

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 14.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
A VISION.

I see a sunset glory leading far,  
And a child-angel beckoning unto thee  
From "home, sweet home" beyond Eve's bright  
Queen-star,  
Flashing the message—"Immortality!"  
I hear a voice from Heaven's great harvest-home,  
Crying: "Oh! honored silvery age, arise!  
Ripe are thy autumn-hallowed years; oh! come  
And be thou crowned in Love's calm Paradise!"  
I see a wealth of snowdrops mark thy way  
With loveliness of purity complete;  
I hear it whispered in the sun's last ray:  
"God's angel comes to guide home mother's feet!"  
Sidney, New South Wales. DEVOTION.

[From the New York Recorder, May 19.]

## The Mission of Spiritualism.

BY CARRIE E. S. TWING.

Not I have friends in spirit-land,  
Not shadows in a shadowy band,  
Not others, but themselves, are they.

I have chosen the above subject because I have known of so many people who have come out of the valley and shadow of a great sorrow, made by the loss of loved ones, into the sunlight of the truths of Spiritualism, and it has changed the mourning over the graves of the departed to a sweet peace; for those graves have become the mountain peaks from which they could, with the knowledge gained, get a soul-glimpse of the "country that hath no pain," and with every sense awakened to the spiritual, cheering words from the land of souls have touched their souls, and instead of the old, impatient grief, they have taken up the burden of life again, knowing their translated ones are indeed their "ministering spirits," and that they may still be aided by them to overcome the conflicts of life.

It is indeed a strange nature that has no longing for the "touch of a vanished hand, nor the sound of a voice that is still."

Once, while visiting with the now arisen poet Whittier at his Amesbury home, I said to him, while looking at a portrait of his sister Elizabeth, whom in his "Snowbound," he describes as,

"Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,  
Now bathed within the fadeless green  
And holy peace of paradise."  
Oh! looking from some heavenly hill,  
Or from the shade of saintly palm,  
Or silver reach of river, calm,  
Do those dear eyes behold me still?"

Has the question in your poem ever been answered, "Do those dear eyes behold me still?" He smiled and answered: "Oh, yes; does thee not remember

"I cannot feel that thou art far,  
Since near, at need, the angels are."

And then he said musingly: "I feel a something like a benediction over me when I am writing; and then again I doubt their presence, and heaven seems further away. I would give a great deal to feel as sure as thee does, but I shall soon know."

And he has learned now how good God is in making the worlds of the seen and unseen so nearly together.

I have found sometimes, to my surprise, that very many who have felt this "healing balm" of having the question answered, "If a man die, shall he live again?" have never listened to a spiritual lecture or attended a public séance, but have sought mediums who have become among Spiritualists—mediums who have become so without seeking for it, and who are at present known only by the favored few. A young lady, who had investigated only with such mediums, visited me not long since, and seemed delighted with the message which she attended the spiritualistic meetings, and she said: "Oh, no; I could not do that. I am an Orthodox, and not one of my people knows I have ever received a message from my brother; but he was everything to me, and I should have gone insane or died of grief if I had not learned he was not lost. You see he never professed religion, and was quite wild; and with our faith there did not seem much hope for him; but now I know he is growing better and better."

"Would not your people like the same assurance that you have?" I asked.

"No, they say he is in the Lord's hands, and if he is lost it is just, and if he is saved it is because the Lord saw something better in him than they did. I seldom hear his name in my home."

When I looked at that frail girl and saw how soon that family might have another "vacant chair," I blessed the angel world that the future to her was not an unmapped country, but a home where her loved ones dwell.

During a brief stay in Denver, Col., a lady, having seen my name as a delegate to a convention being held there, sought me out and said: "I have read the books written automatically through your hand, and have desired to see you and tell you that they helped me to seek the truths of Spiritualism. I was a member of an orthodox church, and my husband and myself were no half-way believers in its creed and doctrine; therefore, we felt that any one dying unrepentant would surely go to everlasting hell. We had one child, a boy, the pride of our hearts, but, like many other only sons, whose parents have tried to bring them up too strictly, he would seek company we did not approve of, and at the age of nineteen we found our boy had habits that were fast leading him downward. Sometimes, when we would plead tenderly with him, he would do better for awhile, but anything like a threat would send him still deeper into degradation.

"One Sunday morning we found he had gone out without even the servants seeing him, and it was with heavy hearts we went to church that day, praying for our boy. At twilight he was brought home dead. He had joined a hunting party that was going out in the mountains, and even his companions did not know just how the end came, but thought it must have been from the accidental discharge of his gun, for there was a cruel wound in his head.

"The shock was terrible, but husband and I said we must be consistent. If our belief was true, there was no hope for our boy. We asked our minister not to spare us, but to preach the truth as a warning to other boys. In a way he did, but, even mildly as he put it, every word was like a clod dropping on a coffin lid to our tortured hearts. My boy was no longer the wayward boy, but the living, laughing boy of other years, and he was being spoken of as one beyond the reach of God's love. My mother heart was rebelling. I shuddered when I

thought that I had asked him to be 'plain of speech.'

"My hair was brown then, but it was soon as white as you see it now, and my husband, not over strong, sank under the load, until he, too, was taken away from me. When dying a glorified look came over his face, and he said: 'Oh! Mary, I see Willie, and he looks happy.' Soon after that a friend handed me one of your books, 'Experiences in Spirit-Life,' and I read it eagerly, then bought many others from various authors. Soon the great longing came to see a medium and hear from my loved ones, and during a visit to Chicago I was thus favored, for I carried my own slates to a medium. They did not leave my hands for an instant. I distinctly heard the writing between them, and the medium's fingers only touched the upper slate. And when I read the message, my joy was complete. My boy wrote: 'I am not lost, dear mother, but I have been very sorry that I caused you so much pain, and being sorry is our punishment. I'm happier since father came, etc. Both slates were nearly covered with writing. No one knew me; I was sure of that. I wrote no names on paper, yet both my husband and my son had written messages applicable to the past and present, and signed their names in full.

"I then felt I could not be consistent if, when I returned home, I did not impart this new knowledge to my friends, and I have been, I think, with the help of the angels, instrumental in opening the hearts of many of my church friends to this new light, and when I attend church I know I hear 'divine love' talked about more than I do the 'terrors of the law.'"  
A woman who had suffered much because of losing her loved ones out of her life, concluded there was no loving Father, no heaven, that death ended all, and determined to keep the very name of death as long as possible from her little boy. When his grandma died he was told she had gone away. After a while he became ill, and when he was passing away he looked up to her with a joyful face, and said: "What place is that over the mountain, mamma? I see grandma there." All the cold materialism of her nature gave way, and she said: "It is heaven, my child," and when his spirit departed it had left the gate of the unknown and unbeliever in world ajar for her, for the little child had led her to know that if her mother still lived, if one soul had withstood the wreck of matter, that there was a place for all souls.

A clergyman of my acquaintance, who used to very much deplore my being a Spiritualist, declared the whole tendency was wrong, and showed a distrust of God to manage the souls he had created, and a desire to draw the heavens down to the early plane, came to me, after an absence of years, and said: "I owe you an apology," then related experiences that had come into his own life. He said:

"It's very easy to be brave for others, and point them to the source of life and love—very easy to point out the hope of a future reunion, when we will just clasp hands, and go on praising God, so easy to tell them to bide their time, and after perhaps long years, all would be well; but after our only child, Lily, died, and I stood face to face with my first great grief, just such a sermon was preached as I had preached many a time—but, oh! how hollow the words sounded!—death was death, and nothing else, and the horror of its darkness shrouded me with gloom. A part of my life was gone. Faith lifted no curtain. God seemed far away. My mental pictures were of the open grave, not of the stately heaven. There were weeks that I could not occupy my pulpit or visit my people. One day after a restless night I threw myself upon the sofa in my library, for I could not read, and I know I did not sleep, but in the silence of that room my child came to me; she touched me, and said: 'See, papa, I am no longer sick,' and indeed she was a glorious vision of beauty. I do not think I gave utterance to words, but she responded to my mental questions: 'My spirit-home is very near you, papa, and I will come often—comfort for the people whom death makes sad.' When I arose from that couch life had a different meaning, but I did not dare tell even my wife then, for fear she would judge me as I had judged others many a time, and think it only the indication of an unbalanced brain. But would she come again? I tried many times before she did, but when at last the barriers were so removed that she could come often, she gave me more insight into the spiritual world and its relations to the material, and to-day my work, especially my work with those who are bereaved by death, is largely planned during the time of sweet communion with my child. I feel I am living a better life, preaching a better gospel, and, as it is given to me, I will give it out to others, but carefully, very carefully, for, in my sense I am a Spiritualist, I am a Methodist Spiritualist."

"Have you ever visited mediums?" I asked.

"Yes," said he, hesitatingly.  
"Did you get good results?"  
"Well, in most instances," he replied, "but not nearly as good as when they come to me. I pray God I may teach my people the new thought of passing away."

Leaves have their glad recall,  
And blossoms open to the south wind's breath,  
And stars that set shall rise again, for all—  
All things shall triumph o'er the spoiler Death.

Thus might I multiply instances of the power of the spirit-world to heal the hearts of the bereaved. One experience of my own stands out like a "beacon light" when the way was dark. It was years ago, when the only little one that was spared to bless my life for even a few months listened to a louder, sweeter call than mine and entered the "angel-world." No one can describe his feelings when he stands face to face with such bereavement; the heart can feel, but tongue or pen cannot portray. It was a cold day in January; and when the night came, a heavy storm beat the snow against the windows, and seemed keeping time with my rebellious heart. I could shed no tears—my sense of loss was too great for that—and as the night deepened, I stole away from the others to see my child. The room was cold, and baby was alone. She had never been here, nor so cold but that I could warm her; and somehow the feeling came that she could come back to me. I took the little stiffened form from the crib; I called her by the old sweet name, but no answering smile came to the cold, pale face. The waxen lids kept close guard over the azure eyes, and the cold head upon my arm chilled me to the heart. The storm beating outside seemed to enter into a sad refrain, "The world is cold and love is dead." At last I put her back into the crib, and tucked her up with the blankets, as I had done a hundred times when her sleep had been lighter. Then came a feeling to me that I must pray; and you who have sorrowed too much for words may know what I mean by a "wordless prayer." Yet it was far reaching, for the plying angels heard, and acted as God's messengers to me.

I never knew how long I knelt there, but I do know there came a change in everything. The room seemed filled with a new light; I no longer heard the storm. It was no longer cold,

for there was a presence there with me, that stood on the other side of the "crib" and spoke to me—a spirit that I knew was that of my father, who passed away in my childhood, and unto my soul he spoke these words:  
"Oh! child, call this not death. It is life immortal."

And I, selfish mortal, had been willing to bring my child back to the land of shadows, when the greatest gifts of heaven were already hers. A new joy came into my heart. The earthly garment of flesh that my child had worn put on new beauty; and she, safe in the guardianship of those well loved, was my own still. Death, or that which has been termed so, has never been the same to me since. Although from childhood I had been a medium, the heart must love, and have that love transplanted, before one can fully understand all that the priceless truths of Spiritualism can teach him.

You say there is no proof of what I have written, perhaps. You have viewed this belief from its scientific, philosophical and ethical standpoints, now view it from the heart standpoint. But, my Christian friends, remember that every argument brought against Modern Spiritualism is an argument against the Bible. If these glimpses into the other life, made possible by the same infinite power, are not true, then John, upon the Isle of Patmos, was only dreaming, and John the Revelator, exercising the powers of his imagination in describing heaven. If trances are a myth to-day, then Peter and Cornelius upon the house-tops, and numbers of prophets upon whom a "deep sleep" was wont to fall, were but the victims of a diseased condition, and the fulfillments of prophecies mere coincidences. If those who are wise will tell when the Almighty took back the words, "That which hath been shall be, and there is nothing new under the sun," then we might be better able to see that Paul's request, "Now concerning spiritual gifts I would not have you ignorant," and his description of different phases of mediumship, belonged entirely to the generations of the past; but as it is, we know love builds a bridge over the "little step of sea," and our beloved ones are our "ministering spirits."

## "Daily Life in the Coming Utopia."

ON Sunday, May 26, W. J. COLVILLE addressed a large and interested audience in the First Spiritual Temple, Exeter and Newbury Streets, Boston, at 2:45 P. M., on "DAILY LIFE IN THE COMING UTOPIA."

The lecture, which was a logical supplement to that of the preceding Sunday, carried forward into detailed application the brilliant theories often uttered concerning the Coöperative Commonwealth which many prophetic reformers feel certain will be ushered in before the close of the twentieth century at latest.

After referring in terms of eulogy to the excellent service rendered to practical endeavor to raise the masses by such excellent novels as "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," by Rice and Besant, and several works written in similar hopeful strain, the lecturer insisted that there is now but one serious obstacle to be overcome ere highest resolves will be rendered practical, and that is the lingering fear of the innate selfishness of human nature which yet possesses and corrodes the thought of so many would-be benefactors of mankind.

Granted that we are selfish in a certain sense, our self-regard should not blind us to the general good, apart from which our own happiness is but chimerical.

If happiness be an end in itself, the happiness of all mankind, not of a small section of the human race, must be the goal, and to promote universal happiness in the fullest manner possible it is essential that we study not so much the weakness as the strength of human nature.

Utopia is not an impossible place; it is the certain goal of the community, though we are often slow to see how we can act to hasten the nation's progress thereto.

Some people are discouraged at the seeming failure of Nationalist Clubs and other organizations looking to the establishment of a coöperative society; but two sufficient reasons can be given for the seeming decadence of the Nationalist movement. The first reason is that the ideas promulgated have been largely absorbed by the thinking mass and are honey-combed literature, and the second sadder reason is the much-to-be-regretted spirit of rivalry and self-seeking which unregenerate office-seekers carry into every organization as yet.

Daily life in the coming Utopia will be free, natural and joyous. Children will not be whipped into obedience, but gently led to follow lines of work adapted to their temperament and taste. Weak adults, and especially the young who have been led astray, will not be condemned as hopeless malefactors, but under gracious tutelage be led to find a better way.

Criticism will not be fault-finding, but kindly effort to discover what is best everywhere, coupled with wise determination to increase it by encouragement.

Housekeeping will be far easier than now, and so will manual work of every sort, for as intelligence progresses, labor-saving appliances will multiply, and with improved facilities for all working at their best loved trades, the entanglements of to-day will be outgrown and vanquished.

The speaker ended with an urgent appeal to the audience to celebrate Decoration Day by taking flowers to the sick, the sad and lonely, instead of sending them to perish in the cemeteries; for as we realize that spirits are not in graves, and that all philanthropists on the other side are engaged sympathetically in work for the living, so can we best honor and cooperate with risen heroes by doing what they will do with us—minister to those in need, but pay no wasteful tribute of misdirected sentiment to the dust reposing in the tomb.

The music throughout the service was very fine, and a touching poem concluded the impressive exercises.

THEURGY.—An Encyclopedia briefly and tersely says that "Theurgy, among the Egyptian Platonists, was science supposed to have been revealed to men by the gods, and handed down traditionally by the priests; the science to induce the gods to impart secrets, lay open the future, and make themselves visible." This science, which lamblichus and others have called magic, seems to have borne little resemblance to the magic, or Pseudo-Science of the "Middle Ages," and to have differed from Modern Spiritualism only in degree. Theurgy having been the accumulated knowledge of ages in the study of the laws underlying the material universe.—K. L., in Medium and Day-break.

Quizzily—"Do the trolley cars stop for funeral processions?" Biting—"Stop for them? Man-alive, they make them."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## Literary Department.

# THE HEIRESS OF GROVE HALL. A ROMANCE.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,

BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA,

Author of "The Discovered Country," "Oceanides, A Psychological Novel," "Mary Anne Carver's Wife, Mother, Spirit, Angel," "Philip Carlisle, A Romance," Etc., Etc., Etc.

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## CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

Maggie arose from the piano, and Pauline took her place. Mrs. Somerton rung for lights. Pauline commenced playing her most brilliant airs. Mr. Somerton soon joined them, attracted by hearing his daughter's gay voice and blithe singing; thus they passed a pleasant evening, better pleased with their daughter than they had been for several months. Mr. Somerton's brow became less careworn; he looked brighter and more hopeful than he had done in a long time, and when at length they separated for the night he kissed his daughter, as he said:

"Dear Pauline, you are more like your father's daughter than you have been for a long time," and her mother gave her a warm embrace and fond good night.

The next day Pauline sent for Maggie to come to her in her room, and the young girl gladly obeyed the summons.

If Pauline would but accept her as a younger sister and treat her as such, she thought, how happy it would make her! She longed to have a beautiful horse, and ride as Miss Pauline did. The poor child had never had much to make her happy; perhaps, now, it was coming to her. Who could tell? She entered Miss Pauline's room with a bright look and sweet smile. She wound her pretty arms about the young lady's neck, kissing her fondly as she said:

"Dear Miss Pauline, will you really love me at last, and mayn't I be your little sister?"

Pauline returned the kiss as she answered: "Yes, I am very sorry that I have been a little jealous of you; but then, you must know that I have really loved and admired you all along. Come, now, darling little sister, let us make it all up, and you shall go to ride with me to-day. There is a lovely white palfrey in the stable, and it shall be yours; Papa purchased it for me, but of course it does not suit my style; it was to have been sold when I approved of 'Black Selim,' but there have been no purchasers yet, and you shall have it. Ah! now you must let Mollie dress you in this dark blue velvet habit; and here! just look at this lovely hat with the long white plume!" and she held up for inspection a dark blue velvet hat that matched the riding habit, and placing it on the young girl's head, she exclaimed:

"Oh! how lovely it looks over your sweet yellow curls; and here; this is a present that I ordered for you this morning," and she lifted from the table an ivory handled whip, studded with turquoise. "Isn't this beautiful?"

Maggie's blue eyes danced joyfully. She thanked Pauline again and again. When the young girls were ready, the horses were brought to the door for them to mount.

Mrs. Somerton was there, with an affectionate smile, to see them off.

"My dear daughter," she said, "you are making us all very happy. How beautiful you both look!" and truly they did. Pauline's habit was of royal purple with trimmings of gold; the long black plume of her hat sweeping gracefully over her shoulders. "Black Selim" shone like polished ebony; and the palfrey—the beautiful, snow white palfrey—not so high nor so large as "Selim," was gentle, yet gay and spirited.

Ah! this was a proud and happy time for Maggie. The girls gaily rode away, the fond mother watching them with a happy heart.

Maggie's blue eyes were bluer and more heavenly than before as she raised them, filled with a happy light, to the dark Pauline's face. Pauline flashed back many a bright, black glance that she intended to appear as very affectionate, but, strange! they sent chills through Maggie's frame; still, she would not doubt the sincerity of her companion; it was, merely, she thought, because she was so different from herself—that was all.

They were going to ride all the way to Mrs. Earle's, and the wily Pauline took the road that led by Tower Hill. The morning was bright and sunny, although the ground was strewn with the brown leaves of early autumn, which rustled softly beneath the horses' feet as they trotted gently onward. The girls chatted blithely, and, occasionally, sung sweetly together. Strange, this haughty heiress could not see that gentleness and loving kindness, make happiness and heaven; but she could not, and so she was plotting to plunge her own soul into lasting unhappiness, by taking away the sweet life of the trusting girl by her side; and all that she might—as she thought—gain the love and admiration that was given to Maggie. Oh, foolish, mistaken girl! The love that by right belongs to another can never be yours under any circumstances; only the love that you inspire by the beauty and goodness of your own soul can ever be yours.

They were now on the summit of Tower Hill, just opposite the picturesque old mansion.

Captain Bradish happened to be standing beneath one of the crumbling arches, for the workmen were coming on the morrow, and he was busy planning just what he would have done—he would certainly set them to repairing this main entrance the first thing—when, looking up, he espied the ladies as they rode glittering in the bright sunshine.

The old soldier took off his hat, bowing and smiling. Pauline drew rein, and Maggie's eyes roamed over the grand but ruinous old place.

"I am about to have these ruins put in repair," said the captain. "I mean that the home of my fathers shall be restored to its former beauty."

"Ah," sighed Miss Pauline, "how lovely Tower Hill will be when once it is completely renovated."

"You think so, my dear young lady?" asked the captain. "I am glad that it will be a pleasure to you; lovely, youthful eyes like yours should never look upon the ruins of age; and this young lady is Miss Maggie? I think you are fine foils to each other's beauty—not in the least alike; not in the least alike!"

"No," replied Pauline; "but mamma has adopted her, you see, and we are now sisters."

We are going to have fine times together, you may be sure! Isn't her white palfrey a beauty?"

"A very fine little horse," said the captain, sentimentally. "I wish that my son Arthur were here to pay his compliments and ride with you. I suppose you already know that he has entered the National Bank as its cashier."

"No, indeed," said Pauline. "Has he? how very delightful! Why, really, one could desire nothing better." Yet her countenance fell a little, for she had hoped that Arthur might be at home, and perhaps mount his own gay cob and ride with them; and if this were to happen, she intended to deceive him to the uttermost in regard to her love for Maggie; in this way all suspicion as to her real intention would be allayed. The captain noticed her look of disappointment, and attributed it to quite a different cause—his great desire being that Arthur should marry the heiress, and he hoped there was a growing fondness in her heart for him, so he said:

"I shall bid Arthur to follow you to Mr. Earle's, where you are probably going, as soon as he returns from the bank, which will be shortly after two o'clock; it is now nearly one." He bowed low, and the young ladies rode on.

## CHAPTER XIV. ENTOMBED ALIVE.

THE young ladies rode on. Arriving at Mr. Earle's they spent a pleasant afternoon, and, at Miss Minnie's urgent request, remained to dinner; Pauline saying "it would be delightful riding back at sunset."

She had taken particular pains to treat Maggie with the utmost kindness, deceiving every one; all thinking that she had forgotten her dislike, had accepted the inevitable, and concluded to treat the inoffensive girl as a younger sister.

They had not rode far on their return when they met Arthur Bradish, and he gladly accompanied them to Grove Hall, spending one of the most pleasant evenings of his life, Pauline acting her part as kind and loving sister to perfection. At last Arthur took his leave. The night was very dark, and, as he neared Tower Hill, he was seized with a terrible and most unaccountable foreboding.

The wind had risen almost to a gale, and was shrieking through the trees pitilessly. All at once his horse came to a standstill, and neither whip nor spur could make him take another step. He raised his head, and snorted with fright; at that moment a human shriek seemed to echo and reecho within Arthur's soul. He thought it was Maggie's voice calling to him in the most piteous and appealing manner to return and rescue her from a terrible doom, to which Pauline Somerton was consigning her.

