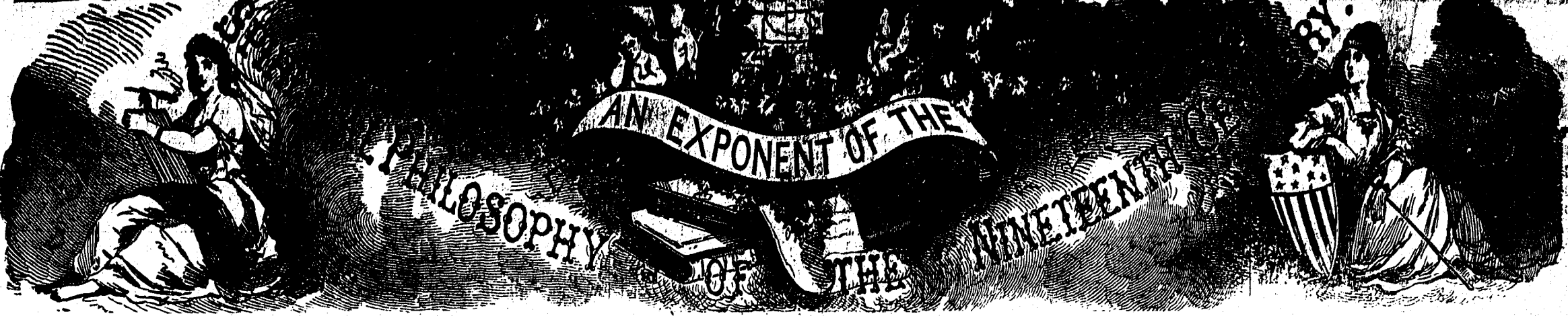


BANNER OF LIGHT



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NO. 24.

TO DOROTHY.

I know where there is honey in a jar,
Meet for a certain little friend of mine,
And, Dorothy, I know where daisies are
That only wait small hands to intertwine
A wreath for such a golden head as thine.

The thought that thou art coming makes all glad.
The house is bright with blossoms high and low,
And many a little lass and little lad
Expectantly are running to and fro.
The fire within our hearts is all aglow.

We want thee, child, to share in our delight
On this high day, the holiest and best,
Because 't was then, ere youth had taken flight,
Thy grandmamma, of women loveliest,
Made me of men most honored and most blest.

That naughty boy who led thee to suppose
He was thy sweetheart has, I grieve to tell,
Been seen to pick the garden's choicest rose
And tattle with it to another belle
Who does not treat him altogether well.

But mind not that, or let it teach thee this—
To waste no love on any youthful rover.
All youths are rovers, I assure thee, miss.
No, if thou wouldst true constancy discover,
Thy grandpapa is perfect as a lover.

So come, thou playmate of my closing day,
The latest treasure life can offer me,
And with thy baby laughter make us gay.
Thy fresh young voice shall sing, my Dorothy,
Songs that shall bid the feet of sorrow flee.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

PIONEER TALES.

BY T. A. BLAND.

No. 4--DR. HARTSHORN.

[Copyrighted.]

CHAPTER I.

"HOW far is it to the village of Bloomsburg?"

The questioner was a young man of intelligent face and good address, who wore store-clothes and was mounted upon a fine looking horse. His inquiry was addressed to a middle aged man who wore a pair of flax and cotton breeches, a shirt of the same material, open at the collar, displaying a sinewy neck and a sun-burned chest. His hat of plaited straw was badly damaged by wear and weather, and he stood fully six foot two in his bare feet. He was a specimen of one type of pioneer settler—the crude and rough type. He was standing in the open door of a pioneer saloon known as the "Gum Grocery," it being a section of a fallen sycamore log of enormous size, which had been sawed off, ended up, roofed with boards and an opening made in one side for a door. Instead of replying at once to the question of the stranger, Jake Skinner turned to the crowd in the saloon and said:

"Here's a greenhorn that axes how fur 't is 't the city o' Bloomsburg."

"Well, that's a joke on this bloomin' city," responded Jack Harding.

"Why, stranger, yer must be from the backwoods, and never seed a town afore in yer life, 't yer rite in the heart o' the city of Bloomsburg this mornin', 'n ye'll find Flanigan's tavern jist beyont that clump o' trees," pointing toward the east. The men, five in number, had come out of the saloon and now surrounded the stranger. Jack Fry inquired:

"What mout yer name be?"

"My name is Hartshorn; Horace Hartshorn."

"Whar ye frum?" asked Jerry Bennet.

"I am from the city of Philadelphia."

"Whew! that's a ternal long ways off," said Jack Harding. "Ye did n't come all the way from thar a hoss back, did ye?"

"Yes, sir. I have made the entire journey on this horse."

"Ye do n't say so. How long ye bin on the road?"

"Twenty-five days."

"I take it yer a doctor, from the looks o' yer saddle bags."

"Yes. I am a graduate of the Jefferson Medical College, and I am looking for a desirable location in which to practice the healing art."

"Well, I reckon ye could n't a struck a place whar they need a doctor mor'n they do rite here, fur the ager does shlake us like blazes, 'n snake-root tea do n't alers stop it; so we've bin a hopin' a doctor 'd cum along 'n settle down in the city o' Bloomsburg."

Bloomsburg was the newly located capital of Perden County. It was, in fact, a very new town, for it had been surveyed and officially located less than a month, and Jo Hatfield's gum grocery and log cabin residence, and Flanigan's tavern, a log cabin of three rooms and a log stable, were the only improvements that had been made. It was literally a village in the woods.

Dr. Hartshorn proceeded to the tavern, where he was welcomed by the Irish landlord and his wife most cordially. Mr. Flanigan himself took the doctor's horse to the stable, and Mrs. Flanigan personally prepared his supper for him, with her six months' old babe on her left arm a good part of the time. Fried chicken, biscuit and coffee, with butter and milk, constituted the bill of fare, which Dr. Hartshorn enjoyed greatly.

Retiring at 9 P. M., the doctor was soundly sleeping before 10, when he was awakened by his host, who said:

"Docther, yer wanted up to Squire Hunter's. Mary Ann is like t' die o' the fever, and Jim's cum fer ye, 'n wants ye t' go home with 'm rite away. I'll git yer hoss out while yer a put'n on yer clothes."

The news of the arrival in Bloomsburg of a doctor right from Philadelphia, had spread over the settlement for miles in every direction before bed-time that first day. Jake Skinner had learned on his way home, just at dark, that Mary Ann Hunter was very sick, so he sent one of his boys over to Squire Hunter's to tell the family that there was a doctor at Flanigan's tavern that looked like a purty scrumtious sort of a fellar.

"Well, old woman, what do ye think about it? Shell we send Jim down t' town t' fetch the new doctor t' see Mary Ann?"

"Yes, daddy, I wish ye would, fer the gal's powerful sick. I loved 't was nothin' but the ager, as she was taken with a chill; but if it had bin the reg'lar old-fashioned ager the fever would a cooled down afore this time, but instid o' coolin' it's a gittin' hotter 'n higher all the time, 'n I'm a gittin' skeert about 'r."

It was nearing the midnight hour when Dr. Hartshorn took his seat beside the bed by his first patient. He had listened to learned lectures and he had read learned books;

he was, therefore, full of medical lore. He knew just what ailed Mary Ann as soon as he looked into her fever flushed face and felt her quick and strong pulse; she had the bilious fever of the remittent type. He knew exactly what to do for her: First open a vein in her shapely left arm, and draw off a pint bowl full of her blood; then give her a dose of calomel and prescribe a Dover's powder every two hours till the fever should subside!

"She's been a beggin' for cold water all the time, Docther, 'n I dase n't give it to 'r; did I do right?"

"Perfectly right, Mrs. Hunter; she must not have a drop of cold water, but instead give her a little warm sage tea, with her powders, just enough to wash them down."

The doctor remained with his patient till morning, keeping close watch for any change in her symptoms. Morning found her with a quick pulse, a hot, dry skin, a flushed countenance and parched lips and tongue. She was in a semi-conscious state, and in her fever dreams she constantly murmured, "water, water, water."

Mary Ann Hunter was a very pretty girl of seventeen summers. Everybody admitted that she was pretty. But Philander Staloup thought her the prettiest girl in the whole world and the smartest. He was a young man in the twenty-first year of his life, and in the delicious agonies of a first love, a love which was fully reciprocated by Mary Ann.

Philander heard that his sweetheart was sick, and that the new doctor had been to see her; and he at once called to learn her true condition. Aunt Peggy Staloup, Philander's mother, had recently become a disciple of Dr. Samuel Thompson, and Philander shared his mother's prejudice against the lancet, calomel, Dover's powders and other dangerous remedies of the old-school physicians. He was alarmed at the condition in which he found Mary Ann, and he felt sure that the doctor's treatment was doing her harm instead of good. The loss of blood had weakened her, and the opium in the Dover's powders kept her in a stupid, semi-conscious state, while the fever was consuming her vital forces steadily and surely. He resolved to remain and watch her during the night, and his services were gladly accepted by the family. Early in the evening Philander urged that the family retire and get needed rest, promising to call them should Mary Ann grow worse during the night.

Left alone with his sweetheart, the young man moistened her lips and forehead with a linen towel dipped in cold water, and then seating himself by her side he took both of her hands in one of his and placed the other on her forehead. He had sat thus for perhaps half an hour, when the sick girl opened her blue eyes and recognized him for the first time since his arrival. Her lips parted, and in a whisper scarcely audible she said:

"I am dying for a drink of water; you will give me a drink, won't you, Philander?"

"Yes, dear, I will, for I don't believe it will hurt you."

Tiptoeing across the room to the cupboard Philander got a teacup, which he dipped into the bucket of spring water that stood on a low shelf, getting it brimming full. Putting the cup to the sick girl's burning lips, he whispered:

"Now, Mary Ann, you must take this medicine in small doses," and giving her a sip of the cooling fluid, he took the cup from her lips.

"Ah, that is so good! Do let me have another sip."

Yielding to her entreaties, Philander allowed her to empty the cup in a very short time. But short as the time was he noted a decided change for the better. Rightly attributing the improved condition of his charge to the water, he gave her another cupful. This still further revived her, but her appetite for nature's remedy for fever was far from being satiated; she still begged for more water, and begged so earnestly that the sensible and soft-hearted young man could not resist her, but gave her cup after cup of water till she had drunk six. Then with her two hands clasped in his right, his left hand resting on her forehead, the sick girl fell into a pleasant sleep, which lasted till morning dawned; and as she slept her skin grew moist and cool, till scarce a trace of fever was left. Philander had been instructed to give a powder every two hours during the night, but not a powder did he give. But instead he pocketed a powder each two hours, which he afterward scattered to the winds.

Dr. Hartshorn called in the forenoon, and pronounced his patient out of danger. He said: "The fever has yielded to the treatment very promptly—much more so than usual; but that is due to my being called at once, and adopting a heroic treatment."

Philander Staloup smiled at the doctor's ascribing the girl's recovery to his treatment, but the secret of his own agency in the cure was kept by the patient and himself as a sacred confidence between themselves.

The summer had been notable for the amount of rainfall in June and July, and the intense heat of August, and the autumn months were long remembered on account of the great amount of sickness and the large number of deaths. Dr. Hartshorn rode night and day, and a phantom on a phantom white horse accompanied him almost everywhere he went. The doctor was a sincerely honest and kind-hearted man, and he was a learned man, but unfortunately for his patients his learning was worse than ignorance, for his theory of disease was a false theory, and his remedies were death-dealing instead of life-giving. He fought Nature instead of aiding her. He gave poisons instead of medicines, thus reducing the vital forces instead of strengthening them.

Forty years later the good doctor still pursued his profession, but his lancet had been laid aside, and he had more faith in the efficacy of bread pills and sweetened water than in the deadly poisons he formerly administered so freely and with such fatal results.

CHAPTER II.

NEVER had the autumnal fever claimed half so many victims in a single season in that country as during that fall of 18—, and among those who fell before its ravages none were more generally or deeply mourned than young Walter Harlow.

Walter was a general favorite, and his popularity rested upon the sure basis of genuine merit. Young, handsome, talented, modest, generous, industrious, prudent, he was without a rival among the rustic beaux of the country, and pretty Bertha Bond was deemed especially fortunate in being his chosen sweetheart and promised bride. Walter and Bertha were to be married at Christmas. He was hard at work on the rustic home in which he and his darling were to spend the sweet honeymoon, and enter upon the earnest work of life together. She was equally hard at work making sheets, quilts, coverlets, table linen and other things that would be needed in the new home, and which her skillful and industrious mother had taught her how to make. Autumn was waning, and the chill of approaching winter was in the air. The fever cases were growing fewer,

and those who had been so fortunate as to survive the epidemic congratulated themselves on their escape from death. It was Sunday, the first Sunday in November, Elder Reagan's day to present the gospel plan of salvation as understood by the pioneer Dunkard preacher. During the summer he held forth in Shady Hollow, but in winter his meetings were held in Elder Bond's residence. Walter Harlow was a regular attendant upon Elder Reagan's services, especially when they were held at Elder Bond's. He was not present on this occasion, and his absence was noted by many. Bertha was disappointed not only, but her heart was oppressed by a foreboding of evil. Alas! her fears proved all too true; for a neighbor, Jack Hogue, rode by about four o'clock that afternoon, at a gallop, and reined up at the gate long enough to say that Walter was very sick, and that he was on the way to Bloomsburg to bring the doctor to see him.

"Daddy, I must go right away to Squire Harlow's, for Walter is going to die, and if I don't hurry I may never see him again in this world, and I want you to go with me."

"Well, Bertha, I will go with you, but don't give up hope yet; Walter may not be so very bad off. At any rate while there's life there's hope."

The distance from James Bond's residence to William Harlow's was a short mile, so a half-hour later Bertha stood beside the couch of her affianced. He was not conscious of her presence, for already the fever had gone to his brain to such an extent as to put external consciousness into eclipse. Yet as she took his hand in hers and pressed it, a responsive pressure, slight yet distinct, was felt by the sorrow-stricken girl, and it sent a thrill of mingled joy and hope through her whole being.

On his arrival, Dr. Hartshorn pronounced the disease brain fever, and proceeded at once to bleed the young man, letting the blood run until the patient fainted. On coming out of the fainting fit, Walter opened his eyes, and seeing his beloved bending over him, he smiled and whispered: "I dreamed you had come. You will stay till I am better, won't you?"

"Yes, but you are already better."

"Yes, my head is better, but I am so weak I can hardly breathe."

"Well, you must n't talk, so go to sleep now."

"You won't leave me till I wake up?"

"No, Walter, I will not leave you; I will stay right here by your bed, and give you your medicine all night."

He reached forth his right hand, and Bertha clasped it in hers and he fell into a quiet sleep.

"He will live," said the doctor, "unless the fever should again go to the brain. If it does, send for me at once, for he must be bled again."

The ringing hammer strokes of the Yankee clock tolled the knell of the departing hours as the young girl kept her faithful, loving and lonely vigil beside the couch of her lover. Midnight came, and as the clock ceased to strike, the patient opened his eyes, and whispered: "Kiss me, Bertha."

The young girl pressed her lips to his forehead.

"Thank you for that, but I want you to kiss me as a wife would kiss her husband, for you are my wife, yet our wedding day will never dawn in this world."

"Oh! Walter, my dearest one, don't say that," and as her tears rained upon his face the sorrow-stricken maiden pressed her lips to those of her lover.

"Bless you, my darling, and now listen to me. I've had a vision; you may think it a dream, but it is real. I have seen my mother, who died when I was a little boy, and she told me that I would be with her very soon, and that we would both watch over you till you join us in that beautiful world. I asked if that was heaven where she lived, and she said it was one part of heaven. 'Then how can I come there,' I asked, 'when I've never got religion or joined the church?' 'You are a good boy, my son,' she said, 'and that's all that you need to be. All good people go to heaven whether they belong to the church or not.'

