

(THROW THE COBS AWAY!)

Don't try to be sum'thin' what you aint;  
Be allus what you air;  
The Lord know'd best, when he mapp'd you out,  
So be contented there.

Don't try to do sum'thin' what you can't,  
But allus what you can;  
Do not copy yer naber, keep yer own,  
It's far the better plan.

Don't worret yerself of th' rinkles come,  
An' folks say: "They marks th' miles."  
Don't mind 'em, they are envious,  
They are furrers plow'd by smiles.

Don't fret when yer hair turns silver-like  
An' falls off 'cross th' dome;  
Jest think yer most ripe for th' Reaper,  
An' there's rest at th' "Harvest Home."

Do not worret, jest take things as they come;  
As flow'rs an' blue jays do;  
Fer he, who sees a sparrer fall,  
Will surely take keer of you.

Thresh all the happiness out of life,  
Sow words of love each day;  
Jest shell th' sunshine of th' gloom,  
An' throw th' cobs away.  
—Jesse Lamb Watson, in New Orleans Picayune.

The Spiritual Rostrum.

Revivals--The Other Side.

A PROTEST IN THE NAME OF THE  
MORALISTS AND SPIRITUALISTS.

A Lecture given by  
HUDSON TUTTLE,  
At the Opera House, Berlin Heights, O.

(Reported expressly for the Banner of Light.)

[At the close of a religious revival, by solicitation of many prominent citizens Hudson Tuttle replied to the assertions of the evangelist to an audience that crowded the house to the doors.]

For more than fifty years my life has been known to this audience, which represents the liberal element, the free thinkers and Spiritualists of this town.

I have devoted its best hours to the search of the truth, and endeavored by every honorable effort to maintain it. I believe that every one should be granted the right to seek for truth in his own way, and freely give others the right he claims for himself.

I well know the sensitiveness of religious feeling, and how it hurts to have a cherished belief met with withering sneers.

The prayer taught us when we knelt by the mother's knee, the songs she taught our lips to lip, may have been untrue and valueless, but they are associated with the sainted dead.

Religion is the strongest force in the world of mind. The warrior who faces fearlessly the red mouth of the smoking cannon, who rides unflinchingly as a forlorn hope into the jaws of death itself, falls on his knees and abases himself in the dust with trembling fear, when confronted by his religion. The weakest become strong, and the fiercest tortures are unflinchingly borne.

Whatever may be its source, I acknowledge its potency, and respect the sensitiveness of belief. Yet, while I feel thus respectful of the rights of those who accept all the various forms of religion, I need not tell you that the pulpit has exercised no such courtesy in return.

In this town there is a majority of moral people, Liberalists and Spiritualists, who do not belong to any church, who do not believe in dogmatic theology, who do their own thinking, and of whom the chance of their "speaking for Jesus" is about that of the sun rising to-morrow out of the west. Year in and year out, these people receive no favor from the pulpit. The preachers, standing behind their desks, have their own way, for to reply to their charges has been made a legal crime. For the past six weeks, the liberal thinkers, the moral men and women, and the Spiritualists of this place, have been abused and slandered in a way to show that they have no rights an evangelist is bound to respect.

We have been told that we are sinful, because we love sin and hate righteousness; that the most virtuous and honest women who choose to think for herself is a reprobat and worse, and that a moral man is dangerous in proportion to his morals!

In the name of all the Liberalists, moral men and women, and Spiritualists of the town, I protest, and I come here to-night not only to protest, but to emphasize my protestation!

The doctrines taught are blighting and dwarfing in tendency, and the children subjected to their influence become dwarfed men and women. In the Japanese department of the World's Fair there were some famous dwarfed trees, oaks and pines, which were only a few feet in height, and yet were, I do not know how many hundred years old! They had been placed in narrow vases, half-supplied with nourishment, their limbs cut off, their trunks scarred to represent lightning strokes and combats with the storms. There they stood, and called the attention of the curious to the wonderful results of the gardener's art--gnarled, twisted, with scattered leaves and half-formed fruit.

As I looked at them I thought how like are these dwarfed trees to specimens of men and women so frequently met. They are taken in infancy and made to obey; they are not allowed to think for themselves; their parents in the beginning take up this course, and they are turned over to teachers who pursue the same routine. They attend Sunday-school, and the process goes on.

If a thought pushes out in any direction it is clipped; the mental soil is lean and barren; the only fertilizer is the dust shaken from effete dogmas; the free air of knowledge is excluded with holy horror, and the child, fettered, confined, mentally starved, grows up into a Methodist, a Presbyterian, a Baptist, who compares with what a man ought to be, as the poor, dwarfed, scraggy, knotted pine starving in the Japanese vase, does to the monarch of the Sierras, with roots reaching down into the foundations of the mountain, and pushing its mighty trunk upward, adorned with a magnificent coronal of branches, in which the birds of heaven build their nests and sing their songs of love, and the winds murmur like the waves of the distant sea.

It would be an endless task to take up in detail what has been said against free thought; nor would it be profitable. Theology learns nothing--it is inflexible and changeless. I have this hope for the church-members--I will whisper it to you--they do not know it; they are better than their creed. I sympathize with Ingersoll in his attempt to silence the story that one of his daughters had been converted

to religion. He denied the story publicly, and published affidavits, but it continued to be quoted from paper to paper, until he has ceased his efforts in despair!

The old adage is true that a lie will go around the world while the truth is buckling her shoes. I will, however, pause at this point to correct a story that has been repeatedly told, which I have not cared to contradict in print before.

Some time ago I challenged a pastor to discuss the vital questions of the creeds. He accepted the challenge, and said as the challenged party he had the choice of weapons, and chose prayer! Now it is said that I dared not enter this kind of a contest. I wish to enlighten you: I did accept the conditions, but I made this reservation--which I had a right to do--that I should be allowed a second; that our prayers should be timed to fifteen minutes, and after we once began, we should pray alternately till one or the other received an answer to what he prayed for. I waited the acceptance of these conditions, and still await. I am ready for this prayer test at any time, though if we had begun at the time, a year or more ago, we should, I feel certain, be on our knees this blessed moment!

Why have we a revival here? Because, according to the doctrine of the Church, man is a fallen and depraved being, and cannot be saved by his own exertions. In the language of the New Haven Orthodox creed: "That mankind, in consequence of the fall of Adam, are born destitute of holiness, and are by nature totally depraved. The sinner who believes in the Lord Jesus Christ is fully justified on the ground of his atoning sacrifice, and on that ground alone."

The foundation of the Christian scheme of salvation is stated by these three propositions:

1. Man is a fallen being, because of the temptation of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden.
2. Having thus inherited an utterly sinful nature, he cannot save himself--he must have a savior.
3. Jesus Christ is that savior.

I want to be just. If I do not correctly state the matter, I wish now in the beginning to be corrected. I ask any one present who is dissatisfied to arise!--It then is undisputed!

I do not propose to enter into a discussion of this question in the usual polemic manner. The meaning of this or that text or passage of scripture has no significance in this discussion. I grant the correctness of all the passages which prove this scheme. There are, however, certain salient points of doctrine that I wish to allude to before turning to the main question.

It is said that this system of religion has reformed the world, and without it we would yet be heathen. This assertion would require an hour by itself; all I can say in passing is that Christianity has been nineteen centuries before the world, and it was promised that all the nations should be brought to Christ. To-day what have we? Four hundred million nominal Christians--one thousand million heathen! And in the great Religious Congress at Chicago, Christianity was obscured in the brightness of Buddhism, which was thousands of years old when it [Christianity] was born; and when the apostle of Janism arraigned the effects of Christianity through its missionaries in Japan, the justice of his cause was so apparent that even Christians were forced to applaud.

Among professed Christians do we find such a marked distinction that he who runs may read!

There are beautiful Christian lives, lives devoted to duty and self-sacrifice for others. They are in the church, they are as often out of it. There are selfish, mean men out of the church, sometimes they are in the church. If there was ever a time when a man could bank on his being a church-member--it has passed! When you transact business with a man you do not give him credit because he is a church-member. There is a peculiar state called perfect sanctification, which a church-member reaches by prayer and self-exaltation, wherein it is impossible to sin, or if sin be committed it can at once be forgiven through prayer. I confess that I do not clearly understand the condition of a human being thus sanctified; it must be a satisfactory condition to be in, and may tend to righteousness. I never came in contact in a business way with one of the perfectly sanctified, except once. He was a Methodist preacher and we traded horses. Was it a good trade? Yes, it was so good a trade for that preacher, and it so completely took the conceit out of me, that I haven't traded horses from that day! From such experience, if I were called on to give a piece of advice, it would be to let the perfectly sanctified alone!

Talk of the triumph of Christianity! of the success of the plan of salvation! It is said all who do not accept the Lord Jesus are lost! Who are they? All the peoples of the world before his time; the vast empires of Chaldea, Persia, India, Egypt, Greece and Rome; all the outside barbarians, all the heathen nations and peoples of the present, and at least one half of the nominally Christian peoples!--millions on millions, billions on billions of human souls, rolling in one vast stream, like a mighty Amazon, over the precipice of time into the seething fires of eternity!

Who go to heaven? A few, a handful, as it were, of those claiming perfect sanctification! All the wise, the great, the noble, all who have by living added to the value of life to those who came after, in hell--and the few who, too weak to save themselves, allowed Christ to die for them, in heaven! Do you call that a success for an all-wise, all-powerful God? Is it not a dismal failure?

At the revival, they had a way of asking people to stand up for Jesus; I want to know how many here will stand up for their belief. Will all who believe in a literal hell, please to arise? Not one! Will all who believe in a devil, please arise? Not one! Will all who believe in the resurrection of the mortal body, arise? Not a single soul!

Had I made this request to an audience fifty years ago not one would have dared not to arise! What has wrought this great change? Why do you not believe as your fathers believed? The churches have not changed their creeds. These stand to-day as they did fifty years ago. You remember what a contest was had at the theological college of Andover, because it was found that missionaries had trouble in the doctrine that all who had not heard of Christ were lost, and they wanted to amend so as to give the poor heathen hope for their ancestors. It could not be done according to orthodoxy. Nor is there a word repelling the awful doctrine of infant damnation; on the contrary, not two months ago, an evangelist repeated that blood-curdling statement that hell was paved with the skulls of infants not a span long!

It is said that doctrines are of no consequence, and converts are asked to identify themselves with the church, wholly ignorant of the creed. I make this statement, boldly, that there are comparatively few of them that

fully understand the creeds they confess, and furthermore I maintain that if they did understand these creeds, not one in ten could honestly subscribe to them.

But I must hasten to the main issue, which begins with the creation of the world and fall of Adam. I take the Bible as it reads. If God did make it as a revelation, he knew what he was writing, and when he said the earth was made in six literal days, it meant just that. If it meant six vast periods of time, why is it that Sunday means only a literal day? It reads "days," and was so understood until within the present century science showed the folly of such a story.

On this story of the creation the scheme of salvation rests. Adam and Eve were placed in the Garden of Eden six thousand years ago; God made the world perfect, and man perfect, and called everything good. How this perfect man and woman could be evil I cannot explain, but they were, and the sin they committed was infinite, and reached to all their offspring to the end of time.

To appease the infinite wrath, God himself, as the only infinite being, gave himself as an atoning sacrifice. In Jesus Christ he died on the cross, was three days in the grave, was resurrected on the third, and afterward took his place by the side of his father!

All the sinner has to do is to believe the vicarious atonement possible, and he is bound to be saved. I am not intending to argue this question beyond its fundamental statement. It all resolves into the solution of the one question: Is this story of the Creation and Adam true?

It is a waste of time to attempt to prove the authority of the Bible statement. What we want to know is, is it true? It does not make any difference what its claims are as to its origin: is it true? To within fifty years it stood unquestioned. Then it dawned on the minds of geologists that the earth was vastly old, and living beings had existed millions of years. The Bible believers made a desperate battle, and fought the infidel science step by step.

When the doctrine of evolution was introduced, fierce contention everywhere prevailed, and ridicule was freely employed. It required twenty years of deepest conflict for that magnificent theory to become established, and now the church is silent. If you hear sound orthodox ministers or read the current works, you would never know that the story of the creation was called in question, and the New England child repeats, as his father did, "In Adam's fall we sinned all."

Whence the authority of the Bible "Thus saith the Lord"? When you read how the Lord spoke unto Moses commanding him to do thus and so, did you ever pause to ask how these wonderful messages were given? Did God appear to Moses and talk face to face? Did the high priest hear a voice in the air, or was it written through his hand? No one can answer until the time when the ark of the covenant was made. God gave minute directions how it must be constructed, even to the kind of wood, the material of the curtains and the number of rings to support them. It appears that this Hebrew God had become weary of his homelessness in the desert and resolved that he would have an abiding place. The Israelites were constantly wandering, and there must be a habitation that could be readily transported. So he planned an ark, which really was a box, five feet long and eighteen inches square; about the size of a coffin. It was plated with gold within and without, and had four gold rings, one at each corner. Through these, long poles were strung, and when the horde of people with their flocks moved to new pastures, four priests took up the ends of the poles and toiled forward, the ark swinging between them. When they came to a rest, the box was surrounded by a double set of curtains; on either side of it were images of cherubim, between which on a little table was placed some bread as an offering, and on Sundays a special offering was made of twelve cakes; after these cakes had remained a certain time the priests ate them. (Ex. xxv, Lev. xxiv.) Now when Moses wanted to consult with God, he went inside the drawn curtains and listened to the voice coming out of the ark. No one else heard anything. It would have been death to have listened outside. When Moses had received the command, he came out and told the people. That is the way "Thus saith the Lord" came. That is the first drastic stance on record, and the messages rest on the word of Moses!

The history of this ark, or box, is as amusing as interesting. (II Sam. vi.) The Israelites were at war with the Philistines, and marched out with great array, the priests trundling their box along with the army, thinking it the most effective weapon they had. They wanted it at hand so the priests might consult the god at any moment. Well, the Philistines came on to assault the Israelites, and slaughtering them right and left, seized the ark and bore it off in triumph. But, while unable to save himself from capture, or his people from defeat, God made it very unpleasant for his captors. They put the box in the temple with their own god, Dagon, and that night the image of that deity fell and broke in pieces. They sent the box here and there; everywhere it was followed by disaster to the people among whom it was sent.

At last the Philistines resolved to send it home, and, fastening two cows to a new cart, they loaded the box thereon, with a quantity of gold and fine gold mice, and the cows started of their own accord. The design was to take cows with calves at home, so they would return, but in that the Philistines miscalculated. No sooner did those Jews see the cows coming than they built a bonfire, and with great rejoicing that their ark had returned, roasted the animals for a peace-offering, and the poor calves called in vain for the return of their mothers.

When David came to the throne he found the ark had again come to grief, and was at Baalah; so he called his captains and priests together, and putting it on a new cart, drawn by oxen, they started home. David ahead with his harp, leading the band of timbals, cymbals and trumpets--all played with might and main. They reached Chidon, where the oxen stumbled and the box came near falling out, when one of the drivers put out his hand to save it. Now you would think that the god in the box would have been grateful for having been saved a tumble; but instead he was angry, and smote that driver then and there so he fell dead. This so frightened David that he dared not take the box home, and let it with a Gittite.

But after while he prepared a tent for its reception, and went again for it, and it was then the daughter of Saul saw him singing and dancing before the frantic trumpeters and yelling priests, and laughed! Well, it was a comical affair, and they placed the box in the tent, and David commenced planning a temple for its future accommodation. After Solomon had built that temple, God was consulted behind the curtains of the Arkana, just as he was when carried in the Ark about the desert.

Compare this wretched god in the Ark, borne by sweating priests, or behind the curtains of



THE BIRTHPLACE.

The above picture presents--we are assured by Mrs. Eliza Perry of Boston, Mass., who furnished us recently with the photograph from which it was made--measurably the present condition of the humble dwelling from beneath whose roof the Angel of the Modern Revelation first, in recognized manner, spoke through the lips of childhood to the souls of men. The simple inscription above the door sets forth the following legend:

SPIRITUALISM  
Originated, March 31, 1848,  
IN THIS HOUSE.

Mrs. Perry hints that the touch of time upon

his temple, with the God immanent in creation!

On a starry night we gaze out into the depths of sky, everywhere seeing stars and clusters of stars, and belting the heavens the dim, cloudy "Milky Way." We partially realize that we are suspended in space and swift traveling around our central sun. Now let us look through one of those great telescopes which pierce the realms of immensity. Look where we will, its focus holds a star. Every point in the field has a star. Nowhere can we look through out beyond this cluster of stars which we call the universe. But we are told that we are at one side of this cluster, and if our glass is strong enough there is one way we can see through, just as you might if on the borders of a forest see out into the fields on one side--while on the other the trees would conceal the view.

Slowly the instrument swings over, and now a star flashes, and then utter blackness! We are looking out, beyond the borders into absolute space! How far to the border on the nearest side? That star which flashed on the edge is so far that it takes its light more than a thousand years to reach us, and light traverses almost two hundred thousand miles in a second!

To look beyond the borders of this universe? I shall never forget, I cannot describe to you the sensations it produced! Here borne up in this immensity of space, surrounded on every side by stars, every one seems more resplendent than our own, each with attendant planets, and all revolving around a common vortex, and all this incomprehensible system, borne onward around some vastly remote centre from which the giant arm of gravitation extended, to hold the smallest satellite and the largest sun in appropriate orbit! Oh, how insignificant is man compared with the universe! And yet his mind is God-like, for it is able to understand, and the law of the stars is written in the congeries of his brain. He can compute the size, density and distance of worlds, and predict what ought to be their relations. If a mistake should occur in the building of a solar system, he could by computation tell what it was.

Man is a part of this mighty plan, but when you compare the earth with even its sister planets, it is as a grain of sand on the ocean shore.

The query arises, was the same scheme enforced on all worlds? Did man fall on Jupiter and Saturn and Mars and Venus, and was a Savior required? It was kind in the Almighty to allow a little tribe of Arabs to crucify him; was this little reneaded on every world? Giordano Bruno, three hundred years ago, taught that there were other worlds, and this question came up. Men settled matters differently then, and Bruno's soul ascended in the flames of blazing fagots. They destroyed his body, but the questions he asked were not answered.

