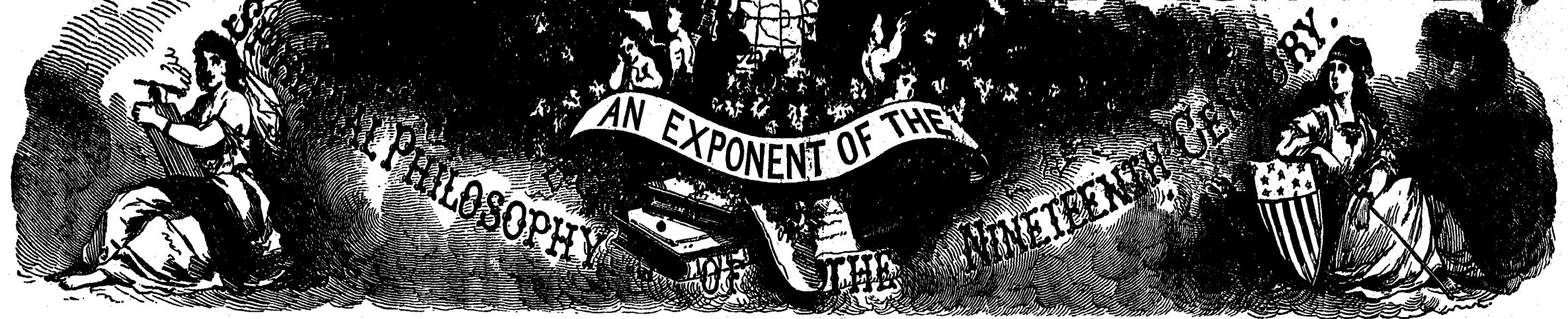


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NO. 22.

LLANSTEPHAN.

Slowly upon the glowing evening skies
The orange cloudlets fade in lifeless grey,
While from these broken towers my yearning eyes
O'er western seas pursue the dying day.
Till where the sinking sunbeams late would burn
Fringed with cold fire the deepening waters churn.

No sound there seems beside the sea-birds' cry;
Where drowned beneath his stars the Day-God lies,
But hark! like some weird echo of a sigh
The dim, mysterious ocean-voices rise,
The beat of hidden pulses from afar,
The never-silent moaning of the bar.

Here let me lie and trace in Fancy's glass
Again the sea-tales strange of classic old,
Watch with wreathed horns the floating Tritons pass,
And sea-nymphs last of Pagan eyes behold,
And Nereids sporting on the moonlit sand,
And Sirens calling from the enchanted land.

There breathes no breath across the heaving plain,
No ghostly soul awakes the slumbering sea;
Here will I muse and watch a Great God pass,
And sea-nymphs last of Pagan eyes behold,
The spume-flecked currents drifting silently;
Ah! people, half-hid coves and shadowy capes
With gliding presences and elfin shapes.

Even thus the old sea spake, nor otherwise,
To Homer's dreaming fantasies of yore;
But ah! our duller brains and grosser eyes,
The primal glory fled from sea and shore;
No more may we discern the visions fair
That lit our youngling planet every where.

Nay, nay, the old grace fades not; land and sea
Enchanted are as erst when Man was young;
Dull knowledge flouts not all their mystery,
Nor all fair dreams are dreamt, or sweet songs sung;
Still, still while youth and spring-time come to birth,
These fair fantastic visions light the Earth.

Here let me dream, and for a while forget,
Beneath the magic moonlight's mute, wan smile,
Life's rude, tumultuous waves, the toll, the fret,
The strife, the jealous hate, the wrong, the guile,
And wake from Nature's arms, with new-purged
To that immortal Pagan Innocence.

—Sir Lewis Morris.

Ingersoll and Spiritualism.

BY JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER.

(Special to Banner of Light.)

JUST whether to take Col. Robert G. Ingersoll seriously or not, whether he disbelieves, as he so jestingly asserts, is a question that has suggested itself to many thoughtful minds who have followed with more than passing admiration the career of one of the most eloquent and in many ways gifted men the age has produced. To successfully assail the theological strongholds, which have held their own to an alarming extent, swaying the mind of the world as almost nothing else has ever done, is an achievement of which any man should rightfully feel proud, always admitting that he has a good and honorable motive in view; but to fight for the fun of fighting, or the exhilaration that the contest engenders, or for a less worthy object, the results to one's self, either in fame or profit, is quite another thing. No one could question the sincerity or disinterestedness of Thomas Paine; his was a life thrown into the stagnant pool of intellectual existence without a thought beyond stimulating inquiry and lifting mankind to a plane where its conclusions should be based upon personal knowledge rather than the fallacious assertions of would-be self-appointed religious potentates. Assailed on all sides, he still persistently presented the unanswerable logic of his deductions, and to-day his work stands as a greater monument to his fame than any creation in bronze or marble that an admiring and grateful generation might erect to perpetuate his memory.

But Thomas Paine was always serious-minded, and markedly in earnest; there was no playing at the emotion, no tricks of language, no attempt to move the mind through pathetic imagery, which should in any way interfere with the fullest action of the reasoning powers, but every sentence was, and is to this day, pregnant with important meanings, stated with a dignity of purpose that left no doubt in the reader's mind as to its real value and worth.

Satire was an element often employed, but so involved with reason, pure and simple, as to be devoid of personal feeling, and only used to more fully emphasize the point at issue, but buffoonery has no place among the works of this truly great man. His wide view of humanity, his hope for the world resting upon the development of the intellectual powers, his unflinching belief in God, as manifested in the world about him, and his hope, at least, for immortality, coupled with a desire to know all things and hold fast to that which is true, places him as foremost in the van of the world's greatest thinkers and noblest reformers. Clearness of statement, soundness of reasoning, elegance of style and sincerity of purpose are indelibly stamped upon everything he has done, whether in the realms of politics or religion.

Now, how is it with this new apostle, of nearly the same thought, born under different circumstances, and bred in an age profiting to a very great degree by the teaching of Paine and other liberal minds? What has this modern Demosthenes, with all his marvelous gift of oratory, to tell the world that is of interest to hear? Is there any new form that truth has taken, or new line of thought, that can in any way stimulate the human mind to fuller and deeper activity? Bold and strong his statements have surely been. Without flinching he has attacked the strongholds of theological beliefs, and has hurled the firebrand of independent inquiry into the enemy's camp without fear or favor. It is, however, a very different thing to advocate alarming theories even to-day from what it was when thinking was a crime, and speaking according to one's convictions meant the jail, the gallows or the stake. Martyrs they were then, heroes they are now, who bring their offerings and boldly lay them upon Truth's altar. But, what offering has Mr. Ingersoll placed before the world? What has he taught? He has endeavored to explode every theory that mankind has held with any degree of sacredness, and has illustrated Biblic

cal characters in such a graphic manner as to send a wave of amusement broadcast that simply defies all criticism, and absolutely undermines the very foundations of faith, sending the people home after an evening's talk completely at sea upon important themes—and what then?

It is all very well to say "You are slaves; you are slaves," and prove it, too, beyond peradventure, but how much better off is the poor slave for having this knowledge forced upon him if there is no relief, no chance beyond? If, in indicating his slavery, the words liberty and freedom can be dropped into his heart like the breath of a summer's sea, there is some object obtained, some purpose in life worth living and working for. Mr. Ingersoll says: "What shall I do to be saved? I believe in good fellowship; I believe in cheerfulness, in good health, in intelligence, in liberty." All this is comprehensive enough surely, but utterly meaningless, unless there be some ultimate to be worked for, something to follow after these most praiseworthy conditions have been accepted and lived out. But simply stated in the abstract, they can, in themselves, be no formula to go by, since each will approximate according to his education and unfoldment, and not one combine in its entirety the possibility that is suggested by either liberty or intelligence.

What is life anyway? Thus the great orator defines it, in one of the most sublime moments of his existence:

"Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death, hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing."

I ask him, I ask you, if a more pitiful answer was ever given to any question. That he may differ largely and rightly from the theological definition, I can readily understand; but to have formulated no explanation for the phenomena of which we are a part, to have discovered no motive power whose mighty purpose is carrying the world forward to some greater end, is indeed appalling. If the sun never rises on the to-morrow of death, if the mantle of silence is never broken, and the fast-decaying body fades into dust, and is lost forever, and there is no spiritual awakening, no continuance of existence, of what use is the religion of good-fellowship, of intelligence, of liberty?

For several years now Mr. Ingersoll, with singular incongruity, has been lecturing before the Spiritualists at the various summer gatherings convening at mountain and shore, and his reputation and great ability have attracted and continue to attract very large and interested audiences. That financially it is a good investment for Spiritualists and for Mr. Ingersoll is without doubt true, otherwise it would not be repeated year after year; but how about the inconsistency of the platform of the Spiritualists being occupied by a man who knows of and cares for only one world at a time, and who declares that no one can know anything about another world, for the "unreplying dead" give back no word?

All this is as much at war with the logic of Spiritualism as the most bigoted theologian could be. When, however, this question has been raised, the answer has always been: "Well, Mr. Ingersoll wishes to believe; he is waiting to know the truth, and by-and-by he will." When he does it will be time enough for him, or for any one, to represent Spiritualism. I confess I was somewhat surprised to see the following in one of the leading journals of the day, as representing Col. Ingersoll's attitude toward Spiritualism, which I believed him too politic and too courteous to make:

"LYNDALF, N. Y., July 12.—'What do I think of Spiritualism? Poof! I don't believe a word of it as a religion, or as a truth to swear by.'"

Thus spoke Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. He was here to deliver his well known lecture on "Liberty, Man, Woman and Child."

Then why is he speaking on the platform of the Spiritualists? Why wander from Cassadaga to Onset Bay, Lake Pleasant to Queen City Park, to work among people who have for the foundation of their philosophy a phenomena that demonstrates continued life after death?

Either Spiritualism is the most egregious fraud the world has ever seen or heard of, or else it is the most sublime truth ever vouchsafed to mankind. Now, which is it? It is not a truth to "swear by, nor a religion to accept," is the answer from the man who, for three summers, has patronizingly accepted his share of the receipts, and laughed at the platform on which he stood all the time. A greater anomaly could not well be conceived:

"But where does the soul go to after it passes out of the body? You gentlemen of this faith pretend to have diagnosed the case, and ought to be able to answer my question. Now that I have the good fortune to be here, I want to increase my fund of information."

"The soul goes to the Summer-Land," replied the leading Spiritualist. "There it works and evolves to a high plane."

"Ah!" said the Colonel, grimly. "It works, does it? I thought we rested after we got up there? And why under the canopy do you want to progress? Are we not all right when we get up where all is bright and fair?"

The leading Spiritualist spoke of a passage in Ingersoll's lecture where he referred to the man in a dugout. "We progressed from that man," said he. "Why not keep on?"

"Well, I am sure," replied Ingersoll, "I get all the work in this world I want," and then he observed musingly, while the crowd hung on his utterance as if an oracle, "I am sure I don't know what I should do, even if you should convince me of immortality,

which you say you can do. We don't stop work up there?"

"No," said the leading Spiritualist. "There is the law of progression, you know."

"May be so," said the Colonel, "may be so. I can imagine how a large proportion of orthodox folks could put in their time. They'd hold prayer meetings for a couple of million years. But I'd get lonesome. I could n't put in all that time reading. Have you got any spiritual cigars over there?"

If taken seriously, or taken at all, it is difficult to imagine how any one with any real desire to know, or any intelligence, for that matter, could possibly so insult the hospitality he was enjoying.

No, I don't believe Mr. Ingersoll—who is a royally good and generous man, and loved by his friends everywhere—would know what to do, if immortality was proved to him, because then, instead of fighting the men of straw that theological idiots have created, he would have to build and work for himself—and you see he insists that he is tired already. And I should think he would be. Beautiful as are the few lectures he delivers, they are purposeless beyond pointing out the flaws in belief in others, as has been told and retold again by such men as Ed Wheeler, P. of Denton, and numberless others, but who were able to point to something beyond, and thereby make the evening one of profit as well as pleasure.

As an entertainer, Mr. Ingersoll hasn't a rival, but the intellectual value of what he says, after you have freed yourself from the thrallhold of superstition, is quite another thing. As if to make himself more thoroughly understood, he is reported as saying:

"No, I don't know that I care to know whether I am immortal or not. Fact is, I don't want to live forever, although I am not at all satisfied with this world. The principal objection I have to your spiritualistic belief," said the Colonel, "is that your mediums never tell anything useful to the human race. They will go into trances, and relate that John Miller, who was killed in a railroad accident out West, is now over there preparing a bed of roses for his friends here on earth. No, I can't accept your faith; certainly not without more proof than you have been able to give."

The first question is not, and should not be, what good Spiritualism has done or can do, but, rather, is it true? and, if the question can be decided, the world will soon realize that Truth is its own benefactor. It may be of no interest for Mr. Ingersoll to know that he will live in the life to come, that the "hope" that is born to the heart is a reality, and that the grave is the open door to the greater eternity beyond; but he might learn as to whether spiritual cigars could be obtained there, and, if so, an inducement attractive enough could be offered for even him. When it is suggested that "tests" could be given, thus does he reply:

"Then came another Spiritualist: 'You would have the consolation of knowing that you would live again, at any rate, Colonel, if you would let us give you some tests of future life. We have trance mediums who could do it.'"

"Don't believe anybody ever went into a trance," was the reply. "If you have people here who are in the habit of getting into trances, they ought to be shut up in an asylum until they are cured."

How much more liberal is Robert Ingersoll in his sending our trance mediums to an asylum, than are the very hypocrites whom he so eloquently derides because they sent to the prison and the stake those who differed from them? Surely Mrs. Lillie, Mrs. Richmond, Lyman C. Howe, and many other trance speakers who are wholly dependent upon the spirit-world for their ability to speak, must feel highly honored and complimented by a management who employs at a rate far exceeding anything they can ever expect to get, a man who openly insults them, and smilingly suggests the asylum as a remedy for their disease—namely, the ability to see spirits and receive their inspiration. Where is all this great religious liberty we have heard Mr. Ingersoll demanding? Was it only sophistry after all—a cleverly worded peroration, which sounds well and means nothing? It would seem so when, after speaking on a Spiritualist camp-ground, knowing just what are the foundations of the Spiritual Philosophy, to turn around and say: "If you have people here who are in the habit of getting into trances they ought to be shut up in an asylum until they are cured."

I am not sure that the Inquisition or the stake in the past would have been much worse than a modern insane asylum. But as if to soften what had perhaps been too harshly spoken he added:

"But there are several good things about the Spiritualists," he continued, with the eye-twinkle habitual with him when pleased with any particular subject. "First, they are not bigoted. Second, they do not believe in salvation by faith. Third, they do not expect to be happy in another world because Christ was good in this. Fourth, they do not preach the consolation of hell. Fifth, they do not believe in God as an infinite monster. Sixth, the Spiritualists believe in an intellectual hospitality. In these respects they differ from our Christian brethren, and in these respects they are far superior to the saints."

He might have added, also, among the things he liked that they admitted him to their platform, paid him well enough to make him quite willing to come again, and were not always wise enough to know when they were being patronized and insulted. He might also add that the Spiritualists did not think him an object for medical interference, because he had not been able to accept what to them is the most valuable demonstration ever given to the world, before which the wonderful discoveries of modern science sink into insignificance, namely, that the spirit lives after death, that it can revisit the scenes of its former victories and failures, and hold communion with those left behind!

Mr. Ingersoll's answer to all this is: "One world at a time." As well say one day at a time. He would doubtless laugh to scorn the words of Jesus: "Take no thought of the morrow, and declare that a man was both unwise and improvident who was satisfied with just living from day to day, spending all he earned, regardless of the future—which might be filled with duties and cares that require the strength of the present moment. Is it not equally true as regards another world? What is revealed or demonstrated here, but the intimation of the greater, better, truer things, that are to follow. What is this life anyway, without the prospect of a higher existence to follow—only, indeed, but "a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities." I remember hearing this truly great orator say: "I believe in the religion of the fireside," and then paint, with singular eloquence, a picture that would have moved a heart of stone; of what home should be: of the love of father and mother, and the sweet and tender confidence of children; but what would all that amount to, if it was at last to sink into the gulf of oblivion? How could it be enjoyed, if forever shadowed by the awful mystery of death, in whose arms all are at last to be clasped in the never-ending eternity of silence!

Mr. Ingersoll himself has in his own life, doubtless, all that he so graphically describes—wealth, fame, and the love of wife and beautiful children—and is most generous and humane; a man for whom I have in many ways the profoundest admiration; but his case is an exception. The majority of homes are not as beautiful, the majority of lives are not as happy, and why not? Happiness can never be universal until the spiritual entity is recognized, until every experience, good and bad, is seen to be but the moulding process of fate to fit the spirit for the higher spheres yet to come. The despair we see on human faces, the misery that swings through the length and breadth of society, crowds the divorce courts, makes suicide excusable, and is stamping all the joy out of youth, and tainting the happiness of later life, comes from this "one world at a time" theory, and will continue until the spiritual possibilities of this life are realized, and the reality of another, a higher and better existence, so palpable, so plain, so understandable as to kill all doubt, and link each aspiring soul with that eternity beyond, as well as hold it to the eternity that is present.

Robert Burns from Spirit Life.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Robert Burns, in his address to the struggling brothers in earth-life from the high heaven wherein he now dwells, speaks fully and to the point. This message is comprised in two poems entitled "For A' That," and "Words O' Cheer," and form part of a volume of inspirational poetry—"Poems of the Inner Life,"—Lizzie Doten being the medium. I take the liberty to quote the following verses. They are certainly eminently characteristic of the lofty soul from whence they purport to emanate, besides tersely proclaiming the cheering gospel of the New Dispensation, i. e., equal progression for all:

"Is there a luckless wight on earth,
Oppressed w' care and a' that,
Who holds his life as little worth,
His home is Heaven for a' that—
For a' that and a' that.
There's muckle joy for a' that,
He's seen the worst o' hell below,
His home is Heaven for a' that."