Arthur shook himself, struck his horse two or three smart blows, and then rode on, wondering at the strangeness of his feelings when everything really was so pleasant, and all bidding fair to have a happy ending.

His horse now trotted briskly up to the stable, when, leaving him in the care of the groom Arthur went to his room, and to rest, without a return of his former forebodings.

After the young man's departure from Grove Hall, Pauline invited the confiding Maggie to her room, where she kept her until near midnight. Shortly before the weird hour of twelve Pauline said:

"Maggie, have you ever tried what we girls call 'Projects,' to see who would be our future husbands?"

"I have heard about such things," replied the artless girl, "but never tried any of them, always regarding them as nonsense."

"Well," said the wily Pauline, "I am acquainted with a young married lady, who told me that previous to her marriage she tried one which proved true, and it was this: she took a hand-mirror, and descended the cellar stairs backward, just at midnight, looking into the glass as she went; and she saw the face of the gentleman who afterward became her husband in the glass, seemingly looking over her shoulder. Oh! Maggie! I am just crazy to try that project myself. It is now just five minutes of twelve—all in the house are abed and asleep; suppose you go with me into the cellar first, then I will return up the stairs, while you remain in the cellar, and come down looking into the glass."

Maggie shuddered.

"Oh! Pauline," she said, "I should be extremely frightened, and it is all so foolish! let us retire instead. Really, I do not feel equal to such an undertaking."

"Oh! you little coward!" exclaimed Pauline with a laugh. "Come on," and taking up the candle, together with a hand-mirror, she started.

Maggie could do no less than follow, yet her face was deadly pale. Pauline flew lightly down the stairs, across the dining-room into the little hall, and opened the cellar-door, bantering Maggie, daring her to come on. They soon found themselves opposite the open door of the wine-vault. Pauline raised the candle aloft and peered in.

"Oh! look, Maggie!" she exclaimed; "see what a curious old place this is."

Maggie obeyed with some hesitation; and as she stepped forward in the act of looking in, Pauline sprang lightly back, giving the unsuspecting girl a violent push, which sent her headlong into the vault; the fiendish girl then gave the door a smart slam, the lock clicked ominously, and Maggie, the outcast, was entombed alive!

[To be concluded.]

A Japanese scout fell into the hands of the Chinese. His captors went to the Chinese commander and said: "General, we have captured a spy." "What look!" exclaimed the general. "Perhaps he can tell me where my army is!"—Youth's Companion.



## Banner Correspondence.

Our friends in every part of the country are earnestly invited to forward brief letters, items of local news, etc., for use in this department.

## Texas.

**DALLAS**—Frank Powell writes: "The Spiritualists of Dallas have had a 'love feast.' The occasion of the opening and dedication of the Carrie Adams Spirit Hall, on the evening of May 17, has given a new impetus to the Cause, and many were the new faces that came to the front.

Within the knowledge of the writer this is the first instance on record where a hall has been specially arranged for and dedicated to and in the name of a spirit.

Mrs. E. M. Gilman of Houston was the medium and central figure in the dedicatory services. She was befittingly prompt and brilliantly eloquent.

At the conclusion of a series of seances given by this lady, the Spiritualists of Dallas, in token of their high esteem and public confidence in her, both as a lady and a medium, presented her with a fine triple-set diamond ring. Dr. J. P. Thornadyke of Boston, in behalf of the Society, made the presentation speech, from which the following extracts are taken:

"In consequence of the deep and tender regard in which you are held by the Spiritualists of Dallas, I am delegated to place upon your finger this ring, as token of the esteem in which you are held by the friends of the Cause in this city; accept it not on account of its intrinsic worth, but because of the merit it symbolizes. May it be to you a talisman, a magnet drawing you to us and to us to you as you journey on, reminding you of the tender regard in which you are enshrined in the basket of our most sacred memory. And when for your life's cares are over, when the sun touches the horizon and the purple twilight falls, may you take with you to the other shore this gem, in memory of this soul-uplifting visit." ... To which the medium made a response full of feeling and thought.

In the line of proceedings, the beautiful spirit, Miss Carrie Adams, directed that Dr. W. T. Baird, Capt. J. C. Watkins and Frank Powell, of Dallas, be made the custodians of the hall. [From the dedicatory address of Dr. W. T. Baird, of Dallas, appearing in the *Dallas Morning News*, the following is condensed:]

"I greet you this evening in the defence of light and truth. We are here to consecrate this beautiful hall to the work of our choice—the elevation of the standard of research upon these great and unexplored, correctly disseminating the laws and principles which underlie and permeate the whole spiritual and physical structure of man as exemplified in nature; to establish a convenient headquarters for the more intelligent and systematic study and development of psychological phenomena and other auxiliary branches of science, the unfolding of which testifies to the growth of a better, build and intensify growth—the development of a better and clearer understanding, not only of the life to come, but even the simple philosophy and purposes of our human existence. It is the desire and determination on the part of the ladies and gentlemen associated in this movement to make the Carrie Adams Spirit Hall, a place where other people can go with absolute confidence, and even the semblance of fraud—a place where they can have perfect security, not only against tramps and mountebanks, who, too often, through the credulity of unsophisticated and over-zealous students of psychology, gain admission as vehicles of light and truth, but of witnessing at all times the very best and highest possible class of spiritual phenomena.

The mind of man is growing. We are in the midst of an era of thought, discovery and invention, and the twentieth century, into which we are soon to plunge, has in store for us the revelation of many things new and astounding to our race, but which in the march of time and experiment will become commonplace and trail in the shadows of the continued achievements of constantly expanding mind!

Mind and matter are co-extensive, eternal and undying. Indeed there is no such thing as death. The condition commonly termed death, the beautiful angels tell us, is but the severance of the spiritual body from the constantly decaying temple of planetary matter. A mere incident, as it were, in an endless chain of life, and as Judge Edmonds truthfully remarks, 'A problem to be investigated rather than to be dreaded.' Let us revere the name under which we dedicate this hall; make it the synonym of love, truth and honor, and a power for the spiritual truth and philosophy throughout our land, the name being in honor of a grand and beautiful spirit from the higher spheres by the name of Miss Carrie Adams, who left the body in Louisville, Ky., some years ago. This bright spirit, when the conditions permit, makes her appearance and delivers a short and impressive lecture touching upon death, the life to come and other matters generally, that occupy the intelligent mind concerning the mysterious future. Her coming is usually foreshadowed by the sudden appearance of a small, bright spot or glow upon the floor in the centre of the circle; quite often on the ceiling overhead, with an intensely rapid circular motion, faster even than the eye can follow, ultimately dropping to the floor in the full presence of the sitters, whence it rises and develops into a full-grown form, with all the powers of speech and expression, a tenderness of thought and theme that finds enjoyment and carries conviction to the souls of men and women, of the actual presence of an angel of light, of mercy, and of truth.

She tells you there is no death; that it is but a beautiful change, like the passing of the worm to the butterfly—a dropping of earthly conditions that you may be fitted for the new, real and everlasting life; that ours is the real life, yours but the shadow. She implores you to 'lead pure lives, that you may be better prepared for the change when it comes.' She says, 'Be loving, kind and true to your fellow-men; speak with all of one—If you cannot speak well of them speak not at all.' Each and every word is in itself an appeal to you to be better men and better women. Oft in my investigations, and they have been long, patient and rigid, and guided, I hope, by reasonable safeguards for common honesty and intelligence, with an earnest desire to be true to the light, even at the expense of personal ridicule and criticism at the hands of those given over to the habit of dealing unfairly and unfriendly with this great question, have I sat in silent admiration and awe, listening to the sweet strains of some heavenly inspiring song, pouring forth from a concourse of independent voices, as sweet and as soft as the zephyrs of the sea; now rising, receding, swelling in volume, nearer and clearer, then dying away, faintly to be heard and lost in the distance. Ah! is it too much to assume that these heavenly voices were but the whisperings of some angelic band from across the mystic depths of carnal death, laden with messages of mercy, of light, and a knowledge of the true time? Can we not, at least, indulge the hope that they were fleet messengers of peace and love from a new life—a life shorn of all earthly conditions, and with an inspiration that inspires men and women to rise indeed in rhapsody and in song?

Such manifestations as these, and more, has it been my good fortune to witness through the mediumship of this noble lady, Mrs. E. M. Gilman, during the visit of that grand and exalted spirit, Miss Carrie Adams, to our earthly abode; and to me it is, indeed, a supreme pleasure to add my testimony, my opportunities for careful and intelligent observation through a long line of tests, having been such as the most critical and intelligent observer would require, to the moral and intellectual worth of this most remarkable woman, whose long devotion and self-sacrifice to the cause of light render her conspicuously bright and lovely before the thousands of intelligent men and women whom she has led to the true fountain of life, throwing wide the gates to let the dear angels come in, and to center face to face with the children of men.

In the furtherance of these glorious truths, the purification and elevation of the standard of research, and the lifting of our race to grander and loftier conceptions of human existence, and the final destiny of the soul, I now pronounce this dedication, and turn over to you the Carrie Adams Spirit Hall for the work laid out by noble men and women so nobly responding to this call."

## Special Seance.

Among the number of seances following the dedication of the Carrie Adams Spirit Hall, was one given by Mrs. Gilman at 12 o'clock, noon. Excepting the medium and the writer—the latter being present by permission—but one other person was present, a leading citizen of Dallas, who called, and enjoyed the exclusive privilege of a seance "all to himself," a circle composed of but a single individual—one man! The window shades were dropped to shut out the sunlight, leaving a light sufficiently bright to easily read a newspaper of ordinary-sized type. For an hour or more many different forms, male and female, walked out of the cabinet and about the room, often occupying the chairs and talking with as much familiarity and vocal strength as could the most robust yet clad in the physical form. The writer conversed freely with a dozen or more of them, while the "circle" seemed to be engulfed in a general re-union with old time friends long since passed on; and we must be fair and candid enough to say, that in action, voice and speech those manifestations were as natural as mortal life itself, and such as we never expected to see on this earth.

**DALLAS**—W. J. McConnel and W. T. Baird write: "Dr. John P. Thornadyke, late of Bay

City, Mich., is pushing his plan of operation at Dallas, Tex., this month. By his earnest and peculiar missionary work among the people, and the noble, uplifting thoughts which are so eloquently and forcibly expressed by him, he has gathered the friends here together and formed a harmonious union of forces known as the 'Spiritualist Liberal Union.' It was through the labor of two or three earnest, progressive Spiritualists, that his services were secured for the month of May in this city, and they already feel more than compensated. We realize the truth and beauty in the philosophy of Spiritualism, as presented by this inspired worker.

Bro. Thornadyke is a radical thinker, a deep reasoner, and a fearless promulgator of Spiritualism. His spiritual mantle is broad, yet his convictions so earnest that he neither offers nor accepts any compromise with any ism, creed or custom not founded on truth; his work here has created a new impetus in the Cause, not alone in this city, but throughout the State. With such noble, true, and earnest workers in the field, Spiritualism—truth—will overcome all error. The State of Texas opens her arms to John P. Thornadyke, and all such as he, and may be abided in the flesh until men, women and angels shall walk the highways of earth together."

## Massachusetts.

**NEWBURYPORT**—"Lincoln" writes: "Sunday, May 26, Children's Progressive Lyceum opened at 4:30 P. M., with a large number present.

Session opened with singing; speaking, by little Edith Woundy; reading, Mrs. Lellie Bragg; reading, Miss Annie Balch; paper on Prayer, Mr. Gould; Mrs. H. Webber talked under control; remarks, Wm. Woundy; song, Mrs. Balch, followed by the movements of the children in the healthy lesson in physical culture; the march was a pleasing and beautiful feature.

This was our first active session; we hope to improve in time.

Interest increases with each session of the Facts meetings, held Sunday nights. At the start it was hard work to have speakers enough—now we have plenty.

May 26, meeting opened with singing; invocation by Mrs. Hattie C. Webber; poem by the Chairman, Mr. William Woundy; Mr. William Poole read extracts from Dr. Willis's lecture, published in THE BANNER; John Cheney read; Mr. Gould spoke; Mrs. Hattie C. Webber gave a very fine lecture; song, by Mrs. Fifield."

**CHELSEA**—Mrs. W. Anderson writes: "As a reason why the law prohibiting our mediums from relieving pain should be abolished, I wish to tell you of my daughter's experience. Five weeks ago she was taken very ill, and called in a physician who has a good reputation as to skill, but after treating her seven days—during which time she grew gradually worse—he advised calling another. She called one who had been thirty years in practice; after treating her the same length of time she still continued to grow worse, having severe spasms of the heart. He told me the only thing to be done was an operation. My daughter knew she could not live during an operation, she was so reduced. She sent for Dr. Franks, who told in about three minutes what the trouble was—which proved to be very different from the general diagnosis. He reduced the pain, so that she was more comfortable than she had been for three weeks, and in four days it was all gone."

**LOWELL**—Writing upon "Castles in the Air," Ed. S. Varney says:

"The imagination is a mental safety valve. When hampered by material conditions, when fretted by cares, or failing to secure that success in outward living we feel to be justly our due, the beautiful, aspiring realm of the imagination offers balm for the disappointed feelings. We build our 'castles in the air.' They are fashioned of finely textured fabric, of slender and delicate material. Here is a fond hope that perished in the hot meridian of earthly striving. There is a noble impulse that could not be outwrought. Here is an ambition—a worthy one—that thrilled the heart, but which was destroyed in the world's broad field of battle." There is a thought, an aspiration, which outwardly vanished in the darkness, "in the bivouac of life." And in this, our beautiful 'castle in the air,' these failures of the imagination sphere have become imbued with life and victory. And like a cluster of sparkling jewels, irradiating the entire airy castle, are those things in our lives which in the earthly being and doing seemed lacking. But here, in our 'castle in the air,' all is complete.

It is true that, in a worldly sense, these 'castles in the air' are built of flimsy material; so flimsy, in fact, that when we awake from our day-dream they vanish like mist before the sun. Yet they have not been wholly vain, for 'they leave a light in the heart.'

And another thing: Our religion of Spiritualism teaches us, and teaches us truly, that thought is indestructible. The so-called substantial things of earth—our houses, our business or social successes, our worldly possessions, our material triumphs, pass away. But thought is immortal.

And thus, in the heavenly world that awaits us, these blessed thoughts, these ideal aspirations, these noble, generous desires, these unrequited yearnings and aspirations, which for safe keeping and visitation we lovingly placed in our 'castle in the air,' will help to fashion and adorn that love-embowered home that is beyond the reach of earthly cloud or tempest; that 'house not made with hands,' but fashioned by the united efforts of heart, and brain, and spirit, 'eternal in the heavens.'"

**LYNN**—Mrs. A. A. Averill writes: "May 26, the meeting of the Spiritualists' Association at Cadet Hall was opened with singing, led by President Kelly; invocation by Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham; remarks by President Kelly, on the successful work of the Association for the year just closing; song by Mrs. Kelly, which was highly appreciated; Mrs. Brigham then gave an eloquent and logical address on subjects taken from the audience, also an improvised poem; Mr. W. H. Rollins of Salem made remarks, and presented accurate test descriptions; Dr. C. S. Dennis gave free healing—many sufferers willingly stating that they experienced relief; Miss Annie Foster Larcom executed a fine cornet solo; Mr. Arthur P. Devlin, an ex-minister, gave a very interesting account of the experiences that had brought him into the light of Spiritualism.

Supper was served in the lower hall to about one hundred and fifty persons, after which a circle was held; remarks and tests, Mrs. M. C. Chase (President of the Ladies' Aid), Mr. W. H. Rollins and Dr. Louis Freedman.

At 7:30 Dr. Dennis again gave free healing; Miss Larcom rendered a fine cornet solo; President Kelly made interesting remarks, stating that the season just closing was a financial success—all bills being paid and a surplus in the treasury. Mrs. M. C. Stone rendered an original poem. Mrs. Chase spoke encouragingly of the success of the Association and the Ladies' Aid.

Mrs. Brigham then lectured upon 'What is the Soul?' in a charming manner; her improvised poems were beautiful, the subjects presented being, 'The Soul's Aspirations' and 'The Nation's Defenders.'

This Association will resume its meetings Oct. 6, having Mrs. Nellie Barbeck the first two Sundays."

**ORANGE**—Mrs. J. W. Wheeler writes: "I have had a visit from Mrs. M. V. Lincoln recently, and am happy to know that she will be at Lake Pleasant part of the season—as she was one of the first to help plant the tree of progress from the eastern section of the State, and will round out the twenty-second year from its commencement.

We hope she may long be spared to this camp-meeting and her many friends."

**STOUGHTON**—A correspondent informs us that the Cause moves on in this place, with sure (though slow) progress: "Mr. A. E. Tisdale has been with us for the last four Sundays. His speaking is marked with the fine logical sense and polished diction that characterize his discourses everywhere, and claim respect

ful attention from all who listen, and a warm approval from those who have the welfare of the Cause at heart."

Another writer reports that on May 26 Mr. A. E. Tisdale, in the afternoon, gave a fine and interesting address to the Grand Army and Sons of Veterans, which organizations attended the service in a body. The hall was prettily decorated with flags and flowers. Mr. T. also spoke eloquently in the evening.

## New York.

**BROOKLYN**—"E. F. K." writes: "The Woman's Progressive Union gave its last social entertainment of the season at Robertson Hall on Friday, May 24. A literary and musical program preceded the strawberry festival; Cornet solo with piano accompaniment, by Mr. and Mrs. Clark; recitation, by Mr. Frank McCue; grand duo, violin and piano, by Professor and Miss Watson. The Professor favored the large audience with various selections on his renowned Ole Bull violin. Miss Watson accompanying him on the piano, being called upon for an encore each time. Mrs. Link sang two songs charmingly; a duo of mandolin and guitar, rendered by Messrs. Ed and Harry Latham, was enthusiastically received. The musical part was brought to a close by Prof. Watson's violin solo of Scottish airs, accompanied on the piano by Miss Watson.

After the exercises the floor was cleared for dancing, and refreshments were served.

The Union may well look back to its last season's work with pleasure, its membership having more than doubled, and good feeling as well as harmony existing between its members gives all encouragement to still greater and better work in the fall, when they will open in their new hall, 327 Franklin Avenue, with some of the best speakers and mediums.

Friday evenings will be devoted to social gatherings; all the members and their friends will take tea between the hours of 6 and 8.

Mediums and speakers who may be present will, if they choose, give us a little talk or song, as they see fit; and the rest of the evening will be devoted to pleasant conversation and social blith.

The Sunday evening meetings will be given entirely in charge of our speakers and mediums, and will be open to the public at large.

In this way the Union expects to do its work in this great Cause, by bringing before the people, through able, cultured and intelligent speakers and mediums, the philosophy as well as the phenomena of Spiritualism.

The Union has for its officers: Mrs. E. F. Kurth, President; Mrs. W. T. Smith, first Vice-President; Mrs. Louise Olmstead, second Vice-President; Miss Irene Mason, General Secretary; Mrs. Emma Zuehlke, Assistant and Financial Secretary; Mrs. M. A. Rockwood, Treas. Meetings held every Friday and Sunday evening at the hall, 327 Franklin Avenue. Mediums engaged for Sunday evenings of season of '95-'96: For October, '95, Mr. J. Frank Baxter; November, Dr. F. H. Roscoe; December, Miss Maggie Gaule; January, '96, Rev. J. C. F. Grumbine; February, Mrs. Adeline M. Glading; March, Frank T. Ripley; April, Mrs. Carrie F. Lorins; Mrs. Kate R. Siles.

At our last business meeting it was moved, and carried unanimously, that the Woman's Progressive Union of Brooklyn extends to the BANNER OF LIGHT its most sincere thanks for kindness shown it in reporting its meetings, also taking into consideration reports from others concerning the Union's work; and it was furthermore

Resolved, That we, the members of said Union, in wishing THE BANNER success, do, and agree to try and procure for the same as many subscribers as we possibly can."

## NEW YORK CITY.—"J. C. M." writes:

"The regular services of the First Society of Spiritualists, at Carnegie Hall, were held Sunday, May 26, President Newton presiding. Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tving gave one of her most harrowing talks, which seemed to fill the hall with the holy spirit of love and charity for all the world. Such a character as she displays would soon bring aspiration, and banish war from the earth.

Mrs. Tving also gave some satisfactory tests in evidence of spirit power.

The afternoon was opened by President Newton in a very telling description of his and Mrs. Newton's visit to Boston, giving that city its generally recognized character of superior intelligence, and especially referring to its wonderful spiritual development—its Temple, its congregations, its BANNER OF LIGHT, and to the very remarkable address through J. Clegg Wright in advocacy of scientific investigation of spiritual phenomena—a subject which we all know has long been a favorite hobby of President Newton's, and giving notice that THE BANNER contained a perfect report of the same.

Satisfactory tests were given by such mediums as Mrs. Moss, James Wallace and Mrs. Mott-Knight, who gave state-writing; Mrs. Tving also made a most powerful appeal in behalf of mediums.

A generous collection was taken up for a well known medium who is in temporary need. The tests given were most wonderful; strangers from various States and countries recognizing the presence of spirit-friends.

The subject of the evening was 'Prayer.' Mrs. Tving read the sixth chapter of Matthew, and took for her text the Lord's Prayer, which she explained in an earnest and eloquent manner, telling her audience the great need of faith as well as works, and illustrating the various kinds of prayer by incidents in her own experience.

The audience was large and appreciative. Mrs. Tving made a special plea for the BANNER OF LIGHT as the devoted organ of Spiritualism for many long years.

At the close of her remarks several excellent tests were given, all of which were satisfactory and gratifying. Mrs. Henry J. Newton presided gracefully, and the singing by Mr. Miles was excellent.

At the close of the services sincere regret was expressed, as it was Mrs. Tving's last night with the Society. Many present who were not converts to Spiritualism were impressed with the earnestness and sweet spiritual mindedness of Mrs. Tving. She will certainly make friends wherever she speaks."

**NEW YORK CITY**—Mrs. A. C. Rowland writes: "On the third day of May I sat with Mrs. Aber for a porcelain painting of my daughter; there were no results, but on one slate my daughter had written a message to me, saying that it would be impossible for the artist to take a good picture of her on that day, and that I must have another sitting.

I sat again on the 7th, and when the slates were opened (they having never left my hands) to my utter astonishment (for I thought there would be no results, as I had heard no source, neither perceived any movements of the slates) I saw her portrait as she appears in spirit-life.

I had made a mental request that she would have the artist paint her eyes and hair the same color as in life.

One year before she passed away I had her hair cut off; on the day of the sitting I carried the hair with me, and said nothing to the medium about it. After we sat down at the table I took the hair, and laid it on my lap, and pulled the table-cover over it, as I wanted the picture to be a strict test; my daughter's hair was a dark auburn, and her eyes were blue; the hair in the portrait is an exact match of her own hair, and the eyes blue—wholly unlike my own, as my hair (before it turned gray) was a very dark brown, and my eyes the same color.

