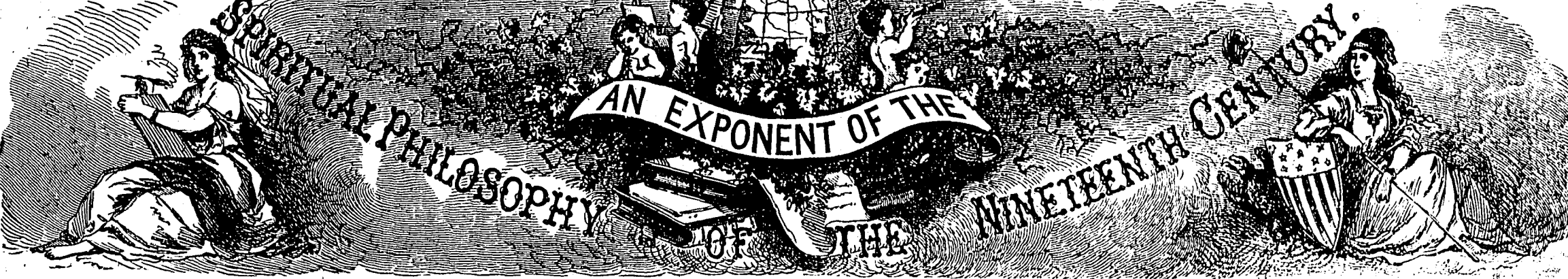


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Original Essays.

PHANTOMATIC WHISPERS.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
I honestly believe—in fact I actually know—that we are surrounded and influenced by invisible spirits, at least I am, and I am not a privileged person, so I say we. Some, from organization or condition, are more sensitive to and sensible of such influences than others. I expect the time will come, and is drawing near, when this will become a generally recognized fact, and become one of the known factors in the activities of life. It is a factor or force now without being known, as electricity was before it was discovered and utilized; but by recognition of the fact referred to, I mean the intelligent utilization of what is now to most of the world a blind or superstitious influence.

I think thought and attention to this subject, with a recognition of its truth, have increased such influences with me. We can educate our senses and faculties in a thousand ways, and results in ordinary affairs are obtained by culture and practice that seem astonishing to one out of such tune. The sailor educates his eye and sees a craft in the distant horizon where the retina of the landsman gets no impression. Perhaps if I had not been convinced of the fact that man survives death and lingers around the familiar spots and friends of earth-life, I might never have noticed the manifestations of unseen presences which now are so pleasant to me. It is possible that knocking at my door, so to speak, and getting no recognition or intelligent welcome, they might have ceased applying, or paused until they were wanted. As it is, I am never lonesome when alone, for I am never alone. There seems to be an intimate connection with persons in the past tense (through the portals of the grave) with things around me so often manifested and tested that at once, when alone in my stillness, I am in good society, and I am the wiser and the happier for it.

A very dear friend, the father of a large family of adults, has, since he passed on, drawn very near to me—and there are reasons for it—and has become almost my "familiar spirit," always announcing himself when I sit with a medium, and on such occasions seems to know my general incomings and outgoings. I cannot tell him any news of myself or surroundings: he seems to have kept himself informed. I have no living person with whom I am more intimate, and he takes almost a worldly interest in me. He knows an unseen but not an unperceived presence these moist afternoon while I am writing these words; I am sure he will tell me so the first time I sit with a person that he can intelligently communicate. I have tested this many times. There! hear that rap! In the old place that I long ago labeled in my mind his name. If I had not a knowledge of this subject this sound might have been unnoticed, or thought to be a mouse in the wall, or a snapping of the furniture. In that case it would be, he signifying his presence and I noticing him not, or thinking of mice-traps. How stupid, I was going to say, spirits must think us, to be so blind and deaf to their efforts—except they were blind and deaf in the same manner before they awoke into the Summer-Land. How happy I am that I am awake now and can do so to that mystic sound, "Good-evening, Mr. B.," and feel and know at the same time that my head is level. Does any one say, "Is it?" I am satisfied, if they are.

I asked this valued friend why he was with me so much, and hoped he was not neglecting the others of his large family who need skillful supervision as much as I do. He said it was difficult to see them or to reach them except through me. That surprised me, for he loved them in the form, and some of them as well as myself had griefs, which always draw the spirits. He said they all thought of him as being dead, and that obstructs connection and influence, while I, or we at our home, thought of him not as being dead, but as alive, and that opened the way to him; he could come to me when he could not see or reach them. Well, this is true; to me he is actually alive; his buried body, his tomb, has in my thought no more connection with him than the clothes he wore; the real man, the part of him that recognized me day after day during his earthly life, has never died; and that sound I just referred to reminding me of him, reminds me of him as being now a living, conscious being, and if my

spirit-eyes were opened, as the prayer of Elisha opened the eyes of the young man of Old Testament memory, I should see Mr. B. as a substantial reality, and as such I now recognize him and hold meditative converse with him. Suppose now the view my friend presents—and which I believe to be the true one—(that our condition and belief opens and shuts the avenues for spirits to reach us,) was generally believed, would it not answer many questions why some find so much and others so little in this subject? If my friend B. associates with me because I recognize him as a living presence, then his other human attractions would have his company the same as I do, if they thought of him as alive and not as dead. So of the world: if this idea, born of Modern Spiritualism, should prevail, what an influx of intelligence and consolation would be poured upon us.

Some day there will be a right-about-face in current thought on spiritualistic matters; a revolution as complete as when the Copernican system was demonstrated, and the sun no longer in fact rose in the east and set in the west, but the solid earth was a globe and turned upon its axis. The central point was the sun, not the earth; so in the revolution referred to in spiritual matters, the central point is the spirit, and all things in the world are the manifestations of invisible spirit; that human thought, the bright child of the human spirit, is not the blossom, or the phenomenon of the human organism, but the reverse if anything. If the antiquity is in ether, it is in the spirit. It is a hard question to answer, as the philosopher said of the egg or the bird, "which was first"; logic favors the egg, and it certainly does the spirit, but the fact is and always will be beyond reach. Christ or Solomon could not answer the question, and God never does, unless it be by intuition, and that means, I think, our spirit communing with other spirits, or the spirit of all, the Soul of the Universe, and which sometimes seems to say (though the saying lingers just below the horizon of the intellect), "before Abraham was I am."

At this moment the sun's bright rays shot through my room, and the neighboring westward looking windows returned the compliment with an equality of effulgence, for they dazzled with the borrowed light; even the vane on the church steeple seemed newly gilded. The day had been rainy, as I have before said, but as it drew toward its close the wind had changed, and blowing freely from the west had thinned the clouds, and then swiftly scattered them, and now on the approach of sunset the western sky was radiant with golden glory, the bright sun-tipped clouds had arranged themselves in fantastic shapes beyond painter's skill or pen's description, and a heavenly tableau closed the day. The sun dropped below the dark blue cloud that rested seemingly on the earth's rim, while above, all the way up to the zenith, was radiant with golden beauty. The air had become motionless, the narrow streaks of cloud long drawn out seemed not to move, but quietly lay stratum above stratum like a staff of music, and resting before and on it frescos of fiery cloud that may have been the notes of music; it was sublimely beautiful, and St. Paul, with a keener ear on such an occasion, might have heard "unutterable words." A few thin vapors feebly bright and near comparatively, passed quickly across this rare picture without eclipsing it or mingling in any way with this glorious and golden background. I never saw such a beautiful sky; I rubbed my eyes to see whether the tableau was wholly objective, or whether the train of my thoughts had not supplemented my vision by a subjectivity that made the tableau in part abnormal, but I found it wholly real and enjoyed it, and looking at the whole and into the clear, I cannot say blue sky, but subdued green and rose-tinted in the interstices of the seeming "staff and notes," it only seemed to require the accompaniment of airy spirits to be a landscape from beyond "the footfalls," or a scene from the land of Beulah.