Puir souls, in right no' unco' strong,
Through love and want and a' that,
There sure is power to right their wrong,
And save their souls for a' that;
For a' that and a' that,
The Lord is guid for a' that,
The de'il himself can turn and mend,
And come to Heaven for a' that.
On Scotia's hills the gowans spring,
The heather blooms, and a' that;
The mavis and the merle's sing,
But Heaven's my home for a' that;
For a' that and a' that.
I wadna' change for a' that;
He who once finds Heaven aboon,
Will not come back for a' that."

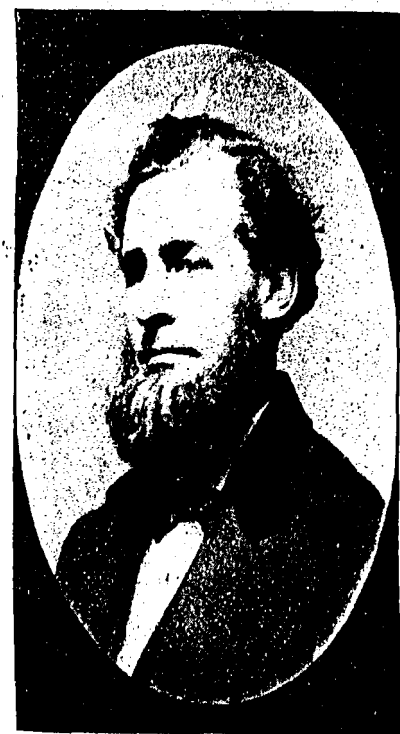
The One who knows our deepest needs,
Recks little how man counts his beads;
For righteousness is not in deeds
Or solemn faces;
But rather lies in kindly deeds
And Christian graces.

Then never fear; w' purpose leal,
A head to think, a heart to feel
For human woe and human weal,
Na' preachin' loon
Your sacred birthright e'er can steal
To Heaven aboon.

Tak' tent o' truth, and heed this well:
The man who sins makes his ain hell;
There's na' worse de'il than himself;
But God is strongest:
And when puir human hearts rebel,
He hauls out longest.

With loving kindness will He wait,
Till all the prodigals o' fate
Return unto their fair estate,
And blessings mony;
Nor will He shut the golden gate
Of Heaven on ony."

In an introductory chapter the medium states that "The influence of Burns was pleasant, easy, and exhilarating, and left me in a cheerful mood. As a spirit, he seemed to be genial and kindly, with a clear perception, and earnest love of simple truth, and, at the same time, had a good-natured contempt for all shams, mere forms, and solemn mockeries. This was the way in which he impressed me, and I felt much more benefited than burdened by his presence." Very truly,
HENRY FORBES.
New York City.



W. B. Parish,
OF STOWE, VT.

The subject of this sketch was born in Randolph, Vt., March 14, 1826, and has now commenced the seventy-first year of his age. His father was Elisha Parish, a Free-Will Baptist of English descent. His mother was a member of the famous Thwing family, of which there is an extensive account by Walter E. Thwing of Boston. She called herself a Universalist, but was really a Spiritualist and medium more than ninety years ago. She was clairaudient and clairvoyant, and a wonderful healing medium; and many are the sick children, and others older, that she has snatched from a premature grave after they had been given up by physicians.

Mr. Parish thinks he took his mediumistic gifts from his mother; for when he was but three years old he saw six or eight spirits in his father's kitchen, and was terribly frightened, and clung around his mother's neck. But for a few years after that he does not remember of seeing any, but ever since sees them in neighbors' houses, in the church, in the street and at home—and especially on funeral occasions; and nearly all are recognized as he describes them; yet he does not claim to be a public medium, and says he has nothing to boast of, as he only accepts the organization and whatever was given to him, and does the best he can with it. He also seems to have the spirit, or gift of prophecy, somewhat, as he prophesied of the birth of Spiritualism, or the raps in New York, some six months before they occurred—as many in Randolph and Braintree, Vt., could testify if they were living.

He sometimes sees and describes railroad accidents a week or more before they occur, and tells how many are killed, etc. He saw and described that terrible railroad accident at Battle Creek, Mich., two or three years ago (a week or more before the news came), and could see people struggling in the flames; he said there must be more than twenty killed. He has also told of railroad accidents and fires in his own State—one in this county—and this was just two weeks before it occurred, as those in this town can testify.

Mr. Parish was married to Miss Phebe Gregg of Waterbury, Vt., May, 1853. They had one son, who passed to spirit-life at three and a half years of age. The child frequently comes to them with his grandmother in their own home and elsewhere.

Mr. P. organized a society in this town many years ago, and was elected President, and employed speakers and kept up meetings for years. He also called five conventions here at different times, and did much effective work in this grand cause, which required much time, energy and money.

Mr. Parish has held many prominent offices and positions in the Vermont State Association, such as locating and business committee, Secretary, Vice-President, etc., and has done much work in that line, and is not done yet. Has also given some good lectures in several towns around the State, without money and without price, except in one instance.

He has been an old friend and associate worker at conventions in this State years ago, with many other old veterans, most of whom have passed on up higher; among them Mrs. M. S. Townsend-Wood of Stoneham, Mass., Dr. H. B. Storer, Henry C. Wright, A. E. Simmons, Dr. A. B. Child, Prof. Wm. Denton, Fanny Davis Smith, Mrs. Walcott, Mrs. Lizzie Manchester, and many others.

A FRIEND.

BURNS' HIGHLAND MARY.—Mr. Archibald Campbell, a relation of Burns' Highland Mary, died on the 14th June, at the residence of his stepson, Capt. Kerr Gourcock, in his eighty-third year. When a boy he lived with his grandmother—the mother of Highland Mary—who died at Greenock in 1824. Amongst the recollections of Mr. Campbell the most vivid were those in which he himself figured as the guide to visitors who wished to see the house in Charles street where Highland Mary died. He also remembered seeing the box in his grandmother's house in which his aunt had kept the letters of Burns, which were unfortunately destroyed.

Wonderfully little attention has been paid to the terrible destruction caused by the recent earthquake and tidal wave in Japan. The earliest reports are more than made good by dispatches just received, which place the deaths at nearly forty thousand, and the total of killed and injured at sixty thousand. In some towns nearly or quite half the population perished. Ships anchored in harbor when the wave came were left inland among the fields when it passed away. It is not yet known whether to attribute this disaster to an eruption or to a caving in of a portion of the ocean bottom to the north and east of Japan.

PILGRIM PENCILINGS.

BY J. J. MORSE.

(Specially written for the Banner of Light.)

A little bird has recently whispered in my ear that my promised contribution, under the above heading, is now long overdue! The former one appeared in THE BANNER of May 2, and the pressure of many duties has hitherto prevented my sending another until now. Let me then take up the thread of my former narrative about the work of the California Psychical Society at the point it was dropped at, with such other matters, in addition, as may interest my readers.

The Society's winter course of "Open Lectures" for the public came to a successful close, in Armory Hall, on Sunday evening, April 26. The course lasted five months, and was in every way a great success. Our audiences were large right along; the lectures, it is said, were all that could be desired, and the press gave us occasional and very friendly notices. At the termination of the course our Board arranged that, for the summer season, the lectures should be held in our headquarters, which has been the case since then with one exception, when, at special request, a supplementary course of "Open Lectures" was held during the month of June in Red Men's Hall, at which there was as usual a very fine attendance.

We have supplemented the work by instituting fortnightly receptions for members only, at which the services of various mediums have been secured. As many of our members are not Spiritualists, the Board considered it wise to give such an opportunity of witnessing various phases of the phenomena, so test, clairvoyant, slate-writing and materializing mediums were engaged, with the foregoing object. On the whole the results have been satisfactory, and many were thus made acquainted with facts they had never before encountered. The services of a professional hypnotist, Prof. J. Franklin Brown, have been retained several times, and as he is quite a good operator considerable interest in that subject has resulted. At the present time the writer is conducting a hypnotic class, and he has succeeded in developing some promising subjects.

In addition to the regular Sunday evening lectures, I have given a special course of week-evening lectures on clairvoyance, psychometry and spiritual phenomena, which excited much interest. The result of the Society's work so far is, that a class of very intelligent people, who have hitherto avoided Spiritualism, have been greatly interested therein, and some few have come to see that their prejudices against it have arisen from the false ideas they have derived from the garbled reports of the press in past years. It is a matter for congratulation that the more reputable papers, here and elsewhere, are now manifesting a desire to do us justice. The fact is that our Cause has now assumed such proportions that it cannot be safely ignored by any honest journal. When such publications as *The Forum* and *The Arena* admit such articles as that of Dr. Hodgson's upon Mrs. Piper's mediumship, and Giles B. Stebbins's upon Miss Lizzie Doten's poems, it is pretty plain evidence that the tide has turned in our favor.

I believe my engagement will close at the end of our next open course of public lectures, which will be held during September, October and November next—my contract expiring at that time, when, if it is not renewed, I shall immediately return to England, where business affairs and many urgent platform calls demand my presence. Did circumstances permit, I should much like to accept the various invitations to fill the platform that have reached me from Cleveland, Washington, New York City, Boston and other places. But I must deny myself that pleasure until some future time, when I hope to pay another visit to these hospitable shores.

Since my last contribution there has been held in this city one of the most successful State conventions it was ever my fortune to participate in. The report published in THE BANNER recently will have given your readers an excellent idea of what took place, so the present scribe need not dwell on the matter at any length. Much, if not nearly all, of the success of the assemblage, was due to the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Harrison D. Barrett, the able President of the National Spiritualists' Association, who was literally tireless in his efforts to create a State organization. The desired result was achieved, and the necessary incorporation, under the laws of the State of California, has been duly accomplished. A meeting is to be held in September to accept the report of the Committee on Incorporation, and to elect the permanent officials. It is also intended to affiliate with the National Spiritualists' Association, and hold a charter therefrom.

I have always been an advocate for organization, from the time when such was bitterly opposed, and it is a source of great satisfaction to me to see that in the United States and in Great Britain our people are at last recognizing its necessity and advantages. For working purposes it is, to my mind, an absolute necessity, while it places us in line, legally, with all other bodies of a religious and ethical character—no small gain to us, as people. Barrett's labors in this direction have rendered him a noble service to our Cause; and the National Spiritualists' Association has opened the way for prosperous unity in the future.

Spiritualism is enjoying its usual summer siesta in San Francisco, and but few meetings are now running. The leading body, the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, closed its meetings for the season in May, at the termination of its engagement with Mr. J. Clegg Wright. The Children's Progressive Lyceum keeps open house all the year round, and maintains quite a flourishing existence, thanks to the earnest labors of Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth and their faithful co-workers. This Lyceum has entered into a fraternal affiliation with the British Lyceum Union, and is now a member of that influential body. We in England have put the Lyceum work on a sound educational footing; have created a solid national organization, and hold an annual convention of delegates representing the whole Lyceum movement. Our national paper, the *Lyceum Banner*, has become a power for good work; its monthly lesson plan, and synoptical outlines of the lessons, are found to be almost invaluable aids to the working of the Lyceum.

Quite recently two honors have been accorded the writer, which facts may sufficiently interest his many friends to deserve a brief mention here. The first is in his election as an associate member of the American branch of the incorporated Society of Psychical Research, of Boston, Mass. I must confess I have never quite shared the feeling of criticism against the above named body that so many Spiritualists have expressed, as I am sufficiently liberal-minded, I hope, to realize that not all care to follow the road that I prefer. While, at least, we as a people can truly claim that our labors rendered such a society possible, we may regret that they are not yet able to go the same lengths that we can, but as seekers after truth, we with them, have each a place and a work to do. I know this will read like heresy to some, but prejudice should not blind us to the labors of others, even if we do not endorse their methods. The next matter is the fact that the Society of Progressive Spiritualists have done me the honor to elect me a member of their body, and the additional honor to confer upon me a further mark of their esteem by conferring upon me their ordination as a "Minister of the Gospel of Spiritualism," whereby I am now legally entitled to do all such things as any other minister is entitled to do. While a third honor comes from Spain, where the "Revista de Estudios Psicológicos" of Barcelona has elected me an honorary member. The kindly recognition of long and faithful service in our work that the foregoing matters imply, makes them very pleasant memories of my visit to this country at this time. I duly appreciate them in that spirit, and hope to always merit the confidence that has inspired them.

By the way, there has recently been issued here, by Mrs. Julia Schlesinger, the compiler, a splendid volume called "Workers in the Vineyard," giving lengthy biographical sketches, accompanied by numerous fine

half-tone portraits, of the prominent workers who have played important parts in the building up of Spiritualism on this coast. The literary contents, typography and binding are all of the most excellent nature, and the compiler has rendered a national service to our cause by her effort. The price, for so large a work, is very moderate, only \$2.50, and I strongly advise all who desire to know how California Spiritualism has grown, and who have been instrumental in aiding its growth, to order the work from the BANNER OF LIGHT Publishing Company, who will, no doubt, be pleased to supply at the above price, with fifty cents additional for postage.

Here I close, let me add another to the many well-deserved encomiums that are paid to the good old BANNER OF LIGHT, for never in its past history has it excelled its present more than excellent character. Up to date, full of news, its weekly bill of fare is, literally, "a feast of fat things," and, at its present low price, it should be in the home of every Spiritualist in the land—while the many and costly illustrations that it gives every week make it an illustrated history of our work that will be an invaluable record of contemporary history in years to come. As the "doyen" of spiritualistic journals, it is still the peer of them all. Long may it so continue! So it will, if the measure of support accorded it is commensurate with its deserts.

Well, as the columns of a newspaper are not elastic, and the most amiable of editors has a limit to his patience, let me bring this communication to a close.

With hearty greetings to all friends who may read these lines, and a fervent hope that the angels may bless and guide us all safely through the tangled mazes of this life on to that better country, I now say adieu.

Hotel Bella Vista, San Francisco, Cal.,
July 11, 1896.

Notes of Scientific Religion.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It may easily be inferred that, with me, all true theories and all true practices have a scientific basis.

Veneration is deficient in the minds of most people. To prepare the way for an explanation of this, let us notice Paul's elucidation of charity:

"Charity thinketh no evil; vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth. Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth."

Here, you see, are love, hope, faith, humility, truth, purity and patience. In short, if we are willing to accept Webster's definition of charity, then we shall find that Paul gives us the entire group of the moral faculties which are inherent in the nature of man. But we have no reason to suppose that Paul was a phrenologist. There is no record to show that phrenology was known in his day. "Phrenology is a system of mental philosophy, founded on the physiology of the brain." It is philosophy, and Paul in Colossians ii: 8, says:

"Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit."

This remark was due to the existing status of all so-called philosophy in his day. It can no more apply to the philosophy of to-day than Joshua's astronomy in causing the sun to stand still in Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon, can apply to the astronomy of our day. Paul was better versed in theology than in phrenology. He knew nothing of any separate sentiment of veneration; but charity included the mandate to love God supremely, and your neighbor as yourself.

The world, from that time to this, has been groping and stumbling along in the sandals of a theology illuminated by the misty light of a faith which was blind. And popular sentiment, as represented by so-called orthodoxy to-day, is but little nearer to the absolute truths of science than was the apostle to the Gentiles nearly nineteen hundred years ago. One proof of this is afforded in the widespread effusions of popular sentiment in its exemplifications of charity to-day all over the land. That sentiment, perhaps by the law of evolution, is slowly but surely releasing the human mind from the shackles of a theology which places faith ahead of reason. And, as the masses are no better informed of the paramount importance of veneration than Paul was of the truths of phrenology, there is no occasion for wonder that the devotional principle has suffered from a lack of true culture; and mere benevolence is made to do the comprehensive duty that Paul so completely portrays in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. Benevolence is simply kindness, good will, altruism, love to all. It will not be retarded in the least; it will not be belittled and circumscribed in its beautiful mission on the path of human progress by traveling in good company.

Bunyan's allegory, in the light of his day, presents a good deal of truth. At one period Christian and Faithful are traveling together, sustained and comforted by each other's love. But the Celestial City is the supreme goal of their pilgrimage, and takes precedence of everything else. Here is a true illustration of the faculty called veneration. The Spiritualist believes in progression. His ideal is no delusion, no myth because unattainable, but it is the goal of eternal progress, and its name is perfection. We admire, we revere, we venerate, we worship this culmination of all progress for a series of reasons: It is all there is of beauty; it is all there is of glory and majesty; it is all there is of love; it is all there is of truth and purity and justice; it is all there is of any hope for; it is all that sustains our unwavering faith; it is the epitome of all knowledge, all power, all joy; it is God! Is praise unnatural? Is prayer a whim of superstition? Is worship a relic of barbarism? Nay, verily, it is the great badge of distinction which places man in the scale of eternal progress, and is the veritable impress of divinity in the human race.

Veneration is on the throne. It is the highest of all the human faculties. Yet without benevolence we stultify our entire pilgrimage, and we cannot go; we consort with hate and envy and avarice, and approach the throne of grace empty-handed.

The same system of reasoning explains that without the free use of our reasoning powers our love and faith and hope are blind, and therefore absolutely without a guide. Yet "love worketh no ill to his neighbor, and is the fulfilling of the law." It is superior to reason, but without reason it cannot go.

This is not a trivial subject. The so-called liberal spirit of our day may continue to harangue the world on something which it does not understand; but it can not eliminate this principle of veneration from the human mind. Whether the popular theory of evolution is true or not, is a secondary question. Our mission is to take these beautiful endowments as we find them now; prove them, study them, and then cultivate them.

There are various ways to get this proof. Bold and patient investigation will gain it for any one. If you are in a hurry, animal magnetism will prove the existence of this faculty and its functions.

