

# BANNER OF LIGHT.

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NO. 21.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
VESPER SONG.

Guardian-star of evening! Glowing  
With thy glory-founts overflowing,  
Circled, lit by the Divine;  
Mirror of the soul's emotion,  
Trembling like a summer ocean,  
With our spirits intertwine  
Till they gleam like thine—like thine!

Diamond sparkling orb! Suspended  
Palace lamp of Heaven most splendid!  
Ruby, amber, sapphire ray  
Light thy face with growing splendor  
As o'er earth thou watchest tender,  
Till the eastern smile of Day  
Shows a hope-paved, flower-arched way.

Star of Evening's coronation!  
Night's throne steps' illumination  
In a thousand rainbows pours  
Over mountain, valley, river,  
Till the earth is all quiver  
Like Heaven's million gloried shores,  
Rich with sympathy's blest stores.

Star-reflected Love supernal!  
From the Silence-dome eternal  
Fill our souls with holiest light  
Let thine angels, bending o'er us,  
Show Heaven's home sweet home before us  
Sanctifying the calm night—  
Making clear our spiritual sight.

Wondrous star-guide! Ever shining,  
Faith with Hope and Love combining,  
Lead us to the Great After;  
Lead us to the gates of Morning,  
Where the Infinite's adorning  
Centres in Love's golden bar;  
Lead us homeward, God-lit star!

Through our earth-days transitory,  
Lead us with thy bright rayed glory  
Faith-robbed, Hope-crowned, and Love-shod;  
Till, with thy spirit blending,  
We shall climb the Path—transcending  
All the paths our feet have trod—  
Drawing nearer Heaven and God!

DEVOTION.

Sydney, New South Wales.

## Original Essay.

### DO WE KNOW GOD?

BY FRANK E. HEALEY.

PART III.  
[Conclusion.]

LYING on my table are two books that are systematic discussions of theology. One book was written by the President of a New England college, and published in the year 1880. The other was written by the President of a well-known Western college, and published in the year 1892.

In referring to the creation of the earth the author of the earlier work uses language as follows: "With the rest of the material system, it was made of nothing."

The other writer says: "The finiteness and dependence of matter, its adaptiveness to the use of spiritual beings, prove it created." There are many people in the churches who believe with the D. D. that matter was created.

Only a short time ago, in conversation with one of the members of a church styling itself liberal, he surprised me by stating in a very emphatic manner, and as though settling the question, that "it is more rational to believe in the creation of matter out of nothing than to believe that matter has existed eternally."

If it is expected that such statements are going to be accepted, it is pertinent to ask for the reasons that form the basis on which they rest. What is involved in the creation theory? Does it make a demand that rationality can respond to? Can we believe it? Having the problem before us, let us honestly try to solve it.

To take the common view of the world's creation we must think of infinite space as empty, absolutely void. We must think of a personal God who dwells in this empty space, but by his presence adds nothing to make it less void. If the world were made from nothing, it is certain that God's existence did not furnish the material out of which they were fashioned. We must also think of God as infinite, that is, unlimited. But this forbids us to believe in his personality. The meaning of the word person does not permit us to apply it to the infinite.

The common thought is that God is an infinite spirit. The creeds say he is without body, parts or passions; in other words, he is nothing, and yet is supposed to possess mentality, plans a universe, wills matter into existence, makes laws for its government, and out of the created something a system of worlds is formed. If a person believes that all this is thinkable, let him try another problem before permitting himself to become dogmatic in maintaining his creation theory.

Let him conceive, as he can very easily, of a room ten feet square that is a vacuum. Having formed this mental picture, let him try to conceive of a hand, either of finite or infinite power, thrust into that void space and gathering out of nothing material from which to fashion something. That this can be done, is unthinkable.

I know of only one way in which theologians have ever attempted to push aside this conclusion and build a structure without foundation. That way is by saying: "With God all things are possible. We have come to a great mystery; it is inexplicable; but we must accept it." This statement contains two plain fallacies. Grant the knowledge of God supposed, and in the sense intended, with him all things are not possible. Neither is the making of something out of nothing a mystery. A mystery is not antagonistic to reason; it does not contradict our intellects, and it must not be confounded with things the mind necessarily rejects as absurdities.

A mysterious work is something we can think of as being done, though the process may be concealed and the method may be incomprehensible.

Enlarge the space I have supposed to ten miles square, or to ten million miles, or reduce it as many times, and the statement is brought no nearer within the range of mental possibility. No matter how minute or how vast the space, when we suppose it to be void and then say that it is a storehouse from which building material for minute form or mighty orb can be gathered, we are not giving expression to one of the deep mysteries of God that our minds are open to receive; we are uttering a palpable

contradiction, antagonizing reason and postulating an absurdity.

If out of nothing something cannot be made, or to put the thought into the language of an able modern writer, if a "thing cannot come from where it is not," the only conclusion possible is that the material out of which the world was formed has had existence from eternity. If it has existed from eternity, laws governing it have coexisted, and its formation into a world was in accordance with eternal law, or certain unvarying modes of manifestation.

The story of creation, that forms a part so important in theology, is a myth. The belief that laws are arbitrary enactments has no foundation in fact or reason.

The law of evolution is the law of the universe. Some of the steps in the evolutionary processes are: From germ cell to man. From tradition, myth and mythology to history. From Polytheism and gross forms of worship to Monotheism. From Anthropomorphism to spirit. From God a spirit to universal substance. From soul-saving to character-building.

This is the order in world-building, world-populating and world-saving. In the infinite ocean of power or life out of which all forms develop, we see no evidence of an intelligent, planning mind, and an executive will guided by wisdom. If we grant the planning mind, we have sure evidence of indifference, injustice and malignity.

Those who talk about finding a good God in nature, and of coming to a knowledge of him in his works, are either blind to many things nature exhibits, or they are not honest enough to disclose all the facts that they know exist. To teach of harmony and sympathy and love, or of justice even, using nature for a text-book from index to finis, many pages must be expunged. That this is so is unutterably sad, but that it is a truth is patent.

The fact that any person of fair intelligence can seriously claim to know God seems to me a profound mystery. I have yet to find the individual who can explain, in a rational way, how God may be known. I meet people, in plenty, who say that they know God from his revealed word, meaning the Bible, and through his work in creation. Many think they know him by intuition. But when of any one who makes such a claim I ask the question, *How do you know God?* no satisfactory answer is given. I apply the test, and all attempts to learn by what means and in what manner God can be known, utterly fail, simply from the fact that God is unknowable. The authority I am asked to accept is unquestionably of human origin, and fallible. I question my own intuitions, and they are silent. I go to others to profit by their intuitions, and am in a babel of discordant voices. Notwithstanding what men profess to know of God, I doubt that they have superior mental endowments or spiritual illumination.

When we survey our surroundings, looking out into space and taking note of the earth's environment of worlds and systems of worlds, and reason of origin and design, we are led naturally and inevitably to the conclusion that world-substance and force and law are eternal; and everywhere, from everlasting, has been life, potential in all things, conscious when the necessary degree of organization has been reached, self-conscious and intelligent in the highest form, man.

We must not try to conceive of God as a being apart from the universe, or an extrinsic power coming down upon it to control, creating by direct act, and governing by special legislation. In the evolution of thought, bearing with it the evolution of the God-idea, many have attained a broader outlook, and stand where they can conceive of God as spirit, coexistent with matter, and immanent, not a being who comes and goes, who can be repelled by an act of willful rejection, or brought near by entreaty, but the soul of things, the life of our lives, and the life of smallest plant and mightiest orb in space. A higher conception still, if we are to postulate God, is in the formula: God is the sum of all reality.

One writer in the New Testament seems to have caught a glimpse of this truth when he said that God was finally to be all in all. But Paul failed to see that if God was going to be all in all he must have been all in all from eternity.

When theology gives to God the attribute of omnipotence it states the same truth, yet from some parts of the universe it excludes him. But the omnipotent of necessity includes all and must be all. Coming to this point we are far beyond the theory—well nigh universal in the past—of creation by a personal Deity, and may put aside, once and forever, the common argument often formulated as follows: "Design indicates a Designer." "The creation necessitates belief in a Creator." "As the world is governed by law, there must be a Law giver."

Such utterances, though once regarded as unanswerable, are now known to express crude ideas that men of science have discarded, and that are fast becoming effete. The theological method of accounting for the world is old and worn, clumsy and mechanical. Theology has no better method of explaining life, duty and destination.

Man has not come from the dim past burdened with the guilt of an ancestor who forms the prominent figure in the story of creation. The story is a myth, the character is imaginary. He is not fettered by original sin, and wandering in a world that has been blighted by the breath of a divine malediction. He is not radically corrupt, and needs no salvation to transform his nature. He need not seek to be rescued from the power of an angry God, the iron hand of merciless justice, nor the terrors of a material hell. No golden ages lie behind him, no fall from perfect manhood has degraded him to a state of savagery; no brooding storm of vengeance gives him a hopeless outlook. His feet are on a path that ascends from the obscure lowlands lying far behind him. Along this common highway he has slowly come toward the uplands that lie invitingly before him. Beyond the point attained to day the path still ascends, and looking forward glimpses are caught of a beautiful country of bloom and sun and song, the gathering place of the immortals.

Man is not ruined in his nature, but he is imperfect, and needs a fuller and more accordant development. He is ignorant, and needs enlightenment. He is in error, and needs corrective discipline. In fact, his fundamental need is to be saved by the only kind of salvation worthy of a thought—that is, the building of a strong, harmonious character.

On the way over which the hosts of time are passing, many loiter, and many have fallen and are poor, and blind, and impotent. Their helplessness is an importunate prayer for aid. Aid can be given efficiently only by those who feel the tie of kinship, and are moved by the humanitarian spirit. Not by wordy appeals to a personal Deity, not by creating a whirlwind of excitement, in which the weak and the credulous will be blown out upon a turbulent sea of

fanaticism, not by causing people to cry out in fear, or the ecstasy of a fervent emotion, can a genuine work of salvation be effected, but by the inspiration of the spirit that fills the heart with an emotion of kind pity, tender sympathy and unflinching charity. This is the spirit that saves. It purifies all the springs of life, and gives patience under difficult conditions of effort. No religious body has monopolized this spirit, no church is its special depository, no class can claim to be peculiarly favored and distinguished by holding it in possession. Credal statements do not embody it, formal acts of worship are not modes of its manifestation.

When Manu, who lived twelve hundred years before the birth of Christ, said, "Return good for evil," he gave what he had knowledge of. It is found in the Buddhist Scriptures, in the Persian Zendavesta, in the writings of Confucius, Socrates, Plato and Aristotle. It blossomed in the life of Jesus, and diffused its fragrance through the epistles attributed to John the evangelist. In the poems of Tennyson and Longfellow, of Whittier and Holmes, and a host of writers, who through the ages have adorned literature and ennobled human life, this spirit shines like the sunlight when it kisses the hills, and a new day comes through the gateway of morning, and sings melodiously as the voices of spring time.

One day I, when wandering in the depths of a forest, upon the bank of a stream, came upon a thicket of beautiful fragrant wild roses. The perfume and the loveliness were inherent. The wild plants would have been no more charming had I removed them to a cultivated garden. As there is no conventional beauty in nature, so it is in the domain of morals. There is no conventional goodness.

The observance of a set of ceremonies established by some organized body of people confers no distinction to be desired, and is not the sign nor test of uncommon excellence. To think so is a strange fallacy, and often an impertinence. To be moved by declamation, or to assume bodily postures, cannot change the nature of a principle, nor transform the nature of a person. Conformity to outward acts establishes no new relation with any heavenly power, and furnishes no proof of favoritism under divine legislation. Simply to be good is to meet every requirement of law. Some environments and some methods are more helpful to this end than others, but when the end is reached it matters little who or what has been the moving cause to action. To become harmonious with self, accordant with our environment, is life's highest attainment. To enter into each new day strong, and noble, and spiritually sound, is not less important than to step behind the thin veil of materiality, having no need of healing.

## The Poetry of Spiritualism.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM has demanded and called into existence a new order of poetry, the triumphal song of life over death.

The "Elegy" of Gray has voiced the stifled cry of millions with its minor wail, its patient acceptance of the inevitable, the mournful contemplation of life, ending its fitful career of activity in the rest of the silent grave.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour—  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Longfellow at times arose above the clouds of grief, Bryant's "Thanatopsis" is a wail of autumn winds through the branches of leafless trees. The world-knowing genius of Shakespeare dealt with the disembodied dead as he did with mortals, and his ghost does no violence to the conception of the after-life as held by Spiritualists.

Every great religious movement has produced its representative poets, who have sung its praise or embodied its dogmas. Homer is said to have written the bible of the Greeks, and his beautiful myths, clothed in the splendid diction of simplicity, formed the foundation of Hellenic worship.

The Moslem points to the perfection of diction, the word-pictures, sparkling with life, the flights of poetic fancy, in the Koran, as unanswerable evidence of its divine source.

The Sagas of the Norsemen, the songs recounting deeds of gods and men, wild and weird as the barren fields with clifted bergs, breathe from every line the spirit of a hardy race.

Added to by every minstrel, retouched, embellished in long descent from tongue to tongue, until clear and crisp as though crystallized.

Christianity is no exception. The old Bible is a collection of primitive poems, and the new is pervaded by the same spirit. Its appeal is made to the feelings, and its inner sanctuary awakens the imagination by its mystery.

All the great epics depend on religion. The Iliad, the Æneid, the Inferno, Paradise Lost, and oftentimes these secondary inspirations, are received by the people with almost the reverence of holy books. All religions have also their writers of songs and hymns, devotional or lyric, less ambitious than the ponderous epic, yet, perhaps, more appreciated by the people who hear them sung by mothers as a lullaby at the cradle, and with sobbing accents at the grave.

Even the late development of agnosticism has called forth a group of poetic virtues, and has several books of hymns to be used at their meetings; but it must be confessed that these efforts have not been notably successful. There does not appear to be anything inspiring to the muse in the negations of materialism, and, however perfect in structure, the spirit of poetry is not present. The mention of "Watts's hymns" may bring a smile on the face of the critic, but Watts was far more of a poet than most of the agnostic writers.

Spiritualism, on the contrary, has the spirit of poetry in its very texture, and it has been the inspiration in all religions. The immortality of the human soul is one of the most exalted themes, and awakens the highest aspirations. If we are not creatures of a day, to perish into insensate dust at its close, but with eternity ahead of us, with possibilities of infinite progress, life has a new meaning, and every relation and condition has changed.

All true poets, even those who have written in most mournful numbers, are Spiritualists, and either openly or unguardedly have so expressed their belief.

Distorted by sad belief, the hymnologist of the past sang:

Hark! from the tombs a mournful sound;  
Mine ears attend the cry.

In what contrast the poet who said exultantly:

There is no death! The stars go down,  
To rise upon some fairer shore,  
And, bright in heaven's jeweled crown,  
They shine forevermore.  
But ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear, immortal spirits tread;



DR. C. E. WATKINS.

The famous physician and psychic, was born at Delaware, Delaware Co., O., some forty years ago. During his entire childhood he was gifted with clairvoyant powers, but in those days this gift was not understood or recognized by his parents. He could see in the dark as well as in the light. His parents were both

For all the boundless universe  
Is life—there are no dead!

It may be true, as leading Spiritualists believe, that writers, speakers, inventors, etc., are great in the ratio of their receptivity of spiritual influence. The sensitive condition of Tennyson when he wrote has been described by himself. He says: "Individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being; and this is not a compassed state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the sure, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality seeming no extinction, but the only true life." In "In Memoriam" he is crushed by grief, and the senses cry out in revolt. They cannot penetrate the clouds which conceal the spiritual life, yet after a prayer for the dead to come, he says:

Do we indeed desire the dead  
Should still be near us at our side?  
Is there no baseness we would hide?  
No lower virescence that we dread?

He concludes:  
Be near us when we climb or fall!  
Be watch, like God, the rolling hours  
With larger, other eyes than ours,  
To make allowance for us all.

Alice Cary, who early became convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, wrote in harmony with its belief. Of death she said:

When death shall come and disallow  
These rough and ugly masks we wear,  
I think that we shall be as now,  
Only more fair.

From almost its dawn Spiritualism had a worthy writer of verse in Lizzie Doten. She wrote as inspired, and the remarkable feature in her work is its evenness. She is at all times on the higher level, never on the mountain peak or in the valley. There is profound meaning in every line, and perfect finish. Her poems have had a wide sale, and continue in demand. Of late years she has only written too little.

Her style is shown in the following lines, when, perplexed with the problem "Is life worth the living?" by the couch of her dead friend she says:

I gently laid my hand upon that head—  
White with the snow the passing years had shed.  
"Was life worth living? Oh! my friend," I said,  
And, lo! as kindred souls in silence blend,  
He answered: "Be thou comforted, oh! friend,  
Life is worth living. Death is not the end;  
What was, and is, and evermore shall be,  
Enfolds us all in its eternity,  
And blessed, indeed, are those whom death makes free."

Many of her poems are well adapted for recitations, and have been repeatedly utilized.

One of the most polished writers of verse which the Cause of Spiritualism may claim is Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle. She began writing for the press when a mere school girl, and attention was at once called to her remarkable efforts. They have the pure lyric spirit, and as a music critic said of one of her songs set to music by an eminent composer: "The words sing themselves, and are more musical than the tune." She has been called the sweet singer of Spiritualism, and perhaps no poet has been read with more pleasure, and none has given songs more comforting to the various conflicting moods of the human heart. The secret of her power is that she has felt and feels every word she writes, and her poems altogether form the record of her life. She does not write for the jingle of the rhyme, though that is as faultless as Tennyson's, but for the sense, and her thoughts crystallize in the exact words, and the measure and rhyme seem to come without effort.

Her versatility and power were called out in the preparation of the "Lyceum Guide," the manual now used in all Spiritual Lyceums. For the entirely new order of work in these Sunday schools, with the new ideas and methods, there was scarcely anything in the old order that could be utilized. A few songs were written to familiar tunes, but new words conveying the spiritual theory and liberal views, with corresponding music, had to be written for the usual order of meetings, and for the various occasions, anniversaries, etc. The success of the book attests how well this was done. The selections we make from her four published volumes do not do justice to the versatility of her genius, but they will impress the reader with their lyrical strength, and justify Spiritualists in their claim that their poets are the equals of those of any other cause.

As a devotional song, or hymn, perhaps "The Unseen City" has achieved the widest circulation, being first published in sheet form, and has found a place in many church hymn books.

I think of a city I have not seen,  
Except in my hours of dreaming,  
Where the feet of mortals have never been  
To darken its soft, soft gleaming;  
A glimmer of pearl, and a glint of gold,  
And a breath from souls of roses;  
With glory and beauty all untold,  
Steal over my calm repose.