Between the porcelain and one slate were nine fresh stems of lilies of the valley and leaves. On the other slate was a written message from her saying that she had brought me some of her favorite flowers, lilies of the valley—which is a test in itself, as they were her favorite flowers.

I am a perfect stranger to the medium, having seen her but twice before my sitting for the picture.

The medium's conditions are these: She puts a piece of porcelain between two slates, and wraps them in a piece of black cambric cloth; she places a dish of mixed oil paints on the top of the slates—herself and the sitter holding the same under the table until the guides tell her to bring them out again on top of the table."

## Ohio.

**COLUMBUS**—A correspondent sends us the following: "Sunday evening, May 19, Odd Fellows Hall was crowded to repletion at the regular weekly service of the 'Progressive Spiritualist Society,' Dr. Bleach, the President, in the chair. A more cultured audience is seldom seen in this city.

Rev. W. F. Peck of Boston spoke on 'Mediums and Mediumship,' and drew many illustrations of his subject from nature and science. He said our every-day life is full of mediums, and instanced the air, our eyes, ears, the use of the mails and telegraphy. The first question asked by persons is 'How can I become a medium?' People are born mediums, not made. Development will not make persons mediums, but cultivation will add to mediumship, which is always affected by invisible influences.

The speaker said immortality in the hereafter is only proved by Spiritualism. The church in past times has done the world good, but is behind the times in educating and uplifting humanity. Spiritualism is as old as man, but Modern Spiritualism had its origin forty-seven years ago in the knockings first heard by the Fox Sisters. That it has always existed is evidenced by the remark of Rev. Dr. Heber Newton, that the ghost is the oldest figure in history. Orthodox opposes Spiritualism, said Prof. Peck, because the spirits were not orthodox, and because when they return they deny having seen the heaven as he pictured by the evangelical preachers. Hell and the devil are the bughabers of modern orthodoxy. Spiritualists would set a skylight in the churches, and admit some rays of light. Prof. Peck's lectures have drawn large crowds, and the society has been especially pleased with his labors.

Miss Maggie Gaule of Baltimore, one of the most distinguished test mediums of the world, then gave manifestations of spirits who came from the great beyond, and communicated through her to their friends or relatives. Miss Gaule is a young lady of prepossessing physique, and marked intellectual traits. Her tests were remarkably correct, and in every case the spirits were recognized by living friends or relatives.

The first spirit to appear was that of a little boy of six or seven years of age, who said his 'papa' was there, and had in his pocket a photograph of him taken while on a bicycle. Miss Gaule walked out into the audience, and right up to the father of the little lad, and said, 'It is you,' and the man, Mr. Grait, said, 'It is all true,' and pulled the photograph out of his pocket.

Many other spirits in rapid succession communicated through the medium, among whom was that of a young railway engineer, who passed away at Urbana, and whose engine was No. 11, and also that of Miss Alice Robinson of Marysville. The last spirit to appear was that of a mother, to say to her young daughter not to make fun of Spiritualism, but to investigate its truth, and find that it was a reality. The young lady had left just before the medium's announcement, but a lady who had sat by her side recognized the spirit, and knew that the communication was timely and true. The audience seemed delighted at Miss Gaule's successful tests, and hundreds present who were not Spiritualists were set to deep thinking. The following evening the *Columbus Press Post* gave an extended account of the exercises."

## Colorado.

**IDAHO SPRINGS**—Robert P. Milne writes: "I send (as promised) the names of those belonging to the First Progressive Spiritual Association here: Officers, J. C. Wright, President; Mrs. V. J. Milne, Vice-President; W. L. Dolph, Treasurer and Secretary. Trustees, Robert P. Milne, Robert H. Milne, Mrs. L. C. Roll, Miss Emma Roll; Mr. F. E. Petties, Miss Oral Wright, Messrs. S. Murdock, H. C. Thompson, L. E. Cassett, Henry Nevatt, Thomas Bohrer, Mrs. Julia Ives, Mrs. Minnie Nevatt, Mrs. F. Hauser, Miss Katie Polenkas.

The Association meets every Wednesday and Sunday night, at 8 p. m., at my house; but as soon as we get funds enough we will hire a larger place.

My boy is now rapidly developing as a materializing medium. He has also given some wonderful tests in clairvoyance to total strangers of late. On the 8th ult., when the boy went into a trance a bell began to ring, and soon after a friend, H. J. Corum, came from the spirit-land, and the medium brought a vase to me, saying, 'You will recognize me by this.' His wife had made us a present of the vase after he passed over; he then stated that the bell we heard was the one that his little daughter Ida had, and was ringing the last time she sat on his lap.

On the evening of the 12th the same ringing was heard; during the seance my little boy, not five years old, woke from sleep, and came in the room and sat on my knee; he said, 'Corum, please ring the bell for me.' No sooner had he asked the question than our spirit-friend, H. J. Corum, rang the bell.

Both nights, to satisfy some of the friends, we searched the room, also the medium when he came out of his trance. We could not find anything that could make a ringing sound. We are all very much pleased with the progress we are making, especially when we take into consideration the fact that only a few of our friends have ever been in a circle before coming here, and Robbie, the medium, is only twelve years old.

I am trying to get a list of subscribers for the BANNER OF LIGHT."

## Rhode Island.

**PROVIDENCE**—Mrs. F. H. Roscoe, Cor. Sec'y, writes: "The People's Progressive Association, in B. T. Hall, held two services on Sunday, May 26, having for speaker Mrs. Ida E. Downing of Boston, Mass.; she has firmly established herself as a Providence favorite.

The hall was tastefully decorated with the nation's colors.

At 2:30 p. m., services were as follows: Piano solo, Prof. Joslyn; invocation, Dr. Roscoe, followed by an appropriate lecture on 'Memorial Day,' by Mrs. Downing, at the close of which Miss May Cooper recited 'That Good Old Flag,' and Mrs. Downing gave satisfactory tests; the afternoon services were brought to a close by all singing 'America.'

7:30 p. m.: Piano solo of patriotic airs, Prof. Joslyn; invocation, Mrs. Downing; solo, Miss Johnson; reading, Miss May Cooper; solo, little Miss Ada Johnson; reading, Dr. Roscoe, 'Our Grand Army of the Dead'; lecture, Mrs. I. E. Downing, subject, 'Our Dead,' which was a masterly effort; little Ada then sang, and Mrs. Downing gave many tests. Then came several beautiful scenes from our civil war, arranged in tableau form, in which little Ada, et al., took part.

A word of praise is due to Mrs. Wm. Tinkham of this city, for furnishing very many beautiful plants and cut flowers. Mrs. Adams favored Dr. and Mrs. Roscoe with a beautiful bouquet of carnation pinks, and an unknown friend presented Mrs. Downing with a fine bouquet, tied with the national colors."

## Pennsylvania.

**ALLEGHENY CITY**—J. M. Bailey writes: "The First Church of Spiritualists of Allegheny City having recently been granted a State Charter (is also a member of the National) held an interesting meeting May 26, on which occasion Mrs. E. J. Demorest of Pittsburgh was ordained as minister of the Philosophy of Spiritualism.

Mrs. Demorest is an excellent speaker and test medium, and also a tireless worker for the Cause.

Mr. Warner, the speaker for the Society, conducted the services. Mr. Weaver, the President, then congratulated the new minister.

Mr. Evans, organist, furnished fine music for the occasion."

## New York Letter.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Gotham is a great city, and we are glad to be back on our native heath, where we have been so warmly and kindly welcomed by our many friends. But we do not forget our pleasant and profitable stay in Boston—where our duty (and the powers above) decreed we should remain a year: That beautiful city is indeed "the Hub," if not of the universe, of Spiritualism. From its centre radiates a spiritual atmosphere that is being felt to the earth's remotest bounds.

There mediastatic gifts are appreciated, and over and above all floats the BANNER OF LIGHT, giving consolation and spiritual encouragement to thousands all over the world.

We call upon liberal minded men and women to aid this brave and noble exponent of truth and Spiritualism, by doing all in their power to increase its circulation a hundred fold. For has it not always stood firm in noble battle against error?

Mr. Isaac B. Rich has been its financial stay, giving solid support for many years to that grand man, Luther Colby, now gone to his reward; his mantle has fallen on the broad shoulders of its now able editor, Mr. John W. Day, and his genial assistant, Mr. Pitman.

Our good friend, Mr. Fred. Tuttle, is still at his post of duty in the Bookstore, and is an indefatigable worker.

We congratulate the Spiritualists in Boston on their grand Temple, and in having such a noble and brave friend of the Cause as Mr. Ayer (its builder), who backs his faith with golden ducats—as does our good friend in New York, Mr. Henry J. Newton. Would that we had many more like them. It is good to meet souls all aglow with reverence for the exalted spirits of the heavenly world. Truth will ultimately triumph, and save the world from ignorance and bigotry:

"Error is mortal, and cannot live;

Truth is immortal, and cannot die."

Since our return to New York we have been privileged in attending many interesting meetings. Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tving is speaking at the First Society, doing a good work. She is a great favorite here, having many friends (and deserves them, for she is a grand soul).

Wednesday night we attended the meeting of the New York Psychical Society, Spencer Hall, 114 West 14th street, Mr. J. F. Snipes, President.

On the evening of May 18 we attended a reception at Continental Hotel, given by Mrs. Gridley for Miss Dr. Cole, magnetic healer, of Ohio. It was a very enjoyable occasion.

Sunday at the First Society we missed the President, Mr. Newton, who was in Boston. Mrs. Tving, however, was equal to the occasion.

Wednesday evening Mrs. Wallace, 222 West 59th street, gave a reception to Mrs. Tving. There was a large gathering of prominent people, who were cordially received by their talented and graceful hostess. The rooms were fragrant with many flowers, which at the end of the evening she generously distributed with appropriate inspirational words to several of the ladies present.

And now, in closing, all hail our spiritual workers everywhere—healers, mediums and teachers, and last, but not least, our spiritual papers. DUMONT C. DAKE, M. D. 24 East 20th street, May 24, 1895.

## Principles of Theosophy.

DR. GRIFFITHS TALKS TO CONVICTS ABOUT RE-INCARNATION.

Man Not the Highest Stage of Evolution—Death but Another Degree of Existence—Right Knowledge and Action the Only Means of Attaining Higher Planes of Being.

Dr. Allen Griffiths, who has labored with much success among the convicts of Pacific coast prisons, lectured in the chapel of Charleston State Prison, Mass., on a recent Sabbath morning, on "Theosophy, Karma and Reincarnation." The address was listened to by about five hundred inmates of the institution, who accorded the lecturer close attention—so says the *Boston Herald*.



## TO OUR FRIENDS:

Don't you know some Spiritualist who does not now, but who would subscribe to THE BANNER OF LIGHT if YOU called his attention to the Paper?

## A Personal Statement of the Results of Vaccination.

IN compliance with repeated requests to furnish for publication a brief statement of my experiences of the results of vaccination, as acquired during a period of over twenty years' investigation in various countries, I offer the following:

It has been my experience to travel in all parts of the United Kingdom, from Land's End to the Shetland Islands, and in almost every State in Europe, from the Mediterranean to the North Cape, in countries intervening between the Tagus in the West, and the Volga, Danube and Bosphorus in the East; also in Morocco, Algeria, Upper and Lower Egypt, Asia Minor, Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia, and most of the States and Territories of North America; also in Venezuela and British Guiana, South America, in the Virgin, Windward and Leeward Islands, the French and Danish West Indies, in the Archipelagoes of Greece and Hawaii, the Island of Ceylon, in Tasmania, New Zealand, and the colonies of Australia.

In all these countries I have made it my business to inquire into the methods and results of vaccination, procuring information from public officials, and from intelligent private individuals, and have hardly ever inquired without hearing of injuries, fatalities, and sometimes wholesale disasters, to people in every position in life, and these have occurred from the use of every variety of vaccine virus in use. My informants have included Governors, Chief Magistrates, Consuls, Professors of Medicine and Surgery in Continental Universities, members of legislative assemblies, superintendents of leper asylums, editors of medical and hygienic journals, chiefs of military and general hospitals, presidents and medical officers of State and Colonial Health Departments, superintendents of smallpox hospitals, clergymen of all denominations, missionaries, heads of educational establishments, and the best informed amongst old residents in the places visited.

In one country it was my privilege to be furnished with a general letter of introduction from a Minister of State (since Prime Minister), which gave me access to all the official and medical authorities. Often the fatality described to me has befallen the infant of a poor mother, who with dread forebodings in her mind has tried to shield her offspring from the vaccinator's lancet as long as she could, and like a fugitive slave, only surrendered to the minister of the law when overtaken in pursuit, or her place of refuge discovered; or, like that of a distinguished Moslem (Suffi Bey Adam), my traveling companion in 1884 from Damascus to Beyrout, who had lost a daughter, a nephew and a niece (vaccinated together about a year before our interview), all of whom died of the operation, after the most acute suffering. At other times I have seen stalwart soldiers and post-office officials seriously injured, and in more than one instance crippled and ruined for life, by compulsory re-vaccination.

I have personally investigated vaccine disasters at two military hospitals, one in Europe and the other in Africa, where in one case three, and in another case thirty soldiers ultimately died of the operation, and more than twice this number were seriously, and in most cases permanently injured.

In Australasia I have personally inquired into a case of wholesale disaster—of acute septicæmia, exhibited by terrible ulcerations following vaccination with calf lymph—to several hundred persons, and have seen the sad consequences in permanently ruined health. I have received several thousand written statements from parents, who allege that their children have been seriously or fatally injured by vaccination. I have proved beyond doubt, by personal inquiries in various countries where leprosy is increasing, that the increase is largely due to vaccination, and have furnished the testimonies of numerous medical authorities and of official reports, (all mention of which has been omitted from our leading medical journals,) in support of these incriminating allegations. These facts have been detailed by me in the Times, Non-Confidant, Echo, Leeds Mercury, Manchester Guardian and Examiner and Times, Leicester Post, Newcastle Leader, Glasgow Leader, Cardiff Daily News, Gloucester Citizen, Hospital Gazette, Journal d'Hygiène (Paris), The Vaccination Inquirer, and other influential and well-known English, American, and colonial journals; and some of them were quoted by me with chapter and verse, before the Royal Commission on Vaccination now taking evidence in London, and will be found in the third official report of the proceedings.

I may also mention that numerous facts of a sinister character were contributed by many of the delegates representing the International Vaccination Congress held in Paris, Cologne, Bern and Charleroi, the reports of which have been published and presented to the chiefs of Governments and of Public Health departments in all countries. Not only have the facts been submitted to Continental Ministers of State, and to successive Presidents of the Local Government Board in England, but in December, 1890, I laid them before Mr. Langridge, Chief Secretary to the Government of Victoria, Australia, and before leading officials in other Colonies.

It seems to me, therefore, that, in view of these experiences and in the presence of such unimpeachable facts, the opposition which has arisen, and is growing daily in nearly all countries, is a commendable and patriotic struggle, which should be encouraged in every possible way. The laws (often cruelly enforced) which compel the parents of this and other countries to put the health and lives of their offspring into the hands of irresponsible State officials, with the alternative of severe and not seldom ignominious punishments, is a grave national blunder, and constitutes a species of tyranny wholly indefensible; and it behooves every good citizen to endeavor by every constitutional means, in the interests alike of justice, of individual and parental rights, and in defence of the public health, and of our helpless children, to get these laws completely and permanently extinguished. WILLIAM TEBB, President London Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination. Rede Hall, Burston, Near Horley, Surrey, Eng.

## Be Sweet Toned.

The sweet-toned bell rings out sweetness, however gently or rudely it is struck, while the clanging gong cannot be so touched as not to resound with a jangle. There is the same difference in people.

From some you learn to expect always a snarl, or a whine, or a groan, while others give forth words of cheerfulness and joy. When the grace of God possesses mind and heart, you will respond with a sweet spirit to every touch, kind or unkind, rude or loving. You will be a voice for God, in whatever place or company you are thrown, and constitute a species of tyranny wholly indefensible; and it behooves every good citizen to endeavor by every constitutional means, in the interests alike of justice, of individual and parental rights, and in defence of the public health, and of our helpless children, to get these laws completely and permanently extinguished. WILLIAM TEBB, President London Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination. Rede Hall, Burston, Near Horley, Surrey, Eng.

A man may forget his business, his family and all his sacred obligations of a life, but the terrible pains of neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, sore throat, can only be forgotten after using freely of Minard's Liniment; it cures like magic.

(From the San Francisco Mercury.)  
LE CAPITAINE PAUL.

La Comtesse Marie holds festival  
In the fairest nook of her fair demesne,  
For courtly gallants and smiling dames  
To mimic the sports of the village green,  
In hats a la paysanne looped up with gems,  
And rustic kirtles of saffron sheen.

But Comtesse Marie, though crowned with May,  
Scarcely smiles on the lovers who round her press,  
And sits on her floral throne distrustful,  
Nor heeds who, watching her, strives to guess  
What troubles this helens, free to choose  
From the proudest peers of the haute noblesse.

She sighs—and a sutor the sigh repeats;  
Against a quiver bends over her chair,  
For every mood of a lady charms  
When she is so wealthy, and young, and fair;  
She speaks—and the murmur of talk is hushed,  
And they throng around with expectant air:

"Too sad to sing, and too tired to dance—  
Shall our sports take soberer cast to-night?  
And gathering under the fragrant limes,  
Shall we tell old stories of maidens bright,  
Of crusader bold, and the Soudan grim,  
Or dreary legend of ghost and sprite?"

Then gay DeNorville, for wild, weird tale  
To please the lady, has racked his brain;  
While St. Leu, with twirls of his huge mustache,  
His last duello fights over again,  
And fancies that Marie's cheek grows pale  
As he lightly dwells on his wounds and pain.

But on one tall figure, that stands aloof,  
The eye of la comtesse is fixed to fall;  
"And hast thou nothing to tell?" she asks,  
"Canst thou from the past no deed recall,  
That might quicken awhile our sluggish blood?  
Bethink thee, I pray, good Capitaine Paul!"

Le Capitaine Paul, whom no one knows,  
A soldier of fortune, scarred and browned,  
A man more prized in the camp than court,  
Steps into the circle, and glances round;  
And scornful eyes on his boldness frown,  
But Marie has smiled, and he holds his ground.

He turns from the guests, with their covert sneers,  
Begins with a stammer, and speaks by rote,  
Till treasured memories awake—and then  
His full lip quivers, and swells his throat,  
And his stony hand has clenched as of old,  
It hath clenched at the ring of the bugle's note.

And thus le capitaine tells his tale:  
"Revolt and faction had smote our land—  
Tonnerre! that Frenchmen meet in strife!  
Our city walls were poorly manned;  
I—sours lieutenant—a boy in years;  
Our brave commander, Jacques Enguerrande.

"We had one treasure, we soldiers, then—  
Enguerrande's daughter, a happy child:  
She had no mother, but fifty slaves,  
By her winning looks and ways beguiled—  
Great bearded fellows—were at her call,  
And felt themselves paid if their mistress smiled.

"One night—sharp—sudden—restless broke  
The storm upon us. From every den  
The frenzied people came howling forth,  
And we—ah, blind! not to learn till then,  
That in all that city we loved so well,  
There was but one handful of loyal men!

"For life, for honor we fought, and still  
Our foes increased as the tumult spread;  
Yet side by side with Jacques Enguerrande  
I stood till we fell together—he, dead;  
I, wounded—how badly these scars reveal;  
And then our last man, in his terror, fled.

"Over our bodies the crowd tramped on,  
Nor recked if 'twere brothers their feet defiled;  
The city was all their own, and the greed  
Of plunder had made them mad or wild;  
And I heard one voice, with a drunken laugh,  
Call out for the child, Jacques Enguerrande's child.

"At that sound the blood to my heart returns,  
And I see I struggle on to my knees!  
Never must Enguerrande's orphaned one  
Fall into such savage hands as these!  
To my feet and away! my loving mob  
Can hunt back the wounded wretch who flees!

"Doubting upon them, and first to gain  
The little chamber where she slept,  
Where, roused from repose by the horrid din,  
In the darkest corner she cowered and wept,  
I bore her down by a winding stair,  
And into the streets with my burden crept.

"Hushing her sobs I staggered on,  
Faint, dizzy with pain, and perhaps despair;  
For sadly we needed some refuge safe,  
And who would offer it? nay, who dare?  
Till an aged crone peeped fearfully out  
Of her wretched hovel, and led us there.

"But alas! though almost too old to live,  
She feared the mob, and she feared to die,  
And in selfish dread, when again night fell,  
From her door she thrust us, and bade us fly;  
Yet she flung me a blouse, and bonnet rouge,  
That should be my soldier's dress desecry.

"Bribed with the little one's rosary—  
Lo, I have it here on my breast;  
I bought it back for its weight in gold—  
A fellow I drew aside from the rest,  
Let us slip by him he kept the guard,  
And like hunted deer for the woods we pressed.

"Scarcely half a league from the city walls,  
Lo! swooping down like a fiery blast—  
Armed to the teeth, and hot with wrath—  
Rank after rank spurring quickly past—  
The avengers came of Jacques Enguerrande,  
And I felt that his child was safe at last!

"She knew her leader—she shrieked his name—  
He thought—I told you what, Karl I wore,  
They halted me a foe—and the little one,  
With outstretched arms, from my arms they tore,  
And left me for dead on the cold, hard earth;  
But the child was safe—and my tale is o'er."

"But your payment?" a dozen voices ask,  
And le capitaine smiles in his deep disdain;  
"Pardon, mesdames, for a deed of love  
No soldier his palm with gold would stain:  
Only this boon did I ever crave—  
One look at her angel face again!

"Qu'importe? she is rich and happy, and I—"  
He pauses—la comtesse has left her throne;  
Once more on his breast a fair head lies,  
Once more round his neck are white arms thrown,  
And sweet lips murmur, "Mon brave! mon brave!  
Let my poor love for the past atone!

The play is ended—the guests depart:  
La comtesse was none so fair after all!  
But many an eye looks back with regret,  
On the broad demesne, and the princely hall,  
That Enguerrande's child with her hand bestows  
On the scarred and sun-burned Capitaine Paul.

## Card of Thanks.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Boston Spiritual Temple a unanimous vote of thanks was tendered to the publishers of the BANNER OF LIGHT for their generous and kindly interest manifested toward our Society in allowing us liberal space for anniversary and all other reports.

The vote to be a written one, and read at our Sunday meeting, placed upon the record, and published in the BANNER OF LIGHT.

WM. H. BANKS, Pres.  
J. B. HATCH, JR., Sec'y.

