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The Spiritual Rostrum.

The Transition of the Spirit.

MEMORIAL SERVICES FOR MR. FRED. ASHTON.

Delivered by the Guides of

MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND,
At Chicago, Sunday, May 8th, 1892.

[Reported expressly for the Banner of Light by William Richmond, and revised and corrected by the guides of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.]

INVOCATION.

Infinite God; Divine Parent; our Mother of Love; our Father of Wisdom; Light of the Universe; Life of every Soul; in perfect prayer, in absolute obedience to thy divine law, in fulfillment of thy will and wish and loving guidance, we bend to thee in praise. We bend within; for while we praise thee for the visible universe, we know it is but the expression of that which passes away; while we praise thee for the splendor of the moving worlds, we know they are awakened, have their birth and growth, and must fade; while we praise thee for the blossoms that fill the scenes of earth with loveliness, we know in order to obtain fruition the blossoms must die that the seed for other harvests may come. We praise thee for every blessing, whether it be of joy or sorrow, of light or of darkness, of weakness or of strength; whether it be of the mortal or immortal part; for we know that the seeming shadow is often the light, and that the seeming sorrow is but the background of perfect joy. We praise thee for human birth, though it be amid the shadows; for the experiences that begin with the weeping and wailing of the infant, that pass on to the doubtful triumphs of youth and the still more doubtful triumphs of maturer years, that pass on until the feeble form and faltering breath reveals the only triumph—the triumph of the spirit.

We praise thee for that which is called life; in the midst of shadows baffled with blind things by the blind eyes of sense; the struggle for earthly existence, for that which sustains the body; we praise thee for all the conflict that this life may bring, since out of it cometh the "peace that passeth understanding"; out of the struggle cometh the sweet blossoms of patience, and the triumph of love and faith; we praise thee for that kindly charity that is awakened by the knowledge of pain and suffering and weakness; we praise thee for those blossoms of immortal love and truth that spring from the shadow of the border-land of time and sense; and we would praise thee for that higher birth, that transcendent and triumphant moment of life misnamed death.

In the midst of the glory of those suns that will pass away, thy children would praise thee for the ineffable light of that sun of the soul that never changes, that wanes not, that knows no receding, and that bringeth no shadow; and unto thee in our weakness or strength, in our sorrow or joy, in our failures or triumphs, we ever turn in praise unspeakable. Amen.

DISCOURSE.

"They shall not all sleep; but shall change as in the twinkling of an eye."

"Death," says a lately arisen poet, "is the sublime one, the divine one, the mother of us all, the wonderful silent mother."

The transition of the visible to the invisible, or rather the casting aside of that which is visible, and retaining only that which is imperishable, is the one great mystery. "After birth and love then cometh death."

Alike in ancient time, and to-day, whether viewed with terror or doubt or triumph, whatever can be known concerning those who are named dead is the wonderful and great knowledge, for it is the knowledge of the living.

If to be dead means death, then all human beings are without hope, and this life, proven so oft to be a shadow and a failure, is but a cloud on the general brightness and perfectness of the universe. That which belongs to the spirit belongs to the entire human race, and if that which seems to animate the body is but the transient breath of the organism, the evanescent sparkle of the wine of life that passes off in organic globules and disperses, to be molded into other forms, then it is important to know it; since it is well to close all youthful avenues of hope, of aspiration, or faith, or supposed *a priori* knowledge, and make all life one, at once, with the clod. If the blade of grass is as immortal as man, then it is indeed well to be one with the dust; to think no thoughts that are not born of it, to have no aspirations that cannot be fulfilled by the dust, and to discourage all flights of fancy and imagination, all hovering pinions of inspirations and make the dust the one final tomb.

But if humanity is to be believed, if there is any reliance to be placed in the trust and faith, if the promptings of human hearts everywhere do not belie nature, if nature yields always fruition of its kind, and from the lily forever the lily upspring, then those poor germs of thought, those wonderful elements of immortal promise, those aspirations

for eternal life, must be the seeds planted in the shadow of earth for a purpose, to yield their fruitage unto the immortal kingdom. Nature does not so belie herself and the entire universe as to make the crowning hope, the one supreme aspiration in man, a failure.

There would seem to be no need for this answer to an assumed doubt, since man has as good evidence, through as perfect testimony, yielding as positive knowledge concerning this inner and higher realm, as he has of any kingdom of existence; therefore when we speak of "the transition of the spirit," we speak in the common phraseology of the time; we speak in the language that has taken the place of the former desolateness connected with the thoughts of death. The world has grown to employ better terms. There are more words and higher meanings in language than formerly. As ideas unfold there must needs be new language to express them, and thought of death as the great and divine transition brings a knowledge of the words wherewith to express that thought.

Many people say, "I cannot understand the language of mediums, of inspirational speakers, it is far too flowery, too transcendental; I do not know the meaning of the words." It is no marvel; if people have not the thoughts, they cannot understand the words that express the thoughts. No stenographer can report well at first the language of the skies, and his notes baffle his interpretation; but when he knows the thoughts, the language at once suggests itself. To interpret correctly the language concerning the change called death, one must change one's ideas.

The old-time idea of death had its appropriate language. The Jews believed the body and spirit both died; that they were asleep, and that in the final day there would be a physical resurrection, and the good would inherit the earth. There is no ambiguity in the scriptural language accompanying this idea. The early Christians, in parables and sermons by the way, were taught in the language of Christ the spiritual meaning of the higher life; but because they were not ready for the ideas the language became perverted, and his meaning grew to be partly Jewish and partly Oriental. Wholly mistaking the transcendent nature of the spiritual birth, the teachings revealed in his life, in his ascension, were not understood. All over Christendom, save among those who have been denominated heretics, physical death and physical re-birth still have sway. Even the language of Paul, as translated, gives possibility of this misinterpretation, since he declares "that which has been sown in corruption will be raised in incorruption; that which has been sown in weakness will be raised in power; that which has been sown in dishonor will be raised in honor"; "there is a natural body and there is a spiritual body." The phraseology is ambiguous, since it implies the thing itself; meaning the body will be changed. Had the interpreters understood the correct idea; or had Paul been fortunate enough to have been reared among the Orientals, or more spiritual speaking people, he would not have left any doubt as to his meaning. It is the spirit that is sown, giving life to that which is perishable; it is the spirit that is imperishable; it is the spirit that rises from that body, casting aside the dishonor of the senses; it is the spirit that has its own existence, and on casting aside the natural body it has the spirit-life that is meant instead of the physical body. But it is a great deal to have this chapter from the Jew converted to Christianity, to recall to Christians the fact that there is a spiritual life, and to teach better terms for spiritual meanings.

To-day you are entering upon new phases of language. Thoughts are expressed with finer meaning and more perfect correctness. That which is borne from within the spirit seems to be able to declare itself in transcendent speech. If the ideas are there you can always find some words with which to express them; in a vocabulary of some one hundred thousand words, he must be poor indeed in ideas who cannot find words to express his meaning. But if the thoughts are not correct, if they are shadowy, if they are imperfect, if they are cloudy, if there is not clearness of perception of spiritual things, one will speak in a vague way of the meaning of that life beyond death, of the change called death, of the continued existence of the spirit.

A few days ago there was no evidence of life upon any of the trees; whatever life there had been seemed to be dead months ago; it was absolutely invisible; and if you had cut a tree you would not have seen any life; you would only have intercepted the sap coursing its way through the fibres to the branches and twigs, through the veins and great heart of the tree, gradually being won to the uttermost branches by the rays of the sun; but you would not have known that the sap represented life. To-day there seems to be some clothing upon the trees, the invisible has become visible, the life that could not be perceived is now somewhat expressed, and by another month the trees will be clothed in that transcendent glory of the garb which you call life. Was it not there before? Were not the pulses of life hidden within the arteries and veins of the tree quickened in the powers of the sun's ray? Does not the atmosphere yield to the quickened germ that which shall array the earth in splendor and brightness? Is it more difficult to conceive of as great evidence of life in the casting aside of the leaves than of their renewal? The miracle of life performs itself before your vision every year. You do not know it, you do not heed it, you do not account it as being any portion of the great lesson that the spirit knows and that the mind learns.

When the change that you call death comes, when the seal of silence is placed upon the eyelids and the lips, when with or without a struggle the Great Change appears, the Supreme and Wonderful moment arrives, then you wish to know how it is with the beloved ones.

The Christian makes the bed of the dying saint one of peace and comfort. It is said because of the loved presence of Christ, because of the faith that shall triumph over death, and in this way many pass triumphantly through what they deem to be a shadow because they do not fear that which was to come after death. In other instances, people pass stoically to this change emulating the ancient philosophers who bore everything that came, without faith, without hope, only because it must come; with others the change is met with a mingled feeling of doubt and fear and hope. But be sure that in every instance the one passing through the change is better prepared for that change than you know, even when it is sudden, for if it is sudden, there is still some sort of premonition; the spirit has gone on before; the event was foreseen in dream, or vision, or silent warning. Could those speak who thus suddenly change from the outward to the inward, from the visible to the invisible presence at your side, they would tell you that they had some premonitions, some dreams, some warnings. Whether one sails in a ship that is going down, whether one is sent suddenly in an accident by rail, or something which might befall one on the very day in which one went forth to meet the great conqueror, no one passes through this wonderful change without some preparation, and when the change comes even by the hand of a murderer, or if the one passing through the change is the one who has visited violence upon his fellowmen, he knows when the appointed time is nigh, there is a foreboding from within; even if he dreads the change, he still knows it is coming.

There is this also that must be considered: In the new language the great change is not sorrowful for the one whom you call dead, but for those who remain. Your friends seem to pass from visibility to invisibility; they seem to die; they seem to be out of existence. Some one has asked us to explain, if we can, in some general term how this change which is so great to human lives who remain visible, affects in a general sense those who pass through it? The question was: Is there any general or specific language, are there any terms that will express the state of those whom we call dead? In general terms that which you call transition is neither death, nor sleep, nor translation from a lower to a higher state, nor passing away at all. It is in this that human speech (because human ideas have been fallacious) has been confused and has conveyed the wrong ideas. There is no such change to those whom you call dead as there seems to be to those whom you call living; the utter loss, the gone from your presence, the feeling of vacancy because the body is laid away and the human garments are no more worn.

That sense of being "no more" cannot exist with the spirit. To know that one is more alive than yesterday; to know that one is more free than when tethered and bound by the senses; to know that one has larger faculties and more perfect perceptions; to feel that there is not the limit that there was before; to be just as conscious of what you are conscious of, and fully conscious of what you do not now conceive; to be in a state where pain seems like a dream, and the tethering of the body seems like something that passed ages ago; to be all at once aware that one has lived forever, and to feel that it always has been so, is the state of most who experience this change. The selfish are no longer wholly selfish; the utterly material are no longer wholly material. There is a consciousness of a lack which is the result of not possessing the spiritual qualities that makes the new existence at once available. But no shadow is deeper, no crime darker, no self-righteousness more imured in self-righteousness, through the change called death. There is an awakening of a sudden perception of one's own nature; a more vivid consciousness of spiritual things, a more palpable perception of the realities of life.