Chorus: As I dream, as I dream  
Of a city I have not seen.  
I think of that city, for oh, how oft  
My heart has been wrung at parting

strict and devout Methodists—his father being a prominent and influential member of that church, and one of the founders and liberal supporters of the Methodist Seminary located in that city: a man noted in those days for his kindness of heart, sterling integrity and great benevolence, beloved by all who knew him, and a first cousin to Hon. Wm. C. Howells, (father of W. D. Howells, America's great novelist, who was the author of the "Un discovered Country.") Strange how things happen in this world—as it has been proven in this case that the spirit world is no longer an undiscovered country, as has been demonstrated by the Doctor times without number during the past eighteen years.

After the usual life of childhood, the subject of this sketch entered Mt. Union College, at Alliance, O. After his college days he entered the office of his brother, J. W. Watkins, then chief clerk of the Motive Power Department of the C. C. & I. Railroad at Cleveland, O., and while a member of his brother's family his mediumship was developed. All know of his wonderful gifts, and of the thousands whom he converted to the truths of Spiritualism. It was through his mediumship that the Rev. Joseph Cook, the great Boston preacher, was convinced that "the pencil between the states did more without physical contact."

While exercising his mediumship Mr. Watkins took up the study of medicine, and graduated with honors. He then assisted in organizing the "Arena Publishing Company," of which he was General Manager and Secretary for two years—which position he resigned, and resumed his practice of medicine. He is, without doubt, a wonderfully successful physician, his books showing that during the year 1894 he cured ninety-one per cent. of his patients. When it is remembered that nearly all of his patients had been pronounced "incurable" by the old school doctors, this record is certainly remarkable, and borders on the marvelous.

With friends all pale, who with footfalls soft,  
To its airy heights were starting;  
I see them again in their raiment white,  
In the blue, blue distance dwelling;  
And I hear their praises in calm delight  
Come down on the breezes swelling.

That beautiful city is home to me,  
My loved ones are going thither,  
And they who already have crossed the sea  
Are calling, "Come hither, hither!"  
The tender eyes that I worshipped here,  
From the golden heights behind me,  
And their souls entrance my raptured ear  
When the wings of slumber fold me.

What a cheering assurance is given by the following to the wounded heart, mourning for the lost:

O, the cheering dreams we know  
As we toil along below,  
To the country where we shall  
Rest together, friends;  
Where the summer always stays,  
With her blossom-brightened days,  
And we need not face earth's stormy,  
Wet weather, friends.

More sad, yet equally gladsome, is the following:

The time will come, my darling, though I cannot tell  
The day,  
When the peace of perfect stillness will relieve this  
quivering lack;  
When the rocks on which I bruised me, in these sullen  
days of dole,  
Will be left among the shadows by the liberated soul.

We take the following poem as representative. The well-known and beloved D. D. Home in a critique pronounced it as "perfect," and the fastidious critic, Epes Sargent, said: "It is one of the choicest gems in American literature."

BEAUTIFUL CLARIBEL.  
Evening has launched out her white boat above me,  
Here in the shadows the flowers lie asleep,  
Angel of beauty, to-night, if you love me,  
Sail down to me through the hushed airy deep;  
Come from the headlands which gleam o'er the dark  
night.

Down o'er the billows atremble with starlight,  
Wearing the sanctified asphodel blossom,  
Plucked from the garden of God as your bosom.

Refrain:  
Sail down the airy sea whitely and silently;  
Sail down the airy sea, beautiful Claribel!  
Dearer than words can tell  
Thou art to me.

June lies asleep at God's feet in her flushing,  
Pure as the North snows, and warm as the South;  
Over her brow dew roses are blushing,  
Songs yet unsung shape the curves of her mouth.  
You are so wise you would know past mistaking,  
This is the earth where hearts grieve unto breaking,  
But you would dream it the outskirts of heaven,  
Save for the shadows that lie on the Even.

Refrain:  
When earth is desolate I would not call you  
Down to these lowlands from mansions of rest;  
Never a storm for my sake shall befall you,  
Never a sorrow sweep over your breast.  
I will not beken when hot tears are showering,  
I will not call when the dark storms are lowering,  
Time was when you had your measure of weeping,  
Dear soul, whose body lies silent and sleeping.  
Tell me if love is a passionless splendor  
Upon the amethyst mountains of time;  
Or is the old love eternal and tender,  
Life folding life in a sweetness sublime?  
You float at will over measureless spaces,  
I cannot climb up to God-lit heights; please,  
Come down to me from your lily-starred meadows,  
I will come up by-and-by from the shadows.

Refrain:  
Sail down the airy sea whitely and silently;  
Sail down the airy sea, beautiful Claribel!  
Dearer than words can tell  
Thou art to me.

The old fields of poetry have become barren. The varying phases of nature have been described as perfectly as they can be and human passions worn threadbare. New plots are as difficult to devise as new measures. The tinsel of war and mysteries of religion are taken for their true value. The adornments of ancient poetry, the blushing aurora, the dawn, the nymphs, the sweet presence of the gods in everything, have become the pleasing conceits of children. The poet of the past has sung his latest song of death. His wall of despair, crushed hopes, the ashes of joy, the eternal night of life, the grave as the final rest, have appalled the readers, as crape and mourning weeds cast a gloom over the feast. His words have been winged with music—slow, terrible and remorseless as fate—and the quivering heart has ceased its pulsations as the dirge rolled along the vaulted ceilings, like the groan of an agonized spirit, asking, "Is there no God but one of cruelty?"

The poet of the new dispensation must forget the old, must rise like the soaring lark, with full-throated gladness from the clouds of earth into the morning's light.—New York Recorder, July 14.

"THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE."—Minister's Son—"Father, is yours a long sermon to-day?" "No, Jimmy, not very long." "But how long? Please, tell me." "Well, about twenty minutes, I should say. But why are you so anxious to know?" "Because, father, the boys say they will thrash me awfully if you are more than half an hour."—New England Advertiser.



(From the Hartford, Ct., Times.)

## HEIMWEE!

I am longing for a country that is not far away—  
Where the night is never banished—nor reigns eternal day;  
Where the sunbeams and the shadows seek the azure of the sky,  
And mutation like a specter trails its gleams and guerdons by;  
Where the valleys flow and blossom 'neath the everlasting hills,  
And robin, reechoing, his cheery matin trills.

I am longing for a country where the streets are not of gold—  
A land of happy summer-time—of winter's frost and cold;  
Where the meads are yet snow-mantled and the forest trees are bare,  
And the bird's nests of last autumn are swinging in the air;  
Where the brooklets are unshackling their joyous and girlish,  
I am longing for my home-land—the dearest spot on earth!

I am longing for a country—lo! it seemeth far away.  
When I think of home and kindred—of a blessed child at play;  
All the music that hath cheered me and made my heart rejoice,  
Is forgotten in the memory of one darling little voice;  
Whose cadence holds a welcome for my coming, by-and-by—  
I am weary—waiting—longing—for the winged March to fly!

I am longing for a country that is not far away—  
Where beneath the cedar branches the dead I cherish lay;  
I know their spirits dwell with me wherever I go or stay,  
For the heaven of God's kingdom is not so far away;  
As we live we make or mar it—as we live 'tis near or yon—  
Every mansion Christ hath promised is in our souls begun!

LOUISE J. R. CHAPMAN.

## PIONEER TALES.

BY T. A. BLAND.

## No. 1.—THE SQUATTER.

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## CHAPTER I.

THE camp-fire blazed brightly, beating back the darkness and piling it up like a black wall about the little band of emigrants. There were five families. They were Quakers, who had left the old North State for two reasons: they were poor, and they were opposed to slavery. They had been on the road six weary weeks, and had put six hundred long miles between them and their childhood's home. Six hundred miles they had traveled over hills and valleys, crossing mountains and rivers, with their scant household goods in wagons, their cattle being driven along by the boys.

They had not slept in a house in all those weeks, but in fair weather they camped down on the greensward, and in foul they slept in their wagons, 'neath the protecting canvas. Three days before, they had passed the line that divided the border settlements from the wilderness, marking the way by blazing an occasional tree to the right or the left, as they plunged into the virgin forest of the "New Purchase," that others might follow. These hardy pioneers had reached and were now encamped upon the shore of a beautiful river near the western border of the territory of Indiana. Their journey was ended. Here they had resolved to pitch their tents, or, to be more exact, build their cabins, and in years to come earn for themselves homes. Supper was over. The tethered horses and hobbled cows were cropping the nutritious pea-vines that grew luxuriantly everywhere. The forest was full of primitive music. The song of the whip-poor-will, the hoot of the owl, the howl of the wolf and the scream of the panther, constituted the leading features of the forest orchestra with which the pilgrims were serenaded on their first night in the new land of promise. And a land of promise it surely was. The soil was a rich loam, with clay enough to give it consistence and sand enough to warm it. The forest was magnificent. Truly there were giant trees in those days: sycamores thirty feet in circumference and two hundred feet high, walnut, oak, poplar, hickory, sugar maple, birch and other specimens of American *syloia* of great size, literally outnumbered the ground, and flaunting their rich foliage in the face of the sun defied him to reach with his searching rays the greensward in which they stood.

Jonathan Lindley was the leading spirit in the colony. He was the oldest man, and he had more money than any other, though he had only a few hundred dollars. Amos Trublood was the youngest man, being but twenty-eight years old. Amos's wife was but twenty-one, and she carried her first babe in her girlish arms. Phineas Hadley, Cyrus McVey and Moses Haworth, with their wives and children, made up the census-roll of the colony. Amos was the poorest, as well as the youngest of the five men. Each of the others were able to pay Uncle Sam \$1.25 an acre for a quarter-section of land, and Jonathan Lindley bought of our mythical uncle half a section. But Amos Trublood did not have the small sum of one hundred dollars, hence he was not able to enter even an eighty-acre tract. He was obliged to become a "squatter." Should the reader not be versed in pioneer phrases, let him refer to Webster's dictionary, where the word squatter is defined to be "one who settles upon land without having any legal title to it." There are squatters in the far West now, but they are protected in their homes for five years. At the time of which I write, the squatter had no legal protection; he was obliged to take the risk of having his home taken from him at any time by whoever might care for it and had money enough to buy it of Uncle Sam.

Amos Trublood and Ruth Haworth had both lost their parents when they were but six or eight years of age. Amos's parents were poor, hence he inherited nothing. Ruth was robbed of her patrimony soon after the death of her parents. Amos was apprenticed to a farmer, who, for his services till he reached the age of twenty-one, fed and clothed him. Ruth was raised by a well-to-do family. She was treated as a daughter, in all respects, save that she was given no patrimony. As a farm hand at fifty dollars a year, Amos had saved enough to purchase a team and wagon, some household furniture and a cow and calf. These things and fifty dollars in money constituted his fortune when he joined the emigrant train for the new country. He had twenty dollars left when he reached the promised land. This was the tangible wealth of Amos and Ruth, but they had health, courage, hope, industrious and economical habits, and love. They had married for the old-fashioned reason that they loved each other. Amos could have married a daughter of his employer whose birthright amounted to perhaps one thousand dollars, quite a fortune in those days. And Ruth had declined the hand of Jack Bolton, only son of the richest man in the country.

Amos was a manly man; he had a fine physique, good features and pleasant manners, and he was exceptionally intelligent. His literary education was limited to the three primary branches of learning, facetiously styled the three R's, but this was a liberal education in North Carolina in the early years of this century, especially among people of small fortunes. Ruth was a beautiful girl, in whose veins coursed the best blood of the "Old Dominion." Her father was an officer and a hero in Washington's army during the Revolution, and her mother, a second wife, was a daughter of Colonel Traylor of Richmond. Heroic ancestry had endowed her with the qualities that make heroes and heroines in pioneer life, as well as amid scenes of war and carnage.

## CHAPTER II.

"WELL, this is real cozy, ain't it, Ruth?" They had lived for three weeks in a tent made by stretching the wagon-cover over poles. But to-day they had got into their new log cabin. It was eighteen feet square, built of solid logs covered with riven clapboards, four feet long, held in place not by nails, but by long poles. It had a floor of puncheons, and a chimney built of sticks plastered with mud, and lined on the inside from the level of the hearth four feet up, with small stones from the brook near by, laid in clay mortar. This lining formed the jambs and back wall of the chimney. There was a door and a window, but the one lacked sash and glass, and the other had no shutter. Those were deficiencies easily remedied, however. A bed cover hung before the door, and Ruth's woolen shawl be-

fore the window would serve to keep out the frosty air at night, and the days were not yet very cold.

Ruth smiled up into Amos's face as he answered his question. "Yes, husband, it is cozy. I am glad we have a home of our own, if it is only a log cabin."

"Should thee rather live with me in a cabin in this wilderness, than in a mansion with Captain Bolton?"

"Yes, Amos, you know I would, without asking."

Putting his arm about her, Amos kissed Ruth and said, "God bless thee, my wife. Truly thou art rightly named, for like Ruth, the Moabitish woman, thou art true to love and duty."

"Ahem! Who keeps house?"

"A few of us. Come in and take a cheer by the fire, Phineas, for the air has frost in it to-night."

Phineas Hadley was their nearest neighbor, and knowing that these young people would get into their new house that day, he had thought it a duty to call and congratulate them. Amos and Ruth were the last of the colonists to get safely housed, for the excellent reason that the little community began the new settlement on the "helping hand," or cooperative plan. By their joint labors they built a cabin for each in turn, beginning with Jonathan Lindley and ending with Amos Trublood. Cooperation was a necessity, for the reason that it required the combined strength of the five men to readily lift the solid timbers into their proper places in the buildings. The visitor left for home before nine o'clock, and again the young lovers were alone, save little Amos. They felt like talking, and naturally their talk was reminiscent.

"Ruth, thee never told me about John Bolton's making love to thee, the particulars, I mean."

"Haven't I? Well, Jack professed to be terribly in love with me. But I never could like him the least bit, and the oftener he came the less I thought of him, till I almost hated him. He was such a proud fop that he always had a young mulatto man with him to wait on him. And his waiting-boy was a good deal smarter than his master, and folks did say he was his half-brother. After I heard that story I could not bear Jack to touch me, or hardly to speak to me. I tried to get rid of him, but he kept coming to see me up to the very day I promised to marry you. You'd hardly got out of sight of the house that evening before Jack rode up to the gate. First I thought I would not come into the big house to see him at all, but then I said to myself, I'll give him one more chance to set up to me, and then I'll tell him right plain that he had just as well quit coming, for I would not have him if he was the last man on earth, so about nine o'clock I went into the setting-room, and right away Father Petty got up, and went off to bed. Jack picked up his cheer, and came over and sat down by me, and tried to put his arm around me. I jumped right up, and said:

"Mr. Bolton, I won't stay in the room with you unless you keep at a proper distance, and keep your arm in its right place."

"My dear Miss Ruth," he said, "I'm so deep in love with you that I can hardly help putting my arms around you, but I will try and restrain myself. If you won't allow me to sit by your side I will kneel at your feet, and beg you to be my wife," and he actually flopped down on his knees right before me, and tried to git holt of my hands, but I held 'em behind my back.

"I'm rich," he said, "and if you'll be my wife you shall be the finest lady in this country. You shall live in the finest house, have the finest furniture, and wear the finest dresses, and have more servants to wait on ye than any other woman in the whole country."

"I waited till he got to a stoppin' place, and then I had my say. 'Mr. Bolton,' I said, 'I know you're a rich man, and I'm a poor girl. But if you owned the whole county, and was the only man in it, I would not marry ye.'

"Why would not ye?" he asked.

"Because I don't love ye. That's why, and that's enough reason for me, so you'd better try to find a girl that can love you, or one who wants to marry for riches, for you're a wastin' time a comin' to see me." I'd refused him twice before, but it seemed that he would not take no for an answer till this time."

"I hope thee may never repent of taking the poor man instead of the rich one, Ruth. But I now know why John Bolton treated me as he did in the army. For thee knows that when I was drafted, and obliged to go to war, I was in Capt. Bolton's company. I did not know him before, but he seemed to hate me right from the start. And he imposed on me outrageously. The other men in the company noticed it, and one day Frank Howard said to me:

"Amos, what's the trouble between you and Capt. Bolton?" I told him I did not know of any trouble between us.

"Well, there is," said Frank, "for he hates you worse'n pison. He's got a spite agin ye, and he takes it out in detailin' ye to stand guard at all the dangerous places, and by puttin' all the mean jobs onto ye. I would not stand it if I was you, and the boys are all awaitin' for ye to rebel, and then they'll stand by ye."

"I'd been on picket nearly all night the night before, yet just as Frank said this a sergeant come up to me and handed me an order from Captain Bolton to go out on picket duty agin. I told the sergeant I was tired and sleepy, and asked him to take a written excuse from me to the captain. He took it and went back, but he soon came again with an order to arrest me and put me in the guard-house. I'd a gone to the guard-house if my comrades would a let me, but they would not. They crowded around me, and told the sergeant to go back and tell Jack Bolton that if he wanted to arrest Amos Trublood to come and do it himself. I begged 'em not to send sich word as that, as it would get 'em all into trouble. But this only made 'em more determined, so the sergeant went and told the captain what they sed. And in a few minutes he come right down. We could see he was mad, but he tried not to show it."

"Hello, Cap," said Jack Hewitt. "What wind blows you this way?"

"I've come to talk with you, boys. I want to know what you mean by encouraging a soldier to disobey his officers? Do not you know I could have every one of you court-martialed?"

"Well, you just try it," spoke up Jake Bright. "Hoorah for Jake!" hollered the other boys. Ned Bryant then walked up right close to the cap'n an' made a speech:

"Cap'n Bolton," said Ned, "we're ready to do our duty 's soldiers, an' obey all reasonable orders, but we don't mean to allow you nor any other man, with punkin-rines on his shoulders, to run over and tramp on his betters to git revenge out'n him. If you've got anything agin Amos Trublood, ye may whip him, if ye able to do it, and there aint a man in this company to interfere. But we aint agoin' to stand by and see ye use yer authority as 'n officer to punish Amos fur cuttin' ye out at Squire Petty's."

"I spoke up then, and said: 'Thee no doubt means well, Ned, but I am sorry thee has sed what thee has, and I hope thee'll not say anything more in that line.' Turnin' to Captain Bolton, I sed: 'I'm sorry to be an apple of discord between thee and thy soldiers'; I would have sed more to conciliate him, but he flew into a rage, and shakin' his fist in my face he told me to keep my d—d Quaker mouth shut. This was so unexpected and sudden that my carnal nature got the better of me, and I knocked him down before I could think what I was a doin'."

"Why, Amos, I'm prouder of ye than ever, since ye told me that."

"Well, Ruth, I've never been very proud of it. In fact, I'm ashamed that I let my anger run away with my reason."

"But he deserved it, and I'll venture it was a good lesson to him."

"I believe it did him good, for he got up and walked off without another word; and that was the last of it; and he treated me fairly well after that."

Ruth was not a Quaker, nor was Amos a Quaker by birthright, but being raised in a Quaker community and family, he had imbibed the Quaker spirit and acquired the Quaker form of speech.