Long I looked, rapt and charmed; my pen had rested an hour. I had forgotten my table and writing materials, and was living in spirit, amid imaginings that may not have been wholly imagination; wandering in dreams. "What shadows we are, what shadows we pursue," Arousing myself, I made connection with earthly thoughts and matters again by the old sign familiar to us all. I said to myself and to Mr. B., if his spirit had remained with me during my hour's absence, or absent-mindedness—"We will have a fair day to-morrow; this bright sunset forecasts it." But is this altogether a worldly thought? Is there not a silver lining of the spirit back of it? Shall we not after a stormy life, and then a clear setting of our sun, or self, bespeak a fair day for us on the to-morrow of death?

So run my thoughts of evening and morning, of sunset and sunrise, it growing darker all the time—too dark, now, to take the pen and catch the thought from which this day's sunset had beguiled me; but still I thought, and did not grow weary in this vesper hour. I felt just then a touch from the unseen. It is very strange that in an absent moment I occasionally feel a gentle touch, very slight, just grazing the ends of some of my back hair. I cannot analyze it, for on the instant of my noticing it, it is always gone. I am always too late to question it. I hope some day it will stay and be intelligent. I feel very nervous now, but it is an agreeable nervousness. I have good reason for thinking the state which I have just called nervousness, and which is not nervousness, is due to the presence of spirits; or, using the words of the poet in reference to the same thing:

"Impalpable impressions on the air;
A sense of something moving to and fro."

The lighting of the gas seems to drive these

ghostly or phantomatic disturbers away—no, I do not mean exactly that, for if so my gas bills would not be heavy. I would sit in the dark if the light, like "cock-crowing," said adieu to the departed. I feel that they are just as much with me in the light as in the dark, but they have less power of expressing themselves.

Did you never feel sleepless and nervous without cause when in bed at night? It is often a spiritual influence. Strike a light—let it be even a subdued one—and you will go to sleep; the "art magics" leave you, or what is practically the same thing, they are feeble in power or influence to affect you in the light. Spirits are not always discreet in their dealings with us, and sometimes the indiscreet command the situation; and when it is so strike a light.

I think as a general thing that matter, or material life, is as invisible to spirits as spirits are to us. I have heard it said, and I am inclined to believe it, that we, when visible to spirits, look like phantoms to them, and spirits appear substantial to spirits, and so of objects generally. Is it not probable, too, that our light is darkness to them, and our darkness is light to them? A spiritual sun shines for them that pales our luminary. If spirits wanted to read what I am here writing, the light would have to be put out; of course they could read it otherwise from my mind, and I suppose that is the way they see anything material, for that is our way too, as we are now spirits. I am not contradicting what I said of spirits as a general thing not seeing material things, for they, like us, must use a material eye, or optic fixtures, to see material things; and they are not always at command by spirits, as everybody's retina is not adapted to every spirit who wants a sight. Neither is it necessary, for spirits see the images in our consciousness as we do ourselves, whether they get there through sight, hearing, or any other of our senses. "We are fearfully and wonderfully contrived," and we must remember that we in the form do not see anything, or touch anything; no man ever did. Take what we call seeing a thing, as I do now this paper, only I do not; I see the image of it, as any image is seen in a mirror; we look at an object, it is painted upside down, (as we would see the picture,) and that (image right side up) reaches our sensorium; it is an unsolved problem how a ray of light conveying an image to the retina of a human being becomes a fact of consciousness. When the ray of light carries an image to the mirror in the eye, (this page, for instance, now before me is there,) it is very comprehensible that more than one can see it as I do now, and that other beholder may be and must be a spirit. If I was a "departed spirit," and required thought of a material object, this paper, for instance, it might be a shorter and more convenient out to use some one's consciousness after the fact had got there, than to seek a human organism and do it, so to speak, a little more directly.

I do not know as I am very lucid. I say what I have said to show the reader that I am not careless or contradictory in what I have said in these closing paragraphs. The subject really needs elaborate and careful expression to be either intelligible or interesting. If I ever feel like it, I will write upon the subject just touched upon in a special article, but I rather avoid the depths as a general thing, for I had rather be silent than to be dry, so I will make no promises, but follow my impressions, phantomatic or otherwise.

I have left the subject I began with rather abruptly, but it may not be wise now to add to the length of this article by wandering back to the idea of invisible intelligent surroundings, but I will add, in closing, a few verses that I lately read with pleasure, and to the suggestive mind they will connect a little with what I started with:

"So many fond ties hold us here,
So much hath Earth to give,
We often say with thankful hearts,
'Tis sweet to live."
So many are the treasures lost
Heaven only can restore,
We sometimes think 'twere better far
To live no more.
"Two lives are ours: the earthly way
Is with the heavenly bent;
Between two worlds that share our love
Our days are spent.
Scarce earling, when Sleep's angel comes
Our tired lips to kiss,
If our awakening morning be
In that, or this."

MONEY AND MEDIUMS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
I am glad to see this subject touched at this time by one who, basing my judgment on the knowledge of others, is an elevated, thoughtful, cultivated and true soul—a lady who, I doubt not, sees clearly and far the needs of the world—Jennie Leys. And, emphatically, the great need of the world at this special time is honest, well-developed mediums between the two spheres of existence—the physical and spiritual. This need can never be supplied until a spirit of justice and large-heartedness shall everywhere prevail. Oh, man! oh, woman! into whose lap has fallen by inheritance, or through effort, the shining gold which buys home and wins friends, what are you that you should not remember the man or woman whose gift is not this, but is rather a sensitive and finely attuned soul, incapable of battling in the common pursuits of life, but able to interpret to you the melodies of the spirit, or to demonstrate to you the continued existence of your dead?

What are you, fortunate Spiritualist, with your large bank account, that you should not remember the shivering soul struggling to enunciate or to prove the truths which you profess to consider priceless?

I confess I do not see how it is that sincere,

sensitive souls, thoroughly in earnest in their work, but pressed on every hand by physical want and mental distress, are able to continue in the path they have chosen, and for which they are especially fitted. Night and day they are burdened with the same physical necessities which cling to other mortals, but without the same ability to provide for them, unless the use of their gift is paid for fully and adequately in dollars and cents. The same necessities? Yes, and many more; for the medium developed to a point of reliability and genuine spirituality is made to suffer excruciatingly at every turn in life by being compelled, because of lack of means, to encounter those elements which drive daggers into the very soul. Then, again, lack of means is always humiliating, and the worst ill which can befall a human being is a loss of self-respect. These are a few of the reasons why mediums should be roundly paid for every test they give, and for every inspired utterance. Until we do this we shall have the disgraceful spectacle of mediums wandering about the country as they now do, dependent upon the generosity, not the justice of Spiritualists whom they encounter.

If the Spiritual Philosophy is the grandest truth of the age, if the spiritual phenomena are the only things upon which we can rest our hopes of a hereafter—as no sensible person can deny—why cannot those who have means in abundance see to it that the teachers and demonstrators of this Philosophy are paid for what they give? There is another and an important question connected with this subject, and that is the development of mediums. In all this broad and bountiful land, I know of no spot where the medium, during the different stages of development, may be surrounded by such conditions as shall tend to promote his rapid and permanent growth. I know of many, largely endowed with this wonderful gift, who, conscious that they are not sufficiently developed to enter the public field with credit to themselves and satisfaction to others, are, because they have not the means, and no place is provided for their progression, obliged to bury their talents in hard manual labor for the commonest subsistence.

There is manifestly something wrong in that system which imposes upon the most sensitive souls the meanest and most miserable conditions, while those who are not keenly affected by their surroundings can command whatsoever they desire.

I would suggest, in view of all this, that those persons who have been fortunate enough to possess organisms which attract money should turn their attention to establishing a school for the development of mediums, and that they should pay reasonably those already competent and in the field, to the end that there may be an inter-blending of the material and spiritual spheres, and a fair exchange of the properties of both. Thus may we be able to bring something like harmony out of the present discord, and to change this state of feverish unrest wherein the great souls labor into one of comparative comfort and tranquility. Until this is done we shall have the tricksters who can and will imitate some of the simple phenomena, advertise them glowingly and get their cash, and the fine souls overburdened with great truths tremblingly standing in the background, suffering by reason of unsupplied needs, or prostituting their gifts for actual necessities. Let us have plain talk and prompt action in these matters.

I have the honor to be respectfully yours,
MRS. HENRY S. LAKE.
107 Fifth street, San Francisco, Cal.