"My mother knows more about it than any of the preachers do, for she's been there and seen for herself and they have n't. So I am not a bit afraid to die now; the only thing that grieves me is leaving you."

"Oh, Walter, dear Walter, you must not leave me. If you die, my heart will break, I know it will, so please do n't talk of dying."

"Bertha, my beloved, it is better that you should know the truth; you can bear it better if you are prepared for it. Then when I am gone you will remember what I told you that my mother said, that we would watch over you while you live, and when you die you will come to us and be my angel wife, and mother will love you as a dear daughter. What my mother says is true, every word of it, and I want you to believe it as you would the gospel, for it is a message from heaven. You will believe it, won't you?"

"Yes, Walter, if you die I will believe that your spirit will be my guardian angel. But, oh, I can't see you then, or hear you, or feel your dear hand press mine, and I shall be so lonesome without you, that I can't stand it; I shall long to die and be with you."

Her heaving bosom and streaming eyes attested the sincerity of her words, as the sorrowing girl thus poured out her soul's agony at the thought of separation from her lover. She had clasped him in her arms and bowed her head upon his bosom, and with a supreme effort the sick man raised his almost paralyzed arms and folded them about the form of her he loved so fondly. The effort and the emotion overcame him and he fainted.

Bertha thought him dead, and a wail of despair, which aroused the family, burst from her lips, and then she lost consciousness and fell to the floor in a swoon. The father and sister of the patient reached his side simultaneously, and were overwhelmed with grief as they fully believed that Walter was dead, and Bertha seemed also to have expired. Walter was first to show signs of life, and when a minute later Bertha recovered consciousness, and by the aid of her friend, Sallie Harlow, arose from where she had fallen and looked into the face of her lover, he smiled and whispered, "I've been with mother again, and I could have stayed with her, but I wanted to come back and bid you and father and brother and sister good-bye. I will not say good-bye now, for I am not going just yet, but I can't get well, and mother says it's because the doctor bled me. I was too weak to stand it, to lose so much blood."

At that moment Dr. Hartshorn rode up to the gate, and alighting from his horse, came in, and in his brisk yet polite way inquired after his patient.

"Bertha can tell you," the father of the young man replied, "for she has been his chief nurse during the night."

"No, I can answer for myself," Walter's voice was stronger than it had been, since he had recovered consciousness. "I am almost well, for I am going where there

is no sickness. You did what you thought was right, doctor, but if you had not bled me I could have got well. My mother says so, and I believe it."

"His mind wanders," said the doctor in a low whisper, "I must bleed him again."

"No, doctor, his mind is clear and he tells the truth. You did what you thought was right, but he was too weak to lose so much blood, and he could not live through another bleeding."

"My dear young lady, I act on my own judgment, and not yours, in this case, and unless forbidden to do so by the young man's father, I shall again bleed the patient."

"He is in your hands, doctor, do all you can to save him," responded the father, and the doctor proceeded to reopen the vein and let the life-current flow. Before the pint bowl was half full, Walter fainted. The doctor stopped the flow of blood at once and applied restoratives. These had the effect to revive the flickering flame of life for a moment, but only long enough for the dying youth to faintly whisper:

"Farewell, Bertha; kiss me, darling, and do not forget your promise to be my wife, for I will wait for you in the other world, and hold you to your promise when you come."

The almost broken-hearted girl kissed her dying lover, and whispered:

"Dear Walter, my own true love. I will be true to you forever, in this world and the next."

"Dear one, I know you will, and we shall meet in heaven, and be happy together, in that bright land where death cannot part us."

He ceased to speak, and apparently ceased to breathe. The waiting ones thought his spirit had gone, but after a minute of perfect repose, his face was illumined by an expression of glad surprise, and in an audible whisper, he exclaimed: "Mother, sister, brother, I am ready to go with you." He ceased to speak and to breathe at the same moment. His deathless spirit had quit the mortal frame and joined the waiting convoy of angels.

The widowed maiden bore her loss with remarkable fortitude, and bravely took up the burden of life alone. She had many suitors, but to each she gave the same answer, "I have given my heart and my promise to Walter Harlow, and I shall be true to him for time and eternity."

Thirty years reeled off the spool of time. Dr. Hartshorn was but a memory in Bloomsburg and vicinity. For many years he had lived and practiced his profession in a Western city. The people had not been left to die without professional assistance, however, for three learned Paracelsians, all supplied with deadly drugs, and armed with the fatal lancet, had come to take the place of the pioneer who had gone.

During the last days of the winter of 18—, pneumonia, popularly known as winter fever, claimed many victims in Perden County, and among them Bertha Bond. Bertha had almost worn herself out nursing her sick neighbors, for she was a veritable "good Samaritan," hence, when the dread disease attacked her, she had little power of resistance, and after the physician had drawn from her arm a pint of blood, (for, of course the first thing to do in a case pneumonia was to bleed,) she had still less. The loss of blood relieved the lungs of the congestion under which they had labored for some hours, and Bertha found herself able to talk, though so weak was she, that she could scarce speak above a whisper. She thanked the physician for the relief he had given her. She said:

"I shall die sooner and easier than if you had not bled me, but I should have died in a few hours anyway, so I thank you."

"But we are not going to let you die," responded the doctor.

The dying woman smiled but made no audible response. She was not disposed to dispute a point which a brief time would settle.

"For thirty years I have patiently waited for death, and now it has come and I shall go to meet my beloved who has watched over me and waited for me all that long, long time. Oh, Walter, dear Walter, I was sure you would come." As she uttered this exclamation, Bertha arose to a sitting posture and extended her arms as if in the act of embracing a loved form. In a moment she fell back upon the pillow, and when the physician dropped his fingers upon her wrist the life tide had ceased to flow. The faithful Bertha had gone to join her waiting lover in that sun lit clime where love becomes immortal.

Bacon---Shakespeare.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A few weeks ago you published an article by my friend, George A. Bacon, on the cypher of Dr. O. W. Owen of this city, by which he claims to have found that Lord Bacon was the real author of Shakespeare's plays. I know Dr. Owen from his boyhood. He is an old-school physician of good standing, a man of character, entirely in earnest, and above deception in this matter. His theory seems absurd; but when you see him, as I have, following his cypher guide and setting in due place to make a connected story, the Shakespearean passages taken rapidly from the plays, it seems impossible that he can be mistaken. Still more so when you see a young woman, not an expert in Shakespeare lore, doing the same in his absence. It is an interesting psychological study. If the unlettered bard of Avon was the author, by what inspiration, terrestrial or celestial, did his genius grow? If Bacon, foremost in learning and science, was the author, concealing the fact, which would have cost his life to make known, how could such marvel of varied genius and consummate skill be possible? Meanwhile the cypher stories go out, far and wide, and Dr. Owen, in this city where he is known, is not held to be a knave or a fool.

GILES B. STEBBINS.
Detroit, Mich., Aug. 7, 1895.

Within Rather than Without.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

How finely does Henry Wood express it, when he says that rich outward environment does not bring harmony and contentment, even though the world believes the reverse, as indicated by the mad race for power, wealth and position. Material attainment, however marvelous, will never usher in the Golden Age. The wealth of invention which has so wonderfully augmented man's physical accomplishment during the past fifty years has conferred no additional happiness. The greatly broadened scale of material comforts only increases and intensifies his sullen discontent with his lot. Humanitarians who confine their efforts to the amelioration of physical conditions alone, only touch the surface of human misery. If every one were housed in a palace, dissatisfaction, rivalry and restlessness would still be the rule. When well-rounded spiritual and moral character becomes the goal of mankind, and the search for harmony is made within rather than without, ideal conditions will become manifest.

PALIMPSEST.

IDEA-EXCHANGE.

[Dedicated to Principles--Not Personalities.]

Ordination Again.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The kindly letter of Bro. W. F. Peck, published in a recent issue of your valuable paper, has been read with much interest by the friends of the National Association.

It was not our purpose to declare that marriages solemnized by persons not qualified to do so would in all cases prove invalid; in a majority of the States, as Bro. Peck says, the law would hold a couple who supposed themselves legally married, to be legally married; but the party performing the ceremony of marriage would be liable to a heavy fine. What we desire is to sound a note of warning to our speakers, to see to it that they are legally empowered to fill this important office before officiating at a marriage.

Too much care cannot be given to this question by us as a people, and we feel that all laws bearing upon this subject should be faithfully observed and respected by us. It is not the purpose of the National Association to exercise any dictatorship over the workers of Spiritualism in any section of the country. It is right, however, as Bro. Moulton has well said, that Spiritualists as well as other people should do things decently and in order; therefore, it is right that there should be those among us empowered to solemnize marriages, conduct funerals, and to enjoy all other privileges granted unto clergymen of other denominations.

The matter of half-rates upon railroads cuts no figure at all in this argument; in our opinion no minister, priest, Y. M. C. A. President or Secretary, Christian Endeavorer, Epworth Leaguer, or what not, should ever be given half-rates upon a railroad; but as long as these rates are bestowed upon the clergymen of any denomination or any others we have enumerated, just so long are the workers in Spiritualism entitled to the same rates and privileges. We are opposed to class legislation in all forms, hence are opposed to special privileges to the clergymen; but if such privileges are granted, we hold that Spiritualist speakers and mediums are as much entitled to them as are their Orthodox opponents. We protest against any discrimination against us as a people. Ecclesiastical law was long ago divorced from civil law in this country. Ordination, in an ecclesiastical sense, is really obsolete, and means nothing, therefore, to us as Spiritualists. But a secular ordination can be given to such workers as are qualified, which will enable them to perform certain acts, such as solemnizing marriages, etc. Ordination in this sense means appointing to an office, empowering to act, etc.; hence a spiritualistic organization appoints a person to the office of leader or speaker for the Association, with such powers as are usually granted unto a leader or speaker or minister of any Christian church.

Against this form of ordination we can see no reasonable objection, for we hold it to be our right and privilege to have spiritualistic marriages solemnized by spiritual speakers and lecturers, and the funeral services over the forms of our loved ones performed by those who believe as we do. If some Spiritualists see fit to differ with us, well and good; it is their right to do so; for ourselves, however, we prefer to be known as Spiritualists, to be classed as Spiritualists, and to have only Spiritualists do for us the things we have enumerated above.

In closing, let us state that the National Association does not, has not and will not ordain any speaker or medium while the present board of officers control its management. All ordination, forms of ordination, etc., are referred to the State and local societies, where they belong, all statements to the contrary notwithstanding. *The National Spiritualists' Association is a business, not an ecclesiastical body!* and has no power or wish to interfere with local societies in the management of their own business affairs. It is aimed by workers on both sides of life to make the National Spiritualists' Association to Spiritualism what the American Unitarian Association is to Unitarianism--a centre of power, from which the spirit of propagandism of Spiritualism can be fostered, societies strengthened, temples erected, speakers and mediums sustained, homes for indigent workers erected, schools, colleges and sanitariums built for the education and equipment of our speakers and mediums--and all kindred blessings that should be enjoyed by our humanity everywhere. We deem this object worthy the support of all true Spiritualists, and feel positive that they will be sustained. Already an endowment of ten thousand dollars has been promised to the National Spiritualists' Association; others will follow, and the good work will then go on with astonishing rapidity. All Spiritualists are invited to help forward this movement by making liberal donations to the National Spiritualists' Association.

Yours for the truth,
H. D. BARRITT, President.
Lily Dale, July 31, 1895.

Letter from Mrs. Cadwallader.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Upon arriving at Chesterfield camp as a representative of the National Spiritualists' Association, I found the Spiritualists who had convened there, in a state of excitement, owing to the most uncalculated attack upon Mrs. A. H. Luther.

It appears that in the *Anderson Daily Bulletin* of July 23, an article signed "W. R. Covert" was printed. This article was supposed to be a reply to a former one in the same paper signed "Spiritualist." Mr. Covert attacked Spiritualism and Spiritualists generally, and Mrs. Luther and all mediums in particular.

The following are some of the obnoxious statements quoted from the article:

"[W. R. Covert] went to Chesterfield by the request of prominent citizens there; and I demonstrated there just that all mediums, not only of Anderson and Muncie and Chesterfield, but also of the State and National associations, were either liars, frauds, knaves or ignoramuses. I carried the war into Africa, and went around Jericho or Chesterfield camp and the great mediums held the camp was deserted." "Chesterfield camp-meeting is simply a hot-bed of infidelity... and a resort for libertines." "I stand ready to meet any medium of this country or Europe that your association will endorse and prove and demonstrate what I affirm to be true, and I will give up the warfare against Modern Spiritualism if I cannot prove and demonstrate and duplicate and show that all the so-called phenomena of Modern Spiritualism is a delusion and a fraud if they claim it is produced by the spirits of the dead."

The article [which further contained the Christian (?) epithets, "That old hag of a medium, Mrs. Luther," etc.] was signed, the Medium-Slayer, W. R. Covert. The writer of the article from which the above is quoted is a clergyman of the Church of God, Anderson, Ind.

Now as far as can be learned, the above article is instigated by all the churches of Muncie and Anderson; they evidently have combined to attack mediums, and are using Mr. C. as their mouthpiece.

I consider the attack upon Mrs. Luther one of the most outrageous that has ever been perpetrated upon any medium, when is taken into consideration the services she has rendered in defence of American liberty. For thirty-seven years she has been a prominent worker before the public. During the four years of the civil war she, at the peril of life, sought to preserve the Union. During a portion of that time Mrs. Luther was officially employed by the Government to lecture in the disloyal sections of Illinois, Indiana and other places to stimulate the people to protect the Union.

For months Mrs. Luther followed Daniel Voorhees, Richardson and Hendricks to undo their work in favor of the Confederacy. Many a time her audience was composed of ten thousand people, and her voice would be listened to when a Union man would be shot if he at-

tempted to speak. At two different times mobs were present to prevent her speaking; but each time, however, no harm came to her.

Of her work for the Cause of Spiritualism but little need be said. It stands for itself as a monument of her devotion to the Cause she so ably represents. Through storm and sunshine she has labored faithfully to the end, that all might be freed from the bondage of mental slavery.

The question now comes home to us: How long are we as Spiritualists to sit idly by and permit such outrages upon our mediums and our Cause? Especially in regard to Mrs. Luther--is there no way to defend her from such utterly unjust attacks?

We pride ourselves, as Americans, upon the fact that we hold in tender memory those who laid down their lives in order that our flag might be preserved. We yearly strew flowers upon their graves, that we may show to the world how much we appreciate their loyalty. We teach our children to honor them, we glory in the recital of the brave deeds of our noble soldier boys. But how about this living, loyal defender of our country's flag? Is all her work to be forgotten? Surely Mr. Covert must be unfamiliar with the history of Mrs. Luther: no loyal American, it would seem, would so attack her and seek to cover her fair fame with slime as he has done. Surely it is time that the Spiritualists call a halt upon this procedure.

To be a Spiritualist means loyalty to country, loyalty to truth. The blood of our fathers and brothers have paid the price of the liberty of this nation. See to it that as loyal Americans we demand our right to protection in our religious liberty as guaranteed under the Constitution.

The time for action is now. Every day new attacks are being made upon us. Every day our rights are being abridged. The Christians did not formulate the Constitution: let us see to it that they do not amend it so as to militate against the rights of Spiritualists.

M. E. CADWALLADER.

Words of Warning from Secretary of National Spiritualists' Association.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Spiritualists, look out about this time for impostors! Unprincipled people hearing of the persecution and prosecution of mediums have secured copies of spiritual papers, and taking therefrom names of prominent Spiritualists, have appealed to them for financial aid. Consult officers of National Spiritualists' Association and Veteran Spiritualists' Union before you advance money. Both of these institutions are pledged to assist worthy mediums as far as in their power, and these societies will work together in all good works.