A history of creation, in contrast with the biblical story, ought to begin with the nebular hypothesis, which demonstrates by mathematical that the original state of all worlds was a cosmic fire-mist, but I have not time to-night--and I shall begin at the time in the earth's state when a crust first formed over the seething lava. Watery vapor in the passing of time fell on the crust and ran down in boiling seas, and when the cooling process had advanced, then came in the black and turbid water, the lowest forms of life. How long ago? Six thousand years? The thickness of the strata before the recognized fossiliferous rocks has been estimated at ten miles, and the entire series of strata at fifty miles, and scattered

the old structure is not a light one, and that in years to come it may succumb to the summer heats and winter storms of our rigorous climate. Is there not among the many Spiritualists convened at the Camp Meetings all over the country, some one blessed with the pecuniary means who will feel to make a pilgrimage to the spot, and administer to the "material" needs of the structure and surroundings?--as (if we remember correctly) first did Dr. Donald Kennedy of Boston, by the grave of Theodore Parker at Florence, Italy--though this work was afterward supplemented by that of other admirers of the great disciple of liberal thought.

through this vast thickness are the remains of living beings, sometimes well preserved, at others only a fin, a tooth, a broken bone--yet these are the alphabet by which geology reads the history of life on this globe. It would be safe to say that every foot of that fifty miles of rock represents a thousand years. As we ascend from page to page, there is a constant advance; the soft mollusk puts on a shell, the cartilaginous skeleton of the saurid becomes bone, the fish becomes a reptile, the reptile warm-blooded or a mammal, and at last as we reach the tertiary age, lying immediately beneath the drift, the remains of man have been discovered. These are flint arrow heads, and spears, sling-stones and flakes of flint broken sharp for knives--so rude that at first they were mistaken for the natural breakage of the gravel in which they were mingled. And there, too, the broken skeleton of man was found.

Europe then had a tropical climate, for with the skeleton of man, in the caves he occupied, are found the bones of the elephant, the tiger, lion and cave-bear, on the flesh of which he fed. How long ago? That depends on the length of the drift age. You ask what is the drift age? If you look over the face of this lake country, you will see it covered with clay, gravel, and the surface, in places, strewn with boulders. The nearest ledges from which these boulders had been brought are several hundred miles north in the British possessions. They were brought here from that distant locality. How, and when?

Perhaps Astronomy has no finer field to illustrate the acumen of the human mind than here, where it lends its aid to the solution of this problem of time. It is found that the poles of the earth's rotation are not permanent, but oscillate in a circle around what may be called a common mean. The period of this oscillation has been determined at about three and a half millions of years. The effect of this oscillation is to change the duration of the seasons. During half this period the winter grows longer and summer shorter, until the difference is thirty days; then the summer grows longer till the other extreme is reached. It is determined that we have been in the era of lengthening summers something like a million years, and have half a million more before the full effect is obtained. When the age of winter began, the ice and snow accumulated in the North, and the summer was too short to fully melt it away. Thus year by year it gained farther and farther to the South, until it overlapped the lakes and extended to the Ohio river. A solid glacier or ice-sheet hundreds, perhaps thousands of feet in thickness, extended from the pole over this country. Constantly replenished by the northern storms, it was pushed southward, bearing in its embrace the rock fragments scattered over the face of this country. As the remains of man are found under this formation, he must have lived before the drift age, and have been swept away from Europe by the intense cold.

From the mid-summer of the tertiary to the mid-winter of the ice age was 1,750,000 years. When the ice melted from the face of Europe, the races preserved in the tropic regions began pushing their way northward. The first people were the ancestors of the Finns and Lapps; another race came, the Celts, and pushed the Finns and Lapps into the inhospitable north, where they have been preserved by the climate. After the Celts had occupied the whole country, the Indo-European, the Aryan, proudest of all races of man, came from the highlands of Asia through the gates of the Caucasus, and

(Continued on third page.)



## THE MURDERED BIRD!

Just in front of my new old maid—  
A brown wing on her hat,  
With a shadow of tropical azure,  
And a hint of the sun upon that.

Through the bloom-covered pane shines a glory  
By which the vast shadows are stirred;  
But I pine for the spirit and splendor  
That painted the wing of the bird.

The organ rolls down its great anthem,  
With the soul of a song it is blent;  
But for me I am sick for the singing  
Of one little song that is spent.

The voice of the curate is gentle—  
"No sparrow shall fall to the ground"—  
But the poor broken wing on the bonnet  
Is mocking the merciful sound.

Close and sweet is the breath of the lilies  
Asleep on the altar of prayer;  
But my soul is athirst with the fragrance  
Far out in the beautiful air.

And I wonder if ever or never,  
With white wings o'er-wearied and furled,  
I shall find the sweet spirit of pity  
Abroad in the heart of the world!

## PIONEER TALES.

BY T. A. BLAND.

## No. 3 ---HARK! FROM THE TOMBS.

(Copyrighted.)

"Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound,  
Mine ears attend the cry:  
Ye living men, come view the ground  
Where you must shortly lie."

HIS rather doleful ditt, sung in a tune equally doleful, awoke the echoes of hill and valley. The singer was a lone horseman, of solemn countenance and seedy appearance, mounted on a horse of plebeian aspect, whose gait and manner clearly indicated that plethora of work and paucity of food had long since eliminated from his heart the last vestige of equine pride. Solemnity and humility were marked characteristics of both horse and rider.

"I'm a pilgrim; I'm a stranger;  
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night."

"Well, stranger, long 's yer in such a all-fired hurry, s'pose ye stay that one night in my cabin."

The singer had supposed himself alone, hence he was quite embarrassed; but recovering himself, he bade his new companion good evening, and added: "I judge from your words that you live near here."

"Well, yes; I live nearer here nor anybody else, 'cept the old woman an' children that I live with. I sorter guess yer a preacher, jedgin' from the sort o' song ye was a singin'."

"Yes, my friend, I am a humble follower of the Lamb, and disciple of Wesley."

"Blamed ef ye haint got me now. I s'posed ye was a Methodist's preacher."

"And so I am a Methodist, for Wesley was the founder of Methodism."

"Well, I'm beat agin, fur blamed if I did n't s'pose Bishop Asbury was the feller thet started thet new-fangled sort o' religion."

"So he was the first to start it in this country. But Wesley had started it in England some time before, so you're both right and wrong."

"Well, here we air at last; so lite 'n come in, 'n make yerself to home. Old woman, here 's a Methodist's preacher cum to save us all from hell, 'n I know yer glad ter see 'im, fur ye've bin a wishin' a preacher 'd cum erlong fur ever s' long. What 'd ye say yer name was, stranger?"

"My name is Stanup, Joshua Stanup."

"Well, my name 's Storm, Josephus Storm, fur short, 'n this is my ole woman, an' she 's a stormer, I tell ye."

"Jo Storm, I wish ye'd stop yer foolishness long enuff ter give brother Stanup a cheer."

"Set down, Brother Stanup, an' don't stan' up all ther time jes' becuse thet 's yer name."

"An' you set down, too, ole man; an' don't be a stormin' 'round an' tryin' to be funny all ther time 'cause yer name 's Storm."

With this parting shot Mrs. Storm retreated in good order to the kitchen, a sort of lean-to addition to the south side of the cabin. Jo laughed heartily at his wife's fun, and the preacher's solemn features relaxed into something like a timid smile. He smiled again when a few minutes later he heard the peculiar squawk which a chicken gives when caught by a hawk, a dog or a boy. Again he smiled when the sound of the coffee mill was heard in the kitchen. These sounds cheered the heart of the missionary, as Jo Storm's jokes could not. Indeed, his host's levity rather oppressed him. It seemed to him very wicked to be so jolly as Jo Storm was, and he resolved to convert him from the error of his way. He would so present the terrors of the law as to make him see that to "flee from the wrath to come" is the chief duty of man, the sole object of life.

"Supper's ready, daddy," said Mrs. Storm from the kitchen door.

"That's good news, Mary. Walk out, brother Stanup, 'n take somethin' to strengthen the inner man."

Seated at the table a moment of embarrassing silence intervened, which was broken by Jo, who said to his guest,

"Will ye ax a blessin'?"

Placing his hands on either side of his empty plate, leaning his head above it, and closing his eyes to shut out the vision of the good things before him, the preacher reverently and earnestly offered thanks for what they were about to receive, and prayed that such blessings might continue through life, and that when done with the world, they might have a "full and free entrance into the joys of everlasting life." The supper was worthy the grace: Spring chicken fried to a lovely brown and served with cream gravy, sweet potatoes roasted in the oven, and real johnny-cake, made of corn-meal, leaf lard and sweet milk, salted to the taste, and baked on a board before the open wood fire, and coffee with real cream and maple sugar. To this bill of fare the preacher did full justice.

"I hain't axed ye yet what particular pint yer bound fur, Brother Stanup."

"Well, I suppose I'm pretty near the end of my journey, for I was sent out by the conference to a circuit that begins at New Albany, on the Ohio river, and extends to the West fork of the White River."

"Well, ye air pretty nigh the end o' yer journey, fur it 's only five mile 't Smith's Ferry, on White River. Lemme see, this is Friday, 'n to-morrow 's Saturday. I'll send the boys around to tell the nabors ther 'll be preachin' in Shady Hollow next Sunday at ten o'clock in the mornin' an' after dinner."

"Shady Hollow" was the rather misleading name of a lovely spot in the wilderness. "Sylvan Dell" would have been a better title, but the people would not have understood it so well. It was a section of the valley some forty rods wide, through which ran a purling stream, fed by a never-falling spring of pure, cold water. Sugar maple, black walnut, yellow poplar, hickory, sycamore, hackberry, pecan and other trees indigenous to the soil, of giant proportions, grew in such profusion that their branches interlaced and their rich foliage furnished almost perfect protection against the rays of even the noonday sun.

It was by common consent the place for all public meetings, of whatever sort, in the neighborhood. Hence, all shrubs and small saplings had been removed from the meeting place and quite a space furnished with rough seats, made by placing trunks of trees fifteen or twenty feet apart, and laying across them sections of logs split in halves, and the broad surface hewn smooth with the broad-axe. At the south end of the seated space, a rough rostrum or pulpit had been built. It was a rostrum or pulpit, and I might add stage, for it was used on occasion as a political rostrum. On piano occasions it was occupied by the orchestra, com-

posed of Bill Yancy and his fiddle, and on the fourth Sunday of each month, the Rev. Moss Birch, a disciple of John Calvin and Daniel Parker, fed the lambs of the Lord, and fold on apocryphal fodder, and denounced missionaries and everybody else who believed in "free grace," in wolves in sheep's clothing.

Sunday came in due course, and Jo Storm hitched his team to the wagon and carried his family and the preacher over to Shady Hollow. Mrs. Storm had put a half bushel basket, with a cloth tied over the top, into the front part of the wagon, and Jo and his boys had put a good supply of corn and hay in the rear end. The preacher had seen enough of pioneer life to understand that the basket contained the elements of a picnic dinner, and he already knew enough of Mrs. Storm's ability as a cook to assure him that the dinner would be excellent in quality and ample in quantity.

On reaching Shady Hollow at ten o'clock the preacher was agreeably surprised to see so many people there. Not less than one hundred men, women and children had already arrived, and others were seen coming from different directions. At half-past ten there were fully two hundred people assembled to see and hear the new Methodist circuit rider. They came some in wagons, some on horseback, and some on foot. Many a rustic belle came to that meeting riding behind her sweetheart, with her right arm about his form to keep from falling off the horse, while other rustic lads and lasses tripped lightly o'er the leaf barefooted, with hand clasped in hand.

At precisely half past ten by the sun, and also by his old bull's-eye silver watch, the preacher arose with hymn-book in hand and began to read a familiar and popular hymn. He read the two first lines:

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,  
That saved a wretch like me."

Pausing at this point he asked: "Is there any brother or sister here who can lead the singing?" After waiting a reasonable length of time and getting no response, he started the tune himself. Quite a number, who had been too modest to lead, joined in very good time and tune:

"I once was lost, but now am found,  
Was blind, but now I see."

Thus he continued to alternately read and sing till the hymn was finished. Then closing the book and laying it down on the desk before him, he said: "Let us bow before the Lord, and unite in prayer."

As he kneeled upon the uncarpeted floor of the pulpit, quite a large number of the older men and women threw themselves on their knees on the ground in front of their seats, and bowed their heads. The prayer was loud and long and sulphurous.

"Oh God, our God. Thou art the Almighty and everlasting God, Jehovah, and beside thee there is none other. Thou art a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the parents upon the children, even unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate thee, but showing mercy to thousands of them that love thee, and keep thy commandments. Thou art a God of vengeance, but thou art also a God of love. Thy wrath is terrible, but thy mercy is boundless. We come before thee, oh God, acknowledging ourselves as poor, miserable, lost sinners, who but for thy infinite mercy would long ere this have been doomed to endless woe, lifting up our voices in hopeless wailings in the lake of fire and brimstone, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched, and beyond the reach of mercy or hope. Oh God, have mercy on this people and save them. Grant, I pray thee, that thy humble servant may be the instrument in thy hands to snatch them as brands from the fire, and save their souls from the everlasting fires of thy infinite wrath."

During the long prayer of which the quotation gives but the opening sentences, the preacher entered more and more deeply into the spirit of the theology he had been trained in, and as the lost condition of his audience became to him a real and immediate fact, his voice would ring out on the Sabbath air like a cry of fire in the night. Then changing to a softer cadence, he would plead for them with an unctious and pathetic that stirred the hearts of many, and wrung from them silent if not audible prayers for mercy.

The sermon was in line with the prayer, and at its close the preacher lined out and led in singing that good old hymn, which begins with these lines of admonition:

"Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,  
Before you farther go,  
Will you stand upon the brink  
Of everlasting woe?"

After the hymn a solemn benediction was pronounced, and at 12:30 the audience was dismissed till 2 o'clock. The women who had brought baskets filled with good things to eat, soon had them out of the wagons, and spreading homespun linen table cloths on the grass and leaves, they arranged said good things upon them. Those pioneers did not dine in family groups, but spread a common table, as Christians should on such occasions. There was an abundance for all, and those who, on account of poverty, or for any other reason, failed to have anything to contribute to the feast, were just as welcome to that table as those who had brought a supply of their own. Roast chicken, fried chicken, boiled ham, fried ham and bacon, biscuits made of wheat flour, hog's lard, buttermilk and domestic potash, loaves of wheaten bread, raised with salt-rising yeast, corn-pones and corn-dodgers, fried crullers, ginger cakes, custard pies, blackberry pies, gooseberry pies, currant pies and pies made of stewed dried pumpkin, with butter, cream, milk and coffee, the coffee made fresh on the ground, constituted the bill of fare, and upon the merits of this dinner the writer of this history leaves the reader to judge.

But can those people enjoy a dinner of any sort, after such a service? Well, they did enjoy it, and none more than Brother Stanup, whose solemn face relaxed into a sickly smile, as he took his seat on a rock brought from the creek near by especially for him, and cast his eyes along the long line of creature comforts spread out before him. He said grace with a hearty unction, as though he was truly thankful for what he was about to receive. The grace said, everybody attacked the victuals in vigorous style, nor thought of much else till the keen edge of appetite was dulled. Conversation now flowed freely till dinner was over, nor did the currents of talk cease to run till the hour arrived for the afternoon meeting. The topics were varied. They discussed the sermon of the morning, the probabilities of rain, the crops, the political questions, current news and neighborhood gossip.

"How 'd ye like the sermon?" asked Jesse Hogue of Jo Storm.

"Partly good of its kind, but a leetle too much brimstone in it for me," Jo replied.

"Wall, 's to the brimstone part, I don't object, but I do n't believe in his free grace. Now 't ain't scriptural. The Bible sez the Lord 'll hev mercy on whom he will hev mercy, and whom he will he hard'nth. An' that proves 'lecshun 'n reprobashun doctrin', 'n knocks free grace higher 'n a kite."

"Yer a gittin' into too deep water fur me, so I guess I'll change the subject. How 's the craps a lookin' in your naborhood?"

"Partly well, tho' a little more rain 'ud do the corn crop good. Wheat 's a most ripe, 'n it 's a golt to turn out a good av'rage crop 'f nothin' happens to it 'n the next few days."

"Who air ye boomin' fur President?" asked George Millman of Amos Trublood.

"I hardly know. The fact is, there ain't much difference between the parties any longer. I've allers bin a Republican, but the Republican party ain't what it was when Thomas Jefferson was at the head of it. I cast my first vote for President Madison, but if I'd a knowed then what I do now, I would n't a done it. I'd a wintered my vote."

"Why, was 't Madison done to git 'd down on 'n so?"

"He proved a traitor to his party and the people when he signed the charter for the United States Bank. The Republican party was organized as an anti-bank party, and it defeated the Federal party on that issue in 1800, 1804 and 1808; but since Madison signed the bank charter in 1816

there's been so little difference between the two parties that I don't think it makes much difference to the common people which is in power."

"Well, I've allers bin a Federalist, 'n I guess I'll stick to my principles," responded George.

Amos did not reply. He realized the futility of discussing political questions with a man who could not comprehend them.

"May I take ye home after meetin'?" whispered John Millman to Peggy Rhoads.

Peggy blushed, but made no reply.

"Say, Peggy, mayn't I?"

"I cum here with Sam Warner," she murmured in a low tone of voice, "I don't like to sack him rite out 'n out, so I reckon I'll have to let 'im take me home this time."

"No, ye do n't hev to do no such a thing 'less ye want to."

"Now, Jack, ye know I'd rather go with you than anybody."

"Well, go with me, then, 'n that 'll show ye mean it, fur acts speak louder 'n words."

"Well, I guess I'll have to let ye take me home."

"No, ye do n't have to; I do n't want no gal to go with me 'less she wants to."

"Now, John, yer rite down mean to pretend ye do n't understand me; ye jest want me to sack Sam 't please you, 'n I reckon I'll hev to do it. So you get yer hoss 'n le's go just 's soon 's meetin' 's out, 'n afore Sam 's ready."

"All right, Peggy, I'll be on hand."