ITEMS BY THE WAY.

NO. FOURTEEN.

BY J. MADISON ALLEN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A little incident in my experience may be worth relating, *apropos* to the query sometimes put by doubting ones, "What good?" It is but one of many that might be culled from the receptacle of memory, illustrating the ever-watchful care and kind protection of our loving angel-friends. I was in Richmond, Va., a little less than a year ago. Desiring to take the fast train for the far South, I arose early, and departed hastily to the depot—in ample time, as I supposed, having cast a glance at my watch before dressing. But the train was gone—I was an hour too late! Reason: the watch had not been wound the previous day, and so concluded to "stop" an hour before I awoke, and thus make me believe I was in time. But I was bound to go, whether the watch did or not, and therefore took the next train moving southward—not an express. After riding a hundred and fifty miles, it may be, we approached Danville, and I began to feel uneasy. The feeling grew upon me, and took definite form, until it seemed as if it was intended that I should get out at Danville. I had not intended to do so, but to leave the train some thirty miles ahead, where, after a few minutes, the next fast train would arrive. But "get out, get out," kept sounding in my ears, until the train was about moving on, when I stepped upon the platform, wondering. After an hour or two (delightful employment, waiting for the train!) the express arrived. We had proceeded pleasantly for some distance, I do not remember just how far—twenty miles, perhaps—when suddenly the whistle shrieked the alarm—down brakes! and we came to a halt just behind the wreck of that train I had been so faithfully warned to leave!

In this connection it may be mentioned that my traveling experiences date back to my sixteenth year (twenty-five years ago), at which time it was my fortune to leave the paternal roof for the classic shades of "old Andover," in pursuit of knowledge—"under difficulties." (The difficulties were chiefly poverty. I overcame them, in part, by teaching, in winter, public schools—commencing at eighteen—by daguerotyping, shoemaking, canvassing, teaching music, phonography, etc.) The theology was alto-

gether too diabolical, let me remark, the cloven foot of tyrannical priestcraft too conspicuous, also the masculinity too entire to suit one who had been trained in Universalism, and who had somehow imbibed a feeling that the sexes ought to be educated together, in the seminary as well as at the home-hearth; and Andover could not hold me a second term. I sought a more liberal element, which was found at last in the Green Mountain Liberal Institute (the fourth institution tried)—open to both sexes, and Universalist. Here the fear of God was discouraged, and the super-excellence of LOVE—to God and man—inculcated. There were spent several happy years, as student and as teacher, years which have left a golden glow on memory's tablet. At length, a little later, still unsatisfied, I determined to drink a little deeper at the

"DIABOLICAL SPIRIT," and started from home with trunk labelled for the "New York Central College"—Tafts College, which most of my classmates had entered, not being satisfactory, though Universalist, on account of excluding females, a *la* Orthodox Trinity ("Father, Son and Holy Ghost.") Arriving in Boston by Old Colony railroad from East Bridgewater, several hours were before me of waiting for the departure of train for Albany. I strayed to the wharves to see the shipping. A few awfully weary, and looking into my face, myself in a lumber-yard, I sat down upon a pile of boards to rest a few moments before returning to depot. Thrustrusted I presently felt a peculiar, deep, meditative influence stealing over me, and yielding to it was soon in a profound magnetic slumber; from which I awoke suddenly at length, with a feeling that I ought not, must not go to the New York Central College, but instead push on to Ohio, and enter Antioch College, then under the presidency of the noble Horace Mann. External considerations seemed wholly against the change of plan; but somehow, when I came out from that peculiar state, which I now recognize as a spiritual, magnetic over-shadowing, I felt no misgivings whatever, but seemed to have fully determined—or rather felt that fate had determined for me—to change labels and purchase ticket for Buffalo (or Cleveland). I remember my friends' surprise when my first letter was received, at the sudden and inexplicable change of base. To me also it all seemed strange. But the sequel revealed plainly the hand of an overruling and wise power, and I have never ceased to be thankful for its intervention. The New York Central College one year later suspended very unexpectedly. By going to Antioch instead I was saved from much inconvenience, and also—and greater benefit than all—was brought into personal relations with Mr. Mann. These relations, severed temporarily and partially by his departure to spirit-life while I was yet a student, were renewed a year or two later, when having "returned to my father's house" and become developed into trance mediumship, clairvoyance, clair-audience, etc., my revered and beloved friend presented himself, with John Quincy Adams and others, and stated that he would be pleased to be considered as still my friend and counsellor. His blessed presence and benign influence, in conjunction with others of a numerous band of immortal educators and philanthropists, has cheered me on, sustained and invigorated me through an incessant and weary pilgrimage of many years, and over almost every part of our land this side the Rocky Hills. Now, fatigued high unto death, I call upon the heavens of purity, peace and progress to bear us up yet a little longer, until the work we have been called to do shall have been finished. But little understood, never appreciated fully even by Spiritualists, mediumship in its multifarious phases is destined to become

THE WORLD'S SAVIOUR. By its operations the race will be ultimately lifted up into a serene, pure and lofty atmosphere of health, harmony and happiness. The brotherhood of man, the unity of humanity, the mutuality of human interests, the divinity of human nature—behold the sublime incunabula of our blessed gospel of the angels! so different from the barbaric futilities of pulpit theology, or the death-dealing, bayonet-thrustings of political governmentals! so unlike that materialistic thought of all commerce and trade through out civilization which says practically, "My neighbor's interest and my own are not parallel; but divergent, and I can rightfully fatten myself by reducing his flesh, my enrich myself through his poverty, and get scot-free." No, no! Communion with the celestial life, and consequent development of man's spiritual nature, will change all that. Mediumship, so long an exile upon the earth, banished by priest and king, driven from Dan to Beersheba, without where to lay its head except through the venturesome hospitality of a brave soul here and there, shall at last have a resting-place—yes, an abiding place; for some souls, touched with the organizing fire, shall in the right time withdraw from the Babylon of antagonistic interests, and upon their own do main establish circles of homes, where the fraternal interests shall have recognition, the mediumship can have its legitimate action and fruition, where a spiritual system of life shall be inaugurated, where justice shall be done to labor, where integral education shall be the leading, life-long object and pursuit, where liberty and love shall go hand in hand with truth and purity, where devil-worship, mammon-worship, fashion-worship, swine-worship, office and power-worship, gossip and scandal, will be absent, and fruits, flowers, angel-children, worship of nature and nature's God—communion with the human soul, and the soul of things, be present to bless. Heaven speed the day—let it come!

Was It Superstition or Not?

Louis Napoleon in his will emphasizes the solemn declaration, "With regard to my son, let him keep as a talisman the seal I used to wear attached to my watch." Wolsey was warned of his doom by a crow's head; Senjans by flight of crows. Dr. Johnson objected to going under a ladder. Montaigne avoided giving his left foot priority in putting on his stockings. Alexander was believed to have cut the Gordian knot with a slice of his sword. For good luck's sake, Augustus wore some portion of a sea-calf. Charlemagne, some trinket of unknown value. Mahomet was all fate, Bonaparte all star and destiny; Cromwell believed in September 3d, and Louis Napoleon in December 2d. Sylla called himself Felix—the child of fortune—and Timoleon turned his house into a temple of chance. No doubt there was a good deal of imposture in alchemy; no doubt, too, the wish for gold was with all men; but the fact is, that the great leaders will not account for John de Lisle expiating by an early death in the Bastille his bold attempts to persuade Louis XIV. and his Ministers that he possessed the gold-making stone.

I fully believe in predestination; if a man will drink whiskey, and won't work, he is predestined to become ragged and go to the devil.—Josh Billings.

TO BOOK-BUYERS.

The attention of the reading public is respectfully called to the fact that the **BANNER OF LIGHT** is now published by the **NEW ENGLAND NEWS CO.** at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street, Lower Floor, Boston. The price is five cents per copy, and \$1.00 per annum in advance. Single copies may be ordered of any of the wholesale and retail agents.

