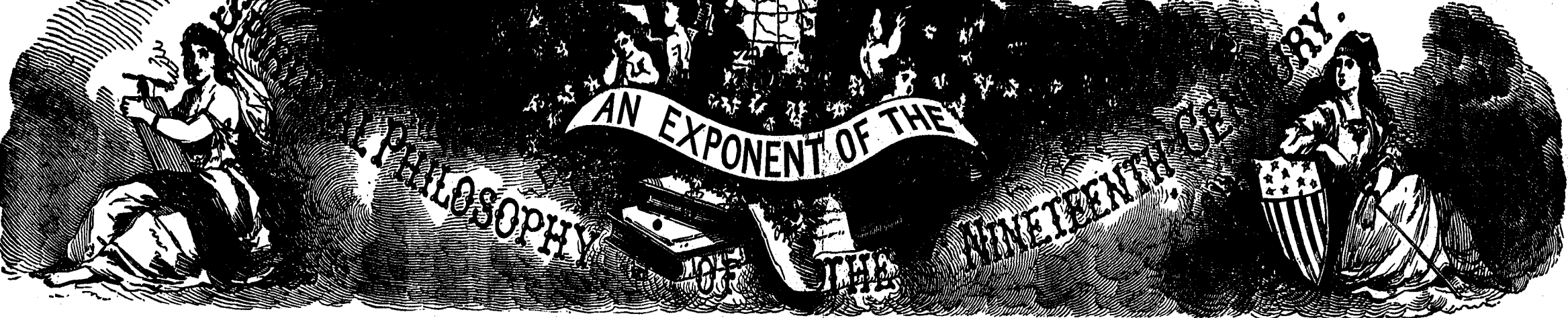


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 21.

Written for the Banner of Light.
AT TRYING-HOUR.

BY WILL H. WAITT.

I live again that solemn hour
Held sacred to love's subtle power—
That hour of awful reverence
When, heart to heart, with eyes intense,
We watched the Miracle of Night
Outwrought before our straining sight,
And saw, in pomp of majesty,
The storm-king set his vassals free!

Hark! How the eerie night-wind roars!
And, sighing through the sycamores,
Storms loud along the wild ravine
With hiss of hurt lug hail between;
While, in the sullen interlude,
The sobbing pines in yonder wood
Keen sadly to the wild refrain
The rede of Life's unending pain!

Dear heart! that hour of tryst is o'er!
Life's storm can harass thee no more!
With sealed lips and hands at rest,
Fate's dark cross-purposes contest,
The sleep God giveth to His own
Hath crowned thee, and I wait alone
Within the shadow of that calm
Which folds thee, spirit-love, from harm!

Yet not alone! Beyond the dark
That broods above Vermilion Park,
Where, in the memory-haunted mist
Of old, my spirit held fast tryst,
In the clear light of earnest faith,
That yields no vantage-ground to death,
Unto my quickened presence
Thy soul reveals her influence!
Lake Pleasant, Mass., Bethlehem Cottage.

Who Wrote the Historical Books of the Bible?

A Lecture delivered by
W. H. BACH.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

WE have been taught to believe that the Bible was a book of an altogether different nature from ordinary books, and that we must not investigate it as we would other books. But to-day, with the changed ideas brought about by the higher education of the people, it is conceded that truth will never suffer by investigation, and thus has been prepared the way for the higher criticism.

The higher criticism must not be supposed to be an infidel affair. On the contrary, it is among the highest church authorities and among the best educated people that it has found its strongest advocates. It is the legitimate result of the extravagant statements of church people, whose absurd claims have made their doctrines a laughing stock for advanced and educated people.

This idea is not confined to those who might be styled Freethinkers either. It is among the more advanced of Christian scholars that the most systematic study is going on; the object being to learn just what it is, knowing that the true cause of humanity will be benefited, notwithstanding the result may be the downfall of some of their pet theories.

First, what is the meaning of the word "Bible"? Many suppose it to be "the great book of all books." This is not correct. Its real meaning is: "The book composed of other books."

The Old Testament was not brought together until long after it was written in manuscript form, while the New Testament was not written in its present form until at least three hundred years after the events narrated had taken place. Indeed, it is doubtful if any of the records were made until at least fifty to one hundred and fifty years had passed, and some Christian scholars affirm it was later than that.

The Old Testament can be divided into two divisions—the historical and the prophetic. Upon the historical depends the proof that the events connected with the fundamental principles of the Christian religion took place. If these cannot be demonstrated, the fabric must fall, as its basis has vanished. The prophetic are worthless if the basis for the prophecies cannot be sustained.

The question then is, "Who wrote the Historical Books of the Bible?" We have been told that the first five books were written by Moses; that Joshua wrote the book that bears his name; that Solomon wrote the Proverbs and David the Psalms; they either did or did not, and the place to learn the truth is from the books themselves.

The book of Genesis purports to give a history of the world from the creation, which took place, according to biblical chronology, 4004 B. C. up to the year 1635 B. C. Moses was born 1571 B. C., as we are told that he died at the age of 120 years in 1451 B. C. According to this, every event spoken of in the book of Genesis must have taken place from 64 to 2433 years before he was born. If he wrote the book, how did he know anything about it except by hearsay?

But was this all, the higher criticism would have no further need to study the book of Genesis? It could be explained in some way satisfactory to themselves. But there are other things which lead them to say positively that Moses was not the author of the book, and that it was produced by a much later writer.

In Genesis xiv: 14 we read as follows: "And when Abram learned that his brother was taken captive, he armed his trained servants, born in his own house, three hundred and eighteen, and pursued them unto Dan." This seems a most natural thing to do until we learn that, at this time, the city of Dan had no existence.

Judges xviii: 26-29 reads as follows: "And the children of Dan went their way; and when Micah saw they were too strong for him he turned and went back unto his house. And they took the things which Micah had made, and the priest which he had, and came unto Laish, unto a people that were at quiet and secure; and they smote them with the edge of the sword, and burnt the city with fire."

"And there was no deliverer, because it was far from Zidon, and they had no business with any man; and it was in the valley that lieth by Beth-rehob. And they built a city and dwelt therein. And they called the name of the city Dan, after Dan, their father, who was born in Israel. Howbeit, the name of the city was Laish at the first."

Abram's chase took place 1913 B. C., and as Dan was not founded until 1406 B. C., there was no such city until forty-five years after the death of Moses, and five hundred and seven years after the supposed chase of his enemies by Abram. As the name was Laish until Moses had been dead forty-five years, he certainly did not write it, and the writer was some one who lived after the name of the city had been changed from Laish to Dan.

Genesis xxxvi. gives a genealogy of Esau, who was the father of the Edomites. The 31st verse reads: "And these are the kings who reigned in the land of Edom before there reigned any king over the children of Israel." This was 1780 B. C.

This passage could never have been written before any kings reigned over Israel. No one ever came to Aberdeen until there was such a place. Mr. Jumper never was mayor of Aberdeen until Aberdeen became incorporated as a city and began to elect mayors. If you found a writing which was not dated which said: "These things took place during the time S. H. Jumper was mayor of Aberdeen," you would know it was written after he had been elected to fill that office.

For the same reason we know this passage was written after there were kings who reigned over Israel. When was this? Let us see.

Saul was anointed king over Israel in 1036 B. C. Samuel was the last of the Judges, and the people refused to receive his sons as his successors, and demanded a king. Saul was therefore anointed. But even this date cannot be late enough for the date of these writings, as the passage clearly implies the plural. Therefore, there must have been more than one king. Saul reigned forty years, and David succeeded him in 1005, and was in turn succeeded by Solomon in 1015. It would be reasonable to suppose that at least two kings had reigned before this passage could have been written; but taking the date of Saul's ascension to the throne, it was not until 1005 B. C., or three hundred and fifty-five years after Moses died.

Exodus xvi: 36 reads: "And the children of Israel did eat manna forty years, until they came to a land inhabited; they did eat manna until they came into the borders of the land of Canaan."

As Moses never reached the land of Canaan he certainly did not write a history of what the people ate until they got there.

Joshua v: 12 says: "And the manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land; neither had the children of Israel manna any more; but they did eat of the fruit of the land of Canaan that year." Joshua did not begin his work as leader till Moses died.

Exodus, Leviticus and Numbers refer principally to events connected with the everyday life of the people. Yet they bear the imprint of the third person. In fact, the third person is used almost entirely. It is always "some one says unto Moses, or Moses says unto some one." This is true of all the books of the Pentateuch. Would Moses or any one else be likely to write his experiences in the third person?

Numbers xii: 3 reads: "Now the man Moses was very meek, above all men which were upon the face of the earth." Is this the statement of a meek man? Is it not the statement of a very arrogant, conceited bigot, if made concerning himself?

Deuteronomy iii: 11 says: "For only Og, king of Bashan, remained of the remnants of giants; behold his bedstead was a bedstead of iron; is it not in Rabboth of the children of Ammon? nine cubits was the length of it and four cubits the breadth of it, after the cubit of a man." This is 1451 B. C. But Rabboth was not a part of the kingdom of Og. It belonged to the Ammonites. In 2 Samuel xii: 27, we find when the children of Israel took Rabboth, and it was not until 1034, or four hundred and seventeen years after Moses died. This passage, therefore, was not written by Moses.

In Deuteronomy xxxiv: 5, 6 we read: "So Moses, the servant of the Lord, died there in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

Do men usually write the account of their own death and burial? The last part of the quotation shows it to be a later writing: "But no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." This proves that some time had elapsed between the event and its being recorded.

Let us now take the Pentateuch as a whole. This much is certain: First, Moses did not write it. Second, the writer or writers are not known. The Encyclopædia Britannica, ninth edition, under the heading Pentateuch, says: "It was observed that Moses does not speak of himself in the first person, but that some other writer speaks of him in the third—a writer, too, who lived long after. The expression of Genesis xii: 6, 'The Canaanite was then in the land,' is spoken to readers who had long forgotten that a different na-

tion from Israel had once occupied the holy land. The words of Genesis xxxvi: 31, 'These are the kings that reigned in Edom before there reigned any king over the children of Israel,' have no prophetic aspect; they point to an author who wrote under the Hebrew monarchy. Again, the 'book of the wars of Jehovah,' (Numbers xxi: 14,) cannot possibly be cited by Moses himself, as it contains a record of his own deeds; and, when Deuteronomy xxxiv: 10, (compare Numbers xii.) says that 'there arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses,' the writer is necessarily one who looked back to Moses through a long line of prophets."

Further on it gives the result of Ezra's efforts to introduce this law to the people, and, under the name of the priestly code, he, after fourteen years of effort, succeeded in getting it introduced about 444 B. C., or after the return from the Babylonian captivity.

This much is certain of the author or authors (as there is no question that there were many) of the Pentateuch. They were ignorant of the first principles of the construction of this world and its relation to other planets. They did not know that the stars were other worlds. They did not know the height of the mountains, as they made a flood that covered them to a depth of twenty-five feet by a rain of forty days, necessitating a rainfall of about eight hundred feet a day. They did not know the order of creation, as the revelations of Genesis and geology do not agree. They were not mathematicians, or they would never have permitted the quails to fall, as it is related. They would never have put all the animals into an ark, with food sufficient to last them a year, when said ark was not large enough to contain the tenth part of them, without food, had they been packed in like sardines.

To show the absurdity of these stories, permit me to quote some of them literally: Numbers ix: 31-32, says: "And there went forth a wind from the Lord and brought quails from the sea, and let them fall by the camp, as it were a day's journey on this side, and as it were a day's journey on the other side round about camp, and as it were two cubits high upon the face of the earth. And the inhabitants stood up all that day and all that night and all the next day, and they gathered the quails; he that gathered least gathered ten homers; and they spread them abroad for themselves round about camp."

A day's journey, according to "Helps to the Study of the Bible," issued by the Oxford Press, is thirty-three miles, three hundred and eighty-four feet. A cubit is a trifle less than twenty-two inches, and a homer is eight bushels. As the quails fell to a depth of two cubits, they covered the ground to a depth of about forty-four inches. Imagine the six hundred thousand and over fighting men of the Israelites, wading in quails up to their waists, gathering them into some kind of receptacle, then carrying them to some point and "spreading them around for themselves." Where did they spread them? The ground was already covered with them to a depth of forty-four inches for a distance of thirty-three miles, three hundred and eighty-four feet in every direction.

This circle around their camp, sixty-six miles, seven hundred and sixty-eight feet in diameter, covered with quails forty-four inches deep, would contain so many quails that we could not conceive of the number. Even reduce it to wagon-loads, and it is still too large for our comprehension, for it reaches the enormous amount of 7,020,599,000 wagon-loads, or 408,039,000 car-loads. Piled up into square piles they would cover two sections of land a mile deep, and another 1975 feet, 7 inches deep.

Seventy people went down into Egypt, and in two hundred and fifteen years came out about three million strong. To do this it would be necessary for the population to double five times as fast as it does at the present time, or once in each fourteen years, necessitating every woman to become the mother of thirty-two children.

Sunderland, a Christian writer, says: "Scattered all through the Pentateuch are passages which betray other and later authors than Moses. There are historical omissions in the account which it is incredible that the leader of the movement should have made. For example, in one place we have thirty-eight years left out as if it were nothing."

Joshua is the next book of the Bible. The same evidence that proves that Moses did not write the Pentateuch proves that Joshua did not write the book that bears his name. It constantly speaks of events that did and could not have transpired until long after his death, and it speaks of him in the third person.

Joshua xxiv: 31 says: "And Israel served the Lord all the days of Joshua, and all the days of the elders that over-lived Joshua." This must have been written after Joshua and all the elders were dead. Joshua x: 14 says: "And there was no day like it before or after it, that the Lord hearkened unto the voice of man."

This implies a long time after the event took place. If not, there would have been nothing wonderful in it.

I remember the first electric light that came to Chicago for exhibition. The papers illustrated it, and people went to see it from every direction. But it would have been absurd for the papers to have announced the next day that "there was no light like it before or since." Had they waited a series of years, and no other light equal to it appeared, then the statement would apply. Joshua viii: 28-29 says: "And Joshua burned Ai, and made it a heap forever; a desolation unto this day; and he hanged the king of Ai on a tree until eventide; and as the sun went down, Joshua com-

manded that they should take his carcass down from the tree, and cast it at the entering of the city, and raise thereon a great heap of stones that remaineth unto this day." This also must have been a later writing.