Three years rolled by. An addition had been built to the cabin, and Amos had made quite a clearing about it. No, Amos and Ruth had both worked in the clearing. Often of evenings, after their supper of corn-dodger, venison and

spice-wood tea was over, husband and wife would go forth together and spend from two to four hours building bonfires of brush and watching the red glare of the flames as they drove back the darkness, and heaped it up into a black wall around the little clearing. Apple, peach and plum seeds brought from the old home had been planted, and the young solons gave promise of an abundance of fruits in a few years more. But this home they had built was not legally theirs. Any man with a heart mean enough to take it from them could do so by paying Uncle Sam one hundred dollars for it. They could raise but little to sell till the farm was larger, and what they had to sell brought very small prices. Indian corn brought only twelve and one-half cents, and wheat only thirty cents per bushel, and pork seventy-five cents per hundred pounds. The market was entirely local, and very limited. At the end of three years these young squatters had managed, by dint of industry and economy, to lay by fifty silver dollars of three hundred and seventy-one and one-fourth grains each of pure silver and forty-four and three-fourths grains of alloy. But Amos and Ruth and all their neighbors were entirely ignorant of the amount of silver in those dollars or of the intrinsic value of them. They only knew that they were the standard money of the United States of America, and that they were worth a dollar each, in anything they might want to buy, including the home they meant to pay for, if possible, the following year. A dollar was a dollar in those days, and nobody said anything about there not being silver enough in a silver dollar, or gold enough in a gold dollar, or paper enough in a paper dollar.

The fourth year in the new country was drawing to a close. Amos had raised a large crop of corn for the acreage planted, and had fattened twenty hogs, that would average two hundred pounds each, net weight, and would sell for thirty-six dollars. He must keep enough pork for his own use, but he could sell thirty dollars' worth at the least. He had been able to spare thirty bushels of wheat that fall, which brought him ten dollars, and Ruth had sold twenty dollars' worth of chickens and butter during the season, half of which had gone for store goods, and half had been put into the purse that contained the fund being saved up to pay for the home. The hogs were killed, the pork sold, and Amos and Ruth sat by the uncleaned supper table counting their savings. There could be no mistake in the count, for both had counted the hoard dollar by dollar two or three times, and it came out one hundred and ten dollars each time.

"Well, little wife, it's been a long pull and a strong pull for us, but at last we've got money enough to pay for our home. I must start to the Land Office to-morrow morning. Thee must get some neighbor woman to stay with thee to-morrow night, and I hope to git back the next night, though probably not till late, as I shall not git to Vincennes to-morrow before the Land Office is closed, and will have to wait till it opens next day. But it won't take long to do the business, once I git to the office."

With one hundred silver dollars, in two purses, in the right and left pockets of Jonathan Lindley's great coat, borrowed for the journey, and two dollars in change for expenses, Amos Trublood started for Vincennes at dawn of day. His heart was full of hope; hence nature wore a pleasant face. It was a lonely ride of forty-five miles, through a very sparsely settled region, and over a road little traveled, save by men on errands like his own. The country was infested by highwaymen, hence the journey was not wholly free from peril. Those knights of the road rarely attacked travelers in daytime, but men often rode all night to get to the Land Office in advance of others who were suspected of wanting the same tract of land they had selected. These night riders usually went armed, but their weapons did not always protect them from being robbed. Many blood-curdling tales of midnight adventures with members of "Murrel's band," were current in that country in those days, and long afterward.

Amos had little fear of being robbed, for he would reach Vincennes before sunset, yet he kept his wits about him, and was keenly alert, when passing through particularly lonely stretches of forest. About 2 P. M., while letting his horse drink from a small stream he was fording, he caught a glimpse of a horseman approaching the road he was traveling, from the right, a short distance in advance of him. It was a lonely place. Not a cabin had been passed for some miles. Visions of highwaymen were at once suggested, yet the stranger might be an honest man. Be that as it might, Amos could only proceed on his journey. Just as he reached the intersection of the bridge-path the stranger was in and the main road, the horseman turned into the road, and saluted Amos with:

"Howdy, stranger?"

"I am quite well; how does thee do?"

Instead of answering Amos's question as to the state of his health, the stranger said:

"On your way to Vincennes?"

"Yes, that is where I'm bound."

"Live about here?"

"No, my home is on White River."

"Goin' to enter land, I reckon?"

"Yes, I'm on my way to enter an eighty-acre tract that I settled on as a squatter on first coming West four years ago. I've not been able to pay for it before, though it only takes a hundred dollars."

Amos thought that if the man was a robber, surely he could not be mean enough to rob him, if he knew that he was a poor squatter who had worked hard for four years to raise money enough to pay for his home. He was mistaken. Having obtained the information he sought, the fellow suddenly drew a pistol from his pocket, and pointing its muzzle at Amos's breast he ordered him to throw up his hands. The command had scarcely escaped his lips when Amos struck him a blow on the left ear, that sent him to grass in good style. His pistol went off while he was falling, the ball entering his own horse, bringing him down also. Our hero did not stop to take special note of the damage to the enemy resulting from his blow, but striking his horse with a hickory switch, and kicking him in the flanks with his heels, he galloped away in the direction of Vincennes, nor did he check his speed till he reached a settler's cabin, three miles from the scene of his adventure. Here he reined up, but on learning that there were no men at home, he proceeded on his journey, at a good pace for so staid a man as he to travel, and reached Vincennes at four o'clock, instead of, as he expected, at six.

Proceeding at once to the Land Office, he presented to the register a slip of paper containing a description of his land: East one half, of southwest one-fourth, of section ten, township four, range three east, containing eighty acres more or less. The official referred to a record book, and then turning to Amos, he said:

"That tract is not public land."

"Surely thee is mistaken," responded Amos.

"No, that tract was entered in the name of John Bolton on the 10th of last month."

"Why, John Bolton is in North Carolina."

"Very likely, but he has an agent in this State who is picking up choice tracts of land for him, and the tract you want is now his property."

Amos's heart sank within him. For a moment he stood speechless and pale, but, recovering himself, he said:

"An hour or so ago a highway robber pointed a pistol at me, and demanded my money. I struck him a blow that knocked him off his horse, and, as he fell, his pistol went off and killed his horse, at least he fell like he was shot through the heart. It was only a hundred dollars I had, but it was the price of my little home, and had cost me and my wife four years of hard work and close saving. Now I find that I am robbed of my home by a rich man who does not need it a tenth part as bad as that robber needed my hundred dollars."

"I'm sorry for you, my friend," said the official, "but such things happen every day. But what is that you said about meeting a highwayman?"

Amos repeated the story briefly.

"Well, the sheriff must hear that tale, so come with me to his office at once."

Half an hour later the sheriff, and five volunteer citizen deputies, with Amos Trublood as guide, galloped out of

Vincennes, en route for the scene of Amos's encounter with the bandit. The horse of the highwayman lay where he had fallen, but the man had disappeared. Amos was allowed to proceed on his way homeward, with the understanding that if the robber should be captured he would appear as a witness against him.

Night had closed in, but a full moon furnished light enough to travel by, and an hour later, tired, and sick at heart, Amos rode up to a settler's cabin, where he was hospitably entertained. He told his host that he had been to the Land Office on business, but gave no particulars. This man might also be a robber, hence he thought it prudent to leave the impression upon his mind that he had invested his money in land. But all doubts of the honesty of his host vanished from Amos's mind when he took down the family Bible, and invited his guest to read a chapter, and join the family in their evening devotions. Religion, though not free from superstition or theological error, was a vital force for good in that pioneer country. Those who came under its influence were afraid to do wrong, because the terrors of the law were constantly dinned into their ears by the pioneer preacher of that country and time.

Amos read the story of the "Good Samaritan" in a very impressive voice, and after his host had offered a fervent prayer for his family, himself, and the stranger within his gates, Amos told the story of his adventure with the outlaw, and also how he had been robbed of his home by one who could defend his act by the law of the land.

## CHAPTER III.

AMOS'S neighbors sympathized with him, and if John Bolton had been there, he would have found himself very unpopular. It came out soon that Bill Lamon was Jack Bolton's agent, and popular indignation centered on him, and when he gave written notice to Amos Trublood to give immediate possession of John Bolton's land to him as agent, threats of lynching were indulged in by some who had joined the Quaker colony without imbibing the Quaker spirit. Amos thanked these friends for their zeal in his cause, but he begged them to refrain from any unlawful act. Amos and Ruth understood, as nobody else in Indiana did, why Jack Bolton had robbed them of their home. They talked the matter over, and Ruth would comfort him by assuring him that she was glad she was his wife, instead of being the wife of that small-minded and revengeful puppy, Jack Bolton.

"We can start again in the woods, Amos," she would say, "and this time we don't need to be squatters, for we've got money enough to pay for eighty acres of land."

The choice tracts of land in the immediate vicinity of their first home had been taken, but Amos found a pretty good half-quarter five miles from there, which he at once paid Uncle Sam one hundred dollars for. Winter had really begun, but with the generous aid of his neighbors Amos soon had the cabin ready for occupancy and a rude barn in which to shelter his stock and store his crops. Nor did his neighbors' good offices abate till the dispossessed family were safely domiciled, and all of their store of provisions for themselves and their cattle was safely housed.

The Indians hold to the idea that the land belongs to the "Great Spirit," and that each of his children has a birth-right to as much as he needs, or an equal share in the soil with all others. If that is sound doctrine, then the land policy of this country is wrong. When it is considered that all land titles, in what are called civilized countries, are based on conquest, it is difficult to defend them on moral grounds. Spain, France and England conquered North America, and the kings of those nations, claiming to own the land, sold it or gave it to their subjects. At the close of the American Revolutionary war, England's king surrendered all claim to the territory embraced within, or belonging to, the thirteen American Colonies. On forming a National Government, the Colonies surrendered their title to the unoccupied lands to the General Government. The General Government surveyed the public lands and offered them for sale at a dollar and a quarter per acre. Those citizens who had a great deal of money could buy large amounts of land, those who had but little money could buy a small tract of land, but those who did not have fifty dollars could not buy a single acre, as forty acres was the smallest tract offered for sale by the Government. Thus the land policy of the European monarchies was substantially continued in this New World Republic. The result is that the great majority of the people of this country are homeless, while a few own immense estates. The number of citizens who are without homes is rapidly increasing, and must continue to increase, as land increases in value, until the great mass of the people, here as in England, will be tenants at will, or wage laborers, whose right to live will be derived not from the Creator, but from some aristocratic landlord. Is it not an unjust and barbarous system that produces such results? Should not occupancy and use have protected Amos and Ruth, in their home, against the revenge or avarice of John Bolton? A more important question now is, by what means shall we be able to right the wrongs under which we now suffer, and provide against their repetition?

This question is up for discussion, and it will not down until the right answer is found. It is a new question. At the time of which I write, and for many years after Amos Trublood had been robbed of his home, under power of law, nobody questioned the justice of our land laws. Indeed, justice was not only blind, but asleep, half a century ago. Here and there a man or woman would assert that it was wrong for one man to hold another man in slavery, and compel him under penalty of corporal punishment to work for him without pay. But such prophets of freedom and apostles of justice were stoned from city to city, and denounced as disturbers of the peace, and foes of law and order. Had Henry George or Prof. Alfred Russel Wallace lived and taught their doctrines of land reform fifty years ago, they would have spoken to deaf ears, to a people not yet awake to the truths that lie at the base of the social structure called society, and of the political organization called government. "Having eyes the people saw not, and having ears they heard not." The hopeful fact of our time is that the people are beginning to awaken to the great and grave questions of land reform, money reform, and reform in the system of distribution of the products of labor.

## A Stubborn Skeptic.

(Translated from Neue Spirituellistische Blätter for the Banner of Light, by W. N. Eays.)

The Russian Spiritualist journal, *Rebus*, tells the following story:

Prof. M. Mendeleeff came to Orel once in the course of a journey, and was invited by a lady of that place to attend a Spiritualist séance, at which he might make his own conditions. The invitation was accepted. The method by which communication with spirits was obtained was somewhat peculiar. Upon a large sheet of paper the alphabet was written, but the letters were not placed in their usual order. An inverted saucer was placed upon a table, and on the lower rim of the saucer a dark spot was made. The medium laid her hand upon the saucer, and when the correct letter was given, the saucer would turn until the dark spot stood over the letter.

Prof. Mendeleeff resorted to the following precautions: He blindfolded the medium by a bandage over the eyes, and, in addition, threw a woolen shawl over her head. Then he went with the lady into the sitting room, where he wrote upon the paper the alphabet in a very disorderly arrangement of the letters.

Assuring himself that the medium was unable to see anything that was occurring, he laid her hands upon the saucer, sat at a little table apart in order to write the letters as they were pointed out by the mark on the saucer.

The medium, who had never been subjected to such a test, was in doubt as to the result. It was one of the conditions imposed by the Professor that answers should be given to questions that he should ask mentally. In two minutes after the sitting began, the saucer commenced to move. A lady who was present, asked him if he had framed a question in his mind? To this he answered in the affirmative, and wrote the words that were formed by the letters as they were indicated by the spot on the saucer.

After he had written for ten minutes, he suddenly rose in great excitement, and cried out: "Hold! Enough! I see clearly that there is no deception here; but I do not understand this at all. Here is some power at work of which we learned men know nothing; but for you, my lady, I must express my fear, that to engage in these matters will injure your mind; I advise you to have nothing to do with them." The Professor could offer no explanation of the way the communication with the spirits was obtained; but this much is clear, that his stubborn skepticism had received a blow, and that he had at least one conclusive demonstration of the fact that such communication was possible, and that clairvoyance was not a fable!



## 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?

## The Reviewer.

## Man's Spiritual Possibilities.\*

BY JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER.

[CONCLUSION.]

The third, and to my mind the most valuable chapter, thus explains itself: "Standing above the body and the mind, is the real man—the spirit. Through association with the spirit these elements exist, and by it they will be, finally, subjugated and absorbed," and further on continues:

"Through the spirit, man is brought into indirect relationship with the Infinite Spirit, and can, from that standpoint, contemplate the wisdom of heaven, and the vastness of life and its purposes. He realizes only in the spirit what the laws of God really are, what justice and truth and every other godlike attribute mean, and how, in the perfect adjustment of all things, each human being will receive his allotted share of the blessings of life. He also perceives that there is wisdom in all that is done, and all that is left undone; that the injustice of nature, and the inequalities so apparent on every side, are in the seeming only, but that in the end all the purposes of life are outworked with such nice precision that there is no loss, no failure and no defeat."

I may be pardoned for introducing the following excerpt, since its language and directness are so much more direct than any synopsis I can give:

"The true occultist is not one who practices magic, or deals in the black art. He is capable of accomplishing great results by the mastery he gains over the lower elements to make them subserve the higher self. He will put small value upon many, seemingly, important issues. Wealth, position, applause of men and temporal power will be relegated to an inferior position; while unity of purpose, harmony of life and simplicity of living will be essential and important. He will give the spirit full sway by overcoming the impediments that both mind and body, in their present undeveloped state, are bound to offer. He will feel no limitation to his attainments, and will see no obstacles that cannot be conquered, overcome or swept away. Results will depend upon the relations of his power to the purpose, an utter disregard of the time occupied in their accomplishment, and absolute oblivion to the opinions of men."

"A man of the world smiles as he sees the adept sitting, unmoved, for hours, in the midst of the burning sands, watching the shimmering light of the sun until it is lost in the gathering gloom of the dying day, and says to himself: 'How much that man has wasted; how much more important work he might do, if he were only thrown into the whirlwind vortex of busy life, and forced to perform his share of the ordinary work of existence.' The adept looks far out toward the west, and sees, rising before him, the great cities of the new world—the tide of human life rushing, fretting and grinding against itself; and smiles serenely as he compares the sweet calm of the desert with all of this disturbance and unrest. He rises, and for a moment, crosses the threshold of civilized life, and mingles with the world he knows so little of. He is in it, but not of it. He becomes a part of the great, turbulent masses; but carries with him the vibration of his own life, which the most obtuse is bound to feel. He works with some of the subtle laws of nature, and through affiliation with them dominates them intelligently. Again and again he achieves the most surprising and startling results. Through the wonderful action of hypnotic law, he causes men to see all sorts of marvelous things. He plays upon their five senses in almost any way he desires, until he has so completely mystified the on-lookers, and imbued them with his own peculiar magnetism, that they are forced to feel that he is a denizen of a world apart from their own—a mysteriously gifted man, possibly more to be feared than respected. In reality, he has only called into activity those qualities which lie dormant within every human being, and, without supernatural agency, has revealed the fullness of nature's possibilities to those who knew them not. Departing, he will find a repose along the quiet shores of the Nile, which the Babylons of the world, with their passing glories, cannot give. Who shall say, after all, that the life which is nearest to nature and fullest of her harmonies, is not more in accord with the divine intention, than is this selfish, human conglomerate, which, lacking any sacred impulse, becomes a travesty upon the mighty plan of existence?"

Then there is a wonderful chapter upon the spirit-world and the Spiritual Universe which will repay the reader an hundred fold, and serve to make still more apparent that it is not all of "Life to live, nor Death to die." The student of occult law and adeptship will be struck with that portion of the work dealing so considerably with the hidden forces of life, and at once begins the subject of self-examination and inquiry; while the rules for crystal-gazing and the results to be attained will also commend themselves to the thoughtful and intelligent, there being many records given, which show how much can be gained by careful study and application, more than one of which will be recognized by your Boston readers. The closing chapter is upon Religion, and with what pathos and force are its noble thoughts clothed! How small, indeed, seem all theological conceptions beside these sublime principles.

"The awakened spirit is as majestic in the new-born babe, as when, after life on life of experience and spiritual revelation, it stands, at last, the monarch of its own accomplishments; the one is a hope, the other is a fruition; one the beginning, the other a stepping-stone along the highway. We are to life as we relate ourselves; the child, to us a wonder, to our friends is commonplace; and the greatest man in all the earth is, to his guardian angel, a new-born babe—a budding blossom, full of prophecies and hopes."

"The spirit's possibilities lie on every hand, and every one is worth your strongest effort; it may be but a kindly impulse, a new-fledged thought, a budding purpose; but these are immortal, their destiny heavenward and eternal. Count all things high and holy; and if the scarred, deformed and repulsive man repels you, consider not that repulsion to your credit, but, rather, regret that one human being has fallen beneath your reach; for, if your arms were but long enough, all would be embraced. "Your possibilities are your neighbor's, not one of which you will attain without receiving, with them, the power to apply and increase them for your own and another's good. The wider your sympathies, the greater your benevolence and the higher your possibilities; the truer and more loving your affection; the nearer you are to the soul of Infinity—the centre of universal love."

I cannot lay down my pen without expressing my regret at having dealt with this really remarkable book with so little definiteness, but it is a work that must be read in its entirety to be either appreciated or understood. It may not be written wholly upon the old spiritualistic lines, but it reaches far away from the

former theological trend of the movement once taken into that broader domain of educational endeavor, which will impress the student that Man's Spiritual Possibilities are as limitless as is the Law of Progress itself.