Spiritualism is not afraid of the truth. Practically the world to-day knows nothing of any veneration, any authorized principle of worship, except what they find in a Jewish record. Of that they have no proof more than they have of a fable or a fairy tale. Phrenology proves itself. This established, we find everything else in the realm of Nature adapted to its peculiar sphere. And a more complete proof of God's rule and prerogatives, and man's eternal inheritance, would make our hope and faith a dead letter, and establish a veritable flaw and conflict in the kingdom of Nature. It would entirely upset the oft-reiterated hypothesis that an unchanging law pervades the universe, and that Nature makes no mistake.

Spiritualism is true, but its votaries are not infallible. Because human spirits have passed the great Transfer and found no Jesus and no God, the fact is returned to us as a demonstration that there is no God beyond the fantastic painting of each person's imagination. In Job xi: 7, we read: "Canst thou by searching find out God?" The obvious inference to be drawn from this is that God is at the end of the journey of progression. When we get to the end of that journey we shall find God, not before.

That will be at the end of eternity. Are you in any hurry to find God? Is he therefore a myth, a delusion? Yes, if progression is a delusion. Yes, if pessimism is true, and everything is bad, and life a curse. No, if reason is true, if love is true, if progress is true, if hope is true; if transition is simply a mist which separates this life from a more glorious life beyond the grave.

Spiritualism proves the continuity of life, but so far as it has been interpreted by men hitherto, it may be premature to say that it absolutely proves immortality. It simply shows us that in the path of true progress we are on the right track. And here we find the appropriate place for the most beautiful application of the principles of hope and faith. This will be considered in an essay on Knowledge and Faith.

La Crosse, Wis.

From Lily Dale.

NEW PAMPHLET PUBLISHED THAT AROUSES INTEREST.

"The Henry Seybert Bequest, and What Has Become of It?"—Doings of the Dale.

A special from Lily Dale says: A 28 page pamphlet has just been issued by the BANNER OF LIGHT Publishing Company, Boston, which will interest all Spiritualists, and many others who are not such. . . . It will be obtainable by the public in the usual way in a few days. The title of the brochure is, "The Henry Seybert Bequest, and What Has Become of It?" It is doubtless known to very many readers of the Courier that, more than ten years ago, Henry Seybert, an eminent philanthropist, and also an enthusiastic Spiritualist, left a bequest of \$50,000 to the University of Pennsylvania, the income therefrom to be devoted to the maintenance of a chair in that institution, which should be known as the Adam Seybert chair of moral and intellectual philosophy, "upon the condition that the incumbent of the chair, individually, or in conjunction with a commission of the University faculty, shall make a thorough and impartial investigation of all systems of morals, religion or philosophy, which assume to represent the truth, and particularly of Modern Spiritualism." The words quoted are from the Seybert will.

In 1887 the trustees of the University appointed a commission of ten men to examine into the phenomena, or alleged phenomena, of Spiritualism. The same year they investigated and published a preliminary report, of which the conclusion arrived at was that there is really nothing in spiritualistic phenomena. It was inferred at that time that the investigation would proceed, and a further report be made. But since that time no further investigation has been made, no further report published, and, meanwhile, the University enjoys the income of the bequest, and Prof. Fullerton, one of the members of the investigating committee, has been appointed "adjunct" professor of this chair, endowed by Henry Seybert. The duties are said to be performed in a perfunctory manner.

Mr. Richmond, who, eight years ago published a reply to this preliminary report, now wants to know certain things. He declares that the investigation should go on in an intelligent way, and that there is no truth in the allegation of the committee that there is difficulty in investigation. He further says that the trustees and the committee as well are sadly delinquent in duty, and that the limited investigation made was carelessly done, and not with a spirit to comply with the terms of the bequest of Henry Seybert, who had plainly indicated his wishes.

Mr. Richmond sent for the text books used by Prof. Fullerton. They are three in number: An ordinary work on Logic, an unmodern work on the "Outline of Psychology," and the third is a book entitled, "The Conception of the Infinite," by Prof. Fullerton himself. This work is scored by Mr. Richmond most severely. Here is a quotation from the Fullerton work:

"But as a preliminary answer to the objection, I may say that the assertion that we do not know the Infinite as a whole is by no means equivalent to the assertion that we do not know the Infinite. We do not know the moon as square, but that would scarcely prove that we have no knowledge of the moon, since the notion of squareness forms no part of a true knowledge of that object. Just as little is the quantitative conception of totality necessary to the Infinite."

Mr. Richmond thinks that anyone who can write such as the above and know what it means, ought to be capable of investigating spiritual phenomena. He concludes his open letter as follows:

"And now, most respected members of the Seybert Commission, on behalf of the people who are the legacies of Henry Seybert let me beg of you for your own sake, as well as for the sake of humanity, to continue your investigations. Resolve to do what duty and the law require of you. Investigate candidly and carefully, and relate truthfully what you shall see, and the world will thank you therefor. But leave your wit, sarcasm and jokes at home, and do not forget that while it is pleasant to be witty, it is much better to be honest and truthful."—The Buffalo Courier.

"The Mighty Atom, and Man's Mightier Soul."

The following report is from the San Diego Tribune of June 30, an enterprising journal of exceptionally high standing in Southern California:

"On Sunday, June 28, W. J. Colville, of Chicago, began a series of lectures in Grand Army Hall. His topic was 'The Mighty Atom, and Man's Mightier Soul.' Alluding to Marie Curie's latest novel, 'The Mighty Atom,' the lecturer said that though that book presented very extreme situations to the reader's notice, the tendency of gross materialism to produce despair, alternating in suicide, was justified by recent facts.

A sensitive, precocious boy, not over eleven years of age, according to the writer, became so despondent at the apparent hopelessness everywhere, occasioned by denial of immortality and divine goodness, that he determined to abruptly end his sad career by rashly venturing into the great unknown.

The little fellow's pathetic prayer to the atom which may, perchance, be a benignant God after all, is one of the most striking examples in modern literature of the intuitive faith of the human soul in the reality of spiritual life, however its aspirations may have been fettered.

The speaker proceeded to contrast optimism and pessimism (the former spiritual and the latter material) as working hypotheses, and showed clearly how very unlikely it is that people will attempt any kind of work enthusiastically unless they feel assured of ultimate success.

Optimism teaches that everything is good intrinsically, and that all the evils that burden society are due to inversion or misplacement, like putting salt into cake and sugar into soup through mistaking one for the other.

Pessimism, by pronouncing things bad in themselves, holds out no inducement to improvement, for we cannot radically change nature, though we can assuredly unfold and regulate it. In the light of a revelation concerning the soul, such as the higher teachings of spiritual science and philosophy are now giving to the world, no conditions are hopeless, for no lives will fail of ultimate attainment of their ideals. After the lecture the speaker improvised poetry on three subjects given by members of the audience. Prof. E. A. Whitelaw rendered a violin solo with fine effect during the exercises."

To every man, even though he be a slave, the light of heaven is sweet.—Euripides.

For Indigestion

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. L. D. BIRNBER, Phillipsburg, N. J., says: "It is an excellent remedy for indigestion, and when diluted with water, a pleasant beverage."

THE WIGWAM, ONSET BAY.

Opening of Wigwam, Onset Bay.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The opening of the Wigwam by the Oniset Wigwam co workers was a most successful and encouraging commencement of the society's labors for the season.

The historical value and attractiveness of the interior of the Wigwam has been greatly enhanced by the addition of pictures and relics of Indian life, which have been presented to the society by friends from all over the United States.

Notable among them are a picture of Red Jacket, presented by Annie Lord Chamberlain, and a war-club found on the island of Manitoulin, Michigan.

People have often asked, What is it that makes such a feeling of harmony within the Wigwam? The answer, in part, is that no article, relic or souvenir has ever been solicited; everything has been presented by the owners upon impressions received by them from their Indian guides.

Under such conditions a feeling of perfect harmony could rest as upon a foundation of rock.

The one hundred and fifty or more people gathered filled the building to its fullest capacity. Some coming late, were compelled to stand outside.

The meeting was presided over by the President, Mrs. Mary C. Weston, who invited Mrs. Mary Thompson to make the invocation.

Mrs. Weston arose at the close of the invocation, and in a very feeling manner welcomed all in the name of the red men. "We are surrounded by them," said Mrs. Weston, "and they gladly welcome us all back to our work here in the Wigwam. From the red men we should learn lessons of benevolence and truth. The principles of truth and right which were first in their nature are uplifting to us. Their spirits still live and work for us; they bring to us the fresh element of strength which they gathered, living, as they did, upon nature's bosom. Their mission is one of love, of usefulness; they know no creed, no race, no sect; but to strengthen, uplift and ennoble us is the work of the red man."

I hope the power of this Wigwam and the spirit of the red man will be widely spread. Tell it out to all, that from this little Wigwam radiates a power, a love and the fundamental principles of a great work. We have done it, we are doing it, we will continue to do it. We know that with God's power we can do his work.

After all had sung "To the Work," from the new song-cards, Miss Virginia Vaughan arose and read the following original poem:

THE ONISET WIGWAM.

(Dedicated to Mrs. May Weston, the Indians' Friend, by whom it was founded.)

Long ages since the Indians, warriors brave,
Looked forth serene on fair Onset's wave;
Sons of the wilderness, they went and came,
Pursuing through the forest the wild game
That kept their wigwams well supplied with food,
Where dwelt the comely squaw with her young brood.
Well trained from early years to hunt and roam,
How free and happy in their woodland home!

A simple life was theirs; healthful and calm,
They breathed in the deep forest nature's balm;
And their haughty chiefs and medicine men obeyed;
Knew all the secrets of the glen and glade;
But nothing knew of the dull cares and woes,
Born of his vices, that the white man knows,
And must endure until, renewed in might,
He conquers in his battle for the right.

The Indian whom he scorned, and barbarous deemed,
Was nature's nobleman, with hardships seamed;
At war's alarm, fierce as a hawk he rushed,
And with keen battle-axe his foemen crushed.
And when the feud was settled, soon appeased,
He smoked the pipe of peace, and shared, well pleased,
The spoils so dearly gained with old and young,
And heard his daring deeds by minstrels sung.

In danger's hour, howe'er beset, assailed,
Unmoved he stood; his great heart never quailed,
Nor from his tortured lips escaped a groan;
No Indian chief e'er trembled at death's frown.
In council eloquent, untainted yet wise,
He lifted his bronze visage to the skies,
And worshipped the Great Spirit all around,
Bless'd Ruler of his happy Hunting Ground.

Alas, what doom those Spartans bold befell!
The Muse must weep who seeks the tale to tell.
The pale-faced stranger, so the fates ordained,
They loved and gladly welcomed; entertained
With loyal hospitality; reserved
No gift, to be themselves how hardly served,
Their simple faith base treachery repaid;
Their homes were rifled and their love betrayed.

Unhappy tribes, the forest's whilom king,
Their wrongs, their woes, their wanderings now sing!
Europe's fit-sons, east, west, and south and north,
As waxed their power, relentless, drove them forth.
Of all their proud possessions now bereft,
Depeopled, degraded, not a son honor left;

So by the fiend draught had they been plied,
That saps integrity and deadens pride.

Is this the end? Can such a blot remain
On great Columbus's page, and yet her reign
Prove blest and peaceful to the peoples fraught
With a new hope from higher regions caught?
Will not the downfall of the West's first lords
To heaven appeal, and bring back stern awards?
Those wrongs in heaven's own way must be atoned,
Ere Freedom in this realm we see enthroned.

Too late to those proud tribes now to retort
Their old dominions, gone forevermore.
Our civilization treads a rugged path,
With discords sown, injustice, woe and wrath;
The weaker races to the strong must yield,
And perish in their weakness on each field,
While on their graves a new day's heroes tread,
Who mould the present harkening to the dead.

Past injuries to retrieve 'tis all too late;
Those of the hour we may ameliorate;
And countless voices on the tuneful air
The red man's native dignity declare.
Their names harmonious on our mounts and streams
Engraven are, wherever the Day Star gleams,
And poets, heaven-inspired, in noble verse,
Their legendary lore sublime rehearse.

And lo! another tribute, full of grace,
The remnant sad rewards of that lost race,
The Temple wigwam built at Onset Bay
In honor of the chieftains who held sway
In bygone days, amid these sylvan groves,
Where now, seeking for truth, the rapt seer roves,
To be for endless time their pleasant seat—
The Indian's hermitage and blessed retreat.

Nature's responsive realms, seen and unseen,
Draw nearer on each side their swerving screen,
And as the spirits of a subtler sphere
To their glad brothers in the flesh appear,
Ready to serve them still at each demand,
And cheer with tidings of the Summer Land,
The Indian braves, no whit their friends behind,
The fetters of disease will here unbend.

O, blest revenge, worthy the greatening time!
For all their wrongs, O recompense sublime!
To those whose fathers scourged them they bring
Health,
Fortune's best gift, outwitting power and wealth,
That poison of the mind, our cares increase;
The white and red men here clasp hands in peace,
Redeemed ere this the evils of the past,
Here, Justice unto all proclaimed at last.

VIRGINIA VAUGHAN.

Onset Mass., July 15, 1896.

"Rolling Thunder" then took possession of Dr. C. D. Fuller, and brought from the Supreme Council a warm welcome to the assembled people, and asked that all might gather the blanket of wisdom about them.

Following directly upon the last remarks a sitting of five minutes' duration was held. At the close of that time chairs were placed for those desirous of treatment, while those desiring to treat went as their guides directed.

Those who responded and treated the ill were Col. A. J. Dexter, Mrs. Mary C. Weston, Dr. C. D. Fuller, Mesdames Bellows and Bruce, and Mrs. Wilder.

That their efforts were not unavailing was evidenced by the looks of relief that passed over the faces of those helped as the pain left them.

The meeting was closed with a benediction by the President. After the services and before the audience was dismissed, Photographer Marr took a trio of views of the company.

It was a most successful opening, and one of which the society ought to be proud. Meetings are held daily in the morning at 9 o'clock for healing, and at 4 in the afternoon for tests, development, and assisting troubled spirits to communicate.

RUSS H. GILBERT.

New Publications.

PLEASURE DRIVES AROUND CAPE ANN.—This is the title of an elegant little volume of upwards of one hundred pages, published by Proctor Brothers, Gloucester, Mass.

The book is finely illustrated with nearly fifty half-tone pictures, forming the finest views of Cape Ann to be obtained. The work is well gotten up, and just the little souvenir to present to the friends who ask: "Where shall we spend our vacation?" It will prove an indispensable companion in their walks and drives among the beautiful places described therein.

"THE CROWNING SIN OF THE AGE," by B. D. Sinclair, is a most powerful discourse on the perversion of marriage by the preventing or obstructing its legitimate end—the birth and rearing of children.

The writer holds that the institution of marriage lies at the foundation of the Church and State—is the basis of the home and the bulwark of the Commonwealth. Upon its sanctity and its integrity, and much more upon the accomplishment through it of the ends of its institution, does everything depend. This little work should be read by all truth-seeking people. Published by H. L. Hastings, 47 Cornhill, Boston.

"YE THOROUGHBEED," by "Norris Homo," is a very pleasing work on the law of heredity, simply put in the form of a dialogue. Too many of such books cannot be written. The Health-Culture Company, 30 East 14th Street, New York.

AUGUST 1, 1896.

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?

MOTHER'S BOYS.

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet,
The trace of small muddy boots;
And I see your fair tapestry glowing
All spotted with blossoms and fruits.

And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands,
And that your own household most truly
In immaculate purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered
With many old treasures and toys,
While your own is in daintiest order,
Unharmful by the presence of boys.

And I know that my room is invaded
Quite boldly all hours of the day;
While you sit in your room unmolested,
And dream the soft quiet away!

Yes, I know there are four little bed-sides
Like mine must stand watchful each night;
While you go out in your carriage,
And shine in your dresses so bright.

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman;
I like my maid to be neat and trim;
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings,
Yet would not change places with you.

Not! Keep your fair home with its order,
Its freedom from clutter and noise,
And keep your own faculty leisure—
But leave me my four noble boys!

—The Workman.

Polly's Short Journey.

It was rather a sour-faced little maid who got on the train by herself, or, rather, was put on the train by a tall brother, at Glenburn station. She had on a nice, little brown suit, brown hat and gloves, and carried a brown basket that suggested a delightful luncheon. But she didn't look half as pleased as you would expect a little brown sparrow of a girl to be who was going on a journey in a nice plush lined car, through a beautiful country of woods and streams, and wild, leafy gorges.

The car was very full, and Polly Imboden flopped herself down in the first seat she came to, which was occupied by a sweet-looking old lady in Quaker bonnet and gown. The friend eyed her with quiet amusement, noted the clouded brow, the listless air, the lowered eyes, and presently asked gently:

"Is there going to-day?"
"Only to Midvale," answered the little traveler, shortly, without looking up.
"Then there will not have time to grow tired; but I am going a thousand miles."

"A thousand miles!" exclaimed Polly, and as soon as she forgot Polly and began to be interested in somebody else the ugly look took itself off somewhere, and you began to see that Polly had a sweet, bright face, and actually two dimples.

Her companion soon found out that Polly was putting because mother had gone to Philadelphia for a week, and instead of taking her along as she had expected, had sent her out to Midvale to stay with Aunt Mary till she got back. Mother did not seem to be much to blame, as there was some fear of scarlet fever in the square to which she was going; but that did not keep Polly from being cross about it.

"This is a patience lesson set thee, child," said the old friend; "there are many more waiting for thee to learn, but if thee skips this one, the next will be harder."

But Polly was n't listening to this little sermon. Having once got her eyes up from the toes of her boots, she was making them acquainted with the people in the car; and to her surprise, there were rows upon rows of little girls and boys about her own age.

"Is thee looking at my children?" said the old lady, smiling. "They are all going with me; long thousand miles to find homes in the West."