Mediums, Attention.--Many good mediums this season have got into trouble by advertising as "fortune-tellers"; when you advertise in the public press, be careful how you word your advertisement. "Fortune-telling" is not Spiritualism; Spiritualism is something more. The "Blue Laws," still in force in many places, can be enforced against you if you persist in advertising as a "fortune-teller." BE ON YOUR GUARD, THEN, WHEN YOU ADVERTISE, IF YOU WISH PROTECTION.

Here is a sample of an advertisement that is liable to get a medium into trouble:

"Medium and Fortune-Teller, removes all your troubles, tells from cradle to grave; advice on business, love affairs, losses, and matrimonial difficulties; unites separated, and causes speedy marriages, etc., etc. Call and be convinced. I can work a case quicker," etc., etc.

A medium advertising as above can in many localities be arrested and convicted. A word to the wise is sufficient.

FRANCIS B. WOODBURY, Sec'y.
Washington, D. C.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

There's an old house on the hill,
Apart from paths men tread,
And across its mouldering sill
Blow and weed lie dead.
In at the open door
Dead leaves flutter and fall,
And dust is thick on the floor,
And blight is over all.

A poplar, spectral and grim,
Against a sombre sky,
Stretches out a withered limb
To the wind that shivers by,
Like a hand from the shadowy past,
Striving to grasp again
A pleasure that could not last,
After the fashion of men.

Grass in the garden ways
And weed and mould and moss,
Where, in the vanished days,
The red rose leaved across
And whispered, in moonlight nights
And dewy depths of dawn,
To the lips of happy sighs
By the poplar on the lawn.

There, in the times of old,
Lovers walked hand in hand,
There was love's story told,
There was life's future planned;
There, in the dusk and the dew,
Lips that were fair with youth
Sealed a vow to be true
On lips as true as truth.

There parting words were said,
And the last hand-clasp was given,
Till the old-forgiving dead
Met face to face in heaven,
And down the garden ways
The coffin form was borne.
Ah, me! the lone days
For those who miss and mourn.

How many times I have seen
The moonlight falling chill
Over the weeds that lean
Across the mouldering sill,
And fancied it was a light
From a fire on the hearthstone cold,
And listened in half-fright
For voices from times of old.

I have seen swift shadows pass
The windows to the eaves,
And fancied that I had seen
West romping down the room.
I have heard, or thought I heard,
Laughter and sound of song
From lips by breath unstirred
For who shall say how long?

Then suddenly over the sky
A cloud would pass and hide
The wan moon, sailing high,
And I would feel at my side
Something that seemed to me
Like a wind that chills the cheek;
I could feel it, but could not see,
And I dared not move or speak.

But what it was I knew--
The dead, going past to find
The handful of dust in the dew
That their bodies left behind
In the churchyard on the hill
And their graves so far-off lands.
Call it fancy if you will,
But the poplar understands.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

After the Grip, diphtheria, pneumonia, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, etc., Hood's Sarsaparilla is of wonderful benefit in imparting the strength and vigor so much desired.

Hood's Pills for the liver and bowels, act easily yet promptly and effectively.

Mother-- "Oh, John! John! What shall we do? Baby has swallowed his rattle." **Father--** "Do! Nothing; now he'll always have it with him, and we won't have to be forever looking for it when he cries."

False Economy

Is practiced by people who buy inferior articles of food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Sent free by New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

The Spiritual Rostrum.

[Reported by the Banner Correspondent, Orpha E. Hammond.]

Rev. Henry Frank of New York City, a noted ex-Congressionalist Divine, speaks to a Lily Dale (N. Y.) Audience.

SUBJECT: "Sledge-Hammers and Trowels."

[The elements seemed to conspire against Mr. Frank's successful delivery of his discourse; a violent storm of mingled wind and rain was the ruling "condition" of the hour; but a large and enthusiastic audience greeted him, and he proved himself easily equal to the emergency.]

"My subject," said the speaker, "was suggested to me while traveling through the national metropolis. Everywhere there is activity in the building industry. Noble structures are being lifted to the skies as if by magic, in marvellously brief periods of time. But to rear these noble piles of steel and brick and stone, firm foundations must be laid to withstand the storm and the elements and the gnawing teeth of time.

How were these foundations to be laid in a city whose foundation is constituted of granite rock, which ages ago burst from the bonds of igneous forces? These towering rocks must be leveled to the ground and foundations for these glorious structures must be cut into their very bosoms. Blow after blow of the toiler's sledge must scatter these rocky strongholds, till the room is made and the structure reared.

Thus was suggested to me the symbolic relation existing between the sledge-hammer and the trowel. First, the sledge must cut and sever and demolish the primitive formations, then enters the trowel to re-build, restore and reincarnate. First, destruction, dissolution, dissemination; then restoration, construction, reformation--reaching the climax of order, beauty and grandeur.

And this sledge-hammer and trowel process I discern all through nature, and through every course of animal and human life.

This dual process in nature is singularly suggested by Thor's mighty hammer first struck its blows in the Valhalla of the gods, that a pathway might be constructed for the procession of the deities, whose toils might issue in the order of the universe and in the glorification of their powers.

There is an ancient Chinese legend which pictures an old decrepit God--the Creator encysted in a world of rock and stone, who, standing with chisel in hand, cuts away with timorous uncertainty at the enveloping bowlders, carving out the planet on which we live to-day. This, to my mind, symbolizes the whole process of nature. First chaos, then order; first the dissipation of all atoms, then their correlation and construction; first the nebulae, then the stars and suns; first the gases, then the liquids, the solids, the flower and the fruit, the embryo and the animal.

The evolution of every form of matter and process of life follows this course. How we admire the rose, as we bend over it and inhale its refreshing fragrance. Have we thought of Nature's mighty wrestles to produce a rose? Have we thought of the long, slow ages that gathered the scattered atoms in the orbits of the stars and suns and worlds? Of the world-genital fires that seethed and stormed till the suddenly associated particles had survived the primal conflict and rested in peaceful companionship? Of the gradual gathering together of the waters separate from the land, till vaporous atmospheres formed, and the thin soil was spread and the refreshing showers at last slaked the fiery thirst of the parched and cracked surface. At length, however, we thought how the seed was conceived in conflict and brought forth in painful parturition, till anon the spear bursts the soil, and its pointing lips kiss the sunlight, whose golden beams drew forth the pebbling flowers, bedecked with their glorious tints and resplendent with their beauty.

All this long, tiresome, toilsome, arduous process has nature pursued to bring forth her present splendid charms. Then how mighty has been the sledge; how potent and toilsome the trowel!

Again, in human life do we not mark the same process. Not to refer to the law of the survival of the fittest, which science has now demonstrated as positively as the law of gravitation, where force is the primal civilizing energy whose blind energy is destructive. Animal devours animal, plant eats plant, life merges in life, and everywhere the trend of blind nature is to destroy and dissolve. Yet, by that mysterious law all that is fittest and noblest and best is finally preserved, till the culmination of the universe points to a final weal.

Thus too are nations formed. How keen is that native spirit of patriotism, the love of native land, born in every human soul. Yet this very patriotism is the spirit of destruction. It is founded on selfishness, and seeks only national aggrandizement.

But for that spirit and its selfish processes, nations would be unformed and civilization unknown. Study the formation and growth of all nations and mark how they rest on this principle.

Greece, that ancient wonder-land of beauty, learning, art and literature unsurpassed, how brutish was her origin, how bestial her primitive growth. The scattered Pelasgians must first be conquered, and amalgamated, the sledge-blows of primal destruction must first be struck before a Homer can dream and write, an Apelles paint or a Pericles reign.

So the German empire grew from the primitive barbarism of Frederick Barbarossa to the learning of its universities and the calm philosophy of its scholars.

France has her Napoleon, who first must slay and butcher before she can create her Victor Hugo, who dreams of the glories of a higher and better civilization; and a Des Cartes, who shapes the foundations of a philosophy on which rest the hopes of mankind.

But though nations have heretofore been founded on patriotism, which rests on selfishness, the time is approaching when the narrow spirit will be obliterated and the higher conception of the universal brotherhood will conquer the race. Then the issue will not be the aggrandizement of any single nation through warfare, bloodshed and cunning, but the exaltation of all mankind and the glorification of such nations as most assist in noble consummation.

Patriotism, the selfish devotion to a single nation, must perish under the sledge-blows of progress, and humanitarianism--the trowel that builds with the mortar of human love, must forever supersede it.

Again the law of polarity, the law of interacting opposite forces, applies likewise in the realm of ethics. The ancient authoritarian ethics was founded on the conception of revelation from a Divine source. All responsibility for the law was removed from human kind, for a revelation had descended from the Almighty. Obey and you live, disobey and you perish.

But the authority of arbitrary standards is discovered to be inharmonious to the law of progress; man is developed ethically by the laws of evolution as he is physically. He has not been granted a prearranged system of morals, any more than the world was instantly created. The law of conflicting opposites is the basis of scientific ethics. Each individual must erect his own character through struggle and conflict, as nature has brought forth the amethyst through stress of fire and storm of elements.

The absolute standards of right and wrong cannot be discovered. Each man evolves his own standard during the experience of his own life. His deeds are his judge--no God stands upon the throne to condemn him.

"Fear not, then, thou child in form,"
There is no God dare wrong a worm."

Each soul must pass through all the stormy combats of experience and pain and suffering to achieve the consummation of his higher self. I cannot dictate to him the way; I cannot substitute my suffering for his; no Christ can avail; no vicarious atonement is sufficient. Struggle, battle, suffer, attain, this is the law of life, the basic principle of natural ethics. The sledge-hammer of experience is alone re-

quisite to make room for the trowel of wisdom which builds the structure of a noble character.

The man who lies at my feet, broken and bruised, diseased and sore, down smitten by the heavy blows of direful fate--may not all his weakness be still a nobler character than I, whose life is more fortunately cast?

To him who has sinned much, much must be forgiven. That is, he who has sunk deepest in the hell of woe, has beyond him so much higher altitudes of heaven to which to aspire.

The baby born a weakling often grows to a physical giant. This is not placing a premium on sin, it is simply differentiating sin from accident. All that is called sin is not sin. Fate, government, education, inheritance, physical constitution, are the elements which must enter into a computation of the quality of sin. Some sin much who seem to sin not at all. Some are really unselfish whose lives look black with crime. Sin cannot be defined by the set rules of society or the laws of State. Sin is a spiritual condition, and can be distinguished from fate and accident only by the unseen eye of spiritual sight.

But in the ultimate there is no sin, no evil, in all the world. All moves toward the final consummation of perfected harmony. Evil is but a crack in the machinery. Nature, the supreme machine, can ultimately replace the broken part and make whole the entire mechanism. But some say there is no purpose in nature; her habit is unmoral and her pursuit purposeless. In reply I do not postulate the existence of a supreme creator, who stands behind and above his creation to sustain all its parts and consummate his preconceived plan. To speak thus were unscientific and unwarranted.

But I do say whether there be a Being within nature who presumably controls it, or not, all the issues of natural processes have been toward ideals, toward consummation of an apparent plan.

Begin with primordial protoplasm, or, if you please, with the scattered elements which in consummation constitute the proteins, and thence move along all through the varied and age long procession of nature's developments, and do you not discover in each stage a higher, a more composite, a more complex achievement?

If nature did not set out with the purpose of consummating a plan, nevertheless, in the end, she has achieved what is its equivalent. It remains for the philosopher to prove how mere chance could ultimate in harmony and union. But whether there be purpose or not in nature, she has demonstrated the law of evolution to be the struggle for life and the survival of the fittest; and this same law applies to the individual in his growth, and development of character.

There cannot be one law for the star and another for the seed; one law for man and another for woman. Nature is a unity, the universe is one. The ancient Jews, perhaps, little knew how scientific was their holy prayer, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one God." To the modern scientists this prayer holds a different meaning than to the average untutored Jew; it means that there is not only one Lord principle that pervades all things, but that through all these variations of nature there is a unitary law, which never varies and knows no shadow of turning.

To become one with this law is truly to become one with God. To know this law is to know life and wisdom. To discern this law is to become born again and know the truth that makes us free.

This is the law of polarity; the law of the interaction of opposites; the law of the conflict of forces; the law of the sledge-hammer and trowel; the law which pervades all transformations to the final consummation. He who follows this law patiently, persistently, never cast down, never discouraged, will, in the end, conquer, for it will issue in the individual, as it has issued in Nature, in final peace, harmony and blessedness.

This same law of polarity I discern in the origin and evolution of religious beliefs. Religions have always held a kinship with Nature, and had no metaphysics ever tampered with them they would have traveled along intelligent lines, and never confused mankind with bigotry and superstition. The first savage had his religion, as has the most intelligent man of to-day.

The intelligent religion of to-day and that of the primitive savage are identical in one thing--they both rest on the symbols and teachings of Nature.

The primitive savage worshiped in fear and trembling, because his conflict was with opposing elements, and he learned to dread every force as sinister and direful. When he heard the thunder he thought it was the war of demons; when the earthquake shook his fragile abode, he thought monsters beneath the soil were wreaking vengeance on him; when the floods came and famine stalked along with starvation in his trail, he saw vengeful spirits moving on to seize him; when disease struggled with his feeble frame, and sought to slay him, he knew he had been inoculated with the evil virus of bad spirits. Thus his first knowledge of the external world generated in him fear, torture, dread.

What wonder that his first adored God was a spirit of evil, a monster of destruction, whom he sought to appease with supplications and to purchase with sacrifices!

This unintelligent worship of nature was the origin of all religions and is still the basis of all true religions if adjusted to an intelligent plane.

To understand nature is to learn the only rational foundation for any religion. Although we have discovered the mythical origin of religion, and although religion has ever been subjected to ignorance and traduced by trickery, it is necessary to suppose that the final outcome will be the obliteration of all religions?

I think not. I think there is a final religion, which will unite all the knowledge of man with his spiritual nature; which will bring out of the temporary conflicts between science and religion the ultimate harmony which nature indicates in all her processes.

The mischief with the religion of the schoolmen and the churchmen, of the pulpit and the desk, has ever been that it seeks to be differentiated from nature. It seeks to establish a duality. It discovers a God who can be cut apart from the world which he has made and still allows the mechanical forces to continue.

The result has been that the conventional religion has adored and obeyed the artificially created God, and has ignored nature, the only book in which can be read the true biography of the deity and the history of the universe.

The religion which shall finally prevail, must be the one which is founded purely on nature and from that source drinks all its inspiration. This is the religion which teaches sympathy with the world in which we abide, sympathy with every atom and particle and force; with every seed and plant and flower; and how beautiful, indeed, is such religion--how profound its inspiration! When we realize its grandeur then can we appreciate the beauty of that primitive native religion which casts its faint rays of hope over the dawn of civilization. Then does every phase and manifestation of nature become to us an inspiration.

When the sun rises from his ruddy couch and spreads his golden effulgence through the atmosphere, like the primitive worshippers, we cry out: "Oh golden sun, great source of all being--of form and growth, of life and thought; send thy bright beams into my soul, that I may be anew kindled with thy glories and thy splendors."

And when the silver moon creeps slowly over the blue carpet of the skies and reminds us that the sun has not forever gone, but will return upon the morrow, we cry, "Oh, pale and melancholy moon, thou who mournest the departure of thy spouse, come in my dreams and fill my veins with thy silver rays, that the light of love may pervade my being and the glamour of poetry and idealism may fill my soul!"