All those who experience love, whether it come to the young in the full flush of youth, or whether in more mature years, when this great and supreme power takes possession of them they feel as though they had always known and loved each other, feel as though they had been thus from the beginning. It is not new, it is a wonderful illuminating light that takes possession of their existence as though it had always been theirs. It is the same with this change called death. It is so strange to you on the mortal side when year after year goes on, when the loved form is not there; the things are not done that were accustomed to be done, the vacant place is obliged to be filled, bridged over, or partly forgotten. You think with great longing how far away they have gone. You have been told that heaven is so far away that you cannot gain access there until the great change comes also to you. How different it is to those who pass this change. Not only do they not suffer in the last moment, as you sometimes think they do—excepting as the struggling body might suffer to be free, or the one who knows the ship is about to depart is anxious for the voyage—but as one anxious on a mid-summer day to cast aside the heavy raiment of winter, and bask in the brightness of the sun, or plunge into the wave with its cooling spray, so does the spirit feel anxious to be free and fetterless. That which you deem a struggle can only come to those who are unwilling to go, but at the final moment even these are released.

The pain is in your witnessing the struggle of the organic part when the vital tide recedes, the pain is in witnessing these great throes and birth pangs that are not pain, but are merely suggestions of triumph; the blindness, the bitterness and tears are all on your side; for those casting off one by one the gyves and fetters it is joy.

You talk about the senses aiding the spirit! How blind, and deaf, and dumb are the senses! With a keen perception of divine life what can the eyes do to aid in sight; with sounds of harmony that are transcendent and perfect, what music can the ears hear that is worth the spirit's while to listen to? With all perception that knows from the heart-beats of the loved to the thought-beats of the spirit, of what value are the dull human senses? You talk about the body as though it were something to lose instead of something to be freed from. Ay, you do need it here; if you must express yourself in the dust the body is necessary. It is finely organized. There is no such piece of mechanism in the world as the human eye; there is no such wonderful sounding-board as the human ear. But even the ear can be aided when you produce ravishing music, and the eye must be supplemented when you look at the stars; if you would investigate molecular life you must have the finely fashioned microscope. All this you bear in mind: that the spirit sees further than the human vision, perceives more music than the ears can hear. The casting of the body aside is not a loss, but a conscious gain; the death-awakening one may hear the beating of the familiar clock on the mantel-piece, and see the hand count the seconds when at last the spirit will be set free, and at the same time hear the heart-beats, count the thoughts and agony of earth-friends and perceive the spiritual presences of both worlds.

The vision of this change is that which is not ordinarily given to mortals; such as are endowed with spiritual illumination and perception are in some degree impelled forward into the state of those called dead. Sometimes by inspiration, sometimes by the open vision by the side of the death-bed, sometimes by translation like that upon the Mount of Transfiguration when each saw with the vision of the spirit the divine life of Jesus and beheld those who had arisen.

But all this, you say, is out of keeping with the ordinary life. Ay, that is the reason it must come! To be out of the ordinary life is to be divine; to be taken out of the ordinary treadmill and rut is to do and be something. Genius is something like death, for it is out of the ordinary treadmill, it perceives the soul of music, or poetry, or religion; and for that reason the world worships genius. How will the world come to worship death when the great meaning of all that is shall be fully known? when those who are here considered mediocre are found in spirit to be possessed of wonderful powers; when those who are unusually gifted are more gifted when the seal that is set upon human eyes is removed? For the perception of the spirit is no longer "seeing through glass darkly, but face to face," and soul to soul, and no longer do you dwell among things that are usually shadowed, clouded and dark here. How many times you take babes by the hand to lead them across the rough pathway, over the narrow board across a stream that is easy for your well-balanced heads and older feet to travel; how many times they get lost in the tangled woods and fields, and how many times in the corn-fields do they imagine themselves in a great forest and lost from home forever. So in the mazy labyrinths of human life, in the woods and tangles of experience that are around your human footsteps, what a great thing it is to have the vision or perception suddenly opened and know you are already in the fair meadows and beneath the bright skies of the eternal home.

The beauty is that God's children never get lost. There are no tangles so deep, no briars so terrible that the Infinite Love is not there; when the awakening comes it is just as well there as anywhere. To have a suitable place to die in is not half so important as to have a suitable place in which to live, and suitable thoughts and loves. To know that death may come upon the deeps just as triumphantly and peacefully as upon the most downy pillow; to know that in the battle smoke the hero is no more prevented from arising to immortal consciousness than if lulled to sleep in his mother's arms—all this is becoming to be known in the world; and the time will come when not in stoicism but in very kindness you will turn away from beholding the mortal part while the supreme triumph goes on, nor holding the hand, nor enchainment of the spirit by one sob or tear, but conscious of the great triumph that is being wrought, you will no more behold the face of the dead, but, looking up, will behold the face of the living.

Sometimes in the twinkling of an eye the spirit passes. The lethargy that is brought on by great strain and weariness is not a sleep of the spirit, but of the body, and deadens the pain. Sometimes medical science, hoping to aid in the great struggle, frequently causes a physical lethargy that is a greater struggle to the spirit seeking to be free. To bind the body in any way by anesthetics when the Great Triumphant Ruler and Healer is there is a great mistake. People say: Oh, yes, we are perfectly justified in soothing the pain. But if the child is prevented from being born it is not justifiable. The great scene of birth into spirit-life is not pain, but struggle. It is the giant spirit freeing itself from the meshes of time and sense. The lion enchained must break the fetters, even when it is only fettered by cords of silk. There must be the full

strength of the spirit to meet the emergency. To deaden the pain is not being alive to meet it.

The triumph of the spirit is not to go out and invite death to come that you may conquer by your spiritual powers, as gladiators do by their physical strength; but if it comes to know that the spirit is adequate to meet it. It is intended for the spirit to conquer pain with the great healing power, and nature will triumph to restore the body if that is to be, and if not, the great healing power that you call Death will set the spirit free.

Why, in this great victory, in this immortal triumph, in this that comes alike to the babe on its mother's knee or the gray-haired sire, in this that chooses from every age and condition those who shall be in the inner and those who shall be in the outer manifestations of life, you talk about it as though it could be prevented; as though something were wrong in the universe when it comes; as though the young and middle-aged, or sometimes those in old age, ought not to die! There is just as much need of every condition in the inner as in the outer life. Shall all have had experience in earthly life, and become seared by worldliness before translation? Are not babes as necessary in spiritual consciousness as those mature in years? Are not those small hands and those wonderful kisses of infancy the great bequest of divine consciousness? For you need that kind of guardianship. If only the children who are grown up, if only the mature with their duties, their added years and added cares, were to pass into the immortal kingdom, would the doorway be as wide open as it is when these little ones pass through? If the dearest are not taken, how do you know what the dearest in heaven may mean? If they are not taken, how can you know the innermost of your own lives, the presences that will be nearer, the light that will be greater strength, faith and fortitude?

Oh! yes; this transition of the spirit is the salvation of mortal life! You are stronger for that strength that is there. If by any change in the order of the universe there could be the monstrosity of human life becoming perpetual on earth there would be a spiritual famine. Stop all the wheat-growing for one year, there is a scarcity; stop it for two years, and there is a panic; stop it for three years, and there is a famine. Why, supposing death should stop! there would be a spiritual famine in every household! the one great theme of life would be silenced forever! and that which is the divinest altar in the human spirit, next to love, would become deserted!

To-day we come into the presence of this great, this wonderful, this divine, this musical, this poetic, this triumphant change with anthems and rejoicing, and the people of the world will learn in lessons like that which we shall presently relate what this transition is.

MEMORIAL TO FRED ASHTON.

He is not dead; he does not sleep.
He hath awakened from the dream of life;
'T is you, who, tossed in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,

And in mad trance strike with your spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings; you decay . . .
And hope and fear convulse you and consume you day
By day,

While he, with voiceless form surpassing rare,
Is clothed in splendor that abides alway.

He has outsoared the shadow of your night,
Sorrow and death, and doubt and pain;
And that unrest that you misname delight,
Can touch him not, and torture not again.

From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn in vain
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray,
Nor load with sparkless ashes an unlamented urn,

For the immortal messenger hath crowned
His life with affluence all complete,
Love unto love hath its own triumph found,
Laying its garlands at your feet,
And time and change cannot destroy.
Or make more certain life's full cup of joy.

This transposition from Shelley's "Adonais" best expresses the change to our risen brother, Frederick Ashton, our friend and brother, was born into mortal life in the city of London in the year 1840. Had he lived a few days longer he would have been, according to your calendar, fifty-two years old. But there is no age in spirit, and that spirit was ever young.

This has been the country of his choice since 1862, in which year he came here. For the last fifteen years this city has been, for the most part, his home.

You will well remember the genial face, the gentle manner and the sweet voice that joined with those who have just sung, making a quartette of friends.

You will remember in the work of this Society how active he was ten or twelve years ago; how his life, with that of others, was devoted to bearing forward this message of immortal life.

He came to a knowledge of this truth gradually, but its perfect possession was here in your midst, and we believe it is not arrogant too much to say, it was under our own ministrations that that light became his light of life. That it imbued his gentle nature with deeper gentleness; that it gave to his hospitable and kindly heart, his loving and friendly spirit, a deeper love; that it gave to his life, an added and diviner meaning, you all know who understand the value of what spiritual truth means.

Eminently religious in nature, Spiritualism was to him a religion, not bound to any creed, not fettered by any dogmatism, but expressed in that favorite hymn just sung: "God is Wisdom, God is Love." The unfailing love of the Infinite was his only religious creed; the inhering love of man to his fellow-man was his religion set to the music of daily life; to deal justly and honorably and kindly with all,

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

For the Banner of Light, PHILOSOPHERS.

Given through the Mediumship of Mrs. H. B. Lake, by
Spirit Walt Whitman.

We gather great hopes, and we scatter them;
In the soil of the soul we plant the possibilities of
better things;
Knowest thou the way of life and its ending?
Wherefore parley on the way, and discuss it?
I am with you, and of you,
And my life, and my hope, and my being,
Have borne burdens, and been bared to the storm;
Feel me, and know me, and believe in me.
Lo! I am a spirit, for your discernment,
The touch of my palm would thrill you,
And fill you with new life and courage.
Down deep in the abyss of being am I,
Waiting for the terrible torch-light of triumph,
Which will sometime burn to tatters the veil that
conceals me.

I am emancipated, as one day all will be,
Now glory to the highest in heaven, and on earth!
Let us come together in sweetest accord,
Open wide the gateway of feeling,
Unlock the doors of the spirit,
And sensing what is, and what ought to be,
Let us pass on together, born anew and begotten.

Some souls stagger and fall,
Shall I, therefore, ruthlessly rush over them?
No, I will gather them tenderly,
And in my heart I will hear them,
I will know what it is to love and be loved!
God made us to be, and to befriend each—
I am part of the law, and a parcel—
If to day I am here, and to morrow am not,
Will you not sense my soul's presence?

And sometime repeat:
"Oh! that I could call back the voice, and the eye,
The word and the hand of my friend!"
To be lost in the crowd, and to linger around,
This is it to be known and unknown.
I would your power were mine—mine yours;
An equal exchange would make void these distinctions.

Come, friends, to the front, and fare with us,
We are one of you and for you,
And to do what we did, and be as we were,
This was "the way, the truth and the life,"
Its discernment.

Boston, Mass., June 4th, 1892.

Spiritual Phenomena.