## Good Health

And a good appetite go hand in hand. With the loss of appetite, the system cannot long sustain itself. Thus the fortifications of good health are broken down and the system is liable to attacks of disease. It is in such cases that the medicinal powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla are clearly shown. Thousands who have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla testify to its great merits as a purifier of the blood, its powers to restore and sharpen the appetite and promote a healthy action of the digestive organs. Thus it is, not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story and constitutes the strongest recommendation that can be urged for any medicine. Why not take Hood's Sarsaparilla now?

## June Magazines.

BR. NICHOLAS.—Vacation time is near at hand, and the children will find pleasant suggestions of the woods and fields in the June number. The serials of the number will first claim the attention of those who are following the adventures of the heroes and heroines—Mr. Stearns' "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp," Mr. Pyle's story, "Jack Ballister," "Teddy and Carrots," and "The Boy of the First Empire." The short stories and sketches are up to the standard of the magazine. Hon. Theodore Roosevelt writes of "George Rogers Clark and the Conquest of the Northwest." Prof. W. T. Hornaday has one of the most interesting of his natural history papers, his subject this month being "The Buffalo, Musk-Ox, Mountain Sheep and Mountain Goat." Margaret W. Leighton has a curious chapter of information on "Mushrooms, Lichens and Moulds." A bright story for the boys is "Our Tiny Fleet." There are the usual number of clever verses and jingles. The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.—Grace Stuart Reid has the opening article, "A Vivacious Girl"; continuing the pleasing serial, "A Domestic Court," relating about the King and Queen of Denmark, is by Arthur Warren; Nancy Mann Waddle writes of the roses; Rev. Robert Collyer, D.D., under the series of "The Woman Who Most Influenced Me," tells of his mother. The portrait of Dr. Collyer is a fine one. "Householding in New England" is by Alice Morse Earle; "The Luck of the Pennendings" is from the pen of Elizabeth W. Bellamy; Harper I. Langdon writes of Madame Bonaparte. Mrs. Barnes-Brace's paper on embroidery will please the ladies, as it tells new things about "Some Graceful Centrepieces." Helen Mar Adams has an article in the same line. Rev. Dr. Parkhurst writes on "Women Without the Ballot." Ruth Ashmore, whose articles never fail to please, because of their beauty of thought and sound sense, has the gem of the current issue—"Love, Friendship; Which?" It would be well if every girl could learn the article by heart. There are many other papers, and the queries are unusually interesting and instructive. The Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW ENGLAND.—The leading articles in the latest issue comprise: "The Roxbury Latin School," by James De Normandie; "Sir William Pepperell and the Capture of Louisbourg," by Victoria Reed; "Artistic Domestic Architecture in America," by Bar Ferree; "The Capital of New Hampshire," by Frances M. Abbott; "A Famous Vermont Editor of a Hundred Years Ago," by Mason A. Green; "Like Other Folks," Gertrude Morton; "Some Half-Forgotten New England Songs," Mary Barrows; "A Baptist Preacher and Soldier of the Last Century," Alice Morse Earle; "In the Middle Town of Whitefield," Helen Marshall North. There are poems by Laura S. Porter, Emily McManus, Charles Gordon Rogers, Madison Carvelin and Herbert Randall. Warner F. Kellogg, 5 Park Square, Boston.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY is a treasure to the lover of fiction, stirring poems, and pathetic retrospect. No one into whose hands this number may fall can afford to pass the many fine literary gems with which its neatly printed pages are bedight. The continued story by Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward, "A Singular Life," is full of appeals to every sense of our common humanity; "The Seats of the Mighty," by Gilbert Parker, in this installment takes the weary-hearted prisoner of state (and the reader at the same time) through stirring scenes, though the field of action is necessarily confined. Ellen Mackubin contributes a frontier story, "Rosita." Percival Dewell furnishes the second paper on "Mars," the water problem being considered; the Japanese matter—prose and poetry—is of absorbing interest; other articles, not here named, and the departments, make a harmonious closing of the number. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.

THE THEOSOPHIST.—The latest (May) issue contains "Old Diary Leaves," by Edit Olcott; "Outlines of Astronomical Motion," Henry Pratt; "Overshadowed," a story, Percival Graham; "Zoroastrianism," Baker Hudson; "Some Aspects of the Sikh Religion," Nagnath; "Metempsychosis," L. Salzer. The unsigned articles are: "Legend and Lore of Jewels," "Mrs. Besant's Second Indian Tour," and "The Cuning Mahant." The editorial departments are well in hand, and contain much of theosophic interest. Published by the proprietors at Theosophical Headquarters, Adyar, Madras.

RECEIVED: MISCELLANEOUS NOTES AND QUERIES, S. C. & L. M. Gould. For sale by Colby & Rich. THE VACCINATION INQUIRER AND HEALTH REVIEW, E. W. Allen, 4 Ave Maria Lane, Paternoster Row, London, E. C.

## Don't Worry Yourself.

And don't worry the baby; avoid both unpleasant conditions by giving the child pure, digestible food. Do not use solid preparations. Infant Health is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

## Passed to Spirit-Life.

From the home of her daughter, Mrs. Asaph Leach, Mrs. EVELINE PAINE, aged 81, wife of Joel Paine, who mourns her loss.

Mrs. Paine and her husband, formerly of Jay, Me., have made their home with their daughter in Stoughton for the last eight years. She was a firm Spiritualist for more than thirty years before her translation, and had a most wonderful perception and insight of our beautiful philosophy. Indeed, she had made this philosophy so much a part of herself that she was a living example of what these truths can do toward building character when properly understood and assimilated.

She was a constant contributor to THE BANNER, and had been for many years. She leaves, beside her beloved husband, the daughter who cared for her in her last hours, Mrs. A. Leach, of this town, Mrs. Dr. Stevens, of Cambridge, a younger daughter, and a son, Mr. Eben Paine, also of Cambridge, Mass.

From his home, at 62 Lincoln street, Worcester, Mass., May 13, DR. ALVAH J. GRIFFIN, aged 75 years 7 months and 15 days.

Dr. Griffin had been a resident in this city for about one year, consequently was little known by our Spiritualists. He was a member of the Veterans' Union, and was well known in Boston, Lowell and Fitchburg, where he had lived previous to making Worcester his home. His health had been poor for some time, and he resided in this city, and finally pneumonia caused his ascent to the higher life.

The Doctor leaves a wife to mourn the departure of his spirit, but she is conscious of the nearness of his spirit, and from the Spiritual Philosophy draws consolation in this hour of her affliction.

The funeral was attended by the writer.  
GEO. A. FULLER, M. D.

From the Green Tree House, Memphis, Tenn., May 26, suddenly, DR. J. W. BIRDWELL, in his 75th year.

Dr. Birdwell many years ago became a Spiritualist, and was a firm believer to the hour of his passing out. He was an enthusiast on the subject, and no argument could waver him in his views. He was a great reader of Spiritualist books and papers, and a most interesting talker on the subject.

The Gallatin Examiner gave an extended notice of his demise.

[Obituary Notices not over twenty lines in length are published gratuitously. When exceeding that number, twenty cents for each additional line will be charged. Ten words on an average make a line. No poetry admitted under the above heading.]

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## ATLANTIS:

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BY W. J. COLVILLE.

Pamphlet, price 10 cents.  
For sale by COLBY & RICH.

## A Dog Story from Frobenius.

Frobenius was an eye-witness of the events that preceded the deposition of Richard II., and writes of them with spirit and appreciation. In a new edition of the famous "Chronicles," there is a particularly happy description of how the Duke of Lancaster came riding to the castle gate and entered boldly with only twelve companions. Then is told how Richard was deserted, even of his greyhound:

"And as it was informed me, King Richard had a greyhound, called Math, who always waited upon the King and would know no man else for whomsoever the King did ride, he that kept the greyhound did let him loose, and he would straight run to the King and fawn upon him and leap with his fore feet upon the King's shoulders. And as the King and the Earl of Derby talked together in the court, the greyhound, who was wont to leap upon the King, left the King, and came to the Earl of Derby, Duke of Lancaster, and made to him the same friendly countenance and cheer as he was wont to do to the King.

"The Duke, who knew not the greyhound, demanded of the King what the greyhound would do. 'Cousin,' quoth the King, 'it is a great good token to you and an evil sign to me.' 'Sir, how know you that?' quoth the Duke. 'I know it well,' quoth the King; 'the greyhound maketh you cheer this day as King of England, as yeshall be, and I shall be deposed. The greyhound hath this knowledge naturally; therefore take him to you; he will follow you and forsake me.' The Duke understood well those words and cherished the greyhound, who would never after follow King Richard, but followed the Duke of Lancaster. So every man leaped a horseback and departed from the castle of Flint and entered into the fields."

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## The Meaning of Life.

A Lecture delivered at Berkeley Hall, Boston, Mass., Sun day, Jan. 17th, 1892, by DR. F. L. H. WILLIS.

Pamphlet, pp. 32. Price 5 cents; 6 copies 25 cents.

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In quoting from THE BANNER care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open to the expression of independent thought, but we do not endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents may give utterance.

No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return canceled articles.

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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1895.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

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Isaac B. Rich, Editor. Business Manager.  
John W. Day, Editor. Associate Editor.

Matter for publication must be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be forwarded to the BUSINESS MANAGER.

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

## New Trial Subscriptions!

The BANNER OF LIGHT will (as announced in its prospectus) be furnished to NEW TRIAL subscribers at 50 cents for 3 months.

This liberal offer is made in order to introduce the paper to those who have not yet formed practical acquaintance with its valuable and sterling contents.

While thanking its regular subscribers for their continued patronage, THE BANNER'S publishers desire that this journal, which is devoted to the spiritual movement, as well as to secular reforms in behalf of our common humanity, shall receive ample support from the public at large. COLBY & RICH.

## Where to Begin Reform.

What extreme conditions of human life have to do with social morality is a question of far graver import than is generally understood. Wealth and poverty are the opposite poles of social life in a state of so-called civilization. We note enormous fortunes rapidly acquired on the one hand, and tens of thousands of industrious and sober persons on the other driven by want of work to the verge of starvation. On the one hand is recklessness, and on the other the movements of despair. It is impossible for a true spirit of self-respect to assert itself under such conditions of conflicting inequality, or for a wholesome morality to exist when thus cruelly restrained. The surest if not the only cure for immorality is simplicity of life in all its relations. There is no surer stimulus to immorality than artificial luxury in living. It is a canker that eats out the very vitals of society and the State, and no check is adequate but a quick return to an opposite order of life and a laying down of more just conditions. The belly, says a great modern French writer, is to humanity a formidable weight; it breaks at every moment the equilibrium between the soul and the body. It fills history; it is responsible for nearly all crimes; it is the matrix of all vices. The appetite debauches the intellect; voluptuousness replaces will; the ideal is eclipsed.

The same writer and prophet says further that man, at this day, tends to fall into the stomach; man must be replaced in the brain, must be restored to its rule and rights. The questions of ordinary life-to-day require more than ever to be examined on the side of human dignity. There is something besides satisfying one's appetite. The goal of man is not the goal of the animal. A moral lift is necessary. The life of nations, like the life of individuals, has its moments of depression; these moments pass, certainly, but no trace of them ought to remain. To live is to have justice, truth, reason, devotion, probity, sincerity, common sense, right and duty, welded to the heart. To live is to know what one is worth, what one can do and should do. Life is conscience. We have the complete statement here—life is conscience. If it were, indeed, and universally made so, the cunning that betrays falsehood and cruelty, the fierce and hungry competition that wrecks all sense of justice and integrity, and the stolid indifference to the rights, the comfort, and the very life of others, would be succeeded by a society whose foundation would be truth and right, and whose superstructure would be prosperity, peace and happiness. Is any conceivable material greatness, estimated by the measure of wealth, the equal of a social state like this? There must be reforms, or all is gone. We are all the time growing worse if we are not becoming better.

The danger is in letting the finer sensibilities grow dulled and inactive; in the increase of the work of brutalization. It comes originally from the greed for wealth, because wealth is power, wealth commands luxuries, secures gratifications, enables its owner to indulge in delights which poverty forbids but which steadily undermine and destroy the incentives

to morality. The writer just quoted, asserted that a state of society where greater and more marked deference is paid to wealth than to virtue and worth is in imminent danger of falling into its stomach. People must stop and reflect; it is needless to cry out for reforms unless it is first well understood that in order to endure and prevail, they must begin at home. The too common spectacle of conscienceless wealth in hot pursuit of carnal pleasure is enough to call down the pity of heaven upon the wretched beings who are too blind to see what life means and whither it tends. Recent disclosures have shocked whole communities with their revelation of the crumbling lava crust on which society treads. Unjust social conditions are fast creating an artificial life that continually calls for stimulation and blunts the moral sensibilities. We must try to live more simply, to deal justly, to cultivate the truth, to live closer to God. Then all reforms will have begun together.

## Orthodox Duty of Whims.

Rev. Dr. Rexford, a distinguished Universalist minister, recently preached two highly instructive and impressive discourses, a condensed report of which we find in the Press and Post of Columbus, O. One of these discourses was on "Mediation," and the other on "Special Providence." Dr. Rexford declared positively that no special mediation is necessary. God, or the infinite spirit of life, is manifested at all times, to all people, everywhere. No mercy-pleading mediator is required to shield humanity from the Creator. There is no vengeful wrath visited on the human race in consequence of the original sin of Adam, which needs to be averted or palliated. It is not the sin or wrong of Adam that has offended God, but the inconstancy and selfishness of every one of us. We suffer for our own sins, not those committed by Adam, mediation in the theological sense being not an institution of God, but of man—an erroneous superstition based on the unapproachableness of God. The idea of mediation separates man and God, and estranges them.

He who possesses a reverent and devout spirit, and has listened to the inward voice of his own soul, feels his divine kinship with the Infinite Spirit, and rejects the tradition of mediation, and repudiates the idea that God's wrathful face is turned away, and must be pacified by the pleading interposition of another. In respect to special providence Dr. Rexford insisted that God loves all his creatures equally. No greater special revelation was made to one race than to another. God is not dead. His spirit pervades the universe now as it always has, and speaks and reveals His infinite purposes to all whose ears can hear and whose eyes can see. God being infinitely wise and infinitely just, he has no favorites among his children. They who have been born, and who died ages ago, were but older brothers of ours, and all are children of the same Infinite Father, whose tenderness embraces them all. A just God could not distinguish or discriminate between his children, hating and rejecting some, and showing favoritism to others, without reason or cause. A mother who should love one and hate another of her children without cause, but out of arbitrary impulse, would be worthy of the love of neither. God is not arbitrary or whimsical.

The orthodox God is the creature, or creation, of enslaved minds. They alone in all ages have apprehended the living, all-pervading God, who, with devout, reverent souls, obey His laws and keep his ordinances. He has no special messages. His purposes are written in His laws, and have, in all ages, and by all races, been best interpreted by the sincerest and devotedest souls.

## A Revision of the Laws of Libel.

Measures are on foot for a revision of the laws of libel, which are unreasonable, contradictory and confused. The Pennsylvania Legislature has under consideration the following proposition in respect to them: "Before any suit shall be brought for the publication of a libel in any newspaper in this State, the aggrieved party shall at least, three days before filing or serving the complaint in such suit, serve notice on the publisher of said newspaper at the principal office of publication, specifying the articles which he or they allege to be false or defamatory. If it shall appear on the trial of said action that the said article was published in good faith, that its falsity was due to mistake or misunderstanding of the fact, and that full and fair retraction of any of the statements therein alleged to be erroneous was published in the next regular issue of said newspaper, or, in the case of daily papers, within three days after such mistake or misapprehension was brought to the notice of said publisher or publishers, in as conspicuous a place and type in said newspaper as was the article complained of as libelous—then the plaintiff in such case shall recover only actual damages."

A wholly sensible proposition for reform this, and one that is timely and to the point. A provision of this sort would be only fair and just in every view, and ought to be introduced at once into the statutes of every State in the Union. The New Orleans Picayune rightly says it is impossible that mistakes shall not be made, and that statements printed as true shall not subsequently be found to be unfounded or misrepresented. If it is subsequently found that such narratives have been printed by mistake and with no malice or intent to injure or harm, and explanation and reparation by publishing the truth as soon as it is ascertained are made, there should be no criminal libel in the case, but only a case in which questions of damage should be discussed. The existing laws on libel, adds The Picayune, are little more than relics of the time when newspapers were forbidden to publish any matters concerning public officials.

## Assembly and Seminary.

We referred last week to the boycotting of the Union Theological Seminary of New York by the Presbyterian General Assembly in session at Pittsburgh, Penn., giving the culmination of its resolutions of condemnation. The Assembly, however, took a second, sober, thought, later on, thought better of it, and retreated from its action—of which more hereafter.

## Onset Bay—Opening Day.

Exercises at Auditorium Sunday, June 16, 1895. Special excursion tickets on New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R. to go down on Saturday and return either Sunday or Monday, \$1.75. Program of season's exercises ready after June 12.

## TIMELY TOPICS.

**Property in Pets.**—The stealing of pet animals—dogs and cats, etc.—was not held a felony under the common law, for the reason that the penalty of a felonious larceny then was death, and it was naturally repugnant to both reason and humanity that a human being should be put to death for the offence of taking an animal which is kept only for pleasure, curiosity, or whim! The outgrowth of so disproportionate a penalty and its final abolition, left the offence, as an offence, outside of the limits of the definition of larceny also, so that now, as the common law stands, the stealing of a cat or dog is not an indictable offence for which the offender can be punished as a criminal. Nevertheless, as *Our Animal Friends* observes, apropos to a case of the kind recently decided in Maryland, while the decision of the magistrate and attorney-general may be sound in law, the reasons given by them are not sound in law; for under the common law itself, and without the help of any written statute whatever, a cat may be property, and a person stealing or injuring it is liable, under the common law, to a civil action for damages. The invasion of property even of that kind may clearly amount to a civil injury, and be redressed by a civil action. If the owner of the Maltese cat in Maryland had sought redress in the civil courts, he could have compelled the person injuring him to restore the animal, pay all costs of the suit, and probably exemplary damages beside. Lovers of dogs in all the States should see that their legislatures adopt some such statute as that recently passed in the State of Nebraska, whereby any act in a direction which brings unnecessary social and mental trouble, disquiet, etc., to the sufferer, may be made a ground of civil action for damages against the doer.

**Wrathy Doctors.**—Nothing goes smooth in the medical camp now-a-days. No sooner do the "Regulars" obtain from some sovereign State the passage of a law to declare themselves and their allies the only proper persons to "doctor the sick," et al., but some annoying case crops out, showing that neither the Allopathic nor Homeopathic systems are perfect—and then ensues a "bottle royal" between the two schools which ought to set the law-makers to thinking that it is just possible that someone else should have a right to see if he or she "could not do better"—of "worse" there is not much danger! At present the Allos and Homoeos are tugging at each other's hair over the case of the late United States Secretary Gresham. We might translate the narrative into our own vernacular, but the facts are so clearly set forth by the Boston Herald of May 29 that we prefer to give it as stated by that eminently conservative daily:

"The case of the late Secretary Gresham was the occasion of one of those outbreaks that frequently occur between the pathies. A homeopathic physician attended the Secretary in the beginning of his illness, and diagnosed the case. Subsequently an Allopath was called in, but he refused to consult with the Homeopath, who was thereupon discharged, and the Allopath was given entire charge of the patient. The latter's diagnosis when he assumed the care of the case differed materially from that of his predecessor, and indicates that there was a mistake made somewhere. As to which was right and which was wrong, the pathies will differ, of course, but the patient is now beyond the reach of disputes between schools of medicine."

**Cremation.**—The New England Cremation Society held in Wesleyan Hall, Friday afternoon, May 31, a public session. The charge that cremation is hostile to religion was warmly combated by the president, John Storor Cobb, Rev. George Hodges, D. D., dean of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, and by Rev. Charles F. Dole. Other speeches favorable to the practice of cremation were made by Dr. David W. Cheever and William H. Sayward. President Cobb spoke of cremation in America as having had its start in a small town in Pennsylvania in 1876. To-day seventeen crematories are set up. The figures he then read of the increase in numbers of yearly cremations in America made the audience open their eyes wide. The list is: 1876, 34; 1880, 119; 1887, 127; 1888, 199; 1889, 292; 1890, 263; 1891, 404; 1892, 575; 1893, 677; 1894 (11 months), 576. At this rate in 1910, cremation will be the rule and inhumation the exception. In the Forest Hills crematory of the Mass. Cremation Society, which practices while the N. E. Society preaches, one hundred and twenty bodies have been incinerated in the year and a greater number since it was built.

**Memorial Day.**—(May 30)—was duly observed all over the country, and the fringe of other remembrances which follows its main course is a pleasant feature of the occasion. Many families—and the number increases yearly—take this time to decorate the graves of their own ascended loved ones (aside from military matters), and they carry out, perhaps unwittingly, the true spirit of the New Revelation, the distribution of flowers and the putting on of the "garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness," in approaching the tomb and its occupants. Among the novel but appropriate features of this latest memorial day hereabout was the respectful decoration of the grave containing the mortal remains of Wendell Phillips, at the Milton, Mass., Cemetery, by a party of fifty Russian refugees.

**By a Female Architect.**—The Woman's Building of the Cotton States and International Exposition at Atlanta, Ga. (to open Sept. 8 and close Dec. 31), is a complete and beautiful structure, being the choice of many competitive designs. It is entirely the work of Miss Elise Mercier of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Its location in the grounds of the Exposition is admirable, and it will mark in the history of the South an epoch—the first occasion in which woman participates, in a public way, in an affair of interstate and international nature.

**"The Lyceum Movement,"** an essay written for the BANNER OF LIGHT by Hudson Tuttle, Esq.—upon the prime importance of working to advance the interests of Children's Progressive Lyceums among Spiritualists, will appear in these columns next week.

Will A. Sheldon writes from 716 Ocean street, Jacksonville, Fla., expressing his sincere thanks to THE BANNER for its reference to his persecution as a medium in that State, and our appeal to the Spiritualists of the country to aid him in the battle for truth and justice. Those who, on reading this paragraph, feel moved to join in the good work, can address him as above.

Henry LaCroix—with whose name as that of an intelligent and valuable correspondent from European centres THE BANNER'S readers have been for many years conversant—made us a pleasant call last week. He was then on the eve of his departure for Washington, D. C. In due season he will proceed northward from thence to Onset Bay Camp ground.

Read the announcement made by J. H. White, President, regarding the Island Lake (Mich.) Camp Association, on our seventh page.

Dr. T. A. Bland will be one of the speakers at Onset Bay opening day, June 16, and will occupy the platform on the 23d of the same month.