Joshua xvi: 63, says: "As for the Jebusites, the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the children of Judah could not drive them out; but the Jebusites dwell with the children of Judah until this day." This implies some time after they did dwell together. Ancient Jerusalem was known as Jebusi, and was the stronghold of the Jebusites. David, feeling the necessity of a stronghold for himself, attacked the city, but could not drive out the Jebusites, so they lived side by side. The Encyclopædia says this was the case, and refers to Josh. xv: 63; Judges i: 21; 2 Sam. xxiv: 18, and Zech. ix: 7. In Judges xix: 10; 1 Chron. xi: 14, the city is spoken of as Jebus. This reference to Jerusalem must have been written after David took possession of the city, or from two to four hundred years after the supposed writer of the book lived.

Sunderland says: "The book (of Joshua) is a late production, based on earlier traditions. It was composed about the same time with Exodus and Numbers, after the exile, perhaps between 450 and 400 B. C."

Of the book of Judges he says: "This book takes its name from the local heroes (twelve or thirteen in number) whose exploits form its main subject. The period it covers is one of great rudeness; civilization is as yet very imperfect, government is unsettled, civil wars abound, morals are very low. . . . The narratives of the book give a graphic picture of society in this early period, but they are much mixed with legend, from which it is difficult to separate the real history. This book was probably written during the Babylonian exile. Its writer is prophetic rather than priestly in spirit. He constructs his book out of such oral traditions as he can gather at that late date."

If a Christian writer tells us that it is written from oral tradition, it certainly cannot be very reliable as history or anything else. Certainly the subject-matter shows that it was gathered from earlier legends and placed in material form for the benefit of the Israelites. Take, for instance, the story of Samson; it appears in the Aryan sun-myths. The strength of the sun being in his rays, but when shorn of its rays its strength departed from it. The writer disclosed his ideas of the marvelous in the destruction of the Philistines' corn. This, again, is a materialization of an Aryan sun-myth.

As these stories show that the writer had come in contact with the Aryan Sun Legends, its authorship cannot be placed earlier than the Babylonian captivity, and doubtless not until after it. It is doubtful if any records made by a slave race could have been retained, and therefore it is not at all likely that any of these writings were produced before 536 B. C. The account professes to give the record of events taking place from 1457 to 1129 B. C., while the captivity took place 589 B. C. Therefore, it could not have been written until the judges had been dust for at least five hundred years.

In I. Samuel, ix: we have an account of Saul going out to seek his father's animals, which had been lost. Not finding them, they sought a "seer" to learn what had become of them. Verse 11 reads: "And as they went up the hill to the city, they found young maidens going out to draw water, and said unto them, 'Is the seer here?'" After Samuel had been found, he said to Saul, "I am the seer." (Verse 19.) The explanation is given in verse 9, which reads: "Beforetime, in Israel, when a man went to inquire of God, thus spake he, 'Come and let us go to the seer,' for he that is now called a prophet was beforetime called a seer." Had this been written during the lifetime of Samuel, it would not have been necessary to explain the meaning of the word seer. It demonstrates that sufficient time elapsed between the event and its being recorded to change the meaning of the word.

The twenty-fifth chapter of Samuel gives an account of his death and burial, and the twenty-eighth chapter gives an account of his appearance, after he had been dead four years, through the instrumentality of the woman of Endor, and, continuing, gives an account of the death of Saul, who succeeded him as ruler of Israel.

II. Samuel begins with the elevation of David to the throne and continues until the close of David's reign—a period of between forty and fifty years after Samuel's death.

Of these two books Sunderland says: "The books of First and Second Samuel were originally a single book. The prophet Samuel is the prominent figure in the earlier part, hence the books are called by his name. They take the history of Israel on through the events that lead up to the monarchy, through the reign of Saul, and nearly through that of David. Several long sections give evidence of having been written by a single hand, but most of the books are compilations. In some parts the narrative is formed of two separate narratives woven together, which sometimes conflict, and even flatly contradict each other. The books are probably the work of a prophet writing during the period of the Babylonian exile." As the two books cover a period extending from 1171 to 1018 B. C., and the exile extended from 599 to 536 B. C., it will be seen that the writing was not done until at least five hundred years after the death of Samuel, and nearly that after all of the events narrated had taken place.

The books of Kings and Chronicles are simply historical. They profess to give an account of events which transpired during the

(Continued on seventh page.)



Judge Nelson Cross.

THE BANNER presents this week a picture of one of the earliest converts to Spiritualism and one of the most prominent advocates, by social influence, earnest voice and active pen, that the New Dispensation has known.

NEILSON CROSS was born in Lancaster, N. H., the county seat of Coos County, in 1824. After the various vicissitudes attending early life, he commenced the practice of law in 1844, in Cincinnati, O.; in 1855 he was a member of the Ohio Legislature; in 1856 he was judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Cincinnati.

After some time spent in Milwaukee, Wis., he removed to New York City and commenced the practice of law there in 1860. While sitting in his office in '61 he received the news of the firing on Fort Sumter, at the commencement of the Civil War. He at once closed his place of business and commenced the forming of a regiment in Brooklyn, five companies of which finally came from Long Island, and five from the interior of the State of New York; the distinguished Brooklyn preacher, Henry Ward Beecher, had a son in this regiment, holding rank as a lieutenant, and a brother of Mr. Beecher was the chaplain of the organization.

This regiment was called the Sixty-Seventh New York; it participated in twenty-three pitched battles and in skirmishes innumerable. At the time of Colonel Cross's conclusion of his military experiences—over three years—he received the brevet of Major-General. Returning to New York, he resumed the practice of his legal profession.

While with his regiment he was stationed in the city of Washington in 1862. An event occurred which affected his whole life afterward, as far as religious views were concerned:

The regimental surgeon informed him of the existence of a girl in that city in whose presence the most marvelous occurrences were taking place, mainly the lifting and general disturbance of a heavy piano by some unseen force, even when said instrument had as many men seated upon it as could find room.

He was interested in the information and visited the girl—whose name was probably better known subsequently as Mrs. Laurie, the piano medium, though at the time, in the bustle of military happenings, he made no distinct note of it—and was much moved by what he witnessed at that séance. He told the surgeon that he had thus far been in life an agnostic, but that if he came out of the army alive, it was his intention to study into this matter faithfully.

When, at the close of his army life, he established himself in New York, he made the acquaintance of several prominent local Spiritualists, had sittings with the Eddys, Henry Slade, J. V. Mansfield and others, and became thoroughly convinced of the fact of spirit-return by the most rigid personal investigation.

Judge Cross was an old friend of Luther Colby and Judge Edmonds, and was known to Prof. Henry Kiddle, Dr. R. T. Hallock and many of the veterans of the early times. He was long prominently before the public in connection with the American Spiritual Alliance, whose headquarters were located in New York, and for six years he continued its President.

Judge Cross has of late resided in Boston, and we have had several articles from him regarding the spiritual phenomena, etc. He now waits with quiet heart for the "boatman's oar"—conscious that "all is well."

Small Courtesies.

I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasant to others is to show them attention. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, who cared for nobody—no, not he, because nobody cared for him. And the whole world would serve you so if you gave them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them the small courtesies, in which there is no parade; whose voice is still to please, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks and little acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting or standing.—The Animal's Friend.

65 Mrs. Harris has returned to Auckland from the Thames, and is lecturing with success at the Opera House, under the auspices of the Auckland Psychological Society.—The Harbinger of Light.



PARADISE BAY, LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.

Lake George Camp.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The truthful illustrations of the charming views at Lake George, and the announcement of the Lake George Camp Association in the columns of THE BANNER, are so exceedingly interesting that I cannot resist the temptation to give a brief sketch of a visit to that harmonious locality last summer.

The beauties of Lake George and its environs have so often been told in song and story that an attempt to add any new description would seem superfluous. Yet even this beautiful lake, with all its charming attractions, must keep step, through the ingenuity of man, to the march of progress; and this delightful spot has recently been made still more attractive through the exertions of that noble man, Eugene L. Seelye, and his estimable wife; and Spiritualists should feel especially grateful to this couple for their constant and unremittent endeavors to render their home-like hotel a veritable "haven of rest."

I had heard such glowing accounts of the Hotel Woodfin and its generous management that I opened a correspondence with its genial proprietor, and in a

few days myself and daughter took the Troy steamer up the beautiful Hudson, and thence by rail to Lake George. Our reception from the host and hostess was so cordial, yet unassuming, that we at once felt at home.

Hotel Woodfin is so situated as to command a splendid view of the lake and its immediate attractions. The pretty little cottages which are constantly being built along its shore, and the happy freedom with which visitors seem permeated, give the stranger a feeling of repose from the outset. The commodious hall attached to the hotel is also a great desideratum. The entertainments which my daughter and myself gave in this hall, in connection with Mrs. Ora L. V. Richmond and Mrs. Lillie Watkins, were well received, and the acoustics of the hall are of a very superior quality. We met many notable at this hotel, among whom we may mention Dr. Henry Slade, Mrs. Gadowell, Mrs. White and Dr. Collins, also that eminently intelligent descriptive writer, Mr. J. Milton Young of Haverhill, Mass., and, like him, to quote his beautiful language in a recent letter, "to quote his beautiful language in a recent letter," we shall remember Hotel Woodfin, named for that representative citizen of the Sunny South, whose life was an inspiration for all that is noble and true in the human soul. Henry Woodfin Grady, honored among men, his good

deeds will ever be his best monument." Thought will take us to each locality in its turn, and to dear, familiar faces which will never fade. Mr. Seelye, the genial host, whose active days and sleepless nights were cheerfully given for the comfort and entertainment of his guests, and Mrs. Seelye, who presided with grace and refinement over parlor and hall, will still abide with us.

One beautiful afternoon, Mrs. Richmond, my daughter and myself took a sail to Paradise Bay on one of those pretty little steamers which abound about the beautiful lake. That day will never be forgotten, and language fails us to describe the many thrills of happiness experienced on this memorable afternoon.

I have just received a pretty little booklet through the kindness of Mr. Seelye, containing Mr. J. Milton Young's charming description of this beautiful summer resort, and I have no doubt Mr. Seelye will be delighted to mail copies full of beautiful illustrations to any who may address him. In the course of a somewhat extended life I have visited many summer resorts; but for downright happy surroundings, for a summer's rest, Lake George and its beautiful surroundings cannot be surpassed, I repeat.

J. JAY WATSON.
1055 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., July 11, 1896.



LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H.

[By Permission of Boston and Maine Railroad Co.]

Lake Sunapee.

The seventeenth annual Spiritualist camp meeting will be held at Blodgett's Landing, Newbury, N. H., commencing Sunday, Aug. 2, and ending Sunday, Sept. 6.

Officers—President, Mrs. Addie M. Stevens, Hillsboro, N. H.; Vice-President, James Parker, Providence, R. I.; Secretary, W. H. Wilkins, Felchville, Vt.; Treasurer, Mrs. D. A. Hanson, North Weare, N. H.; Business Committee—Thomas Burpee, Sutton, N. H.; C. E. Gove, Riverdale, N. H.; David Thayer, Manchester, N. H.

Sunapee Lake—The location of Lake Sunapee has been so fully set forth in years past that we feel that the public are well acquainted with it. Its praises have been sung far and near. Poets have sung in lofty strains of its rugged shore and majestic trees towering high in air to catch the glorious sunbeams and the life-giving breezes that come from its grand old mountains. Yet before such sublimity words are inadequate to express the beauty of the lake and its surroundings.

One of New Hampshire's native poets thus expressed it:

"O lake most fair,
My soul is full of praise to thee,
And yet no pen of mine can trace
Thy grandeur and sublimity.
And so with reverence I will bow,
And hold communion calm and sweet."

With all thy grand old trees and rocks
And the music of thy waters at my feet."

List of Speakers and Mediums for 1896—Sunday, Aug. 2, Edgar W. Emerson and Mrs. S. B. Craddock; Monday, 3, Lecture by E. B. Craddock, "Man and His Relations"; Tuesday, 4, Edgar W. Emerson, Dances 5 to 12 P. M.; Wednesday, 5, Mrs. S. B. Craddock; Thursday, 6, Edgar W. Emerson; Friday, 7, Mrs. S. B. Craddock; Saturday, 8, Edgar W. Emerson, Entertainment and Dance in the evening; Sunday, 9, Edgar W. Emerson, Mrs. R. S. Lillie; Tuesday, 11, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Dances 8 to 12 P. M.; Wednesday, 12, Mrs. R. S. Lillie; Thursday, 13, Mrs. R. S. Lillie; Friday, 14, Mrs. E. L. Webster; Saturday, 15, Mrs. E. L. Webster, Entertainment and Dance in the evening; Sunday, 16, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twine, Mrs. E. L. Webster; Tuesday, 18, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twine, Dances 8 to 12 P. M.; Wednesday, 19, Ladies' Aid Fair, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twine; Thursday, 20, Ladies' Aid Fair, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twine; Friday, 21, F. H. Wiggin; Saturday, 22, F. H. Wiggin, Field Day of Merrimack County Pomona Grange, Entertainment and Dance in the evening; Sunday, 23, F. H. Wiggin, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twine; Tuesday, 25, Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, Mrs. Nellie Burbeck, Dances 8 to 12 P. M.; Wednesday, 26, Memorial Service, Mrs. Nellie Burbeck; Thursday, 27, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock; Friday, 28, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock; Saturday, 29, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, Annual Meeting at 10 A. M., Entertainment and Dance in the evening; Sunday, 30, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, Mrs. Nellie Burbeck; Tuesday, Sept. 1, To be announced, Dances 8 to 12 P. M.; Wednesday, 2, Mrs. S. B. Craddock; Thursday, 3, William A. Hale, M. D.; Friday, 4, William A. Hale, M. D.; Saturday, 5, William A. Hale, M. D., Entertainment and Dance in the evening; Sunday, 6, William A. Hale, M. D.

Platform Test Mediums—Edgar W. Emerson, Carrie E. S. Twine, Ida P. A. Whitlock (also psychometrist), Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, Mrs. Nellie Burbeck, William A. Hale, M. D., Mrs. S. E. Hall, F. H. Wiggin.