Sam Warner had not heard a word of this dialogue, but he had closely observed the parties to it, and guessed its purport quite accurately, and he resolved that Jack Millman should not out him out, and take home the girl he brought there, if he could prevent his doing so. The afternoon sermon was, if possible, more sulphurous than the one in the forenoon; but it made very small impression upon Peggy Rhoads, Sam Warner and Jack Millman. In fact, the minds of this trio of young people were preoccupied to a degree that rendered it out of the question that they should take in the awful significance of the theme presented by the preacher. Just as the leaves of the trees were trembling with the vibrations of the waves of sound that arose from the congregation as they sang the last verse of the closing hymn, two young men quietly and at the same time withdrew from the audience. They proceeded to the respective spots where they had left their horses tied to swinging limbs of beech trees. They untied their horses and sprang into their saddles at the same moment. Rev. Stanup said "Amen" at the close of the benediction. They each had an eye on the girl of about the age of eighteen, whose blue eyes were watching their movements with an interest that was intense and absorbing. To her the situation was embarrassing to the last degree, hence she scarce knew how to act, whether to leave the crowd or remain where she stood till the crowd had left her. On collecting her thoughts as best she could, she decided to go forward to meet the crisis that could not be avoided or long delayed. The moment she was clear of the crowd the two young men rode forward to meet her. Sam Warner was first to reach her side, but Jack Millman was but a moment late.

"I foteh ye here, Peggy, 'n I'm here to take ye home agin."

"Why did n't Jack git here afore Sam 'n ax me afore he did? I half-way think he let Sam beat 'n just 't try me; 'n if I was shore 't I'd go with Sam just to larn 'm a lesson. But I das n't do it, fur he 's a high-strung feller, 'n I mout lose 'n altogether, 'n I love his little finger mor'n I do Sam's whole body." These thoughts ran through Peggy's mind during the moment that intervened between Sam Warner's speech and Jack Millman's reply, for Jack resolved to reply for the girl, and did so after what seemed to her an interminable delay.

"I've got sumthin' 't say about that, fur Peggy promised 't let me take 'r home."

"Jack Millman, yer a mean skunk, 'r yer would n't begged to take 'r home when I'd foteht 'r here, 'n I kin whop eny feller 'at 's mean enuff 't do sich a trick."

"Yer a liar, 'n ye know ye air, fur I can whop ye out o' yer boots, 'n 't it were n't fur the presence o' ladies, I'd do it rite now."

"Don't quarrel, boys, I ain't wuth quarrelin' about, much less fitin' over."

"Yes ye air; yer the purtiest gal in the county, 'n I'd fite for ye 's long 's I c'd stan' up."

That settled the question as to who should have the pleasure of carrying Peggy home behind him with her shapely arm around his waist to steady her. Turning to the author of the outburst of flattery, Peggy said:

"Well, Jack, if I've got to go with ye let 's be off," and mounting a near by log, she waited till Jack rode alongside of her, when she sprang to the crouper and put her right arm around the form of her proud suitor.

Cupid was a frolicsome and fickle elf even in that pioneer country, and the rustic belles and beaux loved and courted, and coquetted and quarrelled and finally married, then as now. Human nature is much the same in all times and all countries.

Sam Warner was indignant, as he had cause to be, and he resolved to whip Jack Millman the first time he should meet him when there were no ladies present, "and have that gal yet, in spite o' Jack Millman and all her other beaux," he said to himself. He kept one of those vows, but failed to keep the other. The two young men met on the public highway, some ten days after the incident recorded above, and fought to a finish without seconds or witnesses. Jack Millman would have passed his rival without any sort of recognition, but Sam threw himself across his path and said:

"Now 's I've got ye just whare I want ye 'n agoin' to knock the daylight outen ye."

Jack knew he must either fight or run, and if he took the latter horn of the dilemma, Sam would publicly brand him as a coward, the most ignominious title a man could possibly be branded with. No girl of spirit would marry him or even be seen in his society after that. It were far better to be whipped. So the two went at it rough and tumble. Yes, rough and tumble are good descriptive words to use in describing the fight between these backwoods swains. Jack got the advantage in the first blow, for, on finding he must fight, he took the initiative by striking Sam a blow with his right fist that felled him to the earth. He then threw himself upon his fallen foe, and grasping his throat with the fingers of his left hand he made a furious onslaught upon his head and face with the clinched fist of his right hand. But Sam was the stronger man of the two, and, recovering from the effect of the blow that felled him, he threw his right arm about his antagonist and drew him down in such a close embrace that he could not strike him. Then with a sudden and giant-like effort he reversed their relative positions. Sam being now on top, he grappled Jack's throat with his left hand, with a grip that wholly cut off his supply of air. Then by a few trip-hammer blows from his right fist he crushed his nose and otherwise disfigured the face of his rival, and not content yet, he now thrust the thumb of his right hand into the left eye and scooped the ball from its orbit and rolled it out on the cheek. So intent was he to spoil the facial beauty of his foe, that he unconsciously loosened his grip on his throat, and getting a little air, Jack cried out,

"Enough."

"All right," responded Sam, and suspending his revengeful and brutal operations, he assumed a horizontal position, and giving his hand to Jack, helped him to rise. Sam pushed Jack's eye back into its socket and then helped him to a small stream of water near by and assisted him in bathing his face. The brute had abdicated in favor of the man, for the time at least. Jack did not lose his eye, and Dr. Hartsborn fixed up his nose in pretty good shape; hence he soon recovered from the effects of his punishment.

On the following Sunday Sam called on Peggy Rhoads, intending to ask her to go to meeting with him, but his reception was not such as to encourage him, and he left without telling her why he had called. From that day he gave up hope of winning the blue-eyed belle of Clear Creek.

John Millman and Marguerite Rhoads were married by the Rev. Joshua Stanup on Christmas day, and began house-keeping at once in a log cabin in the woods. There we

leave them to pursue their own destiny. Now, Joshua Stanup met with much success in his ministry, and at the close of the first year he had a church of thirty members, thirty members, twenty members, and thirty members in his sermon at the close of the conference year he reviewed his work and the situation, and proposed that the congregation should say whether or not his services should be continued another year.

"Brethren, I have served you faithfully to the best of my poor ability, and my labors have been blessed of the Lord to the building up of Zion and the tearing down of the strongholds of Satan. But I'm sorry to report to the conference that while I've had souls for my hire I've not received much else. Now, brethren, the preacher can't live on souls; he must have a little money. I've preached for you a whole year once a month, and you've paid me just nineteen dollars and seventeen cents. I do n't complain of you, for you've done as well as any other church in my circuit, and better than some of 'em. But I want you to do better next year, and I want you to say right now how much better you'll do. Now, don't be bashful, but speak right out in meeting. Brother Cutsinger, won't you take down the names and amounts?"

"Who'll subscribe five dollars to support the gospel next year?"

Silence brooded over the congregation for the space of a minute, when, to the general surprise, Squire Buskirk arose and said:

"I'll give five dollars to have this preacher here another year. I reckon yer all astonished at me fur offering to give money fur preachin' that I don't believe myself. But I do it 'cause it pays. The sort o' doctrin' this man preaches makes men afraid to steal. I hain't lost as many hogs this year by at least twenty dollars' worth as I did last, an' I give Mr. Stanup's preachin' the credit fur it, so yer may put my name down fur five dollars."

"An' I'll foller suit," spoke up Jo Storm. "I don't raise 's many hogs 's Squire Buskirk, but I agree with 'm that Brother Stanup's preachin' about hell does lots o' good, whether it 's true or not."

"Bless the Lord for such testimony to the power of the preached word. Verily, the heathen shall praise thee, and out of the mouth of the scoffer shall praise go forth to thy glory."

Squire Buskirk was an avowed deist, a disciple of Thomas Paine, and was therefore regarded as an out-and-out "infidel," because he believed in only one God and in morality as the basis of religion. His neighbors had great respect for his character and learning, but even drunken vagabonds like Jo Glenn, Bill Hatfield and Mike Skinner regarded their prospects in the land of the hereafter as far better than his, for they all believed in a personal devil and a literal hell, and they fully meant to go to the mourner's bench and get religion sometime before death should claim them for his own. But they would postpone that disagreeable task as long as they could sin with vigor and temporary impunity.

The sum of thirty dollars was subscribed, and with that amount the Rev. Joshua was obliged to be content. During the second year a meeting-house was erected and christened "Bethesda." It was built of hewn logs, and was twenty feet wide by thirty long. When this temple was completed and ready for occupancy, Elder McCloskey came over with the circuit-rider to Shady Hollow to dedicate the new church and inaugurate a revival. Elder McCloskey was a man of powerful build, ponderous stomach and immense lung power. His voice was a deep bass, with a mellow resonance of tone which rendered it very effective in exhortation. The Elder was a successful revivalist.

When a young man Jerry McCloskey was a rough character. He was profane and vulgar in speech and dissolute in his habits. A man of force, he was a leader among his class. This leadership was won and maintained by physical courage and prowess. His powerful energies were then expended in the service of Satan, but when he got religion, they were used in the interest of the church. The dedicatory revival was a great success. Many sinners were turned from the error of their way and brought into the fold. Rev. Joshua Stanup did most of the doctrinal preaching, and Elder Jeremiah McCloskey would invariably follow the sermon with an exhortation of power and pathos which few could resist. Sinners crowded the mourner's bench each night, and many professed to have had inward proof that their sins were forgiven. Such proof would come suddenly, and the agonizing and groaning sinner would be instantly transformed into a rejoicing saint. Tom Todd was converted during this meeting. Tom was a noted sinner from his boyhood. He belonged to a family of sinners. His conversion was therefore a great victory over the devil.

Tom had come to the meeting with some boon companions for the express purpose of amusing themselves by annoying the worshippers. "He went there to scoff, but remained to pray." The Elder's exhortation was too much for him. He was struck with conviction, and bowing at the mourner's bench, he agonized in orthodox style. It took three days to pull Tom through, but toward the close of the service of the third evening, he astonished the congregation by suddenly springing to his feet, clapping his hands and shouting, "Glory to God. I'm saved at last. It 's been a hard tussle, but I've pulled through. Ole Nick kep 't tellin' me I could n't get out'n his service, but he 's a liar. I've got religion and I'm agoin' to hold on to it, fer it 'll keep me out'n hell. I tell ye, folks, I've felt good many a time when I was full o' whisky, but I never felt as good 'n my life 's I do now, 'n that 's how I know it 's religion. I don't never want no more whisky 'n mine. I've had too much o' that now. I do n't mean to do any more fitin' 'cept to fite ole Nick, when he comes foolin' 'round me 'n tryin' to get my religion away from me. Ole 'oman," addressing his wife, who had kept her seat in the audience and listened to her husband's rhapsody apparently unmoved, "I wish ye'd come to the mourner's bench 'n get religion. Won't ye cum rite up 'n try?"

"No, Tom," Mrs. Todd replied. "I'll wait till I see how it works on you. Ef it does you any good then maybe I'll try it on myself."

## Reception to Mr. W. J. Colville.

Madame Guppy-Volekman on Wednesday evening, 3d inst., extended the hospitality of her residence in Newman street, W. to a large party of friends, to meet Mr. W. J. Colville on his return from Paris. Naturally the occasion afforded a favorable opportunity for the exercise of the remarkable oratorical powers associated with Mr. Colville's mediumship, and a suggestion that questions should be put to his inspirers resulted in the propounding of a question relating to dreams, which by general consent it was agreed, should form the theme of a complete discourse. For at least an hour the large audience were regaled with a lecture of surpassing brilliance, in which the philosophy of dreams was set forth, the dreams dealt with, however, being those impressions which reflect to a more or less accurate degree the life of the human being in the unseen world during the rest hours of the body. A variety of practical hints was dropped during the discourse, which should prove highly useful to those who desire to cultivate their subjective faculties. As exemplifying the value of faith, Mr. Colville pointed out that too frequently people are accustomed to wish for good and yet set in, to desire success, but anticipate misfortune; they thus set in action two opposing spiritual forces, resulting in mixed conditions, and often tending to neutralize the good that would otherwise be brought about. Man should not only aim at success, but should expect it also, and thus by a positivity of mind produce favorable conditions for the realization of his wishes.

At the conclusion of the discourse a recitation was given by Miss Potter, of New York, and this was followed by an excellent impromptu poem by Mr. Colville.

Guests continued to pour in during the evening, and it is estimated that nearly one hundred people were present in the spacious apartments devoted to the gathering. Among those present were Dr. Maurice Davies and Mrs. Davies, Lady Helena Newham, the Viscountess Panama, General and Mrs. Gordon Miss Marie Correll, Mr. Traill Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, Dr. and Mrs. Wallace, Mr. Powell, Dr. Bowle, Mr. and Mrs. Langford, Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. Thome, Mrs. Haydn Coffin, Dr. and Mrs. Hutchinson, Mrs. Priestman, Mme. Schweizer, Mrs. Low, Miss Kate Steele, Miss Minchin, Mr. and Miss Shorter, Miss Schenberg, Miss Chaston, Miss Thacher, Mr. B. D. Godfrey, and David Gow.—Light, London, July 13, 1895.



Revelations--The Other Side.  
(Continued from last page)

blended with or expelled the Celtic people. And yet of these three races, history has no records of their going or coming; the splendid research of Max Müller in the science of language has told this story.

Who built the pyramids, that have for countless ages stood as silent sentinels overlooking the Nile? Races have come and gone; empires, kingdoms and states arose and disappeared, and the desert sands gnawed their once polished surface. When were they built? The record is silent; but when the Israelites fled the land of Egypt it was an empire hoary with age. The pyramids stand on the deposit brought down by the Nile. Year by year the great river overflows the valley and deposits a thin layer of mud. It has been found that in a hundred years the valley is raised two inches and eighty-eight one hundredths. To test its depth, Layard dug a shaft seventy-two feet, and all the way he found broken pottery and remains of Egyptian art, as though there had been little change in the customs of that country during this period. If every two and eighty-eight one hundredth inches of Nile deposit represents a century, seventy-two feet represents forty thousand years.

These conclusions are no wild conjectures, but are accepted by the leading scientists. We may stand on the headlands of history and recount the civilization of Rome, of Greece, of Persia and Assyria; the mighty cities of the Seven Hills, of Babylon, with its hundred gates, and led by the explorer, who now is bringing to light unknown cities buried beneath the ruins of these, vast as the time may appear, it is only of yesterday compared with the period man has been on the earth.

And now comes Evolution, and by its brilliant light we read the past history of living beings. From the first imperfect being that came into the waves of the Laurentian seas to the present there has been a constant evolution to higher forms. The first indications of man showed that he was the lowest of savages. He has advanced from the savage to the civilized state by the growth of his intellectual and moral faculties.

Nowhere do we find him in a perfect state. The man of to-day is superior in every way to man in any age of the past. Science has demonstrated that he was not created perfect, but has been evolved from an imperfect state. The Garden of Eden and the story of Adam is contrary to history, is a contradiction, and has no place except in the mythical stories which amuse children.

Yet in the face of this overwhelming evidence the Church founds its scheme on the fall of Adam, and ignores all the revelations of science. It will not do to regard man as an imperfect being, struggling to the light; he must bear the burdens of heredity and God's wrath at Eve's curiosity.

The evangelist said to me: "You are a sinner, are you not, for all men are sinners?" I replied: "I do not always do right, but I am a born sinner in the way you suggest. I deny I have a right to say you are a sinner, for you know better than any one else, but you have no right to say any one else is a sinner until he is proved guilty."

When a pious deacon on his knees says he is a terrible reprobate I believe him, for he ought to know; when he says he is corrupt from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, I think he would not lie before the Lord; when he says there is no good in him, and he ought, if justice had been done, to have been in hell long ago, I do not feel called on to dispute with him. He knows best, and the Lord knows, in his patient forbearance; but when he turns on others with his snap judgment I repudiate his right.

Mankind are not prone to sin. The tendency of the whole is for righteousness. If this were not true, the lowest perdition had long ago been reached, whereas the race is growing better year by year, and as a whole advancing in the ways of intellectuality and right living.

The last of these tremendous propositions is that Jesus died on the cross, being an incarnation of God, to wash away the sins of those who believe on him; and that unless we believe we are lost in hell eternally!

I call the attention of young converts to this point of their faith. I would like to ask them, if they had committed a murder and been convicted, if the judge should say: I will accept your father in your place, would you consent to allow his gray locks to bear the ignominy, pain and disgrace of the gallows?

Is there one that would consent to such a vicarious atonement? "Oh!" you would say, "to be allowed to live on such terms would be far worse than death." It would be an endless shame, an unspeakable meanness, a continuous torture. The finger of the world's scorn would be ever pointed to such a coward. Ay, and what better are you in your reliance on Jesus, whose wounded side and agonizing bloodshed pays for your sins?

I ask these young converts, who, under the excitement of the hour, have spoke for Jesus, if they believe it possible for one person to pay for the sins of another? I ask them if they believe that of themselves they cannot do right? I ask them if they believe that God, Jesus Christ and the Holy Ghost, are three distinct individuals and yet one?

It has been repeated to you, I well know, that you may believe as you please, if you only join the church, but these fundamental propositions are the basis of the creed, and if you do not believe them you become a hypocrite the moment you subscribe thereto.

No, you have not been catechized on the creeds. The old beliefs have been concealed from you as carefully as though they were horrid monsters, kept in close cages. They are too revolting for the buoyant minds of young converts. You will see them by-and-by, as you can bear the spectacle.

If man never fell he cannot be "lost from God," and needs no redeeming sacrifices! The whole scheme of salvation, based on Adam and Eve, the snake and the apple tree, tumbles down like a cobble-house. Its foundation is washed away, it has no reason for being.

It has been the custom for the advocates of morality to apologize for their belief, or want of belief, but I have no apology to make; I stand here on the truths of science, and I arraign these old dogmas of man's fall and redemption by atonement, and demand their supporters to show cause why they should not and forever be relegated to the limbo of past and obsolete things! Why do they ignore the demonstrations of science and continue to teach these false ideas of God, of man, and his relations? Why do they keep their converts in utter ignorance of the horrible doctrines of their creeds?