"Aren't they coming back to their fathers and mothers?" asked Polly, her lip beginning to tremble a little.
"They have no fathers and mothers on earth," answered the friend; "but their Heavenly Father takes care of them."

Little country-bred Polly had never seen an orphan asylum. Perhaps she never realized that children could live without mothers. Why, who heard their prayers and kissed them good night, and buttoned the top buttons, and heard their spelling for fear they'd be "trapped," and—but by this time the tears were beginning to run down Polly's cheeks at the thought of all that these little children had to do without. The friend laid her hand lightly on the little brown-gloved fingers.

"Has thee ever seen a lesson-book?" she asked.
"Yes, ma'am," answered Polly, in surprise.
"What are the pictures for?"
"Why," said Polly, still more surprised, "why, to show things."

"Yes, that it is. Now, the Great Teacher wants my little friend to be contented with her lot, to be so glad she has a dear mother and father, a home and friends to take care of her; but she was n't learning that lesson very fast, so he puts her on this train for a little journey, and shows her all these little ones of his who have to do without these blessings. Will this picture make thee learn faster?"

Polly pulled out her little blue-bordered, handkerchief and scrubbed away the tears. "I'd like to give one of them my basket," she said, eagerly; "it's got a lot of good things that mother put in it for me."

"Thee will have to hurry then," said the friend, well pleased; "for Midvale is in sight." Hastily Polly slipped off the plush seat, and, picking out a pale, grave-looking child, she put the heavy basket in her hand, smiled a good-bye under the Quaker bonnet of her old lady, and here was Midvale!

An Elephant's Good Sense.

In India domesticated elephants are usually given drink from large wooden troughs filled with well-water by means of a pump, and it is commonly an elephant that fills this trough. Every morning he goes regularly to his task. While visiting a friend at his fine residence in India, a correspondent of a paper saw a large elephant engaged in pumping such a trough full of water. He continues:

"In passing, I noticed that one of the two tree-trunks which supported the trough at either end had fallen from its place, so that the trough, left elevated at one extremity, would begin to empty as soon as the water reached the level of the top at the other end, which lay on the ground. I stopped to see if the animal would discover anything wrong. Soon the water began to run off at the end which had lost its support. The animal showed signs of perplexity when he saw this, but as the end nearest him lacked much of being full, he continued to pump. Finally, seeing that the water continued to pass off, he left the pump handle and began to consider the phenomenon. He seemed to find it difficult to explain. Three times he returned to the pumping, and three times he examined the trough."

"I was an absorbed looker-on, impatient to see what would be done. Soon a lively flapping of the ears indicated the dawning of a new idea. He went and smelled of the tree-trunk, which had rolled from under the trough. I put it in its place again, and he was going to pump."

disturbed his mind, but the end which he found it impossible to fill. Raising the trough, which he then allowed to rest for an instant on one of his huge feet, he rolled away the second supporting log with his trunk, and then set the trough down, so that it rested at both ends on the ground. He then returned to the pump and completed his task."

Before Children.

One of the strangest things parents ever do is to punish their children for what they have not the strength of character to overcome themselves.

Fathers have been known to punish severely their little ones for profanity, when, at the same time, they have become accustomed to using such expressions and cannot help it, but I intend that my children shall form no such bad habits as I have."

Oh, "Consistency, thou art a jewel!" Do they not realize that the whole list of the little one's doings is an imitation of its elders?

If the elder, with his reasoning faculties matured, and with the full force of will-power of his own, cannot overcome a fault, how can a child be expected to?

Mothers often seat their little ones at the table containing food injurious to both parent and child, compelling the child to abstain while they partake, afterwards remarking in the presence of the child: "I ate too much of that rich food, but I could not leave it alone, it was so good."

What kind of an influence does such an example exert over a child? Does not the child feel that it has been wronged, and that as soon as it can have its own way it will indulge in the same food, or language, or other forbidden thing that seems to be considered so very wrong for the child but all right for older people?

Many times will the child say something before a caller for which it is reproved, and in extenuating its conduct will say: "Why, mamma, I heard you say so." It is important to be very careful of words and actions before these little imitators, and do not punish for what we cannot overcome in ourselves.—Philadelphia Press.

Don't Whip the Children.

The old iron-clad methods of punishment are happily fast passing away. There has been a vast change in public sentiment during the last century. The "rod is spared" these days by humane parents; so are the dark closets and other horrors. But it may be asked, do the gentle reproofs, the chilling looks, the deprivation of treats accomplish the much-to-be desired results? Are the children better behaved than of yore?

There may not be so much outward fear of their elders. There may be less awe and reverence; fewer outward and visible signs of an inward respect for authority, but surely there is less inward, corroding rebellion. While children may not love their parents any more, they are on better terms with them than formerly. The father who is chummy with his boy, who gets down to that eager, inquiring, restless little soul, and explains, visits and encourages, does not need to cut a birch gad or buy a horse-whip in order to maintain discipline. And the mother who sympathizes, cuddles and plays with her children can keep her slippers on her feet and her hair-brush on the dressing-table. The holding off of children is a fruitful source of disobedience. They need love, tenderness and sympathy as much as flowers need air and sunshine.—Selected.

Good Advice.

The following advice, given to a young married woman who was visited by an older and more experienced one, may be helpful to some of our readers:

When the visitor arose to go, the hostess came with her to the door, and out upon the pleasant piazza, which, however, looked a little dusty in the corners.

"Oh, dear," said the young wife, "how provoking the servants are! I told Mary to sweep the piazza thoroughly, and now look how dusty it is."

"Grace," said the older woman, looking in to the disturbed young face with kindly humorous eyes, "I am an old housekeeper. Let me give you a bit of advice: Never direct people's attention to defects. Unless you do so, they will rarely see them. Now, if I had been in your place and noticed the dirt, I should have said, 'How blue the sky is!' or 'I should have said, 'How blue the sky is!' or 'How beautiful the clouds are!' or 'How bracing the air is!' I should have looked up at the air as I spoke, and should have gotten you safely down the steps, and out of sight without your seeing the dust."—Boston Herald.

LIGHT.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies,
When love is done.

—Philadelphia Press.

Honor the Dear Old Mother.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered snowy flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheeks, but she is not sweet and beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken; but those are the lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance that can never fade. Ah! yes, nearly run out, but, feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than any other upon earth. You cannot enter a prison whose bars can keep her out; you cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you by the wayside to perish unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you up in her arms and tell that your soul is disfigured with vice. Love her tenderly, and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.—The Churchman.

Enigma.

I am composed of twelve letters.
My 1, 6, 4, 10, 2, to deprive.
My 4, 9, 7, 12, mineral salt.
My 1, 6, 4, 8, 6, 8, layers.
My 5, 12, 2, 8, 3, 4, to injure.
My whole is what honest investigators believe.
Ludlow, Vt.

A Hot Bath Will Bring Sleep.

Suppose a person be tired out by overwork of any kind, to feel nervous, irritable and only tossing for hours in an unhappy wakeful mind. We all know this condition of body and mind. Turn on the hot water, and you will find that a hot bath will bring sleep.

and then go to bed. You will sleep the sleep of the just, and rise in the morning wondering how you could have felt so badly the night before. The bath has saved many a one from a sleepless night, it not from a severe headache the next day.—Dr. Cyrus Edison, in June Ladies' Home Journal.

ANSWER to Enigma in last BANNER—Onset Day.

Original Riddles or Charades from young people of all ages will be gladly received. Address this Department, BANNER OF LIGHT.

What causes bad dreams is a question that has never been satisfactorily answered; but, in some cases out of ten, frightful dreams are the result of imperfect digestion, which a few doses of Ayer's Sarsaparilla will effectually remedy. Don't delay; try it to-day.

"Notes by the Way," from Nantico Camp.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
It is with pleasure we record the coming to our camp of Prof. Barrett, President of the National, at Washington, D. C.

The day was cool and fine after the excessively hot wave. We also had Mr. and Mrs. Prior, from the West, and Mrs. Louie E. Prior, who is a test medium, gave some fine tests.

After the usual formalities by President Harrington and a poem and music Mr. Barrett opened his morning lecture by the illustration of a tree which blossomed beautifully and died fair to produce an abundance of fruit, when he passed that way again, oh, how it had been blasted!

So had man all down through the ages failed in bringing himself to perfection. Still, in the evolution of Nature, he is advancing on that line toward the goal.

He spoke of the present condition of the wage-earner, and the great need of our studying the political situation in that we have just laws. "Equal rights for all; special privileges to none."

He spoke of the frauds and fakirs in our land, sailing under the guise of Spiritualism, showing the necessity of organization as the only remedy. In the afternoon his discourse was on "Materialism vs. Spiritualism," showing that the spiritual in all so-called past and present isms was part and parcel of the religious element in Modern Spiritualism, and that he should take the ground that Spiritualism is the one thing that gives us all of this life that we need, irrespective of what it is or that one says.

Conference in the evening, when a Mrs. Marcy, who is on our grounds, gave exhibition in palmistry, and I should judge read very correctly.

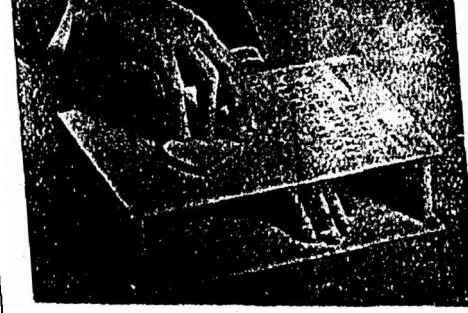
Different subjects were discussed by those taking part. He gave several good mediums with us this year, so report says, and some we know are, as they have long ago passed the test; for instance: Mr. R. R. Callender, Waterbury, Ct.; Mrs. Tracy and Mrs. Daniels, Hartford, Ct.; Mrs. A. E. Pierce, Hartford, Ct.; Mrs. Sweet's family, Long Island, Mrs. J. D. Edgar, Natick, Ct.; also Mrs. C. Case, Berlin, Ct., and hardly a cottage but mediumship in some form is acknowledged; but there is much room for more work and development.

Ladies' Aid will meet to talk of the best method to improve our place of convening in the future, or to devise some kind of a system from the elements and sun, as our planes have been sadly devastated this year by a storm.

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ADDENDUM

TO A REVIEW IN 1887 OF THE

Seybert Commissioners' Report

OR,

What I Saw at Cassadaga Lake, 1887.

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. Crosby's Calumny View from a Lawyer's Standpoint," "A Hawk in an Eagle's Nest," etc.

Mr. R., although not at the time a believer in the Spirit-Philosophy, has here made a fearless and vigorous defense of the reality of the PHENOMENA of Spiritualism. Having received from the author a friend's return from Cassadaga Lake a communication addressed to him, he went to him in spirit-life, he was induced to visit the mystery and expose the fraud. His experience the phenomenal part of Spiritualism, a document which aroused interest and admiration of the believers to occur in many instances where fraud is out of the question, he gallantly and fearlessly comes to the front and wields his weapons with strong, unerring aim in defense of truth and human progress.

After a happy and appropriate introduction of the subject, with all needed explanations concerning the bequest of Mr. Seybert, the author gives in the first Chapter his "Open Letter to the Seybert Commission." Chapters II., III., and IV. are devoted to a searching criticism of the Report of the Spirit-Philosophy Commission. Chapter V. treats of the Bible, and many other matters. Chapter VI. contains C. Fulton's Open Letter to "Zollner" to Professor George in 1884 at a meeting of the "American Association for the Advancement of Science," with remarks made on that occasion by Professor Robert Hare, etc., etc.; Chapter IX. contains the "Report of the London Dialectical Society," dated in 188

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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.

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The Spiritual Universal.

The spiritual is above the religious. It encloses no believers in its limitations, because it has no system of theology to propose and no school of any sort to maintain. It knows no distinctions of nationality, nor any of the dividing barriers of race or condition. It signifies always the outreaching of the human spirit for God. This under every variety of expression which the thought of man has assumed or can assume. It knows no special form of Christianity, no theism, and no paganism. All are God's children alike in the alembic of its universal presence. It is the ego aspiring to a larger and truer consciousness. One is guided by the Koran and another by the New Testament, and both are equally Arabic and English. This universality of the spiritual was never given such adequate expression as in India, where the very heavens appear to include all things above and beneath, and the universal thought finds welcome hospitality. There Buddhist and Brahmin; Mohammedan and Christian, are one and the same.

There the great Emperor Akbar penetrated to the meaning of the spiritual as the universal. He saw the truth in all alike—its elements and the perpetual spiritual longing. On a temple in Kashmir he caused the following sayings to be inscribed: "O God, in every temple I see people that see thee, and in every language I hear spoken, people praise thee. Polytheism and Islam feel after thee. Each religion says: 'Thou art one, without equal.' If it be a mosque, people murmur the holy prayer; and if it be a Christian Church, people ring the bell from love to thee. Sometimes I frequent the Christian cloister, and sometimes the mosque. But it is thou whom I seek from temple to temple. Thy elect have no dealings with heresy or with orthodoxy, for neither of them stands behind the religion of thy truth. Heresy to the heretic, and religion to the orthodox. But the dust of the rose petal belongs to the heart of the perfume-seller."

That was over three hundred years ago. That is what is called Pagan. What wonder that Christian missionaries are sent out to such a country in vain. What Christian will not say that in every temple he sees those who see God?

What are creeds or any other dividing barriers of belief, in contrast with a universalism like this? To the spiritual orthodoxy and

herodoxy are one. Both are alike in seeking from the outside. Both aspire, reach out, peer after the unknown and invisible. To both and to all, creeds and rituals and sacraments and symbols are the same. All are but signs, hieroglyphs, the art of expressing the unknown through the known. No matter what the color of the rose, its precious perfume is for him who possesses it. Here we have the genuine spirit of the spiritual. This is true Spiritualism—the priceless treasure for which all are seeking, the reality for which all alike aspire. It is above all forms and ceremonies, for it eludes them all while it includes them. Everywhere God is to be sought and found. The sects and the creeds cannot hope to contain such a spirit and call it their own. It is the true Oversoul, the universal, the all of which at best we have but so small a part.

Premature Burial.

A method of preventing premature burial by the State is proposed by Edward Conner, of London. He says that all resurrections from premature burials are due to chance or special circumstances—to the resistance of mothers, relatives or friends against speedy burials, etc. There are incontestable proofs that the living agony of those buried alive can endure twenty-four hours, and frequently several days. A celebrated French surgeon never dissected a body till he had first made an incision between the ribs on the left side, so as to be able to touch the heart with his finger, and thus test if death were real. In Paris, the fear of being buried alive is very widely shared. Numbers of persons, after suspended respiration, return to life. We have only imperfect notions upon the mechanism of each kind of death; that, legally, the sign which marks the separation between life and death is not precise; and that, scientifically speaking, we do not know where to place exactly the frontier between the living being and the corpse.

An eminent Paris hospital physician affirmed, in 1893, that not more than one in every twenty diseases presents the physiological characteristics of death. The Death Inspector is the only security the living have in Paris against being buried alive. He is a practitioner who is paid five francs for his visit and certificate. But he is not infallible. Even decomposition is not reliable. Electricity is an unreliable test, as contractions can be produced after death by means of the currents. Reduction of temperature is not infallible. The absence of respiration is now alluded to only in connection with the common hand-glass test for death. The glass will only tarnish if it is of a lower temperature than the surrounding air. The instances of being buried alive are the result of self-revelation; what may be the statistics of the non-revealed cases can only be imagined. A mortuary is recommended, where the dead could be placed and watched, awaiting the time for definite inhumation.

Lengthening Election Intervals.

The question of electing State officials and a State Legislature only every other year is to come before the voting population of Massachusetts this year at the autumn election. If adopted as an amendment to the Constitution of the State, the new rule is to go into effect with the election of 1898. It would bring the State elections on the same date with those for President and for members of Congress, and hence the proper and necessary interest in State affairs would be subordinated to questions of national concern. It is considered that such a change involves a loss of power on the part of the people over State politics, with many consequent evils, and that the people of Massachusetts are not ready for that change. In the opinion of experienced public men, it would go far to destroy one of the greatest distinctions of Massachusetts as a self-governing State. The framers of our State Constitution were the greatest constitution builders known. They knew how to secure constant government, and how to limit popular power and the will of majorities.

After protecting individual rights, they secured absolute independence and permanence of the judiciary. What remained they left to govern under the perpetual control of the people. The habit of exercising this power has been a constant education to the people of Massachusetts, especially to those coming here from other lands. It has made her and kept her the model Commonwealth of the world.

When will the New Sense be Recognized?

All the time wonderful discoveries are being made in the physical world. We manufacture our own sunlight; we hear our friends talking to us miles away; we are able to pierce through our sight solid walls, and look through our own bodies as though they were as transparent as glass; are we now to make the discovery of the sixth sense which we all believe we possess, but which has so far eluded us, and only a few persons, and those of the weak and lowly, have positive knowledge? In spite of all the charges of the religionists, there is a wider interest and a deeper faith in the spiritual reality of the present day than there ever was before in the world's history. The man Schlatter, who wrought so-called miracles at Denver, was an ignorant person, for years an unknown toiler, and classed by many as half-witted—lacking in some of the mental qualities. Yet he performs his truly wonderful cures by simply blessing a handkerchief—and the laying on of hands. Whence came this power of his? It may well be asked. Evidently the sixth sense waits to be introduced to our knowledge and recognition. It is spirit, and into that realm science has not yet the courage to venture.

Let Us Be Charitable.

That we may be just. THE BANNER has always believed that those who assume mediumship for merely personal advancement will in time be overthrown by the powers of truth. Our establishment has been mentioned as "condoning wrong," all because we have recognized the sensitive susceptibility of mediums to adverse influences in as well as out of the body, and have been slow to condemn those who at first have seem to be guilty of wrong-doing, lest we should misjudge the innocent.