A Reminiscence of Charles H. Foster, WHOSE WONDERFUL MEDIUMSHIP ASTON- ISHED THE WORLD.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

The publication of the book entitled "The Salem Seer," written by Mr. George C. Bartlett of this city, (which book I have carefully perused), calls forth an avalanche of reminiscences relating to Mr. Foster, which I am sure the readers of THE BANNER will enjoy. I first became acquainted with Charles H. Foster, the grand medium, while attending a séance at his rooms, in company with Olé Bull, Prof. Vincenzo Botta, Mrs. Botta, and Olé Bull's son, Mr. Alexander Bull. Mr. Foster's wife was also present at the séance referred to. After a few moments' pleasant conversation, the most marvelous demonstrations of Mr. Foster's wonderful powers began, and before the séance was brought to a close every person present must have been satisfied of an invisible human intelligence surrounding us, which the most confirmed skeptic could not deny. Many of your readers are undoubtedly aware that Olé Bull was a native of Norway. The great violinist was born in the city of Bergen on Feb. 5th, 1810, and long before the Rochester rappings had been heard of, Olé Bull had been a firm believer in the power of spirit-return. As a composer of music Mozart was his beau idéal. He frequently remarked that Mozart's spirit was his guide, and had been constantly by his side when he was playing the violin from the twenty-fourth year of his age. He often used to remark that "Mozart was his religion."

During the evening wonderful tests were given to Olé Bull and his son through Mr. Foster, at times causing no little excitement. These tests, for the most part, were given, I think, in foreign languages, and about matters connected with Olé Bull and his family, of which it was quite impossible for Mr. Foster to have had any previous knowledge. On one occasion during the evening, Olé Bull's son became so much affected by the most strange tests that we were obliged, with some difficulty, to induce him to keep his seat. Olé Bull, himself, was also intensely interested. During these developments Prof. Botta and his wife remained quiet spectators, when suddenly Mr. Foster turned toward Mr. Botta, remarking: "There is a lady spirit present for you, sir, who tells me she is an aunt of yours. She carries in her hand a beautiful flower, which she calls 'Marguerite.'" Prof. Botta made no reply, and Mr. Foster continued: "The lady tells me that her name is Marguerite," and then, suddenly placing his hand to his forehead, Mr. Foster said: "How strange! Why, she tells me that she was born and died in the village of Marguerite." Here were the names of three Marguerites, each one representing a distinct entity, and each one explaining itself clearly. For a moment Prof. Botta seemed staggered with astonishment, and the learned gentleman unhesitatingly and at once confirmed the facts as they have been presented. Said the Professor to me: "Yes, it is true. I had an aunt by the name of Marguerite; it is also true that she was excessively fond of flowers, and that the daisy (which in our language is called Marguerite) was her favorite flower, and during the season of flowers a Marguerite was almost constantly pinned upon her dress. It is also true," continued the Professor, "that my Aunt Marguerite was born in the little Italian village of Marguerite, and her spirit passed out in that same little village; and," said he, "the most astonishing part of this is that the village of 'Marguerite' is in an isolated spot among the mountains of Italy, and few Italians are aware of the existence of such a village, or of its locality." Prof. Botta was formerly a member of the Italian Parliament, and for many years has occupied a prominent position as a teacher, scientist and philosopher in one of our foremost New York institutions of learning. He is a man who stands very high as a profound scholar and deep thinker.

Several days after the extraordinary experience with Foster I met Prof. Botta in a Broadway stage. Our conversation immediately turned upon the events of the evening with Foster, the medium. Prof. Botta fully endorsed his previous statement, simply adding that he considered what he saw and heard in the séance-room of Mr. Foster to be an occult force, the cause of which was to him incomprehensible, and as yet unexplained by scientific research.

One afternoon Mr. Foster called at our Musical Institution, and invited myself and family to drop in upon him at any time that suited our convenience; adding that it would give

him great pleasure to sit for us "without money and without price." Knowing something about Mr. Foster's generous nature, I invited a friend of ours—a very prominent New York lawyer, and one of the most astute masters of the modern languages whom I have ever met—to accompany us. The gentleman was no less a personage than the Hon. James D. Reymert, who for a long time sat in the House of Representatives at Washington as a member from Wisconsin. Hon. Warren Chase, our dear and recently departed friend, was also present. Judge Reymert is still living in Los Angeles, Cal., and is ready to attest to this statement. Anticipating writing this letter for the columns of THE BANNER, I sent a letter to Mr. Reymert, requesting him to refer to the tablets of memory and call up, if possible, our mutual experience with Charles H. Foster. Judge Reymert immediately answered my letter, confirming my recollections of our sitting with the medium. The Judge wrote some fifteen questions in various languages on bits of paper. These questions were written and folded while Mr. Foster was engaged in mending a kid glove. I watched him closely while the Judge was writing the questions, and he (Foster) did not even look up from his work, and seemingly paid not the slightest attention to what the Judge was about; the questions were placed upon the table, and as the Judge remarked, in a moment after he could not have distinctly recalled any particular question which he had written. Placing each one of the little pellets of paper to his forehead, Foster answered them all with surprising rapidity.

I will simply specify one, which will give an idea of correct replies to them all. Mr. Reymert had a brother, a seafaring man, who lost his life by being wrecked on the coast of Norway in 1842. The particulars of this sad incident were graphically described by the wonderful medium, and signed most unmistakably in the own handwriting of Mr. Reymert's spirit-brother. All the other questions were also satisfactorily answered. It is only a few days ago that I received an autograph letter from Judge Reymert, affirming in the strongest language the above statement. One more remarkable example of Foster's occult powers, and I will close this already long letter.

A dear little relative of mine named Benjamin Franklin Parsons, one of the sweetest, the most loving and gentle creatures I ever knew, was accidentally drowned in the harbor of Gloucester, Mass. Mr. Foster gave a most minute description of dear little "Bennie's" death. It happened in this wise: The little fellow was out with his father in a small boat. A sudden squall of wind upset the frail bark, and father and son were thrown into the water. The father was saved, but dear little "Bennie's" pure spirit passed to the spirit-land. All the particulars of the sad accident were as clearly and graphically described by the medium as if he had been present during the terrible scene.

I received a letter a few days since from Prof. James of Harvard University, who is connected with the Society for Psychic Research. He writes me that he had some experience with Foster, which was, as a whole, unsatisfactory. I am sure if Prof. James, or any other investigator, could have had my experience with Charles H. Foster, as well as that of mutual friends who were present, he would not be disposed to deny the facts of positive yet unseen human intelligence, which, as Dr. Johnson remarked, "If no mortal can comprehend or explain, it must be the power of something more than a mortal." It seems to me that there is entirely too much prejudice existing in the minds of so-called intelligent investigators, and that their verdict is too often a foregone conclusion; and it also seems to me that the old French saying, "*Honni soit qui mal y pense*" (Evil to him who evil thinks) is especially applicable to the majority of so-called scientific investigators as to the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism.

As Mr. Bartlett, in his intensely interesting book, remarks: "Life is short, and we are passing away, and a man like Foster should not have been allowed to die so little understood, or his power been so lightly treated by scientific men"; and Mr. Bartlett adds: "As there is no one who has ever seen the century plant bloom the second time, so no one has ever known but one Charlie H. Foster." Foster stood apart from all men distinct and alone. It is true, to a great extent, that humanity is alike, but I wish to convey the idea that while he was like others, he was peculiarly unlike all others. He was extravagantly dual. He was not only Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, but he represented half-a-dozen different Jekylls and Hydes. He was strangely gifted; and, on the other hand, he was woefully eccentric. He had a heart so large indeed that it took in the world: Tears for the afflicted, money for the poor—the chords of his heart were touched by every sigh. Like a child, he seemed to have no forethought. He seemed to live for to-day, caring nothing for the morrow. He would take no one's advice, simply because he could not. The last time I saw him he was in the Danvers Asylum, where I gave a musical entertainment to some five or six hundred patients. He in conversation with me seemed as rational as ever, but he was not, although he evidently enjoyed the music. He was in the asylum but a brief period, when he was taken out and cared for by Colby & Rich of THE BANNER, and other friends, at the home of his aunt, until his final demise. The effect of our music upon this large number of unfortunates was magical. I recollect during the evening, as my daughter Annie was playing a beautiful piece upon the piano, one of the lady patients made a rush toward her. At the same moment half a dozen of the attendants started in pursuit of the harmless creature. Upon seizing her she quietly remarked, "I was not going to hurt Miss Watson, I only wanted to kiss her." Shortly after this episode, Mr. Foster called at our cottage home in Beverly, Mass. I was absent at the time, much to my regret. My wife, however, stepped out to his carriage and invited him and his aunt, who accompanied him, to go into the cottage and rest, at the same time asking him how he felt. Without replying, he turned to his aunt, and repeated the question, saying, "*Aunt, how am I?*" He soon after passed peacefully away.

At the obsequies, Mr. W. J. Colville delivered a beautiful and most impressive invocation, which must have brought the minds of all who heard it into close communion with the higher realms of spiritual being. The invocation was followed by an address of singular power and pathos, in which many of the leading traits of Mr. Foster's character and many of his phases of mediumship were most appropriately referred to. In substance the speaker spoke as follows:

"The life of Charles H. Foster is a most valuable and interesting psychological study. He was an

unusual man, as his gifts were unusual. He was extremely sensitive to his every surrounding, and might fitly be compared to an Aeolian harp, which responds at once to every breeze. Such natures are peculiarly apt to suffer and go astray, while they are with equal readiness made responsive to the highest and holiest influences. They cannot be judged by ordinary standards. They belong to the exception—not to the rule—and were they not thus singular, they could not do the special work they were born to accomplish. Chas. H. Foster was a medium for such varied manifestation of spirit-power, that almost every one who went into his presence received something peculiarly applicable to his own condition. His facility in describing spirit-forms and giving tests of spirit-identity was truly marvelous. He was lionized everywhere. Class distinctions in England were all forgotten at the approach of that stupendous mystery of spirit-telegraph which made the learned noblemen bow in the presence of a power mightier than rank, wealth and even death. Mr. Foster's last hours were beautiful to remember. A calm followed the tempest; the skies cleared; the music of the spheres sounded in his ears; spirit-friends kind and wise clustered around his bed, and welcomed him with open arms into their fairest state of being. All the spirits who had been helped by communicating through him, and all the mortals who had been blessed through his grand mediumship, threw upon him the healing beam of grateful thought and bore his spirit aloft on pinions of loving recognition. He has passed to a home in comparison with which all earthly dwellings look poor indeed."

Among the assemblage of friends which filled the house at 14 Williams street, from whence Mr. Foster's spirit took its flight, were the Rev. Fielder Israel, ex-Alderman John B. Bettis of Salem, Abbott Walker of Hamilton, John R. Bassett, Caleb Buffum, and Luther Colby, editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT. His interment occurred at "Harmony Grove Cemetery," Salem, Mass.

Mr. Foster passed to the better land on Dec. 15th, 1885, aged fifty-two years two months and twenty days.
J. JAY WATSON.
255 West 43d street, New York City.

June Magazines.