## 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.

## Illinois.

CHICAGO.—Caroline Catlin, Cor. Sec'y, writes: "The first year of our work in Hooley's Theatre as a Society has just closed. The bringing of our Cause to the front and giving it a standing as one of the leading services of the religious world in this city has not only been a success, but a success far exceeding our most sanguine expectations."

From the first the Theatre has been filled with an intelligent, appreciative audience. Many are attracted by the eloquence of our beloved pastor, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, and as a result of this the audiences were not transient, the same faces being seen Sunday after Sunday.

During the year we have added about seventy-five to our membership, fifty of these coming in on the first Sunday of June, our annual meeting.

This year we have decided to still further increase our possibilities by leasing the newer, handsomer and larger Schiller Theatre, and already the seats for the next season are nearly sold.

We feel indeed gratified that at last we have been able to place our faithful pastor amidst surroundings somewhat commensurate with her great gifts, and that she can now command such an audience as cannot only appreciate but exemplify her teachings. On the fifteenth of next September she enters upon the twentieth year of her pastorate here, and with prospects brighter than at any other season of her work.

I write this from the Northwestern Camp at Lake Como, where for the first time in this part of the country she has been speaking. I need not say her ministrations have been manifestly acceptable, the capacity of the pavilion being taxed to its utmost limit each time she speaks, and when on Sunday it was announced that she had consented to remain another week, the enthusiasm of the people broke forth in rapturous applause."

GENESEO.—Nellie L. Follett, Sec'y, writes: "The First Spiritual Society of Geneseo, Ill., considers itself highly favored in having secured for one week the services of that gifted inspirational speaker, Rev. J. C. F. Grumbein of this city, who, with his usual charm and eloquence, expressed the advanced yet manifestly powerful thoughts embodied in the true Spiritual Philosophy."

The guides chose for their theme on the afternoon of July 7, 'The Message from the Skies,' and elaborated on the relation of material and spiritual science, harmoniously blending to compose the sphere of Spiritualism."

The following Sunday the topic was, 'Should Reason and Conscience be Subverted to Spirit Dictation and Control?'

The evening of July 11, a most forcible lecture was delivered on 'The Resurrection of the So-called Dead,' every word of which appealed strongly to the hearts and reason of all assembled. The speaker compared ancient revelation with present knowledge, and throughout all appealed to the judgment of the investigator as well as to the hearts of those conscious of the truth. A beautiful demonstration of the nearness of arisen friends, in love and thought, even if not in spirit presence, was given at the close, when convincing tests, cheering messages and symbols of divine guidance, were gratefully received and recognized."

The spirit of a handsome and beloved dog manifesting to its mistress, proved conclusively that the spark of divinity in animal life is as immortal and as privileged as in more advanced forms."

The meeting was closed with a benediction truly spiritual and uplifting."

## Massachusetts.

LOWELL.—Writing on the subject of "Reunion," Ed. S. Varney says: "How varied are the events of a single life, however obscure! Life is kaleidoscopic, constantly shifting. The events of childhood, which seem so bright in retrospect, soon fade into those of boyhood or girlhood, and they in turn give way to the larger scope of the energies of young manhood and womanhood, and later to the activities of maturer life."

How much we enjoy in life the seasons of reunion, the revisiting of old-time places, the recalling of by-gone memories! Our lives are divided into eras. And in looking backward upon the different epochs they seem more like dreams than realities."

We speak of reunion in the life beyond the grave. Do we realize the full import of that term? Reunion! It means much; not only does it unite us with our most immediate dear ones in the higher life, but it throws open the wide doors of reunion with all our friends of all our varied eras of living."

The sweetest meaning of reunion of course appertains to the being united to the select few—the soul-companions; the angels of the household who have gone to prepare a place for us. And it is only through the blessed change miscalled death that they can ever hope to blossom amidst the glories of a larger, a diviner life. And it is only thus that we can join them."

Then, if we have lived well and truly, we should not dread death, for it but ministers to our highest good, bringing us to that sphere of completeness of development which can never be attained this side the grave."

## Connecticut.

DANIELSONVILLE.—De Loss Wood says: "I have arranged for a lecture course in this place for the fall and winter of '96-'96, and have engaged the following speakers: Oct. 4, J. Frank Baxter; Nov. 15, Helen Tenney Brigham; Dec. 6, Helen Stuart Richings; Jan. 10, J. Frank Baxter; Feb. 21, Ida P. A. Whitlock; March 20, Jennie Hagan Jackson."

By my own personal efforts I have engaged this talent to speak in this rigid orthodox place, and the splendid array of speakers above will, I am sure, do a large amount of good for the Cause."

As will be seen, I have secured the best talent on the Spiritualist platform to-day, two of the lectures closing with tests, two with psychometric readings, two with improvisations."

The course I managed here last year was a great success, and I am confident the coming one will meet with even a greater degree of success. The lectures are held in a hall secured from the Sons of Temperance."

I have got over thirty people to back me up in the coming course. I find people ready to sustain a course of lectures who would not sustain a society—the society will come later—and one meeting a month is a thousand times better than no meeting."

## San Francisco Letter.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

On Sunday, June 30, Mr. Walter Howell, after eight months of faithful work in the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, closed his labors, and departed for the East the following day.

Tuesday evening, June 26, a large number of Spiritualists and friends attended the weekly reception of Brother Howell at his rooms, and gave him a rousing demonstration of their personal interest and approval of the good work he has accomplished here. After a pleasant program of instrumental music, songs and recitations, Mrs. Dr. Cora Morse, on behalf of the Society, presented Mr. Howell with a purse of one hundred dollars. Her remarks, with his feeling reply, are here given, and are some indication of the good work he has wrought among us, the esteem with which he is regarded here, and the warm and kindly feelings that exist between speaker and people."

Dr. Morse said: "Friends, I am sure nothing more can be said to add luster to this occasion, or joy to our brother's heart, and yet I am glad to say something. Talking is one of my failings, I believe, but to-night as I am expected to talk to a purpose, my heart is filled to overflowing."

It is not every one that is entrusted with the key to the chest; much less allowed to unlock it. But I have been permitted to unlock the chest, and take out the money drawer belonging to the Progressive Spiritualists, and have also been commissioned to present the same to our minister of spiritual things."

I am not informed just how much there is in this purse, but I do know there is a coin in it that is marked with a cross (not a holy cross); and at the risk of being called superstitious, I will inform Bro. Howell that the outstretched arms of this cross are a warning not to spend the coin, and are also a sort of guideboard pointing the way to some more coin. In other words, it is a piece of seed money, and is expected to grow a crop like itself. I have lain awake nights trying to think how this crop, when it grows, should be utilized, and have concluded I would rather have it used for bringing Bro. Howell back to San Francisco than anything else. We want him to help us build a spiritual temple, and we hope it will be large enough to take in all faiths and all nations."

If the contents of this purse fall short of the fortune its weight feels like, you will please bear in mind that silver is demonized, and there are only a few gold bugs in your congregation. Whatever it lacks in hard cash I am sure is made up in our respect and love for you. We all realize the excellent work you have done among us, and how our Cause has been built up under your faithful ministrations. So, in behalf of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, I present you this token of their warm appreciation of your labors among us, and also their admiration of your steady purpose to be and to do the best that is in you."

Wherever your lot may be cast, we all hope that the ship of life may meet with favoring gales; that the journey toward the rising sun may be one of pleasure and safety, and that you will find peace and rest at the end. And when at last you are outward bound, and the soul is loosed from its earthly moorings, when you launch upon the river, so-called, dark and gloomy, may the light of the 'land of the leal' beam so brightly ahead of you, that your soul may sing with the inspired poet:

'I am floating in light to the heavenly gates near, And, glory to God, no river is here.'

Wherever you may roam may guardian angels 'Keep love's banner floating o'er you, Smile death's cruel waves before you, And may God be with you till we meet again.'

In acknowledgment of the gift Mr. Howell said:

"From my earliest acquaintance with the people of San Francisco I have found warm and loyal hearts, and in accepting this token of your appreciation and goodwill I do so feeling that it comes as a spontaneous expression of your kind regard for me and approval of my humble efforts in your midst."

Personally, however, I feel that the laborer in doing his utmost obtains his reward in the very doing of it. I do not do anything in life but what it is a pleasure to do. It is a pleasure to be helpful if I can. At the same time I am painfully conscious that in many respects I am not able to be as helpful to my fellow-creatures as I would like to be. But in so far as the contribution of spiritual thought expressed by and through me from time to time may have proven suggestive and helpful, or encouraging and consoling to any heart or mind, I am glad."

In taking leave of you I do so with regret and with joy—regret to part with friends; joy, that I am parting with friends and not with enemies; regret, that for some time I shall not see your faces and press your hands in congratulation. But in going away, followed by your warm sympathies, I feel that that indicates a brotherhood that, if God spares our lives, we may meet again on the Pacific Coast."

Meanwhile I wish you all good work God speed. There is much need of work here, and with earnest purpose, can do that work. It does not matter much who the person may be that comes among you, for the individual in himself can do very little, save by your cooperation. But if you show as much appreciation and willingness to cooperate with others as you have with myself in my humble ministrations, I am sure that the cause we all love is bound to succeed, and I hope the day is not far distant when our society here will be very much larger than it is at present, and that we shall have an edifice of our own worthy the Cause which is so dear to us."

Now, thanking you very much for this token of your appreciation, I trust that the memories of this night, and of our past relationship, will ever remain with each one of us, and that we shall each anticipate a reunion day with great pleasure. If it falls to my lot to again turn my face toward San Francisco, I shall feel that I am coming to many friends, and to join hands with other members of that great family of the brotherhood of the new life, which soon must permeate the whole world, and lift from every heart the shadow and gloom of death, and brighten our prospects as we enter another life. As I have often said in your hearing, it is of very slight importance to continue to exist, unless worthiness to live make that existence noble and high, manly and womanly. Hence, let us each endeavor that our life in the world of souls may be glorious, because our life here has been made glorious and true and high."

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## Written for the Banner of Light, MY BURIAL PLACE.

A simple mound is all I ask, To mark the spot where dust shall lie; There let the flowers in sunshine bask, And over all be God's blue sky!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

SENSITIVENESS OF THE BLIND.—Paul Tyner in the Arena says: "It may not be so generally known that recent post mortem examination of the bodies of the blind reveal the fact that in the nerves at the ends of the fingers, well-defined cells of gray matter had formed, identical in substance and in cell formation with the gray matter of the brain. What does this show? It proves that man can think not alone in his head but all over his body, and especially in the great nerve centres like the solar plexus, and the nerve ends, on the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet. The coming man will assuredly perceive and think in every part, from his head down to his feet."

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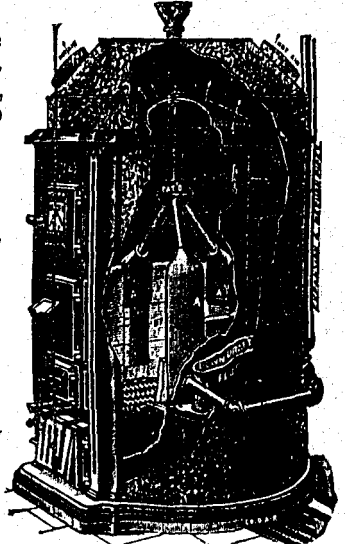
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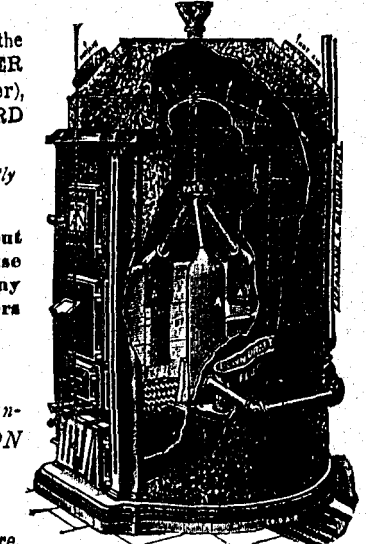
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## AGENTS.

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New York, N.Y.—BRENTANO BROS., No. 5 Union Square; (Branch Store, 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C., and 244 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.) The office of The Truth-Ser, 28 Clinton Place; H. F. TOWNS, 617 6th Avenue, corner 31st street.

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## BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

The BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, located at 95 Essex Street, Boston, (formerly Montgomery Place), corner of Province Street, Boston, is now publishing a complete and comprehensive work on Spiritualism, entitled "The Banner of Light Bookstore," containing a full and complete list of all the books, pamphlets, and tracts published by the company, and a full and complete list of all the books, pamphlets, and tracts published by the company, and a full and complete list of all the books, pamphlets, and tracts published by the company.

In quoting from THE BANNER care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of personal 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 guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return cancelled articles.

Advertisements for 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, JULY 27, 1895.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

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

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THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 59 and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

Issued by

Banner of Light Publishing Company.

Isaac B. Rich, President.  
Fred G. Tuttle, Treasurer.  
John W. Day, Editor.  
Henry W. Pitman, Associate Editor.

Matter for publication must be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be forwarded to the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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 our regular subscribers for their continued patronage, we 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.

## A New Departure.

After careful consideration by the proprietors of THE BANNER, it was decided, as the plan most feasible in the premises, to have the paper in future brought out by a Stock Company.

This Company has been incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine, with a capitalization of \$25,000; it was organized by the election of Isaac B. Rich as President, and Fred G. Tuttle, Treasurer—John W. Day, Henry W. Pitman, John W. Drew, Fred G. Tuttle and Isaac B. Rich being the Directors—and the large stock of valuable books, etc., the subscription-list, good will of business, etc., have been acquired by said Company.

It is the desire of the Directors to add to THE BANNER novel features, such as copious and frequent printing in its columns of "half-tone" portraits of spiritual workers and camp scenes; also the securing of special correspondents in various parts of the country, and other features that they are not ready to announce, which will greatly increase its interest and usefulness; therefore they have decided to place four hundred shares of the stock upon the market at \$25 per share. This is a statement in brief of the arrangements thus far made. While appealing to the good fellowship of the "brethren of the household of faith," the Directors point the intending investor's attention to the fact that, as the property purchased by said Company is really much in excess of the valuation under which it has been acquired, the future may be confidently expected to bring a dividend to its stockholders.

THE BANNER has been a paying institution, and can in the future be kept as such, if the spiritualistic public for which it has so long and so faithfully labored will join hands with the New Company, and by the purchase of shares become co-workers in the good service for humanity which this paper most unquestionably achieves.

Here is an opportunity, Spiritualists of the world, to unite in strengthening for further work the veteran journal of your Cause, and to aid in adding new features to THE BANNER.

We are in receipt of an important and interesting letter from Dr. F. L. H. Willis, of Glenora, N. Y., which we shall print in our next issue. In it his friends are informed that he is slowly recovering from an attack of what almost proved a fatal disease—the direct result of nervous depletion through overwork. We trust the good angels will restore him to health once more—for the Cause needs every laborer at this portentous era of its existence.

Read the testimony—rendered in "Banner Correspondence" Department—by Caroline Catlin, as to the value of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond's platform work in Chicago, and at Lake Como.

## Spiritualism is a Religion.

Not being able to suppress the spread of the belief in spiritualistic phenomena, certain persons situate in various portions of the United States are bent on trying the power of the statute law in the case, with no special purpose in view other than to obstruct the onward course of the Cause. They make great claims to be, in this, working in the domain of reason and morality, and claim credit for having performed notable service on behalf of religion and public morals.

"Is Spiritualism a religion?" is indeed an issue of supreme interest and importance. Every one is personally interested in its settlement. Whether it is yet so esteemed or not, it is undeniable that it has wrought with its influence a vast change in the religious world, as it likewise has materially affected the social and moral movements of the age. As the *Two Worlds* correctly asserts, it will at least become the basis of a universal religion which shall be for the benefit of all humanity. In order to be a universal religion, said the late Prof. Denton years ago, Spiritualism must not only be based on living facts, but must administer to the great needs of the soul—needs which so-called science and philosophy have been utterly unable to supply.

And the greatest of these needs is an assurance of our own future existence and that of our friends, where we can meet and enjoy their presence. Assume us of our future and the future of our friends, and we will bear our present ills with courage. If faith made heroes of the early Christians, what will not knowledge do? The religion that does not supply their need can never command the allegiance of any large number of believers. Where is the religion that can equal Spiritualism in supplying knowledge of the future life? To be equal to it must be it!

A religion, to be universal, must be in harmony with reason and science, and bear the strictest scrutiny. Ours is a reasonable religion, and it is the only religion that is. Reason calls for knowledge—Christianity demands faith. Reason demands miracles now, if they were ever performed—Christianity demands acceptance of the wonderful past, that can never be repeated, on pain of eternal damnation. Christianity shocks our reason at every step, and the more reasonable men become the faster they outgrow it. Spiritualism teaches that man is a spirit, and points to the living facts that demonstrate it. It teaches that this spirit lives after death, and it has thousands of the best men and women to testify that they know it. It declares that the spirit separated from the body can and does communicate with those still in the body, and it presents an array of evidence in its demonstration that is absolutely overwhelming and in accordance with reason and true science.

Now in view of this plain statement of facts, is Spiritualism, merely because it produces evidence in place of faith, to be classed as nothing more than a materialistic spectacle for the gratification of curiosity?

The bigots in Philadelphia and other cities who at present are striving to put down the Spiritualist mediums by law, on this ground and the forced plea of "fortune-telling," are merely "fighting the future," for the light is growing, and Spiritualism is more and more being recognized by the world of mankind to be a religion embodying the proof of man's continued conscious existence after the change called death—a proof which the "Orthodox" theologies of our day cannot give!

## Three National Dangers.

Judge Brown of the United States Supreme Court told the Yale Law School students at their recent commencement that the changes of the twentieth century would be social rather than legal or political. He thought the existing social unrest would most probably result in a gradual enlargement of the functions of the government, and the ultimate control of natural monopolies. The three great perils that menace the stability of American institutions he regarded to be municipal corruption, corporate greed, and the defensive resistance offered by labor. The great social problem of the near future he declared to be to reconcile capital and labor. The combinations of corporations in so-called trusts, to limit production, stifle competition, and monopolize the necessities of life, he considered worse than all the other evils wrought by chartered corporations. He declared the extent to which this had been carried to be alarming, and the extent to which they may hereafter be carried to be revolutionary. He said the entire corporate legislation of the country is sadly in need of overhauling.

Well and truly remarks the *Boston Transcript* on the address of Justice Brown, that we ought to look at these matters now and then in the light of such serious words of warning as those spoken. Perhaps, observes *The Transcript*, the most discouraging feature of the situation is that these corporate abuses have become so common that they make little impression upon the public conscience—we have become callous to considerations of right and wrong, and are too apt to treat as a joke or as pardonable "sharp practice" transactions which, if tolerated too long, may become a menace to our institutions, and to the social order.