Read the reports of the Carnegie Hall Society of New York City, the Woman's Progressive Union, of Brooklyn, N. Y., etc., on the second page.

Let every reader peruse the direct testimony given by Hon. Wm. Tebb against the poisonous practice of vaccination—see our third page.

## SPIRITUALIST CAMPS.

## Lake Pleasant Camp, Mass.

Arrangements for Lake Pleasant are now complete. The list of speakers and mediums, with dates and hours of service, are as follows: July 2d, opening address, President A. H. Daley, tests, E. W. Emerson, 2 p. m., lecture, Mrs. S. A. Byrnes, tests, E. W. Emerson; July 3d, 2 p. m., lecture, Mrs. S. A. Byrnes, tests, E. W. Emerson; Aug. 1, 2 p. m., lecture, Mrs. M. T. Longley, tests, E. W. Emerson; Aug. 3, 2 p. m., lecture, Mrs. M. T. Longley, tests, E. W. Emerson; Aug. 4, 10:30 A. M., lecture, followed by tests, Edgar W. Emerson, 2 p. m., lecture, Mrs. M. T. Longley, tests, E. W. Emerson; Aug. 7, 2 p. m., lecture, followed by tests, Mr. J. Frank Baxter; Aug. 9, 2 p. m., lecture, followed by tests, Mr. J. Frank Baxter; Aug. 11, 10:30 A. M., lecture, Dr. C. W. Hadden, 2 p. m., lecture and tests, J. Frank Baxter; Aug. 13, 2 p. m., lecture, Dr. C. W. Hadden; Aug. 16, 2 p. m., lecture, Col. Robt. G. Ingersoll; Aug. 17, 2 p. m., lecture, Col. Robt. G. Ingersoll; Aug. 18, 10:30 A. M., lecture, J. Clegg Wright, 2 p. m., lecture, Col. Robt. G. Ingersoll; Aug. 20, 2 p. m., lecture, J. Clegg Wright; Aug. 21, 2 p. m., lecture, J. C. Wright, tests, Mrs. M. S. Pepper; Aug. 23, 2 p. m., lecture, Willard J. Hull, tests, Mrs. M. S. Pepper; Aug. 25, 10:30 A. M., lecture, Mrs. C. F. Conant, tests, Mrs. M. S. Pepper, 2 p. m., lecture, Willard J. Hull, tests, Mrs. M. S. Pepper; Aug. 26, 2 p. m., lecture, Willard J. Hull, tests, Mrs. M. S. Pepper.

Test circles and conference meetings will be held at the new auditorium on the days when there is no announced address.

Mrs. Maud Lord Drake, of world wide reputation, is expected upon the grounds, and will give some remarkable sances.

Frank M. Donovan, the renowned Irish independent state-writer and physical medium for physical circles and independent oil portraits, has engaged to be on the grounds the entire season.

Many mediums, whose names do not appear in this article, have signified their intention of being present, and beyond all doubt better opportunities than ever will be offered to inquirers.

A feature of the camp this season will be the Lyceum.

Dancing can be enjoyed by the campers in the new hall this season.

Bickford's Orchestra has been engaged for the season, to furnish music for the meeting and dancing.

The BANNER OF LIGHT will be represented this season by J. B. Hatch, Jr. He will be located at Lyman Cottage, on the Highlands. Any items of news, etc., sent to him will be forwarded to this office.

Our correspondent made a visit recently, and found there were over thirty families there at present; that the water was turned on, and is ready for use; that the electric dynamo is being put in order; that the new auditorium is going up rapidly, and will be ready by July; that the electric railroad will run to the Lake from Greenfield, Montague, Turner's Falls and Miller's Falls; that this is to be the banner year at Lake Pleasant.

## Lake Brady, O.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The annual circular of Lake Brady, O., is published. The preamble and declaration of principles are clearly stated, asserting belief in the future life, equality of men and women, against creeds, for progress, abandonment of the old for the new, careful selection of the best in our philosophy and religion, legal recognition of the Cause, sustenance of all reforms, patriotism, the establishment of a camp or resort where thought may be fully expressed and criticised, and for the use of all means to enable those in the spirit-spheres to reach all connected with the Association in their summer work.

Several engravings accompany the circular. The following is the program for the session of 1895: June 30, A. M., Rev. Dr. W. W. Hicks; 3, Mrs. R. S. Lillie; July 2, J. Clegg Wright; 3, Mrs. R. S. Lillie; 4, J. Clegg Wright, Miss Maggie Gaule; 5, Rev. Dr. W. W. Hicks; 6, Mrs. R. S. Lillie; 7, A. M., J. Clegg Wright; 8, Mrs. R. S. Lillie; 9, Jennie Hagan Jackson; 10, J. W. Kenyon; 11, Jennie Hagan Jackson; 12, J. W. Kenyon; 13, 14 (A. M.), Jennie Hagan Jackson; 14 (P. M.), J. W. Kenyon; 16, Mrs. A. M. Glading; 17, Prof. W. M. Lockwood; 18, Mrs. A. M. Glading; 19, 20, Prof. Lockwood; 21 (A. M.), Mrs. A. M. Glading; 2, P. M., Prof. Lockwood; 23, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tving; 24, Rev. Dr. W. W. Hicks; 25, Mrs. Tving; 26, 27, Rev. Dr. Hicks; 28, Mrs. Tving; 29, 30, Mrs. Sara A. Underwood; Aug. 1, S. Well; 2, Mrs. Underwood; 3, 4 (A. M.), S. Well; 4 (P. M.), Mrs. Underwood; 5, Hon. L. V. Moulton; 6, Florence Marryat (probably); 8, 9, Hon. Mr. Moulton; 10, Miss Marryat; 11, Rev. Dr. Hicks; 12, A. E. Tisdale; 13, Mrs. H. S. Lake; 14, Mrs. Tisdale; 15, 17, 18 (P. M.), Mrs. Lake; 19 (A. M.), Mr. Tisdale; 20, Lynn C. Howe; 21, Madam Alice D. Le Plongeon; 22, Mr. Howe; 23, 24 (A. M.), Madam Le Plongeon; 25 (P. M.), Mr. Howe; 27, Rev. Dr. Hicks; 28, 29, Women's National Convention; 31, Rev. Dr. Hicks; Sept. 1 to 8, W. J. Colville and Mrs. Cora L. Richmond. Rev. Dr. Hicks will preside. Miss Gaule will be on the platform daily, except Mondays, from June 30 to Aug. 12, and from Sept. 3 until the close, Sept. 8. Mr. Frank T. Ripley will give tests from Aug. 12 to Sept. 3.

The officers are as follows: President, Benjamin F. Lee; Vice President, Mrs. Nancy Clark; Secretary, Alfred Kellogg; Treasurer, Calvin Wilkinson; Cor. Sec'y, William J. Stofel.

## A New Camp-Meeting in California.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Committees have been appointed to investigate and report the best offers for a permanent camp-meeting site for the Spiritualists hereabout. Long Beach stands in best favor, and the Camp will most likely be located there on a grand site of several hundred acres, near Oyster Bay and extending to the ocean. It is intended to arrange for a winter term of camp as well as each summer.

This beach is three hundred and fifty feet wide, by nine miles long, and so solid that carriages wheels scarcely leave an impression. From three inches under the surface, when the tide recedes, millions of clams can be gathered.

It is hoped to open the Camp by the middle of July this year.

The thousands of invalids who visit California each winter can, if they so elect, attend a grand camp-meeting, and also be cured as well as delighted.

Those who wish "more light" as to this enterprise can have it by enclosing stamp to S. D. Dye, 332 West First street, Los Angeles.

A. J. SWARTS, PH. D.

Los Angeles, Cal., May 24, 1895.

## Dedication Services—Camp Progress, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

"Camp Progress" Association will open its grove meetings Sunday, June 9, at "Camp Progress," Upper Swampscott.

All mediums and friends are invited to attend.

We have secured the grove close by, the one occupied by us the last two seasons; it is very easy of access, about two hundred feet from electric cars to camp-ground.

Take Lynn and Salem electric cars; cars pass the grove every fifteen minutes.

The Camp Committees consists of President, Mr. L. D. Milliken, Lynn; Vice-President, Mr. W. A. Peterson, Salem; Secretary, Mrs. N. H. Gardiner, Salem; Treasurer, Mrs. N. B. Perkins, Salem; Executive Committee, Mr. T. J. Troy, Lynn, Mr. O. Merrill, Lynn, Mr. Leonard, Lynn, Mrs. E. B. Merrill, Lynn, Mr. N. H. Gardiner, Salem, Mr. N. H. CHASE, Salem.

MRS. N. H. GARDINER, Sec'y.

232 Bridge street, Salem, Mass.

## Haleet Park.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The many friends of Spiritualism will be glad to learn that the camp-meeting to be held commencing Aug. 1, and closing Sept. 1, a

Haleet Park, is reorganized; a splendid list of speakers and mediums is engaged. Improvements will be made; expenses will be lessened, and everything done to make a most enjoyable time for all visitors.

Already we have the most flattering prospects of having the largest and best meeting in the State.

A cordial invitation is extended to all by the President and Board of Managers to attend our meeting, and enjoy a vacation that will not only rest the body, but feed the soul.

P. F. OLDS, Manager.

## Cassadaga Camp, Annual June Picnic,

FOR THE SEASON OF 1895,

Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 14, 15, 16.

Speakers for the occasion: Mrs. Clara Watson, of Jamestown, N. Y.; Lyman C. Howe, Fredonia, N. Y.; Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Cincinnati, O.; Hon. A. B. Richmond, Meadville, Pa.; J. T. Lillie will have charge of the vocal music.

The Northwestern Orchestra will furnish instrumental music Saturday and Sunday, as well as for the Saturday evening dance.

## NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

The announcement of the Fitchburg Railroad, that on June 3 the "Montreal Flyer" will make its initial trip of the season, leaving the Union Station, Boston, at 11 A. M. daily, except Sunday, heralds the return of an old friend. This is the favorite train for Keene, Rutland, Burlington, Plattsburg, and points along the shores of Lake Champlain to Montreal.

We have just received "Kappa Sigma March," written by Miss Ruth Lowry and published by G. W. Cutter, Little Rock, Ark. The piece is destined to become quite popular.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY TO RESIGN.—Rochester, N. Y., June 3.—Susan B. Anthony has announced that at the approaching convention of the National American Suffrage Association she will resign the Presidency which she has held so long. She will not, however, cease her labors for the cause to which she has devoted her whole life. It is probable that Mrs. Carrie Chapman-Catt of New York City, National Organizer of the Association, will be elected to the Presidency. This is Miss Anthony's desire.

It is announced that an Anti Vivisection Society has been formed in Madras, India, for the purpose of cooperation with the Calcutta Anti-Vivisection Society.

[INFORMATION WANTED.]—The mayor of a Western city noted for its healthful situation not long ago received the following letter from one who wanted information:

"Please tell me how the weekly and monthly death statistics of your City, and what they died of, are also what the Favorite diseases of your Climate is, and when they prevail the worst, and how many result in fatal death. Also the high and low temperatures, and in regards to the wind blowing, and at what per cent. per mile it blows, and if cyclones are frequent enough to be unpleasant, and what precaution is necessary to escape being blown away. Anything else about your Climate and Diseases will be thankfully received."—Harper's Bazar.

John Forrester Andrew, the talented son of the illustrious War Governor of Massachusetts, was found dead in his bed at his home, 32 Hereford street, Boston, Memorial Day. He had been stricken with apoplexy during the night.

A contemporary contains an advertisement of a dog for sale. Among the good points of the animal are these: "He will eat anything, and is very fond of children."—Observer.

The man must have spoken from experience who said, "An editor is a man who has the industry of a beaver, the instincts of a bee, and the patience of an ass."—The Christian Register.

It is comparatively easy under duty's lead to brace the will and go forward, dreading, but unflinching, to some large self-sacrifice; but harder far through sickness, as in health, through tire as well as rest, through the anxiety as through quiet of life, to be sure to lift a mere cup of water even to a brother's lips.—W. C. Gannett.

When Beau Nash was ill, the doctor asked him if he had followed his prescription. "No, doctor," said Nash. "If I had, I should have broken my neck; for I threw it out of the second story window."

The postmaster's boy and the professor's boy were playing together. A question of precedence arose; and the professor's boy exclaimed: "You ought to let me go first; my father's an A. M." "Huh," replied his companion, "that's nothing; my father's a P. M."—Harper's Young People.

## Glints of Wisdom: Helpful Sayings for Leisure Moments,

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

This newest publication of Colby & Rich is positively unique in the history of Spiritual Science literature. Mrs. Alice E. Livingston, a competent stenographer, attended three courses of twelve lectures each, delivered by W. J. Colville in Union Square Hall, New York. With full permission of the speaker, she took copious notes of the thirty-six addresses to which she listened, and from these reports compiled a valuable introductory handbook to the practical study of the great question of the relations forever existing between interior states and outward conditions. The terse, epigrammatic style of this tasteful volume of 120 pages, will surely commend it to the ever increasing multitude of persons vitally interested in this comprehensive theme. The book is divided into thirty-three short chapters, each one dealing with a distinct subject of thrilling interest. The workmanship is excellent, paper good, and print unusually clear. The retail price is only 50 cents, postpaid.

Now that W. J. Colville is in England, and his many friends in Boston and elsewhere are unable to attend his lectures, this newest and most concise of all his publications is sure to meet with instant and widespread recognition. The MS. has been revised and proof corrected by the author.

W. B. PARROT.

June 4, 1895.

## Card from Dr. Peebles.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:



### How Charles Rolfe of the Boston Globe Obtained New Health.

Up in the top story of *The Globe* building where the typesetting and other machines do everything but talk, says the *Boston Globe*, there is a pleasant-faced, clear-skinned, light-complexioned man of 52, who has been with *The Globe* ever since the birthday of that great paper. He is the night foreman of the composing room, and looks fully 15 years younger than he really is. His name is Mr. Charles Rolfe.

Nervous headaches that well nigh drove him to distraction first introduced him to Paine's celery compound. That was five years ago, and until that time he was one of the most pronounced opponents of prepared remedies to be found in the city.

Just how Paine's celery compound was first brought to his attention he does not remember, but it has done him so much good that the compound has no more enthusiastic champion living. He is as happy as any one in the enjoyment of good health could be, and for that happiness he gives full credit to Paine's celery compound. Read what he has to say about the medicine:

"I am always ready to recommend Paine's celery compound when I hear of a case similar to my own. Some five years ago I was suffering from headaches which were sometimes so severe during working hours of the night that I would clasp my hands over my head to 'hold the top on,' the pain being excruciating. These attacks would occur sometimes as often as three times a week. Sleep was out of the question, the pillow seeming but a block of wood.

"Just at the time I was suffering most I bought a bottle of Paine's celery compound, began at once to take it, and before a week had passed the headaches began to disappear. I felt almost a new man before the bottle was empty. I purchased more, and for two years kept it in the house for use whenever I felt a return of the old pains. It never failed in giving me relief. The other members of my family also began to take it—my wife for a feeling of general weakness, she being at that time much 'run down,' and never feeling well enough to perform the work of the home. Within a week she was, as she expressed it, 'as well as ever in her life,' and similar reports came from all our friends to whom we had recommended it.

"I feel confident that in nervous headaches and a 'run down' system the compound will be beneficial every time, if not a perfect cure. In some instances we have not only recommended it, but furnished it to very aged friends, and the effect of one bottle has seemed marvelous, one particular old friend of mine telling me that before one bottle had been used he 'felt at least ten years younger, and certainly had not felt as good for ten years.'

"During the last five years I have used a great many bottles of the compound—that is, in my home. I am positive that it is a sure cure for nervous headaches and a broken down feeling, especially in the case of elderly persons.

"There is one case in particular I call to mind, in which Paine's celery compound asserted its good qualities. We had a young married lady friend, who was nursing her four-months-old child, and found that she could not perform her household duties on account of the weak condition she seemed always to be in. On the recommendation of my wife and myself she took one bottle of the compound, and before two weeks had passed was able to do her own washing even, in addition to housework. About three bottles were used. I have yet to hear from any friend to whom I recommended it other than the most favorable results."

### MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

**Children's Progressive Lyceum** meets every Sunday morning in Red Men's Hall, 54 Tremont street, at 10 A. M. All welcome. Charles T. Wood, Conductor.

**The Ladies' Lyceum Union** meets every Wednesday. Business meeting at 4 P. M. Supper at 6. Entertainment in the evening.

**Eagle Hall, 616 Washington Street.**—Sundays at 11 A. M., 2 P. M. and 7 P. M.; also Wednesdays at 3 P. M. E. Tuttle, Conductor.

**Rathbone Hall, 694 Washington Street,** corner of Kneeland.—Spiritual meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M., 2 P. M. and 7 P. M. (7 P. M. meeting in Commercial Hall). Thursday at 2 P. M. N. P. Smith, Chairman.

**Elizian Hall, 820 Washington Street.**—Meetings are held every Sunday at 11 A. M., 2 P. M. and 7 P. M. Tuesday and Thursday at 2 P. M. and at 7 P. M. in ante-room; Friday at 2 P. M. and Saturday 7 P. M. W. L. Lathrop, Conductor.

**America Hall, 724 Washington Street.**—Meetings Sundays at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Good music, fine music. Eben Cobb, Conductor.

**Harmony Hall, 724 Washington Street, one flight.**—Sundays at 11 A. M., 2 P. M. Tuesday and Thursday, circles and meetings. At No. 616 Tremont street, Wednesdays and Fridays 3 P. M. Seating capacity, 100 persons. S. H. Nelke, Conductor.

**Society of Spiritual and Ethical Culture,** meetings Thursday evenings in Dwight Hall, 512 Tremont street. Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson, Conductor.

**Hawthorne Hall, 241 Tremont Street.**—United Spiritualists of America (Incorporated). Sundays, at 2 P. M. and 7 P. M. Mary C. Weston, President.

**FIRST SPIRITUAL TEMPLE, EXETER AND NEWBURY STREETS.**—On Sunday, June 2, W. J. Colville gave his farewell Sunday lecture in the afternoon. The music and flowers were very attractive, and the large audience paid the closest attention to an able and eloquent discourse on "Pentecostal Outpourings of the Spirit of Truth, Past, Present and to Come."

The lecturer said that no single event in history could be understood alone. Every experience which humanity undergoes prepares it for the next experience, to which it leads by a logical process, and what is true on the objective plane is even truer on the spiritual, for there is no way by which we can become conscious of and receptive to spiritual illumination except through an orderly process of growth and development.

The feast of Pentecost among the Jews has always been celebrated in commemoration of the giving of the law from Sinai. Tradition says that three thousand four hundred years have elapsed since the Decalogue was first known as a complete code of legislation. Be this as it may, there are certain striking features pertaining to a great spiritual outpouring which are invariably the same; it becomes us, therefore, to note the order in which a revelation is made, and seek to understand the science of it.

In the first place it is evident that some one individual, or at most a few exceptionally fearless and consecrated workers for humanity, receive tokens of a higher spiritual ministry than the rest are ready to receive, and even for those who are in readiness to receive the new light, it comes with something of a shock at first, though it is ultimately a still, small voice within the spirit. When Jesus promised his disciples that he would send them the Paraclete, and would reappear to them himself in a spiritual manner, after having finally withdrawn his physical presence from among them, he strictly counseled them to dwell together in peace and unity, confidently awaiting the coming of the illuminator, and the record says that ten days after the ascension, when Jerusalem was covered with a mixed multitude, representing many nationalities, the Holy Spirit led the illiterate Galileans to converse intelligently in various tongues, thus proving to the world that their knowledge was not derived through outward training.

The inner, or figurative, rendering of this story, is far more important than its letter, as it is greater by far to be so inspired as to adapt the message of truth to diverse human necessities, than merely to converse fluently in foreign languages.

Many Christian denominations are now making special efforts to accomplish the reunion of Christendom; and vain though all attempts may be to formulate a creed to which all may subscribe, such propositions as those of William Stead looking toward a "Civic Church" will undoubtedly bear abundant fruit in the not distant future.

It is not on the basis of belief, but on that of loving co-operative service, that the union of religious people can be based; and religion, rightly understood, is so much more a question of practical philanthropy than of creed and ceremonial, that though the widest differences may prevail on matters of belief and speculation, unity and harmony there can be on the great essentials of peace and good will to all men.

If Spiritualism is to-day to do its best work, and fulfill the greater mission which is in

store for it, those who seek to promulgate its glorious philosophy must temper their intense individualism with coöperative, fraternal ambition. To be thoroughly individualized so as to do one's own special work well—know one's own place and keep it—this is essential to true success; for those who speak one language do not necessarily speak another, though all are so spoken by the entire band of teachers that no class of persons is left outside the pale of efficient ministry.

But while we individually rejoice in our distinctive missions, let us be so solicitous for the general good that we seek heartily to further all good work, whether done by us or others, recognizing the unity of the unseen directing impulse, though we cannot but acknowledge great variety in outward interpretations of the one universal message. The spirit of truth is perfect, boundless, but our individual interpretations of it are and ever must be limited.

Let each one, therefore, resolve to do his own work well and wisely, leaving the result to that all-perfect law of compensation which awards every thought, word and deed with unerring fidelity to equity.

A beautiful poem ended the services.

The farewell exercises in the Temple occurred Tuesday, June 4, at 8 P. M. A report will appear next week; also of the farewell at 105 Munroe street the previous evening, June 3.

**THE HELPING HAND SOCIETY.**—J. B. Hatch writes—held its memorial service Wednesday, May 29, at Gould Hall, 3 Boylston place. In the afternoon it held the regular business meeting and election of officers, reelecting the old board.

The ladies served a Strawberry Tea at six o'clock to one of the largest parties that they have had this season.

In the evening the hall was crowded, and the Society furnished a fine service, consisting of speaking, reading and music by the following: Mrs. N. J. Willis, Miss Lucette Webster and C. W. Sullivan.

Mrs. M. T. Longley spoke of the friends who had passed on, and said that she was glad that the custom of memorial day had come to stay among the Spiritualists.

Master Charlie Hatch rendered a violin solo with good effect; Miss Louisa Hill read; Miss Etta Willis, daughter of Mrs. N. J. Willis, recited an original poem; remarks were made by Mrs. Alice S. Waterhouse; Mrs. E. O. Tetrault of Lynn gave a very fine musical séance; placing a banjo under a desk and sitting with her hands upon the desk, the invisibles played the accompaniment upon the banjo to any tune whistled or sang by any one in the audience. She also answered mental questions. This was done in the light, and was very satisfactory.

The Longley Quartet gave several selections during the evening. Miss Ellen Burnett and Mrs. Mary Lovering acted as accompanists.