And to the ocean, old gray mourner of the ages, on whose shores we linger to listen to the ever lashing roar of his plaintive waves; we cry to him, "Oh, whither, whither wander thy ceaseless waves? Now they kiss my feet, and anon they roll away to yonder horizon, ceaselessly they roar, forever they moan. Oh, restless waves, what are thy teachings?" and then they answer us: "Ay, true we roam and we moan; we are here to-day and we are quickly

gone. But as we roll far off to yon horizon, we promise you we come again." And we think of the loved ones, whom once we embraced and the tears which furrowed our cheeks when forever they stole away from our approaches. Ay, like the moaning waves, we can almost hear them promise: "We will come again, we will come again."

Thus may we drink in inspiration from every flower, hope from every ray of light and poetry from every star. Nothing is so glorious as nature--nothing so full of inspiring truths.

Here is a bible whose pages are imprinted with the struggles of the ages and the story of all time. Here are to be found the sacred scriptures of the human heart; here the hidden secrets of human life; here every thought of man and movement of every atom; here is all knowledge; here is the home of wisdom.

Oh mother nature, thou I adore, thou I love. Thou art the God of gods and the mother of mothers! Thou alone art Alpha and Omega, beginning and end, hope and fruition, struggle and triumph. What cannot be learned from thy book, cannot be found in any book of God. To lie upon thy bosom and become merged in thee is the consummation of hallowedness and the fulfillment of ecstasy.

When the scalp is atrophied, or shiny bald, no preparation will restore the hair; in all other cases Hall's Hair Renewer will start a growth.

August Magazines.

THE ARENA starts out with a full-page frontispiece of Gov. Levi P. Morton, of New York; and follows with its *piece-de-resistance*, by Helen M. Gardener, "A Battle for Sound Morality," etc. (profusely illustrated, among which we think we recognize in "Florence Fairview, Independent Worker," the portrait of a whilom correspondent of THE BANNER), wherein the recent age-of-consent legislation of New York, Idaho and Arizona--raising this age to eighteen years--is treated forcibly, as this and other cognate subjects are always by this well-known writer; next month she will review victories won in the above direction in Colorado, Nebraska and Missouri; the articles on "The Telegraph in England" (Judge Walter Clark), and "The People's Lamps" (Prof. Frank Parsons), are directly in the line of the Nationalistic tendency, and show most thoroughly the beneficial results to be hoped for by the mass of individual citizens could their interests as to messages and lights be centred in the ownership of municipalities and the State; Lona Ingham Robinson, Altona A. Chapman and Frances E. Russell give their views as to the Single-Tax Problem; "The August Present" is by editor B. O. Flower, and deals with high enthusiasm as to the opportunities and possibilities of the present and future if the race will but hold to high ground, and eschew all downward drift as to appetites and passions; Prof. George H. Emmott's article on "An Arbitration Treaty between Great Britain and the United States," is full of the humane and uplifting spirit of the coming age. There are other papers, poems, etc., which go to make up a complete issue of this grand publication. The Arena Publishing Company, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS--A swift glance at these richly-filled pages gives one an impression akin to that felt on rapidly turning a telescope, situated upon some great height, toward all quarters of the horizon. We see by editorial articles therein presented this month an improvement in the feeling of France toward the great Republic of the West; we become cognizant in "Progress of the World" department of the query of how the peace of Europe is to be preserved--now that the Russian Czar has gone to his fathers, and a young man without experience reigns in his stead; a ringing protest is made against "the savage butchery and rapine" which Spain is now visiting upon recalcitrant Cuba, and the American people are appealed to to attempt in some practical manner to replace "medieval methods of military coercion" with peaceable procedures in the way of justice, in this near neighbor of ours. Rosevelt, the New York reformer, is written of interestingly as boy and man, by Julian Ralph; valuable hygienic and other lessons are conveyed by Jacob A. Ellis, in "The Clearing of Mulberry Bend"; W. T. Stead writes of "The Third Salisbury Cabinet." Only a title of the contents is here mentioned; the illustrations are many and of interest. The Review of Reviews Co., 13 Astor Place, New York.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE--"Midsummer," the frontispiece of this number, is worthy preservation for framing; those who take pleasure in studies and speculations anent the planet "Mars" cannot be otherwise than satisfied with the article of this name which Percival Lowell contributes, and which is conclusively backed by "The Flagstaff Photographs," as exponents of Areography; "Machias in the Revolution and Afterward" (illustrated), by M. E. C. Smith, is full of historic interest; "The Boston Public Library" is further treated of, in an appreciative manner--the paper being by Edmund J. Carpenter; "The Smitten Village," by "L. A. K." is a faithful recital of the bitter attack on New London, Ct., in 1781, and the massacre at Fort Griswold--the narrative contains also the story of one of the sorely-wounded survivors who came very near to being buried alive with a wagon-load of his dead companions; continued serials, poems, the departments, etc., make up a breezy number for the warm month. Warren F. Kellogg, 5 Park Square, Boston, publisher.

SCHIBNER'S MAGAZINE--The present is called the "Fiction Number" (fitted for midsummer), and is crammed to the brim with stories which forcibly lay hold of the reader's attention, and will cling to it till he or she has experienced in imagination the whole sweep of human interests; "Ninety-Three" (A. Leveillé and Rodin) is the frontispiece; "The Pastels of Edwin A. Abbey" (illustrated), by F. Hopkinson Smith, is a paper written in a style that will be admired by those who lack the artistic training, as well as by adepts; "Miss Delamare's Understudy" (illustrated), by Richard Harding Davis, is an attractive piece of word-painting lit up by an inward fire; Armand Alexandre tells the story of the capture of Paris by the bicycle, in a sparkling manner; "The Case of the Guard House Lawyer," by George I. Putnam, gives an episode of army life that will be thoroughly appreciated on perusal. Additional stories, etc., by Octave Thanaet and others, go to make up the contents of a grand number. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers.

THE QUIVER--"Passing Clouds," a forest scene, is the frontispiece of the current issue, which is profusely illustrated at many points; "Changeable" is a story of love and trial, with a sunset ending in peace; "The Fortunes of Salome" and "The Warden's Daughter" are further continued; "The Water Supply of Jerusalem" is a paper of pronounced interest;

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE. SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, located at 95 Bowdoin Street, Boston, Mass., is the publisher of the BANNER OF LIGHT, a weekly paper devoted to the dissemination of the principles of Spiritualism, and the advancement of the cause of the oppressed and the unfortunate. The paper is published every Thursday morning, and is sent to subscribers by mail or express, as ordered. The price of the paper is \$5.00 per annum in advance, and \$6.00 per annum in arrears. Single copies are sent by mail for 10 cents. The paper is also sold by subscription at the rate of \$5.00 per annum in advance, and \$6.00 per annum in arrears. The paper is published by the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, located at 95 Bowdoin Street, Boston, Mass.

Banner of Light

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

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

New Trial Subscriptions!

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

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

While thanking our regular subscribers for their continued patronage, we desire that this journal, which is devoted to the spiritual movement, as well as to secular reforms in behalf of our common humanity, shall receive ample support from the public at large.

The Latest Indian "War!"

The papers Western and Eastern alike have been for some time past filled with dispatches, imaginations and what not regarding the Bannock Indians, the hamlet of Jackson's Hole, etc., ad nauseam; but now behold there is a great calm! There was no war, after all; no danger—except to the Indians themselves, who were shot down mercilessly for the alleged crime of violating the game laws, the white man's penalty for doing which would have been a matter somewhere about twenty-five dollars for each infraction, but which was death to the Indian—although he was at the same time in the exercise of his legal rights under the United States treaty.

Great efforts were made to lead the Washington authorities blindfold into a war of extermination against the Bannock Indians; but the time has gone by for such performances. Both the war and interior departments very early discounted all alarming reports as part of the sensational methods of unscrupulous whites, who wanted to make trouble for the Indians for their own selfish purposes, and would have no apprehension of retaliatory bloodshed if the United States troops could be brought to the ground to keep the peace. The whole miserable farce has fallen through—the white men came off all right; the Indian, in the words of the poet, "it was that died"; and peace and oblivion now fold their wings over the scene.

The Nation states the case in summary fashion: The Indians—it says—were simply accused of doing what everybody in and about Jackson's Hole regarded as the most natural thing for them to do in retaliation for the brutal killing of their unarmed companions. It may be set down as evidence of a forbearance most amiable and praiseworthy, but new to the Indian character.

The attempt to becloud public judgment in the East by an outcry about the violation of the game laws of the State of Wyoming by the Indians is quite consistent with the general policy of the frontiersman toward the Indian. The game laws of the State of Wyoming are very sacred ordinances when an Indian is the transgressor; but the white cowboy, trapper or guide, may play football with them to his heart's content, and nobody ventures to shoot him down for it. Yet the white man is bound by those laws, whereas the Indian enjoys treaty privileges outside of them, granted to him by the government long before.

A writer in the same issue of the Nation, reviewing the book of Henry M. Stanley of his early travels and adventures, adds that such veteran fighters of Indians as Generals Harney and Crook, had unqualifiedly declared to him that they never knew of an Indian war in which the whites were not the aggressors and the first breakers of the solemn treaties. No one, he says, will argue that civilization must cease its progress, but every thoughtful person will feel that a deep reproach it is to our age that the irresistible power of a great nation could find no way of dealing with feeble nomadic tribes but by spasmodic and alternate resort to robbery and extermination, to fraud and to force, to cajolery and to war.

It would justly seem to be the duty of the Wyoming authorities to see that the laws are enforced against the men who killed those Ban-

nock Indians while they were being taken to jail.

Since all the killing and all the outrage has been perpetrated by the whites, the necessity of punishing the guilty offenders is all the greater. If the Bannocks had begun by killing the white man, instead of the reverse, there is no question about swift retribution on the part of the whites—the State militia would have been called out without waiting for any action of the government at Washington. Why hesitate, then, when it is the white citizens who have committed the crime?

A New Departure.

Arrangements have been made whereby the BANNER OF LIGHT in future is to be brought out by a Stock Company.

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

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

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

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

All Law Spiritual.

In reply to one of a brief series of questions in last week's Message Department, Mr. Colville answers that spiritual law is all the law there is; there is but one universal, undeviating law, and that is spiritual. There is a law which governs matter and produces all of nature's phenomena in an orderly sequential manner; and we suppose physical law, a term used by many intelligent and thoughtful people, is only a short, convenient phrase, intended to refer to the discoverable but unalterable sequence in which events move, effect following cause in regular order. Intelligence is operative everywhere. Spirit is omnipresent, pervading every globe of water and grain of sand, saturating the phenomenal universe and the sole cause of action because the essential actor everywhere. If you never do speak of physical laws, but only of spiritual law, as the cause of all phenomena, you are a much profounder philosopher and a much truer scientist in your expression than the majority. It would indeed be accomplishing a much required reform if profound reasoners from a spiritual standpoint would vigorously institute and unanimously employ a correct in place of a conventional terminology. All law is spiritual, and let us agree to call it so.

To Camp Managers.

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

Special Notice.

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

We received a pleasant call the past week from Dr. W. L. Jack and Mr. H. A. Vailancourt, of Springfield, Mass. Dr. Jack was in pursuit of a renewal of health, and we understand the gentlemen purposed visiting Onset and elsewhere. Dr. Jack is authorized to take subscriptions for THE BANNER.

The official call for the Third Annual Convention of the National Spiritualist Association is received and will appear next week. The Convention will be held at Mason's Temple, Washington, D. C., Oct. 15, 16 and 17, '96.

The world-known "Poughkeepsie Seer," Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis (now of Boston), was "sixty-nine years young" on Aug. 11.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Harley Hall, 616 Washington Street.—Sunday, at 11 A. M., 7 P. M., and 7 P. M. also Wednesday, at 7 P. M. E. T. H. Conductor.

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COLORADO.

Colorado Springs.—S. L. Hard, M. D., writes: Delightfully familiar with the camp meeting grounds and most of the dear old-time speakers on their platforms, we read from this remote point their programs and opening exercises with mingled feeling of desire to be present amid the natural loveliness of their chosen spots.

Scenes we can vividly recall at any moment, from memory's gallery, and contentment, or resignation at least, that we are spared the constant suggestion of our loss in the many valuable workers called to higher realms.

We must be counted among those who love the camp-meeting, gathering from near and far, who prize the interchange of thought, the stimulus to higher, holier endeavor, the refreshment and invigoration of the spiritual man there gained.

But the higher call often demands sacrifices. There are those who in the earlier days found not the camp a place of roses, but we have enjoyed the fruits of their self-denying labor.

So, in this distant section, may we be instrumental in providing conditions of higher growth for those who may come after, for the field is yet new here, compared with the East.

Contrary to our usual custom at this season, we find ourselves quite busy with parish or society work. We found here a small society of some four years' standing, holding a State conference and duly organized, but holding no meetings, feeling numerically and financially too weak to do so.

Since closing his winter engagement in Denver, Dr. G. C. Beck with Ewell has been detained here in his magnetic practice, beyond his expectations, and has devoted what time he could afford, as missionary of the National Spiritualist Association, to independent meetings, until a demand has arisen from a band of newly awakened souls, for systematic services, with Dr. Ewell as their minister.

Hence, under the name of "The Independent Spiritual Church," they have organized, and since Ewell's return from his engagement, with the First Society of Spiritualists, New York City, in June, they have held morning and evening services on Sundays, and a social on Wednesday evening, for presentation of phenomena, and many have heard for the first time the testimony and claims of Modern Spiritualism.

Colorado Springs is an educational centre of attraction, as well as a resort for invalids and health seekers.

Colorado College, located here, sustains a summer school as well as the usual annual sessions of colleges, and the best talent from educational institutions on our own continent and abroad are secured to instruct and study in every science taught in school or college, but in special courses, on subjects of political, social or economic interest.

With the opportunity for cheapened traveling rates afforded by the National Educational Convention at Denver, the city holds more than 2000 excursionists, spending the two months allowed by these tickets, and the several sessions of the school held every day in some five or six different places, at the same hour, from 8 A. M. until 9 P. M., are overflowing full.

These congregations are in the main, probably, of the orthodox stamp, yet the Spiritualist audience feels the swell, and a seed here and there will find lodgment, and will sprout and grow in soil, far distant, but all to the growth and increase of our pre-ordained truth.

We receive testimony at every meeting from individuals that clouds and burdens have been removed, that light unprecedented has been afforded, and their thankfulness and joy is our reward.

Dr. Ewell makes substantial growth to the cause, in his unswerving and unflinching purity and conditions for true spiritual growth.

He was commissioned by the Progressive Society here to obtain a charter from the National on his visit to Washington in June, and will, no doubt, apply for one for the Independent Spiritual Church, in the near future.

Movements of Platform Lecturers. (Notices under this heading, to involve insertion in 25 cents a week, must reach this office by Monday's mail.)

Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock speaks at Queen City Park, N. Y., and will return Aug. 16 to Aug. 24; Lake Sunapee from Aug. 25 to Sept. 1. She would like to engage Sept. 8, 15, 22 and 29 near Boston. Societies desiring her services during September, can address her care BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.

Willard J. Hull is desirous of making engagements for the coming fall and winter months in the Eastern and New England States. Societies desirous of his services will please address him at 64 East Broad Street, Norwich, Conn. Terms reasonable.

Mr. F. A. Wignin has been speaking for Niantic, Norwich, Onset, and Lake George camps. He speaks for the next two Sundays and week days at Queen City Park, when he goes to Etta; Sept. 15 is in Haverhill; last two Sundays of Sept. in Providence, R. I., Oct. and Nov. in Indianapolis, Ind.

Helen Stuart-Richings, who is still in the lecture-tour, opens her season's work, Philadelphia, speaking for the Spiritual Conference Society during October and November. April and May, 1896, are still unengaged. For these months, and for the reason of 1896-7, on most liberal terms. Mrs. Stuart-Richings may be addressed at 281 West Warren Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Dr. Lucy Barnicot, en route from Pacific to Atlantic coast, will carry at Colorado Springs, Col., for a time. Correspondence addressed 700 North Nevada Avenue. E. J. Bowtell would be pleased to correspond with societies desiring his services in fall and winter. Present address, 583 De Kalb Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Letters from Messrs. B. B. Hill, H. D. Barrett and J. W. Dennis will be published next week.