The New England Agricultural Society has sent out a very elaborate and neatly-gotten-up pamphlet containing the list of premiums of the thirty-third Annual Exhibition to be held at Rigby Park and City Hall, Portland, Me., Aug. 17, 18, 19, 20 and 21. It is also illustrated with many views of the mountains, lakes and bits of scenery so attractive to the sportsman.

Rene Caillie.

It is with great regret for the Cause of Spiritualism that we chronicle that M. René Caillie is dead. The son of an illustrious French explorer, he wished to explore the mysteries of the spirit-world, as his father had those of Africa. He became, very early in life, an enthusiastic and devoted student of magnetism and Spiritualism; he was for many years Vice-President of the Paris Society for the study of psychological phenomena.

He founded the admirable journal, *L'Etoile*, extracts from whose able edited pages we have frequently given to our readers, and after the publication of *L'Etoile* was suspended for causes to which we referred at the time, he established its successor, the review, *L'Ami*, which is characterized by the same high philosophy, noble style, elevation of thought, purity, vigor and courage, that made *L'Etoile* remarkable.

He has left as a perennial monument of his exquisite literary taste, the charming "*Poème de l'Amé*."

René Caillie was a valiant soldier in the ranks of Spiritualism; one of the wisest and most trustworthy leaders in the conflict in behalf of Light, Love and Truth.

A Successful Healer.

Mrs. Maggie J. Butler is located at No. 179 A Tremont street, Boston, Mass. She has of late done most remarkable work. Since her retirement from the guidance and support of the Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, her time has mostly been devoted to labor for suffering humanity—and the verdict of all her patients has been "very satisfactory."

Mrs. Butler is clairvoyant, and other gifts—of which many of our readers are conversant—have frequently been demonstrated to those who have called on her; while those who have thereby been attracted to the advice of her spirit-coadjutors have always found them rarely skilled in the difficult art of medical treatment. While a certain portion of her time finds, at this point in the season, employment in the congenial field of rest at Maranacook, Maine, she can always be communicated with by those who call upon her for advice, and makes sittings by appointment by mail if absent from the city at any time. Those wishing advice on medical or other matters cannot do better than to avail themselves of Mrs. Butler's singular powers.

D. W. Hull of the *Kansas Liberator* and Elder H. L. Burns have signed an agreement for a public discussion, to take place in Norton, Kan., commencing Oct. 5, and lasting ten sessions of two hours each. The propositions to be discussed are as follows:

1. The physical and psychological phenomena and teachings of Modern Spiritualism emanate from and are produced by departed spirits, and are calculated in their tendency and influence to secure man's greatest good here and hereafter.

It is further agreed by the disputants that, in the discussion of the above propositions, the Bible is not to be a text-book at all, science and facts alone furnishing the material evidence.

D. W. Hull affirmative; H. L. Burns negative.

2. The phenomena, teachings and effects of Modern Spiritualism are in conflict with the Bible, and are mentally, morally and physically dangerous to man, individually and collectively.

It is agreed by the disputants that in the discussion of this question, the Bible, science and facts may be used by the disputants, as may in their judgment seem best.

H. L. Burns affirmative; D. W. Hull negative.

In another column will be found the annual prospectus of the BANNER OF LIGHT, the leading organ of the Spiritualists of America. No one interested in this belief can do without THE BANNER; and it is a good paper to have in the family, as it contains much of interest and profit in other departments. Send to the publishers and get a free sample copy.—*The Newmarket (N. H.) Advertiser*.

Mr. J. W. Fletcher has accepted an invitation to lecture before the Lowell Spiritualists at Eternelle, a charming grove, just outside the city, where out of door meetings are being held. He will speak the third Sunday in August, subject: "Is Death the End?" and a large audience is expected. Many years ago Mr. Fletcher, when a mere boy, began his public work here, and from time to time has appeared here on the public platform. He is passing a part of the summer at his father's, and consented to give one lecture for the benefit of the society.

Saturday afternoon sittings at 55 Rutland street will be discontinued during the next few weeks. Sunday, Wednesday and Thursday sittings will be held, as per ad. on fifth page.

Memorial to Robert Burns.

One hundred years have elapsed since the great soul of Robert Burns made its advent on this sun-darkened sphere; and to-day his one hundredth birthday has just received celebration at many parts of the nation—Boston and Washington being prominent in the Anniversary.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT was made the recipient of a special card of invitation, and its editor answered the request in person. The management, Louis H. Ross and W. H. Grieve, announced to the people that notice was received from Acting Governor Wolcott—the announced chairman—that he thought the record of Ex-Gov. Russell called on him, out of respect, to be about from the present occasion; it was therefore recommended that Col. Henry A. Thomas be appointed as President in his stead. Col. Thomas, after making a thoroughly earnest speech, concluded: "He [Burns] is loved at home and revered abroad. He was the first to sing the people's songs and touched the people's hearts and sought the abiding places of their souls."

"Scots Wha Hae" was then rendered by the Verdi Quartet, followed by the reading of a poem (composed for the occasion by David D. Fletcher) by Miss Katherine Thompson.

"O'er the Afters the Win' Can Blaw" and "A Man's a Man for a That" were next given by Mr. G. T. Martin.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D. D., Ph. D., was then introduced to make the oration.

"The Poet died one hundred years ago to-day, and all that were greatest of his time bowed their heads in sorrow when they thought that he had gone. Now to-day all that are wisest in all lands where our tongue is known are ready to bend the knee before the altar of his genius."

Burns is quoted more than any poet of his century. Of the people and loved by them, he will live in our hearts when his monuments are gone, and when his life is covered with the curtain of time.

Miss Jenny Crea and Mr. J. Robinson sang sweetly; Mr. J. H. Henderson contributed a poem; and the Verdi Quartet closed the meeting by singing "Auld Lang Syne"—the audience being invited to join. The proceeds of the entertainment will be devoted toward the forming of a fund for the erection of a Burns monument in Scotland.

In Washington the centennial commemoration of the death of Burns took place in Sheldon's Hall, and every feature was distinctively Scotch. There were Scotch music, Scotch songs, Scotch dances, and the flowers of Scotland very much in evidence; and those who attended enjoyed a happy Scotch evening as the guests of the hospitable Scotchman Club.

Come up and subscribe for the BANNER OF LIGHT. Remember you have a standing invitation!

What the Editor of the Philosophical Journal (July 18) Says of Dr. Peabody and his Remarkable Work.

Having heard and known of Dr. Peabody for years through his books, essays, lectures, medical essays, psychographs and remarkable cures, we called—with some forty or fifty others—last week at Dr. Peabody's residence, in honor of W. J. Colville's visit. Dr. Burroughs courteously conducted us through the Doctor's medical laboratory, the printing plant, and up to the fourth story—sky-lighted—where the Doctor diagnoses and prescribes now, for over four hundred regular patients. To some of these he gives psychic treatment only, but to the majority vitalized medicines—not poisons nor drastic drugs. Every day he dismisses more or less cured.

Upon one corner of his desk there lay a pile of letters, probably seventy-five, a hundred or more—the number usually received daily. Looking into his "shipping express box," we saw that he had shipped that day thirty-eight boxes by express, and a larger number of packages by registered mail. The Doctor's business is continually increasing, and for the reason that he cures the sick. He cures them! His charges we know to be very moderate; just enough, in most cases, to pay for the expenses of medicines, with their compounding and shipping. Though he has five assistants, he attends personally to each patient. These write him every week or ten days, so that he keeps in close magnetic sympathy with each invalid.

Every letter sent out of his diagnosing room (and sometimes out of a hundred go day), carries with it the doctor's aura, or healing magnetism. Some are cured almost instantaneously by his psychic power; while others require months to effect cures with others.

The doctor devotes his whole time to his patients, sending out such "vibratory" thoughts with his medicines as "God and the good angels bless you." "Be of good cheer." "Your health star is rising." "All is well," etc.

Known and honored in this and foreign countries these forty years among reformers and Spiritualists for his benevolence and temperance, for his moral integrity and scholarly attainments, and for his more recent being "onward from on high" with the gifts of the spirit, he is effecting such remarkable cures that he has been called "the miracle worker" of the West. Right here among us in San Diego, at 450 Irving avenue, Mr. S. A. Kincaid, unable to work because of three, five and seven epileptic fits a day, was almost immediately cured by the doctor's psychic and medical treatment. He now goes spinning by on his bicycle every day to his work, blessing Dr. Peabody, whose cures are positively wonderful!

Inquiring of the doctor how he could accomplish so much at his advanced age, he replied smilingly, "I keep the commandments; my body is not puffed up with pork and beer; my garments are not saturated with tobacco smoke nor my brain befuddled with whiskey. A person's vitality, strength and terrestrial magnetism partakes of his foods, drinks and habits."

"An hour in my garden," said the doctor, "and an hour at book-writing in the evening, is my pastime—my rest!"

Spirits, through their mediums, are almost continually recommending the sick to Dr. Peabody for treatment, thus recognizing in the higher life his wonderful psychic gifts of healing. "There is not a disease—a chronic disease—in the whole catalogue that the doctor does not cure, unless it be in the very last stages."

The doctor, as is well known, is one of the best educated physicians in the United States, having received both his M. D. and A. M. degrees from the Philadelphia (Pa.) University. This, with his intuition, experience and psychic gifts, enables him to read or diagnose disease with absolutely astonishing correctness, and prescribe with equal wisdom and good sound medical judgment; hence his unparalleled success. He has hundreds and hundreds of testimonials, unasked "mark well," unasked for, that he has classified in a pamphlet under the caption "The Songs the Sick are Singing."

"You are, in one sense," writes Mrs. Hartley, cured of chronic neuralgia by a single psychic treatment, "a grave-robbing; for you rob the sick-room of its suffering and the coffin of its prey." Life is worth living only with good health. The doctor is certainly curing hundreds considered "incurable."

Those wishing free diagnoses and literature should send to Dr. Peabody, San Diego, Cal., the full name, age, post-office address, one leading symptom and a postage stamp.

Onset Bay Camp, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

After a week of much rain, Sunday has come in full bloom, with a warm sun and cool breeze. The auditorium is crowded at each lecture, and the streets are thronged with people.

The conferences this week have been well attended. The idea of having one subject alone to discuss is a new departure, and is a very acceptable change. Dr. C. W. Hadden occupied the platform Monday afternoon, and presented a hypnotic social in the evening at the Temple, both occasions being well attended. Wednesday afternoon he occupied the platform for the last time, and Onset is now doing for other fields, leaving a host of friends, old and new, behind.

Tuesday afternoon Mr. A. E. Tisdale occupied the platform, and has treated the audiences to several snatches of eloquence since that day.

Monday morning was held a special conference, at which Col. S. L. H. of Philadelphia gave his experiences with President Lincoln at Spiritualist séances. His story thoroughly proves the fact that the dead are Spiritualists—and that the proof is still with us, and now at Onset here and hearty.

Mr. H. D. Barrett, President of the National Spiritualists' Association, occupied the platform for the third time this morning, and it is difficult to describe the popularity which has sprung up among the people of Onset in favor of this young, earnest and eloquent gentleman. His ideas relative to the protection of the truthful mediums, and the protection of the public against impostors and tricksters, are well received; also his advice relative to the formation of the Children's Temple, in each city. Take your children to Spiritualist meetings and churches, as those of other denominations do, are words well spoken, and should be heeded by Spiritualists at large.

Saturday afternoon Rev. E. R. Beers occupied the platform, and this was a pleasant occasion surely. A Congregational minister on our rostrum sailing in the right direction. Dr. Peabody gives his all, Roman roads lead to Rome, and all turn toward Spiritualism, and we extend a cordial hand to Bro. Beers.

Two excursions from New Bedford to-day landed large crowds.

The drinking fountain on the bowlder on the bluff has been turned on, and quenches the thirst of many.

The coming week will be the gala week of the season at Onset. Thursday, Friday and Saturday there will be balloon ascensions, tight-rope walking, and fireworks on the water in the evening.

Friday evening the Onset Dramatic Company will present the comedy, "Sybil's Soldier," followed by a farce.

Sunday, Aug. 2, will also present an attractive program, when the Children's Lyceum of New Bedford will conduct its exercises in the Temple at noon, and also give several songs at the Auditorium in the morning. The children of this Lyceum are well drilled, and present a pleasing program.

Next week I shall present a sketch of the mediums and their work.

H. E. GIFFORD.

T. A. BLAND writes: "Onset is to be favored on the 5th of August by a musical concert of rare merit. Prof. J. Jay Watson, justly styled 'The American Ole Bull,' and his charming daughter, Anna, eminent both as a pianist and harpist, will give an entertainment of rare merit. On Thursday and Friday there will be balloon ascensions, tight-rope walking, and fireworks on the water in the evening.

Dr. M. Cora Bland gave her lecture on 'Body Building' in the Arcade on the evening of the 23d inst. to a large audience. On Thursday evening of this week she will give her popular lecture on 'Mind and Muscle' in the same hall."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Affairs at Onset have been upon the usual summer order, and many new faces, as well as many of the older attendants, have been welcomed on our streets. Prof. Lockwood, with his decidedly scientific views; Jennie Egan-Jackson, with her pleasing methods and poetical improvisations winning her way into the hearts of new-comers and strengthening the ties which bound the older ones to her; Prof. W. F. Peck, with his practical ideas upon the live topics of the day; A. E. Tisdale, who, though blind in a physical sense, has spiritual vision to recognize him to a certain extent, for the loss of physical sight; Mrs. Pepper and

Joseph D. Stiles, have made a series of entertainments that cannot be excelled.

As the season advances new methods of entertainment are provided.

The Steamers have begun their regular excursions, and the *Steamer General* and *Mail Steamer Vesper* are going and coming continually. The last named only comes for large excursions, such as to Cottage City, Gay Head, and the *General* carries passengers on hourly trips to Monument Beach, out into Buzzard's Bay, and around the Bay to Gray Gables, the home of President Cleveland, and the *General* also carries out passengers especially "over Jordan" to the clam-bake.

The writer proposes to begin a series of developing meetings in Fire Hall, where hypnotism will be used to assist the unfoldment of medial powers.

The conferences continue to be of interest.

Dr. Hadden, with his marvelous powers of hypnotism, H. D. Barrett, J. M. Barker, Moses "the Only," and others, have shared in the interest. Come, let us reason together here. Let us open our souls and let the light shine in, bringing peace, harmony and good-will, and blessing all with the knowledge of Spiritualism.

W. H. BACH.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The week has been a busy one of amusements; the lectures, too, have been a series of successful efforts to attract large audiences.

On last Sunday Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood was presented to a Lake Pleasant audience for the first time, and in the forenoon held the undiminished attention of nearly three hundred people two hours.

On account of General Catlin, the advertised speaker for the afternoon, being confined at home by illness, Prof. Lockwood occupied the platform in the afternoon, and his efforts to present the subject of Spiritualism as demonstrated from a scientific standpoint have met with appreciation, and have introduced a new line of thought upon this subject. Monday, July 27, Prof. Lockwood will deliver his last lecture here for this month, and will undoubtedly have a large audience.

On Friday, Mrs. Helen Palmer-Resigne was our lecturer, and the success to which she attained with her audiences here last season bids fair to be repeated. Mrs. Palmer is one of the most able exponents of Spiritualism in the field to-day, and we are glad to welcome her back to our camp again.

Sunday, July 26, Mr. Oscar A. Edgerly. Though never heard before, his reputation as an able lecturer and medium was successful. The attendance of nearly three hundred turned out to greet him. As a speaker he has interested us thoroughly, and his tests were very convincing to every one present. Mr. Edgerly's guides seemed determined to reach the strangers present, and from the recognition his tests received from many unqualified voices to the campers, in evidence were the following: Campers are pouring in by train, electric cars and teams. The prophet who foretold a successful season for the old camp are now justified, and no one has a cynical word to say when the "I told you so" is uttered by them.

Among the arrivals of the week were, from Boston, Miss Edith Niles, Mrs. H. F. Smith, Miss Anna Dick, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hadden, Miss Edith T. Barrett, Mrs. J. C. Boyden, Mrs. Nellie Curtis, Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. M. Rolle; from Springfield, J. S. Hart and wife, Mr. and Mrs. F. Hart, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Budington, Mrs. E. M. Wilcox and Miss Pearl Townsend. Hartford is well represented by E. C. Cook, Mrs. G. D. Scott, W. H. Guernsey, L. A. Merritt and Mrs. B. J. Lyman. Among modern mediums and clairvoyants, day and daughter, Olive A. Monroe, Stella Monroe, Mrs. A. M. Justice, Miss Cushman, Mr. and Mrs. Burlingame and Miss Florence Burlingame.

The band men are all here, and the concerts given on Saturday and to-day, as well as the music at the dances given in the Temple and Pavilion, have well-proven that it is a first-class place for amusements.

On Sunday, Monday and Wednesday evenings, Aug. 2, 3 and 5, the Hindu hypnotist, Lees, will give exhibitions of his wonderful powers in the Temple.

The lecturers and mediums for the week commencing July 27 are Oscar A. Edgerly, Mrs. Helen Palmer, Prof. Lockwood, Mrs. Francis Holmes and Mrs. R. S. Lillie.

Excursion trains will be run on the Fitchburg Railroad from Fitchburg and Greenfield every Sunday in August.

A. P. BLISS, Clerk.

Camp Progress, Upper Swampscott.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Sunday, July 26, the meeting opened at 11 o'clock A. M., with singing "Nearer my God, to Thee," by the audience; invocation, H. D. Milliken, President, of Lynn; singing by the audience; remarks and tests, Flavius A. A. Heath, Boston; inspirational poem by Mrs. R. B. Robertson, Boston; singing by the audience; remarks by Mr. Kelley of Lynn.