THE COMING DAY. (London, Eng., Williams & Norgate.)—Editor John Page Hopps, in a brief homily on "The Resurrection," has this to say regarding the growing tendency to adopt spiritual truths:

"What a glorious and delightful hope! There is no death! and this hope [knowledge] will prevail. Even the intense believers in the old creeds are unconsciously breaking away from the old clinging to the body, and are unconsciously, enough, ignoring it. There were remarkable testimonies to this after the death of Mr. Spurgeon. Dr. Angus, at a special service the day before the funeral said: 'To-morrow we shall follow to the grave what is mortal of our leader. What is immortal is not here. And poor Mrs. Spurgeon wrote: "With me it is absolutely necessary that I keep looking up: He is not here, he is risen, is as true of my beloved as of my beloved's Lord. To-day he has been a week in heaven."'"

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.—The delightful serial story, "Out of the Fashion," reaches its conclusion, and new chapters are given of "Formed for Conquest." Mr. Baker contributes a descriptive sketch, "In Picardy and Artois." Three complete stories are given. "An Old Piece of Stitchery" will please ladies, and "Expression in Animals" all readers, old and young. New York: Cassell Pub. Co.

OUR LITTLE ONES.—Of the many fine illustrations, two are specially so, though all are excellent: "The Strawberry Boy" and "Posters." The reading matter is entertaining, and adapted to the comprehension of young minds. Boston: Russell Pub. Co.

THE QUIVER.—The opening article is on "Light-houses, and Those who Attend Them," by G. Holden Pike; the serial "Through Devious Ways," which is getting very exciting, is approaching its last chapters; "Sea Lavender" and "A Corn-Colored Kitten" are pretty stories; other good points are noticeable this month. Cassell Pub. Co., New York.

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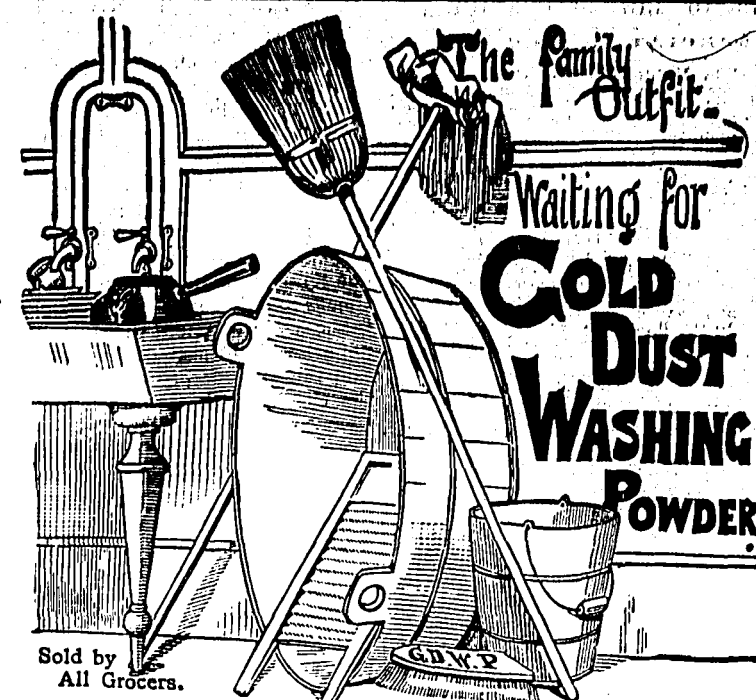
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Colby & Rich, Publishers and Bookstore, 9 Bowditch Street (formerly Montgomery Place), corner of Province Street, Boston, Mass., have for sale a complete assortment of Spiritual, Progressive, Reform and Miscellaneous Books, Tracts, Pamphlets, etc., at the lowest prices. Orders for books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by all or at least half cash. When the money forwarded is insufficient to all the order, the balance must be paid O. O. D. Orders for books to be sent by Mail, must be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. We would remind our patrons that they can remit the fractional part of a dollar in postage stamps—ones and twos preferred. All business operations looking to the sale of books on commission respectfully declined. Any book published in England or America (not out of print) will be sent by mail or express. Subscriptions to the BANNER OF LIGHT and orders for our publications can be sent through the Purchasing Department of the American Express Co. at any place where that Company has an agency. Agents will give a money order receipt for the amount sent, and will forward us the money order, attached to an order to have the paper sent for any stated time, free of charge, except the usual fee for issuing the order, which is 5 cents for any sum under \$5.00. This is the safest method to remit orders.

In quoting from THE BANNER care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of impersonal free thought, but we do not endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance. No notice will be taken of any letter or communication which does not come authenticated by the name and address of the writer. Newspapers sent to this office containing matter for inspection, should be marked by a line drawn around the article or articles.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1892.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

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COLBY & RICH, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

ISAAC B. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER. LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Communications for publication must be addressed to the EDITOR. All business letters should be forwarded to the BUSINESS MANAGER, in order to receive prompt attention.

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

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We have decided to offer those of our patrons, who feel disposed to labor for the extension of the circulation of THE BANNER, a pecuniary incentive, namely: until further notice we will accept Clubs of six yearly subscriptions to the Banner of Light for \$12.00. We ask for the united efforts of all good and true Spiritualists in its aid and our behalf.

Specimen copies will be furnished gratuitously to canvassers and to those who wish to utilize this paper.

COLBY & RICH, Publishers.

Special Notice.

There will be no Public Circle meeting at this office on Friday, the 17th inst.—that being a legal holiday.

Circles will be held as usual on Tuesday, the 21st, and Friday, the 24th. On the last named date will be held the closing Circle of the season—it being the custom of our spirit-band to conclude their yearly work on the last Friday in June.

Due notice of the reopening of these Circles in the fall will appear in these columns.

The Proofs of Progress in Society.

The editor of *The Arena* remarks in the June issue of that independent and progressive monthly, on the new forms which the higher life is finding for manifestation, many of them outside of the boundaries of the organized church. He dwells with satisfaction on the gradually improving conditions of human society. The channels for mutual brotherly aid and sympathy, as he believes and asserts, are being deepened, and the links of interdependence are growing more strong. The word "neighbor" has a broader significance. Selfish limitations are being submerged by the exuberant overflow of the altruistic spirit. The barriers erected by man are melting away, and letting the currents of divine and human love mingle more completely. Man is restless until he finds God, and he so often fails of this because of losing his way among the mazes of scholastic theology. Human systems have only constructed by-ways that lead upward, instead of showing the divine indwelling.

But notwithstanding all the anxiety respecting the great drift and tendency—notwithstanding that poets and mystics and quietists have by a more profound insight excelled the theologians in their interpretations of the divine character—the world is more truly religious to-day than at any time in the past, says the editor of *The Arena*. That divine electricity called love is pulsating more and more through man's nature, and manifesting its redundant energy. It overflows the distinctions of caste, religion, nation and race. There is abundant compensation for the carrying away in the current traditional beliefs and ecclesiastical sanctities, in the unrolling of higher ideals, the vitalizing of thought and character, and the clearing away of the rubbish that has almost hidden the divine lineaments of man's nature. Religious advancement is to be seen in the increased emphasis which is given to those living realities about which men cannot differ.

The Seventeenth of June.

A legal holiday, falls this year on Friday of this week—therefore the BANNER OF LIGHT ESTABLISHMENT will remain closed on that date.

In report of Salem testimonial—page seven—the name of the lady composer should read Miss Rosa McKlen.

Sunday in the Right Light.

The observance of Sunday has never been discussed with such candor and courage since it became a question of general interest as it recently was in a lecture by President Andrews of Brown University to the senior class in that institution. He laid down the proposition in the first place that the basis of the Sabbath obligation does not lie in the sacredness of any given day as opposed to any other day—that there is nothing to be honored in one day, but that a certain proportion of our time is to be honored; that it is plainly taught in the New Testament that the obligation does not arise from the fourth commandment. He said the attitude of Christ was to show that the Old Testament Sabbath was to be done away with. In the New Testament the first day is not given any prominence as a day of rest. There was no command anywhere to refrain from work. Christians carried on their business just the same on the first day of the week as on any other, down to the time of Constantine, though they ceased from work to a great extent on the seventh day.

President Andrews declared the old-fashioned New England Sunday absolutely a creation of man, and not of either the Old or New Testament. The Old Testament Sabbath was a joyous day, its main purpose being rest. The New England Sunday was a crucifixion of the flesh. The speaker confessed that it came near making him an infidel. It was, he said, the devil's day to him, rather than the Lord's day. He said repression is not Christianity. Puritanism was a dreadfully narrow manifestation of Christianity, and we are suffering from it now. The Sabbath never was meant to be a sort of mustard plaster to torment mankind.

The only obligation to observe the Sabbath, said President Andrews, comes from the proved usefulness of its observance. If it had not been found to be useful, it would never have been retained. Men, brutes and machinery can do more work, and do it better, in six days than in seven. Its observance increases the closeness and blessing of family life. It is the only day on which the working-man can be at home with wife and children. It is the only day on which many can find time for reading and reflection.

As to the proper observance of Sunday, President Andrews said the primary thought is rest. It is a duty for such as can devote Sunday to spiritual uses, but they should not enforce such uses on others. We have no right, said he, to inhibit by law any of those who wish to go down the bay on Sunday. All art galleries and free libraries should be open on Sunday, and those who object to this do not know what poverty is; and just so long as ministers object to such things, they will gain no hold on the laboring people. This is just the class they fail to reach, while on the contrary they were just the ones that Christ did get hold of.

It was on these grounds that President Andrews advocated the opening of the World's Fair on Sundays, but not all day. He would have it opened at noon for the rest of the day. It might not be well to have the machinery department open, but all the art galleries and everything of that nature should be open by all means. To his student auditors he said we should teach the real value of this observance, and not go back to the fourth commandment. We should teach the necessity of breaking up the ordinary round of labor. And we should secure such observance in all legitimate ways. We should preach, visit the sick, do good to others, and do anything and everything to elevate ourselves and mankind.

Now all this, coming at the present time from a Baptist clergyman and the head of one of the oldest educational institutions of the country, is liberal beyond the speaker's sect or profession. It is spoken most opportunely, too, when this Sunday question is opened by the World's Fair discussion. It is in touch with the tendencies of the time, and spoken by one who possesses the ability to vindicate his views and maintain his position.

Able Arraignment of the Vaccination Humbug.

As all THE BANNER readers know, Wm. Tebb, Esq., of London, Eng., has been for years the "Moses" of the anti-vaccination cause in Great Britain, and every reason exists to predict that the earnest and self-devoting efforts of this gentleman and his coadjutors in England will win the fight, eventually, against medical bigotry and official stupidity alike—so that the practice of imparting disease to healthy persons by law, and against their solemn protest, will be swept away by the rising tide of an awakened national conscience. As an example of the clear-cut style in which Mr. Tebb shows up this medico-legal monstrosity, we copy from the *St. James's Gazette* (London), of May 27th, '92, the following resolute epistle to vaccination, which carries with it its own lesson, and ought to arouse alike the attention and abhorrence of the thoughtful everywhere, regarding this pestilential relic of "therapeutic" barbarism:

The Interim Report of the Royal Commission on Vaccination.