The hall was very tastefully decorated with flowers. One of the most pleasing features of the evening was the presentation of a bouquet to Mrs. Wm. Boyce by Miss Lucette Webster from the Society.

**THE FIRST SPIRITUALIST LADIES' AID SOCIETY.**—Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y, writes—held its business meeting at 241 Tremont street, Friday, May 31, Mrs. A. E. Barnes, President, presiding.

The evening's entertainment consisted of singing by the Longley Quartet, an invocation by Mrs. Longley, followed with some stirring remarks by Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse. Mrs. Weston read a selection, "Adam and Eve," which was well received; Mrs. Hurford gave a vocal selection; Mrs. N. J. Willis voiced some choice thoughts, and Mrs. Wildes gave communications. The services closed with singing "Auld Lang Syne."

This closes our meetings for this season, and we wish to thank all who have so generously aided us to make it a success. We find we have added a small amount to our treasury, notwithstanding the many calls that have been made upon us for aid.

The Ladies' Aid will always assist those in distress, and at this meeting voted to send our mite to help Will A. Sheldon of Florida in his contest. We hope all societies will show the same interest, and help the Cause wherever it is assailed.

**AMERICA HALL.**—A correspondent writes: We enjoyed a fine circle on Sunday morning last, and many and varied phases of spirit power were given through the mediums present. A high order of talent was present, both afternoon and evening.

The following speakers and mediums took part: Eben Cobb, Mrs. Abby N. Burnham, Dr. C. Huot, David Brown, Mrs. A. P. McKenna, Mrs. A. Porrester, Mrs. A. Howe, Mrs. E. J. Peak, Miss Lamphere, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. R. Robertson, Miss L. E. Smith, Mrs. F. E. Bird, Mrs. S. E. Cunningham, Mr. Hardy, Rev. Mr. Healy, Mr. Lamphere, Mrs. Alice Waterhouse, Mrs. M. A. Chandler.

Music by Prof. Peak, Mrs. Peak, Mrs. Lovering, Mr. Huxley and Mr. Baxter.

BANNER OF LIGHT on sale.

**EAGLE HALL.**—Hartwell writes: Wednesday afternoon, May 29, Dr. C. E. Huot, E. H. Tuttle, Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Huot, Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Knowles gave remarks, tests and readings.

Sunday, June 2, the morning circle was large. Afternoon and evening meetings were successful. Mrs. J. E. Woods, Mrs. C. H. Clarke, Mrs. J. W. Hill, Mrs. F. Stratton, E. H. Tuttle gave remarks, tests and readings. The music consisted of songs by Little Eddie; piano solo, H. C. Grimes.

We were pleased to have with us Mrs. Nellie Carlton, who is slowly improving in health. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale each session.

**RATHBONE HALL.**—"N. P. S." writes: Thursday, May 30, 2:45, on account of Memorial Day exercises, no meeting was held.

Meetings will continue all summer in Commercial Hall, Sunday, 11 A. M., 2:30 and 7:30 P. M., and every Thursday at 2:45 P. M. in the same hall.

**Commercial Hall.**—Sunday, June 2, 11 A. M. and 2:30 P. M., Mrs. A. Woodbury, N. P. Smith, Mrs. J. Friedrich, Mrs. Jennie Hill, Mrs. Alexis Heath, gave readings and tests. Mr. William Thompson contributed a selected poem, with remarks. Mr. John Winslow and Mr. George Stacy made remarks.

7:30 P. M., Mrs. C. H. Clarke, remarks and

### My Blood

Became overheated, causing pimples all over me, developing into large and painful eruptions.



Mrs. Caroline H. Fuller  
Londonderry, Vt.

Sores, the worst on my ankle. I could not step. Soon after I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the sores healed, and two bottles entirely cured me and gave me renewed strength and health.

Mrs. C. H. FULLER, Londonderry, Vermont.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures**

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness.

readings; Mrs. A. Woodbury, N. P. Smith, readings; "Little Eddie" sang several solos. Mrs. A. E. Perkins, pianist.

**HARMONY HALL.**—James Higgins writes: Last Tuesday's circle was a success.

Thursday's meeting was very well attended. Questions from the audience were explained by the chairman, Mr. S. H. Nelke, to the full satisfaction of the large audience. The tests were fine. Mr. Gammage, from Portland, Me., took part.

Sunday's developing circle was a great assistance to all present. The 2:30 and 7:30 sessions were opened by Mr. Nelke, speaking on questions given by the audience. Tests were given by all the mediums present.

Those who assisted were: Mrs. J. A. Woods, Mr. W. B. Wood, Mrs. Cunningham, Miss Gilleland, Mr. Davis, Mr. Martin, Mr. Thompson, Mr. J. Milton White, Mrs. C. H. Clarke, Mrs. Fredericks, Mrs. Bellows of Brockton, Mrs. A. Woodbury and others.

Miss Sadie B. Lamb furnished the vocal and instrumental music. "Little Eddie" sang.

Our dear BANNER OF LIGHT is a great guide and educator at this hall, especially to investigators, even as one said: "My Bible." Is also for sale at S. H. Nelke's, 616 Tremont street.

**HIAWATHA HALL, 241 Tremont street.**—A special correspondent writes: The Sunday afternoon service, June 2, opened with singing by the Jenkins Quartet and invocation by Mrs. Erwin. Remarks and tests were given by J. T. Coombs, David Brown and Mrs. C. A. Smith; singing by the choir; psychometric reading by Harry Hursey and tests by Mr. Towser; excellent remarks by Miss M. F. Wheeler, under control; closing benediction by Dr. Blackden.

Evening Service opened with singing; invocation by chaplain, Miss M. F. Wheeler; Mrs. Thomas gave platform tests; remarks and readings by Mrs. J. Wilson Hill; essay by the President; psychometric reading by Miss Wheeler.

Mr. Martin conducted afternoon and evening meetings. Closed by singing and benediction by Mrs. M. C. Weston.

### For Dyspepsia

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. T. H. ANDREWS, late of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "A wonderful remedy which gave me most gratifying results in the worst forms of dyspepsia."

### RHODE ISLAND.

**PROVIDENCE.**—May S. Pepper, Cor. Sec'y, writes: The Providence Spiritual Society had its annual election of officers Sunday afternoon.

S. Z. Fales, who has been our efficient treasurer four years, was unanimously elected President, May S. Pepper, Vice President, Sarah D. C. Ames, Secretary, Isaac Potter, Treasurer, May S. Pepper, Cor. Sec'y.

A vote of thanks was extended the retiring officers for their remarkable success the past season, leaving the society free from debt and a fund in our treasury.

With the united efforts of our new officers, we intend making this the banner year of our society.

Evening conference, remarks by our Vice-President, May S. Pepper, on "Our Duty as Spiritualists," followed by Mrs. Haines, Mr. Dunkee, Mrs. Fields; remarks and tests by our prince of test mediums, Joseph D. Stiles.

All speakers and mediums wishing engagements, address May S. Pepper, 51 Pearl street, Providence, R. I.

[After this account was put in type we received from Sarah D. C. Ames, Sec'y, a report which is mainly covered by the above.—Ed.]

**Testimonial.**—A correspondent sends us a copy of the *Evening Bulletin*, from which the following is condensed: The People's Progressive Spiritualist Association held two services Sunday, June 2, to show appreciation toward Dr. F. H. Roscoe and wife. Mrs. C. M. Whipple of Providence presided afternoon and evening. Remarks and tests by Mrs. William S. Butler, Mrs. Ida E. Downing of Boston, Mrs. Nellie F. Burbeck of Plymouth, Mass., and Dr. F. H. Roscoe of Providence. The singing by Miss Amanda Bailey of Salem, Mass., Mr. Leslie of Boston, Mr. W. D. Evans of Providence, Miss Hunter of Providence, Little Ada of Providence, and Miss Gertrude Laidlaw of Providence, was of the highest order. Miss Mary Cooper recited a poem, written for the occasion by Joseph Cooper. Prof. Josselyn presided at the piano. William Tinkham provided plants and flowers.

# READ THIS!

## THEN ACT.

### A GRAND OPPORTUNITY Never Before Offered

Of securing, ABSOLUTELY FREE, your choice from our Extensive Collection of works treating on the

Spiritual Philosophy,  
Astrology,  
Theosophy,  
Mesmerism,  
Psychology,  
Hygiene,

And kindred subjects.

Being desirous of largely extending the circulation of the *Banner of Light*, the publishers of that paper have decided to make the following offer for a limited time: We offer to any subscriber who is now receiving the *Banner of Light*, for every new yearly subscriber which he or she will secure and send us, accompanied by the full yearly subscription price, \$2.50, the privilege of selecting any books or pamphlets from among those advertised by us, either in *The Banner* or our Catalogues, to the amount of \$1.25—one-half the price of the subscription; and for every new six months' subscriber whose name they will send, accompanied by \$1.25, we will allow them to select books or pamphlets to the amount of 50 cents.

We prefer to supply these books or pamphlets at the time the names are sent in, but if any of our subscribers desire to wait until they have secured a number of new names before making their selections, they can send us the names and addresses as fast as they obtain the subscribers, and we will give them orders for the amount of books to which they are entitled, good for any time within three months of the date of the order.

**Our patrons will please notice that the above offer is NOT in the nature of a premium to new subscribers, BUT AN INDUCEMENT TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS FOR SECURING NEW ONES.**

Any new subscriber to *The Banner*, upon receiving the first copy of the paper, becomes at once fully entitled to receive the benefits which we offer above for any new subscribers which he or she can secure for the paper.

This is a grand opportunity, never before offered, of securing absolutely your own choice of books or pamphlets without making any cash expenditure, and should be eagerly taken advantage of.

### Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

E. J. Bowtell spoke at Fraternity Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., May 26. Present address, 228 West 13th street, New York City.

Dr. Wm. F. Franks is at 224 West 50th street, New York City.

Dr. G. C. Beckwith-Ewell will open his engagement with the First Spiritualist Society of New York on the first Sunday in June.

### Fund for the Destitute Poor.

DONATION MONIES RECEIVED.

A. G. F., \$1.00; Miss M. L. Marble, 50 cents; Laura M. B. Porter, \$1.00; Mrs. O. M. North, \$2.50; Mrs. C. T. Manning, 50 cents; Sagoyewatha, \$1.00; Mary E. McQuinn, 50 cents; Mrs. M. M. Perkins, 50 cents; M. M. L., \$5.00.

Delays are dangerous. A dollar spent for Hood's Sarsaparilla now may prevent illness which will be expensive and hard to bear. Now is the time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, relieve constipation and assist digestion. 25c.

### Spiritualist Camp-Meetings for 1895.

The reader will find subjoined a partial list of the localities and time of sessions where these Convocations 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 the Managers will bear in mind the importance of freely circulating it among the visitors as fully as possible, and that the Platform Speakers will not fail to call attention to it as occasion may offer—thus co-operating in efforts to increase its circulation, thereby strengthening the hands of its publishers for the arduous work which the Cause demands of all its public advocates.

**Orion Lake, Mich.**—Thirteenth Annual Camp-Meeting will be held at Island Park, June 1 to June 17.

**Lake Pleasant, Mass.**—July 23 to Aug. 26.

**Sunapee Lake, N. H.**—Commences July 28, ends Sept. 1.

**Lake George, N. Y.**—Meetings begin first part of July, and continue until September.

**West Hidge, N. H.**—Sundays, July 14, 21, 28, Aug. 4.

**Queen City Park, Burlington, Vt.**—Opens July 28, closes Sept. 1.

**The Northwestern Spiritualist Camp-Meeting Association.**—Twin City Park, St. Paul, Minn., Sunday, June 30, continuing four Sundays.

**Maumee Valley Spiritualists' Camp, Ohio,** will open Aug. 3, and continue two weeks.

**Maple Dell, Mantua, O.**—July 25.

**Grand Lodge, Mich.**—July 20.

**Island Lake (near Detroit), Mich.**—Meetings begin July 25.

**Liberal, Mo.**—Aug. 26 to Sept. 8.

**Ocean Grove, Harwich Port, Mass.**—Camp-Meeting commences July 14, closes July 28.

**Fort Worth, Tex.**—is to have a State Camp-Meeting in September.

**Lake Hurdy, O.**—June 30 to Sept. 3, inclusive.

**Wassett Park, Mich.**—From Aug. 1 to Sept. 1.

[We shall be glad to hear from the Secretaries of other Camp-Meetings throughout the country (as to time, etc.)—as the announcements in this column are all printed free, as matters of reference for the benefit of THE BANNER'S readers.—Ed.]

### Readers Should be Supporters.

In 1891 Luther Colby published an editorial on this important and practical subject—the closing paragraph of which is here reproduced, with our unqualified endorsement:

"What shall be said of certain Spiritualists, so-called, who, while boasting that they number by the millions, and while proving as eager as ever to peruse weekly the thoroughly prepared pages of *THE BANNER*, decline to send in their subscriptions to it, borrow rather than buy it for reading, and practice every scheme of evasion possible to invent in order to get rid of supporting the paper on which they steadily rely, and whose disappearance they would unquestionably regret? IF THEY WANT A PAPER LIKE THE BANNER, IT IS THEIR DUTY TO SUPPORT IT."

### SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. J. A. S.

John Wm. Fletcher, No. 1534 Broadway, New York City, agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and all Spiritual and Occult Literature. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

J. J. Morse, 26 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.

Send for our Free Catalogue of Spiritual Books—it contains the finest assortment of spiritualistic works in the world.

What people say—those cured of Ills—  
I in praise of Wild Cucumber Pills,  
I saved little room for doubt that they  
I deserve the fame they boast to-day.  
I could business men extol them so  
I unless they do their merits know?  
I could women wish their words believed,  
I unless they truly were relieved.  
I men don't declare their ailments cured  
I before the fact is well assured;  
I especially when their distress  
I results from dismal Biliousness!  
I prepare the sequel now to hear:  
I in view of statements proven here;  
I at each one know, if he have ills,  
I he may be brighter, if he will,  
I solution: Wild Cucumber Pills.

Price 25c. box. Five boxes \$1.00.  
Ask your druggist for them; or send by mail on receipt of price by

S. WEBSTER & CO., 63 Warren Ave., Boston, May 25.

### DR. C. E. WATKINS'S LAXATIVE COFFEE.

Just What You Want.

It will cure Constipation, Liver and Kidney trouble. Sets, per lb., or 3 lbs. \$1.00. TRY IT. It is just what you require to cure Constipation. Send all orders to DR. C. E. WATKINS, Ayer, Mass. June 3.

### A Wonderful Offer.

By one of the greatest healers and diagnosticians living. Send three 2c. stamps, lock of hair, age, sex, and one symptom, and I will send you a complete and correct diagnosis of your case. Address: DR. W. F. LAY, Box 605, Leadville, Col. June 8.

### Restore Your Eyesight.

CATARACTS, Scars or Films, can be absorbed. Paralyzed Nerves restored. Diseased Eyes or Lids cured. A Home Treatment; "no risk." Hundreds convinced. Pamphlet free. THE EYE, Glens Falls, New York. June 8.

### A. C. DIXON ON SPIRITUALISM.

Pamphlet form, 5c. each. PAGAN & SON, Publishers, 327 Pearl Street, New York. June 8.

DR. CARPENTER, Eclectic and Magnetic Physician, 80 Berkeley street, Boston. 1w\* June 8.

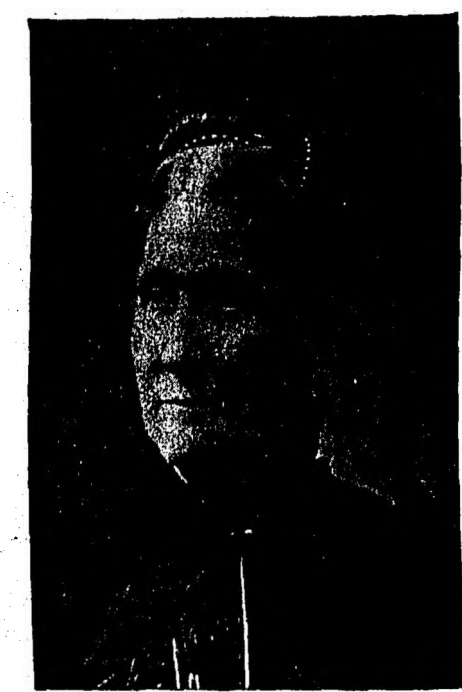
### Echoes from the World of



SPRIT Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE. The Spirit Messages published from week to week under the above heading are reported verbatim by Miss Ida K. FALWING, an expert stenographer. Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought and action—should be forwarded to this office by mail or left at our Counting Room for answer. It should also be distinctly understood in this connection that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of Truth as they perceive—no more. It is our earnest wish that those on the mundane sphere of life who recognize the published messages of their spirit-friends on this page, from time to time, will verify them by personally informing us of the fact of publication. As our spirit visitors are very fond of flowers, it behooves the friends in earth-life, so disposed to place natural flowers up in our séance-table, the reasons for which were stated in our editorial columns of a recent date. Also, we are requested to state that all letters of inquiry, or otherwise, appearing in this Department, should be addressed to the undersigned. HENRY W. PITMAN, Chairman.

SPRIT-MESSAGES, GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Séance held Feb. 1, 1895—Continued from last issue.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

James H. Ewings.

How grand it is, Mr. Chairman, after you get out of the old house you dwell in here, to know you have got another house that will last you as long as you want it, and that no aches, no ills, no rheumatism, can find resting-place in. I think it's pretty good.

I want to tell you that once I was a poor man, going from place to place; and yet I've no memory but what people treated me fairly well—you know what that means.

I was told by a good man that if I would come here and speak I would progress and be happier in spirit.

I went out in Bismarck, Dak. There was one person there, and he's there yet, Jacob Olson, who was good to me.

I was there when Gen. Custer was sent over. He was a good man; he had a good heart. I've seen him many a time on the earth-plane, and he used to say to me sometimes, "We must keep the good-will of the Indians, and not abuse them, and it will be the better for us." Well, what did they do to him after his trying to keep their good-will? But there's something before that; the white folks didn't treat the red men right, or they wouldn't have done as they did.

[To the Chairman:] I wouldn't have been here to-day, but I was advised to come, and I would progress in spirit faster. I hope I have not intruded, sir. [Not at all.] It is very kind of you people here to let us come, and you do n't know the amount of good you are doing. I was talking not long ago with a spirit from Brainerd, Minn., and he said he'd give everything if he could come into communication with his people. I'll try to get him to come here, and perhaps he will.

I don't want to forget to give my name, because somebody will want to know about me. I'm James H. Ewings. They used to call me Jim.

Alice Dearborn.

[To the Chairman:] Please, sir, I want to talk to you. [You are welcome.]

Oh! what lovely flowers you have here! There are three vases filled with white flowers—spirit-flowers—and these right in the center are white roses, and there are no thorns on them.

You never knew me, did you? [I do n't know. What is your name?]

[At this point the manner of the controlling spirit changed, as she continued speaking, from that of a little child to that of a young girl, and finally to that of a mature woman. The change was gradual, and most beautiful in effect.—REPORTER.]

Now I can come as an older girl. I was small when I passed into the spiritual realms, and when I return on to the earth-plane to take control of a medial organism, I am obliged to personate myself at first as I was when here, a child. Now I change a little more, and manifest to you as I am in spirit, for I have grown in stature, and been educated more perfectly than I could have been here.

I would say to my mortal friends, not to scorn to learn of a little child. In many homes the going hence of a little child has been the means of letting in light and knowledge concerning spiritual things.

I know dear papa and mamma often think, "Oh! why did they sweep the house of our loved?" Mamma, I have learned that it was right that I should go. I am not the little Alice I was then, for I have grown to womanhood in the spirit-world.

Cousin Albert Grantman stands beside me, and wishes to be remembered to his people, too.

Dear Aunt Hattie, I know your spirit has felt sad and crushed since Albert left you. Could you see how happy we all are in the spirit-world, it would make your heart much lighter. Albert has often said to me, "Alice, you have been a teacher to me," because I have been an inhabitant of the spirit-land longer than he has.

Now, papa, I want to say a word to you. I am not your baby girl now, for I am a woman grown, but the filial affection I had then has increased with the years of seeming separation, and I look anxiously forward to the time when you and mamma will join us.

Dear mamma, it was kind in you to give the

advice to Nellie that you did, and her mother will ever bless you for what you have done, and are doing.

Uncle Will, when you are tired and troubled, look higher; I do think with you all that it is about time Charlie should try to come into communion with us as well as you.

Grandfather and Grandmother Rowell are here. Grandfather Dearborn is here also. He was a doctor.

When we come here to speak, many of our friends in spirit-life gather about us to listen to our words, and to send a short message by us, if we can voice it for them. We are more grateful than we can express for the privilege of coming here to send our messages of love and consolation to our friends on earth.

Dear mother, Dr. Howarth sends warm greetings to you, and asks to be remembered to all. He says he will watch over you, and be with you often when you are not able to communicate with him.

Dear Grandma, but a little while, a few years, and you will come to join the happy number. We are pleasantly situated in our homes, which are houses as tangible and real to us as your buildings here are to you. May you realize our presence, and may it bring you a peaceful influence, is the desire of our hearts as we visit you daily; and when the time shall come for you to put on your spiritual garments we shall come to meet you, and we shall greet you warmly.

I am Alice R. Dearborn. My people live in Amesbury, Mass. It is many years since I passed on.

Robert J. Campbell.

Good morning, Mr. Chairman. [Good-morning.] I have been requested mentally a great many times to speak here by some of my earthly friends, and father, mother and Lizzie have on several occasions said, "Robert, we think you can communicate better than we can, and we wish you would try to give a message, so that Atwood, Marion, Susie and Luella may know we live—we are together—and that we can visit them." My brother and sisters are scattered; they are not living in the same towns, but we can easily and quickly go from one to another. Sometime ago I was close beside you, Albert, and I knew you realized that some of us were present, but you could not be sure just who.

When I passed out of this life I had no idea of what lay beyond. It looked pretty dark to me, and seemed pretty hard to go out of this life a young man. My father and mother brought me up to accept the teachings of the Church, but, like many other boys, I clung to the material.

I was in Lynn a good while, but my home was in Windham, N. H. I was in Lynn because my brother Atwood was.

When father and mother passed over, it was as dark to them as to me. Do not misunderstand me, and think I mean to say it was all darkness when we entered the spirit-world, for it was beautiful and light, and people were going about here and there, intent on carrying out their own plans; but we were in darkness in regard to a true idea of the conditions of life beyond. Oh! life in the spirit-land is indeed beautiful, and I have never for a moment wished myself back here.

I know my sister Marion, who lived in Worcester, will read what I have said here, but it will seem impossible to her to think that we, whom she thinks of as dead, can come and speak as I do to-day. I never was used to speaking in public, and that will be another point with her difficult to settle.