Afternoon Session.—Singing by the quartet; duet by two young ladies of Salem; invocation by Mrs. A. Baker of Danvers; duet, Miss Bailey and Mrs. Hall of Salem; tests by Osgood F. Stiles of Boston; singing by Mr. C. H. Legrand and quartet of Salem; selection by two young ladies of Salem—Bailey sisters; duet, Mr. N. H. Gardner and C. H. Legrand of Salem; remarks by J. O. Perkins of Salem; remarks and tests by Dr. H. H. of Boston; selection by the Bailey sisters of Salem; song, Miss Amanda Bailey of Salem; remarks, N. H. Chase of Swampscott; inspirational poem by Mrs. M. E. Stone of Swampscott; Mrs. H. A. Baker of Danvers, remarks on inspiration, condition in this life and the life to come, and proof of true Spiritualism; remarks and inspirational poem by Mrs. M. F. Lovering, Boston; song and duet, Mrs. M. F. Lovering, Mrs. Hall, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Gardner; reading and tests, Mrs. T. L. Hansen of Chicago, Ill.; song by the quartet; remarks and tests, Dr. F. A. A. Heath, Boston; duet, Bailey sisters.

About two thousand people were present to-day at our meeting.

All mediums who would like to come and take part in our meetings are cordially invited to do so.

Electric cars pass the Grove every fifteen minutes from Lynn and Salem.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at the Grove; and subscriptions taken each Sunday.

N. B. P.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Dr. C. W. Hadden of Newburyport, Mass., makes his first appearance at Nantuxet next Sunday. He will be at Lake Pleasant from Aug. 9 to 14; Queen City Park, Aug. 16 to 21; the next week at Onset.

Seymour Van Brocklin, inspirational seer and psychometrist, will be at Nantuxet, New England, has open dates for season 1896-'97. Address, care of BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.

Bishop A. Beals has engagements at Oakland for August, and at Los Angeles for the fall and winter months.

P. C. Mills, says *The Medium*, has returned to his home at Edmonds, Washington, where he may be addressed during the summer. Will fill engagements in Washington or Oregon.

Oscar A. Edgerly spoke at Onset, and has now turned his attention to Lake Pleasant, commencing here to speak there July 26 and 27. He visited Onset from Pittsburgh, Kan., where he was very successful. From the 1st to the 17th of August he is to be at Temple Heights, Maine. He returns to Michigan again in September.

Mr. J. W. Fletcher has closed his New York office, and will be absent for some time. He will be in Boston for two weeks previous to his return, to give his many friends and the public an opportunity of seeing him. Address, 3 Bosworth street, Boston, Mass.

Mr. F. H. Roscoe, lecturer and test medium, of No. 151 Broadway, Providence, R. I., has a few open dates for the season of '96 and '97. Societies would do well to

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL CAMP-MEETING

Of the Haslett Park Camp Association, Convened at Haslett Park July 30 to August 31, 1896, Including Five Sundays.

Officers and Trustees of Haslett Park Camp Association. President, B. A. Haslett, Detroit, Mich.; Vice-President, P. F. Olds, Lansing, Mich.; Secretary, I. D. Richmond, St. Johns, Mich.; Treasurer, F. M. Osborn, St. Johns, Mich.; Acting Manager, G. F. Ottmar, Lansing, Mich.

Board of Trustees.—Jerry Bricker, Ionia, Mich.; P. F. Olds, Lansing, Mich.; Sara A. Haslett, Detroit, Mich.; F. M. Osborn, St. Johns, Mich.; J. W. Hopkins, Easton, Mich.; G. F. Ottmar, Lansing, Mich.; I. D. Richmond, St. Johns, Mich.

Presiding Officer for the Camp of 1896.—Hon. O. P. Kellogg.

Haslett Park is a beautiful grove, bordering the west shore of Pine Lake, and it is thickly timbered with second growth oak, hickory and elm. The ground has a gentle slope toward the lake, on the edge of which stand the mighty oaks and spreading elms, whose foliage welcome the new comers and old campers, and invite them to take a calm and sweet repose beneath their shady boughs.

Nature has provided this spot with everything that is needed for a spiritual camp-ground. The sick may get health, the weary may rest and the sorrowful may be comforted.

When the numerous tents are spread over the camp, when the many hammocks are stretched from tree to tree, and the soft twilight reflects its tinted rays on the foliage of the grove and the beautiful lake, then go up the prairies of all: "This is indeed the paradise of Michigan."

Pine Lake.—Pine Lake is a clear and beautiful sheet of water. It is supplied by a subterranean current, and has but one outlet. This lake is the famous resort for fishermen and citizens of the Capital City generally, being easily reached on the C. & G. T. R. R., or an hour's drive over gentle hills and through verdant valleys will bring one to this delightful spot.

The lake abounds with black bass and walleye pike. One cannot miss the opportunity of "going fishing" while at camp. It is sport for old and young. In places this lake is swampy on the edge, and it is there where the lilies are found, which make the camp renowned.

HASLETT PARK.

Fair Haslett Park! Where verdant grove and glade invite tranquility and peaceful rest; Where spread around, in softened sun and shade, Are charms that soothe and calm the troubled breast. There, weary by material toil and strife, The earnest seek their course to renew, That, after conflict with the storms of life, May strengthen resolutions wise and true.

There music, voiced by instrument and song, Awakes responses on the breathing air, While raptures, that to eloquence belong, Inspire the soul and force conviction there. When reason demonstrates, by power divine, The subtle truths that from perception hide, Then, in the soul, like deathless stars they shine, And endure with consciousness abide.

Fair Haslett Park! From purer realms, unseen, Emancipated spirits oft return to thee, Beside us walk, beneath thy foliage green, To hold communion with mortality; To bear aloft the mind to realms above— To quicken sense and purify desire— To bring to light the vastness yet unknown, To add, direct, unfold, and hearts inspire.

PROGRAM FOR 1896.

Sunday, Aug. 2, 10:30 A. M., Opening address, Hon. O. P. Kellogg of Ohio. Chairman of the meeting;

Monday, 3, 10:30 A. M., Lecture, Julia M. Walton of Williamston, Mich.

Tuesday, 4, 10:30 A. M., General organization of camp work; 2 P. M., Lecture, Julia M. Walton.

Wednesday, 5, 10:30 A. M., Reading circle; 2 P. M., Lecture, E. Payne Hopkins of Owasco, Mich.

Thursday, 6, Indian Day, 10:30 A. M., Conference; 2 P. M., Lecture, G. F. Kellogg.

Friday, 7, 10:30 A. M., Lyceum; 2 P. M., Lecture, E. Payne Hopkins.

Saturday, 8, Woman's Day, 10:30 A. M., "The Old Woman," Marion Carpenter of Detroit; 2:30 P. M., "The New Woman," Anna L. Robinson of Port Huron.

Sunday, 9, 10:30 A. M., Lecture, Marion Carpenter; 2 P. M., Anna L. Robinson.

Monday, 10, 2 P. M., Parliamentary Congress.

Tuesday, 11, 10:30 A. M., Conference; 2 P. M., Lecture, Anna L. Robinson.

Wednesday, 12, Children's Day, 10:30 A. M., Exercises by the children; 2 P. M., Lecture, Anna L. Robinson.

Thursday, 13, Mediums' Day, 10:30 A. M., Conference; 2 P. M., Lecture, Anna L. Robinson.

Friday, 14, 10:30 A. M., Lyceum; 2 P. M., Lecture, Rev. James DeBuchaume, M. D., Ph. D., of Kansas City.

Saturday, 15, Pioneers' Day, 10:30 A. M., Remarks

by pioneers; 2 P. M., Lecture, Dr. James DeBuchaume.

Sunday, 16, 10:30, Lecture, Dr. James DeBuchaume, subject, "Threshold of the Great Beyond"; 2 P. M., Lecture, Dr. James DeBuchaume, subject, "Character Building."

Monday, 17, 2 P. M., Parliamentary Congress.

Tuesday, 18, 10:30 A. M., Reading Circle; 2 P. M., Lecture, Dr. James DeBuchaume.

Wednesday, 19, 10:30 A. M., Mediums' Meeting; 2 P. M., Lecture, Dr. James DeBuchaume.

Thursday, 20, Soldiers' Day, 10:30 A. M., Conf. renee; 2 P. M., Lecture, O. P. Kellogg.

Friday, 21, State Association Day, 10:30 A. M., Lyceum; 2 P. M., Lecture, Mrs. A. E. Sheets of Grand Lodge, Vice-President of the Michigan State Spiritual Association.

Saturday, 22, National Association Day, 10:30 A. M., Reading Circle; 2 P. M., Lecture, Hon. L. V. Moulton of Grand Rapids, President of the Michigan State Spiritual Association.

Sunday, 23, 10:30 A. M., Lecture, Hon. L. V. Moulton; 2 P. M., Lecture, Hon. L. V. Moulton.

Monday, 24, 2 P. M., Parliamentary Congress.

Tuesday, 25, 10:30 A. M., Conference; 2 P. M., Lecture, Mrs. Marion Carpenter.

Wednesday, 26, Memorial Day, 10:30 A. M., Reading Circle; 2 P. M., Lecture, Mrs. A. E. Sheets.

Thursday, 27, 10:30 A. M., Conference; 2 P. M., Lecture, Moses Hull of Chicago.

Friday, 28, 10:30 A. M., Lyceum; 2 P. M., Lecture, Moses Hull.

Saturday, 29, 10:30 A. M., Association Meeting, Election of Trustees; 2 P. M., Lecture, Moses Hull.

Sunday, 30, 10:30 A. M., Lecture, Dr. James DeBuchaume, subject, "Threshold of the Great Beyond"; 2 P. M., Lecture, Dr. James DeBuchaume, subject, "Character Building."

Monday, 31, 2 P. M., Parliamentary Congress.

Tuesday, 1, 10:30 A. M., Reading Circle; 2 P. M., Lecture, Dr. James DeBuchaume.

Wednesday, 2, 10:30 A. M., Mediums' Meeting; 2 P. M., Lecture, Dr. James DeBuchaume.

Thursday, 3, Soldiers' Day, 10:30 A. M., Conf. renee; 2 P. M., Lecture, O. P. Kellogg.

Friday, 4, State Association Day, 10:30 A. M., Lyceum; 2 P. M., Lecture, Mrs. A. E. Sheets of Grand Lodge, Vice-President of the Michigan State Spiritual Association.

Saturday, 5, National Association Day, 10:30 A. M., Reading Circle; 2 P. M., Lecture, Hon. L. V. Moulton of Grand Rapids, President of the Michigan State Spiritual Association.

Sunday, 6, 10:30 A. M., Lecture, Hon. L. V. Moulton; 2 P. M., Lecture, Hon. L. V. Moulton.

Monday, 7, 2 P. M., Parliamentary Congress.

Tuesday, 8, 10:30 A. M., Conference; 2 P. M., Lecture, Mrs. Marion Carpenter.

Wednesday, 9, Memorial Day, 10:30 A. M., Reading Circle; 2 P. M., Lecture, Mrs. A. E. Sheets.

Thursday, 10, 10:30 A. M., Conference; 2 P. M., Lecture, Moses Hull of Chicago.

Friday, 11, 10:30 A. M., Lyceum; 2 P. M., Lecture, Moses Hull.

Saturday, 12, 10:30 A. M., Association Meeting, Election of Trustees; 2 P. M., Lecture, Moses Hull.

Sunday, 13, 10:30 A. M., Lecture, Dr. James DeBuchaume, subject, "Threshold of the Great Beyond"; 2 P. M., Lecture, Dr. James DeBuchaume, subject, "Character Building."

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SPiRiT Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

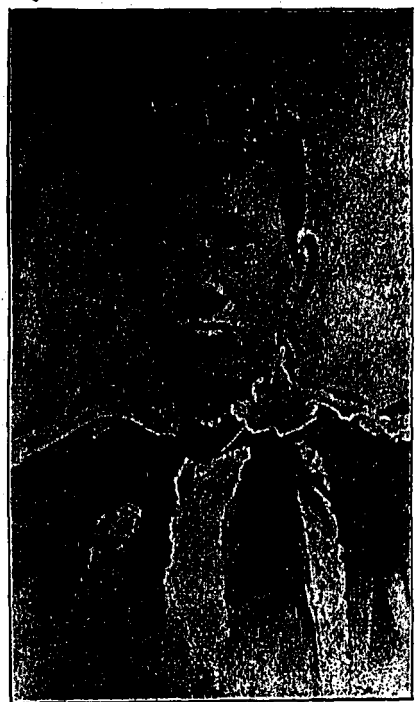
Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor—should be forwarded to this office by mail or left at our Counting-Room for answer. It should also be distinctly understood in this connection that the messages published in this Department 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 TRANS-MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Séance held June 19, 1896.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh! Divine Spirit, once more have we approached this circle and come in close communion, because we recognize thy beauty and thy lovely expressions of thought. In the warm ray of the sun this morning; so do we recognize beauty in all things, and when we feel the band-power that rises from the atmosphere we recognize the spirit blessing us. We seek for thy divine power this morning, to send forth love and light, and to give strength to the weak, that we may recognize truly there is a development and a progressive thought extended to all that will assist many.

While we realize thy divine power in all things, and especially at this season of the year when nature seems to be clothed in its beauty, so, like a great flower in the forest, each one must bring forth his or her own blossoms, and be recognized as we sow. Oh! draw near to us this morning; send forth thy guiding angels that they may not only see the beauties, but may realize thy divine power, so that each one may view thy good works and glorify the angel that brought them.

Oh! how sweet it is to mingle in this our circle this morning; we receive the prevailing power of anxiousness on the part of those that are both on the spirit-side and also on the mortal; they should still seek for more light. Help us this morning to send forth that light, to demonstrate the power of immortality, so that we may understand each other better. We realize also, as we come in close rapport this morning that we seem to be still gaining, and yet so little seems done—so many hearts that are aching, so many tears that are not dried, so many seeking loved ones that have gone—and they will not be comforted. Then, oh! thou Angel of Light, open up the channel, so that those that may recognize their weakness may feel thy strength is given them.

We feel pleased this morning to see so many, both in the spirit and in the mortal, that are reaching out in the way of inquiry, seeking to know themselves better, seeking to understand the natural laws of life, and to recognize the wonderful strength there is in the power of communication that is sent forth through the various organisms that are controlling. Oh! let us realize the work is not yet done—only commenced; that there are still more souls to be touched by the fire of truth; that we may feel and know our protection is yet in earth-life through thy divine power. Hear us this morning; bless us as we have come together, each one in his own allotted place, each one feeling his own mission, each one trying to know how to assist each other, because we realize that it is only in work that we find victory. Again we ask thee to bless us and give us strength, now and forever more. Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Amos Atwood.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. I will now try and send forth a few words through this instrument, because I feel that it is needed. I am very happy to have the privilege of identifying myself through your valuable paper. I was not ignorant of your good work when I passed to the higher life, but I am pleased to return this morning and review the earth-life. Taking my own experiences from the time I first commenced to investigate Spiritualism and going back to the early days, how very, very few had the courage to come out even to investigate. I well remember that years and years ago, in those early days when we fought for the truth, it was prophesied that the time was not far distant when all men would listen and make more of an open confession that there was more truth in the phenomena than they were ready to accept then.

I am glad, Mr. President that while in the body I recognized the wonderful progression that was being made, and also during the last twenty-five years; yet I recognized it from spirit. I have not been really out of the body all that time, but I was remarking and quoting of what progress was made during the last twenty-five years especially. I am pleased to send forth a few words to the few remaining ones that had courage to come out at the time the Fox girls made their first manifestations, and there are very few, comparatively speaking, now in the earth-life, for most all are on the spirit-side. I would like to send my thought forth as still satisfied with the work done, and also I am pleased that so many now are investigating, and are seeking light for themselves.

I would like also to send a few encouraging words to those of my own family—although few in number, there are those still whose interest I have at heart. I know also they are not ignorant of spirit-return, but we all need encouragement when clothed in mortal, and for that reason I come this morning. I want to send encouragement to my daughter, and give her to understand that father is still with her in thought and in work. I also feel I have a great interest in many in earth-life yet, because I know while I lived on your earth-plane many watched my progress and my defining nature in sustaining and standing for truth and for right—and for that reason I don't feel I ought to be silent.

I want this message especially to go to Salem, Washington County, N.Y., and also I am desirous to reach Denver, Col., where my daughter now resides. There have been many changes since I passed out of the body; not only so in my own family, but many of those who cooperated with me in our early investi-

gation are with me this morning, and would like to voice much of their own thoughts, but time will not allow. I would say to you—as I do not care to send too long a communication at once—it is the crumbs that fell from the master's table that fed Lazarus, and so it is the crumbs that are sent forth on the wings of love that oftentimes cause investigation and bring forth the truth to their own souls—because there is one grand thing in Spiritualism—it has to come as absolute knowledge to us before we can grasp the beauties.

You may say that my name is Amos Atwood, of Salem, Washington County, N.Y. I shall be remembered in Troy, and many places throughout the country—in fact because I got notoriety, as the people used to say, while I was in earth-life, by being the one connected with introducing the Fox girls.

I think you will remember me, Mr. President. I knew Mr. Colby, and we are all working together on the spirit-side. Time is nothing to the spirit, and I thank God for it; for if it was as tedious to the spirit as it is to the mortal there would not be much consolation in working.

Maria Jennes.

Oh! how beautiful it is to come here. We feel strengthened by the magnetic cord that draws the two worlds close together. I feel so pleased this morning at having the privilege of controlling the instrument, although sometimes it is hard work to bring ourselves in a positive state, so as to feel we can complete our service. Every year as it goes on—especially this season, when all those in mortal that are interested in the various camp meetings are making preparations, calculating on who they will meet, and a "general good time" at large—I feel that, as one passes on to the higher life, their material presence is missed; yet those who have the consciousness that the spirit has returned, feel more satisfied than those that have not.