Instrumental Music and Dancing—The Columbia Orchestra of Boston, five pieces, which gave such entire satisfaction last year, has been re-engaged, and will be present during the season, giving choice daily concerts and furnishing music for dancing Tuesday and Saturday evenings from 8 to 12 P. M.

Local Music—A fine quartet has been engaged. Ladies' Aid Fair will be held Aug. 19 and 20. Steamboats—Steamers Armistice, Lady Woodson and Edmund Burke make regular trips to all points around the lake, connecting with all regular passenger and excursion trains at Lake Sunapee Station. Steamers will carry passengers to and from the dancing parties on Tuesday and Saturday evenings.

In General—There are a number of cottages to be rented by the season. All mail matter should be addressed to Blodgett's Landing, N. H. Telegraph office at Sunapee Lake Station, George E. Brockway, operator. The express parcels will be attended to by George E. Brockway, agent for the United States and Canadian and American Express Companies. Annual meeting of the Association, Aug. 29, at 10 A. M.

Verona Park Camp-Meeting.

The annual meeting of Penobscot Spiritual Temple Association will be held at Verona Park from Aug. 1 to Aug. 17, 1896.

This camp-ground is unsurpassed in healthfulness and natural beauty, and is a most delightful haven of rest for those weary of the trial and bustle of the outside world. An atmosphere of spiritual harmony prevails here, and gives vitality and strength to those who visit this favorite haunt of mother nature, nestled among the hills on the banks of the beautiful Penobscot river.

A cordial invitation is extended to all who are interested in the advancement of true spirituality, all who desire to receive or give tidings from the loved ones just beyond the veil, to meet with us, and aided by the all-potent spiritual forces, proclaim to the world the UNIVERSAL TRUTH, SPIRIT COMMUNICATION AND ETERNAL LIFE.

Fair and Sale.—The Ladies' Auxiliary will have a sale of fancy and useful articles between meetings. Friends are invited to contribute articles for this purpose.

Transportation.—The Maine Central Railroad will sell day-tickets from July 22 to Aug. 5, good to return to Aug. 15. Boston steamers will sell round-trip tickets at reduced rates to Bucksport. Transportation from Bucksport to the Park by small steamer or carriage.

Program.—Sunday, Aug. 2, at 10:30 A. M., music. Invocation, Mrs. Peyser; address of welcome, F. W. Smith; remarks by Mrs. Peyser and Mrs. Juliette Yeaw. 2 P. M., lecture by Mrs. Yeaw, followed by tests from Beaufort, the favorite little control of Mrs. Peyser.

Tuesday, 4-2 P. M., address by Mrs. Yeaw. Wednesday, 5-2 P. M., Woman's Day, for the discussion of subjects pertaining to her rights, privileges, and advancement in all things. All the speakers and others invited to take part.

Thursday, 6-2 P. M., address by Mrs. M. J. Wentworth. 7:30 P. M., entertainment under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary.

Friday, 7-2 P. M., address, "Metaphysical and Spiritual Healing," Mrs. M. C. Donnell.

Sunday, 9-10 A. M., invocation, Mrs. M. C. Smith, followed by a lecture by Mr. A. E. Tisdale. 2 P. M., Memorial Service, with short addresses by the President, F. W. Smith, Secretary Mrs. Peyser, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Tisdale and others. Those having friends to be remembered are requested to contribute floral offerings to a committee at the Pavilion during the noon recess. Following this service will be a séance for physical manifestations.

Tuesday, 11-2 P. M., discourse by A. E. Tisdale. Wednesday, 12-2 P. M., Temperance Day Exercises, led by Mrs. Fishon of Augusta. Members of the W. C. T. U. are cordially invited to participate. 7:30, address by Mrs. M. C. Smith.

Thursday, 13-2 P. M., discourse by A. E. Tisdale.

followed by tests. 7:30, entertainment at the Pavilion.

Friday, 14-2 P. M., address, "Thought Transference," followed by a practical demonstration of the same by Mrs. Peyser.

Saturday, 15-2 P. M., business meeting, election of officers for the ensuing year, and the transaction of all other business.

Sunday, 16-10:30 A. M., invocation, Mrs. Smith; address on "The Origin and Evolution of Man and Matter," F. W. Smith; inspirational address, Mrs. Peyser. 2 P. M., closing lecture by A. E. Tisdale.

Exercises at times not provided for above, will be announced from the platform. Sometime during the session there will be a discussion on the Utility and Desirability of National Organization.

Business Meeting of the Directors.—On Thursday, July 30, at 2 P. M., all the officers of the Penobscot Spiritual Temple Association are requested to meet at the Pavilion at Verona Park for the purpose of electing a committee of three from their own number with power to adjust and settle the financial affairs of the Penobscot Spiritual Temple.

Officers.—President, Freeman W. Smith, Rockland, Me.; Vice President, Peter Abbott, Verona, Me.; Clerk, Mrs. Wm. Peyser, Providence, R. I.; Treasurer, John H. Eldridge, Bucksport, Me.; Trustees—Thomas Fowler, Medway, Me.; A. F. Smith, Bangor; R. H. Emery, Bucksport; Wm. Peyser, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Susan M. Stubbs, Bucksport; Mrs. Kate C. Fishon, Augusta; B. P. La Gros, Orland, Me.

Written for the Banner of Light.

OPAL.

BY C. E. CARL.

IN the year 18—, while I was head physician in the City Hospital, there came to the male consumptive department an interesting patient. He was wealthy, fascinating, and a foreigner, but the dread disease had singled him out as its victim, and soon after his admission he began to have hemorrhages. He occupied a private room and had a special attendant, but each day for the two hours succeeding twilight, he asked to be left utterly alone and without lights. At first his request was unquestioningly granted, but as he grew weaker and could not leave his bed, it seemed to me a dangerous practice, and I told him so.

"Doctor," he said, in reply, "can you spare two hours this evening from your duties?"

I rejoined that I thought it would be possible.

"And will you sit in this room without light and listen to the story of a dying man?"

I assured him in the affirmative; for I liked the man and was curious to know something of his history. I was there at the time specified, and in total darkness I sat by his bedside to listen. In a musical voice, with a slight foreign accent, he said:

"I saw her first at evening. She was sitting in the oriel window of an unlighted room. On the polished ebony floor at her feet lay a large, obelisk-shaped patch of moonlight, making scintillant life in two fiery-hearted opals on the satin sandal band that crossed her instep.

She arose at sound of her father's voice and came toward us—the moonlight seeming to follow her. Then touching a button, as if by magic she flooded the room with artificial light, and I saw at a glance that she was exceedingly beautiful—tall, slender, divinely fair and young. Her dress was of deep, lustreless black—possibly crepe, for she was in mourning for her mother—but her favorite stone, the opal, flashed from her ears, and hands and bosom. Her name, too, was Opal; but it was a misnomer; Pearl would have been far more appropriate. She gave me her hand and inclined her head graciously, in acknowledgment of her father's introduction.

I was a man of the world. I had spent my life in successful pursuit of the feminine butterfly. It was my nature to love passionately, grow weary, abandon and forget. I had thus in middle life become blasé; so many feminine natures had been unveiled before me that I saw them all through one common lens. They no longer inspired in me the sense of mystery—mystery, that great factor in the evolution of fleeting passions.

Opal came into my life as something wholly distinct from all that had gone before; for although she possessed to an unusual degree the attributes that enthrall the mere animal senses, it was her spiritual personality that appealed to me. I felt her in my soul, and I felt that because of her my soul had been called into existence.

In that first hour I could have sat at her feet and rested in the assurance that divine truth was a reality, but that it could come to me only through her. I am now more than ever satisfied that her frail body shrouded a spirit of unfathomable strength. With the knowledge of love which she inspired came also a knowledge of suffering. It was like the suggestion of a great light holds of possible darkness.

Months passed. Our love was mutual, and the day set apart for our union came and passed, and found us one in flesh as in spirit. No tongue can tell our happiness; but my heart had its shadow. As daily contact with my beloved developed spiritual longings and beliefs, I saw how utterly lost were the years of life wherein the materialistic philosophy had reigned supreme. I realized that many of my thoughtless pleasures had created sorrow and pain for others, and I felt that somewhere a just retribution awaited me. Would it come through Opal—my fair, sweet bride?

Often the question recurred to me. I could hardly tell why—for Opal was thoroughly well, happy and devoted to me. But I understand now. Life is a huge whispering gallery, and when the soul becomes sensitive to sound, even the future can make itself heard.

Driving home from a round of social calls, our coachman was unfortunate enough to run over a boy. It was a really unavoidable accident, for the child was knocked down by a dray and fell almost under the horse's feet—but Opal, tender, loving Opal, was convulsed with grief. She carried the boy to his home, a squalid tenement near the place where the accident occurred, and visited him every day until he died.

Then his mother was stricken with brain fever, and Opal insisted upon nursing her at least twelve hours out of twenty-four. In vain I protested, offering to send nurses, physicians, and all things needed. The gentle lips kissed me to silence, and Opal had her way.

Late one afternoon, when she came home as usual to dine with me, she said: 'Edward, I would like you to go over to Mrs. Everard's with me this evening.'

'Mrs. Everard?' I asked, curiously. It was our own name. 'Yes,' she replied, with a little shudder. 'The name was incorrectly reported at the time of the accident. It is the same as our own.'

I did not attach much importance to this information, nor did its singularity impress me as it might have done had I been less anxious about Opal, who ate nothing and talked but little. There were dark circles under her eyes, and her face looked drawn and haggard. As we waited after dinner for the carriage, she came and sat on my knee, and throwing her arms around my neck she kissed me again and

again—not softly, as was her usual way, but with that feverish, frenzied eagerness which characterizes despairing leave-takings. Her eyes were filled with tears. 'My love! my dear, dear love!' she said, as she tenderly caressed me, and there was a pathos in her voice that moved me strangely.

An hour later it was all over. The woman in the tenement-house who bore my name with every moral but with no legal right, the woman who had brought to life and tenderly cared for my child, lay dead; but in that hour the whole secret of my shameless passion was unravelled, and I stood before Opal spiritually naked and imperfect, as I had been before she came into my life. There was no reproach in the face she lifted to me, but such terrible agony as one who sees can never forget. Inert, unconscious, I took her home. She lived three days, but her beautiful eyes never unclosed, her sweet lips never parted. Everything was done that love or skill could devise, but nothing availed. The physician had a name for her disease, but I alone knew the cause of her death. I never left her until she was taken away. I was the one watcher who saw the shadows of night come and go in that dimly illumined room where she lay, robed in white, one great opal on her bosom seeming to illumine the pale realm of death with unearthly brilliancy.

At length they buried her.

Days, weeks, even months succeeding, are a blank. Then the handwriting comes out again upon the wall of memory, and I see myself trying to creep back to materialism—making absolute efforts in that direction. For I have cried 'Opal!' 'Opal!' out into the darkness, and nothing but the icy breath of the wind that swept her out of existence answers me.

'Oh! to be like one of these—these who believe without question—these who exclaim: 'It is all a part of one holy plan! There we correct the mistake; there we remedy the defect; there we transcend the failure; there we meet and find love and happiness!'

O, for faith! Opal! Opal!

But without Opal it is all meaningless to me!

And so I feed the animal. I give him rare meats and fiery wines. I feast his eyes on such material beauty as seems to be without perceptible meaning. I fill his ears with sounds that minister to the senses. I cry 'Bravo!' to the voices that say, 'Eat, drink and be merry!'

But still I make slight footway backward. The eternal If, the everlasting Maybe, pursue me.

One night, after a restless, feverish day, I am alone in the room where I first saw Opal—the room where her fair body lay in cold and speechless state. I seldom visit it, but to-night something I cannot resist urges me thither. I sit in her favorite chair. The roses she loved minister to me with their subtle fragrance. The shutters are closed; there is no light. I like the perfumed darkness. I bow my head and think.

Suddenly a chill passes over me, and slim, cold fingers creep with a tickling motion around my throat. It is the touch of the woman who died in the tenement. I should know it anywhere. It was a favorite caress of hers, and had once given me pleasure, but now—I shake my head furiously and spring to my feet, but I am unable to remove the hand.

Obedying a sudden impulse, I turn toward the oriel window, where an obelisk shaped patch of moonlight reveals a satin sandal upon which gleams an opal.

Instantly the caress ceases, and the hand is withdrawn; but the moonlight lingers, and I walk toward it. It passes me, lengthening as it did when it pursued Opal, and as it reaches the exact spot where she stood, when she touched the electric button, the room is flooded with light, which gradually fades like some celestial afterglow.

'Great God!' I cry aloud, as the room is again obscured by darkness; 'it is all true. Death is but the name for an impalpable atmosphere. They are within touch, within call. We shall surely meet them when our earth-life is ended.'

As if in confirmation of my words, the silvery obelisk again appears upon the polished floor, again lengthens, and again the room is filled with radiance.

I sit down and muse. They have both been present—the two women who love me—the one revealing herself by the material touch, the other making her presence felt by means of the fine spiritual power which eventually triumphs.

'Night after night,' he continued, 'I sought the room in which this experience occurred, hoping that sometime Opal would come to me alone. But it was not so. She never came except to dispel the unwelcome influence of the other, and sometimes even then she did not come for so long that I was obliged to turn on the lights to rid myself of the touch of those cold hands.'

Since then I have been subjected to these experiences everywhere, when the conditions were right; and now it frequently happens that Opal is so long in coming I am obliged to break the spell by making light.

'If, before I die, Opal would only come alone! only come alone!' reiterated the white lips, 'I should know that all was well; but if the other—oh! to think of spending all eternity with that other wronged but unloved being!'

A long and violent fit of coughing shook the man's emaciated body. The blood came spouting from his mouth. I raised him to a sitting posture, and was about to ring for the nurse when he said: 'Look! Look there!'

I felt the gesture indicating the direction in which he wished me to look, and as I turned my eyes that way, a chill passed through me to my very marrow, for there on the floor, a few paces from the foot of the bed, lay an obelisk of moonlight seeming to bear up a slender, perfect foot. It moved toward us. An opal flashed and gleamed from the sandal-band that crossed the instep, and as I live, its rays of fire flashed to the outstretched hand of the dying man and blended with the rays of the magnificent stone upon his little finger.