To the Editor of the *St. James's Gazette*:

Sir: Having devoted much personal attention to this important question during a period of more than twenty years, and read the comments in the *St. James's Gazette*, may I venture to ask permission to state my views in your columns at this particular juncture? Surprise has been expressed in certain journals at the condemnation of the existing laws by the Commission on two particular points: 1. The practice of cumulative penalties for non-vaccination; 2. The punishment of recalcitrants as malefactors. This surprise could hardly have been experienced by those who have taken the trouble to read the evidence presented to the Commission, or by those who are cognizant of the accumulation of facts showing the failure and evils of the Jennerian system. It would occupy too much of your space to go into the details of this many-sided question; but I may observe that the fundamental basis upon which the Vaccination Laws were originally established has, in this latest inquiry, been completely overturned:

(a) That vaccination is an absolute protection against smallpox. This protection was promised by the promoters of the Vaccination Bill of 1853, upon the unanimous opinion of the entire medical profession; and when further powers were demanded in 1867 to render the law more stringent, Lord Robert Montagu, who introduced the bill, reaffirmed the original promise, and declared it to be absolutely certain that after vaccination no person should ever be attacked by smallpox. It is almost needless to say that no director of a smallpox hospital, none of the official witnesses before the Royal Commission, no member of that Commission, nor any well-informed physician, holds this view of vaccination at the present time. The utmost that is now claimed is, that smallpox is mitigated by vaccination; but, inasmuch as no one can tell into which of the several varieties of smallpox a particular unvaccinated case would develop, it is obvious that scientific evidence on the point is unobtainable.

(b) The second dictum of the founders of the vac-

ination laws was that the operation is of a benign character, and free from peril. Hundreds of pages of evidence have been brought before the present Commission to show that loathsome and incurable diseases, including leprosy, have been introduced into healthy persons at the point of the lancet, and it cannot be doubted that, if these facts had been known forty years ago, the Compulsory Law, which was enacted without previous inquiry, could never have been passed.

The concessions unanimously recommended by the Commission, though gladly accepted, will, allow me to say, affect only a small minority of the opponents of vaccination. The insurrection in Kelghley, Leicester, and other places where the law has for some years been a dead letter—and where vaccination is almost obsolete—has been carried on against a single plea for non-vaccination. One representative witness after another, after testifying to the sinister results of vaccination in their families, have declared before the Commission that, no matter what the final decision of the Commission may be, no amount of coercion will ever induce them to submit their children to the like perils again.

The interim report admits that many of the recalcitrants who have undergone criminal punishment are well-conducted and in other respects law-abiding citizens. *Coercion is, therefore, the attempt to crush out the honest convictions of good men by means of physical force.* Such attempts have failed in the past with Quakers, Catholics, and Jews, as well as with anti-vaccinators. At any rate, the indefeasible right of a parent to protect his defenseless offspring from danger remains; it existed before Acts of Parliament, and will survive them. The struggle against the law will be maintained with swelling numbers until permanent deliverance is secured.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant, WILLIAM TEBB.

Devonshire Club, St. James's, May 25th.

Stebbins on Hypnotism.

We republish from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* in our present issue the very concise and truthful statement from the pen of Giles B. Stebbins in regard to the position of the medical faculty concerning the laws of mesmerism—latterly called hypnotism. This article should be written in letters of gold, that all might clearly read its lines and become enlightened upon a subject of grave import. It forces the truth so plainly into the faces of the diploma doctors in the different States, that we should think it would cause them to blush with shame at the contemplation of their own weaknesses.

Thousands have been hurried into the spirit-world through the practical ignorance of the so-called medical school in regard to hygienic laws. Spiritualism through its inspired teachers is trying to correct the abuses visited in this line upon human beings through the "bookishness" and superstition of the past. Thanks to the Spirit of Progress that is abroad, a new and glorious light is dawning upon the world, and medical monopoly and power are beginning to wane.

The "Good Time Coming."

Unlike St. Paul, we believe woman has equal rights with man, in all that goes to make up humanity; and that she should stand at the right hand of man his equal—and will, when selfishness and its kindred vices shall have become things of the past. We do not expect to live on this mundane sphere when that glorious epoch shall arrive, but the world of spirits is working with tremendous power to bring about this auspicious result.

With our knowledge of the past, the present, and the future, we have not the least doubt that the inhabitants of the celestial world have the power to right all wrong; that wars will cease, and that the whole human family will walk hand and hand with the immortals.

When the peoples of earth shall become clairvoyant, clairaudient, clairvolent; when kings shall not rule by misnamed "divine right"; when "priestcraft" shall be unknown; when all human beings shall become their own kings, their own queens, and their own priests: Then the MILLENNIUM, so long foretold by seers, will become a glorious reality.

There are people in this world hard to satisfy under all and every circumstance, no matter how honestly and carefully you answer their queries. A certain class of professed Spiritualists are no exception. Indeed, they are oftentimes more hypercritical than those who are simply investigators. We are induced to make these remarks solely in consequence of (as a specimen) an episode that recently occurred in our counting-room. A gentlemanly-looking individual called, and inquired of one of our clerks for information as to "who was the best medium in the city to consult." The clerk politely handed him quite a number of cards, with the remark that such-and-such were considered good mediums. At length the individual said, "Can you give me Mrs. Floyd's address?" The clerk quietly answered, "No, sir; that medium does not advertise her locality, nor inform us where she resides, therefore we are unable to give you the information desired." Soon afterward the chief clerk came in, when the said individual accosted him. The clerk went to his desk, and took therefrom a memorandum-book containing many addresses of individual Spiritualists, but he could not find Mrs. Floyd's address therein. Then the individual remarked, "The other man refused to examine that book," etc. Our clerk, who is a reliable young man, informs us that no such refusal was made.

This episode leads us to suggest to all our public mediums—whether they advertise or not—to leave their addresses at this office, for reference, in order that our clerks may not be censured, as they often are, without the slightest cause. It should be understood that we are always willing, and so are our clerks, to accommodate every one who calls at our office for information in regard to the localities of mediums in this city, or elsewhere.

We are pained to note a statement in the latest number of *London Light* to the effect that W. Stainton Moses (M. A. Oxon), its talented editor, has been smitten with an affliction of the eyes—much the same as was the late Prof. Henry Kiddle. He still continues at his post by the aid of friendly amanuenses, readers, etc. We trust he may yet be able to surmount this sad condition, and be restored to his old-time self again. Spiritualism has too few workers of his stamp among its editors to spare even one from the number.

We shall print in our next issue the full report, made specially for THE BANNER, of an able address delivered by Miss S. Lizzie Ewen, of Portsmouth, N. H., at New Bedford, Mass., titled "Spiritualism: What It Is Doing, and Is Destined to Do."

Our thanks are returned to S. M. Pearson, Stratham, N. H., Mrs. Farnsworth of Connecticut and Mrs. S. M. Ingraham, Windsor, Vt., for offerings of flowers for our Free Circle-Room table.

True and Deserved Recognition.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Oneonta, N. Y., in appreciation of the services of our and their friend, Mr. George H. Smith, editor of the *Evening News* of that place, have presented him with a book by Henry Drummond: "The Greatest Thing in the World," with suitable sentiments inscribed on the fly-leaf. These ladies present the book because its sentiment expresses their thoughts to him better than they believe they could do it otherwise—conscious that it supplies the motive power of his work, and feeling that he has been given his present responsible position in order that he may do great things in love.

His reply in the *Evening News* is cordial and grateful. He says that unless fallen creatures are helped on this side of life, they will inevitably carry their infirmities with them to the other shore. Knowing this to be the fact, he feels inspired with greater power for their salvation now. It is our manifest duty, he adds, as it certainly is to our benefit, to look on the bright side of all things at all times. This fits us better to endure the darker side, if not to dissipate its shadows altogether. We are under all circumstances to make the best of everything. It is the only safe and healthy rule to go by, and the only one that can bring us even the smallest measure of the happiness we are all in quest of.

"Few know until they have tried the experiment [says Editor and Brother Smith] what tranquil delight steals through the being from having made an effort and sacrifice to right another's wrong, to help carry another's heavy burden, to share another's sorrow, by the proffer of active sympathy. We are made social beings by nature for that very purpose. It is that which expands and enriches our lives and furnishes our natures with the resources of growth. How much easier, too, to speak the gentle word that brings peace and rest to others, to carry comfort to the afflicted and distressed, to show charity and love to the erring and vicious, to make roses bloom around us where noxious weeds would otherwise grow. The gladness which this spirit brings to one is incomparably deeper and more satisfying than any of the joys of sense and the delights of selfishness. And we then find neither time nor opportunity to become sour or disappointed, while life has no shadows which we cannot drive away."

Vacation Time.

The blazing summer is with us at last! To save doctors' bills, undertakers' fees, and expenses for cemetery lots, take your folks to the seashore, the mountains, etc. Among these resorts Maranacook Lake, in Maine, seventy miles beyond Portland, affords superior advantages; there you can inhale the purest, coolest, breeziest air, sniff the fragrance of the woods, and enjoy the music of the happy birds.

While in the country the very best paper to peruse is the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Those of our readers who may wish to combine extended phenomenal investigation, communion with spirit-friends, and the listening to eloquent and thoughtful discourses, with the ordinary pleasures of country and seaside life, should look over our List of Spiritualist Camp-Meetings, where they will find mention of many popular resorts which offer all the advantages just named.

Notice.

The picnic of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Boston will be held at Downer's Landing on Wednesday, June 22d. Tickets for sale at the boat. All Spiritualists are invited. See Boston papers for boat time of leaving wharf.

Dr. H. B. Storer, the President of the Onset Bay Association of Spiritualists, in alluding, some time since, to the subject of materialization—about which there has been so much controversy, pro and con.—truly said:

"Do we value these manifestations simply because they gratify the curiosity, or, under favorable circumstances, our affections? This is incidental. Personal affection is important, and curiosity is well enough; but the most important object in investigating this phase is to learn whether spirit is that vague and shadowy stuff of which dreams are made, or whether it is in reality a potent force, whose elements may be combined for a definite purpose, and shaded down from their spiritual fineness into the coarse and dense condition that characterizes the elements of matter. Not alone materialization, but phenomena of every kind, are only valuable because of their power to instruct us. They are the object lessons by which we are to arrive at a knowledge of the truth."

The President of the English Spiritualist Alliance in 1885, when promulgating his ideas for an International Confederation of Spiritualists, urged all to "ensure, if possible, tender, delicate and careful treatment of our mediums as instruments, the accuracy and value of which largely depend on the treatment to which they are subjected. We must see to it that our circles are so guarded as to be inaccessible to the merely ignorant, who desires only to air his ignorance and not to diminish his stock by acquiring knowledge; to the prejudiced, who only cherishes his prejudices; to the mere wonder-hunter, who has no higher motive than a shallow curiosity to know what this new thing may be."

The good friends in spirit-life who take a deep interest in our welfare, often bring us words of cheer, as well as strengthening influences, and assure us that, notwithstanding the inharmones which selfishness often engenders, we shall continue to successfully carry on the good work which we have been delegated to perform for many years, until our mission on earth is completed; and when it is, we shall look back with satisfaction from our home in spirit-life, knowing that we have not lived in vain.

Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace of England, in his recent letter to Mrs. Besant, the theosophist, shows how a true Spiritualist should stick by his guns, and seek only to learn more about, and show how humanity can be benefited through a right interpretation of our facts. We endorse Prof. Wallace's views in toto. We do not want the cream of Spiritualism adulterated with the skim-milk of Theosophy. We have been over the whole ground repeatedly with Mr. Olcott, Madame Blavatsky and others.