## To All Banner Readers.

If every reader of THE BANNER individually would pause long enough to call to mind some one person in the least inclined to the acceptance of Spiritualism and the liberal thought it begets, and forward to the office of THE BANNER the name and address of that person, thus enabling us to send him or her a sample copy of the paper that is the pioneer and prophet of the truths and achievements which Spiritualism proclaims, that reader will be doing thorough missionary work for the Cause beloved of all believers. It will enable the BANNER PUBLISHING COMPANY, by an effectual method, to gain regular subscribers steadily, distribute the messages that come from the spirit-world wherever the phenomena have found their way, lift the clouds from many a doubting soul that would gladly accept a higher knowledge of truth and life, and establish this paper on a basis of serviceableness to the world that could not be disturbed in the future. Will every reader do this at once?

Read the announcement made in another column by Francis B. Woodbury concerning a proposed INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF SPIRITUALISTS IN ENGLAND.

## Thoughts on Materialization.

An intelligent correspondent of *Light*, speaking of materialization stances, says that false conclusions are likely to be drawn by inexperienced investigators who find themselves, "in wrestling with the angels, in possession of the mortal," and so determine, to their own satisfaction, that the manifestations are not of the spirit. The necessity for a medium, he says, points to the source from which the form is drawn; while from the recorded observations of the process it would appear that there are degrees or stages in the evolution of the form manifestations. Commencing with entrancement of the medium, a nebulous appearance issues, gradually becoming dense, and eventually molded into recognizable form, separate from but part of the medium. This process would seem to suggest, says this writer, a temporary transposition of some portions at least of the medium, and the necessity for their ultimate coalescence after purpose is served. Some distinction, it is insisted, should be made in alleged exposures, as, unless there is clear proof of the introduction by the mediums of drapery, masks, or other paraphernalia, there is risk of very grave injustice being done to genuine mediums, and discredit thrown upon their previous record. Where a medium has for years given proofs of form manifestations under satisfactory conditions for efficient observation, it seems unwise to hastily condemn such a medium on a single instance of apparent exposure. In such cases, it is not possible, asks this writer, for an element of mischief to arise from the action of "the adversaries," both in the seen and the unseen, which may explain much which at present is problematical?

## A Case in Point.

On our fifth page will be found an article by Wm. Tebb of England, treating the subject of premature interments, etc. Mr. A. E. Giles's sterling and important pamphlet on "Funerals, Suspended Animation and Premature Burials," etc., is awakening attention among many intelligent people. Evidence, corroborative of his views, comes to us from divers quarters. A correspondent writes, after reading the brochure: "I had an uncle who had very much the same views as Mr. Giles has published on being buried alive. It was caused by his being at the Tremont House, when a man was buried alive in the adjoining graveyard. It was a case of sudden death of a very stout person in hot weather; and the man was only kept over night. He was put in a vault, and the night after the funeral people in surrounding houses thought they heard screams! It was three days before the authorities could be persuaded to open the vault. My uncle said the body (then dead) fell out when the door was opened."

We would say, in this connection, to the reader, that the edition of Mr. Giles's excellent tractate is now nearly exhausted, but a few copies are yet for sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore, 95 Bosworth street, Boston.

## Special Announcement.

W. J. Collville desires to state that he will return to America on steamer *St. Louis*, leaving Southampton, Eng., July 27. It is his determination to fill engagements already made at three camp meetings: Onset, Cassadaga and Lake Brady. His first lecture at Onset occurs Aug. 7; his Lake Brady engagement ends Sept. 8, after which date he can give a few lectures in Chicago or elsewhere in the West en route for California, where his work commences in Los Angeles, Oct. 6.

The *Dawning Light*, published weekly at San Antonio, Tex., by C. W. and W. L. Newman, is received. Its proprietors hope in the "salutatory" "that the philosophy of Spiritualism will be placed in such a light," in its columns, "as to induce those who are now skeptical on the subject to investigate for themselves." That is excellent ground to occupy, and it should be the effort of all publications devoted to the New Dispensation to do likewise. Of the Texas Camp-Meeting (noticed in our list of out-door meetings in another column) the *Dawning Light* says:

"The State Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting to be held at Tyler Park, Fort Worth, Texas, promises to be a grand success. Let the Spiritualists of San Antonio contribute to the success of this meeting by attending. Some of the finest mediums and lecturers in the United States will be present, and investigators and believers alike can pass a pleasant and profitable time."

We had a pleasant call at this office on Saturday last from a party of visiting Spiritualists of Philadelphia, comprising Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Hill, and Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader. Arriving in Boston from a short stay at Onset Camp, they sailed for home on the afternoon of the 20th inst. Mr. Hill is a prominent manufacturer in Philadelphia; Mrs. Hill was among the early instruments of the spirit-world; Mrs. Cadwallader came to Onset to work for the National Spiritualists' Association, and to attend the Veteran Spiritualists' Union Convention.

For reports of Spiritualist Camps at LAKE PLEASANT, OCEAN GROVE and ONSET, MASS., see sixth and seventh pages.

We are glad to learn that Mrs. Maggie J. Butler, who has for so many years been known to the majority of the Spiritualists in the State, and to thousands all over the country, is meeting with the same success which formerly attended her in the examination and treatment of the afflicted. She is remarkably gifted in clairvoyant power, and delights in her work, being always ready to lend a helping hand to the unfortunate in every department of life. Through her influence, hundreds have been convinced of the truth of our glorious philosophy; while scarcely a day passes that she does not receive a call from some one who had been given over by the so-called "regulars," but who had been restored to health through her remarkable powers of mediumship. She may be found daily at the office of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Wood, 179A Tremont street, Boston, as may be seen from her advertisement in another column.

The management of Island Lake Camp, Michigan, has secured Miss Clara Tuttle, the well-known actress, to manage the dramatic entertainments for first part of the session; and the Haslett Park management has arranged for her to take charge of its entertainments for the latter part of its session. She will be assisted by the talented Mrs. Agnes Tuttle, and many friends they have made at the camps in past seasons will give them a warm welcome. It is the intention, with the assistance of amateur talent, to present three strong plays at each camp. The work could not be placed in more gifted hands, and a rare treat is in store for the campers.

We are constantly in receipt of requests to publish Spirit Messages out of regular order. While we always endeavor to please our friends, we feel obliged to decline to advance or furnish copies of Messages out of the regular course. The consistency of our position must be apparent to every thoughtful person.

## TIMELY TOPICS.

The Cuban Rebellion, at last accounts, bade fair to become a successful revolution—to the utter discomfiture of Gen. Campos and his Spanish dons. A contemporary, speaking of the cause of "Cuba libre," says: "Cuba's grievances against the greed, rapacity and misrule of Spain, are a hundred times more serious than our causes of complaint against the rule of England in 1776." The yellow fever, etc., promise to exterminate the poor homesick boys whom the mother country dumps with unparalyzing hand upon the deadly island. To give some idea of the ravages of disease there among the unaccustomed troops, it may be chronicled that during the last revolution in 1895—ten years long before the patriots were driven to the wall—the number of soldiers sent from Spain during the first five years was eighty thousand, of whom only twelve thousand were alive to fight at the commencement of the next twelve months. At very latest accounts Spain now has on the island upward of sixty thousand regular troops (more called for), while the rebels closely approximate eleven thousand men of all arms.

A Practical Guide to Spiritualism.—"A Practical Guide to Spiritualism" is the title of a pamphlet, essay and compilation by Capt. Geo. W. Walrond, President of the Spiritualist Society of Hamilton, Canada. Its special object is to lead others to investigate the greatest problems of the age—"The past, present and future life," and "If a man die, shall he live again?" He defines Spiritualism as the application and recognition of the truth that the world of sense is surrounded and pervaded by a world of spirit, and that communion never ceases between the two. His assertion is that one cannot be a Christian and not be a Spiritualist; that the Bible is saturated with Spiritualism, and needs Spiritualism to explain it; that Spiritualism is a religion, a science, a philosophy—a cosmopolitan eclecticism, receiving all good, and rejecting all error, and that the religion of Spiritualism is above all institutions, creeds and ancient views of God—that they shall all perish, but Spiritualism will endure, it being ever the same, and its years having no end.

Capt. Walrond holds that what is required of the true student of psychic and psychological phenomena is an unbiased mind, logical reasoning, genuine common sense, and a calm, reflective brain. Preconceived opinions are the most delusive snares. A safe course is always to mistrust self-opinions until you possess absolute knowledge from experience. At the very outset the student will meet with difficulties which the idea of trickery cannot explain. The author lays down the rules for investigation; directs the method of forming spirit-circles, in respect to the place, the sitters, the arrangement of sitters; how to observe the phenomena; the forms of communication; the duration of circles; and adds general suggestions, instructing in the manner of developing mediumship.

The Boston Floating Hospital, for the benefit of sick infants—to which useful institution THE BANNER recently referred in commendatory terms, as being another evidence of the growth of sympathy and brotherly feeling among men—has begun its beneficent work, the barge making its harbor trips from Snow's Arch Wharf in care of a steam tug. A daily paper of this city thus summarizes the matter:

"It is intended to make one trip a week at first, and then two, as the season progresses, provided the funds will allow. The fund for this mission amounts already to over \$200, an average of \$150 per week, being given by charitable persons of the city and State. The expense of each of these trips is \$250, an average of 250 babies being taken. Last year 1100 children and 650 mothers and attendants availed themselves of the privilege of the hospital, the average cost of the five trips being \$246.33. This year the managers would like to make twenty trips, which would cost about \$5000."

The Drift Toward Equality.—Those who watch the current of events are confident that the main flow of our modern current is really toward equality and versus privilege—though surface signs to the contrary are constructed by some. They hold that the causes of which the movement is the fruit, were the doctrine of salvation and the doctrine of the equality of all men before God. The former was at an early stage one of the most powerful solvents of tyranny—that is, of individualism—ever applied to men's minds. It lifted the lowest of God's creatures to a level with the highest, and gave to the welfare of the meanest a social significance it never had before. And it weakened class distinctions, raising the serf to a position of native dignity and worth. In even a wider sense the conception of the equality of all men before the deity became profoundly important. Then came the idea of the salvation of the individual by his own works—not on "vicarious" grounds—known as Unitarianism. Modern Spiritualism next came to demonstrate what other systems had only conceived of, and now gives point and evidence regarding the brotherhood of man.

Henry Wood on Mental Sovereignty.—Mental causation is abundantly proved by the well-known effects of fear, anger, envy, anxiety and the other passions and emotions upon the physical organism. Acute fear will paralyze the nerve-centres, and sometimes turn the hair white in a single night. A mother's milk can be poisoned by a fit of anger. Passion, sinful thought, avarice, envy, jealousy, selfishness, all press for external bodily expression. Even false philosophies and false concepts of the Deity make their unwholesome influence felt in every bodily tissue. By infallible law mental states are mirrored upon the body; but because the process is gradual and complex, we fail to observe the connection. Mind translates itself into flesh and blood. What must be the physical result upon humanity of thousands of years of chronic fearing, sinning, selfishness, anxiety and unnumbered other morbid conditions? These are all the time pulling down the cells and tissues which only divine, harmonious thought can build up.

An Ego-Mania!—The present age is one of stilted words and wondrous nomenclature. Max Nordau, author of "Degeneracy," takes the ground regarding the faded Sun-Flower Oscar Wilde, that he (W.) is suffering from a certain species of "mental unsoundness," which he (N.) calls ego-mania. He is sure that Wilde's "former predilection for strange costume was a pathological aberration of a racial instinct. It was purely anti-social, ego maniacal recklessness." Now we know all about it.

A Mediterranean "Elbe."—On July 21, near the mouth of the gulf of Spezia, on the Italian coast, the great steamers "Ortigia" and "Maria P." came into disastrous collision at 1:30 in the morning. The "Maria P." sank almost immediately, and nearly one hundred and fifty of her passengers and three of her crew were drowned. The black darkness added its horrors to the scene. Thus is another chapter given to the misery of "them that go down to the sea in ships."

Electrical Cooking.—Among the interesting features of the Woman's Household exhibit, at the forthcoming Cotton Festival at Atlanta, will be a demonstration of the power of electricity to cook articles, not only quickly but also in good shape—for which purpose electric stoves will be shown in full operation. The Exposition opens Sept. 18 and closes Dec. 31. Walter G. Cooper, Atlanta, Ga., may be addressed for particulars.

Letters from both Dr. C. E. and Mrs. Watkins assure us of their safe return to their lovely home in Ayer, Mass. Taking one route, as the doctor did, to the Pacific Coast, and returning by another, gave the family an opportunity of seeing a great deal of rugged mountain and ocean wave-washed scenery. The doctor is again at his medical practice. We wish him and his excellent family abundant success, socially, financially and spiritually.—*The Temple of Health for July, San Diego, Cal.*

Boston tells with pride of the Kansas visitor who wanted to see "the new Public Library and the ocean."—*Ez.*

## NEWS NOTES AND FIFTY POINTS.

APRIL THE SIXTH.  
Drooping the body beneath the wall,  
Their three half-quenched, a smouldering red;  
A shroud of gold upon the grasses tall,  
A butterfly is hanging dead.  
A sound of trickling water, like a tune  
Set to sweet words, a wind that blows  
Wet bougainvillea leaves of one white rose.  
Caught in the breath of one white rose.  
—Ludie Reese, in *Christian Register*.

No DOUBT OF IT.—A clergyman of the Baptist persuasion, holding forth in a Texas town, recently commenced his discourse thusly:

"My dear friends, I want to talk to you about the infinite power of the Almighty. He created a mighty ocean—and he created a pebble. He created the solar system—and he created the world—and he created a grain of sand. My friends, he created me! and he created—a daisy!"

Blasphemy.—"Do you think it is right to partake of this hash on Friday?" *Low Church Clergyman*.—"Entirely orthodox; it is composed of the thirty-nine articles."—*Puck*.

Compulsory Education is an equal sharing of the national stock of acquired knowledge.  
Compulsory Vaccination is a distribution of the national stock of acquired diseases.

Forenoon and afternoon and night—Forenoon!  
And afternoon and night—Forenoon, and—what!  
The empty song repeats itself. No more?  
Yes, that is life: make this forenoon sublime,  
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,  
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.  
—E. R. Sill, in *The Moslem World*.

A contemporary mentions that a near-sighted hen mistook sawdust for corn meal, and partaking freely thereof, in due season laid a nestful of wooden knobs, and after sitting on them for three weeks hatched out a set of parlor furniture.

One secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth all the mere good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers, in which idle people indulge themselves.—*J. H. Newman*.

One hundred and twenty-two claims, aggregating \$1,175,756, have been filed against the city of Chicago, as the result of the strike last summer. They are made by railroads and other corporations, who assert their property was destroyed by rioters during the strike. The smallest claim filed, \$26, is in behalf of the Pullman Palace Car Co.

Just a song at twilight,  
Where the microbes grow,  
Where the rays of moonlight  
Of germicide come and go;  
Just a serenade  
Who in whispers speaks;  
Just a cough that took him off  
On sick leave for six weeks.  
—*Washington Star*.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to an advertisement of the BANNER OF LIGHT, the oldest spiritual journal in the world, which appears in another column.—*The Herald of Light, San Diego, Cal.*

The ancient town of Manchester-by-the-Sea, in Massachusetts, celebrated Thursday, July 18—under the auspices of the Improved Order of Red Men, the town authorities, etc.—the landing within its limits of Gov. Winthrop, two hundred and fifty years ago, with the colony which subsequently became the founder of Boston. The exercises were unique, and worthy the important event they commemorated.

Snoggs.—"Was it not disgraceful the way in which Snoggs snored in church to-day?" *Stuags*.—"I should think it was. Why, he woke us all."

There is but one use for law, but one excuse for government—the preservation of liberty—to give to each man his own, to secure to the farmer what he produces from the soil, the mechanic what he invents and makes, to the artist what he creates, to the thinker the right to express his thoughts. Liberty is the breath of progress.—*Ingersoll*.

The length of either day or night can be easily and accurately reckoned by the following simple rule: "Multiply the hour of the sun's rising by two, and it will give the length of the night; multiply the hour of setting by two, and get the length of the day. Thus, take a day when the sun rises at 6:30 and sets at 5:30. Apply the rule, and you have a night of thirteen hours and a day of eleven."—*Sedgwick, Kan., Pantagraph*.

The spider wove his filmy web across an open door, through which a merchant found his way into and out his store. "Do not weave your web across the door," a bee was heard to say, "because before you get it done it will all be swept away." "I guess I know what I'm about," replied the spider wisely. "I know the man who runs this store—he does not advertise."—*Ez.*

The barber shops are closed in Brooklyn to-day, and the soda fountains are forbidden to play in New York. Now, if we can have the street cars stopped, the "L" trains suspended, and the holes in the slot machines stuffed up, we are going to have somewhere near the standard of the good old New England days, when the Yankee farmer used to throw his cider barrel out of the cellar if he caught it working on Sunday.—*The New York Recorder, Sunday, July 14, 1895.*

Hon. Alexander H. Rice—who served with distinction as Governor of Massachusetts in 1876, 1877 and 1878, as a member of Congress, and as Mayor of Boston in 1886 and 1887—passed to spirit-life July 22, at the Longwood Hotel in Weymouth, Mass., aged seventy-seven years. He was born in Newton.

Light, London, chronicles that *Humanity* says: "It is reported that the Duchess of York, when giving away the prizes at the recent R. S. P. C. A. (The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals) meeting at the Crystal Palace, was actually wearing an 'algerette,' that is, a plume torn from a heron at the nesting season—the most horrible of the most horrible trophies of murderous mania. Of course she was quite unconscious of the irony of the situation."

For Over Fifty Years  
Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

## Veteran Spiritualists' Union—Notes.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The fourth annual Camp-Meeting, held at Onset July 13, was a grand success. Additional to the amount reported in your last issue, \$32 were received on the subsequent day, making a total of \$200. This sum includes four life-members at \$25 each, viz., Mrs. Louise Terry and Mrs. Lauretta E. Dodge, both of Onset; Mrs. Cyrus Peabody of Warren, R. I., and Mr. Wm. T. Davis of Charlestown, Mass.

Another camp-meeting in the interest of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union will be held at Lake Pleasant some day in August, due notice of which will be given. A committee of six will have the management of the affair at that popular camp, viz., Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hatch, Jr., Mrs. J. W. Wheeler of Orange, Mass., and Mrs. J. A. Chapman of Norwich, Ct.

Beside the committees having the management of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union work at the several camps of Onset, Lake Pleasant, Boston, Mass., Lake George, Queen City Park and Rima in the park, much praise is also due to Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, Mrs. J. W. Wheeler, Mrs. J. W. Wilson, Mrs. J. A. Chapman, Mrs. Dr. Dillingham-Storrs, Mrs. May S. Pepper, Mr. O. Beckwith, Ewell and others for valuable services rendered, etc.

In behalf of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union, thanks are hereby given to the Onset Bay Grove Association, for the use of the Auditorium and Arcade; to the various speakers who so ably set forth the work and needs of the Union; to Mr. A. J. Maxham, the popular singer and organist; to Mrs. M. E. Kleinhaus, for flowers and decoration; to all of those who became members of that occasion, thus swelling the amount received to nearly double that of the previous camp receipts; and last but not least to the BANNER OF LIGHT, for its full reports of the doings on that occasion.