'Opal!' he gasped. 'Opal! Immortality!'

and fell back upon the pillow.

The room was flooded with light.

Do You Want a Tonic?

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

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

In advertising always be as honest as you can; Be sure it's merchandise you sell, And not your fellow-man.

—Copy Hook.

Fourteenth Annual Camp-Meeting of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualists' Association.

At Mount Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa, commencing Sunday, Aug. 2, closing Sunday, Aug. 30.

Officers—Alonzo Thompson, President, Fullerton, Neb.; Mrs. Stella A. Fisk, Vice-president, Keokuk, Iowa; Will C. Hodge, Secretary, Milwaukee, Wis.; Isaac Millsack, Treasurer, Ottumwa, Iowa. Trustees—Hiram Eddy, DeKalb, Ill.; Miss M. E. Foster, Clinton, Iowa; T. Preston, Stantbury, Mo.; Mrs. Rosa A. King, Ida Grove, Iowa; N. G. Ormstead, Tama, Iowa; Mrs. Mary M. McCarroll, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Ladies' Independent Union—Miss L. L. Gates, President, Moline, Ill.; Mrs. Nettie E. McGrath, Fulton, Ill.; Mrs. Fanny Glaser, Maquoketa, Iowa; Mrs. Anna R. Smith, Clinton, Iowa.

The Hotel will be under the supervision of Mrs. Lizzie Denison of New Boston, Ill.

Chairman of Committee on Speakers, Mrs. Mary M. McCarroll, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Clinton, Iowa is justly celebrated as one of the finest cities on the Mississippi river. It contains a population of 25,000, and is 150 miles from Chicago. It is reached by the Chicago & Northwestern; Chicago, Burlington & Quincy; Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern Railroads, and by the river boats.

Children's Lyceum will be held every Sunday and Friday during the entire season.

Music—Prof. Hoffman and his celebrated orchestra will again furnish the instrumental music, while the vocal selections will be rendered by a competent and first-class quartet, under the direction of Prof. F. E. Lotaren of Muscatine, Iowa.

General Information—The Camp will be open to cottagers and tenters from June 15 until September 15. The Camp meeting will open Sunday, August 2, with the customary flag-raising. A fine program for this event has been prepared by Miss Ruth Poole.

Mail to reach the campers promptly should be addressed, Clinton, Iowa (Mt. Pleasant Park).

For circulars or additional information, address Will C. Hodge, Secretary, Clinton, Iowa (Mt. Pleasant Park).

Program.—Sunday, Aug. 2, 9:30 A. M., Flag Raising; 10:45 A. M., Opening Address, President Alonzo Thompson; 2:30 P. M., Lecture, Willard J. Hull; 4 P. M., Mediums' Meeting; 8 P. M., Lecture.

Monday, 3, 10 A. M., Conference; 3 P. M., Lecture, Willard J. Hull; 8 P. M., Lecture, Willard J. Hull.

Tuesday, 4, 10 A. M., Conference; 3 P. M., Lecture, Willard J. Hull; 8 P. M., Lecture, Willard J. Hull.

Wednesday, 5, 10 A. M., Conference; 3 P. M., Mediums' Meeting; 8 P. M., Lecture, Willard J. Hull.

Thursday, 6, 10 A. M., Conference; 3 P. M., Lecture, Willard J. Hull; 8 P. M., Lecture, Willard J. Hull.

Friday, 7, 10 A. M., Children's Lyceum; 3 P. M., Lecture, Willard J. Hull; 8 P. M., Camp Dance.

Saturday, 8, 10 A. M., Conference; 3 P. M., Mediums' Meeting.

Sunday, 9, 9 A. M., Children's Lyceum; 10 A. M., Lecture, Willard J. Hull; 2:30 P. M., Lecture; 4 P. M., Mediums' Meeting; 8 P. M., Lecture.

Monday, 10, 10 A. M., Conference; 3 P. M., Lecture; 8 P. M., Camp Dance.

Tuesday, 11, 10 A. M., Conference; 3 P. M., Lecture; 8 P. M., Camp Dance.

Wednesday, 12, 10 A. M., Conference; 2:30 P. M., Lecture and tests, J. Frank Baxter.

Thursday, 13, 10 A. M., Conference; 2:30 P. M., Lecture and tests, J. Frank Baxter; 8 P. M., Entertainment.

Friday, 14, 9 A. M., Children's Lyceum; 2:30 P. M., Lecture and tests, J. Frank Baxter; 8 P. M., Entertainment.

Saturday, 15, 10 A. M., Conference; 3 P. M., Mediums' Meeting.

Sunday, 16, 9 A. M., Children's Lyceum; 10:30 A. M., Lecture and tests, J. Frank Baxter; 2:30 P. M., Lecture; 4 P. M., Camp Dance; 8 P. M., Lecture.

Monday, 17, 10 A. M., Conference.

Tuesday, 18, 10 A. M., Conference; 2:30 P. M., Memorial Address, J. C. F. Grumblin; 8 P. M., Camp Dance.

Wednesday, 19, 10 A. M., Business Meeting, Ladies' Independent Union; 3 P. M., Lecture, J. C. F. Grumblin; 8 P. M., Lecture.

Thursday, 20, 10 A. M., Conference; 3 P. M., Lecture; 8 P. M., Entertainment.

Friday, 21, 10:30 A. M., Business Meeting, M. V. S. Association; 3 P. M., Lecture, J. C. F. Grumblin; 8 P. M., Camp Dance.

Saturday, 22, 10 A. M., Conference; 3 P. M., Lecture, N. S. A. Dav. H. D. Barrett.

Sunday, 23, 9 A. M., Children's Lyceum; 10:30 A. M., Lecture, J. C. F. Grumblin; 2:30 P. M., Lecture, Mrs. A. H. Luther; 4 P. M., Mediums' Meeting; 8 P. M., Lecture, H. D. Barrett.

Monday, 24, 10 A. M., Conference; 3 P. M., Lecture, H. D. Barrett; 8 P. M., Camp Dance.

Tuesday, 25, 10 A. M., Conference; 3 P. M., Lecture, Edgar W. Emerson.

Wednesday, 26, 10 A. M., Conference; 3 P. M., Lecture, Edgar W. Emerson.

Thursday, 27, 10:30 A. M., Lecture, Mrs. A. H. Luther; 3 P. M., Test Séance, Edgar W

LYCEUM AND HOME DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. J. S. SOPER.

SPECIAL REQUEST.

Will Conductors of Lyceums throughout the United States send to this Department an outline of their method of conducting their Lyceums, as applied to the younger Groups?

A HOUSEHOLD KING AND QUEEN.

The happiest home I ever saw
Was where a woman reigned;
And yet the man himself was king,
Pray, how was this attained?

The wife, who seemed submission's self,
And did her wifely part,
Quenched it in an imperious way
Over her husband's heart.

Her chosen throne was in his home,
Her scepter his dear will;
Her spousal robe and crown his love;
We see the picture still.

Yet like a king that held full sway,
He guarded well his own,
And loved his palace home, made bright
By love, and love alone.

The children, by their mother led,
Her bright example saw;
Obedience seemed an easy thing,
And "father's word" was law.

Oh! what a pleasant thing to see,
Of all things to be seen,
A home where reigns with equal power
A household king and queen.

—Presbyterian Journal.

Trees.

How I do love trees! In fact, I feel grateful to them for the many services they render us.

On a warm summer's day how delightful it is to sit under a great, large tree and feel its kindly branches protecting us from the sun's powerful rays.

What could we do without them? I think we would be forlorn indeed without them. Think of walking miles and miles along a country road and not a tree in sight, only the grass, and the sun shining.

I know nobody would be willing to do without the trees, and yet how many give them a kindly thought? Then, again, I love to hear the wind rustle through the trees, like so many voices whispering, How expressive it is!

At times they make me sorrowful, when they sound like so many human beings moaning in distress, ever moaning and sighing.

Then when the wind whistles through them, it stirs an active element within us; but then it is bleak and cold, and the beautiful leaves are gone.

But during the warm weather, our large cities, as well as the country places, are made beautiful by trees, and at this season they are in their glory, as green and beautiful as it is possible for our fancy to picture them.

The birds love the trees, and delight in reaching the topmost branches, and, perching there, sing beautiful songs of gladness that thrill the soul with a sense of harmony and uplift the thoughts to that Divine Source from which all life and beauty springs.

Be thankful for the trees, and when the thoughts are saddened, just look out your window and see the beautiful trees, stop to listen to the birds singing, and your hearts will be lightened, and you will sing a new song in your own souls that will fill your own and other lives with brightness.

Think of the lessons we may learn from the trees! They not only strive to be beautiful, but also strive to be strong and useful, and ever seek to grow tall and wave their branches amid the pure atmosphere of God's love.

Baltimore, Md. LULA BECKLER.

Birds in the Window.

"Hark! how the sparrows chatter!" said the children. The great tree that hung over the old house by the sea was full of birds. There were hundreds of them, and they flew up and down, and chattered, while the children stopped their play upon the beach to listen.

The sparrows knew the children well. Many a year had they lived in the old tree, and the children had fed them ever since they were big enough to walk. Every morning they threw crumbs upon the piazza floor, and the sparrows flew down to eat them. Sometimes the children put the crumbs on their dog's back and laughed to see the sparrows search for them in old Gannet's shaggy locks.

One night there was a great storm. The sea rose and the black waves dashed in white foam upon the shore. The old tree creaked and groaned as if it were in pain. The sparrows huddled and nestled close to one another. Ah, how cold they were!

Within the house the children were lying upon the rug before the fire, laughing over a picture book. The birds looked in at the window and saw them.

"Let us go to the children," said one to another. "We are cold and wet, but they are warm and dry. See how the firelight shines on their curly heads!"

"We cannot go to them; there is glass in the windows," said the other sparrow.

"We can try," said the first, and he flew to the window and tapped upon it with his beak. His mate flew after him and tapped, too.

The children heard them tapping. "It is the sparrows," they said, and they ran to open the window.

How glad the birds were. They flew boldly in and hopped about the floor in the warm firelight.

Then the other sparrows, when they saw their two friends safe and warm, came flying to the window with such a rush that the children heard it above the wind. They ran to throw open the window, and the birds came flocking in—so many, oh, so many! The children clapped their hands in glee, and ran for bread to crumble upon the carpet for the sparrows.

By-and-by the birds all went to sleep. How funny they looked, perched upon the backs of all the chairs and upon the ledges of the windows, each with his head under his wing and one leg drawn up! The children went to sleep, too, with their arms about each other and their curly heads close together on one pillow.

In the morning the storm was over, and the sun shone bright on the rain-drops in the great tree. The sparrows flew to the windows and pecked at them with their beaks.

The children ran to open them, and the birds flew out with a great rush. They alighted upon their tree and began again to chatter, and fly up and down. The children stood at the window and cried to them:

"Good-bye, sparrows! Come again another stormy night!"—The Central Union.

Nature's Camp-Meeting.

BY JOSEPHINE IZAR.

In a tiny little vale, snugly laid between the hills, near a well-traveled highway, yet not often visited by man, Nature holds every spring her camp-meeting. The trees were just beginning to unfold their leaf-buds, the ground was still strewn with the rich brown leaves of autumn, with here and there touches of the green of grass or the leaves of flowers. But

the dear mother, with ever-watchful eyes, saw that her children were awakening to the new life of another spring, and in order that their lives might always be full of reverence, she called forth the family of "Jack-in-the-Pulpit."

They could not have been very sound asleep, even though their sleep had been long, for at the first sound of her voice, at the first touch of her warm lips, upsprang the tall stalks, and as she continued to call they grew and unfolded until the beautiful "Jacks" appeared, well protected from the jealous North wind by the canopy of green.

Buttercups and violets had strayed hither and thither, seeking the most warm and light; near the jolly little brook, as if its voice could not be withstood—or, could it have seen its own bright face? But Jack-in-the-Pulpit came just in time and when he called to the flowers to assemble, the roving buttercups turned back, the violets crept closer and raised their beautiful faces—(then I knew for the first time why the violet is so full of soul)—a russet anemone and a wind flower, over which towered a Solomon's seal not yet in bloom, the white-hearts and spring beauties, while back of all, lo! to leave her place in the brook, the marsh-marigold shed her sunshine. These were the congregation.

More beautiful songs than in any hymnal came from the birds as they sat in the trees, and opened their hearts in peans of praise at the first camp-meeting.

The North wind had gone, and in his place came the South wind, playing as she came through the trees an accompaniment. Then Nature's heart grew full of warmth and love she could not hide, her eyes grew moist, tears fell—she loved her children—and while her eyes were yet wet with tears she smiled, and the flowers and the birds and the trees knew their mother loved them.—Kindergarten News, Indianapolis, Ind.

Advice to Boys.

Don't be deluded into the belief that it is smart to know things you wouldn't like to tell your mother. Don't think it is smart to listen to stories that are not nice and which are about women. Gentlemen never unite in deriding women.

Never read a book that you could not share with your sister, and never look at a picture that might not be framed and hung in her room.

What? You think somebody will call you "girly"? Oh, no, my dear boy. If anything is said about your conduct, there will be approbation given you, and the chances are that the older man will say of that younger one who is properly modest, "Brown is a nice fellow; I should like him to come and see my daughters."

It is not necessary for you to see the folly of anything. That is an exploded theory. Why should you sow a crop of wild oats? Why not sow a crop of wheat and get a harvest worth having? From day to day, my boy, you make up the story of your life, and it is the little things, the little honest things, that will make you a man, mentally as well as physically.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Household Hints.

When the hair is dry and brittle, with a tendency to fall out, an English restorative is the simple one of a free application of pure coconut-oil, with daily brushing. This treatment continued for a few weeks—six, perhaps—will, it is said, accomplish the best results. Masses use the cocoa butter in their treatment, deeming it one of the most strengthening of oils.

If women realized, says a writer, that straining the eyes produces wrinkles more would exercise a proper care of these members. Reading by a dim or failing light, coming suddenly from a dark room to a light one, or vice versa, overworking the eyes in any way, and last, but by no means least, wearing dotted and cross-barred veils—these and taxing the eyesight are of assistance in the wrinkle-making process.—Life and Health.

A Model Member.