For additional editorial matter see third page.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children's 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.

On the Wing.

JOURNEYING AMONG THE CAMPS. To the Editor of the Banner of Light.

On the 18th of July, in company with Moses and Mattie Hull, with the hearty aid of dear friends at Onset, your correspondent started on a tour among some of the prominent camps in the country. Without tiring your many readers with uninteresting details, I am pleased to relate that the first important link was made at Cleveland, O., and while waiting for train connection, we were afforded the great pleasure of being entertained by those well-known and earnest workers, particularly in the Lyceum field, Thomas and Willie Lee. They had just taken up a residence in a new home, opp site Wade Park, skirted by the charming Euclid avenue, which makes Cleveland famous. I would like to give an extended account of these two prototypes of cultured, earnest, devout Spiritualists, Thomas, dignified, scholarly, refined, courteous—these two representatives of an English gentleman that he is; and Willie, the patient, painstaking, genial, hearty, conscientious, devout associate. 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Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

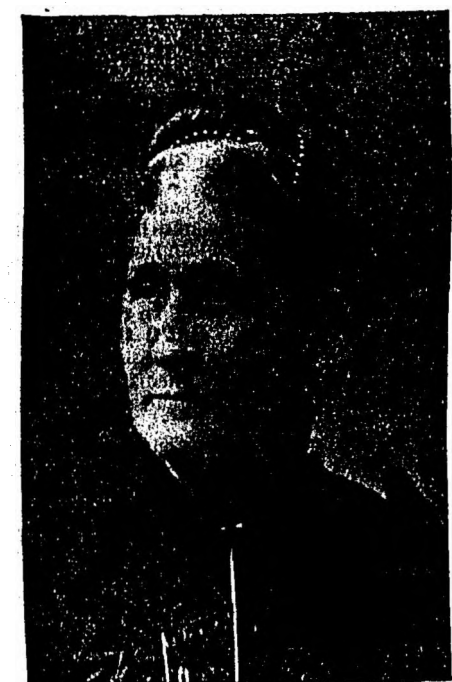
The Spirit Messages published from week to week under the above heading are reported verbatim by Miss Ida L. Spaulding, an expert stenographer.

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

It is our earnest wish that those on the mundane sphere of life who recognize the published messages of their spirit-friends on this page, from time to time, will verify them by personally informing us of the fact for publication. As our spirit visitors are very fond of flowers, it behooves the friends in earth-life, so disposed, to place natural flowers upon our séance-table, the reasons for which were stated in our editorial columns of a recent date. Also, we are requested to state that all letters of inquiry, or otherwise, addressed to this Department, should be addressed to the undersigned.

HENRY W. PITMAN, Chairman.

SPIRIT-MESSAGES, GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Séance held March 15, 1895.

Spirit Invocation.

Our Father God, we invoke thy presence at this hour, and invite thy sweet angels of light, go forth from home to home on earth delighting to do thy bidding, to visit us on this occasion. We would drink deep from the fountain of wisdom, and would receive all the light and knowledge we are capable of assimilating. We come to thee in a humble and contrite spirit, acknowledging our many imperfections, and asking for wisdom to unfold the better attributes of our souls. Teach us to be more charitable in our judgment of the motives of our fellow-creatures, and more unselfish in our daily lives; teach us to live more in harmony with the sphere whence come those angel ministers of peace and good-will.

We thank thee, oh! our Father and Mother God, for every discipline which we are called upon to undergo, for we know if we regard it in the light of a needed lesson it will tend to bring us nearer unto thee. We thank thee with glad hearts for every blessing that thou dost see fit to vouchsafe unto us, thy mortal and immortal children. We thank thee for the sweet associations that surround our home-life on earth, and we thank thee that those associations are not necessarily discontinued when the Angel of Change enters the home and summons a dear one from the family circle to the Summer-Land, but that in thy divine compassion thou hast ordained a way whereby the ascended one may return to bring comfort, consolation and light to the loved ones still remaining in the material sphere of existence.

We wish us during the services of this hour, and may the blessing rest not only upon those assembled here, both in mortal and spirit, but upon all humanity now and hereafter.

JOHN PIERPONT.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Charles Douglas.

It is with great pleasure, Mr. Chairman, that I accept the kind invitation extended to me to report at this Circle Room to-day. I have enjoyed the privilege of being one of the assembly that congregates here from week to week, and I have gained many new ideas and much intelligence by so doing.

I do not claim that I had never heard of spirit return and communion when dwelling here on earth in mortal form, but it seemed very strange to me on entering the spirit-world to find it such an active life. The dear ones who had passed on before came to greet me warmly. I saw dear Grandma Douglas reaching out her hands to me before the spirit had taken its flight, and I knew I was passing through the change called death; but I had no fear, for all about me I saw old friends gathering to bid me welcome. Among others, I noticed James Monroe, whom I had known long in the past, and I recognized him instantly.

Mortals form a very erroneous idea of the condition of spirits and of the spirit-world when they conclude that we are dead, and therefore far removed from all knowledge of them and their affairs. As has been so often said before, we are right around you, not only watching over you, but assisting you with our influences in all your labors.

I am Charles Douglas of Brockton, Mass.

Mrs. Florence Wilson.

How blessed it is to have the opportunity given us to send a communication to the friends on earth.

I wish to say right here that I know materialization to be a fact, for I have materialized myself.

My brother George is with me. It is a pleasure to us to visit our friends on the earth-plane. There are some whom we can reach more readily than others, because their magnetism blends with ours more readily.

We of the spirit world appreciate this institution, Mr. Chairman, especially this Circle Room, where all spirits are invited to gather, and to control this medial organism to send messages to our dear mortal friends, whenever there is an opportunity and we possess sufficient power and knowledge. The work of this establishment is indeed a glorious one, and I would that the hands of those who maintain it might be strengthened by those who possess the means, and I trust and believe they will be.

Mrs. Florence Wilson of Houston, Tex., where I passed away.

Freeman H. Persons.

Mr. Chairman, it is not only a great pleasure to announce ourselves here, but it is indeed a privilege to be enabled to send a message to our friends, some of whom are yet in the darkness of error and who continually cultivate that condition. It is the work of the spirit-world to disperse the clouds of ignorance with the sunshine of knowledge.

I was brought up in the Orthodox faith by my good father and mother, and was taught the importance of accepting its creeds and dogmas, but to-day I feel to say that the time is slowly but surely approaching when the old theology will be buried in oblivion.

My dear sisters, Laura and Betsey, whom I loved dearly, were my almost inseparable companions; but after a time we drifted away from the old home I loved so much and I went to Minneapolis, Minn., where I finally laid off the old form. After I entered the spirit-world I was quickly attracted back to the old home of my childhood, in Acworth, N. H., where others then dwelt, but it was, nevertheless, a sacred spot for me to visit often.

I am pleased to announce myself here to day, Mr. Chairman, as Freeman H. Persons, hoping my words will have some weight with others.

Harriet Eliza Roof.

I thank you, Mr. Chairman, for the privilege of speaking here to day, for I have long desired to send a few words to the dear ones in the mortal.

I reported quite a number of years ago through this same brain, but not in this room, but on account of some changes that have come since that time I am permitted to come again. Dear Fannie, I have often heard you when you have spoken tenderly of me to the children, and especially to Robert.

I have visited the home often, and I have taken great pleasure in coming close to the children, knowing they love mother dearly, but placing me, as do all mortals, too far away.

Fannie, I have heard you and James conversing of me often. You frequently think, "Where is Harriet Eliza, that she does not manifest?" About my work, I would answer, that is laid out for me in spirit. I also have a work to perform on the earth plane, and that is to leave my influence for good wherever it may be needed.

For a long time, Fannie, you labored faithfully with Robert to induce him to seek conditions whereby I could communicate with him if possible. He failed to do so, but in his heart he realized "mother" must be near, for you had talked with him so much that he had been obliged to think of matters relating to the other life, and to accept, in a degree, the truth of what you said.

In Cambridge, only a short distance from here, I am remembered by some. It is usually the kindred to whom we are attracted most strongly, although we feel pleased to even have our names mentioned by old friends and neighbors.

I was kindly ministered to, and every want, as far as possible, was supplied, but the Angel of Life came for me, and I passed to the spirit-shore. I was ready to go, but how it would find me, where I should go, or what I should find, was a little dark to me. But soon all doubt was dispelled, the light shone brightly about me, and I was happy to realize I was free from that old material form.

The question often arises in the minds of mortals, "I wonder where such and such an one is?" Close beside you at that moment.

When you make that inquiry we are beside you, and our presence causes you to think of us.

I send loving greetings to all; and, Fannie, I know you, or James, or both, will see that those nearest and dearest are given the message which I leave here to-day—especially the children.

Harriet Eliza Roof.

Charles Cooper.

[To the Chairman:] Good morning. I suppose we are all welcome here; they tell me so. [Certainly.]

It is many years in the past, as you count time, since they said: "He is gone; he is dead." Oh! when will that word be consigned to oblivion, for there is no death, but it is life every-where.

I am pleased to say I have been an earnest listener here many times, and gained by it. We often hear mortals say that "such and such an one has manifested, but I do not believe it is he." It hurts our feelings when we know people are distrustful of our coming, but we do not blame.

For a long time I have been desirous of speaking here, to let my relatives, friends and neighbors know I have learned a little something since I passed on. When in the mortal I should no more have thought of coming here to make a speech in public from the unseen side of life than I should have thought of going to Belshazzar's Feast: So little do we know of what we will do.

I want to say now I'm all right. I've got my limbs all perfect; I was minus one limb when here.

Eliza, Sarah, Frances, and many others, are here with me to day. Henry Cooper is here too.

You see, Mr. Chairman, these friends know I'm talking here, and they all want to send a little message by me, as one would send mail.

Charles Cooper of Drewsville, N. H., which is a part of Walpole. I was well known up in that region.

Spirit Messages.

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

March 15 (Continued).—Pamela Clark; Harriet Allen; Annette Holden; Margaret Thayer; Dr. John H. Currier. March 22.—Rev. Simon Bowles; George F. Gardner; George C. Spaulding; Polly Whittem; James F. Senter; Col. George M. Atwood; Nancy Harrington; Hannah Sargent.

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

April 5.—Elizabeth Works; Robert Tower; Benjamin Lake; Mary A. Taylor; Charles Coane; Dr. Oslan C. Mansfield; Bessie Striker; Emily Chace; Mitchell Lincoln; Fanny Olson.

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

April 18.—Herbert Sparrow; Clara Parker; Elbridge Easton; Eliza Spaulding; Jeremiah S. Quimby; Rachel Burns Martin; Samuel W. McPhee; Addie L. Wilson; Hattie Robinson.

April 25.—Dr. John J. Ewell; Willie Hazen; Frances H. Farrar; Frank A. Ely; Clarissa Morse; Prof. Henry Kiddle; Abigail Greenwood; Gertie Booth.

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

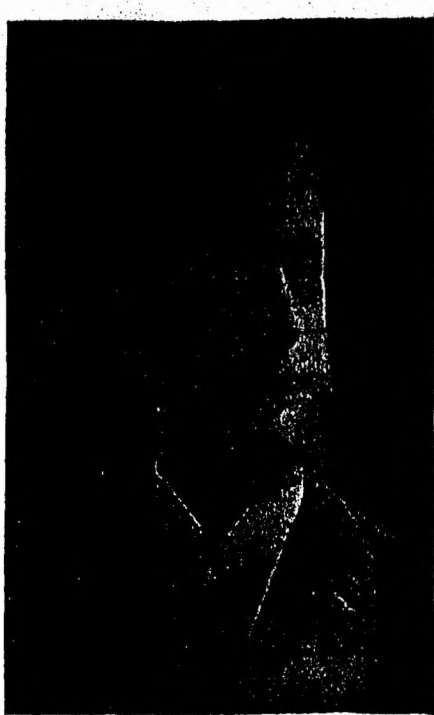
(From Nyack (N. Y.) Daily Journal.)

Dr. Dumont C. Dake Here.

The distinguished physician and noted specialist, Mr. Dumont C. Dake of New York City, has opened offices in DePaw place for the exclusive treatment of mental, nervous, chronic and obscure diseases. The Doctor visits his offices, 24 East Twentieth street, New York, on Saturdays during the summer. Dr. Dake has a national reputation, and many of the best families in Gotham have availed themselves of his treatment. The Doctor is an ardent advocate of exercise and out-door sports, and was at one time the President of the Union Croquet Club of New York City. He promises to show us something "new" in scientific croquet. The Doctor's wife, Mrs. D. C. Dake, is also an expert player, and in a tournament in Central Park defeated all her competitors, winning nineteen games out of twenty. A long article in the New York Times says "that she is regarded as the strongest lady player in the city, and there are few, if any, who can beat her in the country."

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By F. L. Smith.] Do Mr. Colville's guides agree with Mrs. Britten that medium spirits are as essential as medium mortals in the intercommunication of the two spheres of being? If that is true, might not some spirits decline to communicate, thinking they might be unable to give a correct message through two instruments?

ANS.—We are certainly in full agreement with the statement that there are mediums on the spirit side as well as on earth, and that the mediumistic gift in both states of existence is largely optional so far as its exercise is concerned.

Certainly we meet with spirits who are actuated by motives of timidity and extreme self-consciousness; there are also many who are so extremely sensitive that they feel intensely, even painfully, every breath of mental opposition and distrust which they too frequently encounter when they seek to act as honest, faithful transmitters of intelligence between the two worlds.

Our plea has always been that those who inquire into the realities of spiritual existence should remember that if Spiritualism is in every sense true, it stands to necessity that the unseen communicators are of like nature with those who interrogate them, for the principal desire expressed by most inquirers into Spiritualism is to enjoy intercourse with their own relatives and friends who have passed on, at all events with distinctly human beings who have once lived on this particular planet, and that usually at no very distant period from the present hour.

In most telepathic and similar experiments which result successfully, there are messenger spirits employed as carriers of information between the two parties who are alone mentioned in reports of the proceedings, and who are indeed the only two individuals known to the reporters, unless they chance to be persons whose clairvoyant perception is remarkably keen; then they discern other workers in the field, and often testify to the operation of usually unseen assistants.

The law of mental association is such that we are all of us at all times immediately surrounded with our special familiar spirits, who are our congenial associates, our chosen companions, or specially adapted chums.

All the protests in the Bible against familiar spirits, when read in the light of contemporary history, and when applied universally to fellowship with the kindred spirits of persons who had plunged themselves into the lowest pit of debauchery, are easily explained and justified. On the other hand, it cannot be refuted that the prophets had also their familiars, who were of a high order of intelligence, as they consorted with the prophets on a lofty moral plane.

So true is it that the law of mental affinity works universally, that it is impossible to compile a treatise on any branch of mental science without pointing out to those who wish profit from what they read, how essential it is that stress be laid upon the actual mental frame of whoever seeks to accomplish anything.

If you are timid, fearful, halting and hypersensitive yourself, you do most certainly associate in the unseen realm—no matter how little you may know of such association—with others who are just in your own mental attitude; and, again, if you are bold, self-reliant and in every way courageous and determined to successfully prosecute your designs, no matter against what odds, you are a magnet to draw around you the fearless and uncompromising in the spirit-world.

There are scarcely two mediums on earth who are exactly alike in disposition and mental temperament, therefore no two have precisely the same experiences; and even though the same master-mind in spirit-life should undertake to communicate through two adaptable instruments there would be slight external differences in the message given through the two best adapted and most nearly akin. The purpose of the communication would, however, be identical in both cases; there would be no real discrepancy or contradictory statement, simply an appreciable difference in outward style, not in the idea, but in its drapery.

