *Psychical Review*.—We have received No. 1, Vol. I, of this new Quarterly, issued by the American Psychical Society at Room 19, Pierce Building, Copley Square, Boston, and shall give it our attention next week.







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# THE DRAMA OF LIFE.

BY MARY E. BUELL.

"This wasted form is not my precious wife;  
Why, she was fair, and ever full of life!  
For happy laughs it thrills my soul to-day;  
But she who laughs seems miles and miles away.

What means this silence, this pervading gloom?  
It creeps upon me, filling all the room!  
I have become estranged from one I loved;  
From one whose faith I daily, hourly proved?

I will not have it so! Leave me, oh! day,  
And give me back the character you play!  
This rigid form, so cold and hollow-eyed,  
Think you I ever called — my lovely bride?

I rave, I know; but who could be quite still  
O'er such a mockery of life and will?  
This little hand, so unresponsive, cold,  
Oh! can it be the hand I loved to hold?

And must the years glide on and leave this void?  
Must I continue thus until I'm, too, destroyed?  
And must it end in this — a silence and a grave?  
Must I to Fate bow low an uncomplaining slave?

Bound by some subtle laws called Faith and Truth,  
Until my locks are gray, vanished my youth?  
I cannot bear the strain! my very mind gives way!  
I'd rather be a dog that bays the moon till day—

Than bear this wretched life, which ended with her  
breath,  
And drag about a form that's clearly marked for  
Death.

Peace, oh my troubled soul! why can I not have  
peace?  
Is there no remedy? from sorrow no succor?"

Thus cried the spirit sad of one who was bereft,  
Fought bravely with himself for duty that was left;  
When quietly a form drew near and beckoned him  
To come and see that Death was not so very grim:

"Only a prejudice, belonging to the earth;  
To us it is a myth that ends with higher birth;  
All, all is perfect here; we come with no rude jar;  
We simply fall asleep and awaken—what we are!

That 'clay' your soul abhors, indeed is not your wife,  
For I am here, dear love, your own as there in life;  
The soul knows naught of change; I have not gone  
away,

It is you who flee from me, when to your side I stray.  
That 'hand' is 'unresponsive'—but a thing of dust—  
The real hand I gave is yours in faith and trust.  
The earth is full of 'sorrow,' of things that must  
decay.

But I have found a country where naught shall pass  
away.  
Come, come!" she cried in rapture—and took his  
willing hand—

"And I will show you something of this lovely, perfect  
land,  
Where night has never fallen—the night of discon-  
tent—  
For the joys of the immortals are not with anguish  
blent;

See, here are little children, who blossom as the  
flowers,  
Without an imperfection, with all their rightful  
powers;  
(Not a weak or crooked ankle, not a taint of earthly  
sin.

For these were called quite early their new life to  
begin.)  
Oh, the precious little children! it fills my soul to day  
Morn'g than anything I know of to watch them at their  
play.

For I have left an infant in helplessness below,  
And the love that is awakened is all for it, I know.  
I wish it were beside me, to be reared as these have  
been—

For indifference and coldness their eyes have never  
seen;  
The angels bless and love them, and guide their danc-  
ing feet  
Through many a flow'ry meadow, down many a sunny  
street.

There are never stupid moments in this world so  
grand and wide,  
But animated living on each and every side;  
No serving here for wages, as in the dull, old way,  
But helping one another, which brightens all the day.

Do you see that shining river? It is the one called  
'Life';  
Every soul must cross this river, struggle through the  
mortal strife,  
Finish up his earthly contract, build his bridge o'er,  
short or long.

Stretch its spans in moody silence, or erect them with  
a song—  
Ere the friends this side the water may welcome him  
at length,  
And point, with pride and pleasure, to the work that  
shows his strength.

See, mine is finished, darling, while yours seems but  
begun—  
For some quit work at noonday and others with the  
sun.

But I am waiting for you—am noting what you do:  
If you build your structure broadly, with foundation  
firm and true;  
And when your work is finished and you cross the  
river wide,  
You will find me glad as ever to journey by your  
side."

Then her voice broke forth in singing, and a happy  
troupe drew near  
To listen to the music which echoed on his ear:  
"Sing, sing, oh gifted songstress, sing over on your  
way.

For not all birds have voices, or sing so sweet a  
lay"—  
They responded in a chorus as the song drew to a  
close,  
Then wandered on together, while her cheek was  
like a rose;

"They do not call me, always, the name you used to  
hear."  
She said, "but 'Bird of Beauty,' and often 'Birdie  
dear.'"

She paused—and vanished softly, like a vapor on  
the air;  
He awoke and saw 't was morning; she had left no  
darkness there;

He awoke to new reflections, born of the night and  
pale,  
And a hundred resolutions formed quickly in his  
brain.

He will live to work and struggle, to bear and not  
rebel;  
His life's unfinished romance no mortal tongue may  
tell;

But when the play is over, and he is called at last,  
He will read the drama backward, and will under-  
stand the cast.

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