The preachers, as they stand up in their pulpits of a Sunday, hesitate to believe the doctrines they teach. The laity do not believe; they make believe they do, and the preacher makes believe he does. Only now and then the old dogmas are brought out, like grinning corpses, and galvanized into contortions of life. They are dead, and the dust has gathered thickly over them. But, oh! it is a ghastly spectacle! I know of nothing more revolting than a live man chained to a dead creed! Is there anything baser by this hypocrisy? Let us imagine two souls arriving at the heavenly portal: One a pious deacon, the other only a mortal man. As they wait, the deacon draws his garments close for fear of contact with the sinner and with pity speaks patronizingly of his hopeless state. When St. Peter appears he asks: "What have you done that you hope to enter?" And the deacon replies: "Nothing. I rely on the blood of Jesus. Of myself I am as full of sin as an eggshell of meat, and there is no good in me. But oh, I have led in prayer, and spoke for Jesus on all occasions, and supported the church, and been regularly to meeting."

Then St. Peter turns to the Book of Life, wherein is recorded the deeds done on earth, and he reads: "He was a hard father, and his children found no peace at home; he was a tyrant over his wife, who died for the want of care; he exacted his dues with unfeeling harshness, and turned the beggar from his door; he was so engaged in saving his soul he took no thought of others."

Then St. Peter, turning to the moral soul, asks: "What claim have you?" and the reply would be: "I have by my utmost been kind in my home; I have tried to make those around

me happy; I have sought out the needy and given them assistance; I have done what I could to raise up the fallen and dry the tears in the eyes of suffering. It is little--but the best I could do."

And Peter turns to the book and reads: "He has been conscientious, honest and true of heart--and made the world better for his living."

Then Peter asks: "Do you expect to enter on your own merits?"

To which the deacon smiles complacently, for now the sinner will realize the efficacy of the blood of the Lamb!

"If at all, on my own merits," is the calm reply.

Then St. Peter will open wide the golden portal, and say with a smile to that mortal soul: Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into thy reward, for thou hast spoken for Jesus by deeds, and not with the parrot cry of selfish hypocrisy.

The deacon starts to go in, but is held back by Peter, who shows him the way to "Hades," as the place most fitting for his reward.

You exclaim, you have turned down the old structure of our faith, and left us shelterless! Nay, I have torn away the dungeon walls which have confined the soul of man, and let in the full tide of the sun! I have given you a temple whose floor is the world, and whose arched roof is hung with the candelabra of the stars!

You want a Savior on whom to lean for support! You have the good and wise of all ages; all who have lived and died for the good of their fellow-men. We must look to ourselves for our salvation, and be certain that we are under the rule of law which knows no change and which cannot be set aside. A true, noble character is the work of a lifetime of endeavor, of self-restraint and sacrifice, and cannot be gained by saying "I BELIEVE!"

Platform Notes.

Synopsis of Hon. L. V. Moulton's Lecture

AT CASSADAGA CAMP, SUNDAY, JULY 21, ON "THE DIFFICULTIES OF INVESTIGATING MODERN SPIRITUALISM, OR THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF THE INVESTIGATOR."

The speaker began at the bottom round of the ladder, explaining the theory of vibrations in the physical realm, and led up, step by step, to the spiritual, claiming that eternal, unchanging, undeviating law inheres and controls equally in both realms. "The Difficulties in Investigating Modern Spiritualism, or the Trials and Tribulations of the Investigator," was the subject upon which his argument was based, and was in part as follows:

"Modern scientific investigation has shed light on natural law. If Spiritualism comes under natural law, light must be shed upon it. The main difficulty of investigation is found in the limitation of our senses. The ego tries to find its place in the universe. It compares external with the internal. It tries to read nature's messages to its consciousness, but finds itself handicapped."

Man is told that he has five senses. Each brings messages to the ego which concern the external world. Nature outside of the ego is constantly impressing itself upon it.

"The only means by which the external world can penetrate to the ego is vibratory action and resistance. Science has shown us that the sensations of light, color, sound, etc., are caused by vibratory motions acting upon the senses; so also are all other sensations. The instruments of hearing, seeing, etc., must be capable of giving a corresponding vibration to the vibrations reaching these instruments, or no sensation is perceived. Sound is caused by a vibratory motion of the air, but there are many vibrations which the human ear will not respond to. The ratio where the ear ceases to vibrate is sound. Insects may hear sounds that we do not."

"The sensation of sight is caused by vibration under same laws. The rates are more rapid, but there are limitations to the eye, the same as sound has to the ear."

In the operations of the phonograph, that most simple yet wonderful mechanical contrivance of the nineteenth century, impressions are made upon the waxen tablet by a fine needle vibrating in harmony with the impulse given. To get the sound back again we simply re-traverse the impressions thus made upon the tablet. The working of the brain is upon the same plan as the phonograph.

"What do you think you think?" said the speaker. "You simply undertake to set up a vibration in the brain. You have simply repeated a past sensation. Remembering is simply working the phonograph which has received impressions by means of the senses. Deep impressions are easily remembered, or re-produced, but impressions put over each other lightly are forgotten. One reason people have such poor memories now-a-days is because they live too fast, and impressions made upon the brain-tablet are too rapid. The brain, the thought-phonograph, transmits impressions to the interior or spiritual eye, which does the real seeing, analyzing and reasoning. In order to transmit vibrations there must be a transmitting medium. For instance, sound has its transmitting medium, air; light its medium, ether. A vacuum will transmit nothing."

"There are more than one, two, or three kinds of vibrations; so also corresponding mediums. In the phenomena of hypnotism, the hypnotized sees what is in the mind of the hypnotizer. To transmit anything, there must be a medium; when we transmit thought there must be a thought-medium. This solves many things in Spiritualism."

"The thought-atmosphere is not only physical but spiritual. The physical is evanescent; the spiritual eternal. Therefore cultivate your brains and lay up treasures in heaven."

"When we die, it is simply a dissolving or disintegrating of the physical; we leave behind us some carbon, oxygen, etc., but nothing from the realm of mind and spirit."

"All clairvoyance, clairaudience and mediumship come from the thought-atmosphere. There are many vibrations therein we do not hear or see, but we can feel. The speaker led to the theory that thought and spirit is substance, and that it can go through physical substance. "There are spiritual sounds," said he, "only audible to spiritual ears; spiritual visions only visible to the spiritual eye. This constitutes clairvoyance, clairaudience and mediumship. When we have all our spiritual senses we shall live in two worlds at a time." O. E. H.

Dr. Charles H. Hidden's Address at the Dedication of the New Temple,

AT LAKE PLEASANT CAMP-MEETING, SATURDAY, JULY 27.

Dr. Hidden took for his subject, "A Word in Season," and declaring the hour of consecration the proper time to outline the duty of Spiritualists on behalf of Spiritualism, he proceeded to a discussion of the questions uppermost in the public mind to-day.

Instead of calling hard names, invoking anger and discord, ranging class against class and sect against sect, he held the more sensible idea to be, to educate the people in first principles; when this plan fails, then, he said, it will be proper to take steps to convince the reckless that liberty is not license, and will not be tolerated as such in the United States of America.

The time has come to begin a systematic course of appeal to that sober second thought of America, which, once aroused, brooks no subtle assault, but is at once by which progress is sought to be stayed or the freedom of the people threatened. He then entered upon a graphic description of the power of gold, and stated that, in his opinion, the supremacy of gold is the greatest immediate danger which threatens this country; he earnestly appealed to the people to put no man on guard over the nation's finances who is not imbued with love of country and the perpetuity of American institutions.

The evils of excess immigration were then touched upon, and, incidentally, the speaker took up the questions of capital and labor. He charged the capitalist, who engages in the importation of skilled labor, for the purpose of supplanting the skilled labor with being an enemy to the laboring people, and also paid his respects to the laboring class for their lack of conception of the real relationship which should exist between capital and labor.

Laboring men, he said, must be taught to respect capital, and capital must also be taught to respect labor; laboring men should be made to see that unrestricted immigration works harm by crowding skilled labor to the wall, and capital must be given to understand that America is not to be made the asylum for the slave-labor of other lands, simply that moneyed men may wax fat and increase their holdings.

The speaker referred to the labor riots of 1894, and, discussing the suppression of the outbreaks by the federal authorities, called attention to the need of a judicious weeding out in the army and navy and police departments in the big cities, in the interests of public safety. The sooner this is done the better. Crime is a deadly enemy. We have a weapon capable of striking telling blows; its future should be guarded. The military and police should be kept under the command of men who are friendly to this republic.

To protect the labor of this country, and to ensure the permanency of cherished institutions, immigration must be suspended for a term of years. We need to assimilate the foreign material we have in hand before any more is admitted. This fact should be

pressed upon our representatives in Congress, and if he fails to take the hint at the next succeeding election, bury him in his father's deep with ballots.

Immigration following its restriction should be limited to a fixed number of persons per year, and even then no one could be admitted who is not adapted to all places ready-made, and, if the plan works hardship to the steamship men, we should take the ships off their hands at a profit; better this than the continued undermining of the government.

The speaker argued that as no American-born citizen is to be admitted to the franchise until he has resided in this country continuously for twenty-one years. It is time to draw the line; the flood-gate of political corruption has been down long enough.

He made an earnest plea for a more rigid educational qualification as a prerequisite to suffrage; held that in view of our educational facilities (language is inexcusable, and said: The man who cannot read or write; the man who does not speak the English language; the man who has no conception of what constitutes good citizenship, is a standing menace to advanced civilization, and has no right to the ballot. The foreigner who in future enters this country must be made to qualify along the lines I have mentioned. If unwilling to do this, he should not be permitted to stay, no matter what his nationality or creed.

He made an earnest appeal to check church aggression by the taxing of church property, and eloquently pleaded with all before him to go into politics as the all important step to prevent the churches from coming together in the interests of a union of Church and State.

He followed with a plea for the inaugurating of a campaign of education, to inculcate patriotism among the people. We must teach patriotism in the home and in the public school. As a case, we must stand shoulder to shoulder in defense of the public school. Allow no interference with it. Buffer no attacks upon it. Keep the public school from sectarian taint, and be sure that teachers are true exponents of that sturdy Americanism, which believing in free worship in the churches, countenances no form of worship in school, save the worship of good books, pure morals, unbiased mentality and lofty American citizenship.

Declaring Spiritualists to be the natural leaders of the liberals, the speaker held that it devolves upon us to take the initiative in untiringly later. He regarded the sober second sense, or conscience, of the American people as a tower of strength, and believed in using every legitimate means to incite to action. The people must be informed of the dangers before us, and brought to a realizing sense of the fact that life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, are compatible only with absolute divorce of Church and State, for, when the church rules, the people are impoverished, ignorant, foolish, crime is rampant and freedom rears its head.

In order to make Spiritualism of importance in the social, educational, political and religious life of this nation, we must possess a properly equipped, powerful working organization. We must build temples, and establish papers, lecturers and educational bureaus. In our efforts to bring the liberals of the country together under one banner, we must have the hostility of sectarians and be crowded of the rostrum unless we are able to maintain temples for our own.

A well-governed temple is a powerful agent for the dissemination of spiritual truth--an educator whose influence cannot be galled. The speaker was impressed with the force of this as he stood upon the platform of the Spiritual Temple in Boston, on New Year's Day. "The door of this beautiful structure is a stranger to me," he said; "I know naught of him, nevertheless I feel grateful to him, and entertain deep admiration for his daring liberality in erecting in Modern Athens such a glorious tribute to the cause of truth and freedom. The worthy Spiritualists of America should act promptly in founding temples in the chief centers of thought; in establishing and maintaining a broad, pure-toned spiritual press, and in equipping and supporting high-class lecture and educational bureaus."

He then then dedicated the Lake Pleasant Temple to the joint interests of the world, in the following words: "May its projects be long spared to aid in the spreading of spiritual truth. May its doors ever be open, and its platform free to the thinkers of the world, regardless of color sex, for the kindly discussion of questions affecting the welfare of the human race. Let it serve as a center of attraction for the reception of messages from the spirit-world; let it be a place of prayer, of thanksgiving, of love and cheer to all friends of truth, and of wisdom and counsel for the enlightenment and guidance of mankind."

Dr. Hidden closed with a beautiful oration, and took his seat amid long continued applause.

Funeral at Onset lay, Mass.

Funeral services were held at the Arcade at 1 o'clock Thursday afternoon, over the remains of Mrs. Dr. Sara E. Hervey. A. J. Maxam opened the services by singing "Only Waiting."

May S. Pepper followed in a reading entitled "Restful Change."

Dr. H. B. Storer said in part: Although the earthly things will pass away, the soul is immortal; although we are here but a short time, as we turn the alphabet to the used in the other life. He spoke of her graduating and receiving her diploma, and said that following her usual bent of investigation, she investigated Spiritualism. We hardly realize what a change there is to those who are susceptible to the spirit-influence. Mrs. Hervey entertained ideas which she thought were ahead of the times. She was positive in her opinions, but no one can say that she never had an opinion she would not change.

We must struggle for the maintenance of our own idea. All things work together for those who love truth.

Rev. Andrew J. Hays said among other things: I consider it a precious privilege to lay my tribute upon the altar of recollection. I can voice for myself and other younger workers how helpful Mrs. Hervey tried to be to us. Her husband was always extended in welcoming words, cheer and encouragement. My heart goes out to her in thankfulness for that encouragement. I was very much impressed with her firm convictions. I feel that she has left a heart upon her husband's way. He spoke of Mrs. Hervey's encouragement in the time of need. He was glad to know that Sara Hervey was not dead, but born into a grander life. So here I lay the tribute of affection of a son and brother as I try to voice the tribute of the younger people in the Cause. Mr. Maxam sang "The Land Beyond."

Dr. T. B. Hays followed in remarks. He said: We do not live for ourselves, or die for ourselves. There are lessons in our arrival and departure. Years ago, when a member of the Orthodox church, I said my only boy; I tried to think he was in some far-off country. There was no comfort in the belief, or what I tried to believe. Years afterward, that boy came back to me, the spirit and said: "Papa, he is not dead; he is living with grandma; and you and mother have been my teachers as in earth-life." That is the knowledge that comforts sorrowing hearts.

Mrs. Hervey was under the guidance of the good spirits.

We all have our bent of character when we come into this life, and we should always try to ennoble that character. Let us remember that for her good deeds and many kindnesses of heart. Let us not only prepare ourselves for the higher life, but to receive the welcome Mrs. Hervey will give us there.

The services were closed by Mr. Maxam singing "Angels Adieu With Me," and benediction by Mrs. Pepper.

Sara E. Hervey was born in Jewburyport March 20, 1835, being 60 years 4 months and 2 days old. She was a regular physician, having studied and received diplomas from the New York Eclectic College and the Homeopathic College in Syracuse, N. Y.

Mrs. Hervey was an old veteran in the cause of Spiritualism, having lectured and been interested in the work for many years. She has spent her summers for the past fifteen years here in Onset, where she has been a familiar figure at the meetings and upon the streets. Her passing away takes one more of the pioneers in the Cause for which she labored long and earnestly. Two daughters, Mrs. C. M. Haman of Cedarhurst, L. I., and Mrs. M. L. Lynch of Des Moines, Ia., survive her. The body was taken to Forest Hills cemetery, where in accordance with wish of deceased, it was cremated. R. H. G.

\$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 the last century. It is Catarrh. Catarrh is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Dr. Hays' Catarrh Cure is taken internally, it reaches the seat of the disease, and cures the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in its work. The cure is a simple one, and its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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A Lecture delivered at Berkeley Hall, Boston, Mass., Sun Aug. 10, 1896, by DR. F. L. HAYES, at a lecture 25 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
THE CALENDAR OF THE HEART.

Do you feel, loved sleeper, resting there,  
How the seasons change since you have gone?  
How the springtime came with lilacs fair  
And roses blushed at the peep of dawn?  
How the grain fell ripe in golden yields  
And corn grew rank in lowland fields?

When clouds were white in the summer skies,  
Like curtained windows framed in blue,  
Could you look between with angel eyes,  
Where I vainly wept my loss for you?  
Or hear the love-bird's plaintive moan  
Call to its mate in answering tone?

Or know, when sere on your narrow bed  
The green grass died? when autumn flowers  
Were veiled in frost and sad, instead  
The dead leaves whirled in gusty showers?  
When birds flew far from shivering trees  
To the balmy isles of Southern seas?

Can you tell, my own, that winter's dread  
With chilling blasts has settled by,  
That beneath its gray the snow-sheets spread  
In heavy folds where you sleeping lie?  
Be still, O heart! Through death's sweet pain  
Thy love like flowers shall live again!

INDA BARTON HAYS.

"Though the idea of the repose of the freed human spirit to any 'narrow bed' on earth's surface is of course inimical to the revelations of Modern Spiritualism--which teach that the body is but the cast of raiment thrown down at death (or transition) by the upward ascending soul--there is a sweet strain of refined poetic sentiment running through these lines, which will find its way to the heart of every reader.--E. B. O. L.]

Recalled Stormy Times.

"Well, that looks natural," said the old soldier, looking at a can of condensed milk on the breakfast table in place of ordinary milk that failed on account of the storm. "It's the Gall Borden Eagle Brand we used during the war."

Demise of Hon. Thomas Davis, Providence.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
Again I have to record the transition to the sphere of the spirit of another noble and truly humanitarian soul, who for many years has battled for the right by ranging himself on the unpopular side.

Hon. Thomas Davis, Saturday morning, succumbed to the infirmities of age, the physical worn out, while his mental faculties retained their spring and elasticity to the last.

Though a radical, his honesty of purpose and gentility won the respect of the entire community. When the anti-slavery contest opened he espoused the cause of the slaves, and by voice and pen rallied the people to unflinchingly meet the slave-power and defeat its machinations.

He was a confidant of William Lloyd Garrison, Henry C. Wright and other anti-slavery leaders. When the final crisis arrived, the war of the rebellion, he gave loyalty and liberty a hearty support. Of ardent temperament, he early in life interested himself in public affairs. He never sought office; office sought him. He was a member of Congress from Rhode Island one term, and subsequently was called to a seat in the General Assembly of the State fourteen terms consecutively.