Henry Ward Beecher was a great lover of a fine horse. He was sometimes disposed to compare the faithfulness of man's dumb servant with his master, to the disadvantage of the latter. A good story is told that once when about to take a ride behind a horse hired at a livery-stable, Mr. Beecher regarded the horse admiringly, and remarked:

"That is a fine looking animal. Is he as good as he looks?"

The owner replied:

"Mr. Beecher, that horse will work in any place you put him, and do all that any horse can do."

The preacher eyed the horse still more admiringly, and then humorously remarked:

"I wish to goodness that he was a member of our church."

Hints for the Thin.

Eat slowly, and masticate food thoroughly. Do not over-eat. Eat at regular intervals. Do not eat heartily when fatigued or over-heated.

Rest, whenever possible, twenty minutes before and twenty minutes after dinner. Exercise regularly.

Do not bathe after eating, for at least two hours. Do not exercise, physically or mentally, for at least half hour after eating.

Live out-doors as much as possible; sleep and rest as much as you require. Avoid worry, and cultivate a cheerful disposition.

Hints to the Stout.

Vary your occupation as much as possible. Sleep in well-ventilated rooms. Avoid crowds and close atmosphere. Bathe freely.

Cultivate mental as well as physical activity. Do not over-eat. Drink liquids sparingly with meals; freely one hour before or two after meals.

Avoid fatigue. Avoid sugar and starchy foods.—Life and Health.

Enigma.

I am composed of eight letters. My first is in horse, but not in harness. My second is in fashion, but not in style. My third is in yeast, but not in bread. My fourth is in forest, but not in wood. My fifth is in terror, but not in fear. My sixth is in butter, but not in cheese. My seventh is in barley, but not in rye. My eighth is in donkey, but not in mule. My whole is a popular camp-ground.

Ludlow, Vt. BLT.

ANSWER to Enigma in last BANNER—Progressive Lyceum.

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July Magazines.

THE ARENA.—The current number is very strong in articles of interest. On the Social and Political Problems will be found "The Telegraph Monopoly" (part VII.), by Prof. Frank Parsons; "Conservative Eastern Authorities who Favor Free Silver," by B. O. Flower (illustrated with full page half-tone portraits of William F. St. John, J. J. Cooke and Judge Walter Clark); "An American Financial Policy," by H. F. Bartine; "United States Judge Caldwell's Views on the Vital Problems of the Hour," by J. H. Fulleit; "General Discontent as Illustrated in Cdrnet Cartoons," by B. O. Flower; "Are We Becoming a Homeless Nation?" by John O. Yelzer. The Notes by the Editor are up to date on the same subject. The regular installments of the serials, "The Valley Path" and "Between Two Worlds," are given. "The Imperial Power in the Realm of Truth" is written by Prof. J. R. Buchanan, and W. T. Parker, M. D., asks "Shall We Have a National Sanatorium for Consumptives?" The Arena Publishing Company, Pierce Building, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.—In the opening part of the current number, Prof. Elmer Gates, formerly of the Smithsonian Institute, explains for the first time the results of his extended experimental researches in the domain of Psychology, under "The Art of Mind-Building." The contents of this number also include "Karma in the Bhagavad Gita," by Charles Johnston, M. R. A. S.; "The Subtle Body," by E. G. Day, M. D.; "The Serpent and its Symbol," by Lieut. C. A. Foster, U. S. N.; "Spirit in Man and Nature," by C. Staniland Wake; "Conception and Realization of Truth," by Frank H. Sprague; "A Prophetic of the New Life," by Lillian White; and other articles on occult, philosophic and scientific lines. The Metaphysical Publishing Company, 503 Fifth Avenue, New York.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.—Those who believe that American artists and writers must go abroad for picturesque local color will find their ideas upset by Julian Ralph's article on "Coney Island," in the current number. (Illustrated by Henry McCarter.) Brander Matthews also shows a picturesque American element for the use of the literary man in his discussion "On the Poetry of Place Names"; Sir William Martin Conway contributes an article of unusual adventure entitled "A Thousand Miles through the Alps"; Madame Blanc, the French critic, contributes a paper on "A French Friend of Browning—Joseph Miland." In fiction there is "In Collusion with Fate," one of the last stories of the late H. H. Boyesen; also a short story of the American Revolution by Clinton Ross, entitled "The Confession of Colonel Sylvester." The lumber cantos poems by W. D. Ellwanger (illustrated), Mrs. Durr, Charles Edwin Markham and others, with the departments fully illustrated. This installment of "Sentimental Tommy," places the gang of young conspirators in a new haunt, with Tommy in a most original character. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE opens with a delightful paper on "Country Week," by William I. Cole, that must appeal to all those who love children and are interested in their happiness (with illustrations); "Reminiscences of a Flower Painter," by Ellen Robbins, is concluded; "Henry Barnard, the Nestor of American Education," is a finely written paper by James L. Hughes (illustrated); "Penobscot Bay," by Edwin A. Start, (with illustrations from photographs by A. H. Fulsom and others), is an interesting bit of history; poems are contributed by the following writers: Minna Irving, Laura Spencer Porter, Herbert Randall, Minnie Leona Upton, Zitella Coker, Samuel Hoyt, Irene Putnam, Laura Brown and Mabel Carpenter. Other prominent writers contribute interesting little stories. Warren Kellogg, Publisher, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS.—In "The Progress of the World," the editor discusses conventional, candidates and platforms (with numerous portraits). "Political Cartoons" are up to date. "William McKinley—A Study of His Character and Career," is written by Eugene V. Smalley (with numerous illustrations). "The Record of Current Events" tabulates the appropriations made by Congress at the recent session, and gives a careful summary of the news of an exceptionally eventful month. "The South American Poets" are discussed by Ezekiah Butterworth (with portraits). "The World's Sporting Impulse" is written by Charles D. Lanier. Contemporary thought and discussion is faithfully reflected in the "Leading Articles of the Month" and the "Periodicals Reviewed." Other departments are well cared for. The Review of Reviews Co., 13 Astor Place, New York.

THE HUMANITARIAN for the current month has as opening paper a discussion on "Woman Suffrage in the United States," by the Editor; "Is Suicide Justifiable under any Circumstances?" is answered by Rev. Stewart D. Headlam, Paul Sudermann, Helen Mathers and Dr. Forbes Winslow. Other subjects of interest are written of by Mrs. Hawels, Ha Rollo, George C. Peachey, B. F. Underwood, J. Peyton and I. Hooper. The Departments are well cared for. Edited by Victoria Woodhull Martin. Brentano's, 31 Union Square, New York.

THE THEOSOPHIST is replete with subjects by the following well-known writers: H. S. Olcott, A. Govinda Charlu, Traus, Lillian Edger, M. A. R. Ananthakrishna Sastri, P. C. Mookerji, H. S. O., Purnesbri Dass, I. H.; "Reviews," "Cuttings and Comments" and "Supplement," have interesting reading to those who are interested. Published by the Proprietors at the Theosophical Society's Headquarters, Adyar, Madras.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL opens with a characteristic paper on "The Cuban Struggle," by Nelson Sizer; "Woman's Place and Work" is a womanly paper by Emma Walker-Herr; there are other subjects treated in an interesting and instructive way by good writers. Fowler & Wells Co., 27 East 21st street New York.

RECEIVED.—The Independent Pulpit, J. D. Shaw, editor and proprietor, Waco, Texas. Cassell's Family Magazine, The Cassell Publishing Co., 31 East Seventeenth street (Union Square), New York. The Quiver, The Cassell Publishing Co., 31 East Seventeenth street (Union Square), New York. The Lyceum Banner, Printed for the Publisher by J. D. Todd, Sans Street Printing Works, Sunderland, Eng.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Olympia, Wash., July 3, 1896, Mrs. GEO. A. BARNES, aged 73 years.

Mrs. Barnes was a veritable pioneer. A native of New Jersey she went to Indiana in 1842, where she married Mr. Barnes, and in 1848 they crossed the Continent, over plain and mountain, to California, and two years later settled in Portland, Oregon, but for the last forty-four years have resided in Olympia, Wash., raising among our best and most respected citizens, and for more than forty years have been active and pronounced Spiritualists.

Mediumistic themselves, and eminently honest, intelligent, progressive and truthful, they have been hospitable to every phase of spirit manifestation, and consequently have had a rich experience, which has not only afforded them great comfort and satisfaction, but made them among the leading Spiritualists of the Pacific Coast.

Her funeral was very largely attended by the leading citizens of the city and vicinity who knew her and esteemed her as a good friend and neighbor, public-spirited, progressive, active, honest and true, and who had the courage to declare and maintain her convictions. P. D. MOORE.

[Obituary Notices not over twenty lines in length are published gratuitously. When exceeding this number, ten cents per line for each additional line will be charged. Ten words on an average make a line. No poetry admitted under the above heading.]

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THIRD EDITION. A REVIEW

OF THE Seybert Commissioners' Report;

OR, WHAT I SAW AT CASSADAGA LAKE.

By A. B. RICHMOND, Esq.,

A Member of the Pennsylvania Bar; Author of "Leaves from the Diary of an Old Lawyer," "Court and Prison," "Dr. Crockett's Call," "Views from the Lawyer's Standpoint," "A Hawk in an Eagle's Nest," Etc.

Mr. R., although not at the time a believer in the Spiritual Philosophy, has here made a fearless and vigorous exposure of the reality of the PHRENOLOGICAL Spiritualism. Having received from the hands of a friend just returned from Cassadaga Lake a communication addressed to him from one dear to him in spirit-life, he was induced to visit the Lake, but went with a

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We trust that Spiritualists all over the country will cooperate heartily with us in the step taken by **THE BANNER** in recognition of the demand of the times, which everywhere calls upon magazines, newspapers and current literature for some reduction of former prices.

Will the regular subscribers for **THE BANNER** make an effort to increase its circulation? It would be an excellent and practical plan if every one now on our subscription books would make it his or her business to obtain one new subscriber to this paper for 1896.

It is our desire to maintain the heretofore high standard of **THE BANNER**, and to add to the value of its contents and the practicality of its work, wherever opportunity shall be given us; and we hope the Spiritualists of the mundane world will work with us, to strengthen our hands for the service of that world of spirits, whose Cause this paper has so long defended.

BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

The Death of Ex-Governor Russell.

It is very rarely that the event we call death so profoundly and so tenderly impresses us as on the occasion of the recent decease of young William Eustis Russell, for three years Governor of Massachusetts. He was taken in the very promise of his manhood. His passing from the world of men was so unforeseen by watchful prevision; the manner of it was so suggestively impressive; and the envolving circumstances were all of a spiritual appropriateness to force reflective thought into channels never enough traversed. His passing out from this world into the other became, in consequence, an almost phenomenal occurrence, in the accepted order of such occurrences, overcoming the thought's natural self-restraint with a strangely captivating fascination.

It was, first of all, because of the intrinsically brilliant qualities of which the man consisted, that his unexpected departure from the world we know causes the sympathetic speech concerning him to which we all so readily give ear. He possessed the rare gift of ability to persuade men by openly addressing them. They eagerly listened and intently considered, because he spoke in another than the common way. His simple sincerity was the one characteristic for which they wait in the speech of all men. That was the fundamental element out of which the beautiful cloths of his acknowledged eloquence were woven. He needed not to exhibit any of the marvels of human speech to attract the special attention of the many whose impromptu verdict was his public reputation. It was the inborn heartiness of his feeling that fused the common feeling in its alembic; the native glow of his thought won instantly the most reluctant; he established relations of an intimate confidence with his hearers; he believed himself what he said.

There could not be raised a question that one who drew all eyes toward himself as did the distinguished subject of this commentary, was consciously or unconsciously possessed of the endowment called spiritual. It is not essential that one who has a gift to employ should familiarly know its mechanical measurement. In spirit all is flux and without limitation. The springs of noble action and magnetic utterance are secret and unseen. If they were once exposed to the common view they would speedily vanish and disappear.

The young ex-Governor had not yet come to his fortieth year. So far he had lived in the

royal light and dewy fragrance of the morning. By common consent a future which we choose to call brilliant stretched its beckoning fingers before him. What he would have been to us and to the approaching generation, he could not have foretold for himself. Opportunity is always a factor in such an estimate, but the man himself is far more. His was the gift, and his alone the power to dedicate it to generous distribution. But the silent call came, and it was his to answer it. It came as a softened whisper, in the still sanctity of the wilderness in which he loved summer domestication, by the midnight sound of the brawling stream not far from his woodland door, the mysterious stars looking down on his departure from the distant cope of the sky, the cooling airs drawing through sylvan aisles and avenues, and profound peace shedding its blessings all around like the dews that fall unperceived from the heavens. In such surroundings, thus stretched in undisturbed slumber in the lap of Nature, the spirit which was the man left its mortal abode and went out to greet the new and unknown. It is no assumption to say that his coming was welcomed even more earnestly than our sad farewells convey their meaning in the dying cadences of their faltering expression.

A Grave Proclamation.

Col. Jesse Hooker, eighty-four years of age, and a millionaire and more, died last month in Montgomery, Alabama. The local papers, of course, represented him to be an atheist, a man of few social qualities, who adhered to the enforcement of a contract, who never gave nor accepted gifts, and was regarded as possessed of little of the milk of human kindness. He gave to an acquaintance shortly before his death a paper, which he insisted should be read over his grave instead of a burial service. Its contents positively forbade the observance of any religious services by a priest of any denomination at his funeral. He announced that he regarded all the religions with which he was acquainted as gross superstitions, which the intelligence of the world has long since outgrown, fostered and kept alive by craft and designing priests. He considered these charges eminently applicable to the Christian religion, in which he was reared, and to its irrational tenets, which, he says, he imbibed with all the unreasoning faith of childhood.

The absurd notion that this world is governed by a vindictive, cruel, jealous, sensual and vacillating personal God, and the theory that this weak and frivolous being created this great universe out of nothing in the brief period of six days, shocked his reason and seemed entirely unworthy of belief by intelligent persons. He said he did not deny the existence of a God, or Gods, but that he possessed no evidence of it, and that the Being who could create a universe could not be the author of so crude and contradictory a book as the Bible. He charged that the Bible cast a slur on labor, while at its very opening it seeks to impose labor upon man as a punishment; and he insisted that the Bible encouraged idleness and profligacy when it recommends to us to take no thought for the morrow, what we shall drink or wear. Jesus—he says—who gave this precept, practiced it himself—and so does the modern tramp. Labor has emphatically been man's savior. If the teachings of Jesus on this subject were to be implicitly followed, the mischief resulting from stigmatizing productive industry can scarcely be imagined.

