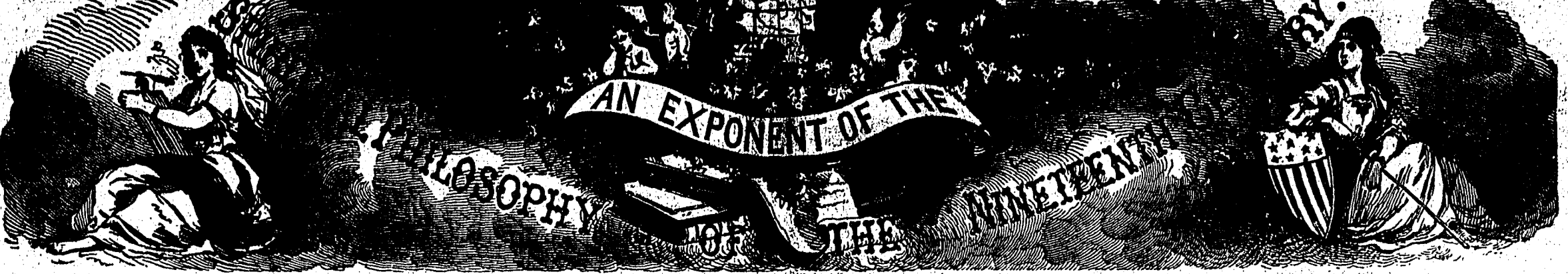


BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



VOL. 75. COLBY & RICH, 9 Bowditch St., Boston, Mass. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1894. [82.50 Per Annum.] Postage Free. NO. 24.

For the Banner of Light. PATCHES.

BY MRS. M. A. STONE.

What patches we put on our garments,
And patch up our bodies as well;
And if these were all of the patches
This story I never should tell.

But there are such horrible patches
That patch up the conscience of man—
Patches like cloaks that would cover
All sin since the world first began.

Our souls they are covered with patches
Of jealousy, envy and hate;
And selfishness with its life patches,
And keeps all the rest in a state

Of deepest deception conceived of—
The real man is lost to our sight.
And sometimes I wonder if ever
We'll stand in the radiant light—

The radiant light of true selfhood;
With our souls all alive and aglow!
We must be born in the kingdom
Ere we find our heaven below.

Who patched up the plan of salvation,
And plastered it on to us all?
The scheme of vicarious atonement?
We all like old Adam could fall.

We could throw all our sins upon Jesus,
Then leave him to bear them alone,
And squeeze our way into heaven,
With God: we'd be near the throne?

We've drifted so far from Christ's teachings—
So hopelessly drifted astray!
Come, now, let us follow his precepts,
That we may all go the right way.

For Christ always taught his disciples
That heaven was only within,
While our souls lie buried and hidden
Beneath all these patches of sin.

The heavenly kingdom within us,
No longer in sin may we stray;
But entering in through the portal
We may find our heaven to-day.

When we enter into this kingdom,
All things unto us will be given;
God's will then have a new meaning—
The clouds of our doubt will be riven.

Swampscott, Mass.

INDIANS' OCCULT POWERS.

SOME CREDIBLE INSTANCES; INTELLIGENCE TRANSMITTED BEFORE THE TELEGRAPH COULD SEND IT—WEIRD PERFORMANCES OF THE MEDAS—MR. EDWARDS GIVES AN EXPERIENCE OF HIS OWN IN ARIZONA.

Taken in its fullest sense the Indian has no religion. He worships no god. He has, however, a mysticism. Mysticism is a part of the daily life of the Indian—a part of his very being. He sees spirit influences in every natural manifestation. In the thunder he hears the voice of "Those Above," and in the lightning he sees the evidences of their wrath. From the dropping of a feather by a passing bird to the crooked growth of twig or tree he finds evidence of an unseen and incomprehensible influence. His friends in the unseen world aid him in his ventures, while his enemies, or the bad spirits, do their utmost to work him injuries. It is the consultation of his spirit-friends and his efforts to propitiate his unseen enemies that have been the cause of the error regarding his religion. The future life is the fruition of this.

There is no hell in all the Indian code of belief, except in so far as the fact of his being debarred from the blessings that come to the good Indian after he passes into the other life may constitute a hell. The only religion among the Indians of North America is derived from the teachings of the whites; Indians never perform a purely religious ceremony except to please the white man; the Indian is a firm believer in spirit existence and spirit communication; he believes that he is constantly attended by a spirit friend who watches over him and cares for him; he believes the sky is peopled with the spirits of those who have died, and that these people live in a land where eternal joy awaits him who has done his full duty in this world.

He believes that the pleasure after death comes only to those who have done their full duty on earth. Were it not for this perfect belief in life beyond the grave resultant upon fulfillment of duty here, the spirit-world would be filled with suicides, but the Indian who takes his own life, must expiate his crime in deepest sorrow, and be shut out from the joys of an abode with the blessed spirits. The absence of suicide among Indians has often been commented upon by soldiers and plainmen, but the reason is apparent when we reach the centre of their belief. The intermediary between the Indian and the spirit-life is the man known among the whites as the "medicine man," but who is known among the Indians as the "meda." The meda is not a priest of a cult or religion, but is simply the man through whom communications pass between the seen and unseen worlds.

I have no excuse to offer for the apparently strange and improbable stories that I shall tell in this article, except to say that I witnessed all except those where I specify that the information comes through other sources. These sources are such that I firmly believe their truthfulness. I will tell exactly what I know and believe to be true, feeling satisfied that if the same study and thought be given to Indian mysticism and magic as is accorded Asiatic occultism, more marvelous stories than have ever been told will be brought to light.

Many explorers and travelers have seen remarkable manifestations of what they termed magic among Indians, but they seemingly paid so little attention that they failed to give more than passing notice of events that might have been worthy of a place in the historical records of the nation. This is especially true of the

earlier explorers, for, as the tribes came under the observation of the whites, they have hidden their sacred rites from profane eyes, and now it is only on rare occasions that a white man is permitted to witness any of their ceremonies. While medas are to be found in all tribes, it is only among those Indians who have kept aloof from contact with the whites that they are to be seen with powers as wonderful as those attributed to the fakirs of India. There are several notable medas among the Crows, Sioux and Utes, but it is among the Navajos and Apaches that they are to be seen at their best. One that I now recall in a village in the Mogolones Mountains of Arizona would astonish the world were he to be placed on exhibition in any of the large cities.

These medas have a great influence over the tribes to which they belong, and while they have none of the powers of a chief, they rule as being the voice of the higher powers; and where the meda has shown good work he is obeyed as implicitly as if he were the absolute ruler. There are certain places that are held as being especially the abode of "Those Above," and at stated intervals the entire tribe makes a migration to the vicinity of the sacred spot, and waits while the medas enter into the forbidden districts, and, in some instances, remain for weeks secluded, while they commune with the higher powers. Certain portions of the Black Hills were so regarded, and the Bad Lands of Dakota hold several such localities. The Utes, of Colorado, had such a spot in the high plateau near the head of the Grand Cañon, which was held in such reverence that should the medas even now advise them to go there, the entire tribe would suffer annihilation before it would be driven back.

History records many instances of what has been called telepathy, or thought-transmission, in Oriental countries, and these incidents have been so well authenticated that they would admit of no doubt as to their accuracy. Incidents almost innumerable of similar occurrences among the Indians have come to my knowledge, through personal observation and through the reports of those who would have no reason to bear false witness. There was an occurrence of recent date at Pine Ridge Agency, in South Dakota, which is so well authenticated as to leave its truthfulness absolutely without question. The hereditary chief of the entire nation, Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, died suddenly of heart disease while he was three hundred miles from the agency. Here is what was told by R. O. Pugh, the foreman at the agency, and this has been verified by several others who were there at the time:

"One morning the Indians became greatly excited, armed themselves and congregated about the agency grounds. The group seemed agitated to a wonderful degree. The whites became alarmed, and tried to discover the cause of the disturbance. They were told that Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses had been killed. The Indians gave no explanation of their belief, but insisted that it was true. For two hours there was great uncertainty, and then there came a telegram from Newcastle, Wyo., three hundred miles away, which stated that the chief had dropped dead with heart disease that morning. The Indians would not give the source of their information, but they had it two hours prior to the telegram, and there was much mystery about the whole affair."

Mr. James A. Finlay, Post Trader and Postmaster at the same agency, corroborates this, and tells of two similar incidents that came under his personal observation. His story has since been verified by the agent of the tribe. The battle of Wounded Knee took place twelve miles from the agency. On the morning of the battle the Indians at the agency were quiet. Suddenly there came the sound of distant cannon, and the Indians assembled in groups listening. Within five minutes of the first sound a meda rushed from his tent and gestulated wildly, shouting something to the Indians. They hurried to their tents, armed themselves, mounted and rode off to the hills. One Indian told the whites that the soldiers had surrounded Big Foot's band and were shooting them down in a hollow.