He was for many years pronounced a Spiritualist. The phenomena and philosophy were familiar to him, and their logic he accepted in their entirety.

When his wife, Paulina Wright Davis, passed on, it was a heavy blow. But he soon had messages from her, and saw her in bodily form, reconciling him to the apparent parting, at the same time assuring him that at the ending of his pilgrimage they would meet in the verdant fields of never-ending life.

Mr. Davis was born in Dublin, Ireland, 1806, coming with his parents to Providence in 1817, where he has since resided. WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

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No home or library of Spiritualists will be complete without this book.

Outline of Contents: Parentage; Place of Birth; Childhood; School Experiences; First Mediumistic Work; Letters and Statements from Relatives and Friends; Hopedale; Mr. Scott in Massachusetts; Removal to Wilton; The Barre Family; Adin Ballou's Work; Work of Spirit Adin Augustus Ballou.

Outline: Other Controls; The Guides. Work in Cuba, N. Y.; Buffalo Pastorate; Workers in Buffalo; Thomas Gales Forster; Sarah Brooks; Horace H. Day; Removal to New York City, 1886; Philadelphia; Boston; Baltimore.

NEW YORK CITY CONTINUED. Prof. J. J. Mages; Hon. J. W. Edmonds; Dr. Gray; New York Editors and Clergy; Other Places in the East; Meadville, Pa., 1894; Hon. A. B. Richmond.

Washington, D. C.; Reconstruction; Senator J. M. Howard; George W. Julian; Gen. N. P. Banks; Nettie Colburn Maynard.

England; Robert Dale Owen; George Thompson; Countess of Cathness; Mrs. Strawbridge; Mr. and Mrs. Tebb; Mrs. Neworthy, et al.

Work in England Continued. California Work; Other Visits. Chicago Work, 1876 to 1880; First Society Chartered, 1880.

Camp-Meeting Work; Cassadaga; Lake Pleasant; Onset; Literary Work; Hesperia; Volumes of Discourses and Lectures; Psychopathy; Soul Teachings; Poems; Other Literary Work.

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In quoting from THE BANNER care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of independent 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 canceled articles.

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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1895.

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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.

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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.

Arrangements have been made whereby the BANNER OF LIGHT in future is to be 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 add in adding new features to THE BANNER.

Letters from President Barrett, Secretary Woodbury and Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, on file for this issue, must await publication in the next. The camp-meeting reports have proved "too much" for our space.

## A Lecture for Spiritualism in Canada.

In the *Hamilton (Can.) Spectator* is reported an effective lecture by George W. Walrond on behalf of Spiritualism, and especially in criticism of Rev. Mr. Boville's discourse from the pulpit. The lecture was delivered in the Star Theatre. He said at the beginning that the minister is not now looked upon as a god who is altogether above criticism. He may be in a degree responsible for the morality of a community, but frequently he carries his prerogatives as a leader in moral reform too far, and by his utterances deters many from going to church at all. While the Sabbath (meaning Sunday) should be kept as a day of rest, it was never intended to be a day of sackcloth and ashes. He pronounced Christianity an outgrowth of Buddhism. He said the Savior obtained the ideas transmitted to mankind by parables in the Bible, while journeying in Tibet between twelve and thirty years of age, a period of which nothing is recorded in the Bible.

The Bible states that man is made of dust, and that to dust he shall return. But that statement is antedated thousands of years. The teaching of the clergy that a murderer can go straight to the realms of bliss, while his victim must suffer the tortures of the damned, was criticised by Mr. Walrond with sharp and deserved severity. He attributed to free-thinkers no little merit for the evolution in religious thought of later days, and especially for "knocking the bottom out of hell" and abolishing the materialistic heaven. Mr. Walrond finally proceeded to show that there was a close likeness and living sympathy between the manifestations of Spiritualism and a number of episodes in the Bible, a book which he did not regard as inspired, and of no more credence than many ancient writings which he named. Thus the heaven is seething in the Dominion, and the spirit of truth, which shall lead into all truth, is abroad and at work.

## The Older Gods Together.

In a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly* Lafcadio Hearn writes of a visit to a Japanese curio-dealer, who shows him his collection of josses. He enters the "great go-down," or subterranean shop and receptacle, and says the spectacle was more than weird—it was apocalyptic. Arhats and Buddhas and Bodhisattvas, and the shapes of a mythology older than they, filled all the shadowy spaces. To his exclamation that it was a very great collection, the curio-dealer answered that it cost him fifty thousand dollars. But the writer says the images themselves told him how much more was their cost to forgotten piety, notwithstanding the cheapness of artistic labor in the East: They likewise told of the numberless ones whose pilgrim feet had worn hollow the steps leading to their shrines, of the buried mothers who used to suspend little baby-dresses before their altars, of the generations of children taught to murmur prayers to them, of the countless sorrows and hopes confided to them. Ghosts of the worship of centuries had followed them into exile; a thin, sweet odor of incense haunted all the dusty place.

Thus does time win its trophies at the last. The epoch will arrive when the three-headed divinity of fossilized Christian Orthodoxy, the blazing hell, and the personal deity commanding it, election, foreordination, etc., will—like the Japanese deities mentioned above—be only individual existences in the grand curiosity-shop of human history.

## Laws No Cure-All.

This is what the *Cumberland Presbyterian* says on a subject that, in one form or another, is uppermost in men's minds: "We in America have held too much to the faith, or the superstition, that legislation and the sovereign acts of government are the cure for all our economic and even our social and moral ills. We do not fully enough understand that evils—financial, social and political, as well as moral—have their root in individual character, in home training or neglect, in the deep undercurrent of wrong social influences beyond the reach of Congress, or legislatures or judges." It is time the above truth was better understood. The *Christian Register* copies the above paragraph from the *Presbyterian* approvingly.

At the present time, when so many sumptuary laws are being passed against the liberals in medicine, the spiritual mediums and others, this plain truth should be made emphatic. Law is but the outward expression of an average purpose. It does not express the condition of the inner man as it really is. We have got to go to the central storehouse of motive, and that means only the state of the heart, in order to restrain and correct evil influences, and when men once do that they make law unnecessary. They are a law unto themselves.

Recent issues of *The Two Worlds* (Manchester, Eng.) contain editorial and correspondence mention that steps are being taken to bring powerfully to the attention of the British Parliament the present non-status of Spiritualism in the eye of the law. A bill called the "Manfield," looking toward the removal of all religious disabilities in this regard, was "choked off" in the last session, and greater efforts for self-defense are to be made by the English Spiritualists in future.

We have been obliged to curtail our editorial matter this week, because of the extraordinary pressure of the camp-meeting reports furnished us from the different grounds. We trust the managers of these grand agents for advancing a knowledge of Spiritualism among men will appreciate the efforts we are making to aid them, and will, in return, give THE BANNER a helping hand by notices from their platforms, etc.

To avoid mistakes and needless delays in receiving matter at this office, correspondents are requested to comply with the notice given under our editorial head: To wit: "Matter for publication must be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be forwarded to the Banner of Light Publishing Company."

We received on Monday, Aug. 5, a pleasant visit from our own and THE BANNER's old friend and correspondent, Mr. George A. Bacon of Washington, D. C. He is bearing well the impress of the years that come to us all. He expects to be in the North for a brief tour, during which he hopes to visit Onset Bay and other camps.—Mrs. Bacon is now traveling in Europe, and we have the promise of a letter from her to our columns at an early day.

THE BANNER received last week a pleasant call from Mrs. J. R. Francis—wife of Mr. J. R. Francis, editor and publisher of *The Progressive Thinker*, of Chicago, Ill.

## [Friendly Mention.]

That old and reliable newspaper, the BANNER OF LIGHT, has taken a new departure, and is now published by a stock company. The BANNER OF LIGHT was established in 1867, in the early days of Modern Spiritualism, and has proved a tower of strength to the Cause. The new company have in contemplation many improvements, if such a thing is possible, in THE BANNER. The *Dawning Light* wishes the OLD BANNER continued prosperity.—*Dawning Light*, San Antonio, Tex.

## Arrival of Mr. Colville.

W. J. Colville reached New York from England per steamer *St. Louis* Aug. 3, and went to Greenacre, Me., for Aug. 4 and 5. His engagement at Onset commenced Wednesday, Aug. 7.

On leaving Onset he goes to Cassadaga, N. Y., thence to Lake Brady, O., and via Chicago to California. Reliable parties desiring his service in Denver or other Western cities late in September, should address him at once in care BANNER OF LIGHT. His terms are very reasonable.

Mr. Henry W. Smith and Dr. J. C. Street sailed for Europe on the Cunard Steamship *Cephalonia*, Aug. 3. They will make but a brief stop in London, going to Brussels, Belgium, on a special spiritual mission; thence to Germany and eastern Europe—returning via Paris, when they start on the homeward route. Correspondence as to any fall engagements for Dr. Street, must await his return to America. Of Mr. H. W. Smith, it is only just that we recommend him to the Spiritualists of the Old World as an uncompromising friend of the Cause—he having demonstrated it practically by the erection of a building in Greenwich, Mass., where regular services and a Children's Progressive Yecum are sustained.

Mr. H. E. A. Bitchelder writes from Wilton, N. H.: "I think THE BANNER is growing better and better. It is a very pleasing feature that bringing to view the faces of our prominent workers. We feel almost as though we had seen them face to face, and our strength is renewed to strive on for the good Cause which brings joy to the saddened heart."

On and after August 7, séances at 55 Rutland street will be held as follows: Sunday, Thursday and Saturday afternoon, and Sunday evening, under the management of George T. Albro.

See advertisement of Dr. Dumont C. Dake on seventh page. The *Nyack* (N. Y.) *Daily Journal* speaks well of this veteran magnetist. Its good words will be copied hereafter.

Just as we go to press MIANTIC's Camp report is received must wait till next week.

## Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Giles B. Stebbins, one of the veterans on the Spiritualist platform, will make a tour in the East this fall—speaking in New York City and elsewhere. He will be in Hartford, Ct., in October—and the friends should make arrangements for him to work while there. Oct. 13, he lectures in Cummington, Mass.; in Providence, R. I., Oct. 27; he will remain in the East till about the middle of November. He will accept calls for lectures on Sundays, or on week evenings, at places near his appointments. The friends in this section should keep him busy. Address him for particulars at 143 Fifth street, Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson is spending a very pleasant vacation at Pittsboro, on the Kennebec river, at the residence of Capt. William Baker. She will visit Augusta, Gardiner and other places in Maine before going to Onset.

Mrs. Mary A. Chae is having done good medial work in West Wind, Winchendon, Peterboro and at the Rindge Camp (all in New Hampshire). She purposes soon to visit Onset Bay Camp, and go thence to Lake Pleasant.

W. J. Colville's first lectures on his return to America, were given at Greenacre, Me., Sunday, Aug. 4, at 4 and 8 p. m., to very large audiences; he also gave three more lectures at that pleasant resort, Aug. 5, at 9:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. and Tuesday Aug. 6, 8:30 A. M.

A correspondent writes: "Mrs. M. B. Bingham has recently closed her third year's work for Rochester, N. Y., Spiritualists. She is a good speaker and a reliable platform medium. She is willing to fill short engagements occasionally during the coming season, within reasonable distance from Rochester. Charges low. Here and there for villages near Rochester, where the Spiritualists are few, to start a work with parlor meetings. Address during August, Lily Dale, N. Y.; later, 25 Swan street, Rochester, N. Y., care of S. H. Barsdale."

After two months' vacation, pleasantly spent in the mountains of British Columbia, Oscar A. Edgerly will, on the 10th of August, resume his labors on the lecture platform. His engagements for the near future are as follows: August, with the Haslet Park and Vicksburg Camps, Mich.; September, in Massachusetts; the 6th and 13th of October, Lowell, Mass.; the 20th and 27th of October, Meriden, Conn.; November, Fitchburg, Mass.; December, Philadelphia, Pa.; January, '96, Lynn, Mass.; February and March still open for engagements; April, Buffalo, N. Y.

John Slater, in company with wife and son, was a correspondent to *Lights* sailing on the White Star Steamer *Germanic* on Wednesday, July 17. "A number of friends went to the landing stage to see them off, and were gratified to hear from Mr. Slater his intention of returning to England next October."

Dr. and Mrs. Goodrich have lately returned from a three-weeks' visit at Salem and Lynn, Mass. The Spiritualists and Societies gave them a cordial welcome, for which they wish to tender thanks. They desire to inform societies in New England that they have open dates for the last two Sundays in October, January and March, 1896.

Rev. J. C. F. Grumbeck (White Rose), Geneseo, Ill., will minister at Mr. Ayer's Temple in Boston, during December 1895, and at the Woman's Progressive Society, Brockton, N. Y., during January 1896. He will be in Norwich, Conn., during February. Societies wishing his ministry during the week, may now make engagements for one or more lectures. Address him, Geneseo, Ill.

FITCHBURG RAILROAD, Hoosac Tunnel Route, Boston to Louisville, Ky. Grand Army of the Republic, Twenty-ninth Annual Encampment, September, 1895.

The following arrangements have been made for taking comrades, their families and friends, from Boston and other stations on the line of the Fitchburg Railroad, Hoosac Tunnel Route, on the occasion of the Twenty-ninth Annual Encampment Grand Army of the Republic, September, 1895. Rates of fare from Boston and all other stations, \$15 to Louisville, Ky., and return. Tickets will be placed on sale in Boston and other stations on the line of the Fitchburg Railroad, Good for going July 26 to 30, 1895, and for return journey until and including Sept. 30, 1895.

Train service: Leave Boston, 3 P. M.; 7 P. M.; leave Cincinnati, 7:30 P. M.; 8 A. M.; arrive at Louisville, 11 P. M., 12 noon. Baggage checked through to Louisville.

In application for sleeping-car reservation should be made before Sept. 4, including check for accommodation desired, to Mr. A. T. Kimball, Ticket Agent, Fitchburg Railroad, 250 Washington street, Boston. J. R. Watson, General Passenger Agent, may be addressed for further particulars.

## Verification of Spirit-Message.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: I was very much pleased to read in THE BANNER OF LIGHT, June 22, a communication from HERBERT P. DAMON. He was a brother-in-law, and passed away at my home. The names are all correct. I thank the loved ones for their kind remembrance. MARY E. SMITH, Lawrence, Mass., July 31.

Mrs. Mary C. Weston has a beautiful large red and white bird on the table at Onset, which is very attractive to passers by; but what is still better, she has had laid by Shaverick & Thomas of Middleboro a solid walk one hundred and fifty feet long. That, with the tent, adds very much to the Ramona.

The annual session of the American Institute of Phenology will begin on Tuesday, Sept. 3, 1895. Those interested can write for particulars to the publishers of the *Phenological Journal*, 21 East 21st street, New York. From present indications this will be a most successful season.

## If You Lack Energy.

Take Hornford's Acid Phosphate. It vitalizes the nerves, helps digestion, feeds the brain, makes life worth living. It is a medicine, a food and a delicious beverage.

## MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

**Regis Hall, 216 Washington Street.**—Sundays at 11 A. M., 3 P. M. and 7 P. M.; also Wednesdays at 7 P. M. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 7 P. M. **Harmony Hall, 724 Washington Street.**—Sundays at 11 A. M., 3 P. M. and 7 P. M.; Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 7 P. M. **Harmony Hall, 724 Washington Street.**—Sundays at 11 A. M., 3 P. M. and 7 P. M.; Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 7 P. M. **Harmony Hall, 724 Washington Street.**—Sundays at 11 A. M., 3 P. M. and 7 P. M.; Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 7 P. M.

**Regis Hall.**—Hartwell writes: Wednesday afternoon, July 31, a large meeting. Invocation, readings and tests by Dr. C. L. Willis; select reading, Mrs. Bates; excellent tests and readings by C. A. Davis, E. H. Tuttle, Mrs. Wakefield, Mrs. J. Fredericks, Mrs. K. Knowles, Miss F. Wainwright, Mrs. J. Terry, Mrs. Parnell, Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, Mrs. C. H. Clarke, Miss Smith; benediction, Mrs. C. P. Foss. Sunday, Aug. 4, the morning circle was one of interest and full of spirit-power. The three sessions were well attended. Pleading remarks were rendered by Dr. J. R. Root, subject, "What constitutes true Spiritualism?" convincing tests and readings, Mrs. J. E. Peak, Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, Mrs. J. Fredericks, Dr. L. Terry, Mrs. C. H. Clarke, Mrs. Wakefield, Dr. M. E. Sanders, Mr. Cohen, E. H. Tuttle; remarks, Mr. Pratt; songs by Prof. and Mrs. Peak; musical selections, H. C. Grimes.

BANNER OF LIGHT on sale each session.

**Harmony Hall.**—James Higgins writes: In the enforced absence of our Chairman, Mr. Nelke, Mr. Davis presided over the week-day meetings, and gave recognized tests. He was assisted by Mrs. Collins, Mrs. Nelke, Mr. Habener, Mrs. Wheeler and others.

Sunday we had Mr. S. H. Nelke with us. The developing circle was large and harmonious. At 2:30 P. M. Nelke spoke on "Is Spiritualism True?" It was a masterpiece of facts, and was greatly appreciated. At 7:30 the subject given was "Atonement." The tests given by all the mediums who were called upon were of the usual high standard at this hall. Those who assisted were: Mrs. J. A. Woods, Mrs. Collins, Mr. Davis, Mr. Habener, Miss S. B. Lamb, Miss Newhall, a newly developed medium, Mr. Nelke, etc. Music was furnished by Miss S. B. Lamb.

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

**Rathbone Hall.**—N. P. S. writes: Thursday, Aug. 1, 2:45 P. M., N. P. Smith, Mrs. Wakefield, Mrs. J. Fredericks, Miss Josephine Webster, Mr. J. Pilling, Mrs. A. Woodbury, psychometric readings; Mrs. M. F. Lovering, song.

**Commercial Hall.**—Sunday, Aug. 4, 11 A. M., N. P. Smith, Miss Josephine Webster, Mrs. A. R. Gilliland, Mrs. A. Woodbury, tests and readings. 2:30 and 7:30 P. M., Miss Webster opened the meeting with an invocation and gave tests; Prof. Spence gave descriptive tests, Mrs. J. Fredericks, Mrs. Peak, R. Gilliland, readings; Mrs. W. Quint, remarks; N. P. Smith and Mrs. A. Woodbury, readings; Mrs. Carleton, song.