I should like to send greetings, especially to Queen City Park Camp-Meeting, for to me it was a heaven on earth, and I enjoyed not only the spiritual baptism that we received there, but we were many times strengthened by the various associations and friendships that we met there. I feel—although not so very long out of the body—strong this morning, and I would like to send forth greetings, and wish them God speed.

We have so many together here this morning that were with us when we first organized Queen City Park—for there, too, as the previous spirit said, have been changes, and many have passed on to the higher life—but we would say we are still in sympathy with them, and I personally, while they may not recognize me in the body, am present in the spirit. I think I make myself known in many ways, and I want to demonstrate it to all.

I would like to say this morning that I have come here by request, as I heard some of my friends ask why I did not come to the Banner Circle-Rooms and make a public statement—as there are a good many that have not got the light, they have not all been convinced of the beauties of immortality. I would like to send this not only as a testimony but as a token of love and respect, that it may bring to them a thought for themselves, that they, too, may seek more light. I have got those also in the body through relationship that I am interested in that do not exactly believe in spirit-return, yet I should like them to investigate. I want them to feel that they would be better off if they understood the power of spirit and spirit-guidance. I would also like to send forth love to all inquiring friends. I would say that Maria Jennes is not gone. My home was in Fletcher, Vt. I shall be remembered by many, and I hope shall be recognized by more. May the angel-world help you, and assist you in your work, for truly it is one that ought to be appreciated in both the worlds of spirit and of mortal.

Caroline Whitcomb.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. I too am glad for an opportunity of sending a few words forth to the dear loved ones on earth. I know how sweet it is to be remembered—although the body was quite well worn out before I got separated from it. I feel that the earthly place was where the disease was, not the spirit. I want to send forth a few encouraging words to the dear loved ones in earth-life, and especially to the children, for I do not want them to think that grandma has forgotten them. I feel there is so much to be done, and so little time to do it in, that the spirit many times has to work in silence, and also very patiently, so as to be able to assist the earth ones, because I see how true it is that even if they have got the faith that the spirit liveth, it is hard for them to give up the presence of the material body. I think my work was pretty well done, and I rejoice at the separating of the body to higher life. I want to express my happiness of being separated; I would like to say to others that I am interested in, that we are still happier than they are—especially my dear girl. I don't feel that she is very well physically, and I want her to know that father and mother are still with her.

My husband is with me in spirit life. I have got many dear friends in earth life that were brought close to me through that love of friendship, and I want to encourage them, for there are a few of them that really believe in the spirit return. Your valuable paper is distributed among some of them occasionally, and through that I feel I would like to make myself known, and to say that I have not been disappointed in what I found in the life beyond, and also that I have not given up my interest in the welfare of humanity. I feel I hold all things, as near as I can, to justice, for I know God doeth all things well.

I want to say privately that if they will give me an opportunity, I will try and assist them in many of their earthly trials. It is not for the spirit to return and inform them of the happiness they have found, but to give the dear ones in earth-life to understand we can assist them, and it is when the trials and tribulations are around them that they need our help the most. Just now we can see where there are those that are connected with me, if they would give the spirit an opportunity, who might receive some advice that would be beneficial to them. I feel somewhat exhausted this morning as I take control of the instrument, because it is hard to use another's brain and try to identify yourself at the same time, but I hope that it will be received.

I will merely say that my name is Caroline Whitcomb, and my husband's name was John Whitcomb; my home was in Balstead, Mass. You can say Sawyer's Mills, and it will be recognized more definitely, as I worked many years in the mill, where I was well known.

John Kelley.

Well, I want to try and send forth a letter to earth-life; but it's a awful hard work for me to control this brain, because before I passed out of the body my own head was not very clear, and I see as I take control of the instrument this morning it bothers me to remember; but I am anxious to try and tell some things that ought to have been settled while I was in earth-life; but I was out off somewhat short—that is, I passed out somewhat suddenly, and didn't fix up my earthly things as they ought to have been, and they are making quite a fuss over it. For my part, it did not seem to me as though there was enough to fight over, but oh! it is so hard for a man to know what is best to do, even when in earth-life, because things are so situated and change so suddenly that we all think we have time enough to fix them up just as we want to. It is also pretty hard for a party that is doing any kind of business to tell what he will do or what he would like done if he died; for it is hard work to know whether we will have anything when we do die, and as I was called to the spirit life somewhat suddenly, also having a shock previous to it, I felt somewhat confused this morning.

I know those that will see this letter will perhaps help me to convince those who do not believe anything in it. I am not contented with the way things have gone on, and it is awful funny to me that the very parties that are fighting for it never did anything for me—they had no use for me while in earth-life. I make this a little plain, and the reason is I mean it to take hold somewhere; and I would like to say that I am not a bit satisfied even with those I left in charge, because I don't think they have been positive enough in carrying out my wishes: but I suppose they are trying to inform me here that they had to deal with some laws, and I didn't leave it written down what I wanted done. Those that it don't suit were not satisfied, so I want to send this message broadcast, not only to make those that have my affairs in hand think, but I hope to give some advice to others: not to wait too late before you have things placed as you would like to have them—especially after you have passed on to the spirit-side.

I was not a Spiritualist while in the body, and, in fact, was not much of anything, as far as religion goes, because my parents were Catholics, and I suppose that is the reason that they may not think it best to listen to what I have got to say; yet I am going to send it forth, for I have been waiting around here for a long time, and have watched how others have sent forth a message, and how it has been received, and how, oftentimes, it makes those people talk and inquire. It is just amusing to the spirit to see when one comes in contact with a name they are familiar with, how they will hand it around—some will laugh at it, some will think serious over it, and I know that it sometimes troubles them when they don't do right; and I think it is well to let them know that even if the body is silent the spirit is not—that we are conscious of what is going on around us.

Mr. President, I am very much pleased and certainly very thankful for this privilege this morning, for I should like to right some wrongs that are now going on, and I can see where there are many times that I feel that the body will rise up and confront them, and why their consciences don't trouble them is more than I can settle. But I am not sending this message exactly for criticism—I send it with a feeling that I mean every word I say.

I want justice done to Mary; I want justice done to her, because she was not only the one that staid by me, that helped me, that tended me, but she was a friend in need, and is "a friend indeed." I want them also to give Harry—Henry was his name, but they called him that—to have what I left him, so that he can not only complete his education but have things where they ought to be. Now, Mr. President, this is a strong communication, but you will not only assist the spirit that has been very restless since I passed out of the body, but perhaps be instrumental in reaching the weak ones and exposing the wrong ones.

I ask you to assist me, and may God and the angels blend with us this morning, so that we may feel that death is not a separation, it is not a silent room, but that we can cooperate and feel that right is right, and that we should have justice.

You can put me down as John Kelley; Philadelphia, Penn., is my home, and I will be known there. I am pretty sure, for I have not been out of the earth-life a great while.

George Adams.

Well, this feels like Boston weather, don't it? It seems to me I am right at home when I come to this circle. I am not so familiar with your circle as I am with your city. I was very much interested in the speaker that preceded me, and the thought that it brought forth—What has Spiritualism done? what has it brought to humanity? how many have been relieved of their anxieties and care through the development of spirit-return? I should say, Mr. President, that it is sometimes astonishing that, at this late day, with the facilities for education and science, and so many opportunities for progression, that we find so very many that are ignorant and ignoring the very power that has administered through all.

Although it was late in life when I commenced to investigate your beautiful philosophy, I was well pleased with what experiences I had in earth-life; and since I have been called on to the spirit side, I have been more convinced of its wonderful powers of bringing forth conditions when it seems to the mortal unexplainable.

I was brought to the consciousness of spirit-power through my own physical organism—being so weak in the body, pretty well exhausted, yet I feel I was sustained and held up in the body a long time by spirit power. I should like to send forth some encouraging words to those that still remain on earth, and especially those that I think have still an interest in me and I in them. They have said many times: Why don't I manifest more—what has kept me so silent? and wonder sometimes if I was disappointed with what I received and saw on the spirit side. I would say to such: Not in anything; it went even beyond my expectation what I received when I passed out of the body. I wish I could picture to them the experiences I have had since on the spirit side. I think that they would not make such inquiries; but as I am not an artist, neither can language express my thoughts, I will have to let it go by, merely saying "all is well." I met father, mother, sister, and many others, on the other side that are with me this morning. I recognized those of our friends that have joined us since. I feel, Mr. President, that Spiritualism

is not only progressing, but I feel it is like the germ that lies under a great log—it is commencing to break forth into various parts of the world, and we recognize that in the ignorant and lowly who are moving to investigate.

I would say that all things are recognized by spirit-power. I feel that your Message Department has done much to bring forth many things that have been accomplished in the world at large. While in the body I loved to talk, I loved to advise them to the best of my ability, I loved to see light brought where darkness had been, and there is nothing that will stir the human soul more than the actual work of encouragement. I want to send forth this message this morning, for to me this is a great privilege to have the opportunity of trying to identify myself here. You can put me down as George Adams, and my home was in West Somerville, Mass., but I have got many friends in the West and I would like them also to know I have found all I expected, and am only waiting for them in the sweet by-and-by. To those, especially, that have not the courage to investigate, it will be all the clearer, and then they will see where the happiness comes in of being acquainted with the world of spirits before you get there. Thank you very kindly, Mr. President, and may the angel world assist you and help you; and I know your work will not only bless you, but it is like the great law that governs history, it will live through eternity.

Mary Ann Hanson.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. They tell me this is the wonderful home, and strangers are always made welcome; but I feel that while we can be a stranger to each other, we are all God's children. We all fought the battle of life, and we all had our trials and tribulations. Perhaps some may feel they have more than others, and sometimes while in the body, the flesh is so weak that we may feel we get very little compensation for what we have done; yet I feel as if I would like to return as the wanderer this morning—not as the lost one, but as the one that has gained all that could be expected—and I feel that as I try to administer to others, I can gain more light and knowledge than I can by work for self; although while in the body I felt that same idea, that it was when we try to assist others we gain our own blessing, but, being educated in the Orthodox faith, I thought that only through the blood of the Lamb could we reach our resting-place in heaven. I find that those whom I am to day trying to touch their heart, would have this same love that I held while in earth life, for there are so many, many times I think we do not understand each other, and there is such a thing, Mr. President, when we are in earth life, that our religion causes more trouble than it brings us blessing, and it is for that reason I am seeking this avenue this morning.

I wish to say that I can see now wherein things might have been different, if I had understood the natural laws of God, instead of the theories of religion. I have got dear children yet in earth life, one especially that has become interested in Spiritualism, and she had some knowledge of it previous to my departure to spirit, but it hurt me terribly, because being ignorant of what it meant, it seemed to me that my dear child was lost; but as I return this morning, I want to say to her: "I was like the blind leading the blind. I found I was more than blind myself, more so than the one I was criticizing," and I want to bring still more comfort to the rest of the family, for they may say it is strange that I should return under this flag, and they would say: "I didn't believe in Spiritualism, and why should I come now?" I may say the scales have fallen from my eyes, and I see things as they are, and I want them to know that the body was laid aside, but the spirit is still active, and I am anxious to make them feel my presence around them.

I have tried so awfully hard to get them to understand it, but every time I come in contact with Annie she will say: "Oh! but mother did not believe anything in it, and, of course, it cannot be her," and I want to say to her: "It is I," and I am so placed that after we get out of the body it is not belief that gives us our strength, it is the knowledge and what use we have put our belief to.

I want to reach many. You can say that my name is Mary Ann Hanson, and my home was in Boston, Mass., yet I want my friends on the Cape to recognize it, for I know it will do them good. You might say I passed away with cancer in the stomach, so as to prove the identification stronger. Many thanks, friends. I feel that I have been strengthened this morning, and hope to be able to strengthen others.

Messages to be Published.

June 26—Samuel Black; Eben Gordon; Mary De Witt; Seth Williams; Maria F. Wellington; Ritchie Wells.
July 3—Robert Greer; Mary Chase; Abby Gordon; Daniel Plager; William Henderson; Hannah Walcott; Fannie L. Whittemore.
July 10—Bowman Battlers; Alfred Smith; Mary Frances Howell; David Carr; Lucinda Milton Stowell; George Robinson.
July 17—Benjamin F. Jackson; Hannah F. O'Brien; Henry Valentine; Bridget MacIntyre; John Leabury; Rollin Reed; "Wild Brat," to his medium.
July 24—Capt. Elias Ingraham; Hannah Meers; Zale Feiren; by "Sunflower"; Francis Slater; Hannah Fitzgerald; Susan Fletcher.

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By taking Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam at the very beginning, instead of trilling with useless imitations. Its effect is instantaneous, and the worst cough quickly yields and disappears. Throat and Lung diseases of every kind are speedily cured. At all Drug-gists.

A Clairvoyant Child.

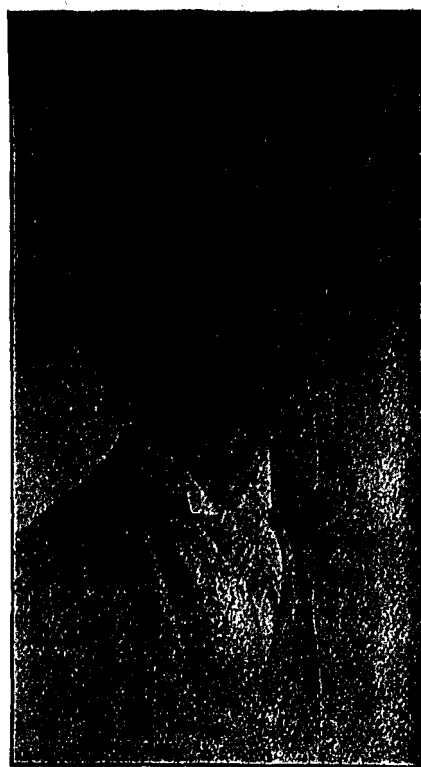
A correspondent writes: "The following experiences were related to me by a lady who has been clairvoyant all her life. She says that the spirits talk to her, and she sees them just as if they were in the flesh. When a little girl of five years old, her father was very ill. Her mother had to go out for awhile, and she left the child to stay with her father. They lived on the farm. Her father had a fever, and had been in an unconscious state all day. When her mother came back the little girl said: 'Grandpa has just been here, and he says that papa will wake up from the sleep at midnight, and that you must take the tin cup and go to the spring and get a cupful of the spring water, and when he drinks it he will go to sleep, and in the morning he will be well.' Her mother was astonished, and said: 'Why, child, what are you talking about? You never saw your grandfather, for he is dead.' The little girl said: 'He was here, anyway, and told me to say all this.' That night, at midnight, her father awoke and asked for a drink, and her brother took the cup and ran to the spring for some water, and the father drank it all, fell asleep, and the next morning was well."—London Light, June 13.

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ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

Ques.—[By B. B. Stuart, Keosauqua, Ia.] 1. Is it possible for us to really know, without first having passed through the experience?
2. [By same.] Can life know and comprehend itself only through individualization?
3. [By same.] Is it not a truth to say that life individualized in man becomes the fountain-head and source of all progression—the secret door through which the soul enters the temple of wisdom?

Ans. 1.—It is certainly necessary to actually pass through an experience before one can thoroughly comprehend its meaning, but as we are all being qualified to occupy different stations in the grand man it is not necessary, at all events in the present cycle of expression, that all should pass through identical experiences though equivalent experiences are always useful if two are to reach the same or an equal spiritual light.

Every soul must at some time pass through the scene of every temptation, trial and discipline, ere it can know through actual contact and demonstration, the sense of victory and the consciousness of triumph.

Patience, fortitude, and all other graces and virtues, can be expressed, it is true, in a variety of ways, and as they can all be called forth by various phases of discipline, it does not follow that the same external experiences are necessary for everybody; but if you have not yet experienced whatever may be necessary to the unfolding of your character, the discipline awaits you in the hereafter, here or elsewhere, it matters not what may be the outward scene of the conflict, or in what exterior manner the conquest may be achieved.

A. 2.—Individuality is the basis of life; all life is individualized in expression, and without individualization there could be no demonstration or manifestation of the hidden potencies concealed in living entities.

Turn wherever we may, we discover that life proves its individual possibilities through the employment of organic forms which serve as vehicles or instruments for the expression of the resources contained within. Souls never reach a kind of heaven or Nirvana vaguely pictured by some mystics wherein individualities are swallowed up in a Great Whole.

What is meant by Nirvana, when that much-abused Sanskrit term is correctly rendered, is a state of serene joy and conscious rest which no sort of conflict can possibly invade.

Heaven means a condition of similar cessation from every sort of disturbance; but the above definition is far too negative to fully translate the condition of celestial being. Activity and rest are perfectly at one in celestial spheres, and as individuality is always retained and can be perfectly manifested but never relinquished, the states of repose looked forward to by those who are weary of conflict and regard peace as their God, are conditions of life where the unity of self with all other beings is a conscious sense of delightfulness, typified on earth only in the most perfect phases of mutual love and complete friendship, where two or more kindred souls are united in the bonds of perfect union of thought and affection.

To attain to a perfect individualization, not to a surrender of it, is the goal of attainment through expression.

A. 3.—Though the language in which this third question is couched is rather mystical, we take no exception to the thought it is evidently intended to convey.

We are to elaborate the statement, we could only proceed to designate certain laws which prevail in spirit-life, and are constant or unvarying in their manifest operation. The human form is the angelic or celestial form, as stated in the book of Revelation, where it is declared that the measure of the holy city, New Jerusalem, is that of a man, and a highly developed human being is an angel.

The human form can only be perfectly measured according to a scale of twelve; and as the individual man is a type of all humanity, the whole human heaven is in the form of man, and the angels who constitute this heaven are in societies or groups, which together make up the human figure according to the exact rules of a perfect anatomy.

The order which is always extant in the celestial world can be ultimated on earth. A perfect human form is an orderly receptacle of celestial influx, and corresponds precisely with the order of celestial life. A perfect human body would be subject to continual change, as to the atoms of which it is composed, and so is it with the personnel of the angelic states which over-lighten the earth.