This was told within ten minutes after the first gun was fired. It would have taken the fastest courier of either the army or the Indians fully half an hour to have ridden the distance under the best of circumstances, and, in fact, it was more than an hour before the first news reached the agency through the regular channels.

During the continuance of one of the most severe blizzards of the winter of 1892-3, an Indian went to the agent early in the morning and told him there had been a bloody battle between Indians and cow-boys at a camp thirty miles from the agency. He said that two whites had been killed and several wounded, and asked that assistance be sent at once.

He refused to tell his source of information, and, as the blizzard was raging with such force as to endanger the lives of all who were exposed to it, the agent declined to send to the alleged scene of battle. Investigation at the agency showed that no man had arrived during the night or that morning, and there was no possible way for information to come except by courier. Thirty-six hours after the Indian had given the information a white courier rode to the agent's house and fully confirmed the report.

Next morning the relief party was sent out, and reached the scene after one of the wounded men had died of exposure. On the night of the battle the blizzard was raging so fiercely that no human being could have faced it for thirty miles, and it would have been a physical impossibility to have ridden the distance

in the time between the affray and the reporting of it to the agent. It was afterward learned that the information was sent to the agent by a meda.

I was in a village of Tonto Apaches, in North-eastern Arizona, in 1881, just after a raid had been made upon it by a band of renegade Navajos. The raiders had carried off the wife of a sub-chief, who found it impossible to follow the trail over the rough and stony country. This chief had the usual Indian recourse to the good offices of a meda, and carried to the tent of that worthy presents, and asked his assistance in recovering his wife. The meda's tent stood a little apart from the others of the village, and, as could be seen from the entrance, was perfectly empty, with the exception of a buffalo robe, which was spread on the ground. After listening to the complaint of the chief, and receiving the presents, the meda retired within his tent, closing the entrance. He talked earnestly for several minutes, evidently asking some one to come to him. In a few minutes an entirely different voice was heard in response, and then there was an animated conversation between the two regarding the woman who had been stolen.

The meda described the woman, and asked the spirit to assist him in finding her. The second voice said it would go and find the woman, and then for about five minutes all was silent. The voice was again heard, saying that the woman had been seen. It described the trail over which she had been taken, and told where she had been hidden. She had escaped, and was returning home, but she was exhausted, hungry and footsore. As her moccasins had been cut from her feet by the rocks. It said she was resting by a certain river, and said for the chief to take food and a pair of moccasins and meet her. The chief at once followed the instructions, and found the woman exactly where the voice said she was. Her moccasins were in shreds, and she had had no food for several days. The voice was plainly heard by a dozen or more Indians and myself, who were congregated near the meda's tent.

Another instance of this power was reported to me by a Navajo chief, his story being verified by several members of his band. A party had been formed for the purpose of raiding a Moqui village. The meda had been consulted, and said that all was favorable for the enterprise. The party was well on its way when the meda called a halt and said that something was wrong. The party halted and sat in a circle around the meda, who stood on a bare spot of ground, away from all shelter. He beat his drum and chanted for several minutes, when there suddenly came a voice from above the heads of the party that told them to go back, as their plans had been discovered and a strong force was entrenched in a certain pass through which they would have to go. The chief sent forward two scouts, who returned and reported that the Moquis were ambushed in the cañon. While this story is vouched for only by the Indians, I had no reason to believe they were telling an untruth, owing to the circumstances under which it was told.

One of the wildest tribes of Indians is the Yaquis of Mexico. This tribe has never been subdued, and has waged constant war against all other people ever since the country was discovered. Their homes are in almost inaccessible mountains and their stronghold is virtually impregnable. Such is their enmity to whites or Mexicans, that when it is told that a prisoner has escaped, the story is always received with doubt, hence the following incident is given on such authority as will admit of doubt, but as there was, to me, corroborative evidence, I gave it consideration and belief.

Two Mexican sheep-herders and their flocks were captured by a predatory band of Yaquis and carried to the home of the tribe, there to be sacrificed. The event was postponed for a short time to enable the whole tribe to participate in the festive occasion. Through some fortuitous circumstance the Mexicans escaped and made their way back to their homes. They told a marvelous story, and prefaced it by saying that the Yaquis would never be conquered, as they were in league with the devil. They told of a certain occasion when a large number of Indians sat in a circle that was open at one end. In the opening stood a young woman who appeared to be in power. Just outside of the circle sat three Indians, who monotonously beat a drum and chanted a weird song, in which they were soon joined by those in the circle.

All the while the young woman stood looking intently up in the sky, it being in broad sunlight. Suddenly a mist was seen hovering over her body, and this finally settled over her body, remaining for several seconds, when it slowly detached itself from her and stood in a smoke-like column in front of her and just within the horns of the semicircle of chanting Indians.

It wavered and flickered for a few seconds and then suddenly disappeared, and in its place stood the form of a full-dressed Indian chief. He appeared to be as much flesh and blood as any of those present, and for several minutes he addressed the assembled crowd. As soon as the form appeared, silence fell upon the circle, and while he was speaking not another sound was heard. When he ceased talking the form suddenly disappeared. The Mexicans said there was no possible way for them to have been deceived, for they sat where all the performers in the strange scene were in plain view. Their story has been verified by two Yaqui prisoners, who say they have seen this occurrence several times.

Many of the feats of the medas can undoubtedly be performed by trickery, but in several instances where I was an eye-witness, in which

the various things on the floor of a tent were moved by some unseen force—and in one instance where the meda was lifted from the ground and carried about through some invisible agency—the trickery, if any, was indeed well concealed. The usual furniture of an Indian tent consists of blankets and robes of fur. In a meda's room in a Zuñi village I saw a blanket that had been spread on the ground suddenly rise up in the centre, as if something were under it, and stand for several seconds, and then slowly sink back to its former position. I thoroughly examined it, and found nothing under it or attached to it. The blanket then rose on one edge and stood for some time, and then returned to the floor.

The meda stood several feet from the blanket and did nothing but hold his hands toward it when he desired it to change its position. This was the only instance of the kind I ever saw, but I have heard that it is quite a common performance among the medas of the Southwest. Another form of this power was seen by myself in a Quereas village, in the country of the Rio San Juan. An old meda there had what he called his wapon, or spirit-man. This was simply a rude rag doll, about the size of a half-grown boy. The bundle of rags was lying on the ground in a corner of the room. The meda asked me to examine it, and I did so thoroughly. It was made of dirty rags, and was dressed like an Indian. It had nothing attached to it, but was perfectly limp. The meda stood in the centre of the room, and the visitors sat in a circle around the wall. After chanting for several minutes, the meda stretched out his hands toward the doll, and it at once rose erect and came forward to the centre of the room, standing before the meda as if imbued with life.

He talked to it and received answers from it, just as ventriloquists are seen to converse with puppets. When he had finished he again stretched out his hand, and the doll fell into a shapeless mass. I then examined it and found it exactly as it was before the performance. I pressed the meda for an explanation, but his only answer was that the power was given him by "Those Above." I found, upon inquiry, that such feats are by no means rare among the Indians of that part of the country. I have seen many of them make sticks move about the room by the simple waving of their hands, much after the manner that a piece of soft iron is moved by a magnet.

In the estufas of the Pueblo Indians a ceremony is performed every spring, while all the land lies barren after the winter and before the cold has left the earth. It is done for the purpose of finding out from "Those Above" what the prospects are for crops during the coming season. Of one of these ceremonies I was a witness during the spring of 1879. The tribe was assembled to see the ceremony, and the members were grouped about a large plaza. In the centre of the clustered Indians stood three medas. They were dressed in the scantiest apparel, having but breech-clouts and leggings on. From the waist up they were perfectly naked. The meda-drum was sounding its monotonous "tum-tum," and the multitude was chanting a sacred song, while the medas stood perfectly motionless. After this had continued until the noise became almost unendurable, the oldest of the medas slowly raised his hand. At once all sound was silenced.

The three medas stood in a group and raised their hands high in the air. They were empty, and as they had no coverings on their arms, they could not have concealed anything with their hands in that position. Suddenly a fresh stalk of corn with a full ear was held by one, a cluster of wheat well headed was held by the second, while in the third meda's hand was seen a live rabbit. It must be remembered that growing grain could not have been found at that time of the year within a hundred miles of the spot. The medas announced that the omens were good for a prosperous year in the field and in the hunt, and the occasion ended in a general festival.

The foregoing incidents are but a few of those that I have seen and heard of, but space is too short to give more than a cursory mention of these seemingly preternatural exhibitions. There is one, however, that was so passing strange that I have almost doubted the evidence of my own senses in regard to it.

While pursuing my studies among the Indians of Northeastern Arizona, I frequently heard of a wonderful meda who lived in a village so deep in the mountains that it was rarely visited by other Indians, and had never been seen by a white man. The stories that came were of a nature that made me determine to overcome all difficulties and visit the place. Suffice it to say that I accomplished my object, and not only visited the place, but was permitted to witness what probably no other white man has ever seen. After days of importuning I found myself one evening sitting in a circle with twenty-five Indians ranged around the wall of an estufa. The floor was perfectly bare, and the only light that came in filtered through from the circular entrance at the top.