**Dwight Hall.**—A correspondent writes: Aug. 1, 1895, Ethical and Spiritual Culture meeting opened at 8 P. M., conducted by Madam Treen, vice-president, reading by Mrs. Treen, invocation, Mrs. Peak, remarks and tests, Mr. Davis, Mr. Heath; reading and tests, Mrs. Peak, Mrs. Knowles; organist, Mrs. Nellie Carlton. Well attended meeting. Mrs. M. A. Adeline Wilkinson, President.

**Lynn.**—T. H. B. James writes: At the spiritual meeting Tuesday evening at 130 Market street, services opened by singing "America." Herbert W. Watts presided at the organ and rendered fine selections.

Mrs. Dr. M. K. Dowland's control gave an able and instructive address on "Spirit-Power Limitation, and its unfoldments intellectually while on earth and in spirit-realms." She also answered many questions asked by the audience satisfactorily, followed by excellent readings and tests.

Her meeting Saturday at 3:30 P. M., for ladies only, there was a good audience and very interesting services. She holds these meetings every Tuesday evening and Saturday afternoon.

The Spiritualists of Lynn held very interesting services in Clerk's Hall, 33 Summer street, Sunday evening, Aug. 4. There was a large and appreciative audience.

Exercises opened with service of song, Charles W. Prest presiding at the piano. Mrs. Julia E. Davis gave an invocation, able remarks on Spiritualism as a religion, followed by tests and messages, all said to be correct. Mrs. Dr. M. K. Dowland's control gave interesting remarks on "Divine Revelation," which were well received by the large assembly. Mrs. D. M. Tetrault gave one of her wonderful musical séances.

Rev. Edward Fales, of Winthrop, gave a masterly address, subject, "Spiritualism the Only True Religion." He gave a synopsis of all religions from the creation of man until the present, and showed that the power of spirit was in and through all systems of religion, the same as it is with the Spiritualism of to-day.

Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler followed with interesting remarks on the power that made her an instrument for the spirit-world. She also gave a large number of recognized tests and communications from spiritualists.

Sunday at 7:30 P. M., William S. Butler, of Boston, will occupy the platform.

## Spiritualist Camp-Meetings for 1895.

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

As THE BANNER is always ready and willing to give all the Spiritualist Camp-Meeting proceedings free of cost to those interested in these pleasant gatherings, we hope the Managers will bear in mind the importance of freely circulating it among the visitors as fully as possible, and that the Platform Speakers will not fail to call attention to 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. 23. Trains run as follows: Leave Boston, at 5:45, 8:15, 9:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30 and 5:10 P. M. Sunday trains at 7:30 and 9:30 A. M.; leave Onset at 7:30, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 4:54, 5:58 and 8:54 P. M. Sundays at 8:40 A. M., 8:18, 6:34, (6:41 as far as Middleboro only), 8 P. M.

**Lake Pleasant, Mass.**—July 23 to Aug. 23. Trains leave Boston 5:45, 11:30 A. M., 5:50 P. M. Sundays, 9:00 A. M. Leave Pleasant 8:23, 9:01 A. M.; 3:51, 4:46 P. M. Sundays, 3:57, 4:46 P. M.

**Sunapee Lake, N. H.**—Commences July 23, ends Sept. 1.

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

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

**West Ridge, N. H.**—Sundays, July 14, 21, 28, Aug. 4, 11. Mail address, East Jaffrey, N. H., Camp Ground.

**Queen City Park, Burlington, Vt.**—Opens July 23, closes Sept. 1.

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

**Elms, Me.** (Buswell's Grove).—Aug. 30 to Sept. 3.

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

**Natick Camp, Groton, Conn.**—Commenced June 23, continuing to Sept. 2, inclusive.

**Maumee Valley Spiritualists' Camp, Ohio.** will open Aug. 1, and continue two weeks.

**Maple Dell, Mantua, O.**—July 23 to Aug. 23.

**Grand Lodge, Mich.**—July 23.

**Island Lake (near Detroit), Mich.**—Meetings begin July 23.

**Liberal, Mo.**—Aug. 23 to Sept. 3.

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

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

**Devil's Lake, Mich.**—July 20 to Aug. 12.

**Chicago, Ill.**—July 23 to Aug. 23.

**Catskill Camp, Liberal, Mo.**—Aug. 24 to Sept. 4.

**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. 14.

**Fortier Park, Tex.**—one mile southeast of Fort Worth. Commences Oct. 7.

(We shall be glad to hear from Secretaries of other Camp-Meetings throughout the country (as to time, etc.), as matters of reference for the benefit of THE BANNER'S readers. The Secretaries of the above mentioned Camp-Meetings are requested to furnish, for free insertion, a post-office address to which mail-matter can be sent to their respective camps.—Ed.)

## To Correspondents.

A. E. C. CHERRYFIELD, Me.—We are unable to throw any light upon the matter as stated. How would it do to change the matter frequently when an effort to obtain writing is made, and thus introduce new elements?

## For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. WISELOW'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.

## Spiritualist Camps

## Annual Camp-Meeting of the Massachusetts State Spiritualists' Association.

(Specially reported for the Banner of Light.)

The annual camp-meeting of this Association was held in the Auditorium, Onset, Saturday, Aug. 3. In the absence of President George A. Fuller, one of the Vice-Presidents, F. A. Wiggin, presided.

The morning dawned clear and beautiful; a heavy rain Friday afternoon had brightened the natural beauty of Onset, harmony reigned, and everything was auspicious for the success of the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts State Association. As the time for opening drew near, those interested in the object of the Association, wended their way to the Auditorium, and before the first audience was listening attentively to the words of the speakers.

The exercises were opened at 10:30 by A. J. Maxham singing "Thoughts are Things."

Mr. Wiggin then, in a pleasing manner, made the opening address, speaking in part as follows:

We have been kindly permitted to use this Auditorium to-day, for the purpose of holding our annual meeting. Many benefits can be derived from being a member of this Massachusetts State Association.

The object and purpose of Modern Spiritualism is to make the world better. If Spiritualism has not something in it better than any other religion, something that will make the world better, then it should not exist.

Every true Spiritualist has within him or her the disposition to grow, and can see that in Spiritualism there is an opportunity to advance more than in any



# WOMEN MUST SLEEP.

## Value of Paine's Celery Compound to the Sick and Nervous.



The burdens of life are not equally borne by men and women.

Women too often suffer from some weakness that was never intended for them by nature.

When trouble or hard work or excitement have rendered the nervous system so morbidly wide-awake that sleep is denied, the over-tired brain must be helped to get quickly back to its healthy normal condition or serious mischief ensues.

Paine's celery compound accomplishes this as nothing else has ever done.

It at once begins to regulate and equalize the over-wrought nerves and to restore to them their lost tone.

It brings to the disabled, debilitated nervous tissues the peculiar nerve food which they must have to build up their parts.

"I took Paine's celery compound for dyspepsia, nervousness and sleeplessness," says Lillie B. Smith of Williamson, N. J., "and I

can recommend it as a good medicine. As a result of taking it I feel better than I have for several years."

When Paine's celery compound is used, members of the household recognize the signs of health gradually stealing over the face of the one that was pinched and worn by pain and sickness.

Paine's celery compound is a perfect nerve food. It quickly feeds weakened parts, removes all irritation, allows the rest from pain they need so badly, and restores all the myriad, deep-lying nerve parts all over the body to a healthy, quiet working. This is the way this remarkable invigorator makes people well.

Reports of its marvelous working come from cities as far apart as New Orleans and Montreal. There is not a town large enough to stand on a railroad map that has not contributed some word of warm praise and gratitude to the greatest nerve and blood remedy of this stirring end of the nineteenth century.

### SPIRITUALIST CAMPS.

[Continued from fourth page.]

street, Boston, is here, and seems much benefited by heat from her labor.

W. H. Reeve, reporter for *New Bedford Journal* and *N. Y. World*, is at Union Villa. Also Simeon Snow and wife of Cambridge.

Annie Lord Chamberlain of Mattapan, Henry Chubbuck of Quincy, Emma F. Odiorne and Mrs. Carbee of Boston are at Onset.

A. J. Maxham, singer of Onset Camp, is a real missionary in his line; he puts so much feeling and expression into his soulful songs, appealing to the hearts of his hearers, and bringing that harmony that is necessary to making true converts.

Lieut. Robert Barstow, U. S. Revenue Cutter Service, and wife, are at Onset.

Mr. D. B. Allen, of New Bedford, Mrs. Helen Hall Keith of North Hanson Society of Spiritualists, Mrs. Simes and her daughter, Cora Simes-Barber, singer, of Dorchester, are enjoying the beauties of Onset.

On Sunday afternoon, Aug. 4, Mr. Wm. F. Nye kindly invited a party of his friends to take a trip in his recently-purchased yacht down the bay for a couple of hours. The occasion was a very enjoyable one. Among the guests of Mr. Nye were Mrs. Jennie Hagan-Jackson, Mrs. May S. Pepper, Mrs. Judge Pettigill, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Banks, with immediate friends of each of these and others. We were glad to see Annie Lord Chamberlain, one of our veteran workers, in the party. The *Banner of Light* representative, Mrs. J. S. Soper, owing to a previous engagement, reluctantly compelled to forego the pleasurable trip.

### Onset Bay, Mass.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

Thursday afternoon Mrs. Jennie Hagan-Jackson lectured at the Auditorium upon the little red school-house, and gave a poem on the same.

The annual entertainment for the benefit of the Association was held Thursday evening, Aug. 1, in the Temple, J. Frank Baxter being in charge, and having for assistants a brilliant galaxy of Onset's most famous summer visitors.

The audience was small but appreciative, and enjoyed every moment of the evening.

The program: Piano and violin duet, Misses Laidlaw and Miner; reading, "No Women in Heaven," Mrs. Thompson; vocal duet, "A Sail in Sight," J. F. Baxter and A. J. Maxham; reading, "Ever So Far Away," Parker Swift; song, "My Sweet-Heart," Miss Gertrude Laidlaw; reading, "Lascars," Miss Nellie A. Wood, of the Emerson School of Oratory; black-face plantation song, Alexander Proctor; recitation, "The Portrait" (Lord Lytton), Julian Barmeth; character song, "The Dago Banana Man," Jules Wallace, accompanied by Prof. Dillen; recitation, "The Mouse," Rosabell Wentworth; song and dance, "I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard," Evangeline Rothemell; reading, "An Experience from Josiah Allen's Wife," Mrs. Jennie Hagan-Jackson; song, "Measure Your Wants by Your Means," A. J. Maxham; character sketch, "A Bald on the Ben-Goon," Alex. Proctor; banjo selections, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis; recitation, "My Grandmother's Patch-work Quilt," Eola Worthing; comic song, "Irish Wedding," A. J. Maxham; character dances, Miss Carrie Rothemell and Herbert White.

Mrs. Sallie Wagner, a sister-in-law of Mrs. Rothemell, of Brooklyn, passed on Monday, the latter's residence on Longwood Avenue. Mrs. Wagner was a graduate of a training school for nurses in Heidelberg, Germany.

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### SPIRITUALIST CAMPS.

[Continued from fourth page.]

street, Boston, is here, and seems much benefited by heat from her labor.

W. H. Reeve, reporter for *New Bedford Journal* and *N. Y. World*, is at Union Villa. Also Simeon Snow and wife of Cambridge.

Annie Lord Chamberlain of Mattapan, Henry Chubbuck of Quincy, Emma F. Odiorne and Mrs. Carbee of Boston are at Onset.

A. J. Maxham, singer of Onset Camp, is a real missionary in his line; he puts so much feeling and expression into his soulful songs, appealing to the hearts of his hearers, and bringing that harmony that is necessary to making true converts.

Lieut. Robert Barstow, U. S. Revenue Cutter Service, and wife, are at Onset.

Mr. D. B. Allen, of New Bedford, Mrs. Helen Hall Keith of North Hanson Society of Spiritualists, Mrs. Simes and her daughter, Cora Simes-Barber, singer, of Dorchester, are enjoying the beauties of Onset.

On Sunday afternoon, Aug. 4, Mr. Wm. F. Nye kindly invited a party of his friends to take a trip in his recently-purchased yacht down the bay for a couple of hours. The occasion was a very enjoyable one. Among the guests of Mr. Nye were Mrs. Jennie Hagan-Jackson, Mrs. May S. Pepper, Mrs. Judge Pettigill, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Banks, with immediate friends of each of these and others. We were glad to see Annie Lord Chamberlain, one of our veteran workers, in the party. The *Banner of Light* representative, Mrs. J. S. Soper, owing to a previous engagement, reluctantly compelled to forego the pleasurable trip.

### Onset Bay, Mass.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

Thursday afternoon Mrs. Jennie Hagan-Jackson lectured at the Auditorium upon the little red school-house, and gave a poem on the same.

The annual entertainment for the benefit of the Association was held Thursday evening, Aug. 1, in the Temple, J. Frank Baxter being in charge, and having for assistants a brilliant galaxy of Onset's most famous summer visitors.

The audience was small but appreciative, and enjoyed every moment of the evening.

The program: Piano and violin duet, Misses Laidlaw and Miner; reading, "No Women in Heaven," Mrs. Thompson; vocal duet, "A Sail in Sight," J. F. Baxter and A. J. Maxham; reading, "Ever So Far Away," Parker Swift; song, "My Sweet-Heart," Miss Gertrude Laidlaw; reading, "Lascars," Miss Nellie A. Wood, of the Emerson School of Oratory; black-face plantation song, Alexander Proctor; recitation, "The Portrait" (Lord Lytton), Julian Barmeth; character song, "The Dago Banana Man," Jules Wallace, accompanied by Prof. Dillen; recitation, "The Mouse," Rosabell Wentworth; song and dance, "I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard," Evangeline Rothemell; reading, "An Experience from Josiah Allen's Wife," Mrs. Jennie Hagan-Jackson; song, "Measure Your Wants by Your Means," A. J. Maxham; character sketch, "A Bald on the Ben-Goon," Alex. Proctor; banjo selections, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis; recitation, "My Grandmother's Patch-work Quilt," Eola Worthing; comic song, "Irish Wedding," A. J. Maxham; character dances, Miss Carrie Rothemell and Herbert White.

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joyed it, and at the close gave great applause. It was grand and instructive.

At the close of the meeting Mrs. Byrnes held a reception, and was congratulated. The Longley Quartet sang, after which Edgar W. Emerson gave tests. Late arrivals were: Mrs. Chapman of Norwich, Ct.; Capt. Wm. G. G. of New York; Mrs. S. A. Skinner, Boston; Mrs. Wheeler and son of Orange, Mass.; T. G. Mayer, Washington, D. C.; Treasurer of the National Spiritualist Association, Mrs. S. B. Ropes, Lynn, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Wilkins, Medford, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Nivers, Cohoes, N. Y.; Mrs. F. Newhall, Miss Helen M. Newhall and Miss A. O. Hermin, Lynn.

Mrs. Warren, a well-known Spiritualist of Boston, and Mr. Charles Merry, were married Thursday at Greenfield. They returned to camp, and the young people, assisted by most of the older, decided to give them a surprise in the form of a serenade.

Thursday, Aug. 7, Mr. T. Longley of Boston was the speaker of the day. The exercises opened as usual with a concert, after which the Longley Quartet sang one of Prof. O. P. Longley's latest songs. Mrs. Longley took for her subject, "Essential Properties of Thought." Thought is substance; substance is that which is real, that can be demonstrated. Some say that thought is force. Who can tell what force is? We are told that electricity is force. We claim that electricity is as much substance as anything on this side of life, and we can say the same of force.

There are ways that go forth from your brain that we call thought. As yet you cannot analyze thought and present it to humanity. Science is the revelation of truth, the result of law. Science never speculates, but scientists do. There is a difference between science and scientist.

You are standing upon the threshold of great discoveries. Spiritualism declares that thought is the result of the chemical action of certain brain forces. Thought is the expression of intelligence, acting upon the brain and producing molecular change in its nerve-substance. We claim that spiritual intelligence acting upon the brain produces thought. New intelligence is given every day. No scientist is perfect, not even in his own line of research. No line of research can be pointed out to be perfect.

Thoughts are the offspring of the brain, vitalized by intelligent force.

At the close of Mrs. Longley's lecture a meeting was held for the formation of a Children's Lyceum, resulting in the election of the following as officers for the ensuing year: Conductor, J. B. Hatch, Jr.; Assistant Conductor, J. S. Hart; Guardian, Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch; Assistant Guardian, Mrs. Mary French.

Exercises of the Lyceum will be held every Wednesday morning and Sunday afternoon, and judging by the large attendance at the meeting it is evident that the Lyceum will be a fixture at Lake Pleasant.

Friday, Aug. 2, a conference was held in the Temple, and was largely attended, the following speakers taking part: J. S. Hart, Mr. T. Longley, Edgar W. Emerson, H. Buddington, Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Bowman, Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Waterhouse, Mrs. Allen and others.

In the evening a dance was held in the Temple, about one hundred couples in attendance. These dances are becoming very popular, and before the close of the season our hall will not be large enough to hold all who wish to participate.

Bickford's Orchestra has become very popular, and is one of the best that has ever been at Lake Pleasant. Saturday, Bickford's Orchestra gave a concert from 1:30 to 2:30, which was enjoyed by a good-sized audience.

At 2:30 the Longley Quartet opened the exercises, followed by an invocation by Rev. Mary T. Longley. "When I Go Home" was sung by the Longley Quartet.

Mrs. Longley took for her subject "The Potency of Spirit-Force," and gave a grand lecture. The speaker gave a great many illustrations to the satisfaction of her listeners, proving the truth of the subject of her lecture.

Mrs. Longley is very popular at these meetings, as her lectures are always very instructive and entertaining.

Among other things Mrs. Longley said: Spirit-force cannot be purely objective life. The artist with spirit-vision can see the landscapes that he wishes to execute, and later on, with his brush, paints and canvas he gives to the world the ideal of his brain.