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and after that to stretch forth their State arms to clasp the hands of similar organizations in sister States. It is to be done in a variety of ways, which will readily suggest themselves to all: by correspondence, by frequent visits, by the continued employment of the same speakers and lecturers, and by the constant dissemination of intelligence that interests the believers of each locality. The bonds of sympathy must be made close and strong before they can be safely stretched to any extent. By and through State organizations a delegate convention can easily be assembled, when delegates will be able to speak for somebody and act for somebody, because they represent somebody. Until they can do this, a National Convention would express nothing in particular, and could not assume to be clothed with any representative authority or influence. It would at best be a loose, heterogeneous affair, made up of individuals and a few scattered organizations rather than of a solid and unbroken body of real organizations. Have we not had experience enough in the past to warrant this view of the case? A national organization to be permanent should be permeated with a sense of self-respect that could not be shaken. And its voice would be one to command the silence, if not likewise the respect, of those who now oppose spiritualism in the pulpit and press because they think it at once popular and profitable.

Since writing the above we have received the August number of Bro. Watson's Magazine, in which he holds the following language concerning Col. Bundy's properly adverse position regarding the proposed Washington Convention: "The plan of organizing local and State societies is what we have always advocated. Our highly esteemed friend's views of first organizing these may be the proper course to pursue under the circumstances. We therefore withdraw our suggestion of a national convention, and will do all in our power to harmonize spiritualists and unite in a national convention at the earliest practical period, to accomplish the object desired."

The Indians at Bay.
They have not yet stamped out the spirit of resistance which has been so recklessly excited in the red man's breast. If we had eagerly swallowed Gen. Howard's colored reports of his progress against Chief Joseph and the Nez Peres, we should have believed some time ago that the Indian war was all over; but since it was only Gen. Howard who was heard from, he was not allowed to have his own way with those people who are in the habit of believing that one story is good only until another one is told. We get the obverse side of the medal turned to us now, and its inscription reads that not only is Chief Joseph not yet ready to surrender, as reported, but that he is strongly entrenched, and prepared to give to General Howard all he wants to do for some time.

Not that by any means we rejoice in the prolongation of a war of this character, for we honestly think it should be brought to an end as speedily as possible, which it could be by the Government's simply signifying to the Indians that it does not want their lives or lands, but to have justice and equity established between both parties. That would be much easier and infinitely cheaper than pursuing the war. No white man in the country, who is possessed of any spirit, would succumb under such treatment as these high-spirited Nez Peres have received, without first making a desperate resistance. And what we would not ourselves consent to we ought not to expect of others. It was swindling, insult and violence that led to this needless war, and there can be none but evil results from it. Whenever Indian bands get the better of the troops, they are denounced as no better than wild beasts. That was the way with the Custer affair last summer. But when the troops surprise an Indian village and slaughter women and children, old people and sick people indiscriminately, giving them no quarter though they are utterly defenceless, there is no such cry of horror heard. That was the way with the Chivington massacre. Chief Joseph does not intend to give up without a severe trial as he can put the troops to. When two hundred and fifty dollars are publicly offered for the body of every dead Indian, the red man need not be expected in reason to take many prisoners. We cannot blame him for playing at the same dreadful game of extermination that we do ourselves.

Five years ago an Indian spirit prophesied through a reliable medium in this city that for its wrongs done to the red men the Government would surely have its hands full of trouble. The spirit foretold confusion all over the country—rioting, incendiarism, and blood flowing in the streets of our cities. This comes through the universal law of compensation. Evil begets evil: love engenders love. The world of causes—the higher life—luncheon not, and the spirit red man knows well that he has the power—delegated to him from a superior source by and through the agency of psychology—to influence white men on earth to deeds of anarchy and bloodshed in consequence of the white man's false dealing with the remnant of their brethren yet sojourning on their native soil. When the nation shall learn to do justice to its Indian wards it will become prosperous; not until then, rest assured, for that justice which *craved to Heaven* will surely be answered *to-day* as it was answered in the time of the down-trodden Israelites, which the ancient record so graphically and truthfully depicts.

A Letter from Professor Barrett.

Professor W. F. Barrett, of Dublin, Ireland, is the gentleman who so roused the ire of the large majority of anti-Spiritualists at the great gathering of physicists and *sarants* at Glasgow in the autumn of 1876, by venturing to call attention to certain supersensible phenomena, gently raising the question of spirit-action. Recently Dr. W. B. Carpenter, the Boanerges of the anti-Spiritualists, and who has the faculty of shutting his eyes to every fact opposed to his own preconceived theories, has published a work on "Spiritualism and Mesmerism," in which he undertakes to invalidate the well-known fact of clairvoyance. Mr. Alfred R. Wallace has answered him fully and conclusively in the July number of Crookes's Quarterly Journal of Science; and it will be seen by the following letter that Professor Barrett is qualifying himself, by an accumulation of facts, to supplement Mr. Wallace's reply with some remarks of his own. He invites persons "in possession of 'facts of clairvoyance beyond carot'" to communicate them to him. His address is *Monkstown, Dublin*. We think he will get testimony all-sufficient for his purposes. Those who write him ought to be very careful in stating particulars, giving exact dates, names of parties, &c., and all possible authentications, so as to answer the most rigorous demands of skeptical science. It is time that the great and well-known fact of clairvoyance was placed beyond the cavil of such pretensions to final knowledge on the subject as Dr. Carpenter. If anything can be established by human testimony, concurrent, intelligent, and fortified by the most stringent conditions, it is the fact of clairvoyance. The following is the letter which has suggested these remarks:

"THE WORKERS WIN."
On Sunday afternoon, July 23, Miss Lizzie Doten, of Boston, delivered the regular discourse at the Highland Lake Camp Meeting of Spiritualists, Norfolk, Mass., and at the close gave (under the above title) a choice original poem, which—filled alike with metrical grace and sturdy common sense—is here given as reported for our columns:

The seed which lies inert and cold,
Will neither flower nor fruitage bear,
Unless it struggles through the mould
For light and air.
The soul that seeks for Freedom's prize
Must Freedom's battle first begin—
True effort never vainly dies.
The workers win.
Through weary years of want and woe
The soul irresolute must wait,
While he who strikes the timely blow
Will conquer fate.
The might that nerves the hero's arm
Springs from the manly might within:
The coward only flies from harm.
The workers win.

The snail may gain the mountain's height
By toiling onward day by day,
While swifter feet who trust their might
Shall idly stray.
The saints who wait upon the Lord,
And wage no war on shame and sin,
See Craft and Cunning reap reward.
The workers win.
Old Superstition rears her shrine,
And heaps it high with shining gold,
And birthrights of the soul divine
Are bought and sold.
And Doubt, and Fear, and Death, and Hell,
And Want, and War, and Shame, and Sin,
Their ranks by countless thousands swell.
The workers win.

Yet Truth shall sound her bugle-call,
And Justice draw her flaming sword—
The spirit of the Lord on all
Shall be outpoured.
A countless host, unseen, but near,
To hopeful human hearts akin,
Repeat the words of lofty cheer:
"The workers win."

Oh, fainting soul! "take heart of grace!"
Though dangers in thy pathway lie,
Pursue thine heaven-appointed ways
With courage high.
One grand, eternal law, controls
The life without—the life within.
Heaven is no place for idle souls—
The workers win.

Labor Agitation.

A mob, no matter how large it may be or how just its pretensions, invariably comes to grief, from the fact that such a demonstration is an illegitimate method of redress. Besides, all civilized communities are governed by law for the protection of life and property, and law is wisely backed by military force. When property is destroyed by mobs, and the regular routine of business is disturbed thereby, who ultimately suffers the most? The poor, of course. On the other hand, mobs have their use, for they teach the ruling class that because it has the power it has not the right in justice to oppress the laboring masses. Capital is as much dependent upon labor as labor is upon capital, hence each should harmonize on the basis of justice. Why is the whole of Europe to-day, socially, ripe for revolution? Simply because the laborer does not receive compensation sufficiently remunerative to maintain a respectable position in society. Why is this? It is directly attributable to the selfishness of the capitalist, which will result finally in revolution. The time has come when capitalists everywhere should change their present policy, and instead of seeking to accumulate wealth by reducing the price of labor, they should use the means within their power to elevate the masses; and they could do this in no better way than by allowing the working-man, always, an equivalent for his labor, that he may live decently and bring up his family respectably. Then the social status of the world would not be at so extremely low ebb, morally, as it is at present. A State can never prosper when its working people are crushed by poverty, the direct result of avaricious individuals. The happiness of the many is the blessing of all. Evil never comes to the surface without adequate cause. If labor and capital, therefore, are not speedily harmonized in this country, we predict that ere many years have elapsed anarchy in special localities will result in general revolution.