In the centre of the room stood a tall, old man, naked from head to foot, with the exception of a slight breech-clout. In the northeast corner of the room was a square altar, on which burned a small fire after the ceremony began. It was a clear moonlight night, with no sign of storm in the air. Not a sound could be heard from without, and except for the faint sound of breathing it was silent within. The meda stood like a statue for fully ten minutes, until the silence and cramped position became almost unbearable. He extended his arms, and as he did so there was a crackling

sound, and peculiar lights appeared in various parts of the room, looking something like fire-flies. This continued for some seconds, when he slowly waved his hands back and forth, gradually becoming more rapid in his movements, until, suddenly, there flashed from the ends of his extended fingers a streak of light, that illumined the room so plainly that the faces of those sitting about the wall could be seen.

Now he sent flash after flash from his fingers, throwing the light to all portions of the room, until there seemed a constant stream of fire, darting hither and thither about the place, and all the while there was a crackling and snapping noise, such as comes from electrical discharges, getting louder and louder, until it seemed to blend into a continuous roll resembling a peal of thunder. Gradually the uproar increased, until it seemed as if a veritable thunder-storm was raging; and to make the illusion more complete, there was an intermingling of a sound resembling the dropping of rain and rush of water. So natural did it seem that I was fully convinced that a storm was raging outside. The tumult subsided, and the room became again quiet and dark. We climbed the ladder to the outer world and found the moon still shining brightly, without a cloud in sight and not a sign that there had been a storm.

I have been asked to explain the phenomenon, but have been compelled to confess my inability to do so. One of my friends explains it by saying the meda had pieces of flint in his hand, and produced the fire by striking them together. He says the thunder was caused by the rapid whirling of a flint tied to a string. My friend did not see the performance and I did. I think he is mistaken. I know the flashes of light could not have been produced in any such manner, nor the sound made by a whirling flint. I do not try to explain how it was done, for it was so weird and uncanny that I can only attribute it to some supernatural power.

The question has been asked me: "Why are these exhibitions not more common, and why do not more people see them and tell of them?" The ceremonies spoken of are as sacred to the Indians and to the medas who perform them as is the administration of the sacrament by the Christian priests. No meda would do any of the things mentioned as an exhibition. Indeed, it is the constant endeavor to keep all these rites away from profane eyes, and it is now only in the secluded tribes that the best medas work. This work is not in the nature of magic as seen in Oriental lands, but it is to the Indian the direct communication with those powerful spirits who hold in their hands the destiny of individual and of tribe. If the work of the medas is studied in this light it will be found that this article but touches upon the outskirts of a most wonderful phase of the life of the primitive Americans.

CLARENCE E. EDWARDS,
In the Philadelphia (Pa.) Sunday Times.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Seance at Lake Brady, O.

The Cleveland (O.) World records that a highly satisfactory seance was held July 20th at this Camp by the celebrated materializing medium of New York, Mrs. M. E. Williams. The account goes on to state that "the medium retired into the cabinet, which had previously been thoroughly examined, and the seance opened by sacred music, which was interrupted by a figure clad in white, who announced the well-known name of Phoebe Cary. She retired and immediately returned, leading another white-robed figure, repeating the word Alice several times. 'Alice' bowed, but did not speak.

A lady in the audience-room claimed to be inspired by the Cary sisters. Prof. Henry Kidde, late principal of the New York public schools, was the next spirit introduced. He was accompanied by a child whom he called his daughter Mollie. The little one seemed frightened, pulled at his hand which held hers, at last exclaiming: 'It is dark here, papa, let us go into the light'; and immediately the lower part of both their figures began to disappear, sinking apparently into the floor. This phenomena might easily be accounted for, if the writer had not previously ascertained by examination that this cottage, like all others on the grounds, had no cellar or possible means of egress through the floor.

A handsome boy made his appearance, and called out his father and brother from the circle; the father said he had died at the age of eight months, but as the two boys stood together in the dim light it was difficult to distinguish one from the other—their size and general appearance was the same.

Nearly twenty figures appeared of different sizes—sometimes two together—not one of which bore any resemblance to the medium, she being a rather large woman, while the figures, even of her height, were noticeably thin. One of the materialized figures claimed to be the late Mr. Frederick Muhlenberg of Cleveland, so well known there. A Cleveland lady, well acquainted with the gentleman, declared the likeness to be a perfect one.

Miss Clara Barton has returned to Washington from the Red Cross relief work in the Sea Islands of South Carolina. For ten months she has been working, on an average, nineteen hours a day. Thousands of families have been fed and sheltered, and no one knows how many lives have been saved. Miss Barton, before her departure, published in the Charleston News and Courier a strong appeal for aid for the sufferers along the coast of the mainland, who have been hardly touched by the relief work, and who are almost as destitute as were the people of the Sea Islands. The South Carolina papers can hardly praise Miss Barton enough. Early in her visit, the Charleston News and Courier announced its willingness to have her vote if she wanted to (she does).—The Woman's Journal.

NUMBER FIFTY-THREE

One is forcibly reminded of the changefulness of life and circumstance in this world, by the fact that the old and well-known house on 15 Southampton Row is now deserted. James Burns has, after living there for five-and-twenty years odd, at last left, and never again will it be at all likely that Spiritualism will find home in the house. The bookselling, publishing and printing business has been taken over entirely by the son, who trades as James Burns Jr., while the father now only edits his journal, the *Medium and Daybreak*, whose offices are in

Scrofula cannot resist the purifying powers of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Sold by druggists.

It has frequently seemed to me that the village of Niagara Falls was an ideal place for residence. I have sometimes wondered at myself—being free to choose—for not pitching my tent there....

Since my leader was written for this address, the progress of invention has made known that there is stored up in this fall column of water a power which can be distributed throughout the State, and which can turn every cog and push every canal-barge within its limits. It remains, as I suggested, that while, a grave and anomalous question of method, of manufacturing and practical purposes, the mighty flow shall be diverted and its picturesque majesty impaired, whether it shall continue to be the attractive wonder of the world." After much study and experience, I should prefer that we seek to preserve the power of the falls as the power of the Almighty's work stand, as he made it, the delight, education and uplifting of mankind.

Though she is a nineteenth century woman, and the influence of the religious and philosophic systems of that time can be elucidate the old-time doctrines of Buddha and the reformation with autence and knowledge, and bring out the relations between involunt and evolution, between monism and dualism, between physical and metaphysical, between free will and determinism, and the tyranny of circumstances, with philosophic and spiritual insight. And she has that crowning glory which no one strives to teach—absolute clearness of expression. If her sentence is long, it has one main thought, while the subordinate thoughts, elucidate but do not obscure; if no sentence is left staggering along, loping down, or straggling in the sense of a floating daisy by having all its leaves on one pedicel, or several.

Whether Mrs. Jackson ever read Herbert Spencer's essay where he directs a writer or speaker to "economize attention" of his learner by presenting the subject with perfect clearness, I do not know; but she practices it.

One is not left to confound obscurity with depth as in many a clumsy, involved expression with marvelous inspiration. Her sentences are simple, direct, and clear, and free from all sorts of thought, as well as by our spiritual nature. If we seek to think and speak clearly, clear thinking will inspire us; and we can thus accomplish the chief object of inspiration—clearly and directly, and unobstructedly, and intuitively advanced spirits, and unobstructed channels into the brain and body of us who are set on fire on the surface of the planet. ABBY A. JUDSON



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Banner of Light.

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

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COLBY & RICH.

The Serpent and Woman Allegory.

When the ordinary preacher takes for a text the assertion of the serpent to the woman, according to Genesis III: 4, "Ye shall not surely die," their no less ordinary observation at the start is that right here doubt was first turned loose on this earth, and that came from—But suppose the matter be looked at in another way. Suppose that we take the evolutionary view of the subject. Instead of being the birth of doubt, it may be regarded as the birth of responsibility from the plane of irresponsible animalism; of reason from the lower level of instinct; of the knowledge and choice of good or evil from blind animal passivity; of possible guilt from ignorant innocence. Now we are able to discern from the story that something indeed eventful is taking place. We can understand that it is a grand evolutionary step upward.

This knowledge of good and evil where before was to be found only the exactness of instinct, is theologically characterized as man's Fall, when in fact it was his rise instead. It might seem a fall to human consciousness, but in view of the fact that mistaken reason is a vast improvement on perfect and unmisleading instinct merely, it was a fall that was only a delusion, because it manifestly helped man up instead of further dragging him down. With choice was born doubt, and that signifies the reasoning faculty if it signifies anything. We must admit that reason, with its many misconceptions and errancy, is a great way above mere instinct. It is infinitely better for us to doubt than not to know at all; to err repeatedly, than to be ignorant of choice to remain perfect and exact in our ignorant instinct. And this evolutionary step is just what is needed by the story of the fall.