There is spirit activity in the spirit-world where these bodies of flesh cannot be found; but yet there is brain-substance and matter in that spirit-world, and these, acted upon by potential spirit-force, produce the intelligent activity called mind, just as spirit-force, acting upon and within the human being on earth, produces molecular action of the brain which results in intelligent expression called mind.

One may generate an aura that is self-luminous and of a spiritual character, who has never had the vibrations of the spirit do not depend on intellectual unfoldment altogether for their power and rapidity, but rather upon the aspiration and desire of the interior life.

Edgar W. Emerson followed Mrs. Longley with tests.

Saturday evening Mrs. Marble, on the bluff, dedicated her new cottage. President A. H. Dalley, H. A. Buddington, Mrs. M. T. Longley, Edgar W. Emerson, Mrs. Carrie Twigg, Longley Quartet and Mrs. Hattie Mason, took part in the exercises.

Sunday, Aug. 3, the largest audience of the season was in attendance. The morning exercises by the Longley Quartet, opened the morning exercises by a concert of one hour. President Dalley acted as chairman; Miss Grace E. Warren of Beverly, Mass., sang "Then you'll Remember Me," with good effect. Rev. Mary T. Longley offered an invocation. The Longley Quartet sang "We will all meet again in the Morning."

President A. H. Dalley made remarks, referring to the success of the meeting.

Edgar W. Emerson was the speaker for this morning, and he answered questions that had been sent to the platform from the audience. His control answered the questions very satisfactorily to the large audience, and standing by the Longley Quartet, Mr. Emerson gave delineations.

Mr. Emerson has been here since the commencement of the meeting, and it is with regret that his engagement will not allow him to remain longer. He has given a great many tests during the meeting that have been a comfort to the people receiving them. Mr. Emerson goes from here to Syracuse Camp.

Sunday afternoon, Bickford's Orchestra was followed by a selection by Miss Grace E. Warren. Rev. Mrs. M. T. Longley offered an invocation. "Open Those Heavenly Gates of Light" was sung by the Longley Quartet.

Mrs. Longley took for her subject "Spiritualism itself—what it is and what it means. Spiritualism in its early days stood forth and advocated public reforms; it advocated woman's rights, and that woman should stand on the same plane with man. To-day liberal thought extends from Maine to California.

Spiritualism is three-fold in its character—Destructive, Constructive and Instructive. It is destructive to that which is false. It is constructive because it builds up the enlightenment for mankind. It is instructive because it comes to us as a teacher.

Mrs. Longley preceded her lecture with a good word for the afternoon press, and asked all Spiritualists to subscribe for one or the other of the spiritual papers, in order to learn what is being done by Spiritualists all over the world.

Mr. Emerson ended the afternoon exercises by giving delineations.

The Children's Lyceum held its first session at the close of the afternoon meeting. Thirty-five children joined, and we had a large attendance of adults. The exercises opened with remarks by the Conductor, J. B. Hatch, Jr., followed by a lesson read by the Guardian, Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch, responded to by the Assistant Guardian, Mrs. Mary French. Mrs. Longley, the instructor, talked on the lesson. President A. H. Dalley spoke to the children in his pleasing way, relating to them a very instructive story. Master Eddie W. Hatch recited an original poem, "Patriotism." I. B. Hatch, Jr., spoke encouraging words. Assistant Conductor J. S. Hart was the last speaker. Mrs. J. A. Chapman of Norwich, Conn., is the Secretary. By Wednesday the Lyceum will have its first session.

The Ladies' Improvement Society will hold a Fair, commencing Aug. 12, ending Aug. 16.

Dr. U. K. Mayo, director of the Boston Spiritual Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Rathbun of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and Mrs. Dearborn of Brooklyn, N. Y., are at 4 Lyman street.

About two thousand people were on the grounds. Special trains came in well filled.

The Troy City Band gave a concert in the grove. The Bickford Orchestra also gave an entertainment in the Temple.

The new Temple has been a blessing for the past week, as thunder storms and cold weather would have prevented holding meetings in the grove.

The mediums are all doing good business.

J. B. HATCH, JR.

Another correspondent writes: Dr. C. W. Hidden of Newburyport, Mass., will lecture at Lake Pleasant again on Sunday forenoon, Aug. 11, and Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 13. The Sunday forenoon lecture is entitled "Of Such is the Kingdom of God," the basic theme being child-life and child-lore.

On Tuesday afternoon, Dr. Hidden will lecture on "Hypnotism and Crime." The Doctor has had much experience in hypnotism, having made a profound study of this strange science for many years. Incidental to the lecture he will discuss fascination, charming, animal magnetism, somnambulism, mesmerism, suggestion, mind reading and beyond, hypnotism and its uses in medicine and surgery. He will present the Law of Force, the Law of Karma, the Phenomena, and will also explain the power of Evngal and the gifts of Tribby, so graphically described by Du Maurier in his famous novel. The lecture will cover the entire range of hypnotism and its resultant phenomena, and should attract the attention of all who are interested in the study of psychic science.

Lake George, N. Y.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

Sunday, July 21, a fair audience gathered to listen to Professor Peck in a very interesting lecture on

[Continued on eighth page.]



## I'm a New Woman

Since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was at death's door, bloated and crippled with rheumatism, and friends thought I could not live. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me a vast amount of good and made me feel much younger. I always keep

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

in my house and gladly recommend it, for the benefit I have received." Mrs. A. LYNN, Pettingill's Corner, Maine.

Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic. 25c.

## The South—Its Great Prospects—Atlanta Exposition.

Our advertising man has just returned from a trip South, over the Southern Railway, which reaches nearly all the great Southern cities, and reports the greatest prosperity and the brightest outlook. The cotton crop will be unusually large, and as to fruit the trees are almost breaking with their burden. The South is receiving more emigrants than the great Northwest. The South, particularly Georgia, is the land of promise.

Nearly every one is talking of the Exposition to be held in Atlanta this fall. It will equal the World's Fair in extent, and all BANNER readers should make up their minds to go. If you want to go by the best and quickest route to Atlanta, or any other place in the South, consult Mr. Waldo A. Pearce, 223 Washington street, Boston, Mass., New England Agent of the Southern Railway. Time-tables and excursion rates and other information cheerfully given.

The South is the land for fruit-growers and stock-raisers. Abundance of good land at low prices.

## Pennsylvania Railroad—The Perfection of Comfort.

All BANNER readers ought, at one time in their life at least, to travel by the great Pennsylvania Railroad Limited, that flies between New York and Chicago every day. The train and engine both have the appearance of speed and aristocratic comfort, like a greyhound or a well-groomed horse. One should use this train traveling West or East all the time, as the saving in time and good temper is worth the slight extra cost. Just think! No dust, for the road is rock-balled; and no cinders, for hard coal is used. That in itself is such a great advantage over other lines as to make the Pennsylvania Railroad the one to select to travel over. But that is not all. The Limited is lighted by electric lights, possesses a ladies' private bathroom, attended by a ladies' waiting-maid, and a magnificently appointed observation-car, furnished with sofas and wicker chairs. Isn't that ideal comfort for you? Just try the Limited once, and you won't use any other train.

## A Fine Musical Tribute

TO OUR ASCENDED WORKERS.

LUTHER COLBY, MRS. CLARA H. BANKS, DR. ARTHUR HODGES.

This memorial sheet contains three new and choice compositions—words and music—printed upon the finest paper, full music-sheet size, by the well-known composer, C. Payson Longley. The beautiful song dedicated to the memory of the veteran editor, Luther Colby, is a companion piece to that standard melody, "Only a Thin Veil Between Us." That inscribed to Mrs. Clara H. Banks bears the title "Only a Curtain Between," and that to Arthur Hodges, "Oh! What Will It Be to Be There?"

This memorial sheet has a handsome lithographic title-page, which bears a faithful likeness of each of these three lamented and ascended workers in the Spiritual Cause, passed of which makes it of value to all Spiritualists.

The music of this trio of songs would be priced at least at one dollar, if sold singly, but the entire composition is offered at 25 cents. For sale at the *Banner of Light* Bookstore, 9 Bosworth street.

Writing PLANCHETTES for sale by Colby & Rich. Price 60 cents.

# READ THIS! THEN ACT.

## A GRAND OPPORTUNITY Never Before Offered

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

Spiritual Philosophy, Astrology, Theosophy, Mesmerism, Psychology, Hygiene, and kindred subjects.

Being desirous of largely extending the circulation of the *Banner of Light*, the publishers of that paper have decided to make the following offer for a limited time:

We offer to any subscriber who is now receiving the *Banner of Light*, for every new yearly subscriber which he or she will secure and send us, accompanied by the full yearly subscription price, \$2.50, the privilege of selecting any books or pamphlets from among our advertised by us, either in *The Banner* or our Catalogues, to the amount of \$1.25—one-half the price of the subscription; and for every new six months' subscriber whose name they will send, accompanied by \$1.25, we will allow them to select books or pamphlets to the amount of 60 cents.

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

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

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

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

### SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Jan. 5.

John Wm. Fletcher, No. 1554 Broadway, New York City, agent for the *Banner of Light* and all Spiritual and Occult Literature. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

J. J. Morse, 26 Onaburgh street, Euston Road, London, N. W., is agent in England for the *Banner of Light* and the publications of Colby & Rich.

James Burns, 88 Great Queen street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, Eng., is agent for the *Banner of Light* and keeps for sale the publications of Colby & Rich.

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

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

## HOTEL WOODFIN, Lake George, N. Y.

PARTIES visiting Lake George for recreation, or to attend the Camp Meetings, can find at "The Woodfin" excellent accommodations at moderate prices. Illustrated Circular and terms mailed on application.

EUGENE L. SEELYE, Proprietor.

## WANTED, Old or Second-Hand Books

Collections of works on Hypnotism, Magnetism, Spiritualism, Theosophy, Occultism, Astrology, &c., &c., bought and sold.

H. F. TOWER,

July 20. 68 West 65th Street, New York City.

FREE! IF SICK! Send name, age, sex, symptoms in full, and I will send a Scientific Diagnosis of your disease and tell you what will cure your ailment. Address J. C. BATDORF, M. D., Grand Rapids, Mich. Aug.



## SPIRIT Message Department.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

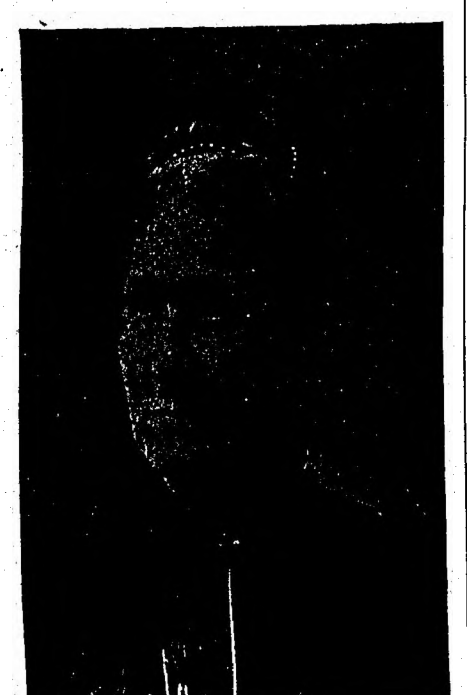
The Spirit Messages published from week to week under the above heading are reported verbatim by Miss Ida A. Putnam, an expert stenographer.

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 Counting-Room for answer. It should also be distinctly understood in this connection that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of Truth as they perceive—no more.

It is our earnest wish that those on the mundane sphere of life who recognize the published Messages of their spirit-friends on this page, from time to time, will verify them by personally informing us of the facts for 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 recent date. Also, we are requested to state that all letters of inquiry, or otherwise, appertaining to this Department, should be addressed to the undersigned.

HENRY W. PITMAN, Chairman.

## SPIRIT-MESSAGES, GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Séance held March 8, 1895—Continued from last issue.

### Amanda Putnam.

How many times I have longed for the presence of the dear departed ones when I was in the flesh, but I did not dream that I could know aught of them until the Judgment Day. I found on entering the higher life that the Judgment Day is every day, and that a person's spirit judges him; and certainly one's own awakened conscience is a most impartial judge, that inflicts sufficient punishment for wrong-doing, and gives peace and happiness as rewards for well-doing.

It is a pleasure for us on the spirit side of life to return to earth to aid our friends, or any one else in need of assistance, by the influence we bring from our homes above. I find it is the mission of spirits to learn, and then impart that learning to others, to help our fellow-creatures in both spheres of existence; for life is one continued effort to progress and unfold in soul-attributes.

Edmond and I have been here to your Circle-Room, Mr. Chairman, many times as listeners, and now I am glad to be granted the privilege to speak for myself. I send loving greetings and kindest wishes to the few friends and kindred left upon the earth-plane.

Amanda Putnam, Charlestown, N. H.

### Lucy Holbrook.

Mr. Chairman, it is a pleasure to be able to speak here for myself, and I have counted it a pleasure to come here to listen often to the voices of others who have communicated, for of the spirit world gain a great deal of information by so doing.

I was brought up in the faith of the church, for my dear father and mother gave me as good a religious training as they had received themselves.

Dear sisters, we, your friends in spirit, are with you often, although you may not sense our presence. I am thankful that there is one with whom I can come into communication. To the others I would say in all kindness, that for every wasted opportunity you will feel great regret in the future; therefore I ask you to try in this life to learn a little something of the life beyond, and you will be surprised to realize what an aid all such knowledge will be to you when you enter our land above.

Silas, George and Henry are here in the meeting with me to-day, and send loving words to all. We are all together most of the time. Our homes are as tangible to us as are your houses to you, and we delight to adorn our apartments and make them cheery and pleasant, as much as we did our rooms in our material houses when on earth.

Father and mother are here also, and ask to be remembered to all who may inquire for them.

Dear Sister Lizzie, you have been faithful as far as you have learned, and you will be faithful unto the end. The church, I have learned, is a form, but I do not scorn the good it has done, for I realize that many, very many, have been made better by accepting its teachings. Still I would say there is something higher, something more advanced for those who will receive the truth as it is brought by angel messengers, God's agents from above.

I lived in Bedford, N. H., a part of Manchester. I have been a long time in spirit, and I have had to learn much regarding spirituality that I might have learned while here.

My own mother had strong medial powers, but we children did not understand her gifts.

Bertie, my dear boy, although you are thousands of miles away, I want you to know I can and do come to you often. You are not where you have the opportunity of coming into communication with us who have passed on; but as Silas has often said, "We shall have our boy with us again in our home when the grand reunion takes place," and it won't be long.

Sister Lizzie, make conditions to come into communication with us when you can. You are learning a great deal in this life that the others are neglecting to gain, but when they enter the spirit-world they will have to begin at the foot of the ladder, so to speak, and work their way up to the spiritual heights you will have attained.

I am very grateful to you, Mr. Chairman, for listening to my words, which I am informed will be taken down, and printed in the paper, and in this manner I shall be able to reach my friends.

Lucy Holbrook.

### Joseph Wood.

It is grand to know, not to think or believe, that after we have laid aside the old material form we are still the same individuals, and also that we are permitted to return to our friends on earth and give them loving greetings and words of advice. I have often thought when I have come into the atmosphere of some mortals with whom I used to associate, Oh, why don't they learn more of the future state and the condition of us who have passed on? I know they would gladly if they could only realize that spirit-communication is possible and all in accordance with natural law.

Mr. Chairman, when in the mortal I was blind, and could no longer behold the beauties of earth, but now I can drink in the loveliness of spiritual scenes and scan the faces of my friends.

Many times I crossed the briny deep. I had friends across the water, but in Hyde Park, Mass., I have loved ones who will be glad to hear from me.

Mary Jane, I know of your powers, but because of the material work you cannot always use them. Minnehaha, the little Indian maiden who is your guide, stands beside me wishing to be made known. Madeline and Joseph, I send loving greetings to all. Charlie says not to forget him, for he wants you to know he is here.

I want to say to you, Mollie, whenever there is an opportunity pen down all the thoughts that come to you in the form of poetry, for much can be given you in that way when we do not have sufficient power to control your vocal organs.

I send warm and loving greetings to you, mother, and the children—to all of you, for I know you will be glad to hear from me. I am glad of this opportunity to send a message to you, but I have not said half I would if I could talk with you direct.

I am Joseph Wood. I lived in Hyde Park, this State, and my family live there now.

### Nancy Cutler.

Don't think, Mr. Chairman, that I was a stranger to these truths of spirit-return and intercourse, but much that I knew I kept to myself.

My memory carries me back to pleasant days in good old Boston. I would say to my friends who still remember me, that Nancy Cutler is not dead, but lives, and will live eternally; then if I do, others live also, and are likewise privileged to return and communicate with their friends sometimes; but conditions in the material world must first be furnished us.

We often hear mortals say, "If spirits can return and do this, they can return and do something else." Who shall dictate in these matters? Surely not those who do not comprehend the laws by which we are governed, and who through ignorance may often throw barriers in the way which will utterly prevent our doing as they would wish.

I am very much pleased to be able to speak here to-day, for there are four people who have had me in mind, wishing so much that I would report, because of certain things connected with family affairs this day.

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

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

March 29—Dr. Calvin Seelye; Bertha M. Prouty; Robert M. Thomas; Elizabeth M. Langley; Roswell W. Sibley; Arthur Grubert; Ida C. Cleaver; Dr. James Howarth; Mary A. Miller; Nason Nickerson.

April 5—Ezekiel Weeks; Robert Tower; Benjamin Lakey; Mary Taylor; Charles Coane; Dr. Oslan; Mansfield; Bessie Striker; Emily Cnece; Mitchell Lincoln; Fanny Olsen.

April 12—Wilson Hamden; Elsie J. Reed; Volney Lincoln Fuller; Mrs. W. H. Goward; Annie L. Morse; Abbie Newcomb; Gorham Leblond; Elsie H. Durell.

April 18—Herbert Sparrow; Clara Parker; Elbridge Eaton; Ella Spaulding; Jeremiah S. Quimby; Rachel Burns Martin; Samuel W. McPhee; Adelle L. Wilson; Mattie Robinson.