Susie, you will be glad to know "Robbie" can come. As I speak of you here to-day a great joy is in my heart to think we shall all dwell together again, and it won't be for a little while, but forever. I don't like this breaking up of the home circle. It seemed terrible to me; but it is all passed, and they tell us we must not live in the past, but in the present.

I remember hearing Uncle Sam and Uncle John Carr talking over matters, but, being a boy, it did not interest me.

Robert J. Campbell.

Artemus L. Ford.

Speaking in a material sense, Mr. Chairman, I have come a long distance to gain an opportunity to send a message to my friends.

It is many years since they said of me that death had come to claim its own. They were greatly mistaken, for I found life—life eternal—and loved ones who had passed on before came to greet me warmly.

It seems strange to me that in these days of enlightenment death, so-called, is so much dreaded, as if it were not the portal through which the freed spirit passed to its loved and dear in a brighter and happier sphere.

I am not here to find fault; oh! no; it is only a thought that has arisen here since I began speaking.

When I was a mortal I myself did not know that after the death of the body I could return to earth and speak in this way. My religious teachings were good, but they were imbued with church creeds and dogmas which held me back a little when I ought to have advanced.

As I am speaking, dear Aunt Jerusha comes forward and says: "Do not forget to name me with the others."

Changes are continually occurring here on the earth-plane; many have been made since I passed on. Harriet has come to join the happy number, and I was pleased to greet her.

In Opelousas, La., a few yet dwell who will remember me.

I did not go out as a soldier, but I was knowing to the horrors of that cruel war, for there were very few families on either side that did not feel its iron hand; as citizens we dwelt in fear, not knowing when we were safe, but trusting that God would watch and protect his children.

I am Artemus L. Ford. I am very glad of this opportunity to speak, and thank you kindly, Mr. Chairman, for listening so patiently to my words.

Annie Louise McIntyre.

[To the Chairman:] Please may I come? [Certainly.] Don't you know me? [I don't know whether I do or not, for I can't see you.] Is this New York? [No; this is Boston.] Oh! I come with Aunt Mary Ann; that's how I got here.

I go to school, and Miss Alice Cary is my teacher. She's a lovely lady.

We have sweet, beautiful flowers in the Summer-Land.

Gran'ma is here to day in the meetin'.

I want you to tell my mamma that I have Lulu Smith to play with. She lived some place in New York. I'm with her a good many times.

[To the Chairman:] Do you know where the ferry is where you go to Jersey City from New York? [Yes.] So do I.

Oh! I'm so glad I could come here. I'm An-

nie Louise McIntyre, an' I lived in New York City.

Don't you forget to say I have lovely kitties an' doggies, an' there are beautiful flowers right near that we get to carry to school. I guess I be seven next birthday.

[Delivered May 24, and published in advance by request.]

George Storer.

Warm greetings do I bring to all humanity, but to my father first.

My father, you are going the downward road of the hill, but you are supported, fully supported by us from the other life, and all the old-time workers that hold the band around so firmly; so go on, hold fast to what you have, and gain all you can, which I know you are ready and willing to distribute to others.

Because you have found the truth, you do not hide your light under a bushel; but, father, I find that the threads are breaking little by little, and as the time approaches for old Onset there are many cares and responsibilities that will come upon you. But you will not be working alone; many of those old-time workers will be with you, helping to guide you, helping to support you, and you will be cared for. But be a little more tender, be a little better to yourself, and not give out so much of your force to others.

Mother, I know you have not forgotten your boy George. A tender feeling do you hold toward all, each one of us as we visit you, here in the good city of Boston. Also when you go to the camps you are never alone. I ask that you will try to be tender with yourself, with the old house you live in, which has seen the frosts of many winters and the heat of many summers. You are cared for, you are protected by the good angels, by the good people you have once walked with in the city, and those that you have come in contact with at the camps, in old Onset, and Lake Pleasant, and many other places where you have been wont to go.

Father, not only your name will live here many years, but your works shall follow you—the good deeds that have been done through you, but in all you do we give the credit to the higher, uplifted spirits, the higher intelligences that have worked through your organism, and have voiced many a tender thought.

Oh! mortals, be tender with each other, be sympathetic with your mediums, for they are our wires, the same as they are yours; they are the wires that lead to communication. I would ask the question, How would you come into communication with us if you had no true mediums? God, in his infinite wisdom, gave unto them the talents. Some make good use of them; some make very little use; but we must don the silken garment of charity, and then we shall be more sympathetic.

Father, I should be a poor scholar if I had not learned now. Never a day passes but we visit you. Dear Grandma Storer speaks, and says to give her love.

We ask that you may all drink out of that great fount of wisdom, that you may know more of the laws that govern us as we come to you.

George Storer. Dr. H. B. Storer is my father, and I am proud to say so.

Spirit Messages.

The following messages from individual spirits have been received (according to dates) at THE BANNER CIRCLES, through the mediumship of Mrs. B. F. SMITH; they will appear in due order on our sixth page.

Feb. 8.—Henry R. Sherman; Eben Cox; Mrs. Thomas S. Simmons; John Wm. La Croix; Anna Huntington; Beattie Newton; Herbert P. Damon; Alex. Vogtle; Alec Clark. Feb. 16.—Prof. H. B. Hackett; Eliza A. Blood; John H. Seares; Cutting Pettengill, Jr.; John E. R. nken; Thaddeus Harrison; Mark J. Jones; Evelyn Hardy. Feb. 21.—Henry T. Davis; Myra John son; Benjamin T. T.; David Waterhouse; David Truff; Rosie Miles; James Le-favor; Mary Isabelle Fox; Hiram Abbott; Nellie Olsen. March 1.—Jacob Smith; John Riddle; Adeline Bishop; James M. Palmer; George Folsom; James H. Matthews; Lot tie L. Johnson; George Folsom; Geo. L. Bliths. May 24.—Roswell O. Pratt; Ella Smith; Levi Rogers; Fisher M. Clark; Adeline Jackson; John Cosgrove; Linole Leland; Ida Louise Merriam; Caroline Marshall. May 31.—Frank Buchanan; Sarah Bidwell; Joseph Dillingham; Gertrude Greenleaf; Joseph H. Livingston; Judge Charles S. Bradley; Harriet E. Fuller; Hannah Ramsden; Jessie Stewart.

The list of promised messages having grown somewhat lengthy, we forbear to continuously repeat the names so often published; but these communications—here unmentioned—will appear in their order as to time.

PROGRESS.

Let there be many windows to your soul, That all the glory of the universe May beautify it. Not the narrow pane Of one poor creed can catch the radiant rays That shine from countless sources. Tear away The veil of superstition. Let the light Pour through fair windows broad as Truth itself, As high as God.

Sweep up the debris of decaying faiths: Sweep down the cobwebs of worn-out beliefs, And throw your soul wide open to the light Of reason and of Knowledge. Tune your ear To all the wordless music of the stars And to the voice of Nature, and your heart Shall tune to truth and goodness, as the plant Turns to the sun. A thousand unseen hands Reach down to help you to their peace-crowned heights.

And all the forces of the firmament Shall fortify your strength. Be not afraid To thrust aside half-truths, and grasp the whole.

ELLA WHEELER.

The Crucifixion of Jesus.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I N the issue of your paper for May 4, you copy from The Boston Post remarks of Prof. Wiggins, claiming to identify the date of the crucifixion of Jesus with the eclipse of the sun, March 19, A. D. 33. This conjunction of the crucifixion with an eclipse of the sun he thinks furnished a natural astronomical cause for the "darkness over all the land" from the sixth until the ninth hour.

Unfortunately for the Professor's theory there are several astronomical and historical facts which will not harmonize with it. They are these:

1. An eclipse of the sun can only take place at the time of the new moon.
2. The Jewish Passover was not celebrated at the new moon, but at the full moon, fourteen days later than the new moon.
3. Jesus was crucified on the day after the Passover, or the fifteenth day of the month Nisan. The Hebrew month Abib, or Nisan, was a lunar month. It corresponded to parts of our March and April. It began at the new moon in March, and ended at the new moon of April.

The Passover was on the fourteenth day of the month (see Exodus xii: 1-20), or at the full moon. Jesus ate the Passover with his disciples on the evening of the fourteenth of Nisan. He was arrested during the night, and crucified at the third hour the next day, the fifteenth.

As the crucifixion was at the full moon, an eclipse of the sun on that day was impossible. Some other cause of the "darkness" phenomenon, astronomical or otherwise, will have to be sought for.

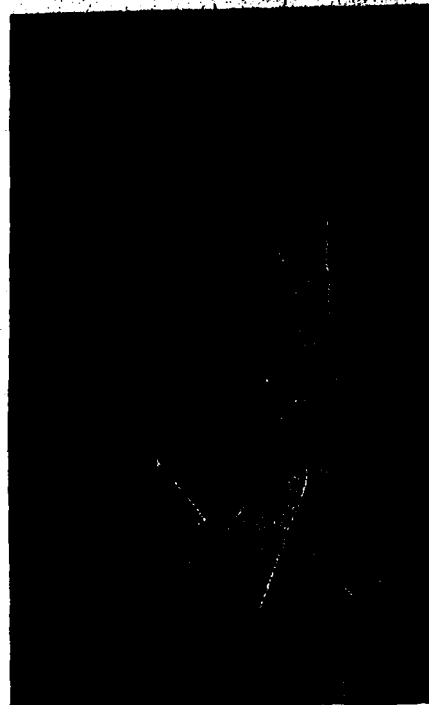
If the crucifixion took place in A. D. 33, and if there was an eclipse of the sun on the nineteenth of March of that year, then this astronomical event would determine the exact date of the crucifixion. The Passover was fourteen days after the eclipse, on the second of April. The date of the crucifixion would then be April 3, A. D. 33.

Yours truly, THEO. L. PITTS.

Niagara Falls Centre, Ont., Can.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By F. W. Davis, Boston.] Of late I have noticed that when I stand in front of my mirror I am over-hadwed, or in a haze, which stands out at least one-half or three-quarters of an inch from my body. It stands at that distance from me, with my overcoat on. Upon removing my overcoat the haze or fog remains, and so on down to my bare skin as I remove my clothing. I am completely enveloped in this silvery vapor, which is of my exact shape of form. I am told that the human "aura" is colored (red, blue, green, black), and that it extends sometimes many feet from the person. Will you tell me what it is that I see—since it is not my "aura"? Is it my spiritual body?

ANS.—We consider that the questioner takes far too limited a view of the colors of the human aura, and if he has been told that it is only to be observed in the four colors he has mentioned, he has been completely misinformed, as all true clairvoyants of large experience are conscious of seeing auric emanations at different times, of all varieties of color, from perfect white to black, and of all forms, from the most beautiful to the most hideous, according to the moral and mental conditions of the individuals from whom the auric exudations proceed.

Our questioner undoubtedly sees his own auric effluence, and the inference is very complimentary to himself, if it appears as a silvery vapor, though a golden light betokens higher development.

A silvery aura frequently surrounds children, very young and innocent people, those whose motives are strictly honorable, but does not denote a very high degree of individual power, or ability to stand alone, unless from out the silvery background radiant streams of color are seen to emanate. However, any aura (except black) which is strong and distinct, regardless of its color, evinces considerable ability in some direction.

Silvery vapor is decidedly suggestive of a mediumistic nature, highly sensitive, and quite capable of developing into a very useful psychometrist.

The significance of colors can readily be traced by carefully considering their prominence and persistence in nature.

A few suggestive examples may, however, interest many readers. White which shows no color but itself betokens innocence. White from which flashes forth varying colors at intervals shows a pure nature highly unfolded on the road to adepthood. Red always proceeds from a strongly affectionate, ardent and intense nature; the quality of the dominant affection or desire, and the direction in which the powerful will is set is determined by the brightness or dullness of the color.

Yellow is always indicative of love of knowledge and thirst for it; if the quest is for the highest information, and the object of search is benevolent, the golden light is intensely bright; if mere curiosity or inquisitiveness dictates the search, the yellow color is dull and sullied.

Blue always signifies restfulness and tranquillity; it accompanies people who are quite settled in their convictions and have a love of home as well as an ability to create homelike conditions anywhere.

The brightness or deadness of the color is in this and all other cases an indication of the presence or lack of spirituality in the thought-sphere of the one who generates the aura. Green is always significant of the love of externals, and also betokens new growths and incipient developments. Brown is emblematic of quiet motherliness, and often accompanies a silent, introspective nature, in which the seeds of new discoveries and inventions are taking root and germinating. Black is always a sign of negation and disease, and typifies nothing but emptiness and shadow.

The aura of any person must resemble himself, and when it assumes on special occasions, as it often does, characteristic and peculiar shapes, it is showing forth the special mental states through which its creator is then passing. Only in very rare instances do people see their own spiritual bodies, and then usually in times of great distress or danger.

The sight of the auric emanation in the human shape is, however, very common, and will become more so as people turn their attention unceasingly in psychical directions.

Q.—[By Alfred Rumford, Hartford, Conn.] If the planets exert an influence upon our lives, to what extent is it possible to change an unfortunate nativity through the will power?

A.—There are in truth no unfortunate nati-vities, and it is the province of candid and intelligent students of Astrology to-day, to entirely sweep away the numberless medieval accretions of the pessimistic sort, which make as-trology unpopular and liable to produce depression among sensitives.

Astrology, when properly taught, simply explains what special lines of action, places of abode, etc., are most conducive to the welfare of the native whose figure is set up. An individual horoscope reveals the character and suggests the destiny whenever it has been rightly calculated.

To think of any nativity as unfortunate, is a mistake, and it is the rightful province of will-power to determine to make the best possible use of the advantages and even the seeming obstacles which arise in one's path, whatever that path may be.

The great use of will-power is not to change the lawful course of human destiny, but to so act in any given circumstances (granted some are trying) as to convert or transmute the so-called drawbacks into blessings.

The discipline of life is that we transform a seeming curse into a very palpable blessing.

and to do this one has to hold steadfastly to the affirmation, all is good.

Astrology does point out when and where we can achieve our greatest successes; it does, in the absence of direct intuition, inform us of the moves we had best make, and thus by heeding warnings, and following discreet counsel, we can turn impending disasters into certain blessings.

The vital question always is, how do you meet what comes to you, for it is of little matter what comes in comparison with the spirit in which one meets whatever may come. Just so soon as any one has learned to vibrate harmoniously with whatever approaches him, he has learned to practice the art of the proverbial wise man who rules his stars, which really means ruling within one's self whatever corresponds to a special influence approaching from without.

The best attitude for us all to take is—I will make good use of all that comes to me; all my experiences shall conduce to my own good, and the benefit of all with whom I am associated.

A Timely Hint.

Thousands already know Adamson's Botanic Cough Balm as the best and surest remedy for all Throat and Lung Diseases. We want other thousands to be convinced. A trial bottle costs ten cents; larger ones 35 and 75 cents. Sold by all Druggists.

Dr. Bland's Lecture on Man.

As previously announced in the BANNER OF LIGHT, Dr. T. A. Bland gave a lecture in the Spiritual Temple, Newbury and Exeter streets, Boston, Monday evening, May 27, on "The Origin, Nature, Duty and Destiny of Man." It is a comprehensive subject, and the Doctor handled it in an able and eloquent manner.

He said: Man is a child of the planet on which he lives. When Teumecah said, "The earth is my mother; I will repose upon her bosom," he gave utterance to a great truth. So did the Assyrian scribe who wrote the legend of creation, so long regarded as a divine revelation, when he said: "God created man out of the dust of the earth."

This planet is a living thing, not a mass of dead matter. When it was born of the sun, and began its career as a ball of fire-mist, it involved in its constitution everything which has since been or ever will be evolved from it. Only that can come out of a thing through evolution which is involved in it.

Infinite life is the life of the infinite universe, and this infinite universe of which this planet is a part, throbs with the pulse-beat of infinite life. In it is involved all the life, all the intelligence, all the power, all the love, all the consciousness of every sort which we conceive of when we speak the word "God."

Pope expressed but a half truth in the sentence: "All are but parts of one stupendous whole, Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

A greater than Pope, Spinoza, uttered the full truth, when he said: "There is but one fact in existence, and that fact I choose to call God." Spinoza is in line with Paul, who defined God as a being "in which we live and move and have our being."

Man is in the image of God, is a child of God; yes, man is the epitome of the universe. In him exists in finite degree every attribute of God. In man's constitution is involved every God-like quality.

Man is the latest-born child of earth, the youngest son and daughter of God, hence he inherits the wealth of all past life. The past was, that he might be. Save man, there is not a thing or being born on the planet worthy to represent the ultimate expression of infinite wisdom. That the genus homo might be brought forth was the universe planned. All mineral, all vegetable expressions of life, every embodiment of vital energy found in insect, bird or beast, was a prophecy of and a preparation for man.

What is man? I answer: Man is an immortal spirit, who builds for himself a physical body through the laws of vital chemistry, that he may come into relation with and knowledge of the physical phenomena of the planet on which he lives. Through his organs and instruments of sight, he sees. The physical eyes do not see; the perceptive organs of the brain do not see. The retina of the eye is simply a sensitive plate on which pictures of things are made, as their shadows fall upon it, and through the marvelous mechanism of the organs of perception the man sees the picture, and gets an intelligent idea of the thing which casts the shadow.

This wonderful being, man, has a picture gallery in his brain, immediately above the perceptive organs, in which every picture is kept. This picture gallery is the organ of memory, rather the organs of memory, for it is a series of galleries, each containing a certain class of pictures.

I am now on the second part of my subject, "The nature of man." But so far I have described only faculties which are common to brute and man. Above the organs of memory lie the organs of reason, and still higher in the head lie the organs of moral sense. Through the development of his moral organs man becomes conscious of the principles of justice, humanity, brotherhood. I repeat, man is the ultimate of earth, and heir of immortality.

But grand as were his possibilities, man began his career on a plane but little above the plane of the brute. He was a naked savage. He had but little intellect, and no moral consciousness. He then killed his brother man with as small thought of wrong as he now slays the brute, and ate his carcass with as perfect freedom from remorse.

With increased intellectual consciousness he saw the unwisdom of cannibalism. His economic sense told him that to enslave his fellow-men, and live in idleness and luxury on the products of their unrequited toil, would be far better policy than to kill and eat them. He had arisen out of the condition of absolute savagery into that of barbarism.

With the dawn of moral consciousness came perceptions of the principle of justice, the idea that other men possessed rights which he was bound to respect. The development of this idea through the increasing unfoldment of moral consciousness marks the progress of man toward civilization, and complete civilization is possible only when the moral consciousness of man is perfect in its expression. To the civilized man—and there are civilized men on the planet now—justice is a vital principle, which governs his conduct in all his relations with his fellows. "He loves his neighbor as himself." The author of the command, "Love thy neighbor as thyself" was a civilized man, and in adding the sublime sentence, "Love your enemies, and return good for evil," he proved himself a prophet of a civilization higher, truer, grander than has yet been realized, save by the great moral headlands of humanity. To reach this altruistic attitude is to obey another command of the prophet of Nazareth, which has come down to us in the legends justly called sacred: "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." Is such perfection possible? Yes, if my premises are correct, it is possible.

If it is true that in man's constitution is involved every element, principle, attribute of God, of Nature, of the planet, of the universe, it is possible. And to do this, constitute the chief duty of man. In my thought God is an infinite man, man a finite God. The two are one in essential character.

Can all men reach perfection? Yes, all, because all have in them all the elements of the divine human nature, for human nature is divine. The prodigal is no less a son than the prudent brother, and every prodigal will in time, or in eternity, come to himself, come to a consciousness of his birthright of manhood, his kinship with the Divine, and his splendid patrimony of immortal life and eternal happiness.

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# Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1896.

## Spirit Phenomena.

Experiences of the Editor of the Port Huron, Mich., Times; Supplement to the first article on this subject; The Only Solution, acceptance of the Phenomena as what they assume to be.

(Condensed from the Times of May 25.)

In the Times of May 4, I published a report of certain remarkable spirit manifestations which had occurred in the course of my investigations, but as the occurrences reported in the former article on "Spirit Phenomena" have attracted considerable attention, and as some theories have been put forward to explain them as the production of collusion and trickery, it has seemed to me proper and just to all concerned, to make this supplementary publication.

First, let it be observed that the sealed letter given me by the friend who sought an answer to it, reported in the previous article, was intended for inquiry through a medium in Detroit, whom I expected to visit with Mr. J. B. McIlwain, who was to make a stenographic report of all that was said. This letter had never left my pocket, and I had forgotten that it was there, nevertheless its exact language was given me by Mrs. Anna Robinson's "control," as reported by Willie. Either this letter was read clairvoyantly by Willie's spirit intelligence, or by the spirit "Alice," or by Mrs. Robinson, or else my friend was base enough to communicate its contents to Mrs. Robinson, from whom no answer was sought or expected. This latter theory I reject as foul slander.

And as regards the coat writing: Either it was just what it purported to be, or else Mrs. Robinson must have conspired with some one to break into my house, enter my private clothes closet, take from it my coat, and write on it with some chemical preparation which faded out within twelve hours. This insinuation I also reject as base slander. Indeed, such a performance would be almost beyond the range of possibility. A peculiarity of this writing which has not been heretofore mentioned was this: While it was fresh, and within fifteen minutes after the coat had been taken from the closet, my son Fred and myself could only see it at a certain angle of the light, while Mr. Sherman and Mrs. Fred Sherman could see it at any angle. This was doubtless due to some peculiarity of physical vision in Fred and myself; but it stands as a positive proof of the fact that the writing must have been occult, or if done by physical means, that very peculiar chemicals must have been used.

Spirit chemistry has as solid a foundation upon scientific facts as physical chemistry; but its details are as little understood at the present time as were the facts of physical chemistry, before Priestley's discovery of oxygen, in 1774. Before another half century has passed spirit chemistry will have taken its place among the demonstrated and positive sciences.

Half a century ago the man who would have ventured to suggest that the voice of a man speaking on the shore of Lake Michigan could be heard and recognized on the Atlantic coast would have been laughed to scorn. The same fate would have befallen the man who might have ventured the assertion that the music of a hand could be transferred to a little cylinder of wax, and repeated through a diaphragm of metal smaller than the palm of a man's hand. And yet this wonder is a fact to-day.

Out of at least fifty "tests" which have been given me during the past two months, most of them without the asking, I will detail a few, supplementary to the previous report. I do not seek to involve those whom I mention as witnesses of these phenomena, in acceptance of the truths or theories of occult or spirit manifestations. I name them as witnesses of specific facts only.