Jesus clearly taught that the world was about to be destroyed, and the early Christians believed and practiced on that belief. With such a thought continually in mind, the things of this world were comparatively of no importance. They regarded prosperous people as the children of Mammon, and the unfortunate and wretched as the favorites of God and candidates for immortal glory. Nearly all intelligent people have abandoned the idea that the world is about to come to an end. They don't believe that prosperity is a certain sign of wickedness, or that poverty and wretchedness are sure certificates of virtue. We now know that prosperous people may be good, and that unfortunate people may be bad. We have reached the conclusion that the practice of virtue tends in the direction of prosperity, and that violations of the conditions of well-being bring, with absolute certainty, wretchedness and misfortune. And in adopting these ideas we have been compelled to discard the teachings of the book which Christians worship as infallible.

Hydrophobia as a Simulated Disease.

The *American Anti-Vivisection Society* is sending around to the newspapers of the country a circular letter on the above subject, treating hydrophobia more as the result of fright than of virus. And that suggests the existence of a class of diseases that may be named mimetic, or imitated, which naturally belong to that variety of person possessing a disposition to acquire, through the medium of abnormal fancy, diseases of which he has no symptoms except those recognized by unaided sight.

The influence of the mind over the body is so broad and deep a consideration that the half has not yet been told. It perhaps remains for some Columbus of the future, says this circular letter, to discover that exalted or depressed psychic conditions have much to do with the production of many of the phenomena of every religion, literature and art, as they are already known to be important factors in the creation of various nervous states.

The thought of certain maladies produces sometimes, in the easily impressed, their mental conception and subjective symptoms so distinctly that they are sufficiently the victims of the disease they imagine to deceive not only themselves and their friends but the doctor himself. In the light of the illustrations of the power of the mind over the body, it is not strange that many people among us, having been previously bitten by dogs, unconsciously simulate what are to them symptoms of hydrophobia. From childhood familiar with stories of horrible death from the bite of rabid animals, it would be singular indeed, expectant attention being thus created, if at least a few, under the influence of ideo-motor action rather than rabies, did not produce replicas of that "series of symptoms" falsely called hydrophobia, and so lose control of their reason as to reenact the familiar antics of "getting down on all fours," "barking like dogs," going into convulsions at the sight of water, and finally making a tragical denouement between the traditional feather-beds, or worse, being sent for treatment to some institute of Pasteur.

When, in connection with this tendency on

the part of certain impressionable persons to develop symptoms of diseases they do not have, we are likewise aware that "dread of and inability to swallow water, associated with convulsive movements and psychic manifestations," are common features of at least thirty other diseases beside hydrophobia, it can be understood that even the best medical men—hyssophobes themselves—may sometimes be guilty of such errors in diagnosis as may result in fatal errors of treatment. This in itself is a striking illustration of the pernicious influence of the common belief in regard to hydrophobia. Man has oftentimes been controlled by curious fancies under the influence of a dominant idea, the intensity of which blinds the common-sense and subjugates the will. Perhaps there has never been a period in semi-barbaric or even civilized history, when symptomatic mimicry did not exist; and the experience of that physician must be limited indeed who has not met patients blind with perfect eyes, deaf with sound ears, and weak beyond hope with the muscular development of a Hercules.

Evanescent psychic rather than physical conditions these—curiosities somewhat to the general practitioner, yet common to the specialist—requiring for their cure not so much drugs as moral suasion and discretion. A number of delusions of modern creation, all illustrations of now well-known forms of ideo-motor action, intensified by emotional excitement, rather than specimens of definite disease, are to a great extent, under the light of deliberate scientific investigation, eliminated from the religious life of the day. And we may accordingly hope for the time when "hydrophobia" also may be relegated to the limbo of abandoned vagaries.

Universal Peace.

In a recent discourse delivered in the Mt. Vernon Church of Boston, Dr. Herrick reviewed the proceedings of the peace conference at Lake Mohonk, N. Y., which he personally attended. Public sentiment has advanced from the idea of arbitration in specific and isolated cases, without any basis of fixed principle or assurance of justice, or power to enforce its decisions, to the idea of a permanent tribunal for the jurisdiction and settlement of all international differences, with a constitution like a court, which will in time develop a system of international law that will apply to the settlement of future causes. The business committee of the conference presented the matter in four propositions.

They were as follows: Is such a permanent tribunal desirable and practicable? Should it be confined to English-speaking nations? How should it be constituted? and, How can such an agreement be brought about? The conference was composed, said Dr. Herrick, of eminently practical, conservative and patriotic men, representing the statesmanship, diplomacy and culture of two great countries. Judge Edmunds of Vermont presided, and over two hundred Senators, Congressmen, judges, college professors and diplomats devoted the three days appointed to the work with one mind and heart.

The agreement on affirming the first proposition was general. On the second point it was thought better that an agreement between English-speaking nations first be effected. The consideration of how it should be constituted was serious. Much questioning and difficulty existed in the minds of diplomats and lawyers. The difficulties were: the creation of the tribunal, whether out of existing courts or of independent material; whether it should have physical or only moral power to compel obedience to its decrees; the limitation of the character of causes to be brought before it, and the methods of its administration.

The conference was persuaded that the time is ripe for a systematic movement, that what is right is practicable if good men are agreed and determined, and that it is safe to canonize what God has pronounced saintly. For the first time since nations were Christian, said the speaker, an opportunity now occurs for two Christian nations to give the world a sublime object-lesson of thrift, public economy and justice; and especially is it the opportunity for these nations to emphasize and illustrate the central and essential character of Christianity itself—an expression for which the world has waited until now.

It is the opportunity for each to take the other by the hand and say to the whole world: "We will be to each other human and brotherly; we will not fight." Difficulties will no doubt appear, but let the nations do the right thing and trust to God to lead them out through the obstacles. In such discussions and conferences humanity, at its wisest and best, is seriously and earnestly feeling its way toward the right. It is recognizing that things natural to British nature are not appropriate to spiritually developed man.

THE BANNER will print next week "Ingersoll and Spiritualism," an article by J. William Fletcher, in which he replies to Robert Ingersoll and his views on Spiritualism.

A report by Russ H. Gilbert of the opening service at "Onset Wigwag," embracing the exercises, a cut of the place, and a poem by Miss Virginia Vaughn, will appear next week.

Programs of Queen City Park Camp-Meeting can be had by calling at **BANNER OF LIGHT** office.

Just Commendation.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

One scarcely knows how to praise sufficiently the last number of the excellent paper, the **BANNER OF LIGHT**—July 18—well named the "Robert Burns Souvenir Number."

It is in every respect par excellence. Robert Burns still lives, and his songs are vibrating through heaven's corridors in harmonies that only such as he can stir anew on life's sweet harp of praise.

You deserve more than credit. The array of your contributors—viz: Mr. G. A. Bacon, Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis and his most excellent wife, and Mrs. Edith Willis Linn, Moses Hull, W. F. Peck, J. J. Morse, Hudson Tuttle, and others I cannot now think of, furnish gems of the finest luster of thought. You need not entertain any fears in regard to such numbers as that and their success, when you have such an excellent and formidable array of talented men and women to pen such golden truths as these, for they are not truly inspired, and do they not know whereof they speak?

May you as ever be blessed and supported in your work of good, and be amply remunerated for all in this life and the life to come, for surely it must be "the day is breaking, and the dawn is high," when such a **BANNER OF LIGHT** is waving over the land.

W. L. JACK, M. D., Spiritualist.
Springfield, Mass., July 18, 1896.



Pacific Coast Sketches.

Reception to W. J. Colville—The Fourth of July—Solon Lauer's Marriage—Camp-Meetings.

Some forty or fifty San Diegans met at my residence Friday evening in honor of that Spiritualist medium, noted lecturer, author, and **BANNER OF LIGHT** correspondent, W. J. Colville, originally from England, where I met him often in the very morning of his mediumship.

Purposely this gathering was unique, inasmuch as there were present Spiritualists, Unitarians, Universalists, Theosophists, Baptists—one, the Rev. Mr. Fuller, an ex-Baptist preacher, just out of his close communion shell—and two Episcopalians representing the "Apostolic Succession." The hall and parlors were beautifully trimmed and decorated by Mrs. Christensen, poet and musician, and Mrs. Judge Barrett. While there were short speeches, violin solos by Prof. Whitelaw, and refreshments of fruits, cakes and ice cream, the most of the evening was spent in answering questions by our guest—an instrument touched by unseen fingers. In answering questions Mr. Colville is an adept.

Wishing to put his inspiring intelligences on their mettle, the first question I asked was, "What is life, essential life?" And without a moment's hesitancy he struck straight into the core of the subject with astonishing ease and clearness. Further questions were asked him upon Astrology, Reincarnation, the Coming Conflict, the Future of Souls, and the Destiny of America.

Following these exercises were personal poems, describing characteristics and giving symbolic names. This was not only interesting and captivating, but highly instructive. He gave symbol names to Mr. Newman, editor of the *Philosophical Journal*, to Mr. Green, late editor of *Herald of Health*, Mr. C. K. Smith, writer and poet, Rev. Mr. Fuller, Prof. E. and Mrs. Whipple, so well and favorably known in Ohio and other States, where Prof. Whipple had lectured upon Spiritualism, Geology and Astronomy, Mr. Delano, ourself and others. The poem for each was beautiful as well as symbolic and prophetic. Judge Barrett, twenty years a railroad lawyer in Chicago, and Judge in the Circuit Court in Iowa, said, in leaving, that he had not spent so "happy an evening in twenty years."

Spiritualists and those on the outer walls inquiring the way to the Spiritual Zion, talk about tests—trapping tests, table-tipping tests and materializing tests! Why, to me they pale away from sight, almost, when compared to the provisions of W. J. Colville. Here there is not the least possible chance of fraud. He was not cultured in the schools, has no college graduation behind him—and yet any subject given him, be it science, metaphysics or history, instantly there flows a volume of thought, rare intelligence, and at times profound wisdom, from his lips, carrying conviction upon mooted questions such as reincarnation, almost against the will and the higher aspects of reason and science.

During week-day evenings Mr. Colville lectures to classes upon Telepathy, Astrology, Palmistry, the Science of Spiritual Healing, etc. His Sunday lectures are for the "Advance Guard Society." Since Mrs. Bullene's departure the First Spiritualist Society has been supplied by Mr. Dryden, a progressive Swedenborgian Spiritualist, by Mr. Newman, of the *Philosophical Journal*, Rev. Mr. Fuller, myself and others. This Society hopes to secure the services of Mrs. Ada Foye for a year.

I asked Mr. Colville to write out the poem he gave me—the name symbolized by "the golden key," implying the further unlocking of the treasure of wisdom of the ages, for the spiritual growth of future generations. His reply was: "I can't do it; but if those that gave it can, I should be pleased to have them." Here follows the poem in part:

From many lands whose storied page
Records the wonders of old time,
From many a brave, time-honored sage,
Renowned in poet's song sublime,
From many a messenger of truth,
Who dwells in happy realms on high,
There breathes o'er thee a sacred strain
Of vital strength and harmony.

To heal the body and the mind,
Truth to reveal the heart set free
From every fetter which would bind,
Such is thy holy ministry.
To raise life's curtains and disclose
The meaning both of life and death,
To stem the tide of human woes—
Thus consecrated is thy breath.

To Egypt and to Hindostan,
Beside the Ganges and the Nile,
And near the Jordan's peaceful stream,
With nature kindly on thee smiling,
And from the heavens which arch the earth
And form a background for the stars,
Will sound for thee a mystic voice—
Remove the letters, raise the bars.

An inner meaning long enclosed
Within the records of the past,
Will prove its vital force to thee.
And thou interpret at last
The wondrous truth in records old,
Shall breathe unto the coming hour
The word that makes mankind one fold
Thro' love's divine fraternal power.

Behold within thy grasp a staff,
A charm or amulet most rare,
Which gives relief from sorrow's thrall,
And makes the way worn young and fair,
Not only thro' what science gleams,
Nor chiefly from extended lore,
But from the glorious book of life,
O'er which thou constantly dost pore,
Comes knowledge of the law divine
Which driveth fear and grief away,
And opens up a Paradise
Beyond the thought of dire decay.

That presence which is guiding thee,
A great revealer, mighty seer—
Whispers in tones of confidence
Intended for thine inward ear,
Thou shalt a revealer be.
Unlocking treasures for the race,
A messenger of Golden Age
When love shall bring every wrong efface.

A symbol bright for thee appears
Directing what thy work must be—
Unlocking mysteries of the spheres—
Thy title is, "The Golden Key."

This poem seems prophetic, because I had been thinking of a third tour around the world.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

The most abominable and outrageous noisy day of all the year has past. Only a few lives on this coast were lost by cannonading and sham battles, and only a few horses were frightened and human limbs broken by that nuisance of all nuisances, firecrackers. Noise has little to do with true patriotism. Noise for noise's sake partakes of barbarism. Gen. Grant was sometimes called the Silent General. Bismarck knew how to keep silent in seven languages. The deep river, how still, yet majestic,

in its march. The empty wagon, how rattling and deafening. How true, that the heart feels most when the lips speak not. God never speaks.

The event of the day in San Diego and Coronado was the masterly oration of Hon. Thomas Fitch, termed Arizona's silver-tongued orator. Some twenty years ago I formed the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Fitch in Utah, and have met them several times in Washington, D. C., thereafter. Time has dealt kindly with them. They are both Spiritualists, and are recruiting by the Pacific's cool and bracing waters. Here is a paragraph from his reported speech:

"Remember not only that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, but the payments must be cash. Give us! Great God! give us swift and prolonged absence of men who purchase men's honor! Give us laws against bribery—briber and bribed—even if the Senate of the United States be left without a quorum! Give us State Legislatures whose members ought not to wear convict stripes! Give us courts that dogged fingers cannot meddle with the bandage of blind justice! Give us county officials and local officers whose wrists are not stained by marks of the handcuffs of the 'boss'!"