May 2—Dr. John J. Ewell; Willie Hazen; Frances H. Farrar; Frank A. Ely; Carlissa Morse; Prof. Henry Kiddie; Adolph Greenwood; Gertrude Booth.

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

### Letter from Abbie A. Judson.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

After a month of needed rest from public labor, spent in my little Worcester home, July 25 found me traveling through Vermont, and enjoying its fine scenery. Almost the whole distance, the Green Mountains were in sight, and as the blue sky was fleeced with white clouds, it was an unceasing pleasure to watch the varying play of light and shade upon their verdant slopes. The latter part of the way we left them in the distance, and then fair Lake Champlain came in sight, on whose shore is the beautiful camp, so fitly named Green City Park.

No camp I have attended has so clear a lake, except the dear one at Devil's Lake, Mich.; and the scenery of this one is grand indeed. The train deposits us about two miles this side of Burlington, and a few steps take us to the entrance of the camp. A lovely winding road keeps us constantly near the shore of the lake, and after passing Lover's Lane and the spring that supplies the camp with clear, cold water, the cottages come into view. A very pretty one is that owned by Dr. E. A. Smith, the earnest and untiring upholder of this spiritual camp. His companion, Fanny Davis Smith, passed to a yet more spiritual one, nearly two years ago. Her influence broods over the place, and her inspiring and uplifting words here will never be forgotten.

Nearly all the cottages, forty-two in number, face Shelburn Bay, which is an arm of Lake Champlain. At the entrance of the bay, in full sight of the camp, is Dunder Rock, at which the British guns were fired one whole night in 1812, they supposing it to be a boat. Beyond, one sees Champlain in all her beauty, and the rugged heights of the Adirondack Mountains for an extent of forty miles. I have never gazed on a more beautiful scene, nor finer sunsets, in America or in Europe.

The hotel is excellent, and the Briggs Cottage, a legacy by Mr. Briggs, where the speakers are entertained, has every comfort. The legacy puts it wholly in charge of Dr. Smith during his lifetime. Twenty-five acres are owned by the Association in this unsurpassed spot, and there is ample room for many more cottages. Persons living near the sea-shore, who desire a change to a hilly region, will come here more and more, as the advantages become better known. Personally, I find a spiritual atmosphere that is most pleasing and helpful.

### Vacation Time

Is at hand, and is gladly welcomed by all, especially those whose duties in life have caused them to greatly run down their system to meet the requirements, physical and mental, forced upon them. With these and others, it is important, whether at home, at the sea-shore or in the country, that some thought be given to diet, and as further assistance to Nature, a good building-up medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla had best be resorted to. If the digestion is poor, liver deranged, and frequent headaches seem to be the rule, Hood's will change all this and enable every one to return to their home and business in a refreshed state of mind and bodily health.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—1. [By C. E. S., Boston.] Andrew Jackson Davis says, "A child is the repository of infinite possibilities." May not this be said of every living thing below the human kingdom? Why should the human contain more possibilities than the animal or vegetable? Is there a limit to the growth or development of the latter?

2. Why is it that some people of a spiritual temperament are unable to control their spiritual perceptions even for a moment's contemplation? Is it because of mental defects from various causes? If so, when those obstacles are removed by physical death, will the spirit come into immediate possession of its spiritual faculties, as though mental defects had not existed?

3. Are not the laws of nature spiritual instead of physical? and are not so-called physical phenomena really spiritual in their origin? If so, why should we speak of physical laws at all?

ANS.—1.—Our teaching is that every human form is the expression of an individual human intelligence, and we might quote from one of the earliest English poets, Spenser, in support of this view, "The soul is form, and doth the body make."

The three kingdoms of nature below man are utterly incapable of evolving into humanity, as every outwardly expressed type is a manifestation of its own spiritual typical germ.

The doctrine of involution alone accounts for evolution; and if you will but transpose your thoughts from the seen to the unseen, and consider the latter as causal, the difficulty will vanish which now so sorely besets the pathway of many a would-be spiritual philosopher.

The entity we call the human soul is primal; it preexists in the cause realm, and thence seeks terrestrial expression through the gateway of a physically generated organism.

The lower forms of nature to which the questioner alludes are all partial expressions of the true spiritual unit, but they are partial expressions of the soul, not fragments going to make up souls eventually. There are, however, two distinct natures in every human being as now expressed on earth, the one derived directly from the parent soul, of which the spirit is a direct emanation; the other a result of all those evolutionary processes through the three kingdoms which ultimate in the animal soul of man.

Animals possess an animating psyche, but not the higher rational soul which distinguishes humanity. Animals can enjoy prolonged existence after physical dissolution, but they are not immortal. Clairvoyance has abundantly testified times without number to the actual presence in individual forms of animal entities, but as none of these are endowed with human identity or its equivalent in the scale of being, the form eventually is dissolved, the essence of life departs and seeks other expressions.

A. 2.—We should scarcely justify ourselves for using the word *spiritual*, as it is employed in the present question. Persons may be of temperament so delicate and highly refined that the French word *spirituelle* applies to them without being in the least able to perform mental feats demanding concentration of thought for even a minute's space on a serious or important subject. Spirituality, in the higher and fuller sense of the word, is not mere delicacy or gentleness, but bespeaks moral strength and also mental vigor.

When we say that people are spirited or high-spirited, we always mean that they show forth an unusual amount of power to dominate conditions and make things, if not people, subservient to their will.

The kind of person referred to by our present interlocutor is one which, though very innocent and doubtless highly mediumistic, evinces decided lack of all robust temper.

Individualization to a very high degree is necessary to the successful practice of concentration, which is an essential stepping-stone to anything like magical attainment. Practical lessons in occultism are sometimes needed to give the requisite drill and discipline without which few sensitives are capable of controlling their surroundings to any large extent. We do not teach that mental defects are necessarily removed by physical death; if they were, one of the greatest practical incentives to individual culture would be abolished, and death instead of growth through effort, which is the only genuine means of progress, be looked to as an educator as well as an emancipator.

In cases where there were in reality no decided mental defects, death having removed the singularly imperfect physical instrument, defects will not appear; but then, they never existed in such an instance, save to the eye of flesh, which is always wretchedly short-sighted.

If an organist is a man of real musical knowledge and ability, but called upon to play temporarily upon a broken organ, of course he can at any time show his musically ability when furnished with a fitting instrument; if, however, the defect is in the man more than in the machine, nothing short of education will vanquish his defects.

In similar manner those whose earthly organs are impaired, and that is all, do appear in spirit without such exterior limitations as they present on earth; but those whose own lack of interior development is the real limitation (and this is oftentimes the case) must undergo a growthful experience in the subjective state of their own consciousness before they can become spiritually brilliant or powerful.

A. 3.—We entirely agree with our questioner on this point, and indeed it is one upon which we continually lay stress. Spiritual law is all the law there is. There is but one universal undeviating law, and that is spiritual.

There is a law which governs matter and

## TO OUR FRIENDS:

Do'n'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?

produces all of nature's phenomena in an orderly sequential manner, and we suppose physical law, as used by many intelligent and thoughtful people, is only a short, convenient phrase, intended to refer to the discoverable but unalterable sequence in which events move, effect following cause in regular order.

There is far more truth in the old poetic Greek mythology which assigns a special god or goddesses for every event in nature than there is in cold, scholastic necessitarianism, falsely labelled science.

Intelligence is operative everywhere. Spirit is omnipresent, pervading every globe of water and grain of sand, saturating the phenomenal universe, and the sole cause of action because the essential actor everywhere.

If you never do speak of physical laws, but only of spiritual law as the cause of all phenomena, you are a much profounder philosopher and a much truer scientist in your expression than the majority. It would indeed be accomplishing a much-required reform if profound reasoners from a spiritual standpoint would vigorously institute and unanimously employ a correct in place of a conventional terminology. All law is spiritual, and let us agree to call it so.

## Original Essay.

### A Bubble Pricked.

DURING the month of May our brother Spiritualists in the land of Britain held a general conference in London, at which a number of notable papers were read, including one by Mr. Stead, who, by the way, is being swept, almost in spite of himself, over the brink of "Borderland" into the ranks of out-and-out Spiritualism, and, we doubt not, through the agency of powers which he as yet, probably, does not fully appreciate.

The recruit should be proffered the hand of fellowship by his comrades in the army of truth, for he gives evidence of the possession of an inspiration and of qualities which, when he thoroughly adjusts himself to the new environment, will contribute greatly to the aggressive strength of the nineteenth century's preeminent Cause, in the interest of which the purest energies of two worlds are enlisted.

But this is merely *ad passim*, for the subject of these comments is the address entitled "A Popular Misconception of the Relation Between Science and Spiritualism." It was delivered by the clear-minded veteran, Mr. Thomas Shorter, a gentleman who, evidently, has maintained an exemplary steadfastness to the holy Cause through all its dark years of misconception and abuse by friend and foe alike.

The position which formed the basis of the speaker's remarks is clearly expressed in his own language: "What is there in the ordinary phenomena of the subject we are considering which requires that minute and subtle observation which can only be effected by the scientific expert, or which lie beyond the power of the ordinary, average man? The possession of his normal senses and faculties? Surely any ordinary observer with good sight and hearing can tell, for instance, whether a table in the room is in movement or at rest, whether audible raps are produced or not, whether these movements and sounds are made independently of muscular pressure or mechanical appliance, and if they are directed by intelligence, as a code of signals in response to questions or conveying an independent communication. He is capable of drawing the simple, plain, obvious inference which these facts naturally suggest."

By irrefragable logic and apt illustration was this claim supported, and in a calm and temperate spirit, but with admirable skill, was the bubble "Scientific Investigation" pricked. "It is necessary to discriminate between scientists and science," admonished the speaker. "Science is knowledge; not, indeed, a mere miscellaneous collection of unassorted facts, but knowledge classified, reduced to order, method, relation, and proportion. From her verdict there is no appeal; her decision is final. With 'men of science' it is otherwise. Like ordinary men they are liable to err. Experience has shown that they are not infallible. Their judgment is sometimes hasty, defective, and erroneous, and has to be corrected. They have not always a commission from science to speak in her name and with her authority."

But is Science, when differentiated from certain of those who—not always rightly—claim to be its disciples, opposed to the facts of Spiritualism? "When, therefore, we are told, as we sometimes are in general terms, that science is opposed to Spiritualism, we have a right to ask our informant to be more definite and precise; to tell us what science he refers to, and where and how the opposition comes in. Is it, for example, the oldest of sciences? Astronomy gives us truer, larger, nobler conceptions of the universe, of the order, harmony and beauty that reigns throughout. It deals with magnitudes, distances and velocities; but what has all this to do with the subject of our inquiry? Do the stars in their course fight against Spiritualism? Is there any relation between the revolution of the planets and revolving tables; between the transit of Venus and the transit of Mrs. Guppy? Unless better advised, I think this witness must be dismissed, as having no evidence to offer relevant to the issue before us."

Thus are the various sciences summoned and cross-examined: *Geology*. "What has the testimony of the rocks to do with the testimony of witnesses before the committee of the Dialectical Society and elsewhere? What have trilobites, mastodons and pterodactyls to do with spirit-photographs or with any other phase of the phenomena alleged to be spiritual manifestations?" *Chemistry*: "What has the laboratory to do with the séance-room? What have furnaces, crucibles and retorts to do with psychical research?" There are other branches of science which may be thought to have a more direct bearing upon the question in hand; the physicist deals with matter in its mechanical relations, its molecules, masses and movements; but what has this to do with spirit, which has been defined to be non-molecular substance? What light does it throw on the movements of ponderable bodies witnessed in the séance room? *Acoustics* deals with the laws and properties of sound, and might naturally be thought to explain those detonations or rattlings heard at séances? But has it done so? It tells us that sound, whatever its kind or quality, is produced by the impact of one material body upon the other, as in musical instruments, whether wind or stringed instruments or those of percussion. Here we have the passive body in which the sounds are produced, but where is the moving body to produce them by its impact? Two factors are stated to be necessary, and one of these—the most important, the active agent—science gives no account."

"Biology might be thought greatly to help our investigation. It deals with the laws and phenomena of life in organized material bodies

—their growth, sustentation, maturity and decay from birth to death. But there it stops: it can go no farther. It hath this extent, no more. Of the essential man and the spiritual corporeity in which he is invested, of his environment in the new world of which at death he becomes a citizen, it knows nothing. Where its knowledge stops that of Spiritualism begins. To whatever sources we turn, their converging testimony is the same: the discerning spirit, its higher laws and potencies, they are silent, the oracle is dumb or has to confess its own limitations. But silence does not imply hostility."

No, science certainly can bear no hostility to any phenomenon, nor can it possibly be hostile to any hypothesis which transcends its limitations. Upon this point Mr. Shorter has framed an axiom: "There are two guiding principles which should always be clearly borne in mind. One is that knowledge is the measure and limit of authority, and the other is that knowledge of one kind does not necessarily imply knowledge of another, and consequently authority, in another totally different, and is no guarantee of the soundness of opinion concerning it."

But whence, then, comes the "scientific" hostility to our facts? Surely only from "men of science" and from that weak part of their nature which is by no means guided by those principles of unbiased and open-mindedness to which science herself inexorably exacts an undeviating allegiance from all her faithful votaries.

These men, however, "do not know everything," and we have had lamentable instances of men in the foremost rank of science who have instructed and delighted us with their observations and experiments on magnetic currents and reverberating flames who have yet shown themselves very ordinary politicians and theologians, and who, when they have condescended to speak of Spiritualism, have done so with a plentiful lack of knowledge, with an arrogance and sometimes an offensive rudeness quite unworthy of their scientific reputations."

However, all "men of science" have not been blind to the signs and wonders confronting the free vision in this century-ending period, and the speaker justly observed: "I highly honor and respect the men of science who have had the courage of their convictions, and who, after investigation, have told what they found to be the truth, even at the cost of being branded as heretics by their scientific brethren of the more Orthodox persuasion; but after all what have scientific Spiritualists, with all their good will, and under the most favorable conditions, been able to tell us that we did not know before?"

I gladly acknowledge the great services they have rendered to our cause. They have given us the prestige of their high and honored names, and have secured for Spiritualism a favorable consideration in many quarters where it might not otherwise have so readily gained access. They have verified phenomena which non-scientific Spiritualists had previously known. They have indicated delicate tests and experiments, beyond the reach of the phenomena beyond reason's grasp. They have told us that the power at séances is mainly drawn from the sitters, and especially from the medium, a fact of which these were already conscious from their own experience.

But what new knowledge has been given us? If there is any I should like to be informed of it.

At this point is to be found the inherent weakness of an examination of the questions presented by Spiritualism from a plane of intelligence adjusted to the observation of phenomena presented by physical nature; it can advance no farther than the bare facts, which, it must be remembered, are at best only the means to an end—the agency through which an intelligence transmits its message, to comprehend the *purport* of which requires a very different quality of mentality.

The facts, too, which, while they may form the corner-stone of Spiritualism, do not appear to be its most enduring part. How many thousands of persons are there who, while being unchangeably convinced of the truths of spirit existence and presence, either through a general observation of the ordinary phenomena or by some unique demonstration fitted especially to peculiarities of disposition or temperament—something of by no means rare occurrence, and a fine evidence of the intelligence back of it all—are acquainted with that most extraordinary fact to which Mr. Shorter referred as "the transit of Mrs. Guppy." Or with the details of Prof. Hare's painstaking research, or even with the memorable séances which Prof. Crookes held with Miss Cook!

Moreover, it matters not how the facts multiply, nor how insuperable the evidence they offer, the outer—physical—brain will not perceive their significance nor hold them in memory; belonging to the internal world, and adapted only to the requirements of the life therein, this cerebral instrument in the control of the spirit, which, for its own purpose, gives it a transitory, evanescent vitality, will not hold fast to inner verities that pertain solely to its master. Therefore the demand for facts is the cry of a frail and undeveloped spirituality—a spirituality deficient of power to keep in subjection the gross, temporary outer self; so unless facts have brought to the individual an inner comprehension of the realities of the New Revelation, which needs not the aid of reiterated phenomenal demonstration, his Spiritualism is indeed fragile and easily upset.

The one fact, though—and the biggest of all—which stands forth with an ever-increasing radiance as the years go by, is that during the latter half of the nineteenth century this world has been flooded with a new light, which is shedding its illuminating rays wherever spiritual sight is strong enough to bear its brightness. This is apparent without scientific verification.

HENRY FORBES.

New York City.

### Passed to Spirit-Life.

From her home, near Brooklyn, Mich., July 23, Mrs. LOUISA CLARK, in her 81st year.

Mrs. Clark was a Spiritualist of over forty years, having investigated its grand philosophy when the first raps were heard at Hydesville in 1848. She accepted the principles of the Spiritual Philosophy as a positive knowledge of continued life, and proclaimed its truths with a voice and pen with devotion and fearless devotion. She was a noble woman, possessed many sterling virtues, and had a host of friends. She passed away as she had lived, in the full knowledge of Spirit, and was glad when the change came and her spirit joined the dear ones waiting upon the higher shore.

The services were conducted by Dr. H. C. Andrews, an inspirational speaker of Bridgeport, Mich., assisted by Rev. Mr. Merrifield, a Universalist minister from Manchester, Mich., on July 23, and the remains taken to Tecumseh, Mich., for interment. The floral offerings were beautiful, and many met in honor of the arisen one.

DR. H. C. ANDREWS.

From her home, 324 Cabot street, Beverly, Mass., Saturday, July 27, after a long illness and much suffering, Miss JULIA HICKS.

Her faith in Spiritualism gave her strength and patience to bear all her trials. She leaves an aged mother over eighty years old, and one brother, to mourn her material absence, but they are conscious their loss will be her spiritual gain. The services were attended by the writer.

Mrs. J. K. D. CONANT.

From North Clarendon, Vt., July 15, ELIZA A. CRAWFORD, wife of E. L. Holden, after a long and painful sickness of over three years, aged 86 years.

Her suffering was intense, and she was seldom free from pain. In her childhood she joined the Baptist Church; later united with the Congregationalists, but embraced Spiritualism about twenty years ago, and held to that to the last.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla never before equaled its present daily record of marvelous cures.