Q.—[By the same.] Is the teaching of some true, that in materialization expert spirits build up a form that may be used by several in representation? Or do our spirit friends have the power, under suitable conditions, to re-embodie themselves for a limited time with material elements? Does not the appearance of Christ, after his crucifixion, warrant such an assumption?

A.—We should say in regard to this inquiry concerning how materialization is produced, that the questioner has somewhat confounded two very opposite spiritual conditions, for whatever view may be taken of the historic Christ, it can scarcely be doubted that the central character in the gospel story has, ever since its introduction into literature, been regarded as the highest expression of human conquest over every material limitation.

What Jesus accomplished after his crucifixion to demonstrate his immortality to his disciples, may be regarded as a typical instance of the supreme power of spirit to perfectly dominate matter so soon as complete expression through it has been reached; but if that explanation be given, our questioner must bear in mind that the majority of those who seek for evidences of man's career beyond the grave are chiefly desirous of coming into direct communion with their own immediate friends and relatives, who for the most part have but recently passed over and are as yet in the infancy of spiritual development.

Materialization is always possible when intelligences are operating to whom material sub-

TO OUR FRIENDS:

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

stances and elements offer no longer any successful resistance, because of their knowledge how to control the constituents of the objective realm.

The atmosphere of earth contains in solution everything necessary for the complete up-building of a temporary form which can serve as a fit instrument for the spiritual being who desires to manifest on the corporeal plane of sense-perception. This temporary vehicle of expression is like a violin for Paganini: it is no part of the artist, and you cannot say that he and it are one, but the relations are such that the catgut strings afford opportunity otherwise not granted, for your ears to listen to strains of enchanting melody in such octaves of sound as you, through your fleshly ears, can discern and appreciate.

If several musicians were to play one after another on the same instrument, and you knew the peculiar touch and style of each; if one among them were your especial friend, you could not be mistaken when he struck the keys; and what is far more convincing still, you could feel his psychic presence apart from the performance if you were in any way a discerner of individual states.

Without building up a lay figure at all, there are many instances of frequent occurrence at séances where the medium is so far transformed by the possessing intelligence that several decided facial and other transformations occur during a single sitting of a circle, each of these being so striking that the sitters declare they have witnessed perfect materialization, when the fact is that the medium's own organism has been so affected by the visiting spirits that it has for the time lost its usual appearance and taken on a close resemblance to the form of the communicating influence as it was on earth.

Too little scientific attention is usually given to this subject, which is either blindly exaggerated or scornfully rejected in most instances.

Without presuming to dictate how all circles should be conducted, we will append a brief narration of how some circles have been conducted, and with what results.

A party of close friends living in a rural district sat together every Wednesday and Saturday evening for at least two hours during five consecutive months; the circle was composed of eighteen persons, each one of whom was present punctually at eight o'clock on each occasion. No conversation was carried on, and after short, simple musical exercises all sat in calm silence. The room was lofty and well ventilated, but there was no draught; the temperature was about 75° Fahrenheit. The medium was a fine, healthy, matronly woman in middle life, a person whom all respected and admired for her sterling moral qualities.

For the first three months personations alone took place; the face and voice of the lady would be completely altered several times during a sitting, and again and again test communications were given, as well as advice and prophecy. During the last two months through which the circle held together sleazy forms appeared and walked about the apartment; many of these were thoroughly identified by some of the sitters as special friends of their own.

On the final occasion a majestic figure appeared in the centre of the room, nearly twenty feet away from the medium, who was not in a cabinet, but reclining fast asleep, or in a deep trance, breathing regularly, on a sofa at the end of the room farthest from the door. There was no artificial light, but there were two large uncurtained windows in the room through which the light of a full moon brightly streamed, so the form could be distinctly seen by everybody present.

So remarkable were the circumstances attending this apparition, that in the words addressed to the circle each one was informed (greatly to the surprise of many) what his or her subsequent career would be; and this majestic, though almost transparent figure, told all the sitters collectively that their work in that place was accomplished, and that tidings would reach them in two days summoning several of their number to new and untried fields of action.

Every detail of the prediction was amply verified, and the verification necessitated dissolving the circle, as the medium and three of her family were called away before the Wednesday evening following the Saturday on which the prophecy was made.

On all occasions from the very first the phenomena were remarkable and indisputably genuine; but only by gradual steps was the apex of full-form materialization of a most refined and beautiful description reached.

Conditions necessary for such results are very rarely observed, and until they are ambiguous phenomena will be the best that can be shown.

Our questioner alludes to the post-crucifixion appearances of Jesus; but the gospel narratives particularly state that the wonderful demonstrations referred to were granted only to special disciples who were willing to suffer everything if need be for the sacred cause they had espoused.

Every assumption is warranted, provided the one who assumes a proposition takes into consideration the unchanging operation of unalterable law.

Materializing séances held in the most promiscuous manner, with or without an admission fee, can never bring forth the highest result, if only on account of the ever-changing personality of the circle.

Private companies of friends who are truly fellow-students may evolve the highest results, as their united electro-magnetic outflow can be utilized by the unseen influences so as to produce the most convincing effects.

It Induces Sleep.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. S. T. LINEWEAVER, Lebanon, Mo., says: "It induces a quick sleep, and promotes digestion."

Written for the Banner of Light.

GOD'S LOVE.

The love of God is wide as earth,
And deep as bounding sky;
'Tis sweet as where the flowers have birth,
And stars in safety lie!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

SPIRITUALIST CAMPS.

The "Southern Cassadaga" Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting Association

Will hold the Second Annual Convention on its grounds at Lake Helen, Volusia County, Florida, Feb. 9, 1896, to March 15, inclusive.

Officers of the Association: President, George W. Lewison, Forest City, Fla.; Vice-President, Emma J. Huff, Lake Helen, Fla.; Secretary, Emma J. Huff, Lake Helen, Fla.; Treasurer, Frank E. Bond, De Land, Fla.; Trustees, Abby L. Pettigill, Cleveland, O.; Marietta Caspadden, Tampa, Fla.; William A. Kady, Lake Helen, Fla.

Location and Advantages.—The Camp Ground is situated one mile from the village of Lake Helen, Volusia County, Florida, a little over half that distance from the railroad station, one hundred and fifty miles south of Jacksonville.

The magnificent pine grove of about one hundred and twenty-five acres was formerly owned by George P. Colby, well known as an inspirational speaker and medium. This place was especially selected by his Indian guide Seneca for the purpose now used, many years ago. It is healthfully and beautifully situated; the land is high and rolling, and overlooks a chain of lakes abounding with the fawn tribes, and affords every opportunity for boating and bathing. This attractive resort is far enough south to insure a mild climate and the production of a great variety of semi-tropical fruits, being located in what is known as the "High Pine Orange Belt" of Florida.

There are no malaria swamps near, and the people living in this vicinity have never known to contract fevers of any kind. All who have visited the ground admit the wisdom of the selection. It is in every respect just such a situation as to healthfulness and winter protection as a long experience with the climate of Florida could justify. Being about twenty miles from the Atlantic coast, the modifying effect of the sea breeze is felt, but it is not so near the coast, while the railroad communications are better than from any other inland village in South Florida, which is a very important consideration where excursions to the coast for sea bathing, boating, oysters and fishing are contemplated.

Railroads.—Lake Helen is situated on the S. W. Branch of the Jacksonville, St. Augustine & Indian River Railroad, which connects with the Jacksonville, Tampa & Key West at Orange City Junction, about six miles distant, giving a choice of routes from Jacksonville. Greatly reduced rates will be given on the J. St. A. & I. R. Railway. There are always great reductions made from all Northern points during the winter season, both by steamships and railroads to Jacksonville.

The management are hoping to obtain special excursion rates to the camp. If those wishing to attend will communicate with Emma J. Huff, Lily Dale, Cassadaga County, N. Y., or Frank E. Bond, De Land, Florida, it would greatly aid in making estimates of probable attendance, and prove valuable help in securing cheaper fares.

Hotel, Board and Lodging.—The hotel erected last year, is to be enlarged and completed, and will be managed by Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Gregory, so well and favorably known at Lily Dale camp. They will secure first-class cooks and competent waiters from the North, and assurance may be felt that the culinary department will be well appointed and a genial host and hostess ready to entertain and administer to the comfort of the guests.

Board can be secured on the grounds from \$1 per week upward. Board and tent, \$1.50 upward.

Program.—We warrant that the first-class talent on our platform. Some of the best and most celebrated physical, trance, test and healing mediums will be on the grounds during the season of '96.

Dancing and Music.—A new pavilion has been erected in which dancing will be enjoyed each week. Good music will be provided, both vocal and instrumental, for the entire season.

Library.—The library and building instituted by Marion Skidmore, is an important and attractive feature. To those having books that they would like to donate to this enterprise, we would say that they will be very thankfully received, and may be sent to George P. Colby, Manager of Grounds, Lake Helen, Fla.

Further details and information regarding railroad fares, excursions, program, etc., will be given later in all leading Spiritualist papers.

For special information write to Emma J. Huff, Cor. Secretary, Lily Dale, N. Y.

Elma, Maine.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: The First State Association of Spiritualists will hold its Eighteenth Annual Meeting at its Camp-Ground in Buswell's Grove, Elma, from Aug. 30 to Sept. 8, inclusive.

The grove is pleasantly situated, within forty rods of the Maine Central Railroad, and near the country seat. There have been quite extensive improvements made during the year. A good supply of pure spring water will be on the grounds before the meeting. Reduced rates on Maine Central and Brunswick Railroads. Sunday excursions. Admittance to grounds, 10 cents a day; season tickets 25 cents. Board and lodging on or near the grounds at reasonable rates.

Program.—Friday, Aug. 30, Lecture by Mrs. Abbie Morse, Seabrook, Me.; singing; social meeting, etc. Saturday, Aug. 31, Lecture, Mrs. N. J. Willis of Cambridge, Mass.; circles at different cottages, etc. Sunday, Sept. 1, Address, Mrs. N. J. Willis; tests, Mrs. Ella Hewes of Carmichael, and tests, F. A. Wiggin of Salem, Mass.; conference, opened by Mr. Dr. Johnson.

Monday, Sept. 2, Lecture, Mrs. Abbie Morse; address, Mrs. N. J. Willis; social meeting, opened by Mrs. Amelia Stevens; music. Tuesday, Sept. 3, Lecture, H. D. Barrett, President of National Spiritual Association. Subject: National and State Legal Association. Conference, opened by Mrs. Morse.

Wednesday, Sept. 4, Fact meeting; lecture, A. E. Tisdale, the blind medium; Mrs. Ella Hewes, tests; lecture and tests, F. A. Wiggin; talk by mediums, Miss Nellie Chase and others.

Thursday, Sept. 5, Social meeting; lecture, Mrs. N. J. Willis; concert; singing and lecture, A. E. Tisdale. Friday, Sept. 6, Society meeting for choice of officers and other business, at Buswell's Hall; lecture, A. E. Tisdale; lecture, F. A. Wiggin, also tests; entertainment by children.

Saturday, Sept. 7, Remarks, Mrs. Mary Packard Smith; lecture, Mrs. N. J. Willis; lecture and tests, F. A. Wiggin; singing and speaking by the Packard family, and others.

Sunday, Sept. 8, Lecture, A. E. Tisdale; tests, Mrs. Ella Hewes; address and tests, F. A. Wiggin; farewell meeting, opened by Mrs. N. J. Willis. Programs can be obtained of the Secretary, H. B. EBERY, Glenburn, Me.

(From The Dawning Light.)

First Annual Camp-Meeting of the Spiritualists of Texas.

The State Association will hold its first annual meeting at Tyler Park, Fort Worth, Texas, beginning Sept. 21, continuing until Oct. 7, 1895. Tyler Park contains fifty acres, is well shaded by native trees. A beautiful lake covers about ten acres of the surface of this rolling tract of land; at the lake is a bathhouse and boats for the accommodation of those who wish to ply the oar. A fine Pavilion with a seating capacity of fifteen hundred persons is already built, the floor of which is in fine condition for dancing. Seance rooms and tents will be erected; a bold flowing spring will furnish plenty of water, to which Texas manufactured ice will be added.

The directors will do all they possibly can to make the camp pleasant and enjoyable as well as profitable to those who wish to be benefited by such a gathering. There are thousands of Spiritualists, thousands of Liberals in Texas, besides many of the grandest of Texas. It will be a meeting of those who are in the advance on the vital and living issues of the nineteenth century, therefore, all who could enjoy such a feast as can at this camp be enjoyed should attend.

For particulars and program address the Secretary, W. J. McCONNELL, Dallas, Tex.

Scrofula cannot resist the purifying powers of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Sold by druggists.

Written for the Banner of Light.
SINCERITY.

BY MARY WOODWARD WEATHERS.

She is that virgin bloom, out of the snow;
The sweetest flower of spring, and in her face
A glass reflecting all her soul's true grace;
A censor swings, whatever winds may blow
Her lips like incense sweeten all the air;
Freely receiving, pensioner of heaven,
She freely gives that pure and vital leaven
That works for love, in place of darkling care.

Better the world for every soul sincere;
For words that carry healing on the wing;
For words that carry love, and health and cheer;
For every deed that makes the lone heart sing.
Better the world for one who wishes well
Whose words and actions his religion tell.

Banner Correspondence.

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

Massachusetts.

SCITUATE.—W. B. Wood writes that Mr. S. H. Nelke, Conductor of Harmony Hall, Boston, meetings, came to the home at this place for a short season of rest. "But he was here only one hour, when a barge arrived at my cottage and a gentleman stepped out inquiring for Mr. Nelke. Mr. N. sat on a rock at ocean's feet, and did not enjoy the disturbance, but followed the call to come into the presence of the stranger. This party addressed him, saying: 'Mr. Nelke, I came to Boston to see you, you being recommended to me by a former non-believer. I am ready to be convinced, and in need of advice and assistance. Mr. Nelke replied: 'Yes, I will see you; you came from the State of Vermont, and are a manufacturer of prepared lumber—chairs, finished backs, and something that looks like turned wood.' The stranger looked at Mr. Nelke in astonishment, but at last said: 'How did you know this, as no one knew I was coming to see you, and I know you never saw me before?' 'I am a medium,' answered Mr. Nelke, 'and you came to see a medium who should assist you to ferret out who fired your company's large factory, of which you are a principal partner.' 'You are right, sir,' said the stranger, 'and do you know who did it?' Mr. Nelke fully described everything connected with the case, and if it was not the special desire of the stranger to withhold from publication for the present the names and circumstances, a great proof of power of mediumship could be given to the reader. People are drifting fast toward the facts and truths of Spiritualism and its phenomena in this vicinity. The BANNER OF LIGHT, which I receive weekly through Mr. Nelke's agency, assists our work. The pictures are looked at and admired, and the reading matter taken next. When returned to us they all say: 'A very interesting paper.'

Iowa.

DES MOINES.—B. N. Kenyon writes: "Among the 'News Notes and Pithy Points' in THE BANNER OF LIGHT, I read the following: 'There is but one use for law, but one excuse for government—the preservation of liberty—to give to each man his own, to secure to the farmer what he produces from the soil, the mechanic what he invents and makes, to the artist what he creates, to the thinker the right to express his thoughts. Liberty is the breath of progress.'—Ingersoll."

For more than thirty years I have held that the only effect of law is to suppress, control or extinguish normal liberty and rights; that law and government are the implacable antagonists of liberty; that they are the instruments by which the farmer is robbed of what he produces from the soil, the mechanic of what he creates, and the thinker of the right to express his thoughts. Is argument needed? Without government and laws normal liberty prevails. With them, women are prohibited from exercising the natural right of franchise, natural healers from relieving the sick, and mediums from giving communications from the so-called dead. Law and government never did nor can confer a right. They exist and are only known in the subversion of right."