THE TWIN BECOME ONE.

The three Unitarian ministers best known to Spiritualists are Minot J. Savage, William Bruntton and Solon Lauer. The latter, pastor of the Unitarian Church in this city, and preaching Sundays to large, cultured audiences, was recently married to Miss Hammond, the organist in his church. The Hammonds are straight-out Spiritualists. This lady of Mr. Lauer's choice is quiet, modest, refined and cultured, and as great a lover of flowers, forests, mountains—in a word, Nature—as is Rev. Mr. Lauer. Instead of going off on the cars, thundering through dust and dirt to some fashionable watering-place, plainly, neatly attired, they made for the mountains where the pastor spends his month's vacation. True it is fashionable to go off on bridal tours, spending money, and often ruining health. But fashion is a tyrant, and few but fools bow down to it. Marriage is not only honorable, but true marriage is eternal.

CAMP-MEETINGS.

This is the camping season, and Methodists are mad because Spiritualists have largely "stolen" their camp-meeting thunder. Our Spiritualist camp-meetings are great centres of spiritual force. They are oases in the off dreary desert of life. They are tents where angels often come as guests. They are crystal fountains where the waters of life freely flow. And, wisely, unselfishly conducted, they bring to those in attendance beautiful baptismal influences from the residents of the higher spheres of existence.

Personally, we have been invited to eight camp-meetings this season—two on this coast, six in the East—but can attend but one, and that at Santa Monica, near Los Angeles. Our three hundred and eighty-nine patients require our constant thought, time and attention. From the centre of this consecrated room, the fourth floor, there go out continually electric vibrations, and magnetic streams of vital force and life and love to our esteemed patients. Ever do we say, God and good angels bless them!

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.
San Diego, Cal.

(From the New York World, July 12.)

To Prevent Burial Alive.

Alfred E. Giles of Hyde Park, Mass., at one time a prominent Boston lawyer, does not intend to be buried alive. He has gone to considerable expense in making arrangements for the disposition of his body when death shall have been pronounced, which will preclude all possibility of such a catastrophe.

Mr. Giles believes that very many cases of suspended animation are called death, and that those so affected are buried alive. So thoroughly impressed is he with this idea that he has fitted up a chamber in his home in which his body, when the spark of life is believed to have departed, will be laid until it is absolutely certain that the earthly end is reached.

The room which he has set apart for this unique purpose is at the back of the house, and the only entrance from the rest of the house is through a secret door in the back of a secluded closet. The apartment is on the ground level, and looks out upon a spacious flower garden and orchard. Though seldom entered, it is attractive to the living, and well calculated to dispel any unpleasant thought which might arise associated with its intended use. Everything is bright and cheerful.

Pictures hang upon the walls, rich rugs are on the floor; there is a set of book-shelves well filled with pleasant literature, there are comfortable chairs, a table on which stands a vase always filled with blossoms, and in one corner of the room is a single bed.

The only door besides the secret one connecting the death chamber with the closet opens on the back lawn. It is guarded by lattice work, which incloses the whole door, and, while preventing intrusion, admits light and air. Small windows protected by stout wire screens also permit a circulation of air.

"In this room," said Mr. Giles, "shall I rest when I am supposed to have died, until it is absolutely certain that I am physically dead. When death is determined, my body will be cremated, and my ashes scattered over the flower garden out there, to make the plants grow and bloom."

"I am convinced that thousands of persons are buried while animation is simply suspended, and that life would be restored if the necessary time were given. The physicians have thirty-four tests for death, and every one of them has been proved to be open to failure."

"The only safe test is decomposition. When the body begins to decay, it is dead, and no one should be buried until such a condition comes. The mind may be active though death seems apparent. Think of the agony of a person in that condition facing the grave!"

This is not a new fad with Mr. Giles. When he was forty years old, he began to make a collection of the records of cases of suspended animation and supposed dead persons coming to life. The record is astonishing. He has gone to no special pains in the work, merely recording the instances which came to his notice.

"The *Nineteenth Century* has estimated," he said, "that of every three hundred persons believed to be dead taken to the morgue in Paris, one comes to life. If there have been so many cases made public, think of the number that, in the natural order of things, have escaped notice. It is not unreasonable to believe that fully as many persons have been buried alive as have been found to be alive at the last moment."

Mr. Giles related several personal experiences and others which have come to his notice. He spoke of one young woman named Della Samuelson, of Chicago, who died recently of consumption. She requested that her body be kept in a vault for a year, and be visited each day by her mother and grandmother, and that it be poked with pins to determine whether or not there were signs of life. Her request will be complied with as long as possible.

This Hyde Park lawyer is by no means alone in his belief. Some of the best-known citizens of Boston entertain the same idea with regard to premature burial, and the same belief can be found well established in all parts of the world, but Mr. Giles is certainly original in having arranged a death chamber in his residence.

George T. Angell, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and editor of *Dumb Animals*, is one of the foremost advocates of deferring burial until it is certain that death has ensued. His own mother was thought to have died, and the funeral service was being held, when signs of life were detected, and she was speedily restored to health.

Mr. Angell is now urging the formation of a society the object of which shall be the prevention of premature burial.

If you like **THE BANNER**, speak a good word for it whenever you have a chance. It will be appreciated.

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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.

JOHN W. DAY, Chairman.

SPIRIT-MESSAGES.

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Séance held June 12, 1896.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh, Spirit of Love, come more to us place ourselves in conditions to bring us closer to thy divine power; once more have we entered the sanctuary, to bring us into communion with the dear ones that are gone, and at last to feel that we have been brought closer to thy divine light. We are glad once more to recognize the uplifting hand that bestows health to the weak ones, also encouragement under all adversities. We feel thy strong arm that is always extended to assist us under all circumstances, and we feel truly that thou art a comforter. Draw us closer this morning; make us feel that we are of the divine lineage—are truly sons and daughters of God. Bless us while we have once more met in this our circle, and open up the avenue of thought that it may bring forth sweet communications and demonstrations of the dear ones that are gone. Be with us while we are here, guide us in every step that is taken, that we may feel truly we have a guidance from whence the most can be brought.

Again we realize that we have become sensitive to the instrument and the instrument sensitive to us; and may we feel certainly that there is a co-operating of power with mortal and spirit. Oh, guide each one of us, give each one sentiments to send forth, that will bring back not only responses but that the earth-ones will feel that they are not left alone but are protected; and the friends that are being brought to us through the kind tie of nature will be still the same friends; the same love that bindeth together will bring us still closer, and we shall know that when we are at that place we can rest completely on the rock of confidence; then we shall know fully all is well.

Bless us we have come together this morning; bless each one according to his own needs, for thy Great Spirit knows our wants better than we do ourselves. Now supply them according to the understanding, so that we may feel that it has been good for us to be here. Hear us, guide us, direct us, now and forevermore. Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Mary O'Reilly.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. I would like to send forth a few words of consolation and hope. Although I did not understand much of spirit-return while in earth-life, neither do those that I am anxious to reach really understand much about it; yet they pray to God that we will not be separated; and I want to send forth a few words and say we have heard their prayer, and it will be answered—because it comes so hard when one is taken from the fireside, and especially when one is young and seemingly having lots to live for, and yet have lots to contend with.

I want to reach mother, because she seems to be so disheartened, and many times so discouraged that she hardly knows how it is best for her to do; and she desires many times to be in the spirit with us; yet I want to say to her: "Mother, thy life is yet valuable; we cannot afford to have you leave the duties that now call you to earth-life, because there is much yet for you to accomplish, and many things yet for you to complete before you can enter the spiritual life and feel satisfied." Would say to her that I have not left her; that I want her to know that Mary is still around her; that I hear her pray for me every morning, and I want her to know I can answer her prayer partly, for if I can reach her publicly it will set her to thinking, and I think will do her lots of good.

The good chairman of the spirit-band informed me that Jew or Gentile was welcome to this open door, and I was in my belief a Catholic in earth-life; that is where I can see mother so often praying for me and also others, and I do want her to realize that we can communicate with her. Would like, also, to inform father that things may not please him, yet will say to him: don't be discouraged, because the worst is over, and you will see yet wherein God in his great wisdom ruled that I should be taken.

I might say, to make this still more positive, I was sick but a little while, but went out very much exhausted, and I should say that most people called it quick consumption; I think there were many things that are yet to be understood, but would like to say to the ones in earth-life that I feel all was done that could be, and you have no reason to find fault. I want to say I am happy, and Kate is with me in spirit, and I have found, also, Grandma O'Reilly on the spirit-side—because I want mother to know that we are all together, and want her to feel happy, and would say to them all: God bless you.

I feel that this letter will be seen and brought to her, and that is why I have been advised to use this organism to-day to send forth a few broken remarks, with a spirit of love, hoping to strengthen them and help them very much. My name is Mary O'Reilly, and you can place my home in Lowell, Mass.

William Knights.

I am very happy about here this morning. I want to say that I used to tell the people in earth-life that if I passed out of the body I knew I should live again, and I told them that

I should certainly come back again, and they have been wondering for a long time why I have not sent something through THE BANNER—because your BANNER to me was my Bible. When on earth life it sustained me, and I used to enjoy reading every line in it, because I found an inspiration in it. My good wife and I used to sit down when your BANNER would be brought to us, and we have spent evening after evening devouring the pages and the matter we got from it, so that I feel somewhat familiar with your paper; and I also was somewhat familiar with the Message Department, for I used to think it was one of the greatest blessings that humanity ever had.

Times are changing, and there are more people to-day looking after the philosophy of Spiritualism and investigating phenomena, and I feel like rejoicing. I want my fellow-men to know that I am still active and still growing. I want to reach those in earth-life. I want to reach my companion, specially, because I know she misses the material form, and I know also there have been many changes around her—some that have been pleasant, and others that have not been quite so pleasant. I can see her so many times sitting all alone, wondering if father was conscious of what was going on, because she always called me father and I called her mother. I want to say to her, yes, I have been conscious of most of the changes, and I might say satisfied, because in spirit we can see so many different conditions—very differently than when we still exist in mortal.

I am glad that light has come to others that used to think I was not the brightest man that ever lived on the spiritualistic plane, but I am glad that they have been conscious of spirit-return and also of their own mediumship.

Would like to say I send forth good feeling, and I want them to encourage it, and to be honest in their investigation—to seek diligently and they shall gain what is best for them; because to me the spirit does not return to grieve or start curiosity merely, but it comes to the earth children as an educator and to bring us closer to each other; one to come into a comprehension that we can realize how sweet it is to have the spirit and mortal mingle together.

I also have those connected with me near and dear, and I will say that by-and-by all will be well. I send forth this communication because my good wife has requested me to send a few words through THE BANNER, because she has watched the Message Department so long, hoping to hear from some one of her own. Would like to say I have found the children in spirit, also many of the other loved ones that passed on before, and that we have a real jolly good time; but we are anxious for those in the mortal that don't fully understand each other, and I know as long as they exist in the mortal they will always have more or less trouble. Earth is made up of troubles and trials, yet I believe in not having any trouble. I believe in having as good a time as we can, and enjoy all we can, and with that purpose I return through this instrument this morning, sending glad tidings of immortality.

I was well paid for my investigation in earth life. I want the people of Great Falls, N. H., to know that William Knights is not dead but living, and is well and progressive.

Thank you very kindly, Mr. Chairman. Long may THE BANNER live and prosper, and long may the mortal and immortal back you up and assist you in the glorious work for humanity. I took it from its first issue, and I guess my wife has got the most of them now.

Lucinda Morrill.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. It sometimes is hard to get full control of the medium—hard work to voice our sentiments—our anxiousness oftentimes keeps us back. We attract a great deal from the earthly influence, and we are apt to dread the results more than sustaining on an independent plane where we may take the harvest for what it will bring forth. I am very much interested, as I have lingered around here so many times, and I have been so much strengthened by hearing the various communications and experiences that each one gives. I find that the spirit communicates things through its own sphere through the attraction of others and the desires of those in earth-life. I have those that are near and dear to me that I love very much, and I feel the separation from the mortal, and the spirit has been much felt. I have not been out of the body so very long. I am anxious to lift the cloud of doubt and to bring forth a little light, that they may feel truly the body is separated but the spirit is not.

Oh, what a beautiful thought it is when we can fully realize that death does not separate, but more times unites and brings us still closer to God! It makes the ones that are left in earth-life seek a higher life, and oftentimes gives them that strength which we seek for—something higher and more lofty than themselves.

Now I feel that I must be short, because there is so much that depends on the little time allotted to us while we are here in this circle, that I feel I want to improve every opportunity for strengthening my friends. I would say to them, mother is not gone; also, that I am satisfied with what has been done.

Those in earth-life must enjoy things better, they must comprehend why these changes come, and why one does not always realize the other's good. I would like to say, be honest with each other, be true to each other, and I know God will be true to you, and will help you in much that you have not understood.

I would like to come in a closer communion, especially with my girls—I have got three girls—and more especially with Emeline, because she has sought to drop into mother's place, and is taking responsibilities and care, and I should like to encourage her, and not let her feel that she is holding all the burdens alone. I have been very much pleased that she has taken the position she has. Although it seems like self-sacrifice, I hope she will see where it is for her good. I would like also to give a few words of encouragement to my companion, for his health is not good, and I realize that it will only be a little while when we will both be together, and then many things can be explained that cannot be this morning. I would like to say I am happy, and enjoy much of what I have seen and gained on the spirit side. Be of good cheer; all will come out well.

Spiritualism to me to-day is not a theory; it is not what it seemed when I was in earth-life. Although I had investigated a little, I could not be called a Spiritualist. I felt there was something in it, but, like many others in earth-life, found that the beauties did not always predominate; but in spirit I can see why and

wherefore, and to me it is a fact. I would like to bring it closer to those that are investigating in earth-life. You may not always get all you seek for, but, if you will watch carefully, you will be satisfied.

If you will receive this letter as I intend you to, you will understand what I mean. I want to say, do not give up the house. I will just say that, and they will understand what I mean. If you afford me an opportunity in private, I will give you my reasons. You can put me down as Lucinda Morrill, and you can locate my home in Pittsburg, Penn.—and my husband still lives there. The chairman on this side said I had better give my husband's name, as he will be perhaps more known than I am. His name is Benjamin Franklin Morrill.