Don't Want Him Governor.

The country voters, if the Franklin Register knows, don't want Governor Rice renominated, and their opposition, it predicts, will defeat him. And it is to be hoped "the opposition" will accomplish that object, then. We want no bigot, like Governor Rice, to rule the enlightened State of Massachusetts, and although no politician, we sincerely hope the Spiritualists in this Commonwealth (and thousands of such are voters) will not vote for a man who, to please the Church parasites, lent his name to Petticoat Bishop to help (?) "save the Old South" by attempting to pull down Spiritualism. Such men are not just. We need rulers of vastly more expanded views.

Our Public Circles—Sunday Meetings.

We would state thus early that when we shall resume our Public Free Circle Meetings in September, the opening one will be held on the first Sunday of the month, and be continued on the following Tuesday and Thursday. On the succeeding week there will be three meetings, as in the past: on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday. Then another Sunday meeting; and so on through the season, if the new arrangement proves satisfactory. The Sunday meetings have been inaugurated at the especial request of many out-of-town people and others who have not the time to spare to attend those held on week days.

Mrs. E. H. Britten.

A personal communication appears elsewhere in the Banner from this gifted lady. Now that she has been relieved from the immediate care of an aged mother, who has taken up her permanent abode in her native country, Mrs. Britten will be at liberty to again go upon the rostrum in different parts of this country, to enunciate, as in the past, the divine truths of the Spiritual Philosophy. Her address at present is at 118 West Chester Park, Boston, Mass.

The Central and Northern New York

Grove Meeting of Spiritualists in Phoenix was a grand success. We shall refer to it next week.

English Items.

A correspondent of The Medium says, "We have been very greatly favored in being permitted to witness the wonderful phenomena produced through this highly gifted and truly estimable lady [Miss Wood] at the residence of Mr. Salisbury, near Rochdale. The sittings were under strict test conditions. The materializations were well seen by all present, and after showing themselves for a considerable time retired. During the four sittings held many spirits were fully recognized."

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, during her flying visit to England, delivered two addresses, one in Manchester, on Sunday, July 8th, and the other in Liverpool on Monday. Both were largely attended, and the speaker fully appreciated.

T. L. Nichols, in The Spiritualist, gives an interesting account of satisfactory sittings held by Willie Eglinton, at Malvern. This medium has nearly recovered from his late severe illness.

Dr. Monck has returned to London, says The Medium, and is taking up his engagements as quickly as possible. He gave a séance at the home of Col. Greck on Wednesday evening. The results were a combination of phenomena and tests. A beautiful child's hand came from under the table and handled a fan for a long time. The color of this hand, which was well seen, was peculiar. It was intensely white and waxen-looking. When the hand of a sitter was placed in the shade of the table in the same position, it looked quite brown, whereas the spirit-hand seemed to have a luminosity of its own. Direct writing was obtained in a folding slate, which never went from before the eyes of the sitters, but remained on the table all the time. The sitting was altogether interesting and satisfactory, as the phenomena were in every point indisputable.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gales Forster have arrived in England.

Mr. J. W. Lawrence is giving sittings for trance speaking once a week, at the rooms of the National Association of Spiritualists.

Spiritualism is spreading in Folkestone, says The Spiritualist. Regular sittings are now held there in private, and the Folkestone News recently published some strong evidence in favor of the subject.

Sir Charles Isham, Bart., has been elected an honorary member of the Dalston Association of Inquirers into Spiritualism.

Prof. Gregory's new Edition of *Animal Magnetism* has just been issued in London.

Mrs. Eliza Cornery (Florence Cook) the renowned medium, has just arrived in London from China, with her husband, Capt. Cornery, and her daughter Katie, in excellent health.

The reception of the London National Association of Spiritualists to the Baron and Baroness von Vay will take place on Friday, Aug. 10th.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal of last Saturday contains nearly three columns of matter, written by James M. Allen, giving a full account of sittings with the medium William Eddy, lately, at Ancora, N. J. The writer concludes his letter with a few general remarks, which are so pertinent a character that we with pleasure transfer them to these columns:

"1. I saw nothing at the sittings that could be called low or vile; but on the contrary, the guides of the medium appear to me to be well-meaning, kind, charitable and good. I venture to suggest to all, the propriety of bringing to such sittings clean hearts and honest purposes, and of bearing in mind that the spirit-world (in its relations to this) is somewhat like a mirror—capable of reflecting anything placed before it. Let those, therefore, who may incline to characterize the Eddy manifestations as wild and reckless, not forget to look first on the earthly side of the looking-glass for the causes."

"2. William Eddy appears to me to be a humble, faithful, devoted medium, who believes it to be his duty to give himself to this work."

"3. That which strikes me prominently as good evidence of the reality of the materializations; is the great difference in the size of the forms as well as also the diversity and amount of clothing, etc., used sometimes at a single sitting. We were allowed to enter the cabinet immediately after the medium left it; and he would remain and mingle a few moments in the séance-room with the visitors."

"4. The value to mankind of the physical manifestations I conceive to be similar in its nature to that of the foundation wall, or underpinning, the sills and lower floor of a house. A house with no foundation is no house; a chimney commenced at the top is no chimney. Let us not ignore the fundamental element of the gospel of the angels—the phenomenal aspect—and so float in mid-air, without fulcrum on which to rest our lever; neither let us 'grovel,' and be unmindful of the higher uses of our gospel, viz., the reception and practicalization of the Harmonical Philosophy, the inauguration of a Harmonical Order of Society, the development of a true civilization, and the realization of perpetual and universal peace on earth and good will to all."

The LONDON SPIRITUALIST Newspaper comes to us each week freighted with sterling matter on spiritual topics. It is an elegantly printed periodical, and deserves wide circulation on this continent. Spiritualist societies everywhere, it seems to us, should take more pecuniary interest in their literature if they really desire, as their speakers so earnestly affirm, the permanent establishment of the beautiful Philosophy of Spiritualism; otherwise the papers now in existence devoted to the cause will be obliged, like many in the past, to sink into oblivion. A large amount of money has been lost by this indifference by different publishers in the past twenty-five years. Hence, with such sad experiences before them, Spiritualists all over the world should especially see to it that their journals are made much more remunerative than they are at the present time—to enable them in the first place to pay expenses, and in the second place to enlarge when their subscription lists warrant such an undertaking. Surely Spiritualists ought to be as liberal as the theologians, who consider it their duty to sustain, pecuniarily and otherwise, their representative journals.

E. V. Wilson, says Mr. John Wetherbee, gives interesting and successful sittings at the Highland Lake Camp-Meeting, and hopes he is paid for his trouble, as that is his remuneration for his work there. He attended one on Friday, and it was very convincing. The medium gave the circumstances and incidents at different periods of life of a dozen persons, strangers and all, very correct. They were not guessed, that is certain. On this occasion every person owned to their correctness. One or two had to jog their memories, often saying they did not recollect this or that, but the seer was positive every time, took no back track, neither made any qualification as to time or incident; and everything proved to be true to the letter.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum of Chicago will have no exercises during the month of August.

Dr. J. V. Mansfield in the West.

The Denver Mirror of July 21st says: "Dr. Mansfield, after a pleasant trip to Georgetown, where he was most kindly and cordially received, and delivered a lecture to an exceedingly interested and intelligent audience, returned to the Grand Central on Wednesday, and on Friday last left for Council Bluffs in response to pressing invitations from many of the leading citizens of that place, and will go thence to Chicago en route to New York. Aside from his extraordinary merits as a medium, the Doctor is one of the most attractive gentlemen we ever met. Quiet in demeanor, of refined instincts and tastes, pure morals, and possessing that rare culture which studious reading, extended travel in foreign lands, and association with the most eminent minds in the country, imparts, the Doctor is at all times genial, instructive and entertaining, and invariably inspires friendships that are warm and lasting. Those who know him best are among his most ardent admirers. In his professional capacity he solicits from those he visits all that he asks, fair and honest treatment. As a gentleman of scrupulous honor, integrity and character, we commend him to all who are capable of appreciating these estimable traits at their true value."