Vermont.

TROY.—Eva L. Angier writes: "On the evening of July 20, friends from Troy and vicinity met at the residence of Mrs. Dorcas Hodsdon and organized a society called the 'Troy Progressive Spiritualist Society.' The officers elected were: President, Burrill Lane; Vice President, James Wright; Secretary, Eva L. Angier; Treasurer, F. L. Young; Board of Managers, Herbert Angier, C. B. Willey, J. S. Andrews; Auditors, Mrs. B. Lane, James Wright, Alice Andrews."

This Society has already thirty-one names, all willing workers for the cause of Spiritualism. This has been accomplished through the efforts of Lucius Colburn, our trance speaker, who has spoken here in Troy for five weeks to large and appreciative audiences.

On the Fourth of July our annual picnic was held in the grove of Mrs. Amy Andrews. The recitations and singing by the young people, added to the fine oration given by Mr. Colburn, made an occasion very much enjoyed by all.

Mr. Colburn has gone to attend the Camp Meeting at Queen City Park, but we hope sometime in the near future to have the pleasure of listening to him once more."

New York.

BROOKLYN.—Charles P. Cocks writes: "Mrs. E. L. Dearborn of Brooklyn is visiting Lake Pleasant Camp with her daughter, seeking rest and recreation, where she expects to remain during the season. Mrs. Dearborn is one of our best trance test mediums, having few equals if any superiors. It is safe to say that her guides will keep her busy there answering the calls for sittings for spirit communications, as at home her parlors are besieged the year round by callers on like mission; for her tests are remarkably convincing, giving names and incidents that cannot fail of recognition. Mrs. Dearborn is a lady of refinement, modest and most charming in her manners. On her arrival at Lake Pleasant she was tendered a royal welcome by some of our Brooklyn friends, among whom were the President of the Camp Association—Judge Dailey—and wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Haslam. Surely the more we can have of such exponents the better for our Cause."

Ohio.

AKRON.—Mrs. James Barber writes as follows concerning a séance which has previously been spoken of by THE BANNER'S representative, Mrs. M. McCaslin: I came on the camp ground at Lake Brady an utter stranger, and in an hour received through the mediumship of Mrs. Nellie Ulrich, such proof of spirit power and genuine mediumship as I have never witnessed before. She gave me the first reading I had ever received; names in full, etc.

This lady recently gave a materializing séance for the board and committee. She was stripped in the presence of several ladies, and dressed entirely in black, and put under the strongest test conditions, when beautiful forms came out clothed in pure white, to the satisfaction of all."

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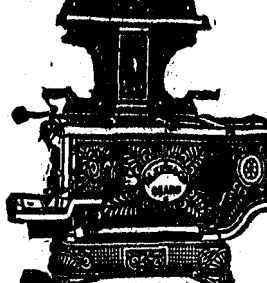
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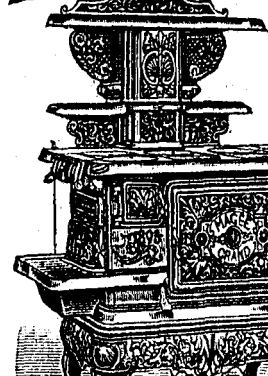
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(Continued from 14th page.)

the least advantage. The future is not questioned, because it is life—all else is nothing.

The recognition and acceptance of life as from God admits no question of limitation; of frustration; of extinction. Two facts are—God the giver, man the given; God the creator, man the creature.

Heaven is unaccomplished, without God, God is in the visible without man. The world is no riddle to the self-conscious man; and God, heaven, the future, all would be mere day-dreams—the pictures of a possibility—if man should ever cease.

So we come to the lesson of this camp that we are to have in ourselves, I say lessons. For the saviors of such are realizations and facts and substantial things. First, what a dignity it imparts to life. Not protection, not experiment. Life is no mere existence, but the soul of existence. There are sweets in it, and fullness in it, and exaltations in it, and prophecies in it. There are creations and creations, with the movements of God in the life that makes the delight to him who is akin to the delight that was in the thought of the infinite mind in its conception.

This thought was eloquently elaborated by the speaker.

Sunday morning dawned bright and glorious, and everybody seemed to avail themselves of the propitious opportunity to come to the first of the day.

There were great excursions from both north and south, and sixteen hundred tickets were sold at the gate before the arrival of the P. M. trains.

Two hundred transients dined at the "Grand," and about as many at the Leoly, and the other smaller hotels and restaurants were full to overflowing.

The famous northwestern orchestra filled the Dale with their melodies, and everybody seemed to catch a new inspiration.

Mrs. H. S. Lake made her first appearance upon the rostrum for this season, in the A. M., and was greeted with applause by the large assembly.

She gracefully responded to this kindly greeting and spoke with deep emotion of the sense of the absence of the material expression of our beloved, ardent sister, Mrs. Sarah Skidmore. "It does not seem like home," said she. "Her loving and helpful presence was to me a benediction and an inspiration to my best efforts."

Mrs. Lake has the peculiar charm of a self-poised, individualized, self-contained woman. She is never a respecter of caste or of wealth or position, but bases her friendship and estimation of people wholly upon their merit.

Her utterances are the product of her own experiences and interior conceptions and perceptions of right, and the needs of humanity at large. She is distinctly original and uncompromising in her adherence and presentation of the higher principles of fraternity and righteousness, but is at the same time devotional and charitable in the broadest and most exalted sense.

"Life" was the subject of her lecture. Life was defined to be a manifestation of energy which depends upon the completeness of the implements it has at hand. "We are struggling with mysteries," said she, "from the cradle to the grave, and the broader our range of thought and experience the more complicated and complex those mysteries become. But life in the last analysis is a service to the unfulfilled mission of the soul, else the universe is an abortion—a will-o-the-wisp, which only tortures and exasperates us continually." "You and I are only a part of the great life that has been expressing itself during an eternity in the past and will continue through the eternal ages of the future." "We possess, each one of us, the capacity of being able to perceive divine happiness, or, if we will, discord, and these two extremes confront us all through life."

"This earth is not a mere play-house in which we are to amuse ourselves for a time and then pass to eternal bliss, whether we have earned it or not." This important question of the capacity of the personal responsibility was emphasized, and the speaker said, "We are in eternity now, as much as we shall ever be, only we are so limited that we do not know it."

I believe it is possible for us to make our lives here as holy and perfect as they ever can be even after the angel of death has sealed our material lips and we have entered the possibilities of the spiritual realm." The one great reason for our sorrows and failures in this life, and which must extend into the next life until we outgrow them, is that we are pursuing the wrong goal.

"The one great cause of our sorrows and failures in this life," said Mrs. Lake, "is because we are pursuing the wrong goal. We are chasing a bubble, and when we reach it, it vanishes into thin air, and leaves us disappointed and humiliated."

Her grand peroration was full of inspiration, full of hope and encouragement.

"With all our struggles, all our disappointments, with all our sorrows, said she, "if we look to the heights of spiritual attainment, to the heights to which we aspire, all our experiences, bitter though they may be, will help us on our way, and by the full expression of our spiritual energy all our needs will be acquired, and each victory of the spirit will be an investment in the realms of eternal fruition, and God will give us the fullness of life, and we will reach the goal, and the exploitation of our fellows will forever cease."

In the afternoon, that venerable saint of the "Bench" and "Bar," Hon. A. B. Richmond of Meadville, Pa., composedly faced a perfect sea of upturned faces, and discoursed to them upon the theme, "One hundred years ago." It was like turning the leaves of a historical romance. It was not only a looking backward over the revolving years of the last century, and recounting the upward steps of science, literature and religion, but a casting of the horoscope of the next decade. "The century just past," said he, "will go down to history as one of the most remarkable that have left their impress upon the witness of time; remarkable in the progress of human thought, in the advancement of civilization, in exploration of unknown portions of the world, in the promiscuity of great men, and in wonderful scientific discoveries and inventions that now make the elements do the labor once only performed by human hands."

One hundred years ago, little was known of the power of steam. To-day the steam engines of the world have the aggregate of forty-six million horse power, and approximately represent the work of one billion of men, more than double the force of the working population of the whole earth. What may we prophesy of the next century?

One hundred years ago, little was known of electricity, except as its destructive force was displayed in the storm-cloud, where it defied the control of man. Now it is the most obedient of servants. Submissive to his commands, it illuminates the nights of our cities with the glare of noonday, lights our dwellings with subdued and gentle rays, turns the wheels of our factories, conveys our messages with the swiftness of thought, and whispers the familiar tones of affection into listening ears hundreds of miles away from the lips that uttered them.

One hundred years ago comparatively little was known of the geological formation of our earth. Now science has delved into its secret caverns, and read from tablets of stone there entombed, and inscribed by God's own hand, the history of our world's creation.

One hundred years ago the stars shone as now upon the sunless earth, and astronomers wondered from whence came their light, and what was the fuel that kindled their rays. To-day the scientist in his oak-leaved room admits their rays through a spectroscopic, and from a screen by his side reads the names of the chemical elements they are consuming as easily as he would from a printed page, or he learns therefrom that they shine from the reflected light of other suns.

One hundred years ago we were separated from the commerce of the world by long months of ocean navigation that depended alone on the treacherous winds to drive the loaded ship across the pathless deep. To-day hundreds of palatial steamers weekly go and come, and like great shuttles between the warp and woof of commerce, are weaving the destinies of nations—harmonizing the conflicting interests of men, and are fast hastening the time when wars shall be no more.

The dictation and the comprehensive presentation of the reflections and anticipations of the able and venerable lawyer did him great credit, the only drawback, I fancy, to its full appreciation by the audience, was that it was read from manuscript, and was in that respect a noticeable contrast to the inspirational discourses which have been poured forth from our rostrum as freely and spontaneously as an April shower, and equally refreshing.

Mrs. H. S. Lake spoke on Tuesday P. M. Her subject was "Methods." The speaker said in the outset that her subject was not to be treated by many as prosaic and utterly lacking in food for inspiration. But it proved to be quite the reverse in the hands of the brilliant speaker. She held the first step toward spiritual unfoldment was the purification of the body. "The temple of the spirit should be swept and garnished and made ready for the full expression and expansion of the soul."

Wednesday was Labor Day. "The Rights of Labor" was the theme of the conference in the A. M., and several able minds entered the arena of discussion, fully equipped with facts and data for the defence of their theory, each one differing from the other in method.

Hon. C. B. Matthews, Populist candidate for Governor, in Erie County; Prof. C. J. Hall, from the great West, the famous prohibition lecturer; P. D. Bryant, of Harbor Creek, a Republican; Hon. L. E. Lincoln, Chairman of the Populist party of Erie County; Mrs. Dr. Pratt of Kansas, and an officer of the State Suffrage Club, and Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, participated in the discussion.

Ex-Congressman Hon. Joseph C. Sibley was the lion of the day. The Northwestern Orchestra met him at the train.

Mr. Sibley is evidently a man of brains, education and experience, and a conscientious advocate of the theory he has espoused. He was elected to Congress by the Populist, Populist and Democratic vote. As he stepped upon the platform, Wednesday P. M., he was greeted with a perfect storm of applause.

He said, in the outset, that the platform of this association has the reputation of being a platform of Free-Thinkers.

"This is the time for more Free-Thinkers. I am glad to stand upon such a platform," said he. He is a free-liver man and a bi-metalist, and discussed the question with great ability and eloquence.

"Birth and Death, from the Cradle to the Grave," was the subject discussed by H. R. Lake on Thursday afternoon, and it was thought by many to be the most brilliant lecture of the season. Her every utterance was alive with mature and original thought. In closing she paid a high and deserved compliment to the Cassadaga Board of Trustees and all the workers. She said it might be the last time she should ever see them, and she said that such should prove to be the case, many fond memories of her stay here would ever be enshrined in her heart. This was the sixth year of her ministrations here, and they had been seasons of great spiritual enjoyment, and the great and many kindnesses she had received would be remembered with deepest gratitude. She retired from the rostrum amid great applause.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond's presence at the camp is like a continual benediction. There is no brighter light in the great realm of evolutionary thought. Her ministrations are given with such grace, such eloquence, such genius and forgetfulness of self, that she can but be counted among the world's most gifted and inspired teachers of spiritual truths. Her messages of immortal wisdom are everywhere, like "apples of gold in pictures in silver." She is seldom absent from the conference, the Thought Exchange, or any place where her harmonizing and helpful words are needed. Her classes in soul teachings, which are held in the brary Hall each afternoon at four o'clock, are quite largely attended, and many feel that their aspirations for the higher philosophy of spirit are met and directed by her to a greater degree than by any other teacher.

On Monday evening Mrs. Richmond and Quina conducted a grand union meeting at the Auditorium. All the mediums of the camp were invited to participate in the exercises.

Tecumseh, the great Indian chief, through a medium from Chicago, gave a brief oration, which, though in the Indian tongue, by voice and manner displayed great fervor and eloquence. The beautiful interpretation of it by Dulma was an earnest of all the native eloquence of the red man.

Mrs. Mary Lyman, Mrs. S. Gordon White, Dr. Willis Edwards of Chicago, Mrs. J. E. Allen of Elmira and others participated.

Mrs. Richmond gave her first public address this Friday afternoon. Her subject was, "The Spiritual and Material Basis of Life, as Related to the Spiritual and Philosophical of the material world." At the present writing, an adequate résumé of the same. It was at once deep, broad, comprehensive, philosophical and eloquent.

The Children's Lyceum is to give its first public entertainment this evening. It has a fine program, and we have no doubt it will be a grand success.

The "Forest Temple" gave meetings, which convene each morning at nine o'clock and also in the early evening, are an attractive feature of the camp. They are presided over by Mrs. Mary Lyman, assisted by her sister and co-worker, Mrs. Walters. The topics which have been discussed have been the reforms of the day.

It seems to be a favorite resort for the Indians, and they bring many messages of good cheer and instruction from the "Happy Hunting Ground" of the other world. Nearly all the speakers and mediums of the camp have at different times participated, and the strangers who come and go seem to regard it as a novel attraction. The grand old forest trees under the pure fresh woodland air seem to engender freedom and spontaneity of expression that one does not get elsewhere.

Mr. Henry W. Pitman, associate editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT, has added much to the life of the conference and social gatherings since his arrival a few days ago.

He has been making a tour of the Western camps, and gives glowing reports of their success and prosperity. He is also the bearer of fraternal greetings from them to Cassadaga. A committee has been chosen to formulate a suitable response to said greetings have reported the submitted resolutions, a copy of which, by unanimous action of the conference assembled, to be sent to each of the camps therein named, and also to the three leading spiritualistic papers, the BANNER OF LIGHT included:

"To the Spiritualist Camp-Meeting Associations at Northwestern Association, Chesterfield, Ind.; Haslet Park, Island Lake, Queen City Park, Clinton, Iowa, Lake Pleasant, Onset Bay."

The Cassadaga Lake Free Association in conference assembled sends fraternal greetings to the above associations, from words of encouragement and fraternal fellowship which have been received, and to all other kindred societies engaged in disseminating the glorious truths of Spiritualism and gospel of human brotherhood.

We have heard with the greatest joy and thanksgiving of the success of your meetings the present season, and of the general progress of our Cause in your locality.

We are rejoiced to inform you that our Association was never in a more prosperous condition, and our camp-meeting never better attended than at present. That the thousands who have thronged to our meetings were never more eager, never more earnest in their pursuit of knowledge than now.

That there is an ever increasing conviction that we must all unite, not only in our local organizations, but in the grand unitary body like the National Association, by uniting we gain each the benefit of the whole, and that no one can afford to complete chain of associations, acting as one, encircles our fair land, and finally unites us by international associations with the whole globe. We would emphasize the urgent appeal for united organization, that we may the more perfectly add the wisdom and love from above in bearing the tidings of great joy unto all people.