After and above reason and intellectuality comes a still higher stage of spirituality. It is the spiritual sense that is visibly coming to the birth of man in this present time of ours. It is the preciousness of privileges to be permitted to note and share in a movement so profoundly beneficial to the human race. The heavenly light illuminates the few and isolated mountain heights at first, but it will not fail to creep down their sides into the waiting valleys in good time. The light is always adapted to the capacity of the human vision. But this birth is not, like the other, from below upward; it is from above, lifting us upward, with the help always of our own voluntary cooperation. Here lies the truly heavenly mystery. Instead of being pushed from below and behind, we are led and lifted from above and before. God's perfect image in man is come to its natural development. The preparatory stages are over, and the soul, divinely implanted, is claiming its rightful dominions.

Bro. J. J. Morse has an interesting letter on our second page, wherein he reports the English representative of THE BANNER as regards current matters in an attractive vein. No one can read the pathetic paragraph (near the end of his epistle) regarding our veteran editorial brother, James Burns of The Medium and Daybreak, without a sad feeling that in Spirituality, at least, time too often proves that "the workman" (ungratefully) is not regarded by the public to whom he ministers as "worthy of his hire."

An Analysis of Mobs.

Mobs and their leaders are subjected to careful scientific scrutiny as social phenomena in the Popular Science Monthly for August, and a psychological analysis is undertaken of the emotions and acts of riotous assemblages, and of their relations to the instigators of disorder. It is observed that while a trained police or military force is apt to be more brave, trustworthy and efficient than any one of the individuals composing it, mobs, on the contrary, are generally inferior in intelligence and morality to the average of their members. In the case of the mob the social compound is not only dissimilar to the elements of which it is the product rather than the sum, but as a matter of fact it is worthless. There is always something in an excited multitude, even when the majority are persons of intelligence, that paralyzes both of the puerile and the bestial; it is puerile in its changing moods, and it is bestial in its brutality. And even when it is made up of individuals of average courage, it is cowardly also. It is hard for one to conceive how this can be true who has not observed mobs, but there is no denying the facts nevertheless; the proof is overwhelmingly sufficient. In the collective mind images seem to succeed one another without coherence, as they do in the brain of a hypnotized or sleeping person; whereas the aggregate opinion or emotion in most of the individual minds might, under normal circumstances, be capable of order and consecutiveness. Mobs are liable to choose and endure the worst leaders and adopt the worst suggestions that may be offered. The reason is that the most contagious ideas are the most intense, and the most intense are the narrowest, that strike the sense rather than the intellect. The most intense emotions are the most egotistical.

Self-Emancipation Necessary.

There is no reason why so many minds in the community so persistently cling to old forms, ceremonies and beliefs. If many now-a-days chance upon anything of a new order looking toward the improvement of human conditions—either in mechanical science or theological direction—they at once pronounce judgment against it and without investigation, and if they chance to encounter a new development that is in direct line of the progress of the age, they fall upon it with merciless condemnation, though they are wholly unable to give a reason for their disapproval and have bestowed no thought at all on a matter about which they are so positive and dogmatic. If a great many were forced to search for such a reason, the best answer they could make would be that their fathers did so-and-so before them or thought and believed thus and thus. If such persons were to go back but a little way, they would have to acknowledge that their not distant ancestors plowed with a wooden plow, sewed with a needle, and knit with another, by the light of a tallow dip; but that would be no reason why they should to-day reject the steam plow, refuse the always ready service of the sewing machine run by electricity, and the brilliant light generated by the same power that turns night into day. The old habits furnish poor reasons for modern beliefs and opinions.

False Teeth for Old Folks.

Sir Henry Thompson thinks that the use of false teeth is injurious to the old folks, as they are led astray and apt to eat more than can be digested properly. The system, in such subjects, instead of requiring more nourishment to keep it up than in the middle-aged and young, really requires less. Excess would, therefore, be injurious, as it gives the organs too much to do, just as many persons take up a bad, like drinking hot water or cold water to excess. Nature's rule is in all cases best. Only drink when you are thirsty, and only enough to satisfy the thirst. Dumb animals, even, know better than to do such things. But, then, they do not have any doctor but old Mother Nature, who prescribes by instinct. As against Sir Henry Thompson it is stated by Sir Richard Owen that false teeth help mastication for old folks, as of course they do, and therefore assist digestion and assimilation. A man or woman of great age, when first getting a set of false teeth, may be so delighted with the novelty of the artificial grinders as to eat too much, but practice and experience soon correct the defect. Brain tissues and the physical frame are benefited by the better digestion. The extent to which active mental operations may be carried is shown by facts that Walter Savage Landor wrote many of his famous "Imaginary Conversations" at eighty-nine, and Isaac Walton wrote up to the age of eighty.

Good Resolutions.

The national convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, held recently at St. Paul, adopted resolutions that read like a declaration of war against the saloon. They say, among other things, that "the scandal of a preponderating number of Catholics in the saloon business is a disgrace too long endured. Whatever the cause of the fact, a new day is at hand. The convention rejoices that Catholics are now aroused to the great evil and the great disgrace of intemperance and dens of intemperance among Catholics. We urge all Catholics to banish liquor from their homes, from their social and political clubs. Let Catholic banquets be made remarkable by the absence of all alcoholic drinks. Let saloon-keepers be excluded from membership in all societies of Catholics. Give no support to Catholic papers which allow liquor-dealers to advertise in their columns."

Mr. Satoll wrote the following letter to the convention: "My cordial blessing upon the convention. I pray that the best fruits may follow from it. The total abstinence society is the guardian of the homes of America. They who strive for the mastery refrain themselves from all intoxicating drinks, and they secure an incorruptible crown for religion and country."

The remarks of W. J. Colville's guides in answer to questions, on the sixth page present issue—are of importance and interest as to the method of the expression of spirit-intelligence through earthly mediums. What his guides say concerning colors having sound, and sounds having color, is demonstrably true, as medical records attest that many totally blind patients can tell colors by the sense of touch—one such afflicted man declaring that red had the thrilling "sound of a trumpet" to him when he touched it.

M. I. Welsh, of Cordale, Ga., has a word of kindly appreciation, under "Banner Correspondence," for the veteran and worthy medium, Miss Lottie Fowler—to which testimonial attention is directed.

British Intelligence Again.

Said a member of the New York Chamber of Commerce, referring to the comments of the English papers upon our recent strike, nothing more ridiculous has been put in print in recent years than these nonsensical essays. Without exception they picture the absolute collapse of this Government in the most harrowing and hopeless fashion. The strike is the beginning of the end, and we are to rush to absolute destruction without a pause. Men in England considered so well informed as Labouchere and Jerome, are guilty of the greatest absurdities in this respect. Mr. Jerome says, for instance: "America is swiftly rushing down the rapids that sweep to revolution. Even if the present trouble is tided over, the doom of the country is sealed." It is believed by these wise pessimists and hoarse croakers that the country has reached its collapse. All—or nearly all—the London weekly papers are filled with this style of raving nonsense and idiotic wisdom. For all this, however, when it comes down to dollars and trade, the marvelous shrewdness which characterizes the British judgment of American affairs is still in excellent working condition. John Bull continues to possess the sagacity to see a good thing wherever it is to be had, and knows a sharp bargain over on this side of the Atlantic when it offers.

Undesirable Immigrants.

In the line of what THE BANNER has already said regarding the nature of many of the immigrants coming to our shores, making America the dumping ground of Europe, the New Orleans (La.) Picayune remarks as subjoined, regarding the problem which is still being faced at Chicago:

"Lady Henry Somerset's review of Wm. T. Stead's book, 'If Christ came to Chicago,' contains the following pertinent criticism, which will be approved by all the fair-minded: 'The picture he draws is a dark one, but he does not, I think, sufficiently emphasize the reason of the shadow cast over the shores of Mohican. In his preface he states briefly that the polyglot city cannot be regarded as a fair sample of American life, but he fails to impress the English reader with the intricacy of the problem. Chicago is called to solve, namely, the fact that hitherto it has been the police-station of Europe; the goal of paupers, castaways and criminals, more than ninety per cent. of its population being either foreign or the children of foreigners. The beneficent intention of the early founders of the republic has become the basis of its manifold ills. The constitution was based on the liberty of the law-abiding American citizen; it has become the opportunity of the ignorant barbarian to smite the hand held out to bless; the boast of the Fourth of July orator, that America is an asylum for the oppressed of the world, is now the most appalling danger of a generous people.'

Victory for the Girl.