Dr. Mansfield expects to arrive at his home in New York by the middle of August. His Western tour has, it is reported, wrought wonders for his health and usefulness.

Dr. Mack,

The healer by the laying on of hands, has an office at 7 Montgomery Place, Boston. The Doctor, who we recently stated, received considerable aid in England in consequence of remarkable cures made through his instrumentality. Such useful people should be patronized. Is it not better to be cured without medicine than with? "Most assuredly," the skeptic will say, "that is, if such a thing be possible." Our answer is, We know that it is possible, especially in nervous complaints. The laying on of hands is simply a process by which the magnetism of a healthy person is transmitted to a patient operated upon. Some few people possess this peculiar healing power; and, according to evidence, Dr. Mack has it, hence we recommend him. Dr. J. R. Newton also possesses similar power; so does Dr. Richardson, of the Bunker-Hill District; Dr. A. S. Hayward, of this city, Dr. I. P. Greenleaf, and others.

Highland Lake Grove.

This camp-meeting continues till Monday, August 6th, and those who have not already visited the grounds will do well to do so, remembering that Friday next is a special picnic day, and that on Sunday, (as stated by the advertisement on our fifth page,) Prof. William Denton and Mrs. C. Fannie Allen will occupy the platform—a test case by E. V. Wilson and a sacred concert by Prof. Alonzo Bond's band adding to the attractiveness of the occasion.

Mrs. Richmond's Lectures in Brooklyn.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond will lecture in Everett Hall, 398 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday, August 5th. Her engagement includes all the Sundays in August. A rare opportunity for our friends in that locality to again hear this highly gifted inspirational speaker is now afforded.

The Pennsylvania and New Jersey Camp-Meeting, as per advertisement in another column, will commence Thursday, August 9th, and continue to the 20th, at Anderson's Station, N. J. Dr. J. H. Rhodes will have a stand on the grounds for the sale of books, pamphlets and the Banner of Light. He will also take subscriptions for the Banner. Prominent among other speakers will be Rev. Cyrus Jeffries.

We cannot be expected to endorse the specialties advertised in these columns, whether alleged spirit-photography or anything else. The reader must be his own judge in such matters. We make it an invariable rule, however, to eschew everything of an immoral tendency, when we know it to be such. We strive to do right in all such matters.

A Review of our foreign monthly exchanges, prepared for this edition of the Banner, will appear in our next issue. Dr. Ditson, in his Reviews, gives a very interesting epitome of current spiritual events among other peoples, much of which matter is copied from the Banner into the secular papers without due credit.

INVESTIGATOR HALL.—Mr. Horace Seaver and other well-known speakers will publicly discuss "The Great Railroad Strike" next Sunday forenoon at 10½ o'clock, at this Hall, or, rather, continue the discussion from last Sunday. Admission free.

A private letter from Mr. C. E. Watkins, the slate-writing medium, now at Brattleboro, Vt., thanks us for our "kindly remarks" in the last Banner in regard to him. Rutland, Vt., will be his address for the present. After his tour through Vermont he will visit Maine.

A correspondent says: "Jennie Leys writes like a living soul." Hers is a large, living soul. Spiritualists should keep her employed on the rostrum every Sunday throughout the entire year.

Any one knowing the post-office address of Dr. Lucie L. Bell, healing medium, formerly of New York, and who will send it to B. B. Wright, in care of Banner of Light, Boston, will confer a great favor.

El Eco de America is informed that the Banner of Light is regularly mailed to its address. We have no means of knowing, therefore, why our paper does not reach its destination.

We shall print a letter from Spirit Robert Dale Owen in our next issue.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

EARLY HALL, 10½ Washington street.—Test Circle every Sunday morning at 10½ A. M. Inspirational speaking at 2½ and 7½ P. M. Good mediums and speakers always present. Free Conference meeting every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock, sharp. Doors closed at 8¼. All are invited.

NASSAU HALL.—The Free Public Society of Spiritualists hold a Free Circle, with good, reliable mediums, every Sunday, at 10½ A. M.

NASSAU HALL.—Very harmonious and interesting circles were held in Nassau Hall on Sunday. Short addresses were made by several speakers, and a large number of remarkable tests were given by Mr. Frank T. Ripley. Some of the tests were stated to be perfectly correct by strangers who had just arrived in the city, by persons who had never before attended a spiritual meeting, and by gentlemen who were seated at the opposite end of the commodious hall. Fifty-six sealed envelopes, containing questions, were handed to Mr. Ripley, and in forty-three cases he wrote full and satisfactory answers. Mr. Robinson, who conducts the meetings, will give other particulars to persons who may desire further information.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

SHORT SKIMON.—The revengeful is feared (sometimes) and therefore he is hated; but he who is kind and with clemency is adored: the praise of his actions remains forever, and the love of the world attendeth him.

"Brunswick" in last Sunday's Gazette says: "I must not forget to mention the general cleanliness of Saratoga; nobody need hesitate to let her skirts drag over these sidewalks, for they fairly shine with scrubbing." The sidewalks or the skirts—which?

THE WAR.—As we go to press a panic seems to exist in the Turkish capital, and the Sultan is reported as about to retire for safety to Broussa. Great numbers of European residents are quitting Constantinople. At Rusechuk, on Sunday, 20th, a heavy engagement was fought between the Czarowitch and Ahmed Eyoub Pasha. The Turkish corps reported to have been defeated with a loss of 30,000, 10 standards, and 800 prisoners. The Turks and Russians also claim a great victory recently at Lofitche, near Plevna—with what truth time and the "telegraph man" only can decide.

Ralph Waldo Emerson says: "We doubt not a man's fortune may be read in the lines of his hand, by palmistry."

Oh, rippling river of laughter! thou art the blessed boundary line between the best and mad, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fearful fiend of care.—Col. Ingersoll.

Nothing is so uncertain as the minds of the multitude.—Livy.

The late riots prove this.

An idle man always thinks he has a right to be affronted if a busy man does not devote to him just as much of his time as he himself has leisure to waste.

"Austin, Texas," speaks of forty-nine spheres, and wants Mr. Wetherbee to write something on the subject. Wetherbee says he never said there were forty-nine spheres, and prefers to write on subjects he knows something about.

It is estimated that not less than twenty thousand will march in the procession at the dedication of the Soldiers' monument on Boston Common on the 17th of September next.

An exchange gives as a reason for the injury inflicted upon "innocent" persons in riots, "too much foolish curiosity to the square inch."

Several persons have been poisoned in this city and in New Haven by living near Ailanthus trees. The danger is most imminent when the tree is in blossom. The symptoms are headache, nausea, etc.

The road to wealth—Beacon street.

Nothing is so dangerous as error—nothing so safe as truth.

The parent who sends his son into the world uneducated, defrauds the community of a useful citizen and bequeaths a nuisance.

Fate once compelled a loving pair
To part a little season;
But, to make their love more rare,
Deprived them both of reason.

Now, however, there is no danger of so sad a catastrophe, for absent lovers can kiss by telephone. "Isn't that nice?"

w. willicott, of Brooklyn, insists on spelling the word Spiritualist with a small s. "Comment is unnecessary."

To Khadijah, wife of Mahomet, historians trace much that is noblest and best in the Koran and the Mohammedan religion. The prophet was twenty-five and she forty years old—a rich, powerful, intellectual woman when she married him. She was the first convert, and embracing the new belief with all the fiery religious zeal of her sex, for twenty-five years she was the backbone of Islamism. She stood by her husband and poured out all the resources at her command—wealth, enthusiasm, intellect and affection.

After her death Mahomet was inconsolable, and... married another wife in two months after she died.

Leading Chinese residents of California are making preparations to secure the right of suffrage, which they say will insure them against a continuance of the persecutions to which their race is now subjected.

A young fellow offered to let the principal of a female seminary, who was always boasting of the proficiency of her pupils in grammar, that not one of them would decline a noun he could name, and he named the insignificant noun husband.