Augustus Russ, Esq.—a prominent member of the Boston bar—who recently passed to spirit-life from this city, was a legal gentleman who to great professional acumen added genial personal qualities which endeared him to all. THE BANNER publishers have long known him in a business capacity, and fully endorse the many and well-merited tributes to his memory which his associates and others have so freely and tenderly bestowed.

During the months of June, July and August the Banner of Light Bookstore will close at 5 P. M. each day, and on Saturdays at 2 P. M. Advertisements intended for the seventh page of THE BANNER must be at the office on Saturday of each week before 1 o'clock.

Phenomena—from the Daily Press.

Clairvoyance in Church.

On the morning of May 30th, Mrs. Dufort, an elderly French woman, while walking on the tracks of the Old Colony Railroad at Fitchburg, Mass., was struck by a train and instantly killed.

On the evening of that day she presented herself to one of her former neighbors, a Mrs. Deaudin, who, to a reporter of the *Afton* of that city, said:

"The first thing I knew I felt a hand on my wrist. I stopped rocking, and was so frightened that I dared not move. Then I heard my name, Emma, called in French. I recognized the voice as that of Mrs. Dufort's. Looking up from whence the voice came I asked, 'Is that you, Mrs. Dufort?' The answer came back clear and distinct 'Yes.' I was greatly frightened and started to leave my seat; to turn away. The hand pressed my wrist, and at the same time I was told in assuring tones to stop and not be frightened, as she would not harm me. She then told me to go and join the crowd that was watching over her and kneel down and pray, and it would end her sufferings, saying, 'You know I have died without seeing my children.' For my sake kiss them for me.' That was all I heard."

Being asked if she had heard or seen anything since then she replied:

"Yes, in the church during the funeral services last Wednesday morning. I was sitting in a pew during the obsequies, when I saw a hand, Mrs. Dufort's, raised over the coffin, beckoning to me. It attracted me so that Dr. Jandron of Worcester, who sat near me, had to assist me from the church."

Children Rescued Through a Vision.

Two boys, Leo and Max, respectively four and one-half and three years old, children of Mr. and Mrs. Karnow, residing at 78 Sixth Avenue, New York, were missing from their home on Tuesday last week. The father made strenuous search, but failed to find them. He finally reported the matter to police headquarters, and hoping that the children would be picked up, waited at the station until morning; then, upon reaching home, he found his wife pacing the floor in agony. At his urgent request she lay down at near daylight for rest. At six o'clock he was about to renew his efforts to find his children, and was about to leave, when his wife called him in an unnatural tone of voice, and going to her, he found she had risen, and was nervously dressing herself.

"Papa," she said, simply, "baby is crying for me. Don't you hear him? He's locked in the closet of the vacant house across the way. Leo is holding him."

Though having no confidence in his wife's vision, to humor her he led the way to the vacant rooms. An examination of the second and third floors revealed nothing, but on the fourth floor they heard the cry, coming from a closet: "Mamma! Papa! I want drink."

The spring latch was thrown back. In another moment little Max was in his mother's arms. Sure enough, his elder brother, Leo, had been holding and consoling him through the long night.

They had suffered greatly, and in another half day would have died. Leo assisted himself out, but little Max did not stir till his mother took hold of him. It was some time before he revived.

The children, says *The World*, had been playing in the vacant rooms, and went into the closet, thoughtlessly closing the door after them. The spring latch caught, and they were prisoners.

Anonymous Advice.

Some no doubt well intentioned, but anonymous, party in this city has just vouchsafed to us his opinion by letter as to how a spiritualistic newspaper should be edited.

We do not object to his stating his views, but must inform him, with thanks, that our experience—continued for over fifty years—ought "to stand us in hand" in the present crisis. We would further inform him that at the early age of twenty years we edited a paper, and have been in the editorial mill ever since.

We never went to college, but got our education in a printing-office, which has supplied this country with better and more competent editors than any literary institution extant. "From the case" to the editorial room" has been the motto, and still is, of men who know how to successfully edit newspapers.

Our partner in THE BANNER, Mr. Rich, was a practical printer; that is what makes him a successful business man. Mr. John W. Day, our editorial associate, was a practical printer, and therefore is a practical editor. The late B. P. Shillaber (our personal friend), the noted editor and author, was a printer, and set type with us on the Boston Post many years ago; and it gives us much pleasure to add, that the dozen composers on *The Post* in that day, under the excellent editor and practical printer, Col. Charles G. Greene, subsequently became editors of papers in different parts of the country!

Our anonymous adviser, above alluded to, will therefore do well to deliver his advice to parties of less experience in the editorial field.

Queen Victoria

Became the sovereign of Great Britain when she was a lovely girl of eighteen summers. History points to no ruler who has had a more prosperous reign. Prince Albert, her husband, was a noble man, a friend of the United States, and at heart a Spiritualist. After he passed to spirit life he controlled many times Mrs. J. H. Conant, THE BANNER medium, in private. He always averred that if he could only have her in England, he had no doubt that he would convince the Queen at once of his presence by communicating facts only known to himself and her. We have not the least doubt the statements of the Prince were true, as he gave us many points in regard to both countries, which were always in the interest of peace.

The Bell and the Duke.—A curious coincidence with regard to the death of the late Duke of Clarence has, it is said, come under the notice of the London correspondent of the *Manchester Courier*. It is as follows: There is a superstition that when "Big Ben," the clock at Westminster, strikes irregularly at midnight, evil will befall the Royal House within three months. At twelve o'clock on the night of Nov. 14th, the members of a political club within a stone's throw of the Houses of Parliament were astonished to hear the quarter chimes sounding simultaneously with the hour strokes, and to note that "Big Ben" struck thirteen times. The event was commented on, and the day being a critical one in the illness of Prince George, his name was—happily incorrectly—associated with the evil omen. Twelve weeks after, to the very day, his elder brother died.

"Discovery Day."—America, it seems, is about to supplement her other holidays with one, the objects of which are clearly set forth in the above words. It is announced as quite probable that the bill which has been passed by the House of Representatives, making the 12th of next October a legal holiday, will become a law. By it the President is directed to issue a proclamation recommending the observance of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, and the public schools of the country are especially designated as suitable places for the public demonstrations which shall be made. The opportunity which will be afforded to inculcate American principles, a love for American institutions, in short, to make it a great American day, is a splendid one.

Condition—not Place.—While Swedenborg's language is, generally, to the last degree laden with theological terms and similitudes, we submit that the following excerpt (stripped of these exorcises) carries with it the same lesson which the returning spirits of our modern day so emphatically proclaim: *i. e.*, that heaven is a condition rather than a location: The Lord is in heaven, not only in common to all, but also in particular to each individual there; for every angel is a heaven in its least form; and from as many heavens as there are angels, heaven in common exists.—(*Divine Providence*, Worcester.)

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH contains No. 5 of "Talks with Dr. Mandeville," the subject of nerves being continued; "Emetics" and their utility; "Lumbago," and its remedies; "Offensive Breath," and methods of treatment; "The Sunday Question," etc. New York: 340 West 30th street.

"My Beautiful Elm," a sterling poem contributed to THE BANNER by MRS. EMMA ROD TUTTLE, will appear in our next issue. It will bring a sympathetic tear to many a mother's eye.

Sunday, June 12th, Rev. M. J. Savage delivered, in the Church of the Unity, Boston, a sermon (the last before the summer vacation) on "The Temporal and Eternal," wherein he held the ground that the unseen world is the only real one, and that substance is but the shadow of the everlasting. We hope to revert to this eloquent discourse at a later date.

A report of the spirit's answer to a very important question may be found on our sixth page: in regard to physical sensation in an amputated leg or arm, going to prove that the spirit limbs are intact, and are acted on by the nervous centres. We have known this to be a fact for years.

A Philadelphia doctor refused to leave his breakfast table in answer to a call, so the daily press says, even after he was told that it was a matter of life or death. The woman died, and yet there is no punishment for the doctor. But if it was not criminal neglect, what is?

Spirit Joseph P. Hazard, late of Peacedale, R. I., reported at our Public Circle June 7th. His remarks will appear on our sixth page in due course.

Donations

IN AID OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLIC FREE CIRCLE MEETINGS.

Amounts received since last acknowledgment:
Mrs. C. W. Whitney, 50 cts.; Mrs. H. M. Hannah, 50 cts.; John H. Allen, 50 cts.; C. J. Crosby, \$2.50; J. C. Brown, 50 cts.; Mrs. J. V. Bean, Jr., \$1; Menivia Carter, 50 cts.; Ed. S. Varney, \$1.85; M. W. Bailey, 50 cts.; Smith Cook, 50 cts.; Martha Tisdale, 50 cts.

On our eighth page will be found a brief abstract of the reply made by Walter Howell to Rev. Madison C. Peters' recent bigoted onslaught on Spiritualism. At time of going to press we are in receipt of a note from Mr. Howell, for which we have room only in outline. Mr. Howell complains, with justice, that the New York Herald afforded good space to the Rev. P., but refused to give the other side a hearing; which we would remark parenthetically is the "regular" course which the self-sufficient daily press of the entire country—with some honorable exceptions—continues to follow in the premises.

"I think [says Mr. Howell] that any paper opening its columns to an attack upon any phenomena and philosophy should, in all fairness, give us an equal space for a courteous and intelligent reply. This *Herald* did not do. I offered them an article answering the Rev. Peters, which the editor declined without explanation. Other papers have been impudently, but without success up to the present date.

Reported—at Last!—Unlike the Harvard College Committee, or later, the Seybert Commission on Spiritualism, the Johnston (Pa.) relief commission has just finished its work and rendered a definite account. The sum of nearly \$3,000,000 was disbursed in caring for the victims of the flood, burying the dead and restoring the town. The great deluge occurred three years ago the 31st of May.

Book Borrowers.—A writer in *Loudon Graphic* rightly characterizes this class in the community as being "generally lazy people, who will not take the trouble to go and buy a book for themselves if they can get it from a friend for nothing. I really do not see," he says, "why a man should lend his books, any more than he should lend his chairs or his dining-room table."

A LARGE FACTOR of the sales in the fine china stores in June is for bridal gifts and engagement cups and saucers. Jones, McDuffee & Stratton's exhibit this June exceeds that of any previous one. Their cut glass department and lamp department are particularly interesting to admirers of the beautiful.

Decorations Day was fittingly observed in Middletown, N. Y., by a parade, and an eloquent oration by Hon. Luther R. Marsh. *The Orange County Press* says: "The address was a masterpiece of oratory—proper and fitting in every respect for the day and the occasion."

F. W. Smith writes us from Rockland, Me.: "There is a grand field here for a good clairvoyant healer or speaker. Who will help us to get one? It must be a man of good moral character."

A Children's Progressive Lyceum is about to be organized at Sumnerland, Cal.

Do not fool with Indigestion. Take BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Spiritualist Camp-Meetings for 1892.

The season of out-of-door gatherings on the part of the believers in the New Dispensation is now drawing nigh; and the reader will find subjoined a list of the localities and time of session where such convocations are to be held.

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

Lake Brady, O.—The Ohio Confederation of Spiritualists will dedicate this new spiritual resort on Sunday, July 24th, 1892. The expenses for the summer will begin July 24th, and continue until Aug. 28th.

Cassadaga, N. Y.—The Thirteenth Annual Summer Assembly of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association, Lily Dale, Chautauque County, N. Y., will continue from July 24th to Aug. 28th.