Miss Sadie (or Sarah) Means is the name of a telephone girl employed in the exchange in Columbia, S. C., who found it to be necessary for her to perform a certain amount of work on Sundays. Being a good member of the Presbyterian Church, she naturally offered a tempting mark to the ministers and elders of that church to fire their accusatory shot at for the heinous crime of working on Sunday. Refusing to heed their repeated monitions, they proceeded to discipline her by expelling her from the church. This she would not submissively permit, but promptly appealed to the presbytery. The presbytery sustained the action of the church. She had another resource left, and that was to appeal from the presbytery to the synod. The synod reversed the judgment of the presbytery. Then the church, in its turn, carried the case for review up to the general assembly. A very warm discussion was the result in that body, which resulted in a vote to sustain the synod. This was a great victory for the plucky girl. She was reinstated in church membership, and continues in good standing, although she still answers telephone calls on Sunday. It is a young woman's worthy victory over organized bigotry and ironclad authority.

Maranacook, Me.

We are informed that some twenty odd callers at the cottage of Mr. Fay on Sunday evening, Aug. 5th, were more than pleased and many greatly surprised at the wonderful tests given to each and all by Mrs. D. A. Dearborn, the veteran medium of Boston, who is the guest of Mrs. Fay. There were many among the parties present who knew nothing of spirit communication, and were so interested with what was given them that they desired to further investigate, and arranged for a private sitting with Mrs. D. She described many of the spirit-friends who were present, all being recognized; she answered numerous mental questions, and described the conditions by which many were surrounded—known only to themselves.

An article appears in The (London) Echo of a recent date which paints a sad picture of affairs in America—as English papers are too apt to do at the present time. But what is said of the American clergy and their attitude—as here appended—is true to the letter:

"What makes all this more sore is the attitude of the clergy toward the poor. Professed disciples of the greatest man in history—a poor man; a man who was born in poverty, and lived in poverty, and was hanged at the behest of the [then reigning] Church—they are the paid defenders of the rich. Their churches are built by the rich; their salaries are paid by the rich; they eat and drink and hobnob with the rich; they suppress all the Bible says against the rich, and emphasize all it says about contentment in poverty; they demand interest, profits and taxes; they extol patriotism and war, and glorify the Government that robs and enslaves the poor. The clergy who advocate justice for the poor can be counted on your fingers, but there are sixty thousand of them whose voices and pens fight only for the rich. Happy will they be if their own blood does not run with that of the poor whom they despise and the monopolists whom they love."

Dr. Troughton of Atchison, Kan., deserves a great deal of credit for the outspoken attack he has made upon the State doctors in their treatment of Atchison's late epidemic of smallpox, in the report which he made to the Mayor of the city and the Board of Health. He puts to an eternal non-resurrection the theory that at the time of a "scar" everybody must be vaccinated. He does not hesitate to call the Jenner system "a fraud, a folly and a crime." In this he is not alone; equally eminent men have condemned Jennerism in the same unmeasured terms. In this connection it is proper for us to express the opinion that it is high time that physicians of the old schools be examined as to their fitness to continue in their profession. It would be better to enact a law that would bring about this re-examination than to endeavor to pass one to keep out a few more of the advanced school of practitioners who are doing much good in their selected way.

Anti-Vaccination Riot.

In Milwaukee, Wis., Aug. 9th (as reported by the daily press), a regular riot occurred when the health officers endeavored to enforce the "compulsory vaccination law." The police department and pro-vaccination officials descended upon a private house which contained a sick child alleged to have the smallpox, and a mass of two thousand people quickly confronted them! Stones were thrown and threats made, but the doors were broken in, and the little sufferer was quickly carried off by the police, the van containing the child being pursued by the mob to the hospital. At a mass meeting held the same night, attended by three thousand persons, inflammatory speeches were made against the health department, et al., while other speakers warned the people not to commit violence.

For this dangerous kidnapping of a child, effected by "breaking and entering" a private dwelling, the city of Milwaukee through its agents should be held answerable in the courts.

Did You Ever?

The Bethany Tidings in a recent issue has a dialogue of an Orthodox Christian tendency, which we here transfer to our columns in a paraphrase with a Spiritualistic moral:

"Did you ever see a counterfeit ten dollar bill?"
Yes.
Why was it counterfeited?
Because it was worth counterfeiting.
Was the ten dollar bill to blame?
No.
Did you ever see a scrap of brown paper counterfeited?
No.
Why not?
Because it is not worth counterfeiting.
Did you ever see a counterfeit Spiritualist?
Yes.
Why was a Spiritualist counterfeited?
Because he was worth counterfeiting.
Was he or the Cause to blame for being counterfeited?
No."

The outcome of the "Pullman" strike is that the strikers and their dependents—to the number of fifteen hundred families, are (as announced by the press of Monday last,) about to be evicted, to afford room in the houses of the company for the new workers who are coming in. Many of these former workmen are without even the money to pay an expressman to remove their goods. (?) While the question of the right of a man to do whatever he wishes with his own money seems, in this country, to have been established, we submit that there is a side where such wholesale beggary of so many citizens for the benefit of one or two millionaires touches the city of Chicago, the State of Illinois and the government of this Republic! The laboring men and mechanics have always been the backbone of every nation thus far, and, as Goldsmith wrote so long ago: "Ill fares the land to hast'ning ills a prey, where wealth accumulates, and men decay."

The recent strikes in the West give the best evidence of any we have seen in a long time in favor of the Government owning and operating the railroads. It was clearly shown that railroad and local authorities were powerless to protect property or to solve the trouble. Had the Government been the owners of the railroads, there would have been no interference at domestic points. There is a feeling of awe when one considers that he is doing any act against the Government, or any of its internal belongings. One cannot detain a mail wagon in the slightest degree without paying a penalty. This is only a slight illustration of the power of the Government. If the Government has full possession of the railroads, all such strikes as recently have been would be averted, the people will receive greater benefits and the country at large helped as never before.

The celebrated prestidigitateur and magician, Herr Wladyslaw Rybka, says in reference to the phenomena produced in the presence of Eusapia Palladino: "Herewith I certify that on Friday evening I was present at a séance with Mme. Eusapia Palladino, in the private residence of Prof. Ochowski, and that in spite of the severest investigation on my part, I could not discover the slightest evidence of deception in the Frau Palladino. I witnessed very many wonderful phenomena, and I consider them to be purely mediumistic."

We received last week a pleasant visit from Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, who was then on her way to other fields of labor after a highly successful stay at Onset, Mass. We cordially thank this worthy lady for her interest in and labors for THE BANNER at the various camps this season. By reference to the letter of W. J. Colville (on our eighth page), it will be seen that while at Onset Mrs. Twing was, Aug. 9th, the successful promoter and conductor of a valuable testimonial at the Temple to President H. B. Storor.

Our thanks are returned to the correspondents who this week furnish to THE BANNER's columns reports from the Camps at LAKE BRADY and MAPLE DELL, O., ONSET and LAKE PLEASANT, MASS., CASSADAGA and LAKE GEORGE, N. Y., SUNAPEE LAKE, N. H., VERONA PARK and HAYDEN LAKE, ME., and QUEEN CITY PARK, VT.

A correspondent desires to know from us whether or not Mrs. Fannie A. Dodd, one of our oldest trance mediums in this city, is reliable in business matters. We are thoroughly confident of this fact from personal knowledge. See her advertisement on the seventh page.

The Lyceum Banner is a monthly journal devoted to the work of the Children's Progressive Lyceums throughout the world. Office: 26, Osnaburg Street, Euston Road, London, N. W. Specimen copies may be seen (and subscriptions effected) at this office.

In the taking away of F. H. Underwood, the field of literature has lost a most charming and brilliant exponent. He was an advanced thinker as well as a great scholar, and representing the United States in a foreign port, he was a typical American citizen.

Read the interesting article of Mr. Edwards—on our first page. This is the narrative so approvingly noted in THE BANNER for Aug. 11th by Dr. F. L. H. Willis.

A grand concert and ball was to be given by the First Spiritual Society of Los Angeles, Cal., at the New Music Hall, 281 South Spring Street, on Wednesday evening, July 26th, 1894, under the direction of Prof. Carlisle Petterella, author and musician. The Concert had many fine selections, by Prof. Petterella and others, on its program; the dancing following promptly at its close.

Spiritualism Abroad.

Spiritualism is young in Denmark, but promises to thrive there. A second journal devoted to the Cause has just been established with the title: *Maanedskrift for Psykologi*.

Rome appears to be just now the centre of the Spiritualist movement in Italy. Within that city are now to be found four remarkable mediums who rival Eusapia Palladino; viz., Ruggieri, Fontano, Cecchinali and Tostagno.

Willy Reichel, well known in Berlin society for his success as a magnetic physician, has lately been the object of an attack by some one who anonymously laid before the criminal court the charge that he was using his powers for improper purposes. The March number of the *Psychische Studien* contains the account of the charge, and the mainly way in which Herr Reichel met it. Summoned before the criminal justice, Herr Damm, he replied that this charge arose out of the jealousy of certain physicians; that he offered to apply his methods of cure to the patients of these same physicians and abide by their decision. Since then nothing further has been heard of the case.

A Pleasant Scene.