Some of those who joined at Onset: F. M. Donovan, slate-writer, Mrs. A. E. Kibb, formerly of *Light of Truth*, all of Cincinnati, Mo., and Mrs. Dr. Pratt of the Helping Hand Society, Boston; Mr. Moses Hull, Mrs. Mattie E. Hull, Miss Lizzie Hattie, Mrs. J. Whitney of California, Mrs. Carrie M. Sawyer, Mrs. Mrs. Harvey Lyman, Capt. Wm. A. Atkins of Provincetown, and others, beside the four life-members already named. Wm. H. BARKS, Clerk.  
No. 77 State Street, Boston.

"I was all run down, and thought I would try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have taken one bottle, and it has cured the heavy, stupid feeling with which I was afflicted."  
ELIZABETH McMURRAY,  
228 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache.



**Infants Dying Rapidly.**

Only by the most judicious feeding can children be saved from intestinal disorders that now lie in wait for every feeble infant.

Children should not stop growing and steadily increasing in weight during the summer months. Any decline in strength, activity and high spirits at such times should be even more quickly observed and remedied than at other seasons. Any sign of let-up in the healthy nourishment of the child should be met with lactated food.

The carefully-studied composition of this perfect infant diet, so accurately adapted to the needs of growing children, makes it easy to induce them to take abundant food of a highly nourishing quality and of absolutely assured purity. Babies fed on a diet of lactated food lose that pinched look almost immediately; the profuse perspiring that usually accompanies weakness ceases; their sleep becomes restful, and their pale cheeks and white lips get full and ruddy.

All this change will be due to the simple effect of that richer, complete and more satisfying diet of lactated food.

At the beginning of the summer the physicians give warning that the utmost care must be taken to use pure food for children. That this emphatic warning does not reach every city and town in this State is evident from the high infantile death-rate. But in those places where the newspapers have published the discussions that are now going on regarding proper infant feeding in summer, large quantities of lactated food are used. The result is, as statistics show, that the fewer deaths occur in those towns and cities where the larger amount of lactated food is used.

Comparisons of this sort are absolutely convincing.

This is a fatal month for the little ones, and without the utmost care the local physicians say that the dreadful mortality and increasing amount of sickness among children will continue.

The one safe plan is to feed infants on lactated food.

Physicians say that in every case of cholera infantum the child is improperly fed and nourished, and hence the disease.

"It is absolutely certain," says a physician, in one of the medical journals, speaking of the alarming summer mortality, "that the cause of this high death-rate among infants is indigestion."

Thousands of physicians prescribe lactated food for their little patients, at the beginning of the summer, with the full assurance that the dread disease is not likely to appear in that family.

It must be borne in mind that lactated food is so inexpensive that it is within the reach of every one. One hundred and fifty meals can be made from a dollar package of the food, and prepared for use it costs less than five cents a quart.

Mothers must remember that cholera infantum can be more easily prevented than cured. Feed the baby with pure lactated food, and keep the child well and strong.

**MEETINGS IN BOSTON.**

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

**Matheson Hall, 694 Washington Street,** corner of Kneeland. Spiritual meetings every Tuesday, 11 A. M., 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M.; meeting in Commercial Hall Thursday at 2 1/2 P. M. N. P. Smith, Chairman.

**Elvian Hall, 880 Washington Street.**—Meetings are held every Sunday at 11 A. M., 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M.; Tuesday and Thursday at 7 1/2 P. M.; Friday at 7 P. M.; Saturday at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. W. L. Latrop, Conductor.

**American Hall, 784 Washington Street.**—Meetings Sundays at 10 1/2 A. M., 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Good mediums, fine music. E. Tuttle, Conductor.

**Harmony Hall, 724 Washington Street, one flight.**—Sundays at 11 A. M., 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Tuesday and Thursday, circle and meetings. At No. 618 Tremont street, Wednesdays and Saturdays, 3 P. M., Fridays, 3 P. M. Seating capacity, 100 persons. S. H. Nelke, Conductor.

**Holla Hall, 789 Washington Street.**—Meetings on Sundays at 11 A. M., 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. J. Milton White, Conductor.

**Alvathia Hall, 841 Tremont Street.**—United Spiritualists of America (Incorporated), Sundays, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Mary C. Weston, President.

**Eagle Hall.**—Hartwell writes: Wednesday afternoon, July 17, Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, Mrs. J. Fredricks, Miss F. Wheeler, C. A. Davis, E. H. Tuttle gave satisfactory remarks, tests and readings.

Sunday, July 21. The morning circle was large. Remarks and tests were given by Dr. J. R. Root, Mr. Pratt, Mr. Jones, Mrs. J. E. Woods, Mrs. M. Ratzel, Mrs. Branch, Mrs. Carlson, Mrs. L. Jones.

Afternoon and evening sessions were of a pleasing nature. Duets, Prof. and Mrs. Peak; excellent remarks, tests and readings, Mrs. J. E. Woods, Mrs. J. Fredricks, Mrs. J. E. Peak, Mrs. Woodbury, Mrs. M. Ratzel, Mrs. Dr. Bell, Mrs. C. H. Clarke, Mrs. L. Terry, Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, Dr. J. R. Root, C. W. Quimby, E. H. Tuttle; Mr. Tuttle answered mental questions.

Musical selections, H. C. Grimes.

**BANNER OF LIGHT** for sale each session.

**American Hall.**—A correspondent writes: A fine spirit feast was enjoyed on Sunday last, at our morning circle.

Meetings both afternoon and evening were well attended, and willing workers were with us to give their aid toward advancing the spread of spirit truth.

The following took part: Madam Bruce, Mrs. A. Forrester, Mrs. A. P. McKenna, Mr. F. A. Heath, Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, Mrs. A. Hunt, Dr. C. Root, E. Robertson, Mrs. M. Knowles, Mrs. E. J. Peak, Mrs. Lamphier, Mrs. Dr. Bell.

Musical by Mr. C. Pierce, and D. Abbott rendered some fine music at evening service. Mrs. Lovering Prof. Peak, Mrs. Cunningham and Mr. L. Baxter also furnished fine music during the day.

**BANNER OF LIGHT** for sale.

**Dwight Hall.**—Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkison, President, writes: Meeting of Ethical and Spiritual Culture, July 18. Madam Treen conducted the meeting, followed by remarks and tests by Mrs. Nutter; reading of Scriptures by Mr. Badger; tests by Mrs. Mason; remarks by Mrs. Dowling of Lynn; tests by Miss L. A. Smith, Mrs. M. Knowles, Mrs. Callahan.

Organist, Miss Nellie Carlton.

Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham writes: "The many friends of Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkison, President of the Ethical Spiritual Culture Association, assembled in this hall Thursday, July 11, to celebrate the occasion of her birthday anniversary. To express their sincere appreciation of her labors in the past. A generous contribution of professional talent, mediumistic, musical and literary, interested the large audience. Dancing until 12 closed a very enjoyable occasion."

Miss Brehm, Miss Nye, Miss Richards, Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham, Mr. Long, Mr. George Butters, Mrs. Wilkison, Mrs. Park, Miss Mattie Mulligan, Mr. Frank McGrath, Capt. Richard Holmes and Miss Lizzie Hicks participated in the exercises.

**Harmony Hall.**—James Higgins writes: The past week's meetings were of great profit to all present. President and Chairman Mr. S. H. Nelke being the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wood at Seaside-at-the-Sea, this State, in need of this rest, the spirit-world seemed combined with its mediums to assure the convalescent that the meetings were and are in good hands. The presiding officers during the meetings were: Mr. Davis, Mr. W. B. Wood and Mrs. Collins, who were assisted by Mrs. J. A. Wood, Mrs. M. A. Chase, Mrs. Hartzell, Mrs. Fredericks, Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Irving and others.

Mr. Nelke, on returning, was obliged to undergo another operation—Mr. Deering, Mr. D., being the surgeon; he is doing as well as can be expected. Music was furnished by Mr. Davis and Miss S. B. Lamb.

The **BANNER OF LIGHT** for sale at the hall, and at Mr. Nelke's residence, 616 Tremont street.

**Note from Mattie E. Hull.**

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I desire to inform our Eastern friends, through the columns of your journal, that I propose coming to Boston with my husband in December and remaining until June. I intend to work jointly with him, when practicable, and to make engagements independently, anywhere within one hundred miles of Boston, during the months I shall be in New England.

I have a few dates for December.

My permanent address is 29 Chicago Terrace, Chicago, Ill.

Hoping an early response from the Eastern friends, I am for the Cause,

MATTIE E. HULL.

**The Second Summer.**

Many mothers believe, in the most precarious in a child's life; generally it may be true, but you will find that mothers and physicians familiar with the value of the Gall Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk do not so regard it.

**Buried Alive.**

In the London Echo, about the middle of June, appeared the subjoined, over initials which (from fuller light) lead us to think the article is written by William Tebb, the veteran champion of anti-vaccination, whose reputation in his specialty is world-wide:

"A case of supposed premature burial having occurred in my own family, has given me a painful interest in this subject, and I am of opinion that such cases are far more frequent than is generally admitted. It must be remembered that after a medical certificate of death has been given, and the supposed corpse buried, exhumation can only be granted by an order from the Home Secretary, and such orders are rarely, if ever, obtainable except on suspicion of poisoning. It stands to reason that the majority of cases of premature burial are never discovered, but whenever graveyards have been removed, and the bodies examined, unmistakable evidences of such cases have been brought to light."

Dr. Moore Russel Fletcher, for forty-six years a Fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society, published some years ago 'A Treatise on Suspended Animation, with Directions for Restoration,' which contains the names of, or references to, nearly a thousand persons who had been buried alive by their relatives or friends. It forms the appendix to his work entitled 'Our Home Doctor.' A more recent work has already been referred to by Mr. Williamson in *The Echo*, in which the author furnishes particulars of one hundred and eight cases, three of these within his own experience. This is written by Dr. Franz Hartmann, of Hallen, Austria, and is entitled 'Buried Alive. An Examination into the Occult Causes of Apparent Death, Trance and Cataplexy.' Dr. Hartmann examines about thirty of the tests usually relied upon by physicians as proof of death, including those mentioned by your correspondent, Mr. Thomas Tyson, and declares that, with one exception, he pronounces them untrustworthy, the exception being decomposition. In this he is supported by Hufeland—a high authority—to use his own words: 'All other tests are delusive and unreliable.'

A reform in our methods of treating the supposed dead is necessary, as shown by the cases of premature burial, reported in *The Echo* from time to time, with three cases in one week. Unfortunately the medical journals rarely take cognizance of reported cases, with a view, probably, of maintaining the infallibility of medical death certificates, and preserving professional reputations."

**Cleveland (O.) Notes.**

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

All is quiet now among the various spiritual societies in this city. Those who can have either gone or are going to some of our popular camp-meetings, Casadaga, Lake Brady or Maple Dell.

**Children's Progressive Lyceum Annual Picnic.**—As customary with the Lyceum, it adjourned the last of June, closing a spiritually profitable season with its regular annual Picnic at Lake Brady—which was highly successful—under the management of Conductor B. F. Bellows. The camp-meeting at this popular summer resort is now fairly opened, and is reported in good shape, and prosperous—the regular Sunday excursion train from this city over the C. and P. Railroad being unusually large.

**Maple Dell Camp,** at Mantua, O., has been very materially improved this season. The new auditorium (seating capacity two thousand) will be dedicated on Saturday, the 20th, Rev. Moses Hull, and others, participating. Cheaper rates have been secured this year from all points, and the Erie Railroad is to run a special excursion from Cleveland every Sunday—fare fifty cents.

**W. F. Pitman,** Associate Editor of the **BANNER OF LIGHT**, in company with Rev. Moses Hull, en route from Onset to Maple Dell and Lake Brady, made a flying call on your scribe Friday, the 19th. We were much pleased to meet this representative of the standard old **BANNER**. We hastily learned his intention of not only visiting the various Ohio camp-meetings, but he is to take in all the most west of this city as far as Minnesota—on return taking in Casadaga, Lake George, Lake Pleasant, and others, away into Vermont. We bespeak for Mr. Pitman a successful and pleasant visit, and trust the oldest and best spiritual journal of America will hereafter have its representative visit the West annually.

Mr. John Steward, Spiritualist of this city—is now on a visit to his native place, the World's Metropolis, London. Report says Mr. S. is having a good time, and intends calling on Bro. Burns of the late *Medium and Daybreak*, on the editors of *Light*, and on other prominent workers.

**Passed to Spirit-Life.**—Since my last report two very worthy Spiritualists have passed to the higher life: Mrs. Ruth Woodward Ingham, from her late home in this city, July 2, aged 73 years, the beloved wife of Mr. Geo. Ingham, the well-known spiritualistic worker, and a prominent founder of the West Side Society, The Progressive Thinkers. Although quite a philosopher, the ordeal was a trying one to Bro. Ingham, after forty-seven years of happy married life with this truly good and affectionate woman. The funeral services were largely attended, the Hon. A. B. French of Clyde officiating.

**Luther Battis** of East Cleveland, who was murdered, attacked and shot by burglars in his home last night, quietly passed away Friday, July 19, aged 69 years. Mr. Battis was one of Cleveland's pioneers, coming here from New York State when 8 years old; followed farming for years; was widely known and highly respected; he leaves a widow, three sons and one daughter, and innumerable relatives and friends to mourn his loss. He was a well-informed man, a clear thinker, and left behind him a large body of work, when converted to the Spiritual Philosophy. The obsequies were conducted by the writer and Hudson Tuttle of Berlin Heights, the latter giving a lucid and eloquent exposition of the Spiritual Philosophy, occupying three hundred persons, relatives and friends, occupying the house and lawn.

**Dr. and Mrs. Hattie Pettibone,** physical and test mediums, who are located now at Lake Brady for the season, came to Cleveland Sunday, July 14, and held a very successful séance in Memorial Hall, in the presence of a very large audience.

"**Santanello, the Master Hypnotist,**" who recently held a man entranced for a week at Lake Brady, is now attempting the same feat at Army and Navy Hall, and holding nightly mesmeric séances to large audiences.

"**The Brady Lake Mirror**" is the name of a bright little four-page paper, to be published during the camp-meeting season by Mrs. Mattie McCaslin, under the auspices of the Association. Subscription, 25 cents for ten issues; sent for same in copy free.

**Important Removal** (especially to the writer). After a residence of over twenty-two years at 105 Cross street, the writer has removed to the "East End." The brass door-plate of "Thos. Lees" now graces one of the doors in Holden Terrace, 56 Stearns street, commencing 2374 Euclid Avenue (opposite main entrance to Wade Park). Call and see us, friends.

July 19, 1896. THOMAS LEES.

**MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.**

**Lynn.**—T. H. B. James writes: Sunday evening the Spiritualists of Lynn held very interesting services in Clerk's Hall, 33 Summer street, opening with a service of song led by Prof. Harold Leslie of New York. Mr. Charles W. Priest presided at the piano. Mr. Leslie also rendered fine selections; Lena and Elsie Burns rendered a fine duet on the piano.

Mrs. M. L. Goodrich of Carpenter, R. I., who is stopping at 176 Berry street this week, rendered a fine prayer to the audience, she then gave a large number of remarkable tests and messages from spirit-friends, all said to be correct, and well received by the large audience.

Mrs. William S. Butler of Boston then told how she became a Spiritualist and medium. She also gave some of her experiences in the spiritual field. Her graceful and eloquent remarks were not lost upon her attentive hearers. She followed with excellent tests and communications from spirit-friends, all pronounced correct.

Madame Bruce of New Bedford then gave one of her forcible and convincing séances. Her utterances being to the point, always bringing recognition.

Next Sunday, July 27, Mrs. William S. Butler and Mrs. M. L. Goodrich. All invited.

**Lowell.**—Thomas T. Shurtliff, President, writes: The First Spiritualist Society continued its grove meeting, Sunday, July 14, at Barnstable grove. The speaker was Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham, and her lecture was one of the best of the season. Mrs. Burnham is one of our best speakers, and societies wishing to hear a good discourse should give her a call.

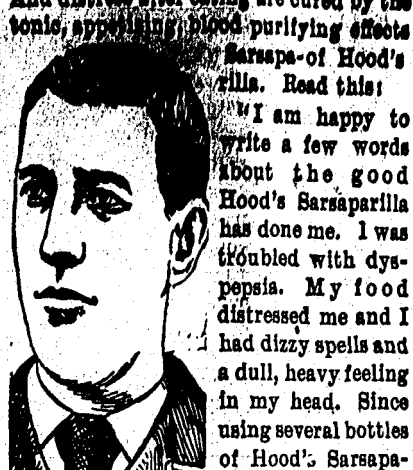
A delegation from the Lawrence Society was present for the express purpose of listening to Mrs. Burnham—she being a favorite to Lawrence.

**Do You Want a Tonic?****Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.**

Dr. W. J. NORFOLK, Chippewa Falls, Mass., says: "I have used it as a tonic and stimulant with success. I always keep it in the house for my own use."

**Dyspepsia**

And distress after eating are cured by the tonic, appetizing and blood-purifying effects of Hood's Sarsaparilla.



"I am happy to write a few words about the good Hood's Sarsaparilla has done me. I was troubled with dyspepsia. My food distressed me and I had dizzy spells and a dull, heavy feeling in my head. Since using several bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla my food no longer distresses me at all and my head has been relieved from all dizzy spells. I gladly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla for any troubled as I was."

HOMER J. CLEVELAND, Roxbury, Vt.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Is the only True Blood Purifier prominently in the public eye. By feeding all the nerves, tissues and organs on pure blood it gives perfect health. \$1; six for \$6.

**Hood's Pills** cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache, &c.

**Spiritualist Camp-Meetings for 1896.**

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

As the **BANNER** is always ready and willing to give all the Spiritualist Camp-Meeting proceedings free of cost to those interested in these pleasant gatherings, we hope 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 cooperating in efforts to increase its circulation, thereby strengthening the hands of its publishers for the arduous work which the Cause demands of all its public advocates.

**Onset Bay, Mass.**—Lecture season began July 7—closes Aug. 25. Trains run as follows: Leave Boston, at 8:45, 8:15, 8:00 A. M., 1:00, 3:30 and 5:10 P. M. Sunday trains at 7:30 and 8:15 A. M. Leave Onset at 7:05, 8:25, 11:34 A. M., 4:54, 5:03 and 5:44 P. M. Sundays at 8:40 A. M., 6:19, 6:34, (6:41 as far as Middleboro only), P. M.

**Maple Dell, Mass.**—July 28 to Aug. 28. Trains leave Boston 8:45, 1:30 A. M., Sunday, 8:00 A. M. Leave Lake Pleasant 6:23, 9:01 A. M.; 3:51, 5:46 P. M. Sundays, 3:57, 5:46 P. M.