Onset Bay, Mass.—The opening day will be June 19th.

Liberal, Mo.—The Second Annual Camp Meeting of the Liberal Spiritual Association commences Aug. 20th, and closes Sept. 10th.

Denver, Col.—A Spiritualist Camp Meeting will be opened at Taylor Park for the first two weeks in September—perhaps to continue to the 30th.

Hastlet Park, Mich.—The Hastlet Park Association will hold its Tenth Annual Camp Meeting from July 24th to Aug. 28th.

Olustee, Fla.—The meeting at this place will open July 31st and close Aug. 28th.

Chesterfield, Ind.—The next camp-meeting will commence July 21st, and continue to Aug. 15th.

St. Paul, Minn.—The Northwestern Spiritualist Association will hold a camp-meeting beginning July 1st and continue over Sunday, July 24th.

Sumnerland, Cal.—The camp meeting will be held from Sept. 11th to Oct. 2d.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.—The annual camp-meeting will be held July 24th to Aug. 28th, inclusive.

Verona Park, Mo.—The tenth annual Camp Meeting commences Aug. 14th, and closes Aug. 28th. Matilda H. Oshing, Secretary.

Sunapee Lake, N. H.—The meeting this season will commence Sunday, July 31st, and close Aug. 28th. Jane D. Churchill, Secretary.

Queen City, Pa.—The meetings at this camp ground in Burlington, commence July 31st and close Sept. 4th.

Pine Banks Grove, Malden, Mass.—Spiritualist meetings will continue every Sunday during the season. [These are not connected with any other out-door meetings in this vicinity.] Dodge & Logan, Chelsea, Mass.

Temple Heights, Me.—The Tenth Annual Camp Meeting commences Aug. 12th and closes Aug. 21st. G. H. Rich, President; F. O. Gould, Secretary.

The Cleveland (O.) Lyceum Annual Grove Meeting will take place Sunday, June 20th, at Lake Brady.

Devil's Lake, Mich.—July 28th to Aug. 28th.

FOR NERVOUS EXHAUSTION USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE. Dr. H. C. McCoy, Algona, Ia., says: "I have used it in cases of dyspepsia, nervous exhaustion and weakness, with pleasant results. It is a tonic of great service in depressed condition of the system resulting from biliary derangement."

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

THE FIELD OF MIND.
Honor him whose hands are sowing
Seed for harvest in their time!
Reverence those whose thoughts are growing
Up to ultimate sublime.
In the state that waits the turning
Of some curious hand, from light,
Fiery atoms may be burning
That would fill the world with light.
Let us, then, in reverence bowing,
Honor most of all mankind,
Such as keep their great thoughts plowing
Deepset in the field of mind. —*Alta Cary.*

When you hear persons condemn the bridge that has been the means of conveying them to success in material life—they having no further use for it—set such down as extremely selfish individuals, who would sacrifice their best friends in order to secure pecuniary gain.

Whatever contradicts my senses I fail to see, and never can believe. —*Rosamond.*
Such is justly the wise man's position if unbiased reason "at headquarters" is allowed to coördinate the reports which the outposts of the senses render to the sensorium.

SEASONABLE!
A base ball flew o'er the fields one day,
A tennis ball passed near by;
"Why, where are you flying so fast away?"
The tennis ball paused to cry:
"A pitcher brought me to this," he said,
"A temperance one, at that."
He hurried forth with an aching head—
"I've just come off the bat."

Then the tennis ball laughed in a boisterous way,
As though he would burst his jacket;
"Then here we part, I'm sorry to say,
For I'm going off on a racket."
—*New York Evening Sun.*

"Old Boy" entreates the Boston Transcript to tell him where he can obtain a copy of some of the old time school books, such as "Lovel's United States Speaker," etc. No doubt in the callow days of his youth, when bathing was fine and fishing superb, this same individual wriggled in the school harness, and was confident the "Old Boy" had a hand in the making up all text books whatsoever!

It is a sad weakness in us that the thought of a man's dead hallow him anew to us; as if life were not sacred, too. —*George Eliot.*

Who builds on less than Man's Interior Shrine,
Doth cheat himself the while of Truth and Love Divine! —*F. N. P.*

Cape Hattien, Haiti.

A plan is on the tapis to establish a regular line of American steamers to Europe—the ships to start from an eastern point of Long Island and touch at the nearest point of land east of the Atlantic. Connection from New York and London to the points of arrival and departure will be by rapid railway trains. The ocean transit will thus be made in much less time than heretofore.

COMING—BUT NOT HERE!
Oh! the good time is a comin', and I hope to see it start.
When the sermon and doxology won't be so far apart;
An' the chap with the collection box won't strike one piece of tin,
An' they'll get a man to glory without whippin' of him!

It will be with us some day,
For we kinder hear it hummin',
But it's mighty far away,
An' it's mighty long a-comin'!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Even burglars should read the newspapers. A Pittsburgh "cracker" recently broke into a bank just after it had failed.

One of the graduates of the Boston University School of Medicine, James Richard Cooke, is totally blind, yet he has taken his degree of M. D. with exceptional honors. He is considered as one of the brightest of the members of the class of '92. —*The Boston News.*

Dr. Cooke has been a Spiritualist medium for a number of years—and that's how and why! Bro. News.

The strife of life
Is ever life;
This fact is sad to know,
When will mankind
Become refined?
Does anybody know?

ORAL, NOT WRITTEN.—You want a job in my store, hey? Have you any recommendations from your last employer, my boy, and one of the Simpons? "Nuttin' in writ!" But he said he was very glad to part with me. —*Chicago Tribune.*

H. L. Green, editor of the *Freethinkers' Magazine*, has brought out a new edition of the "Bruno Monument" picture, and has materially reduced the price. Address him at Buffalo, N. Y.

A STRANGE VERMINT—City Politician (Genially)
—Howdy do! Glad to see you. What is the Fox Popin' in your neighborhood just now? "Farmer Bumpkin"—"We don't know what it is, but we're goin' to have a big hunt to-morrow an' try to capture the blamed thing. I killed eighteen chickens for me, an' I call for John Horvack and one of the Simpons to help me. We think the varmint escaped from the circus that was over at Dinkeyville day before yesterday." —*Ex.*

JUNE.
[Stanza Two.]
Her eyes are deep as heaven's blue,
Now languishing, now laughing;
Now whispering: Oh, be true, be true—
And now divinely chaffing!
The dimple in her milk-white chin,
So like the foot of a white swan,
A pit they all might tumble in,
And be done for—her lovers.

Moses Hull writes to inform us that his loss by fire was not near so great as was supposed; the most of his magazine and nearly all of his book plates came out of the fire unscathed. The printing-office and bindery are very large concerns, and everything in them went with the flames except Mr. Hull's property. Mr. Hull quotes and believes the text, "And he shall give his angels charge concerning thee."

Prof. Huxley thus sums up his aims of life:
"To promote the increase of natural knowledge, and to forward the application of scientific methods of investigation to all the problems of life, in the conviction that there is no alleviation for the suffering of mankind, except veracity of thought and of action, and the resultant feeling of the world as it is when the garment of make-believe, by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features, is stripped off."

Archdeacon Farrar says there is room only for two more monuments in Westminster Abbey, and this space is reserved for those to Gladstone and Tennyson.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank or title a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And ample pleasures that always please,
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
And share its joys with a genial glow,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

The late Dr. C. Denmore is credited by one of our correspondents with the suggestion that editors are the true doctors for pen difficulties, and can heal these infirmities even more effectually than the doctors do physical maladies.

Letter from Miss Judson.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:
The Rubicon is passed, and the bridges are burned behind me. In other words, I have given up my home in Minneapolis, Minn., and am fairly engaged in the literary work that my guides have given me to do. May 22d I spoke for the grandest cause in the universe in River Falls, Wis., May 20th in Ellsworth, Wis.; June 6th, in Hudson, Wis.; June 12th in Red Wing.

Everywhere I find earnest Spiritualists, who welcome me to their homes and hearts, aid me in securing a hall, and putting notices for the local papers; and invite their church friends and neighbors to come and hear the good news.

"That the so-called dead are living,
That there is no endless hell."
With best wishes for the dear BANNER—long may it wave—I am,
Yours for pure Spiritualism,
Red Wing, Minn. —*ABBY A. JUDSON.*

CAMP NOTES.

Opening Day at Onset.

Do not forget to enjoy a June day at Onset next Sunday, June 19th. Tickets, round trip from Boston, \$1.75, good Saturday, Sunday and Monday. Public services on Sunday morning and afternoon.

The publications of Messrs. Colby & Rich, spiritual books and papers, will be for sale at the bookstore in the Headquarters Building during the season. Be sure to register your name there on arrival, and get your inquiries about rooms, board, etc., answered by the intelligent lady in charge.

Cassadaga, N. Y.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

The annual picnic of the O. L. F. A. convened yesterday for a three days' session. Despite the many disasters in our vicinity by flood and fire, and the naturally depressing effect of the same, there was a goodly attendance, and the hope and encouragement which our demonstrated philosophy alone can give, beamed upon every face, like sunshine through clouds.

The extension of the Auditorium not being completed we assembled in Library Hall. Chairman H. D. Barrett opened the session by a few well-chosen and earnest words of greeting—speaking of the changes that have come to each individual soul during the year which has passed on swift wings, bringing together again we are aware of its light. Who adjust us to life our banners, higher, and to see to it that the coming year be a successful one in the interests of truth and spiritual growth.

Our revered co-worker, Mrs. H. T. Stearns, gave an invocation which expressed the out-reaching of an earnest soul toward the good and the true, and to a full realization of the fraternal relationship and coöperation of the two worlds—the seen and the unseen. Mr. John T. Little sang "My Angel Friends Are Near" in a manner so soulful and touching that it brought tears to many eyes.

Mrs. R. S. Little gave the discourse of the afternoon, telling words of greeting from the other side of life, expressing thankfulness that through all the disasters, disease and afflictions of the past year we had been spared to return to this centre—this spiritual home to which souls on both sides of life had been looking forward as a gateway opened to increased power and possibility of spiritual growth. She was speaking of the two worlds—the seen and the unseen. These larger gatherings being as quickening showers, bringing forth abundant blossoms and fruitage.

We have been taught to believe in a God—in an overruling power who orders the affairs and events of the universe. We have been shocked and startled by the agonies and throes of the past, which no human intelligence could foretell or avert, and have been led to ask for a solution of this problem of life, why and wherefore?

There are guardian souls, why are they not able to avert these terrible events? It is only from the spirit side of life—a comprehension of the laws of cause and effect that the cleansing, purifying process of these upheavals can be understood. There have been the sequence of natural law, can be perceived; and when we can look confidently to the continued life beyond, that we can say "Father, thy will be done."

This line of thought was amplified by many illustrations. To-day, the radiant light of the present forward in the promulgation of the truths which have gladdened our own souls, and to lift the dark clouds which are hanging over the souls of others of earth's children.

To-day, the radiant light of the present forward in the promulgation of the truths which have gladdened our own souls, and to lift the dark clouds which are hanging over the souls of others of earth's children. The annual meeting of the Cassadaga Lake Political Equality Club was held last night for the lecture, Mrs. Mary Ramsdell was duly elected as President of the same for the ensuing year. Mrs. May Corvill, Vice-President, and Mr. H. D. Barrett, Secretary. This Club has done excellently in the line of study of political equality, and subjects necessary to the intelligent use of the ballot.