Those who love that noble animal, the horse, and who abominate those heathenish tortures, the "overhead check rein," and the "docking" sad, will fully appreciate the following, which the Boston Herald gives in a recent issue under the column-head "Entre Nous." We wish there were more men like the one described, in Boston and elsewhere, to do the like for the relief of animal pain:

"A well-appointed vehicle, with a well-groomed bay horse, stood in front of a down-town store. A quiet man came along and glanced at the restive animal as it shook its head with an upward jerk. Then the quiet man looked around him, up and down the street, and then he slipped off the curb-rein and patted the horse, who also looked up and down the street as he sighed a sigh of relief. The quiet man waited there a while, smoothing the shiny neck and stroking the delicate nose of the brute, and then, after a few moments' rest, with pity in his eye, replaced the overhead rein that jerked the head again in the air, and walked away about his own business. The horse tried to look after the good Samaritan, but failing to follow his friend through the throng, he pawed the gutter and whinnied like a colt. Query: If this well-groomed horse could speak, what would he say to his master of this episode?"

Buried Alive!

William Ludwig of Lester, nine miles from Northfield, Minn. (according to a dispatch of Aug. 10th, 1894), was taken sick with typhoid fever Aug. 28th, 1892, and fifteen days later was pronounced dead by the attending physicians. Thirty-two hours later he was buried in the churchyard, a short distance from the house. A short time ago the church organization decided to reconstruct the cemetery, and to do this several bodies had to be removed. Among them was that of Mr. Ludwig; during the process the horrible discovery was made that he had been buried alive. His body was turned face downward, and the sides and bottom of the casket were covered with blood. In the man's hands were bunches of hair torn from his head, and in places on the body were wounds where the skin had been torn off in his struggles to escape. The legs were drawn up, and the knees were still pressed against the sides of the casket, showing the desperate efforts the unhappy man had made to burst open his living prison!

Dr. Dumont C. Dake

Has returned to his Boston office, 408 Columbus Avenue, from Onset, Mass. He reports himself as much recuperated by his short vacation, and fully equal to the amount and imperativeness of the business which unexpectedly necessitated his return to Boston.

Himself and wife enjoyed their visit to Onset, where they met many old friends; and while there the Doctor's services were much in demand. The efficacy of his Magnetic Treatments was practically demonstrated by the results. Among those who were benefited by him was the celebrated medium, Mrs. Maud Lord Drake, who publicly testified that she had been in a crippled condition for some time, and was speedily and permanently benefited by Dr. Dake's treatment.

While THE BANNER séances are adjourned for the summer months, we still desire that the friends in North Grafton, Mass., who last week sent us flowers for the Circle-Table, will accept our thanks for their kindly intentions.

For additional editorial matter see third page.

Early Bigotry in the Bay State!

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The following resolve, passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts in the session of 1853, will serve to illustrate the progress of Spiritualism as well as the bigotry of the times.

The indictment of Spiritualism and Spiritualists contained in the resolve, and the fact that it passed unanimously, will also serve to show the ignorance prevailing among the people at that time upon the subject, and the intolerant spirit of our law-makers:

"Resolved, That the Committee on Education consider what legislation, if any, is necessary to protect the ignorant and credulous from the delusive and false claims of Spiritualism, whose blasphemous assumptions are ignorant, grossing the minds of a large portion of the community, producing insanity, robbing men of their property, destroying domestic happiness, and filling the hospitals for the insane with the dupes of this popular humbug; also that the same committee take into consideration the expediency of making it a penal offense for any person, by means of any buildings, in any city or town in this Commonwealth, to let the same or any part thereof for the purpose of holding the blasphemous meetings of 'Spiritualists,' with full powers to send for persons and papers."

This resolve was offered by Mr. Cogswell of Bedford, who very soon afterward became a firm believer and supporter of the cause he sought so earnestly to destroy. I was present at a meeting held in Harmony Hall, No. 101 Court Street, Boston, at the time occupied by the Spiritualists as a conference room, in which weekly meetings were held, when the author of the "resolve" was present, together with a Dr. West of Philadelphia, who also had been a bitter opponent of Spiritualism and a lecturer against it.

Mr. Cogswell arose and confessed to the audience that he was the member of the Legislature who offered the resolution referred to, and apologized for it by saying that at the time he offered it he was totally ignorant of the whole subject of Spiritualism, and fully believed that it was his duty, as a member of that body, to stay its further progress by Legislative enactments; but since then he had become fully convinced that it was a sacred truth, and could only say that whereas "I was once blind, I now see."

Dr. West also explained that he opposed it conscientiously, through ignorance, and had now become convinced of its truth.

Being curious to know what became of the "resolve," I recently visited the State House and consulted the House and Senate Journals of that date, and found the following records:

House Journal, April 18th, 1853. On motion of Mr. Cogswell, of Bedford, it was ordered that the committee on education inquire if any legislation is necessary in regard to the so-called spirit-rappers.

Several sent up for concurrence.

Mr. Trice, of Essex, presented an order in reference to the one presented by Mr. Cogswell of Bedford, which was rejected.

Senate Journal, April 16th, 1853. An order from the House relating to measures to prohibit meetings of spirit-rappers, was read and non-concurred.

Thus it will be observed that the good sense of the Senate saved the State from the disgrace of an infamous act.

The Mr. Prince of Essex referred to was the Rev. John, of Essex, an influential clergyman of the Universalist denomination, a firm believer in and an open advocate of Spiritualism, who had the courage of his convictions—a quality rarely possessed by public men of that older Spiritualists as a frequent and effective lecturer upon the performance of the old Melodeon, in the course of lectures on Spiritualism at that time.

Yours for Truth and the Right,

Boston, Aug. 6th, 1894. M. T. DORR.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

The water lily keeps its head above water about as well as anything we think of just now—remarks an exchange.

In future all communications for the editor of *The Medium* must be addressed to J. Burns, 78 Great Ormond street; and all orders for books to J. Burns, Jr., 86 Great Queen street, London, W. C., Eng.

Just tell your undertaker you want a body cremated; he does the rest.—*The Urn*, N. Y.

When the turn in the spiritualistic lane comes, it will be apt to be a sharp turn with sharp corners, which may hurt certain parties, who claim to be true Spiritualists, when the fact is they are working for self exclusively, not caring a fraction for the purity and elevation of our Cause!

It has been long writ
That a hypocrite
Belongs to Beelzebub;
And that is why
He doth decay
Good people at the "Hub." QUILP.

Read every line of *THE BANNER*. It is a superb number.

Another Western train wrecked, with eight killed and fifteen seriously injured. Surely it ought to be possible to detect the miscreants who bring about these terrible disasters, and it ought to be a very easy task to punish them when discovered. The late Gen. Butler was right when he said that the mere attempt to wreck a passenger train should be a capital crime, invariably punished with death.

They have to enforce vaccination in Milwaukee, as in Brooklyn, at the end of a policeman's club. Judge Gaynor said there was no warrant of law for that sort of police tyranny here, and probably there is none out there. Police lawlessness must be somehow put down. The Milwaukeeans should make a test case for their Supreme Court. Vaccination by violence is an outrage on personal liberty wherever it takes place.—*The New York Recorder*.

Slilly was, Aug. 8th, shaken up by an earthquake, which ruined several villages and killed fifty persons—many others were injured.

Even the clearest and most perfect circumstantial evidence is likely to be at fault, after all, and therefore ought to be received with great caution. Take the case of any pencil, sharpened by any woman; if you have witnesses, you will find she did it with a knife; but if you take simply the aspect of the pencil, you will say she did it with her teeth.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar*.

Great damage was wrought at Aroola, Quincy, Martinsville, and other points in Illinois, on the afternoon of Aug. 11th, by a cyclone—the first named place losing \$40,000 by the "blow."

ORAZED BY RELIGION.

Bridgeport Woman Offers Herself as a Sacrifice by Drowning.

BRIDGEPORT, CT., Aug. 12th, 1894.—Mrs. Ellen Fitzgerald, an aged resident of this city, jumped into a well to-day, but was rescued by her son. She was crazed over religion, and says she received word to offer herself as a sacrifice by drowning.—*Boston Herald*, Aug. 13th.

The *St. James Budget* for June 29th has a fine portrait, and sketch accompanying, of Mrs. Victoria Woodhull Martin, which cannot fail to please Mrs. Martin's friends everywhere. The article says a good word also for her able magazine, *The Humanitarian*. Published Dorset street, Salisbury Square, London, E. C.

The "monsoon" season keeps back the naval operations between China and Japan—while:
"The King of Korea looks blue,
And he murmurs: 'Between me and you,
With the Lion, the Bear,
And some Dragons to spare,
There is trouble for me in the Zoo.'"

A circular signed by Chih W. Hazzard, J. H. Wright and Charles E. Cornellius, of Pittsburgh, Pa., in the interests of the Order, sets forth that judged by the results of several musical entertainments given by Prof. J. Jay Watson, of New York, "We are led to believe that his violin talks ROYAL ARCANUM as well as it preaches religion; and we have the assurance of no less a divine than Henry Ward Beecher, to the effect that Watson's violin in Watson's hands preaches more effectively than some of our clergymen."