**Cape Cod Camp-Meeting,** Ocean Grove, Harwich Port—Commencing July 14, closing July 28.

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

**Lake George, N. Y.**—Meetings began July 14, and continue until Sept. 1.

**Casadaga, N. Y.**—Began Saturday, July 13; closes Sunday, Sept. 1.

**West Killdeer, N. H.**—Sundays, July 14, 21, 28, Aug. 4, 11, 18, 25, Sept. 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, Oct. 6, 13, 20, 27, Nov. 3, 10, 17, 24, 31, Dec. 7, 14, 21, 28.

**Queen City Park, Burlington, Vt.**—Opens July 25, closes Sept. 1.

**Temple Heights, Maine.**—Begins August 10, continuing ten days.

**Ennis, Me.** (Buswell's Grove).—Aug. 30 to Sept. 8.

**Verona Park, Me.**—Camp-Meeting Aug. 1 to Aug. 18.

**Niantic Camp-Grounds, Conn.**—Commenced June 23, continuing to Sept. 2, inclusive.

**Maumee Valley Spiritualists' Camp, Ohio,** will open on the 2nd of October and continue two weeks.

**Maple Dell, Mantua, O.**—July 28 to Aug. 25.

**Grand Lodge, Mich.**—July 20.

**Indian 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.

**Lake Brady, O.**—June 30 to Sept. 8, inclusive.

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

**Indiana Camp** (near Anderson, Ind.). C. C. & St. L. R. R.—July 18 to Aug. 12.

**Devils Lake, Mich.**—July 26 to Aug. 12.

**Clinton, Ia.**—July 28 to Aug. 26.

**Catalpa Park Camp, La.**—Aug. 24 to Sept. 8.

**Vicksburg, Mich.**—The Twelfth Annual Camp-Meeting will be held in Frazer's Grove, commencing Aug. 9, ending Sept. 1.

**Santa Monica, Cal.**—Commences July 21—to continue one month.

**Sumnerland, Cal.**—Aug. 25 to Sept. 15.

**Wyley Park, Tex.**—one mile southeast of Fort Worth. —Commences Sept. 21, closes Oct. 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. The Secretaries of the meetings included in the above list are requested to furnish, for free insertion, the post-office address to which mail-matter can be sent to their respective camps.—E.D.)

**To Foreign Subscribers** the subscription price of the **BANNER OF LIGHT** is \$3.00 per year, or \$1.60 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.

**WRITING PLANCHETTES** for sale by Colby & Rich. Price 60 cents.

**RHODE ISLAND.**

**PROVIDENCE.**—Mrs. C. M. Whipple, Treas., writes: "Kindly permit me through the columns of your paper to speak of the good work in our city of Providence, by Dr. F. H. Roscoe and his estimable wife."

A year ago, there was a call and demand for a new society. One was formed under the name of the Peoples' Progressive Spiritual Association; and through the earnest and efficient labors of the Dr. and wife it has been carried on with grand success.

As President of our Society he has filled the position with honor to himself and the Cause, and approval of members and all interested in the meetings.

As a psychometric reader he has few equals. It is with pleasure and the most profound respect for the Dr. and wife that I pen these lines, in justice to the Cause and the encouragement of those who toil for the elevation of humanity.

May such advocates of our ennobling philosophy be spared many years to bring hope and comfort to ones that have not received a spiritual baptism from higher founts of truth and knowledge beyond the eternal gates whose portals swing wide for all to enter in."

**DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.**

**WASHINGTON.**—Francis B. Woodbury (Secretary of the National Spiritualists' Association, 600 Pennsylvania Avenue) writes: SPIRITUALISTS OF UNITED STATES, ATTENTION! A Spiritualists' International Congress is to convene in London, Eng., in June, 1896.

The sessions are to continue through several days, and questions of interest to all Spiritualists will come before the Convention for consideration.

It is important that a good delegation of American Spiritualists attend.

It is probable that a personally-conducted excursion from America will be arranged at reduced rates.

All Societies who can send delegates, and all who anticipate attending, will please notify this office, or J. Allen, Hon. Sec'y, 115 White Post Lane, Manor Park, Essex, Eng.

**\$100 Reward \$100.**

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing her work. The proprietors have to much to be sure in the curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 15c.

**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 subscription 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 us, 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 INCITEMENT 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.

**A Fine Musical Tribute**



## SPRIT Message Department.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Spirit Messages published from week to week under the above heading are reported verbatim by Miss Ida L. Bralton, an expert stenographer.

Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor—should be forwarded to this office by mail or left at our Consulting 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.

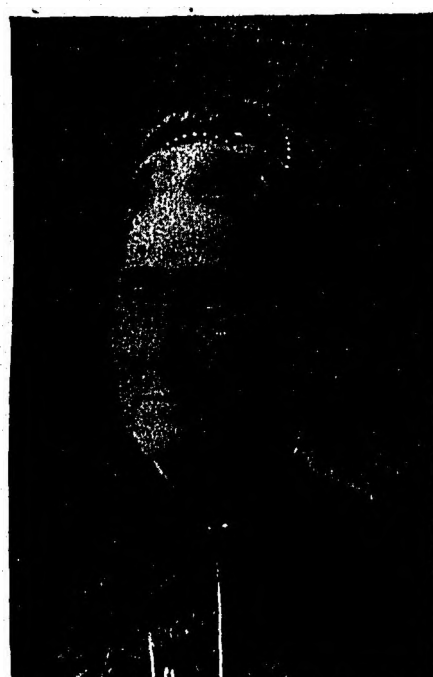
It is our earnest wish that those on the mundane plane of life who recognize the published messages of their spirit-friends on this page, from time to time, will verify them by personally informing us of the fact of publication.

As our spirit visitors are very fond of flowers, it behooves the friends in earth-life, so disposed, to place natural flowers upon 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, pertaining to 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 March 1, 1895—Continued from last issue.

John Meers.

I am familiar with the streets of dear old Boston, Mr. Chairman; but should you ask me if I knew of spirit-communion, I could not say I acknowledged it openly, although I did know something regarding it.

I would like to come into communication with John Morey. He was on Beacon street when I passed away. I do not know where he is now, for I have lost sight of him since the change came to me, but perhaps if I persevere I may run across him; certainly there is no one who is going to help me find him, although I feel a friendly feeling extended to me many times when I come in contact with mortals.

I would not come back here to stay if I could have all my heart could desire, and be perfectly well, which I was not for a long time before I passed on.

I am John Meers.

James H. Mattheson.

Mr. Chairman, it is a great privilege to be permitted to come here and send a message to the friends in earth-life. I have attended many of these meetings, and listened with interest to those spirits who have spoken, and I feel to say that not a message is given here that is not the means of accomplishing good to some one somewhere at some time.

It is of vital importance sometimes that we should give a few words of advice or warning, or shed a little light on the darkened pathway of a dear one who is groping amid the shadows, and when other avenues are closed to us whereby to reach that beloved one, we find this ever open when there is time and we have the power to communicate. Therefore we on the spirit-side of life can appreciate such an institution as this far more than it is possible for mortals to do.

I find that the mission of spirits is to aid others, not only mortals but other spirits as well. We are not governed by selfish motives in this labor of love, but we are glad to aid any one with whom we come in contact, whether a friend or a stranger, one of our kindred or one connected by no tie save that of universal brotherhood.

Julia is here, and wishes to be remembered. I lived in New York a part of the time, but I passed away in Vineland, N. J. James H. Mattheson.

Lottie F. Johnston.

[To the Chairman.] Please, sir, I come to the meeting, too. [I am glad to have you come.] Gran'pa is here. I didn't know I was going to talk when I first came, but the kind gentleman said I could speak, and gran'pa said I might talk a little if I wanted to.

We have lots of pretty flowers in the Summer-Land.

Gran'ma Johnston says I was only two years old when I went to heaven, but I don't remember it. Papa did feel so bad, gran'ma says, because I went away, but I came right back again. He called me his "little Lottie," and loved me so much. He knows I come back, but not always when he thinks so.

Do you know where Cambridgeport is? [Yes.] Well, I lived there. My name is Lottie F. Johnston. [What is your papa's name?] James Johnston.

I thank you, sir. Good-by.

George Folsom.

It is a pretty sight, Mr. Chairman, to see these little ones in their innocence take control of the media organism, and, forgetting all else, speak in their sweet, natural way. This little one who has just communicated I should judge to be five to seven years old, as I look at her now.

I didn't think, when I entered this room to-day, that I should give a communication myself; but when Johnnie said, "I think you'd better speak, father, for mother would be so pleased to hear from you," I decided to make the attempt if the opportunity should present itself. I don't wish you to think, Mr. Chairman, that I had no interest in reporting, far from it, but I thought the time was not ripe.

In Cornish, Me., where I was well known, I am not forgotten by many kindred and friends even now.

Susan, I know your heart has gone out many times to me and the children in the spirit-world, and I know you have mourned the loss of our physical presence, but the Father divided, leaving you a part and giving me a part.

Since the time Johnnie reported and told you that father said changes were coming, they have come and passed, and you found it as I had prophesied. I would say here that one change has been a good one, because I know you and the one you are with are both happier, and you are not lonely as you were before.

Susan, you often hear strange sounds or raps about the house when you are alone. Sometimes we use such means to attract your attention. The husband, Winthrop, has heard them also, but, like many others, gives them no particular thought at the time.

Rosie is here, and sends kind greetings to you all.

Yes, Susan, we live on eternally, and when your hands shall be folded for the last time, we shall come to open the door for you and greet you warmly. There will be others beside the kindred who will be glad to welcome you to the spirit-world—old neighbors and friends long since passed to the spirit-land.

My name is George Folsom. I passed away a great many years ago. My son Johnnie is here, as are also some of the other children, but I speak of him more particularly because he has been instrumental in my coming to-day.

George L. Bibbs.

Good morning, Mr. Chairman. [Good morning.] I know it matters not where we come from, all are welcome here. I come, speaking in a material sense, from Los Angeles, Cal.

Not a great while ago I communicated with my wife, Caroline, and it was a great pleasure to me.

When I was called away so suddenly, I felt that all our castles had fallen to the ground. We had made plans for the coming week which could not be carried out, but I had the privilege of visiting mother when the family could not go.

I know, dear wife, what a sorrow it was for you to part with me, but try to realize the fact that I am near you the greater part of the time, for I have as strong a desire for your companionship as you have for mine.

I was glad to see you and Gracie do as I asked you to so long ago, and it made you have confidence when you visited another State and came into communication with me. When you returned to California, you carried the sweet knowledge with you. As I said to you then, don't cry; it will not be long before we shall all be together, never to part again. It was hard to part, but I could see you while you could not see me.

George L. Bibbs.

### 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.

March 8.—Isaac N. Tucker; Lulu Gates; Sumner E. Garfield; Kirk Smith; Jesse Thumser; Amanda Putnam; Lucy S. Holbrook; Joseph Wood; Nancy Atter.

March 15.—Charles Douglas; Mrs. Florence Wilson; Freeman H. Persons; Harriet Eliza Roff; Charles Cooper; Fannie Clark; Harriet Allen; Annette Holden; Margaret Thayer; Dr. John H. Currier.

March 22.—Rev. Simon Bowles; George F. Gardner; George C. Spaulding; Polly Whitman; James F. Senter; Col. George M. Atwood; Nancy Harrington; Hannah Sargent.

March 29.—Dr. Calvin Seely; Bertha M. Prouty; Robert M. Thomas; Elizabeth M. Langley; Roswell W. Slaby; Artie Grubert; Ida C. Cleaver; Dr. James Howard; Mary A. Miller; Susan Nickerson.

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.

### A Conclusive Vision.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the issue of your valuable paper of July 6 I read an article on "Proofs of Spirit Identity," and give my statement of a beautiful experience which occurred to me previous to my having any knowledge whatever of the facts of Spiritualism.

Brought up in a circle who believed that death ended all, I became inclined toward the same belief, notwithstanding the cravings of the soul, which longed for something different. The occurrence of which I relate made me a natural Spiritualist, and to me it was a convincing proof that man lives a conscious, intelligent being after the death of the body.

It was during the month of December, 1891. My wife had just passed away. A month before we had laid away our baby boy, only two months old; two years before that our little daughter, nearly three years of age, had also passed away.

One night, a week after my wife had passed away, I retired, and lay in bed wrapped in a deep reverie, thinking over past events.

Suddenly I heard a voice calling me by my first name; again the name was repeated in a short, quick, anxious whisper. I turned around immediately, and beheld the spirit of my wife standing beside the bed.

I must confess that I was transfixed with astonishment; all I could do was to look and listen.

Here I must say that my wife had passed away with violent tuberculosis, and every one is aware what ravages that disease causes in the appearance of mortals. But the spirit was a beautiful one, arrayed in a robe of dazzling whiteness, her features free from all pain and disease; not a trace of suffering visible.

As I gazed on her she put me completely at ease, as she smiled sweetly and said:

"I was sorry that I had to leave you all so soon; I was sorry to leave my mother, but I have found another; I have met your mother. Cordie is with us, but Eddie is yet too little to be with us much. I must leave you now. Good-by." (Cordie and Eddie were our children.)

She then silently glided out of the sleeping-room into an adjoining, larger room. I had now regained my composure, and leaped from the bed, intending to follow her. I followed her through the larger room.

At this point I must state that as she left the sleeping-room her face was toward me; when she got into the larger room, I saw her turn around, and as I followed her through this room she seemed to glide, or more properly speaking, she appeared to float away from me faster, until she turned and entered another room.

As I reached the threshold of that room, and peered within, I distinctly saw her near the centre of the room, and was about to enter, when she gradually faded from my view.

There was no light of any kind in the room excepting the slight illumination caused by the electric lights from the street. In the bedroom, which was completely shut off from any light, the spirit was the brightest, every feature of the face and form being clearly outlined and brightly illuminated; while in the other rooms the spirit seemed to become less and less distinct, and at last vanished entirely.

Some may attribute this experience to a hallucination, or a disordered imagination, caused possibly by the intense excitement through which I had passed. Others may say it was only a dream. But I know that I was as calm and as wide-awake then as I am now at this writing.

Another incident which I believe bears a correlative corroboration of the above: My wife's mother resided in the house adjoining mine. As I went to see her the next morning, I noticed a disturbed expression about her. I related my experiences, and she then gave me the particulars of what she had seen.

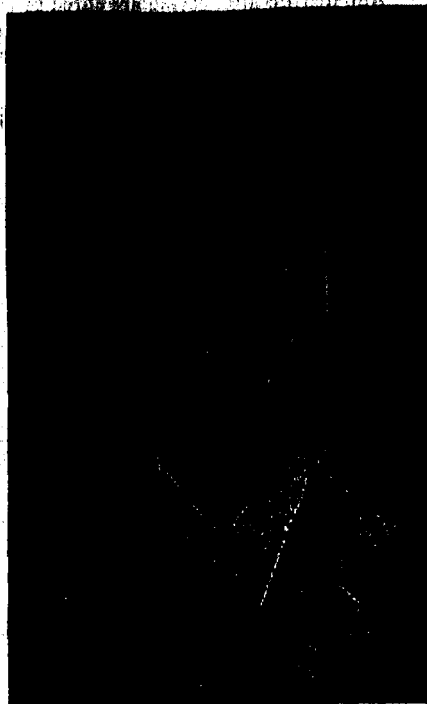
In the broad open gas-light of her room, she had been conscious of the presence of her daughter; for on three occasions the night before, she was positive that she had seen her daughter standing beside her!

OTTO HENCKLER.

A person is prematurely old when baldness occurs before the forty-fifth year. Use Hall's Hair Renewer to keep the scalp healthy and prevent baldness.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUEST.—[By Armand de Tocqueville, Paris.] Is the hypothesis of "ether" as filling the whole interplanetary space really right? and would it not be accurate that solar energy is a direct emission of matter in a state of sublimity beyond imagination, and entertaining physical life on our planetary system, the solar energy passing through its various transformations and its correlative forms, as light, heat, electricity, magnetism, etc., evolving gradually from imperceptible to more or less ponderable state, light being the more powerful state amongst those transformations as far as our power of investigation allows us to discern the question up to now? Many instances would account for that emission of matter of high sublimity, although present science has adopted the theory of undulation, which, however, does not prove satisfactory in many cases.

ANS.—Any attempt to answer so prodigious a question as the above must surely prove comparatively futile, unless the respondent possesses unlimited knowledge, and has, in addition, unlimited time and space at disposal.

Though we certainly cannot hope to reply with anything like fullness to so ample an inquiry, we will state decisively that we are in complete substantial agreement with the solution suggested by the interlocutor.

Ether is about the best word available to designate that universal mother-substance, as the ancients called it, which pervades infinity, and is the primitive source of manifested forms, the Alpha and Omega of earths and constellations, the source whence all the shapes of existence are derived, and into which, having fulfilled the purposes for which they were formed, they assuredly return.

Back of the four primitive elements ether was always acknowledged by savans of old, not as a fifth but as a universal, all-comprehending substance, and it is highly interesting to note how Dolbear and other recent authors and experimentalists pay tribute to this same all-pervading element, which is without doubt the medium through which spirit itself is incessantly acting in the production, dissolution and reproduction of the myriad forms which appear and disappear throughout the phenomenal universe.

Solar energy will yet be applied as a therapeutic and industrial agent of the first rank, and when its true character is discerned, Swedenborg's doctrine of two suns, the physical corresponding to the spiritual, will be somewhat comprehended.

Light and heat are eternally coexistent; one never is without the other. So with electricity and magnetism, as we have often stated; the one is never without the other, as these seemingly two forces are but variant modes of the expression of one force, which is essentially far greater than the grandest and most wonderful of its countless manifestations.

Light is masculine, heat is feminine, but the two are in origin one. Matter, being less than force, is contained in it. When we know force, we no longer think of matter as separate from it, but simply as a phenomenal and only partial expression of it.

### REPORT OF DISCOURSE

BY W. J. COLVILLE,

DELIVERED JUNE 25, 1895, AT HOLYROOD, AVENUE DE WAGRAM, PARIS.

A lady in the audience first asked the question:

Why is it that two children born at almost the same time, whom we call twins, very often differ very widely in their characters, while only so short a time as a few minutes elapses between the birth of the two?

Another question was put with regard to our destiny, and a third was whether every one born on earth has a distinct mission to fulfill. Does fatalism exist? was also asked by a member of the audience, to which the speaker replied in his discourse on destiny.

Referring to the first question, the speaker commenced by asking a question himself. What is really meant by relationship? He said that there were some very peculiar expressions in the English language, and certainly one of the most remarkable was the following: "Blood is thicker than water," and that is explained to a certain extent, though very imperfectly, by people who love their blood relations better than all the rest of mankind. In looking at this scientifically it looks as if certain people believed their relations had blood and all the rest of the world water in their veins.

He went on to quote the following passage: "God has made of one blood all nations of men who dwell upon the face of the earth, and has appointed to all the bounds of their habitation."

He said we were all one great nation, all essentially of the same blood, whether we were Spanish, Italian, Greek, English, etc., although we might be apparently separate. The two words distinct and separate were constantly confounded, and he gave as an example his finger and thumb. They were distinct but not separate. If his finger was amputated it would be separate. He told the audience to feel that they were one with all humanity.