Fraternally yours,

THE CASSADAGA LAKE FREE ASSOCIATION IN CONFERENCE.
Committee: Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Chairman; Thomas Grimshaw, Mary Webb Baker, Dr. F. S. Akim, Prof. H. O. Sommers.

NOTES.

Mrs. Warner, wife of Hon. Wendell C. Warner of Yorkshire, N. Y., is at this camp for a brief visit, and being warmly greeted by her many friends of the olden time.

Mr. Warner will be remembered as one of the most brilliant philosophical and incisive exponents of the truths of Spiritualism, and as an able defender of all the great reforms of the day, and one that can be fully spared from the rostrum of our republic. But he has been chosen in place of the one who has just been recognized, and that he is now occupying a responsible position as a representative of our country. He holds the office of United States Consul, and is now in Europe acting in that capacity. Mrs. Warner has been with him until December last.

Mr. Moulton of Milwaukee and his wife, who was Mrs. Mary Tyler of New Castle, Pa., are being congratulated by their many friends. They are en route to Milwaukee.

Prof. Biffeld, of the Toronto schools, is a guest at the Grand. His voice has been heard in the conferences, and his analytical and logical method of reasoning are a great power.

ORPHA E. HAMMOND.

Onset Bay, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Sunday, Aug. 11, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, the lecturer of the morning, spoke about the children. To the thinking person the advice of Holmes to begin to educate the children two hundred years before they were born, was sarcasm; but when you realize what good teaching can do in that time, it is sarcasm? Where are the Spiritualists' children? Not in the Lyceum, surely. You say they are not old enough to understand it. Can they not understand it as well as an Orthodox sermon?

Children are not taught to respect the religion of their parents. Many children are taught by the outside world to think they are placed in the position of missionary to their parents.

She hoped the time would come when we could get out of the old ideas of education, if we only found the eternal truths of things, and learn that people are born with tendencies and capabilities.

Many children are pushed forward by unnatural tendencies. The boys and girls are forming habits to-day that they will rue in years to come. It is a rule of nature that one evil follows another. She argued earnestly against heedless marriage. The time is coming when we will look after the antecedents of our children.

Little children can be taught the power and sacredness of membership if begun in time.

Do you believe the life that is guarded by the known spirits of loved ones gone before will come to grief? Those finding fault with the children to be and call it politeness. Politeness at the sacrifice of truthfulness is a bad dose to take.

The saying that a little child shall lead them is exemplified in the fact that many a child has led up to glory. I believe we will crowd off the evil with the good.

Wm. F. Peck sang by request, "Angel Footsteps Falling on the Floor" and Mrs. May S. Pepper closed the session with one of her characteristic test seasons.

When Mrs. Pepper took the stand she said the son of the woman requesting the song just sung was present and that his name was Benj. F. Bon on, the first president of the Spiritualist society in Philadelphia.

The afternoon session was presided over by the concert by the Bridgewater Band, which closed its engagement with the Association for this year.

W. J. Colville, the speaker of the afternoon, lectured upon "The Soul and its Embodiment." He said, among other things, that when he spoke of the man he spoke of him in his own country, and that he was undoubtedly the science and religion of the future; but it will not be stated in ecclesiastical dogmas.

Man does not die; he continues to live. Show up his death, you say that he dies. The mortal form changes moment by moment. The world is called to-day to decide between skepticism and atheism.

Those finding fault with their own circumstances had better study and find out that they are to blame for those same circumstances.

In speaking of the mission and destiny, the speaker followed out the line of thought of the lecturer.

At the close of his address Mr. Colville gave an inspired poem.

Thursday afternoon, Aug. 8, services were opened by a duet by A. J. Maxham and Wm. Peck, "Larboard Watch, Ahoy."

W. J. Colville spoke upon the following subjects:

"Materialization, the Facts and Future," "The Marriage State," "Does it continue in Spirit Life?"

Cooperation and the Future Destiny of the United States is the grandest question in the world. He spoke enthusiastically and encouragingly of the work being done in England and France.

Everywhere and the people are standing in the doorway of the future, and both are copying after the American methods of carrying on the work. Conditions are more favorable for all reforms here than in foreign countries.

We have only to clear away the debris, which across the water old forms and customs have not to be discarded. There is fully as much a desire for freedom on that side of the Atlantic.

There is intelligence, love, hunger and thirst after righteousness everywhere.

When we analyze the motives underlying all desire for change, we find that they are prompted by a desire to do better.

Every child born into the world abnormally is a menace to society, and every child well born is a benefit to society. The marriage question should be called the universal human question. Children should never be born of diseased ancestry.

The goal is no more disease, poverty, crime—every man of moral character, is the welfare of the world. The question is, is the welfare of the world? When the higher truth of human evolution is understood, then the child will be born with no more crime or disease.

It depends entirely upon man's motive when he makes himself his neighbor's superior, as to whether he is a blessing or a curse. The welfare of each is connected with the other. It is only with our knowledge of universal nature that we can decide intelligently.

Human nature needs educating, not altering. Mediums are, more than others, susceptible to the thought of others. Carry your best and noble thought to the people today the question of the welfare of the world. The spirits do not come to admire the palaces and gewgaws of the world.

No matter how many frauds you may have seen, there are ninety-nine realities for every one. The way to stop lying in the world is to develop your spiritual self so high that you never will mistake a lie for the truth.

The true place to witness the highest manifestations of Spiritualism is in the home circle. W. J. Colville gave a course of lectures in the Arcade upon "Spiritual Science" that were attended by interested audiences.

The reception accorded Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing upon her appearance Friday and again Sunday morning—when the Auditorium, which has a seating capacity of two thousand, was filled to standing room—was a most flattering one, and most certainly made "motherly" Mrs. Twing feel at home with her family.

Mrs. Twing has a charming personality which, aside from her great heartedness and her ability as a lecturer, gains her hosts of friends wherever she goes. Mrs. Twing and "Ikabod" are always welcome at Onset.

Rev. S. L. Beal of Brookton attended the funeral of Mr. Barnard, at 12 o'clock Sunday.

Mr. Nelson Hutchinson of North Abington spends Sunday here occasionally.

Only another week of camp-meeting, and the season of 1895 will be among the have-beens. The season has been very quiet and harmonious.

There has been a noticeable lack of newspaper exposure, so called, which certainly argues well for the advance of the cause.

William F. Nye takes party of friends out in his steamer every Sunday after the meetings. The sail is appreciated by the recipients honored.

The Bridgewater band closed its engagement here on Sunday. That, with the departure of A. J. Maxham, who has been furnishing the singing, makes a close to the season of the program.

The band is agreeable, gentlemanly fellows, understand their business, furnish first-class music, and, during the three seasons they have been here, they have gained many friends.

The Plymouth band plays here Sunday, and the Tanglewood band will follow on last Sunday.

Everybody is waiting for the Newport excursion, which comes if next week.

The fire department had an opportunity of exhibiting its efficiency Sunday evening, when the house owned and occupied by Mrs. Barney Ferguson, and formerly owned by the Berry sisters, caught fire from a lamp, damaging it about \$2000.

R. H. GILBERT.

The *Wigwam* report sent us by B. J. D. came too late for use in this issue; will be printed in the next.

Next week, Mary C. Weston, the President, will hold a fair on her lawn, and in her large striped tent on the lawn, for the benefit of the *Wigwam*. The grounds will be well lighted by Japanese lanterns, etc.

Lake Brady, O.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The next day after sending our last report, we were shocked by another terrible accident. Little Walter Bloss, the son of John Bloss, of Cleveland, was crushed to death under the wheels of the switch-back car. The child, only four years old, was riding with his father and mother, and in attempting to grasp at his father, which blew off, lost his balance when the car was going at lightning speed. The mother attempted to fling herself after him, but was held in the spar by her horrified husband. Walter was a lovely child, and his transit was sudden, almost painless.

Dr. Martin filled the place of Rabbi Will as speaker for one of his appointments which he failed to fill, and Professor Kenyon the other. Both of these gentlemen are greatly respected, and their presence at the camp was a great benefit to the cause.

Elizabeth Barnet Browning, her experience, and those of Robert Browning, her husband. The testimony of many famous people with whom these poets and writers were familiar, was also added, making an array of evidence unanswerable to any reasoning mind willing to accept such authority.

Mrs. Underwood's own experience was by no means a small part of her testimony. The fact that spirit manifesting to her preferred to deal with questions of general interest, rather than mere personalities, was proof of a higher order of intelligence.

This last lecture was delivered Sunday morning, and in the afternoon Mrs. Celia M. Nickerson took the rostrum. Her subject was "The Law of the Higher Philosophy of Life," both visible and invisible. One of her best illustrations was that of a collection of eggs. So far as the senses could judge from their albinous appearance, they were exactly alike, and yet by the mysterious process of incubation a goose, a hen, a duck, a turkey and other fowls step into visible existence apparently from the same substance.

This proves how far beyond the plane of physical science is the plane of real life. Then why should we doubt the manifestations of spirit simply because beyond the pale of the senses?

The last on the list of speakers since our last report was Mrs. H. Y. Moulton of New York. Her discourses thus far have been as a pruning knife to the religious and other institutions, not sparing Spiritualism.

"Christianity," said Mr. Moulton, "is anti-Christ; it places social ostracism on Christ's true followers, and secures legislation that makes it a crime to do as Christ did. It is the laying on of hands. Spiritualism stands up where Christ did in the time, and judging by the spirit they manifest toward it, were Christ here now he would be crucified by the very ones who bear his name."

Maggie Gaule often gives some of her best tests after the meetings are over. She was followed to her room the other day by a woman who felt upon her knees begging, "For God's sake tell me more; all you said at the rostrum is true, but I was ashamed to own it, because of my orthodox belief." The woman received further tests and went away rejoicing.

Conference has not lagged in interest since the beginning of camp. Many of the short speeches there are full of interest as anything we have had from the rostrum. This is owing largely to the fact that our speakers usually attend conference, and give experiences from their checkered lives, sometimes more convincing than philosophical argument. Aside from this, however, we have no small array of "home talent," ready wit and repartee, with brief accounts of remarkable experiences that have never crept into print.

"How Should Spiritualists Live?" was the last subject discussed. Many testified to having been able to overcome, by exercising the power of mind over matter, fleshly desires and diseases, etc. To illustrate the necessity of making effort, whether we know the result will be or not, an amusing story was told of two rats, an optimist and a pessimist, that fell into the cream creek. The pessimist gave up and sank to the bottom; but the optimist used his instinct and paddled; later the housewife discovered him sitting serenely upon a pound of butter of his own making.

The mediums on the grounds all joined last night in a benefit service for H. T. Stanley, a test medium, who has been very ill. The exercises were as follows: Prof. W. Kenyon made the opening remarks. He spoke feelingly of the life of love and friendship which caused all to unite to help a fellow-being and to love him in his own country, and that he was undoubtedly the science and religion of the future; but it will not be stated in ecclesiastical dogmas.

Mrs. Harry Archer, materializing medium, who has a rich soprano voice, and Mr. T. Davis, sang a beautiful song.

Mr. Frank T. Ripley and Miss Maggie Gaule each gave several tests, all of which were recognized. Miss Gaule described vividly a little child. She said: "He gives the name of Willie Alexander. His face is discolored and covered with scratches. Ah! I see. He was drowned in the Ohio River, and his body was in some bushes, which scratched his face." The latter of the child admitted the correctness of her statement. Mr. Ripley, among several other tests, gave

the following: "I get the name of Spenser," indicating an old gentleman, who acknowledged the name. "A man by the name of John Thompson says: 'Do you remember the time we traded horses?'"

"Yes," said Mr. Spenser. "Well, he says you got the better of him in that horse trade."

Mr. Stanley also gave several tests under Indian control. Big Wolf, using peculiar expressions.

Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Conner, Mrs. Child and Mr. Bartles, all mediums, were called upon, and roused themselves, as the program was getting too long.

W. E. Cole then gave an exhibition of spirit-telegraphy, the battery, sounder and key-board (which is kept in a box) all sitting on the table, independent of any wires, and all picking out messages from deceased persons to their friends in the audience.

The last exhibition was given by Hatfield Pettibone, called "materialization in the light." A framework, something like a clothes-rack, with black muslin tacked over it, was placed at one end of the room, the medium and his battery, as he called them, Mr. Charles Brown of Lake Brady and Mrs. Ida Lewis of Cleveland, sitting on each side of him holding his hands. Mr. Stanley sat in front, with his hands placed on theirs. A curtain was then dropped in front of them and one back of them, leaving their faces exposed.

While in this position, hands protruded through the curtain, sometimes five and six at once, keeping time in their motions to the playing of a violin and autoharp. White lace enveloped the wrists of some of them, and others seemed bare to the elbow. They patted the medium's head, pulled his hair, once jerking his head back by the forehead while he was receiving a drink of water, causing it to spill. They even twisted his nose. Receiving a tambourine, knife and fork, they played a lively tune, the knife and fork being in full view.

Mrs. Pettibone was visibly exhausted when the séance was over. His hands were so closely locked in those of the persons on each side of him, they had to be separated by force.

Every Thursday forenoon now is devoted to a Children's Progressive Lyceum, which we will speak of further. The little people of the camp are delighted with the calisthenics and other exercises. The older people enjoy it, too, as it breaks the monotony of five successive conferences.

Mr. Umphry of the band has left us to accept an engagement in New York. Mrs. Lancel, first violin, has now taken her place.

The Wednesday and Saturday night dances are well patronized.

All the mediums report good business.

Aug. 7, 1895. Mrs. McCASLIN.

Lake George, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Have your readers seen Lake George, with its three hundred and sixty-five islands, mountains throwing their shadows upon the waters, and suggesting thoughts regarding the centuries past, with the divine revelations that may be revealed to the student of nature?

Then to the lovers of pleasurable sport, fishing we will entice them, for the fishy tribe seems drawn to the "little hook," and toothsome dinners are sure to follow.

Last Saturday Mrs. Tillie Reynolds came into camp with greetings from Cassadaga to Lake George. Sunday brought many visitors by railroad and teams, and the meetings were the more satisfactory from the fact that on Saturday indications were—rain—rain! But Sunday morning the sun shone. Nature had washed her face, and smiles and smiles were sweet, and every one seemed happy. Many people came in for the day from Saratoga, Glens Falls and surrounding towns, and were delighted with the camp and meetings.

Mrs. Tillie Reynolds spoke afternoon and evening on subjects given by the audience, and closed with a series of "dooms" and "tests." As tests by Mrs. Florence Child White. Mrs. Reynolds's closes evidently are prepared for all subjects, and handle them in a very forcible as well as poetic way. The tests by both ladies were every one recognized. Conference every morning.

Monday evening Mrs. White held a circle, which gave entire satisfaction. All were enthusiastic in their expressions. Last evening an experience meeting, bringing out some remarkable as well as laughable facts. To-night a lecture by Mrs. Reynolds, tests by Mrs. Reynolds and Mrs. White. Every moment is filled both socially and spiritually, and causing us to love camp.

Mrs. Rice, from Grand Rapids, is in camp doing her work nicely.

The 17th there will be a grand illumination of the grounds and dance in the spacious hall of the hotel.

Sunday, Aug. 11, F. A. Wiggin will be the speaker. The following Sunday, M. B. Little of Glens Falls and Mrs. Alice of Canada will follow with tests. Both Sundays will be full of profit and wisdom.

Every new arrival exclaims: "Oh, how beautiful!" Come and see for yourselves, friends, and help to make it more and more a success, as it is sure to be. Cottages are being built, two nearly ready for dedication.

Cassadaga Camp will soon be felt as a power in the summer work, and those who once came to Hotel Woodin to be cared for and entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Seelye will look forward anxiously to the time when they can come again.

Come one and all, and bring your friends,