"When I die," said a married man, "I want to go where there is no snow to shovel." His crusty Orthodox wife said she presumed he would.

Beware of judging hastily: it is better to suspend an opinion than to retract an assertion.

The population of Nebraska has increased in ten years from 8,000 to nearly 300,000, and at the rate at which emigration is now flowing in it would not be at all surprising were the population to exceed half a million at the end of three years more.

Brazilian merchants who have visited New York assert that in a few years the United States will supply their country with a large percentage of the goods they now import from Europe.

"I apologize for saying you could not open your mouth without putting your foot in it," said the editor, sternly regarding the horsehair he held over his head. "I solemnly assure you that when I said it I had no idea of the size of your foot."

A gentleman of this city, who keeps a good team, often invites his friends to ride with him. On a recent occasion he invited a young lady. After they were seated in the carriage he asked her, as usual, "Where would you like to go?" She replied, "Oh, anywhere you please." "Well," said he, "I will take you either to Cedar Hill Cemetery or to the Charles Oak Treeing Park." Her rejoinder was good: "Sir, your offer is both grave and gay."—Hartford Times.

It costs about seven dollars to send a ton of wheat from Chicago to Liverpool.

Annie Besant, the English radical, is a young and talented lady who left her husband, a Church of England clergyman, because she could not submit to his intellectual tyranny.

"No, ma," she said, "Charles can never be anything to me more. He came out this spring in his last fall overcoat; and oh, ma! it wouldn't match my new dress, and so we parted."

Rose! for the banquet gathered and the blest;
Rose! colored now by human hopes and pain,
Surely where death is not, nor change, nor fear,
Yet may we meet thee, Joy's own flower, again.
—Mrs. Hemans.

A woman was offered a thousand dollars if she would remain silent for two hours. At the end of fifteen minutes she asked, "Isn't the time nearly up?"

Narrow-minded men, who have not a thought beyond the sphere of their own outlook, remind one of the Hindu maxim, "The snail sees nothing but its own shell, and thinks it the grandest palace in the universe."

It is estimated that coffee is used by 60,000,000 of the human family, tea by 50,000,000, opium by 40,000,000, alcohol by 30,000,000, and tobacco by 20,000,000. A large proportion of the human family use substances that are either stimulants or narcotics.

There is a silken string connecting all virtue. It is called moderation.

"There is no secret about success in life," said Commodore Vanderbilt; "all you have got to do is to attend to your business and go ahead—except one thing," and that is, never tell what you are going to do until you have done it. The attending to your business means work; the never telling means your knowing how to do a thing better than others. It means sagacity and prudence in the management of your affairs. Some men are always successful in certain things. They understand the situation, that's all. Every virtue gives man a degree of felicity in some kind. Honesty gives a man good report; justice, estimation; prudence, respect; courtesy and liberality, affection. Temperance gives health, fortitude, a quiet mind, not to be moved by any adversity."

It is said that red-clover heads, steeped in water and freely drank, will cure cancer. It certainly can do no harm to try it.

Dr. George F. Waters, of Boston, claims to have discovered that bicarbonate of soda, or any other neutral alkali, is a very quick cure for burns or scalds; and he proved his faith by scalding his arm in the presence of a convention of surgeons, to test the cure.

A woman in Omaha recently swallowed a garter belt, and was choked nearly to death. "We have said a thousand times," says the Burlington Hawkeye, "that some serious trouble would yet come of this custom of Omaha women unbuttoning their shoes with their teeth."

Girls in their teens should learn the worth of money and the judicious use of it. If poor, they should earn it honestly, and then expend it in gaining an education, or save it for the emergencies of the future.—Sarah M. Perkins.

If Pharaoh's daughter had been as careful about taking in Jews as Judge Hilton is, what would have become of Moses?

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten having returned from England, will proceed to fulfill a lecturing engagement in California about the last of August. To the many friends who have solicited her to speak in various Western cities, Mrs. Britten desires to say she will lecture in Cleveland, Ohio, the first Sunday in September, Lincoln, Nebraska, the second, and San Francisco the third; and though she will be happy to give week evening lectures anywhere near the above points, she will not be able to make any considerable divergence from the route of travel between New York and San Francisco. Address 118 West Chester Park, Boston, up to the last of August.

Mrs. M. Hardy Perkins, now on a tour among the White Mountains of New Hampshire, intends, we learn, to visit Hampton Beach. If her health is sufficiently recuperated she will return to Boston and resume her sittings as a test medium in September.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend Wood is ready to answer calls to lecture in the vicinity of her home. Address West Newton, Mass.

P. C. Mills speaks in Albany, N. H., the first Sunday in August. Address Conway, N. H., during August. He would like to make engagements to speak in New Hampshire or the western part of Maine the two last Sundays in August, and for September.

Geo. A. Fuller, of Sherborn, Mass., speaks at Washington, N. H., Aug. 5th; Sutton Mills, Aug. 12th; Sunapee Lake Spiritualist Camp-Meeting, Aug. 26th to Sept. 2d, also the intervening week; Crofton Flat and East Village, Sept. 9th; and at Sunapee, Sept. 16th. Ready to make further engagements for the fall and winter.

Bishop A. Beals writes from Madison, Ohio, July 25th: "Since closing my June engagement at Cleveland, I have been holding successful engagements at the villages of Birmingham, Chagrin Falls, and Thompson, all of this State." We shall print a letter from this active worker in our next.

Mrs. M. A. Carnes, of 229 Northampton street, this city, the well-known and excellent test, medical and business medium, will be absent from the city from July 30th to August 7th. Spiritualists and investigators in New Bedford and vicinity, desiring the services of a good medium, will find her at 171 Grinnell street, that city, between the dates mentioned above. Our friends in that locality should improve this opportunity by calling upon her.

Frank T. Ripley has returned to this city from a short trip to Maine, and resumed his sittings as test medium at No. 7 Montgomery Place.

Thomas Cook will, during the next month, lecture in the following counties of Minnesota, viz.: Noble, Rock, Blue Earth and Faribault. The State Convention of Spiritualists for Minnesota will be held early in September.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield lectures in Friendship, N. Y., August 6th.

Meetings will be held at Grow's Opera Hall, Chicago, during the Sundays of August; Dr. E. W. Stevens, of Wisconsin, will be the speaker. He is a lecturer of extended experience, and said to be an eloquent and logical speaker.

Owing to an accident occurring to the vehicle in which Mrs. Anna Stewart was riding while on her recent visit to friends in Missouri, this lady was injured, and as yet has been unable to resume her sittings at Terre Haute.

Emma Hardinge Britten's Flying Visit to England.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I bring with me many greetings from our spiritual friends and fellow-laborers across the water, and brief as my visit to my native land has been, I have participated in many scenes which prognosticate well for the advancement of spiritual light and knowledge. As my engagements in the West only permitted me to remain in England during the day in the night of the ship, my husband and myself went out and returned, and my sole motive for making this hasty trip was to accompany my beloved and very aged mother to her home in England, my many kind correspondents should not feel surprised or disappointed that I have so little to relate to them of transatlantic spiritual experiences.

During my short week in port, however, although unable from pressure of family duties to visit the Metropolis, or proceed beyond my mother's home in Manchester, I heard much of the good cause, the work of its indefatigable advocates and mediums, and the fact that new and remarkable evidences of mediumistic powers are being constantly manifested in families of the highest standing and influence.

To judge by the immense number of urgent applications I received to lecture in London and the Provinces, Spiritualism must be more rife in England than ever.

I heard a very fine trance lecture from Mr. Colville, a very young man with a very promising career before him; listened to the warm praises everywhere sounded of Mr. J. J. Morse, now so well-known on both sides of the ocean, and had the pleasure of attending a séance with Miss Kate Cook, the sister of the Miss Florence Cook so well known to a materializing medium. Miss Kate Cook undoubtedly possesses mediumistic powers of a very high order, and through the liberality and untiring energy of Mr. Charles Blackburn, of Didsbury, near Manchester, this young lady's powers are being carefully cultured under the best possible conditions, and her interesting séances are limited only to the quiet and orderly sphere of private investigation.