Mary Nicholson.

How beautiful you look here this morning; how fragrant these flowers are, and how natural everything appears. I have come in on a special mission, and I appreciate the opportunity very much indeed, because I can sense what a glorious opportunity it is to have a chance to speak through this instrument so as to send our thoughts broadcast, and especially to reach those that are still in earth-life that we have an interest in.

I have watched and waited here for a long time, hoping every morning that there would be some little opportunity for me to express some of my own thoughts; now seems to be the time, and I accept it. I want to go to Harwich Port, Mass., for there I had a good sustaining and uplifting while in earth-life, and it is with that feeling that I want to assist others and help them—especially those who are now affected physically, and cannot always help themselves.

I want to say there is much I would like to talk about, but it comes under privacy, especially in the family circle, and I only want to send a few words through your valuable paper to make all my old friends and relatives feel that I have not forgotten them, neither have I gone a great way off. I suffered intensely while in the body the last few weeks of my earth-life, and for that reason it is hard for me to throw off the old troubles and take on the new body, but I will do to the best of my ability. I want to encourage all, so don't feel your work is yet done; there is yet much to be accomplished.

I am not, as I said, going to send a long communication, but would say that Susan, William and Sarah are here; and I have got so many over here that it would take some time to mention all. I want them to know that Mary Nicholson is here. Say that mother is still holding control, and that we are working for the welfare of those that are left; the changes that are now approaching in my old home will be for the best.

I send this because there is a purpose, or we might say by request. Thanking you, Mr. President, I will not detain you any longer.

Samuel Stowell.

Well, I think it is a good plan for us to identify ourselves as dead folks, but I would like to tell those that are still in the body that there are more walking about the earth-plane that are more dead than those they call so, because they have gone out of the body of activity. I, while in earth life, was somewhat of a close observer of how things usually ran. You could not call me a religious man, nor you could not call me a materialist; I think it was hard work for me to know myself just what I was; but when the same sum and substance was taken up, I think I was as near a Spiritualist as anything.

I want this morning to send forth a few thoughts, for I feel that each one must identify himself. I would say that I lived until I was pretty well rounded out—well into the eighties—and I enjoyed pretty good health, almost up to the end of my passing on to the higher life. I felt that by the many courtesies of earth-life, and by our own observation and the surroundings and circumstances, we welded our own characters, and many times made our lives just what they were.

I feel there is much yet to be given to the world through the voice of the spirit. I find that as I passed on to the higher life, I had the same inquisitive brain, I had the same tendency to look at things from the opposite standpoint from where the general public looked at it. I liked to get down to the problems that brought out the essence of true life toward mankind. I have got those still in earth life that I think will believe what I say, that used to take a good deal of stock in my advice while clothed in earth-life; hence I do not see why they should not take some interest now; I feel that they can hear it and trust it just the same.

I want to say to the boys that it may not be just what they would like me to say, but I want to say to them: "Let me still guide you, let me talk with you upon the avenues of communications; bring the two worlds closer to each other; make us feel as if we did really belong to each other, and that we are still each other's consoler."

I would like also to carry you away up in Vermont, for there is where I shall be best known. Many, many years ago—I know some time has elapsed, in fact, quite a number of years since I passed out of the body, or died as the world calls it. I know it has taken me some time to report, but it is because I have only comprehended things recently, or within the last few months, that if I ventured to voice my sentiments it would not be received; but to day I think it will be received. I find the old thought has followed our family for so many years, of independency to think for ourselves, to act for ourselves, and to feel that we had a right to use our own brain, and that is why I want to reach you this morning. I want to let all know that on the spirit-side we have got much to talk about. I am more anxious to awake up an interest in earth-life, so that we can supply them with knowledge, and to make them feel that death is a birth, is a resurrection, and brings to us a consciousness of the real life in the true sense of the word.

You can put me down as Samuel Stowell, of Stowe, Vt. I think that old Uncle Samuel will be remembered by the children that are now pretty big—but I don't think that I will be forgotten.

Henry Frank Clark.

Good morning. I want to reach the dear ones in earth-life. I want to feel that I can put my arms around them and have them feel me—because I feel I was cut off from earth-life before I completed all that ought to be completed, as I was taken out very suddenly and left behind me a dear companion and two darling little children; the saddest part of it was the circumstances in which they were left,

as I feel they did not warrant them much of a future happiness.

When I was conscious that I was really out of the body and separated from them, it seemed like eternity; everything was dark before me, and I could hear them ask for me and call me back, and ask why had I gone, and felt there was so much I could not respond to, that it was hard to control; but my good angel-mother, who had preceded me to spirit-life, put her arms around me and tried to reason and bring me to a consciousness that the earth-ones would be provided for and that their friends would assist them and help them, and with that encouragement I rested. Then she told me that I could return; that I could watch over them; that I could be a benefit—and to bring me to that consciousness she brought me to this wonderful room.

I have not been out of the body a great while; they have urged me to try and send forth a few words of comfort and encouragement, thinking that Nellie—that is my wife—will not only see it, but will be influenced by it to make her place herself in that location where we can assist her through spirit-guidance.

Should like to say I was not interested in your grand philosophy while in earth life; many times since I have been on the spirit-side I wished I had, but I find that my wife is seeking assistance through mediums, and I am anxious to help her in finding that she will be able to feel truly it is I; for that reason my good friends on the spirit-side advised this publication, so as to make her feel that truly I am with her—also to encourage her from the business-side of life, as there is so much that rests on her shoulders, and she feels the responsibility that weighs upon her. I will say to her: All is well, and pretty soon a change will come to you, and you will see wherein the spirit had something more to do with it than the mortal. For that reason I will not go into privacy this morning, because I know this letter is not private, but will be read with many eyes; and so I shall just say that Henry Frank Clark is here.

I met my death through drowning, and that is why it is hard to talk, for I sense the lung feeling, as I followed the water, and I met my death that way. I will say to them: All is well, and you can place me in Gloucester, Mass. Many thanks. Hope it will be received and give comfort.

Messages to be Published.

June 19.—Amos Atwood; Maria Jenness; Caroline Whitcomb; John Kelley; George Adams; Mary Ann Hanson.
June 26.—Samuel Black; Elsie Gordon; Mary De Witt; Seth Witham; Maria F. Wellington; Ritchie Wells.
July 3.—Robert Grew; Mary Chase; Abby Gordon; Daniel Bang; William Henderson; Hannah Walcott; Fannie L. Whittemore.
July 10.—Barnabas Sattlers; Alfred Smith; Mary Frances Howell; David Carr; Lucinda Milton Stowell; George Robinson.
July 17.—Benjamin F. Jackson; Hannah F. O'Brien; Henry Valentine; Bridget MacIntire; John Leathery; Rollin Reed; "Wild Bird," to his medium.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By I. S. W.] 1. If the soul is an atom from the highest sentient thinking part of God, it must be already perfect and all-wise; but in seeking expression, does it first throw its worldly influence into the lowest form of life, and thus develop a body up through all the various forms, or does it wait till the Infinite Father has developed a body in the human form before taking possession?

2. Is it possible for the entity of any of the species of quadrumania, or any of the lower animals, ever to become man?

3. If I suppose God is I am, and we had progressed, no matter how slowly, our soul's expression would be infinitely advanced now. I want to ask, is there a soul-realm or Paradise where we dwell in innocence and happy contentment through all the eternity of the past up to a certain time when the desire for expression and advancement became so strong that we fell asleep and awoke a babe on earth, and that marked the starting point of our soul's expression?

ANS. 1.—We consider the soul, or primal ego, to be an entity holding within itself all that can possibly be expressed in matter.

The soul is always actually perfect in the soul-state, though it appears imperfect through the outward medium of the intellect until that medium has been made perfect as a means for expressing the innate potencies of the soul, which is always the brooding presence or higher self.

The lower forms of sentient existence are not spiritual entities, but are the results of the activities of the entity. Animals, and all lower forms of life than man, are not immortal, but they can participate in continued existence to a limited extent, i. e., for a limited term after passing from the mortal frame.

The soul builds for itself an organism only when the human form appears, but all lower forms of animate existence are tributary to the soul, and are indebted to it both for their existence and persistence.

We cannot assent to the phrase "highest sentient thinking part of God," because in the divine nature, *per se*, there can be no higher and lower, no thinking and unthinking, sentient and insentient. We teach that God is the Infinite Soul whose abode is the Infinite.

In God we live, move and are; and as the one, divine life which is constantly flowing into us is always equally good, there can be no relative terms in which to adequately express the nature of the absolute.

The Infinite Parent works in and through the soul in the building of its own body, which is fashioned by the action of the incarnating entity upon and through the earthly mother.

We can take no exception to the statement that the soul throws its vivifying influence first into the lowest and then into higher

forms of life; but the soul in its own essential state is never higher or lower, but is always perfect. It changes as to what it does, but never as to what it is.

A. 2.—There is in reality no entity below the human; therefore there is no possibility of the quadrumania or any other types of existence becoming human, as they do not contain the possibilities of human life within them, and no stream can rise higher than its source.

When it is perceived that the true entity of man is always the informing principle, and that animal existences are only, as it were, incarnate sparks thrown off by and from the entity, the immeasurable difference between man and animal will clearly appear.

The highest animal may be perfect as an animal, but it cannot cross the boundary between its kingdom and the human. The lowest savage is a human being in a rudimentary stage of expression.

A. 3.—We can hardly express the idea clearer than our questioner has done, as regards a cycle of spiritual expression.

With absolute eternity we have not to deal, but during a cycle of ages the entities now expressed on earth and in adjacent spirit spheres as human personalities have dwelt in the ante-natal paradise of contentment referred to in the question. There could be no embodiment except as a result of a fervent desire for expression, as all embodiments are in fulfillment of the desire for expression.

When a cycle of embodiments is completed and the angelic state is entered, then the rational consciousness of the present human race will have awakened to a clear perception of the object and use of expression; but while expression on earth is continued there is a partial overclouding of the inner light which somewhat veils the purpose and makes the process seem obscure.

Q.—[By A. C.] 1. What is the greatest drawback, spiritually, to the advancement of mankind?

2. Do you know of any human beings who can speak spiritually to human beings and spirits at any place upon this earth and on any of the planets?

A. 1.—The greatest drawback to the spiritual advancement of the human race is the blind, depressing selfishness and hopeless materialism so sadly prevalent in many directions.

The thought of self alone, with no regard for others' welfare, is the only real stumbling-block in the way of spiritual advancement, for selfishness is the root whence all other diseases spring. When the blinding veil of selfishness is removed, genuine self-culture will be carried on in harmony with the common good of the race; and whenever the general weal is the object sought, the curses which now afflict society can oppress no more.

A. 2.—There are certainly a few highly developed individuals on the earth at any time who have the power to operate a spiritual telegraph or telephone all over the globe, and these are the originals of the Mahatmas, about whom so many Theosophists speak somewhat hazily.

As to being able to communicate at will with the inhabitants of other planets, the power to do so must involve attainment to the angelic state of guardian spirits of the planets, or to the condition at least of interplanetary messengers.

There are no prospective limits to the practice of telepathy, which is the mode of communion practiced in the higher spiritual states.

It is quite possible for any one to hold communion with beings on any plane of development of which he can conceive a clear idea, for whatever can be distinctly apprehended in thought does exist and can be communicated with when conditions favor.

"Notes by the Way," from Niantic Camp.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Here we are at camp once more—fifteenth anniversary and many changes, but we found ourselves accommodated with our genial "bus driver," Mr. Clarke, over as good a road as can be found in the State, unless macadamized.

Our dining-hall is in the hands of Mr. Reed, who has a life-long reputation of hotel keeping, and the report is good food and plenty of it, and we only hope our friends will all come that can, that we may enjoy not only the good things of the material life, but the spiritual food which is to be given us from time to time.

Our first public meeting was called to order with Rev. S. O. Harrington in the chair, prefacing his remarks by a neatly worded greeting to all, speaking of the prosperous condition of our camp and its present outlook of success, and alluding to the audience Prof. W. P. Peck, who also said that he brought to us kind greetings from our sister camp, Onset Bay.

After the usual singing by the choir, he read Ella W. Wilcox's poem, "Resolve." The subject of his remarks was "The Power of Thought." Starting with the animal man, in his crude condition of cave-dweller, down the stream of time to reason, when he turned from the external phenomena of nature to the inner thought-realm; mind, thought, force, is the one thing in the universe, and that thought and matter were inseparable; also saying that thought-force and electric-forces are similar, but that of the two the thought-force was the most useful. Man's brains were the battery for its storage, and permitting the ideas was ever essential to our intellectual, spiritual and physical unfoldment. He touched on the mind cure, showing how a new thought often brought health and happiness, whilst old, especially sorrowful thoughts, were as poison. Cheerfulness is life. Fear paralyzes—weakens one; but love is the great regenerator of all—and that a scientific mind had been heard to say we had arrived at the time when there was no impossibility outside of mathematics.

2 o'clock, P. M., the session opened by the choir. Prof. Peck read a poem, "The Creed to Be," by Ella W. Wilcox. Subject, "Spiritualism to be the Universal Religion."

The Professor opened his discourse with an ancient saying, that all roads lead to Rome. So all past religions have been derived from spirit phenomena; so they will each end in Spiritualism. He spoke at length on the Congress of Religions at Chicago, and the good that was accomplished in the demolition of creedal barriers, with the exception of Rev. Mr. Cook, who thought his was the only true way to be saved. But he emphasized this thought: The death of creedalism is the life of true religion; that there were four corner-stones on which Spiritualism rested: First, demonstrated immortality; second, an intelligent and universal system of Nature called God. Third, a rational system of morality, regulated only by nature's laws. Fourth, a perfectly rational law of rewards and punishments. On these four corner-stones he dwelt, each in its turn, and after man has paid the penalty of sins of omission and commission, all shall at last be saved in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

Conference in the evening at the Pavilion. Prof. H. D. Barrett is our next speaker. July 12, 1896. Mrs. N. H. Fogg.

Purgatorial Pills.

The druggist would hardly smile if you asked for "purgatorial pills." There are many of them. But he would probably recommend a pill that did not gripe; a sugar-coated pill, gentle in action, and sure in effect. What are they called?

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