Mr. George A. Ashpole, city editor of the Times, desired to make a test, and I suggested to him that he fix his mind upon some occurrence at his own home, asking (mentally) Willie to witness it. Also that if it was put in the form of a question it might be well to write it out and carry the paper on which it was written in his pocket. At a sitting I had with Mrs. Robinson on Monday, May 6, I asked this question:

"Willie, did you go to Mr. Ashpole's and find out what he was waiting you to tell me?"

The answer was to this effect, the language being given as near as I can remember it:

"Papa, if you undertake to get answers to all the questions those who do not believe in spirit-life may ask, you will not have time to do anything else. I come to you and mamma in my own home, where I have always lived, I go to Fred's, and I go to see Edith, but I have no right to go into anybody else's house. I have proved to you and to mamma that your Willie is still with you, and that is all I care for."

Afterward Mr. Ashpole's question was answered through a medium in Detroit (under the following circumstances):

On Saturday, May 11, J. B. McIlwain, Mrs. Sherman and myself went to Detroit. A sitting with Mrs. C—, a trance medium, had been arranged for by Mr. W. J. Hunsaker, editor of the Detroit Journal, for 10:30 o'clock in the morning, without giving her any hint of who her sitter was to be. Mr. McIlwain was introduced simply as a stenographer, and took his seat in a corner of the room, Mrs. Sherman and myself sitting near the medium. During this sitting Willie was reported as saying:

"Papa, I wrote my name on your coat, but I did not do it alone, Alice (Mrs. Robinson's control) helped me. I could not have written it if the coat had hung in the closet a long time after you took it off. It would have lost its magnetism. And if you had looked on the wall back of the coat when you took it down, you would have found my name written there too."

At a later period during this sitting Mr. McIlwain asked if Willie could give an answer to a question he had in mind. He also handed a folded sheet of paper to the medium, whose eyes were closed and bandaged, saying the question was written upon it. Mrs. C— held it in her hand, and pressed it to her forehead for a short time, but said she did not seem to be able to read it. Shortly afterward she said, "Willie says tell that man over there that when he writes out his notes he will find his question answered."

After the sitting was over Mr. McIlwain handed me the slip upon which his question was written, and I found it to be as follows:

"Willie, did you write your name on your papa's coat?"

Mr. McIlwain did find his question perfectly answered when he wrote out his notes as above indicated.

At another time during this sitting Willie was reported as saying: "We do not need any bicycles here I am. I can go home and back just as quick as that; (the medium indicating the movement by extending her hand suddenly and then dropping it) but Mr. White did see me on my bicycle."

Mr. McIlwain said immediately: "That is a perfect answer to a question asked by a man in Port Huron." In further explanation he said the man who asked the question was Mr. Ashpole, who had shown it to him.

Upon returning home in the evening I told Mr. Ashpole what Willie had said, and he took from his pocket a slip of paper, and handed it to me, upon which was this writing: "Willie, did Mr. White see you on your bicycle the next day after you were drowned?"

Here, then, was a perfect answer through Mrs. C—, in Detroit, to the question Mr. Ashpole had written for answer through Mrs. Robinson, in Port Huron.

In the afternoon Mr. McIlwain and myself called upon Mr. S—, with whom an engagement had been made through Mr. Hunsaker, no hint being given of who the sitter was to be. We were an hour late, and found the waiting-room filled with callers. Mr. S— said he could not give us a sitting, but would talk with us a few minutes. We gave him no hint of who we were, and Mr. McIlwain was spoken of simply as a stenographer who had come to report for me. Mr. S—, after fixing his eyes for a few moments upon what appeared to be a vacancy, reported "a boy" present, and then de-

scribed Willie correctly, as he was dressed on the day he was drowned, and his personal appearance, even to a nick in one of his teeth, which had been entirely forgotten by myself. He said, shortly afterward, "The boy says McIlwain, over there, is doing well." A little later he said, "The boy is introducing me to you. He says, 'Mr. S—, this is my papa.' Mr. S—, this is Mr. McIlwain." And immediately afterward, "He says his papa's name is Sherman."

On or about the last day of April a friend, who was visiting in my family, reported to Mrs. Sherman that she had had a peculiar dream the night previous. She said: "I thought Willie came to me and brought with him a little boy much smaller than himself. He said, 'Tell papa Will.'"

At the sitting Mrs. Sherman and myself had with Mrs. Robinson, May 2, Willie was reported as saying to me: "Papa, I want you to see Will Chadwick and tell him his little boy was at our house with me the other night, and sent him this word: 'Tell papa Will.'"

The same afternoon I called upon Mr. Will R. Chadwick, at the Custom House. I found present in the room Mr. Chadwick, Mr. Sprinker and Mr. Mustard. Mr. Chadwick seemed to be expecting me, and stepped into the hall at my request. I asked him if a little boy of his had died recently who called him "Papa Will."

He replied that his little boy, who had died a year previously, called him "Papa Will." He added immediately, without waiting to hear what I had to say further, that he knew I was coming.

I asked him how he knew, and he replied that he could not tell how such impressions came to him, but they did come. He had received the impression that his little boy had been to my house of going to see me about it, but refrained from doing so because I would think it strange that he should make such an inquiry. Afterward he received the impression that I would come to see him about it. In further explanation, Mr. Chadwick said that ever since boyhood he had seen, or thought he had seen, spirit-forms about him, and had received impressions from them, but had never made any investigation of the subject or tried to develop the clairvoyant faculty.

During one of the sittings I had with Mrs. Robinson the control gave a personal description of a man with whom she said I had talked upon the subject of Spiritualism. I recognized the man described as General William Hart-uff, and said so. She replied that he was the man, and said: "There is a young lady here with a man's name (George) who says she is his daughter. There is also a man here who, she says, is her uncle. He has the same name (George) and was a military man. The young lady wishes to have you see her father and ask him about the circumstance (naming a specific incident) which connected her with her uncle during her lifetime."

The next day I saw General Hartuff, told him the incident, and asked if it had any significance to him. He replied that it did have, and that the incident referred to was one of the most notable of his life. It occurred sixteen years ago, while his daughter was living, but after the death of her uncle. It happened in his own home, and had always remained a family secret. He had no acquaintance with Mrs. Robinson, and was certain that no one outside of his own family had ever heard of the incident thus reported to me.

If all the facts and circumstances detailed were the results of collusion and trickery, a large number of very excellent people must have been in the conspiracy. Many of the circumstances, it will be acknowledged, could, by no possibility have been the results of collusion. There is, indeed, no reasonable, plausible or possible explanation of them, except that they were just what they claimed to be—communications from individual intelligences consciously existing in spirit-life, and possessing spiritual attributes. The evidence is cumulative and conclusive.

As a matter of fact, those who deny the truth of hypnotic, psychic and spirit phenomena, in these days, exhibit their ignorance. They occupy the same position that a man would occupy who might allege that a communication by telephone between Port Huron and Detroit was not and could not be a fact, but that all such alleged communications were the results of collusion and trickery, put up beforehand.

And a word regarding the "mediums" whom so many people represent or believe to be dishonest schemers, seeking only to fill their pockets without honest labor. During the past two months I have met ten of these terrible people. Three of them have given tests before the Detroit Society for Psychic Research without compensation. With two of these three I subsequently had private sittings. One of them took the usual fee of one dollar, and the other refused to take any fee, because I was an investigator for truth's sake. Of the other seven, three refused to take pay, one asked nothing, but kept the money I put into his hand, without looking at it, one I offered nothing, and the other two charged me one dollar each. In my investigations thus far I have not discovered any mediums who seemed to be rolling in wealth or who appeared desirous of robbing me. On the contrary, without exception, they have seemed much more anxious to give me genuine and satisfactory manifestations than to get any money from me whatever.

Mediums, as a rule, are not especially wise or shrewd people, so far as physical intellect goes. They are mainly "machines" in their mediumship, and it is much easier for other persons of strong will to influence them and impose upon them than it is for them to impose upon their sitters. Indeed, the "smart alecks" who boast of their ability to "show up" trance mediums, clairvoyants, mind-readers, and other sensitive through whom psychic and spirit phenomena are developed, only show their lack of comprehension and ignorance of the basic truths of psychic science by their operations. It is usually the conceited "exposers" who are the "frauds," and not the mediums. I do not here refer to physical manifestations, to which I have as yet given but little study.

L. A. SHERMAN.

## A Farewell Word to Many Friends and Reply to Numerous Correspondents.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I know you will permit me through your ever open columns to say to all who are interested in my movements that I shall be on the ocean before these words appear in print.

I have found myself absolutely compelled to pay a flying visit to England. Letters addressed care of Light, 2 Adelphi street, London, W. C., are sure to reach me within the next six weeks; I expect to return to America immediately. I have transacted my business in England, and to fill engagements at Onset (commencing Aug. 7), Cassadaga and Lake Brady, so as to disappoint no one to whom I have pledged my services.

My work in the Eastern States is done, as I am compelled to be in California early in October, at the latest, and desire to thank societies and friends in Los Angeles and other places, for their genial, hearty offers to me of very promising engagements on the lecture platform, some at least of which I hope to accept.

The earliest date for which I can make any terms is Sunday, Oct. 6.

All letters addressed to me care BANNER OF LIGHT are sure to reach me, and I beg to say that I shall endeavor to attend faithfully to the Questions and Answers department, regardless of where I may be traveling.

Thanking multitudes of kind friends for innumerable kindnesses, I remain, your friend always, W. J. COLVILLE.

## Convention in Vermont.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The June Convention of the Vermont Association of Spiritualists will be held at Ludlow, Vt., June 21, 22, 23. In addition to the State speakers, the managers have engaged Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes of Boston, and Joseph D. Stiles of Waymouth, Mass. A. W. C.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla requires smaller doses, and is more effective, than other blood medicines.

## MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

Adelphi Hall, 222 Street, between Broadway and 4th Avenue.—The Ethical Spiritualists' Society meets each Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. Helen Temple, Brooklyn, speaker.

St. Paul's Episcopal Church, 114 West 14th Street.—Every Saturday, 5 P. M. Seventh year. Prominent local and visiting speakers and mediums. Good music, live topics and stirring tests. J. F. Snipes, President, is Broadway.

The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings in Carnegie Music Hall Building, between 56th and 57th streets, on Seventh Avenue, entrance on 57th street, where the BANNER OF LIGHT can be had. Services Sundays, 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Afternoon meetings for facts and phenomena at 2 P. M. Henry J. Newton, President.

Soul Communion Meeting on Friday of each week, 7 P. M.—doors close at 24—at 330 West 26th street. Mrs. Mary O. Morrell, Conductor.

CARNEGIE HALL.—"M. A. N." writes: For a few days past the temperature in this city has not been contented to remain very long in the nineties, but has galloped away long, ambitious to reach the one hundred mark, and so on, and on: Therefore churches and halls and all places where our good people are wont to congregate on the Sabbath have seen some vacant seats.

Nevertheless, to-day, June 2, a goodly audience greeted Dr. Ewell. He has been devoting several months to Denver, Col., and finds there a good field for spiritual work. He came East expressly to fill his engagement with our society, made a year ago. He is an earnest and sincere worker in the cause of Spiritualism. His morning discourse was on the old yet ever new subject of "Spiritualism: Ancient and Modern." At the termination of his very interesting remarks, he read from the list of papers with psychometric readings from articles laid upon the table—and closed the exercises of the morning with a beautiful inspirational poem, improvised upon the following subjects given by the audience, and blended into one poem: "Prosperity," "Homeward Bound," "My Angel Mother," "Absent Ones."

The afternoon meeting was devoted almost entirely to psychometric readings and tests given by Mr. Franks of Boston, Dr. Ewell and Mr. Jules Wallace. Dr. Henry Slade being in the audience, was called upon by the presiding officer to say "How do you do?" to his old New York friends, and expressed in a very feeling manner his thankfulness for the kind words that had been spoken in his behalf by Dr. Ewell and others.

Dr. Slade is now located at the house of Mrs. Stoddard-Gray, where he will be very glad to receive any who wish to witness his phase of mediumship, which I understand is more powerful than ever before.

Dr. Ewell will be with us two more Sundays. Our meetings will then close for the summer.

## MEETINGS IN BROOKLYN.

The Progressive Spiritual Association, Amphion Theatre Building, Bedford Avenue, opposite South Tenth street. Meetings Sunday evenings, 8 o'clock. Good speakers and mediums. Mrs. M. Evans, President.

Spiritual Meetings are held in Mrs. Dr. Blake's parlors, 1024 Bedford Avenue near DeKalb Avenue, every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

The Advance Spiritual Conference meets every Saturday evening in Single Tax Hall, 1183 Bedford Avenue. Good speakers and mediums; always in attendance. Seats free. All welcome. Herbert L. Whitney, Chairman; Emily B. Ruggles, Sec'y.

The Woman's Progressive Union will hold its usual Friday night meetings at Robertson Hall, 182 Gates Avenue. Miss Irene Mason, General Secretary.

Psychical Society, Jackson Hall, 315 Fulton street, Monday, 8 P. M. Prominent speakers and mediums. Augusta Chambers, President.

Fraternity Hall, 889 Bedford Avenue, near Myrtle Avenue.—Meetings Sunday at 3 and 8 P. M. J. Edward Bartlett, Medium and Conductor. Other mediums regularly provided.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION.—Mrs. M. Evans, President, writes: Our regular spiritual meetings Sunday evenings, in the Amphion Theatre Building, Brooklyn, E. D., evince such strong proof of growth that we feel it our duty to continue our meetings through the heat of summer.

We have been favored by having with us Edward Forman, a phenomenal medium, this being his first appearance in public, giving full names, incidents and dates with startling accuracy.

## MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

LYNN.—T. H. B. James writes: Spiritual science at 130 Market street Tuesday evening. Fine selections by Prof. E. F. Pierce; Mrs. D. Dowland presided; remarks on Spiritual Phenomena and Mediumship; Mrs. D. M. Tetrault, musical séance; Dr. Wm. F. Franks of Boston, remarks; readings, tests and communications all satisfactory; Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler rendered fine selections; remarks, tests and messages all said to be correct.

The Spiritualists of Lynn held very interesting services in Clerk's Hall, 33 Summer street, Sunday, June 2, at 2:30 P. M. Services opened with service of song, led by Prof. Pierce. Mrs. D. M. Tetrault was introduced as the first medium. Wonderful manifestations by spirit hands or power on the banjo were convincing to all. Capt. Jonas Balcom followed with remarks on "Spiritual Manifestations," giving his experience with all phases of mediumship.

At 7:30 song service and selections by Prof. Pierce. Mrs. Dr. M. K. Dowland gave an able address on desire for knowledge for that which is to be in the future, and thought-expression. Mrs. D. M. Tetrault followed with one of her musical séances. Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler, remarks, sang a fine selection under control, and gave readings and messages from spirit-friends.

The Spiritualists will continue their meetings through June at 7:30 only.

All mediums are invited Sunday evening, June 16. Rev. Edward Fales and Rev. Mr. Keys of Winthrop will occupy the platform.

WORCESTER.—Mrs. D. M. Lowe, Cor. Sec'y, writes: Our platform was occupied Sunday, June 2, by Edgar W. Emerson, who will also be the speaker for June 9.

The Woman's Auxiliary will meet on Friday afternoon, June 7, at the residence of Mrs. Prince, 71 Portland street.

Supper and social as usual.

ONSET.—Mary E. Thompson writes: The Children's Progressive Lyceum closed May 26 in a pleasant and successful manner, under the superintendence of Miss Ella Lewis—Miss Edna Nye, Musical Director; they both received a vote of thanks from the Lyceum.

GREENWICH.—A report of proceedings of Spiritual Society in Greenwich has been received from Mrs. Juliette Yeaw, and will appear in next issue.

## CONNECTICUT.

NORWICH.—Mrs. Chapman writes: Since the close of the regular lecture season of the Spiritual Union, Sunday evening services have been held at the home of Mr. S. A. and Mrs. J. A. Chapman, 21 Fairmount street. Joseph D. Stiles opened the series May 12, doing splendid work. The remaining Sundays of May, and June 2, Mrs. Alice Wilkins of Boston, musical and test medium, has been with us. The attendance has been very encouraging, and we feel that some good will crown our efforts.

Next Sunday Dr. Geo. A. Fuller of Worcester will speak for us.

## W. J. Colville's Work.

On Sunday evening, June 2, W. J. Colville lectured to an overflowing audience on "The Use of Our Experiences." It was a practical and touching farewell address, full of comfort and help to all who are striving to make their lives more useful, and not feel handicapped by regrets for past mistakes.

On Monday, June 3, at 3 P. M., W. J. Colville conducted closing exercises at 18 Huntington Avenue, answering a number of questions bearing on Spiritual Science and Philosophy, the answers to which have been reported for BANNER Questions and Answers.

W. J. Colville lectured in Abington, Mass., Monday, May 26, at 8 P. M., to three hundred people, in Pythian Hall. Subjects for lecture and poem were chosen by the audience. The meeting produced an excellent feeling in the community.

His lectures in Hartford, May 27 to June 1, at Unity Hall, were very successful, and largely attended.

## Memorial Service.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society held its Memorial Service Sunday, May 20, at 241 Tremont street. The hall was beautifully decorated with flags and flowers, and the pictures of the veteran workers in the Cause similarly adorned.

The exercises opened at 2:45 P. M. with singing by the Longley Quartet, after which Mrs. Longley gave the invocation. Mrs. Barnes, our President, then welcomed all, mortals and spirits, to our Society, and said, truly it was only the Spiritualist who really knew that "the golden gates are left ajar."

Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse made earnest remarks. Her mind traveled back to 1861, when the President of the Ladies' Aid said she hoped the time would come when we could have Memorial Day celebrated with singing, music, flowers and appropriate addresses for the day, so as to allure the spirits here to cheer and comfort us, and now to-day we see her desire fulfilled.

Mrs. M. A. Brown read a memorial poem, written by Mrs. Morse, a member.

After a song by the quartet, J. Clegg Wright was introduced, and said: This meeting is to call back to our memories the friends and members of this society who have passed away—a meeting that requires the best feelings. We love those the best whom we know the best; it is difficult to love without knowledge; we cannot love bad people. When we love that which is low, it is because our moral conception is low. This society has a history of the people who have been and are its members; this society works for the good of others. The world cannot contain too many of these societies. I think woman is more philanthropic than man. She is the mother of the race. She works harder for the lines of human happiness. She has been made the slave of ideas, to the benefit of the few, not to woman.

Those who leave our own little circle are the ones we want to see. For a great many years you have met, and have made a little family. Occasionally one or another drops out, and we say they have passed to the other side. It is all very well to say our friends are not dead. But we miss their presence; we want to see them. I think death is a tremendous thing; the mortal is at an end; it is another life, another sphere, and it is only by our knowledge of our friends, mediums say our loved ones are here; they are happy, and glad to see us; but our hearts yearn for more; we long to clasp them by the hand, but that is all nature can give us. By-and-by we will go to them, and there will be no separation. Forever together! What a grand thought, to go forward together, where the inferior will be helped by the superior.

You naturally think of father, mother and children—their memory is ever green. It is then we feel the tender ties that bind us. Death makes us kinder; man's cruelty is lessened by it. The greatest despot that ever rules remembers that he himself is mortal, and he reflects that when this life is over there is a reflex coming to us in the world to come; we must pay the penalty of our misdeeds. May the day soon come when we can behold the faces of the loved ones, when beside the great line of liberty and love, and over the great chasm of death, we can shake hands with our loved ones.

After a song by Mr. Longley, "Beautiful Flowers in Heaven," Mrs. M. A. Brown was controlled and read a poem.

Mr. J. B. Hatch, Sen., said that in his opinion Memorial Day is the best day in the year to enjoy Spiritualism. We know our loved ones live, and are constantly at our side. Spiritualism is blessed; it has taken away the sting of death. Let us teach our children true Spirituality, and we will then have no fear as to who will take our places in the time to come.

Mr. Albee then made a brief remark, followed by Mr. M. T. Dole, who read an article from the BANNER OF LIGHT, and urged all Spiritualists to watch the doings at the Legislature. He spoke in glowing terms of our martyred President, Lincoln.

Mr. Sullivan favored the audience with a song.

Remarks were made by Mrs. H. W. Cushman, and the afternoon services closed with singing "America."

In the evening the services opened with singing by the quartet.

Mrs. N. J. Willis was the first speaker, and said: As you all know, this is your Memorial Day, and while you gaze upon the pictured faces of the early workers, you must all remember they are not far away; they are here and give you greeting. While we mourn the boys in blue, let us not forget the boys in gray; we are all one family. We trust every Spiritualist realizes that this is not the all of life. "Old Glory" should be something more than a sentiment. Spiritualism has taught you that each and every one must climb his own ladder to life and liberty; no one can do it for you. Remember that Spirituality demands of you a pure life.

A reading by Mrs. Brown, "Don't Let the Old Veterans Suffer," after which she gave tests.

Then came a song by Mr. Longley, and Mrs. M. A. Chandler made brief remarks, after which she gave several communications from the loved workers.

Mrs. Longley was then introduced, and said: The day and its associations bring back many memories to me, as it has probably to many of you. I have a great fondness for the old soldiers, because I suppose I am the daughter of a patriot. I was brought up to honor the old flag, and so I have always thought how beautiful it is to have a Memorial Day, and to celebrate with flowers and music.

The common bond of sympathy, the greetings sent out at this time to each and every one, are a blessing to all mankind.

It was through the organization of the G. A. R. that Memorial Day was established, and so by degrees it has become universal to have a Memorial day for loved ones who have passed on.

I have been thinking how many Spiritualists have gone home in the last year; a great many, yet I do not think it necessary to mention them individually. I know that not one of them is forgotten. We know they are with us, helping us to celebrate this day; it is just as much a celebration to them as it is to us; we do not put our friends away; we know they have just gone home, and that they come to help us to bear the burdens of this life.

Mrs. Wildes was then controlled, and gave satisfactory communications. The service closed with song and benediction.

We wish to thank all who so kindly responded to the call for flowers, and all who participated on this occasion.

CARRIE L. HATCH, Sec'y.

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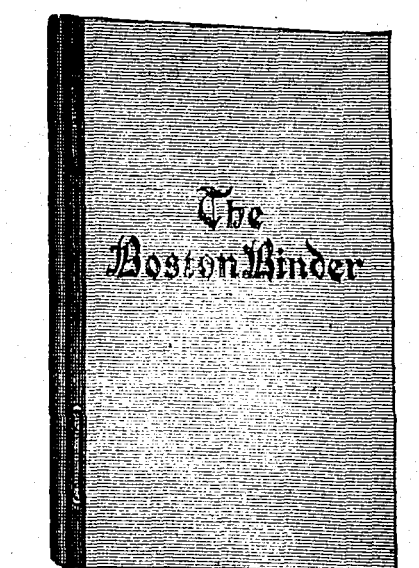
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