At Mr. Blackburn's splendid residence, and surrounded by all those conditions most favorable to truly scientific but thorough research, séances of the most satisfactory and interesting character are constantly transpiring, forming a significant contrast to the disorderly, rude, and not unfrequently injurious surroundings which press upon and harass the poor medium exposed to the misery of public circles. During my short stay in Manchester, I met one of the members of an Association whose séances, though of a strictly private character, are not entirely unknown to fame. Their circles have now been conducted for some years past, and the intelligence communicated having been carefully recorded, has now been collated and published in two handsome volumes, under the title of "Angelic Revelations." Through the kindness of the "Recorder" of these interesting meetings, the volume in question is now in my possession. I do not know whether they are for sale, or whether the rare and occult matter they contain has been limited to private circulation. Judging from my own bitter experience, and the aching shoulders which still remind me of my reward for publishing occult works, I should suppose (as I hope) that "Angelic Revelations" may be limited to circulation to those who can and dare receive them—those, in fact, who do not wait for others to think for them, but dare to ask for more light to-day than they received yesterday, hoping still for additional illumination with each returning morrow. Be this as it may, although the communications do not run in the ordinary groove of spirit teaching, and the communications do not all claim to have "once lived on earth," the matter they render is rare, suggestive, and wonderfully in harmony with the most advanced ideas of the age—with those, in short, which I venture to prophesy will form the next phase of the great progressive movement.

In the midst of scanty time, urgent duties, and

still more urgent haste, I managed to comply with the solicitations of the Manchester friends, and lectured for them on the Sunday before my departure to an immense audience, standing, sitting and waiting for me in large crowds outside the hall. The deep and absorbing attention of the packed masses, their splendid yet simple mode of congregational singing, their warm enthusiasm, and affectionate greetings and farewells, form subjects of memory for me now which I shall not readily forget.

The next night—Monday—my last in England, I lectured at Liverpool under the auspices of the learned and well-known scientist, Dr. William Hitchman, who presided over an audience not less enthusiastic than my Manchester friends. Good, kind John Lamont, and dear Mrs. Novworthy, brave George Thompson's noble and talented daughter, accompanied us to the wharf on Tuesday morning; the whirling waves of time having swallowed up, or rather carried forward to the shores of eternity, my former faithful friends, Andrew Leighton and James Vason, two of the best and most devoted of the Liverpool Spiritualists—now spirits themselves. I saw them as they stood in the old accustomed places, waving farewell to me even as they used to do, and others as they too, though they did not know that it was the habit of old they were repeating, and so the whirling waves of the broad ocean bore me back to these shores, from whence I set out again in three weeks to the far West, even as far as the Pacific Coast, where I expect to make a stay of some months.

The cares entailed upon me by my duty to my aged and venerable mother are now remitted by her departure for England. No longer compelled to remain in or near one spot, I propose, for some twelve months at least, to devote myself once more to the spiritual rostrum. The best I can and have to give; the best my beloved spiritual friends can give through me, will now be rendered, as in former times, untrifling and ungrudgingly to the cause of spiritual truth and light. I trust that many a hand that has been raised to strike intellectual blows at me because I have differed in opinion from them, will, for the sake of the cause so dear to humanity and the angels, be equally ready to bury the hatchet of war, and clasp hands with me for the promotion of the common good. Divisions, sub-divisions, backbiting and slander, unkindness and unspiritual spiritism, have reigned long enough, breaking up and making useless our strength, and making of us by word and reproach, instead of a power and a glory. May this spirit pass like the wave of war from our midst, and in its place let a common sentiment of peace and good will unite us, until we plant the white standard of Spiritualism on the highest eminences of the earth; a light to all nations, and a strength and rejoicing to the laborers who have helped to unfurl its glorious folds.

EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

118 West Chester Park, Boston, Mass.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES.—Forty cents per line, Minimum each insertion. Advertisements of 10 lines or more, Thirty cents per line, Agate, each insertion. Payments in all cases in advance.

For all Advertisements printed on the 5th page, 30 cents per line for each insertion.

Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on the day preceding the date of the date whereon they are to appear.

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THE WONDERFUL HEALER AND CLAIRVANT. For Diagnosis and Cure of all diseases, \$1.00. Give and get. Address Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, M. D., P. O. Box 2519, Boston, Mass. Residence No. 4 Euclid street, My. 12.13w.

Change of Locality. Dr. WILLIS may be addressed at his summer residence, Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y., until further notice. Jy. 7.

SEAL LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, 58 Clinton Place, N. Y. Terms, \$2 and 3-cent postage stamps. Money refunded if letters sent are not answered. 4w. Jy. 14.

Dyspepsia is a Hydra-Headed Monster, from which nearly all "the ills the human flesh is heir to" originate. The Peruvian Syrup, a protee ad solution of the protoxide of iron, is a long-tried and well established remedy for this distressing ailment. It has cured thousands when other remedies have failed. 2w. A. 4.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

NOTICE TO OUR ENGLISH PATRONS. J. J. MORRISON, the well-known English lecturer, will act as our agent, and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light at fifteen shillings per year. Parties desiring to do so, can address Mr. Morrison at his residence, Warwick Cottage, Old Ford Road, Bow, E., London.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOOK DEPOT. WILLIAMSON & HIGGINS, Booksellers, 62 West Main street, Rochester, N. Y., keep for sale the Spiritual and Reform Works published at the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, Boston, Mass.

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Remittances in U. S. currency and postage stamps received at the above, HEIMAN SNOW, P. O. Box 117, San Francisco, Cal.

NEW YORK BOOK AND PAPER AGENCY. CHAS. N. K. MILLER keeps for sale the Banner of Light and other Spiritual Papers and Reform Books published by Colby & Rich, at the Harvard Rooms, 424 street and 6th avenue, and Lombard Hall, 55 West 2d street.

PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT. DR. J. H. RHODES, 1111 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., has been appointed agent for the Banner of Light, and will take orders for all of Colby & Rich's Publications. Send orders to him, or to the above, at Lincoln Hall, corner Broad and Cortes streets, and at all the Spiritual meetings. Parties in Philadelphia, Pa., desiring to advertise in the Banner of Light, can consult Dr. Rhodes.

PHILADELPHIA PERIODICAL DEPOT. WILLIAM WADE, 529 Market street, and N. E. corner Eighth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, has the Banner of Light for sale at retail each Saturday morning.

CHICAGO, ILL., PERIODICAL DEPOT. W. PHILLIPS, 101 Madison street, Chicago, Ill., keeps for sale the Banner of Light, and other Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

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Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting

AT HIGHLAND LAKE GROVE

CLOSES Monday, August 6th. On Sunday next, 5th inst., Mrs. C. F. ANN, of N. Y., the eloquent spiritualist speaker, and PROF. W. M. DENTON, will address the people. MR. E. V. WILSON, and others will hold sittings. Special trains leave Boston, stopping at stations, at 8 A. M. and 12:30 P. M. Will leave Philadelphia on last Sunday.

CAMP-MEETING.

THE PENNSYLVANIA AND NEW JERSEY CAMP-MEETING ASSOCIATION have decided to hold an eleven days' meeting, commencing Thursday, August 9th, at Anderson's Station, on the Atlantic and Ohio Railroad, a branch of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad. Tickets from Philadelphia, round trip, \$1.00. All regular trains from Vinestra, Pa., will stop at all stations on the road between Philadelphia and Atlantic City.

DR. J. H. RHODES, Chairman of Committee.

LAKE PLEASANT**CAMP-MEETING.**

THE NEW ENGLAND SPIRITUALISTS' CAMP-MEETING ASSOCIATION will hold their fourth annual Camp-Meeting at Lake Pleasant, Montague, Mass., from

August 6th to August 31st.

Public services commence Aug. 12th, and continue to Aug. 25th.

Programme of Speakers.

Sunday, Aug. 12.—Dr. H. H. Sever, of Boston, Mass.; Giles B. Stebbins, of Detroit, Mich.

Tuesday, Aug. 14.—C. F. Fannie Allen, of Stoneham, Mass.; Wednesday, Aug. 15.—Bishop A. Beals, of Erie, Pa.; Thursday, Aug.

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