The royal law was "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Who is your neighbor? Any one whom you can have an opportunity to bless. Anybody in the world. Anybody you can succor, sustain and comfort and place upon your own basis, and if he is in need, pay for his maintenance until he can help himself. This is fulfilling the royal law.

Jesus said: "Love your enemies." That is literally impossible. If you regard a man as an enemy you cannot love him; but when you look upon him as a brother, as a member of the human race, his name remains the same, and his occupation the same, but you have so changed your attitude toward him that you regard him in an entirely new light. No longer a foe, you look upon him as a friend. That is what Christ meant when addressing Jews and Samaritans. All different races were spoken to as members of one great family by our Lord. We must always deal with generalities before we particularize.

He told the audience that during the session of the World's Parliament of Religions in Chicago, in September, 1893, one of the most glorious truths spoken in the halls of Washington and Columbus were words uttered by a

Russian Prince, in which he said: "We cannot form the notion of a universal brotherhood, because God has already established universal fraternity. It is for us to acknowledge it, and to build upon it." So when he was asked to join a certain society he refused. He already was a brother. No one has any power to take us into the divine family. We belong to it, and when we come into the acknowledgment of this blessed reality that we are all of the great universal sphere, then our poor distinctions fade out completely, and antipathies are henceforth unknown.

We are all good though we are all different, and when this is realized by our children almost from the cradle we shall be ready to consider the particularization which follows on this grand universalization or generalization. We are distinct, but not separate. We are all members of the one unity.

Hermes divides the heavens into twelve great sections, which commence with Aries the Ram, and conclude with Pisces the Fishes.

1. Aries the Ram. You find in the early spring, when everything is clothed in all its fresh, young beauty, that those who are born about the latter end of March or during the early portion of April are usually impetuous, artistic, and always ready to go ahead and take a great interest in everything new.

2. Taurus the Bull is said to be characteristic of those who have great executive ability. They are not so enterprising. They are not so impulsive as Aries people. They are persons calculated to carry on the business of the world practically; executors rather than inventors.

3. Gemini the Twins. Those who are born in this sign are distinguished for their versatility. They can do two things better than one.

4. Cancer the Crab is said to be the abode of those persons who are naturally conservative, and love the old paths.

5. Leo the Lion. Those who are born in this sign are especially affectionate; they are also somewhat commanding. They can occupy high positions and are leaders of thought. They are generally very attractive in their personal appearance.

6. Virgo the Virgin. Those born in this period do a great deal of interior work. They are distinguished for their wisdom, for their intuition, for their ability to engineer the progress of the world in a silent but most effective way.

7. Libra the Balance is the sacred sign regarded as the harmonic of the twelve. Those who are born in Libra are said to be good social solvents. They are capable of conciliating and reconciling. They can make people enjoy other people's company where they formerly disliked it.

8. Scorpio the Scorpion is the realm of the judges of the world, those whose tendencies are especially critical and penetrative.

9. Sagittarius the Archer. The quality of the archer is that of a man who always travels in what we call a bo-line. The speaker gave also as an example the railway between St. Petersburg and Moscow, which is perfectly straight. This directness in the archer typifies those who show ability to compress everything; to go straight to the point. They can condense volumes into paragraphs, and become the authors of proverbs, etc.

10. Capricorn the Goat is the Christmas sign. Children born in this sign show a tendency as they grow up to overcome obstacles, to raise themselves above sorrow, to overcome where others would fail, and in the end fight the battle of existence victoriously, no matter how great the odds against them.

11. Aquarius the Water-Bearer typifies natural teachers. Those who can give out the information they possess and can explain everything clearly.

12. Pisces the Fishes is the sign of those who bring everything to its completion. Many in this sign are addicted to adding to everything, to building everything they undertake to the point of completion. We are all good, but we are all different. We must agree to differ, but we must never disagree. A person who has the characteristics of Leo is not like Capricornus, and so on; when we understand each other, there will be no longer toleration, there will be mutual appreciation. Should the painter tolerate the singer? Everybody should appreciate every one else; and so in married life the man can do what the woman cannot do; so also with brothers and sisters: they cannot all do the same work, and just because they differ so widely, often, do they get on so well. Do you want everything alike? The birds, the trees, all differ. Do you want everything the same size and the same color? There is a universal destiny and an individual destiny. Napoleon was called a man of destiny, and all his victories were predicted; it was clearly foretold that he, as a man of destiny, would become the ruler of Europe. Jeanne d'Arc was also a child of destiny. When the Archangel told her to go forth and bring the rightful heir to the throne of France, no matter what stood in her way, she could and did overcome all difficulties, and fully accomplished her mission. It was the consciousness of heavenly ordination within that brought Napoleon and Jeanne d'Arc that brought them through. Now the idea of destiny is not by any means akin to the Calvinistic heresy, which was entirely unknown to the Apostle Paul, and is entirely opposed to the Jewish religion of to-day. The Jews never believed that heaven was intended for them alone; but they did feel that they were called upon by the Most High to go forth and fulfill their glorious destiny by calling the whole world to embrace the unity of God and the brotherhood of man. Judaism teaches election, but it does not teach reprobation. Paul taught that every man had a distinct vocation, not that God loves one man and not another; not that one man is destined for heaven and another for hell. One child is destined to be a poet, another a sculptor, another a great traveler, another to remain at home. One can do just as much good as the other. All can enjoy their life on earth. Your happiness depends upon your character. Your health depends upon your obedience to Divine Law. Your prosperity consists in fulfilling your missions, which are all divinely appointed.

Human destiny is not that one should fail and another succeed, but that all should find and fill their respective places in the great whole. Every destiny is good, and we teach that every one can be healthy and prosperous provided the law of being is discovered and obeyed. The speaker quoted some words of Phillips Brooks to the effect that the longer we live and the more we travel, the more convinced do we grow that it matters not so much with whom we associate, as how we associate with our neighbors, regardless of who they are.

Jesus spoke of himself as "the Son of Man who is in Heaven." He was never more in heaven than when in hell working to liberate spirits in darkness.

HUMAN ELECTRICITY. Dogs and horses have animal magnetism. Many people are benefited by association with animals, but it takes human electricity, which is superanimal, to perform the greater works of healing which no material force can render. There is no chance, no fickle fortune. We can all succeed in some way.

The speaker said he believed in mental regulation of the physique, and more in general than in specific treatment. He believed in strengthening the vital centres. If people would search diligently for the microbe of life instead of for the microbe of disease, they would be able to entirely overcome Satan and his kingdom. When virtue is held up before the beauty of the hand turned to it in love. People need to be shown how beautiful virtue is, then they will turn to it by reason of its surpassing loveliness, and thus forsake vice willingly.

The speaker then referred to the question why two children who are twins are so utterly unlike in some cases. He said there was a great deal more to be considered than environment and heredity. He gave as an instance a child born in wealth and another born in the slums. One is equal to the other, and one can rise equally with the other to the heights of spiritual blessedness. Environment makes no radical difference. Astrological influences may be different in the case of twins, the one born at 6 and the other at 6:30 the same morning; the latter may be born into an entirely different astrological combination from the former. No one refuses to believe in astrology to-day because three hundred years ago it was overlo-

ed with error, nor should astrology be rejected for the same inadequate cause. Many characters were abused through ignorance. He went on to refer to Zola, who was highly gifted, but through ignorance has seldom chosen the right subjects for the display of his talent. Victor Hugo was the opposite of Zola, and has done great good as a writer. Whatever your portrait, portray nobly and beautifully; make your subjects great. Every child is born with a distinct mission. No one can ordain what it shall be, but we can discover what it is.

You must each of you fulfill your destiny, whatever it may be, commensurate with your highest ideal at present. Thus with ideals rise, and any vocation glorified become more glorious.

A question was asked by a lady concerning prayer for the dead, to which the speaker replied, that we were never told to pray for the dead, for none are dead. If one grasps the true thought with regard to the mystical meaning of death, he knows it has nothing whatever to do with dropping the material form. There is no separation between the so-called living and the so-called dead. If you have some very near spiritual relation on earth you will surely meet him in the spirit-world. Mere earthly relationship has nothing whatever to do with spiritual consanguinity.

A gentleman asked several questions, among which were "Do we know who we are?" and "Whence comes our sense of justice and injustice?"

The speaker gave as an instance of an inherent sense of justice, that children were very much more exacting than grown-up people on questions of justice and injustice. There was always a high sense of justice among children; he also said, in answer to another inquiry, that Lord Byron was a very much abused man—that all his faults were made public, and his good points kept in the background.

He mentioned that Henry Wood (of Boston, U. S. A.) had devised a system of ideal suggestion through mental photography which was very effective. They are already trying psychic methods in America for dealing with criminals, drunkards, idiots, etc., and through them are going to reform the most obstinate.

The lecturer said, in conclusion, that every one can be well and happy; that every one has it in his or her power to be strong and noble. We must take people as we find them, but not leave them as we found them.

The proceedings terminated with an impressive poem, entitled "The Coming Dispensation," which was received with much enthusiasm by the audience.

In addition to the six publicly advertised meetings, W. J. Colville has held several private meetings in the Sanctuary at Holyrood, during which only Lady Cathness and a few very earnest members of her inner circle have been present.

On those occasions much light has been thrown upon the source whence the new light is reaching mankind; many glowing predictions have also been made concerning the coming peaceful federation of many nations.

## SPIRITUALIST CAMPS.

Onset Bay, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Julius Wallace, the test medium, of New York, held one of the most largely attended test séances Monday evening, July 15, the Arcade ever witnessed.

Mr. Wallace prefaced his séance with a short story of his life, his travels and his conversion to Spiritualism.

He also spoke very appreciatively of the kindness and hospitality extended to him by the people of Onset, and publicly returned his thanks for the same.

At the close of his remarks he read a musical solo, accompanied by Frank Crane upon the organ. The three hundred or more people in the hall were then treated to an exhibition of the power of Mr. Wallace that caused them to respond at various times with most hearty and encouraging applause. The tests given were of the most pronounced kind, and given in such a manner as to stamp them as coming direct from spirit-friends. For over an hour words of consolation and comfort of spirit-power poured from his lips.

Monday afternoon, at the Auditorium, George Dutton, M. D., of Chicago, gave a talk upon "Medicine: What It Was, and What It Should Be."

Previous to his remarks, Mr. Albert of Washington, D. C., rendered several selections upon the autoharp and harmonica very finely.

Dr. Dutton said the mission of Spiritualism was to individualize people. He thought that Moses had struck the keynote when he said that the world was moving to Spiritualism, and asked if we, as Spiritualists, were prepared to receive the masses, and educate them. The speaker said he came to preach truth as he found it, and not any particularism. He drew the line between beneficial and harmful medicines very sharply, and said that as the confidence of the people in drug-giving is constantly falling, the medical profession kept constantly adding to its curatives. Air, good company, animal magnetism, properly applied, and healthful amusements, were all good medicines. The drugs are not medicines. The Doctor thought it was high time the people awakened to the care of themselves physically as well as spiritually.

Tuesday morning conference was a most delightful one. Among the speakers were President H. B. Storck, D. H. Bach, and Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader. Mrs. Haven and Mrs. Cadwallader. Tuesday afternoon, July 16, the meeting was held in the Arcade, owing to the severe rain. Moses Hull was the speaker, and, as usual, drew his large audience. He continued his subject of last Sunday morning, "Angels." He quoted different authorities, showing that the angels were the spirits of departed people, and that they were the most powerful forces upon the earth. The moment we touch mirrors, the miracles step out and common sense and angels take their place.

He claimed that the reason the lions did not eat Daniel when he was cast into the lions' den was because Daniel was a medium, and his power kept the lions' jaws closed.

The speaker continued: I believe in prayer; I believe that prayer brings us at-one-ment with God. But there is only one way of answering prayer, and that is by the ministering of angels. Pray on, pray always, and your prayers will always be answered



and we were able to hold exercises in the grove with a good-sized audience for the first day.

The speaker for the day was Mr. Washburn of Beverly. Mr. Washburn is not a Spiritualist, but is a man who believes in free thought, free speech and "Fair Play." He is willing to give others the same chance that he desires for himself. He is able and outspoken, and disposes of every description. His subject in the forenoon was: "The Decay of Christian Morality."

The morality of Christianity, he thought, was very much exaggerated. "The Genesis of existence was a million years previous to the Genesis of Moses." "There is coming a theological conflict that will demolish every error." "There is a code of morals taught by the church, that has been carried out." "The morals adopted by mankind in general are not received from Christ." "Some people do not seem to be morally adjusted." "Christian morals are closely united to Christian dogmas." "The morality of Jesus was to fit man for heaven—we want a morality to fit man for earth." "Not the fear of offending God should move us to the right, but the fear of wronging man." "Morally sets us as high a task as we are able to perform." "Our duty is to respect the man within us." "The improvement of the world should be our chief aim."

[In the afternoon Mr. Washburn's address was upon a number of the Roman Church.]

A spiritual meeting will be held in the chapel in the evening, a number taking part in the exercises. Thus ends our first day in camp. Indications point to a pleasant and profitable season.

S. L. BEAL.  
July 15, 1895.

## Lake Pleasant, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A beautiful new auditorium building now stands on the Highlands. It is completed, and will seat a large audience.

This hall is the result of the combined labors of the New England Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting Association and the Ladies' Improvement Society of the Camp. The old open air auditorium is preserved. It lies below the new hall. A large and well-proportioned rostrum is being built, some thirty feet below the old one, which has been removed.

The Ladies' Improvement Society has charge of the new hall. This society will give a fair during the second week of August.

The Bickford Orchestra will furnish music for the camp-meeting. They will also play for the dances, two evenings a week, at the new hall. These dancing parties will no doubt be well patronized, as the hall floor is of polished hard maple and much larger than the old pavilion, while the popularity of the Bickford Orchestra will attract hundreds of young people from the country towns around, reaching the grove mostly by the new electric railroad from Greenfield, Turner's Falls and Miller's Falls. By the way, it is expected that this street railway will soon be extended to Montague Centre, a distance of two miles from our camp. Quite a number of mediums are on the ground, most of whom have been mentioned in your columns.

Among the mediums who have never before located at our camp is Mrs. B. Farrar, who with her husband was last year at Onset. They have located at 42 Montague street, in the Clark Cottage. Mrs. Farrar is a strong healing medium, and an inspirational singer. She has been quite successful in her treatment of the sick.

Mr. and Mrs. Farrar have bought a lot on Massachusetts street, next to Mr. Cary's, and will build a cottage at an early date.

Mr. Fred Haslam of Brooklyn and family have arrived. Mr. Haslam has erected an ice cream and refreshment booth at the electric railway station on the Highlands.

Miss Jennie Rhind is here, but her "Star of Bethlehem" does not shine forth nightly. Will the neighbors contribute to pay for the light? Jennie kept it burning seven years, and thinks her duty done.

Mr. Kennedy, landlord of the hotel, is ready for guests. He has a few rooms left yet.

A "Merry-Go-Round" of the lake and near the wharf, and land and partly over the lake, near the wharf.

"Jacob's Well" is the Mecca to which all travel for the best water in western Massachusetts.

On Saturday, July 27, the new hall is to be dedicated. Dr. Hadden of Newburyport is to give the dedicatory address at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. He will be followed by Edgar W. Emerson. A grand ball will close the exercises, with Bickford's Orchestra to charm the merry dances.

The regular session will open Sunday, the 28th. President Dalley giving the morning address, followed in the afternoon by Mrs. S. A. Byrnes and Edgar W. Emerson.

The Longier Quartet will have charge of the vocal music, and will sing among other songs, some of the spiritual compositions of C. P. Longley.

An admission fee of ten cents will be taken at the entrance to the auditorium, which will be used for the purpose of paying expenses. Those who prefer can buy season tickets for \$1.00, which will admit the buyer to all the lectures except those of C. P. Longley, which will be given at the new hall.

F. M. Donovan, the noted state-writer and physical medium, will arrive July 24, and be located at Mrs. Stewart's cottage on Broadway.

The three cent stamp, assessment is being collected by Clerk Blinn for the New England Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting Association, the Lake Pleasant Association having acquiesced in this disposition.

H. A. BUDINGTON.

## New Publications.

THE WATCH FIRES OF '76. By Samuel Adams Drake. Cloth, pp. 270. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is a story of the Revolution as told by the men who bore the brunt of that contest. A choice collection of aged pensioners meet at the fireside of a country inn, each giving his individual experiences in camp or field in the most earnest and uncontrolled way. Each of the old heroes tell the story of the important events and stirring adventures in which he was a participant in his own language, giving the details as they fell under his observation. All is told in a bright, fresh conversational tone, and many incidents are presented which are new to so readable a form. It is pleasing to note how freely the narrators criticize or commend the acts of their superiors without fear or favor. The many strange vicissitudes of a soldier's life are brought out in a most forcible and interesting way, without the conventional stiffness of the ordinary historical narrative. The name of the author is sufficient guarantee for the accuracy of the statements presented. Value and interest are added to the book in the handsome illustrations. Every boy should read this story.

LIFE, AND THE CONDITIONS OF SURVIVAL. The Physical Basis of Ethics, Sociology and Religion. Cloth, pp. 440. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.

This is a compilation of popular lectures and discussions before the Brooklyn Ethical Association. They are such as will teach lessons of great practical importance, and, if heeded, will correct many of the false tendencies in modern life. This volume follows previous ones on grand subjects, with the added value of this carries evolutionary principles into the field of individual life and character, and shows their application to the practical problems of hygiene, sociology and religion. The writers are masters of the topics presented by them. The book should be widely read and circulated.

RECEIVED: CASH vs. COIN: An Answer to Coin's Financial School. By Edward Wisner. Paper, pp. 122. Chicago: G. H. Kerr & Co. COIN'S FINANCIAL FOOL. By Horace White. Paper, pp. 110. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co. HOSPITALIER. Paper, boards, pp. 27. Boston: The Hospitalier.

## July Magazine.

THE ARENA—A very faithful portrait of Wendell Phillips is the frontispiece of the July number, and Richard J. Hinton has a character study of the well-known philanthropist and statesman. Rev. T. E. Allen contributes the first article, "Hudson's Duality of Mind Disproved." A Taylor, writes on "The Universal Church." Editor Flower has a sixth paper on "The Century of Sir Thomas More," and discusses "The Spanish Peninsula." Anson J. Webb has a paper, "Outline of a New Philosophy of Money."

"Opposing Views by Legislators on Age of Consent Legislation." are given, with notes, by Helen H. Gardner. Editor Flower follows with "The Right of the Child Considered in the Light of Heredity and Parental Influence." Lillian Whitney writes a story of "Physical Communication." John Davis has a sketch on "Napoleon." Sarah M. Gay and Frances E. Russell discuss "Vital Social Problems." Frank B. Vrooman writes on "Child-Life and the Kindergarten." Cecelia De Vere has a poem, "Fallen." Alice W. Fuller writes "A Wife Manufactured to Order." "A Light in the East" closes the number, and is by Allison Gardner Deering. The Arena Publishing Co., Boston.

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