THE WAY HE SOCKED IT TO HIS CONGREGATION.—A country minister in a certain town took permanent leave of his congregation in the following pathetic manner: "Brothers and sisters, I come to say good-bye. I do not think God loves this church, because none of you ever die. I do not think you love each other, because I never marry any of you. I do not think you love me, because you have not paid my salary. Your donations are mouldy fruit and wormy apples, and 'by their fruits ye shall know them.' Brothers, I am going away to a better place. I have been called to be chaplain of a penitentiary. Where I go ye cannot come, but I go to prepare a place for you, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls. Good-bye."—*Ex.*

Mr. Hudson Tuttle—says *Two Worlds*—would, we believe, visit England this winter, or early next year, and give a series of lectures, if he could be assured of engagements.

"I see by your sign that you are a dispensing chemist." "Yes, sir. What do you dispense with?" "With accuracy." "The last prescription I had put up here nearly killed my family." *Truth*.

FAMILIAR OLD SAYINGS.

[In *St.anzas*.]

NUMBER TWO.

As strong as a peacock,

As strong as a lion,

As mad as a March hare,

As strong as an ox,

As fair as a lily,

As busy as a bee,

As rich as was Croesus,

As cross as a bear.

"CAREER OF THE CHRIST-IDEA." "CAREER OF THE GOD-IDEA."—If any one has a copy of either of the above books that they would sell, or exchange for other books of mine, they would confer a great favor by writing to me. HUDSON TUTTLE, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

It has been said that the hardest words to pronounce in the English language are: "I made a mistake." When Frederick the Great wrote to the Senate, "I have just lost a battle, and it's my own fault." Goldsmith says: "His confession shows more greatness than his victories." Such an acknowledgment is a sign of genuine nobility of character.

"I do not merely believe there is such a place as hell, I know there is such a place; and I know, also, that when men have gone to the place, they have not been impossible but through dread of it, they have got into it."—*Knicker*.

An exchange remarks, that all appearances to the contrary, there never was so much sympathy as there is today: Witness the increased tolerance for diversity of opinion, the increased courtesy of controversialists, and the growing tendency to dwell on the good side of men and systems.

She—"What did you mean by saying that I looked like a chromo?" He—"Why—er—I meant to say that you did not look as if you were painted."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

There are about 64 national flags in the world, besides the flags of various colonies and parts of empires, such as the flags of Canada and of the free cities of the German Empire.

The next meeting of the Third New England Conference of Churches, Correction and Philanthropy, will be held at Newport, R. I. The Conference will open on Wednesday evening, October 10th, and the closing session will be on Saturday morning, October 13th. The railroad and steamship companies will give the usual excursion rates. Miss Martha Ayman, Secretary of the Local Sub-Committee on Transportation and Boarding, 41 School street, Newport, R. I., will give further information if applied to.

Lake Pleasant stands at the head of the list of camp-meetings in the Eastern States, it being the mother of them all, and is withal the most accessible of any camp we know of. Visitors step from the cars on to the grounds. No dusty stage ride to endure, and in five minutes after leaving the trains you can be safely cared for at the Lake Pleasant Hotel.

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pure and soluble, and costs
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WALTER BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.
Jan. 6. 1894.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Esplanade Hall, 616 Washington Street.—Sundays at 11 A. M., 2 1/2 and 7 1/4 P. M.; also Wednesdays at 3 P. M. E. Tuttle, Conductor.

Matheson Hall, 694 Washington Street, corner of Kneeland.—Sundays at 11 A. M., 2 1/2 and 7 1/4 P. M.; meetings in Commercial Hall. Thursday at 3 P. M. N. P. Smith, Chairman.

American Hall, 724 Washington Street.—Meetings Sundays at 10 A. M., 2 1/2 and 7 1/4 P. M. Good medium, fine music. Eben Cobb, Conductor.

The Ladies' Industrial Society meets every Thursday afternoon and evening at Dwight Hall, 316 Tremont street. Ida P. A. Whitlock, Pres.

Hollis Hall, corner Washington and Hollis Streets.—Meetings Sunday at 11 A. M., 2 1/2 and 7 1/4 P. M.; Tuesday at 2 1/2, test meeting. Every Friday evening, social and dance. Adeline Wilkinson, President.

The Home Rostrom (21 Soley street, Charlestown).—Meetings Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7 1/4 P. M. Dr. E. M. Sanders, President.

Unity Hall, 724 Washington Street.—Heart and Hand Spiritual Society meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. W. D. Hall, Conductor.

Elysian Hall, 820 Washington Street.—Meetings are held every Sunday at 11 A. M., 2 1/2 and 7 1/4 P. M.; Tuesday and Thursday at 2 1/2 and 7 1/4 P. M.; Friday at 2 1/2 and Saturday 7 1/4 P. M. W. L. Lathrop, Conductor.

Harmony Hall, 724 Washington Street.—Meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M., 2 1/2 and 7 1/4 P. M., and every Tuesday and Thursday at 7 P. M. Mrs. E. Hogan, Conductor.

Hollis Hall, 789 Washington Street.—Society of Ethical and Spiritual Culture. The meeting last Saturday afternoon was one of great power and efficiency. This Society will number the first of October one hundred strong.

On Sunday morning the circle, conducted much like the meeting on Saturday, was very harmonious; singing by Mrs. Lovering and Mr. Baker; Mr. Baker spoke also after the singing, and made a number of remarks on spiritual manifestations recorded in the Bible, and the spiritual teachings to be derived therefrom.

Afternoon.—Organ voluntary, Prof. Morris; after song service, Miss Vaughn read the Scripture lesson; Dr. Frank Brown, invocation and remarks; Miss Emma Johns a short address, followed with tests; W. S. Gates, psychometric readings; song, Mrs. Sadie B. Lamb; address, Mrs. Ricker; song, Mrs. Lamb; Dr. S. H. Neils gave a short address on the power of positive tests; readings by Mrs. Hartmann; tests by Dr. J. Milton White, Mrs. Nutter and Mrs. Woods. The meeting then closed with singing.

Evening.—Organ voluntary, Prof. Morris; singing, followed by Scripture reading, Miss Vaughn; remarks and prayer, Dr. Brown; song, Mrs. Sadie B. Lamb; address and tests, Dr. Neils; song, Miss Lillian Rich; tests, Mrs. Rich, Mrs. Nutter and Wm. S. Gates; Mrs. M. L. Lathrop delivered the address on the power of positive tests, and gave description and names of spirit-friends of people present, who recognized them.

Next Sunday C. H. Abbott and Prof. Pierce will be present and lead the singing. Mr. Cordingley will be with us through September.

Elysian Hall, 820 Washington Street.—Our weekly meetings have been delightful and successful. Dr. Quimby, Mr. Lindsey, Mrs. Cheney, "Little Delight," "Wild Rose," Mr. Hersey, Dr. Davis, all gave tests, which were highly satisfactory.

Sunday morning our circle was very gratifying. There was a good attendance, and each person received a reading. Mrs. M. F. Hancock, Mr. Lathrop and others were the mediums.

In the afternoon our meeting was deeply interesting. In the evening we had a large audience, and "Wild Rose" gave remarkable tests and readings to many new investigators.

Our meetings are improving every week in both attendance and interest.

Meetings on Tuesday and Thursday, at 2:30 and 7:30; on Friday at 2:30 and on Saturday at 7:30.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT always for sale.
W. L. LATHROP, Conductor.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington Street, Cor. Kneeland.—Sundays, Aug. 12th, 11 A. M., Mr. A. C. Davis, Mrs. Joan Woods, Mrs. A. Woodbury, N. P. Smith, psychometric readings; Mr. Clarence Symonds made remarks.

2:30 P. M., Mrs. A. W. Staples and Mrs. Clark sang acceptable selections; Mrs. W. S. Gates gave remarks and tests; "Little Delight" sang; Mrs. Clark gave tests and readings; N. P. Smith, the Chairman, gave psychometric delineations.

7:30 P. M., N. P. Smith opened with remarks; Mrs. A. W. Staples contributed remarks and tests; "Little Delight" sang; Mrs. Joan Woods, Mrs. A. Woodbury, readings; Mrs. A. W. Staples and little niece sang.

N. P. SMITH, Chairman.

Esplanade Hall, 616 Washington Street.—On Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 8th, fine remarks, tests and readings, Mr. E. H. Tuttle; Mrs. A. M. Ott gave tests and readings, all recognized. Sunday, Aug. 12th, the morning developing circle was very harmonious, and successful; the meeting throughout the day was very satisfactory. Musical selections, Mrs. N. Carlton. Inspiring remarks and correct personal readings, Mrs. M. E. Pierce; remarks and inspirational poems, chairman; Little Delight rendered several of his pleasing songs; correct tests and readings, Mrs. J. E. Woods, Mrs. J. E. Davis, Mrs. I. E. Dowling, Mrs. M. Knowles, Mrs. V. A. Branch, Mr. E. H. Tuttle.