In the evening a dramatic entertainment was given by Lily Dale amateurs, led by Prof. and Mrs. Simpson. The drama was entitled: "The Rose and Shamrock." Charles Willard, Frank A. New, Prof. W. Mansfield, Ed. Griswold, Prof. H. D. Barrett, Geo. Allen, Ernest Wilcox, Hattie Graham, Miss Kate Peate and Miss Libbie Turner were the actors of the different characters.

To-day (Saturday) conference was held in the forenoon, and was entered into with much spirit by Mrs. Stearns, Mr. Sprague, Mrs. M. A. Leslie, Mrs. Little, Mrs. Carpenter, Lyman C. Howe and others. Mrs. R. S. Little spoke this afternoon to a goodly number of attentive listeners. Calling for a theme for a closing poem, Mr. Lyman C. Howe proposed "Denton" as the subject, than which nothing could have been more opportune. It called out Mrs. Little's best gifts of inspiration, and was indeed the crowning success of the day.

The Auditorium has been enlarged, the hotel improved, and many other improvements made in the grounds—sanitary measures, etc.—some particulars of which will be given THE BANNER later.

Mrs. R. S. Little and Lyman C. Howe are to speak to-morrow.

Notwithstanding the many hindrances and sickness among the people who have usually assembled here, the numbers in attendance have been nearly as great as last year. —*GLENN.*
June 11th, 1892.

Temple Heights, Me.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:
Penobscot Bay and its coast have long been recognized as one of the loveliest spots to be found in Maine. People who have been fortunate enough to have seen the far-famed bay of Naples, on the coast of Italy, have likened our beautiful Penobscot to it, though many declare that the former suffers in comparison.

Of late years visitors from the cities, wishing a place in which to sojourn during the summer, have found all they could desire in the quiet little town situated on our beautiful, changing bay. Summer cottages and hotels dot the coast on every side, adding greatly to its attractiveness.

One of the most picturesque of these small resorts is Temple Heights, which lies directly at the foot of Mt. Percival. One cannot imagine a more delightful drive than that known as the shore road. On one side is the broad expanse of water, and on the other the grand old mountain, its emblem of our rocky Maine. Delightful groves of exquisite scenery are to be had without leaving the immediate grounds. To the north are seen the villages of Stockton and Seaboard. Next Seaboard, and beyond, hills and mountains, standing like sentinels, the white Islesboro stretches miles to the south. All this is enhanced and beautified if only the sightseer will take the trouble to climb Mt. Percival, for the surroundings are really magnificent from that point of view.

The cottages at Temple Heights are very attractive. A substantial wharf has been built, and the smaller boats land daily during the season. No better place for boating and fishing can be found. Only six miles away is Belfast, where there are all the facilities of a city. To those in quest of a pleasant place for rest and quiet, Temple Heights offers every inducement. In the square is one of the finest and purest springs in this section.

Yearly the Spiritualists hold at this delightful spot a camp-meeting, which attracts a large gathering. A grand hall, which has been erected, and in which the meetings are held. This season the meetings will begin Aug. 12th and continue ten days. Good talent has already been engaged to address the people, and the speakers will be J. Frank Baxter, the well-known lecturer, and test medium; A. E. Tisdale, trance speaker; Oscar A. Edgerly, Mr. H. E. Lake, and last, but not least, Mrs. Abbie Morse of Seaboard, Me., one of the old pioneer

workers, always faithful and true. Our well-known, spiritual President, G. H. Rich, will bid all come who care to come. —*S. E. D.*

Ho for Lake Brady, O.

The Spiritualists' new camp-meeting grounds between Kent and Ravenna, at which beautiful resort our Annual Lyceum Union Grove Meeting will take place Sunday, June 20th, 1892, on which occasion THE HON. SIDNEY DEAN will deliver the principal address of the day. For thirty years this eloquent divine was a prominent minister of the Methodist Church; he now is an able advocate of Modern Spiritualism.

Children's Lyceum Exercises: Consisting of songs, recitations, calisthenics by the scholars of both Lyceums, and instrumental music by the Lyceum orchestra.

A special train will leave Cleveland from the Union depot (C. & P. R. R.), at 8:30 A. M.; Euclid Avenue, 8:40; Woodland Avenue, 8:50; Newburgh, 9:00; Bedford, 9:10; standard time tickets for children and adults at 25 and 50 cents. Everybody cordially invited. Come, friends, from all the surrounding towns and make this the grandest rally of the season.

CHAS. COLLIER,
I. W. POPE,
CHAS. L. WATSON, } Committee.

Devil's Lake, Mich.

It is announced—by the proper authorities—in *The Better Way* that the Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting of southeast Michigan and northeast Ohio will be held on the south shore of this lake from July 28th to Aug. 8th.

The grounds are conveniently reached by way of C. I. & M. R. R. all along the line from Cincinnati to the lake, and cheap fare is offered by the road. There are good hotel accommodations, and a pleasant grove to camp in.

Moses Hull and wife and others will be speakers. Mediums will be hereafter announced.

Liberal, Mo.

The second annual encampment of the Liberal Spiritual Association will open Aug. 20th, and close Sept. 10th, 1892. The following speakers are engaged:

Prof. J. R. Buchanan, M. D., Mrs. Ann Orvis, Lyman C. Howe, Mrs. R. S. Little, Willard J. Hull, Mrs. Jennie B. Hagan-Jackson, Henry Frank, Hon. A. B. French.

Edgar W. Emerson and other mediums of note will attend.

VIEWS WE ENDORSE.

When a Christian minister strays from the path of rectitude, his brethren of the cloth solicit a stay of judgment in favor of the cause—Christianity—the latter not holding itself responsible for the wrong-doing of the individual, or to be paralleled with his acts. Will our Christian friends mete out the same consideration toward Spiritualism when one of its thousands of mediums goes astray of its principles or disgraces himself or herself?—*The Better Way.*

Comer—Follow—Reign.—Progressive states of the soul.

Some only *Come*, they believe and wait, they find peace, they rest; others love, and so they not only *Come*, but *Follow*. Others conquer; conquer sin, conquer self, conquer the world, and so they *Reign*. —*Lady Bowyer, in Medium and Daybreak.*

I used to be told as a child that what was good for my father was good enough for me. It is not; the day has gone by when that can be pleaded against the cause of progress. "Do let us be a bit like other people," said an old lady to me when I wanted to do something which she did not understand. It was the crowning aspiration of a well-spent life. But the time has gone by for that. We don't want to be like other people when we see that other people are wrong. We want to sit the truths, to winnow out the chaff, or, to vary the metaphor, to apply the refiner's fire. This is being done all around us. —*Light, London.*

Does it mean grief or vulgar display when there is a procession of fifty or a hundred carriages through the streets on the way to the cemetery? Here, again, is a touch of barbarism. It was very common among barbaric people to burn everything that belonged to the dead. His house, furniture, clothing, and property of every sort were burned, and the family left stripped and poor. Do we not to-day frequently approach very near to that by expending for the sake of display, that we may say we have given a great funeral? How shall we dispose of the bodies of the dead? I would choose in my own case, if I might, cremation. —*M. J. Savage.*

The human being never gets nearer to the condition of the wild beast than when he is consumed with envy and jealousy. It matters not whether his jealousy refers to matters of love or that of position and influence. The untruthful are always jealous of the truthful, and try to drag them down to their own level. They misrepresent every act of charity into designing intrigue, and smirch the fair fame of justice with the dark colors of their own souls. Jealousy is the wild beast that attempts to reach whatever stands in its way. —*The Summerland, Cal.*

A journal is often accused of bias in regard to giving personal notices—of mentioning the comings and goings of some, and omitting others. This accusation is entirely wrong and unjust. The faults are with the people, and not with the editor. He is always willing and even anxious [to give the information which often these grumblers themselves withhold], as we are ready to "notice" one another. Our object is to give news. —*Fox Lake (Wis.) Representative.*

It is refreshing to hear occasionally that a train-rover or burglar is shot down. And it is rather agreeable to learn that a grain speculator, or a combine, that lays plans to run up the price of wheat or corn, is cut down "in the pit," and is forced into bankruptcy. The people do not mourn much when a stock speculator is crippled by the natural laws of trade. —*Hartford (Conn.) Times.*

What Has Happened?

BORDEAUX, June 14th.—The British steamer *Petrola*, lying off the harbor at Baye, twenty-four miles northeast of this city, blew up this morning, and it is thought that twenty persons have been killed. The disaster was due to an explosion of gas that had formed from the petroleum comprising the vessel's cargo. Several vessels lying at anchor near by were set on fire by the flaming oil, which had floated from the *Petrola*, and were burned to the water's edge.

Pallacio has fled the country, and the latest revolution in Venezuela is squelched.

An explosion of shells occurred June 13th (morning) at the magazine of the U. S. Navy Yard, Mare's Island, Vallejo, Cal., whereby twelve sailors of the ironclad,

Devil's Lake were blown to atoms, and much damage done in the immediate vicinity.

Chicago, Ill., June 12th (afternoon) by a tornado which killed eight persons, wounded fifteen others, destroyed thousands of dollars' worth of property, and created intense terror and excitement in the streets of that metropolis.

The western deluge still continues. The great Missouri is a raging mass of waters; and, at last accounts, the ambitious Mississippi had overflowed, and was threatening to flood the city of New Orleans.

June 12th, terrific thunder-storms prevailed in Spain; the churches proving to be the most unfortunate among the public buildings; in one of them, at Melia, during mass, ten of the worshippers were instantly killed by a lightning bolt, and twenty-eight others seriously injured.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding, platform test medium, will accept public engagements. Address 14 George street, East Somerville, Mass.

Dr. F. H. Roscoe of Providence gave an interesting and instructive lecture in Masonic Hall, Newport, R. I., Sunday evening, June 5th, on "Home and Its Influence." He was to deliver the closing lecture in the course last Sunday.

There was a large gathering at the Portman Rooms, Baker street, London, Eng., on Monday evening, May 30th, to welcome Mr. G. Spriggs, the well-known medium, of Cardiff, on his visit to England after many years' absence in Australia.

Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings ministered to the Union Society of Spiritualists of Cincinnati, O., last Sunday morning and evening, and will continue to do so during June.

Mrs. Ada Foye will remain in Chicago, Ill., visiting her family and resting during June. Her

Eleb Mark Advertisements

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fora, Address J. H. HENKYS, Box 1820, New York City, N. Y.
Oct. 10. ly

DR. F. L. H. WILLIS

May be Addressed until further notice,
Glencora, Yates Co., N. Y.

DR. WILLIS may be addressed as above. For this position he is not attending to the diagnosing of disease psychometrically. He claims that his powers in this line as a psychiatrist combining, as he does, accurate scientific knowledge with keen and searching psychometric power.

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There Are Homes Over There. On the Mountains of Light
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We'll All Be Gathered Home. Only a Thin Veil Between
Us. When the Dearest One There Comes Home
We'll Dream of Childhood. The Golden Sunshine. Be-
lief. A Home of the Soul. Come in This Beauty, Angel
Light. I Am Going to My Home. In Heaven We'll Know
Our Own. Love's Golden Chain. Our Beautiful Home O-

There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates
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