Meetings Sunday, 11 A. M., 2:30, 7:30 P. M. Wednesday afternoons, 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. on the BANNER OF LIGHT, which is for sale each session at the door.

America Hall, 724 Washington Street.—Fine environments on the material side of nature, coupled with a glad spiritual outpouring, gave most happy results at our meetings on Sunday last. The afternoon discourse by Eben Cobb, upon "Rest," was both eloquent and instructive. Thoughtful remarks and excellent tests were given by Mrs. A. M. Ott, Mrs. A. Howe, Miss A. Peabody, Mr. and Mrs. W. Anderson, Mrs. Julia Davis, Mrs. G. M. Hughes, Mrs. A. Forrester, Father Locke, Mr. Hardy, Mrs. W. H. Burt, Mr. F. Stratton, Mrs. Minnie Soule, Mrs. A. Hanson.

Mrs. E. Case from Providence favored us with some fine music; also Father Locke with his new song.

The Home Rostrom (21 Soley street, Charlestown, E. M. Sanders, President).—The hall is undergoing quite extensive repairs, and is nearly ready for the meetings, which will begin Aug. 21st.

These meetings will be held every Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday evening. Excellent talent has been secured. The opening series of phases of mediumship, readings, vocal and instrumental music. Each service will commence at 7:30 P. M. THE BANNER OF LIGHT will be found on our table each meeting.

Harmony Hall.—(United Spiritualists of America.) The usual Sunday meetings of this society were held at this hall, 724 Washington street. Morning circle at 11 A. M.; meetings at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. for tests and speaking. Meetings well attended; tests were given by Mrs. Irwin, Mrs. C. A. Smith, Dr. MacKenzie, Mr. Hersey and Mr. Cobb—some of a very remarkable character. Mr. Cobb is a young medium of great promise.

In the afternoon an address was delivered by Mr. Wright, and in the evening a Bible Spiritualist was welcomed (as usual) to the platform.

The meetings were conducted by Mr. Yarrow; music and singing rendered by Miss Campbell.

Dr. C. E. Watkins.—Notice to his Patients.

Owing to the lateness in getting out the Lake Pleasant catalogue, I have concluded to have all my patients meet me, as heretofore, by appointment. Therefore, all patients intending to meet me at Lake Pleasant will please take notice that I shall not attend Lake Pleasant this year. I was fully intending to be there the last two weeks of the camp, but owing to the lateness of the catalogue, I had to make other arrangements.

C. E. WATKINS, M. D., Box 491, Ayer, Mass.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Mr. J. Frank Baxter spoke last Tuesday P. M., 14th inst., at Camp Benson (the soldiers' camp), Newport, Me. At the time of our visit he was speaking at Temple Heights, Me.—which engagement he will conclude on next Sunday, Aug. 10th.

Mrs. M. A. Brown is now at Lake Pleasant, Mass., where she proposes to remain for a brief season.

E. J. Howitt is at present located at Onset Bay Camp. Would be glad to correspond with societies respecting dates in fall and winter.

Mrs. H. S. Lake, pastor of the Cleveland, O., Alliance, gave five lectures at Mt. Pleasant Park (I. a.) the first week of August, which were enthusiastically received by her old-time and new friends. At Hazlett Park (Mich.) she was warmly welcomed, and her addresses met with every expression of approval. She speaks at Cassadaga (N. Y.) Aug. 19th and 20th, returning to Cleveland and resuming the work there Sept. 2d at Army and Navy Hall—the meeting place of the Alliance. Her permanent address is 143 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, O.

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence.—The Spiritualist Association meets in Columbia Hall, No. 243 Weybosset street, every Sunday, at 7:30 P. M. Sunday, Aug. 12th, an interesting social conference was held, the following persons taking part: Mr. Edwin S. Straight, Mrs. A. C. Whipple and Mr. T. J. Seales.

Sunday, Aug. 19th, another social conference, 85 Daboll street. SARAH D. C. AMES, Sec'y.

The Progressive Aid Society met Wednesday, Aug. 8th, afternoon and evening, with Mrs. Ames. A conference was held in the evening—Mrs. William Peyser and Mrs. George Lawton acting as mediums.

ILLINOIS.

Chicago.—Mr. Edgar W. Emerson, the prince of test mediums, will lecture and give public tests in Chicago, Sept. 10th, 23d and 30th, at 8 and 7:45 P. M.

Mrs. Jennie Hagan-Jackson is expected to speak the first two Sundays in November. I shall be glad to hear from a good speaker or test medium for the Sundays in October, stating terms.

A. WELDON, Sec'y, Box 381, Chicago, Ill.

A GREAT SUCCESS.—The wonderful success which has attended the sale of DR. ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS'S Specifics shows that they are reliable, and are appreciated by the public.

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The terms are one dollar for each letter so answered, including three two-cent postage stamps. Whenever the conditions are such that a spirit addressed cannot respond, the money and letter sent to us will be returned within three or four weeks after their receipt. We cannot guarantee that every letter will be answered entirely satisfactorily, as sometimes spirits addressed hold imperfect control of the medium, but do as well as they can under the circumstances.

INSTRUCTIONS.—1. Do not write upon the envelope of the sealed letter.

2. One spirit only should be questioned at a time.

3. Those sending letters to this office for answer, should invariably write upon the outside envelope "Sealed Letter," in order that they may not be miscarry.

Address all letters to LUTHER COLBY, BANNER OF LIGHT, 9 Bosworth street, Boston, Mass.

We are gratified to be able to state that since the commencement of the "Sealed Letter" department, we have received numerous letters from correspondents residing in all parts of the country, assuring us of the perfect satisfaction experienced by them regarding the answers returned by the medium.

Spiritualist Camp-Meetings for 1894.

The reader will find subjoined a partial list of the localities and time of the sessions where these Conventions are to be held.

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

Lake Pleasant, Mass.—July 29th to Aug. 27th. Onset Bay, Mass.—July 29th to Aug. 26th. (Trains leave the depot on Kneeland street, Boston, for Onset at 5:45, 8:15 and 9:00 A. M., and 1:00, 3:30 and 5:10 P. M. Sunday trains 7:30 and 9:15 A. M., and 1:00, 3:30 and 5:10 P. M.)

Cassadaga, N. Y.—(Annual summer assembly of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association, Lily Dale, Chautauque Co., N. Y.) July 29th to Sept. 2d.

Hazlett Park, Mich.—From July 23d to Aug. 27th.

Sunapee Lake, N. H.—July 23d to Sept. 2d.

Summerland, Cal.—Third Annual Camp-Meeting of Association Aug. 26th to Sept. 18th.

Cherryvale, Kan.—In September, W. E. Bonney, Sec'y.

Lake George, N. Y.—During August.

Temple Heights, Me.—Aug. 10th to Aug. 19th.

Verona, Me.—Camp-Meeting commences Aug. 17th, and continues ten days.

Twine City Park—(midway between St. Paul and Minneapolis)—July 23d to Sept. 2d.

Lake Brady, O.—July 1st to Sept. 2d.

Niantic, Conn.—July 2d to Aug. 26th.

Etna, Me.—From Aug. 31st to Sept. 2d.

Hayden Lake (Madison), Me.—Sept. 7th, to continue ten days.

Queen City Park, Burlington, Vt.—July 23d to Sept. 2d.

We have To Let, at a moderate price, a large, airy room, with two windows, up two flights of stairs, with steam and gas. Those in want of such a room, located at 84 Bosworth street, Boston, are requested to call at No. 9 and examine the premises.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

J. Milton Young.

Secretary of the Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting Association, keeps the spiritualistic and reformatory books of Messrs. Colby & Rich, of Boston, for sale, as well as the BANNER OF LIGHT. He is authorized to receive subscriptions for this paper.

Eligible Room to Let.—At No. 83 Bosworth street, at reasonable rates. Inquire at the Bookstore of Colby & Rich, next door.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Jan. 6.

J. J. Morse, 28 Osnaburgh street, Euston Road, London, N. W., is agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of Colby & Rich.

James Burns, 86 Great Queen street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, Eng., is agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and keeps for sale the publications of Colby & Rich.

To Foreign Subscribers the subscription price of THE BANNER OF LIGHT is \$3.00 per year, or \$1.50 per six months, to any foreign country embraced in the Universal Postal Union. To countries outside of the Union, the price will be \$3.50 per year, or \$1.75 for six months.

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Mrs. Otis Merritt

so much good that she took two more and now she is perfectly well. She is not now troubled

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures
with any sick headaches, nor bad feelings, can eat heartily and sleep well. To Hood's Sarsaparilla belong all the credit. OTIS MERRITT, Addison, Maine.
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I trust the friends of progress will give me their patronage. DR. R. P. FELLOWS, Vinceland, N. J. Feb. 24, 1894.

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