The same souls do not remain forever in any particular position in the universe, but as some are ready to remove to higher fields of ministry, the missions they leave behind are entrusted to others who are ready to fulfill them. There is always a guardian angel of the earth the center of a guardian sphere of souls who fulfill a parental mission, and it is through the ministrations of this sphere that souls ready to enter upon higher states receive those lessons in wisdom for which they are prepared.

Wisdom pertains to what is abiding in the realm of principle, while knowledge relates to the facts of expression.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1896.

The Work in the West.

BY MONKS HULL.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In spiritual matters I think, under ordinary circumstances, the West would be fully up to the East. I say, under ordinary circumstances. Here let it be remembered that the West has nothing like an equal chance with the East. I will at present mention only one point. That is, the farther west one goes the less money he will find, and the more he will find the people in debt.

The East lends, and the West borrows, money. It is not every one who can go to meeting, even when the meeting comes within easy reach of them. The ten cents admittance to a service, or the pro rata of the expense of a camp-meeting, which may seem a small matter to an eastern man with his well-filled purse, is a mountain to many in the West. When one is deeply in debt, with nothing with which to pay but what he can raise out of the ground, and when wheat is twenty-nine to thirty-four cents a bushel, and corn is ten to fifteen cents a bushel, as they are in this city at this time; when potatoes cannot be sold even at five cents a bushel, as is the case now in some places in Kansas, ten cents means a bushel of corn, or two bushels of potatoes. When there is no way to get money but by producing crops at such prices as these, one can readily see that an admittance to a single lecture means a bushel of corn or two bushels of potatoes. In such cases it is not every one who can afford the luxury of attending a camp-meeting.

My last work in New England was in Somersville, Conn. There are a few good Spiritualists in Somersville, but the outside world generally takes but little interest in spiritual things or in anything outside of their own work, or what occurs among themselves. This will be easily accounted for when I tell you that the town is largely made up of French woolen-mill hands. Add to this the fact that the two Sundays I spent there were the rainiest Sundays we have had for over a year, and the smallness of the audience is easy to understand. I have promised to return to Somersville, when it is hoped the weather will be more propitious.

The Spiritualists of Somersville own a beautiful hall, built by the late Calvin Hall, who, I believe, also left a sum of money to be expended in running meetings there. Meeting will be kept in this hall for years to come. Speakers and mediums desiring to work for the little band in Somersville should write to George Burlingame, the Secretary of the Society.

My next objective point was Woolley Park, Ashley, O. Several years ago the National Spiritualist and Religious Association of Ohio went to Ashley and established a camp-meeting; it proved such a success that the Association bought the grounds on which the camp was held and built a small hotel and several cottages, and has had camp there every year since. Now it has built a beautiful and commodious auditorium. They set apart Sunday, June 21, as the day on which to dedicate the auditorium, and have a general rally for the day. Meeting will be kept in this hall for years to come. Speakers and mediums desiring to work for the little band in Somersville should write to George Burlingame, the Secretary of the Society.

Mr. J. J. Beard of Columbus has finished a cottage, which he had dedicated at that time. Mr. Randolph of Ashley is also putting up a very fine cottage. Those who go to the Woolley Park Camp will note other improvements beside those named. The camp opens, if I am not mistaken, Aug. 16, and closes Sept. 1. I have not yet been to who besides Mr. Hull and myself are to be the speakers. This much I do know—the Spiritualists of Ashley are an honest and earnest people, and they will leave no stone unturned to make the meeting a success. Some of the Spiritualists in other points near by cities and villages will unite with the Ashley Spiritualists to make the Camp-Meeting of 1896 the best convocation ever held on those grounds.

From Ashley I went to Bluffton, Ind., where I spoke on Saturday night and Sunday, June 27 and 28. The meetings were gotten up by Hon. Levi Mock. Everybody respects Judge Mock, and whether they agree with him in opinion or not, they know that when he gives an opinion on any subject it is always an intelligent and does one good. I went to Bluffton to an audience where every one has the utmost confidence in the intelligence and integrity of those who get the meetings up. Mr. Mock has lived in Bluffton for more than a generation. The people have trusted him to fill various city, county and State offices; but he never betrayed their trust. They know him as an honest mayor, an honest judge, an honest legislator. They know him as a man who keeps posted on all the issues of the day; as one to whose judgment they can confide. He is a lawyer who has been before the courts for more than a generation, and yet who has never prosecuted an innocent or a guilty man. The day that each of his two sons became an agent for the Society admitted to the bar, and taken in by their father as partners. He has one son who is not yet twenty-one years old who is to be admitted to the bar, and to become a member of the Mock law firm the day he is of age.

Mr. Mock is one of the business men who has never put his "light under a bushel"; nor do his sons. There are perhaps a few more in the West who know them who do not know them to be Spiritualists. It is always safe to do just as they have done. Everybody comes to admire the integrity of such men, and they stand higher than many who cater to or who keep their honest opinions back for public favor.

The young Mocks are all very fine musicians, which added greatly to the interest of the meetings. Their mandolins, guitars, banjos, etc., have all been converted to Spiritualism, and do their part in entertaining Spiritualist audiences. Two of the meetings were held out of doors, and it did seem that there were acres of people to listen to what was said. The Sunday night meeting was in a hall, and an opera house, I think it was, and was well attended.

While at Bluffton, I got the news of the passage to the better country of my old friend, Dr. David W. Allen, formerly of Vineland, N. J., late of Hobart, Ind. He had been a friend of mine since in the early sixties; and he had many times made me promise to say the last words as he lay in his bed. I knew he had but a few days, or perhaps a few hours to live. He had his wife write to me to be sure to make an effort to be there to perform that duty. I telegraphed that if I could have the services between five and six o'clock Monday afternoon, I could attend—not otherwise. I soon received the message, "Come." I went and found a large audience, composed principally of his brother Masons.

Dr. Allen was one of the leading business men of Vineland, N. J., and was known and respected by all. Somewhere, later in life, he met with business reverses, which preyed upon his mind, and perhaps hastened his end.

I went to Chicago on business and spent three days and nights at the genial home of Brother and Sister Francis, of the *The Progressive Thinker*. I am happy to report that *The Thinker* and its father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Francis, are all in a prosperous condition. Bro. Francis has so entirely recovered from his recent attack of rheumatism that he took several bicycle rides with me. The bicycle seems to be a cure-all for him as well as for me. He and his family believe so thoroughly in the bicycle that his wife and daughter each have one, and are getting to be quite expert as riders.

I said *The Thinker* was in a prosperous condition; as Spiritualism comes more and more to the front I believe all our papers will find smoother sailing. People are getting to feel more and more that they can't keep house without two or three spiritual papers.

From Chicago I was to have gone to Lima, O., for a Saturday and Sunday meeting, but from some cause at the last moment the appointment failed. How many such cases there are! Here no doubt that this was an honest and legions failure, but how often such occurrences seem to happen on purpose. The gettng-up of meetings do not seem to realize that the speaker's time is his capital, and that it takes time to work up an appointment elsewhere. Once I got a letter less than a week before I was to have gone to a certain city to fill a month's engagement, informing me that on account of the financial condition of their



FISHING PARTY FROM THE CAMP-GROUND, LAKE GEORGE.

Lake George Camp.

The opening day, July 12, was beautiful, and, while not as large a gathering as hoped for, yet there were earnest men and women (and many States represented) too who were eager to learn of the religion of Spiritualism.

Pres. Griffin was in the chair. The platform was beautifully decorated with the wild flowers that grow so plentifully here. Mrs. Little Reynolds gave the opening address to an attentive and appreciative people, closing with vocal psychometry or voice-reading, which were very satisfactory. There was another

interesting meeting in the evening, and the camp is now fully in running order, and every face wears a bright and hopeful expression. Sunday, July 13, Prof. Walt of Fort Edward, who was announced to lecture, being unable to get here, Mrs. Reynolds again gave two very able discourses, followed by tests.

There are a number of beautiful cottages here, and the Hotel Woodfin is one of the best, if not the best camp hotel in the country. Landlord Seelye and his earnest, energetic helpmeet make every one welcome and happy, and do all in their power to entertain.

Every Tuesday and Friday a hop is given in the hall—all well attended from the several surrounding hotels. Monday evening a soap-bubble party, with prizes, was given; Wednesday evening, a progressive euchre party. Everything to please and amuse. Conferences and séances for Spiritualists, as well as other entertainments for those who do not care for them. To fully appreciate this beautiful spot, one must visit this camp, which is on the shore of the unrivalled Lake George.

A GUEST AT HOTEL WOODFIN.

Lake George, N. Y., July 23, 1896.

On account of the Lima failure, I went, by invitation of S. J. Woolley, to Woolley's Summer Beach Camp, and spoke July 4 and 5. This camp is located at what is called the Licking Reservoir, in Millersport, O. Mr. Woolley, Prof. D. M. King and Mr. Wandall formed a co-partnership and started this camp. Mr. W. has built a large hotel there, and already several cottages have been erected, and I have been in incubation, and a beautiful ground with good lawns enough within thirty miles to make it one of the largest camps in the world. There has been but little heard of Spiritualism in that part of the country, and the people are very much interested to know what Spiritualism is.

It rained or threatened rain all the time I was there; hence people from surrounding countries were generally carried out in a motor car, and I had a fair-sized and generally deeply-interested audience. If this camp is properly conducted, it will be a large and good one. It can be made a kind of Mecca for the Spiritualists of that part of the State of Ohio, or it can be made a burning disgrace to Spiritualism. I think when people say and act on the suggestion that every kind of property and the money will do for new camps, and when we get Spiritualism established there then we will get better ones, they always make a mistake. The interest gotten up by speakers and mediums who do not understand their work is usually a prejudice that it takes work and time to remove.

The water at this Beach is supposed to have some medicinal properties, and Mr. Woolley has established a sanitarium in connection with this resort. From this Camp I went via St. Louis to Winfield, Kan. Bro. Beckwith, the President of the St. Louis Society, heard I was to pass through St. Louis, and wrote for me to stop off and deliver a week-day evening lecture, which I did. I have spoken in St. Louis a great many times in the past, and sometimes to very large audiences, but seldom during the last three years, though I have had numerous invitations from each of the societies, it has been impossible for me to speak there.

I was glad to recognize so many old friends on this occasion. All seemed as glad to see me as I was to see them. I tried to show them how Spiritualism was evolved from the other religions, and how it had evolved from still earlier religions. All seemed intensely interested, and many said the most of the thoughts were entirely new to them. I was invited the next day to go across the street to meet with and address a ladies' society—I do not now remember under what name it goes; I went, and enjoyed their meeting very much. As the meeting was a ladies' society, I took that for my subject. Culture is just now the thing needed among Spiritualists.

On Thursday night, July 8, I boarded the Missouri Pacific train for Winfield, Kan., where I arrived after a journey of eighteen hours. When I arrived I found a large audience waiting for me. I was met by Bro. and Sister Sailing and their family of Derry, the real founders and backbone of the camp, were hard at work making preparations for the meetings. A more beautiful spot than Island Park, in the suburbs of the beautiful city of Winfield, cannot be found in the State of Kansas.

Camp opened as was announced, on the forenoon of the 11th, and meetings have been held three to five times a day ever since; you may be sure that this with the numerous private sittings on the grounds, keeps the people entirely too busy for any other kind of mischief. Sometimes the meetings open as early as 8 in the morning; always a test circle or conference as early as 9:30, then speaking at 11; test séance again at 2 speaking at 3, public séance at 4, and speaking at from 8:30 to 10. The principal speakers on the ground are Capt. H. H. Brown, Prof. Connett and myself. Beside that, Mrs. Theresa M. Allen of Springfield, Mo., got in late on the last Saturday of the Camp, and delivered two discourses on the last Sunday.

Capt. Brown will be remembered as having been on the spiritual rostrum years ago. He thought he could be of more use to the world as a Unitarian minister, so he went to the Unitarian school in Meadville, and went into the church, but he carried his Spiritualism with him there. The Unitarian harness proved to be a misfit, and he has kicked out of the traces. He is no deeper than ever in Spiritualism.

Prof. Connett is an educated, scholarly gentleman; a scientific man, a growing man. Beside this he is a

deeply religious man, and I think deserves encouragement. We need him every hour; he should be called into the field and kept there. He is one of the most careful and cautious men in his statements there is on the Spiritualist platform. His training as a physician and surgeon—for he was railroad surgeon for several years for one of the principal railroads; add to this his theological studies, and his experience as an earnest preacher in the pulpit, and his association with the live clergymen of the age—this, with his spotless character, combine to make him one of the teachers we need. I hope the spiritual public will see this matter as I do, and that they will keep him busy. His address at present is Topeka, Kan.

The *Daily Courier* of this city has made brief but very good reports of our meetings; so has the *Weekly Tribune*. In fact, every paper in the city has referred to the meetings in the most respectful language. A short extract from the *Free Press* will show the general trend of newspaper opinion:

"The Spiritualists are having a splendid season of ten days at Island Park in this city. They have a large number of tents occupied by families from all parts of the State. Their meetings are gaining in numbers, and considerable attention is being manifested by numbers who are not Spiritualists by confession."

"Moses Hull, the noted Spiritualist, is giving a series of lectures which is attracting a goodly number of persons who go to hear his explanations of the Bible and the prophecies of the future. There was to have been a debate between Moses Hull and some ministers who accepted the challenge to debate with him; but up to the present time the ministers have failed to materialize. Several mediums are on the grounds, and their works are mysterious to outsiders. For ourselves we acknowledge ignorance in regard to the matter of the next year in the country, but we are not willing to take 'no' for an answer."

The Spiritualists have been holding their State meetings at Derry, Kansas, but in the future they will make Island Park, Winfield, Kansas, the headquarters for their yearly meetings. Mr. Sailing of Derry is the cheerful, and any communications sent to him will be cheerfully answered.

The debate, extensively advertised and universally desired, did not come off. The church challenged over a year ago to this discussion, and the challenge was accepted; but as the time drew near, their courage oozed out. At their last séances on the subject, conditions proved unfavorable, and their speaker failed to materialize.

An organization has now been perfected and officers elected, and these grounds have been secured for a series of years to come. The prospect now is that future camps will quite equal in interest and numbers the older camps of the East. Mr. Hull and myself have been engaged for the camp next year. I greatly prefer to have the next year in the country, but they were not willing to take 'no' for an answer.

The doctors, or rather, the State Medical Association, is plotting against the liberties of the people. The plot was thoroughly exposed, and a brake put on the wheels of their machinery by Capt. H. H. Brown, in a well-timed and forceful speech, after which he failed to materialize, and the audience adopted, a course of resolutions.

The vim with which these resolutions were adopted showed that the Spiritualists assembled at the Winfield Camp meant no child's play. Ringing speeches were made by several, and the audience was enthused to an extent that would convince any one that the Spiritualists of Kansas mean business.

I cannot close this long communication without saying there were several good mediums present, all of whom did service to the Cause. I cannot remember the names of all of them at this writing; but Mrs. Hammond, from Topeka, Mrs. Hutchinson, from Kansas, and several others, did good work. Mrs. M. Knight gave many independent state-writings, which were of great value to the community. A table-tipping medium, whose name I did not get, convinced many that there is something in Spiritualism they had not known.

More anon.

The Good Work at Cassadaga Camp.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Since the writing of my last letter to the BANNER OF LIGHT, our auditorium and places of public gatherings, as well as meetings of a more private nature, have been a series of searching investigations and logical dealings with the vital issues of the hour. Perfect harmony and peace have also prevailed, and it has all been done in the light of a high inspiration.

Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing occupied the lecture hours on Saturday A. M. and Sunday A. M. The subject of the first was "Spiritualism as an Emanation"; the second, given on Sunday A. M. to a large audience, was, "Spiritualism: How it Satisfies the Heart-Hunger of the World." They were each a message to the heart. They stirred many to tears, and the large audience listened with rapt and unabated attention from beginning to finish.

Mrs. Twing occupies a large field of usefulness. She goes from here to Hamlet, N. Y., where she speaks to six sections of the Patrons of Husbandry. She then goes to the Lakeside Assembly, which is a second Chautauque, and occupies the platform with the noted divines there.

Her portrait appears in the Lakeside Assembly Catalogue, and here is what it says of her: "Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing is one of the women who, as a lecturer, is worth listening to. She has been remarkably successful in her work. A series of public lectures, which a public speaker can have is the fact of being recalled more than once to the same place. This has nearly always been the case with Mrs. Twing. Those that have heard her once are sure to wish to enjoy the treat again. Mrs. Twing will be with us the 2d and 3d of August. Her time was so nearly all engaged that those were the only dates we could secure her, notwithstanding the fact that we engaged her last February."

She goes from the Lakeside Assembly to Onset, from there to Sunapee Lake, N. H., then to Lake Pleasant. Her camp engagements end Sept. 1. She is engaged to speak at Geneva, O., two Sundays in September, and the remainder of the time at granges and county fairs, and all her winter months are already engaged.

Mrs. E. L. Watson, after her magnificent speeches here at the time of the picnic and the renewal of old associations and ties of friendship, was recalled by her many friends and officials by the management, and delivered two soul-stirring lectures, besides in other incidental ways ministering unto the soul-needs of the people.

Spiritualism primarily, and Woman's Suffrage secondarily, are the two great movements which engage Mrs. Watson's most earnest efforts. Just before Mrs. Watson left for the East, a large

mass meeting was held in San José, which was managed by Mrs. Watson, and she stood shoulder to shoulder with that veteran of suffrage, Susan B. Anthony. At that time Mrs. Watson's only daughter, Miss Lucetta A. Watson, made her first appearance on the platform. Miss Watson will be graduated from the State University next fall, and will enter the ministry in the Unitarian Church.

Monday evening a soap-bubble party, with prizes, was given; Wednesday evening, a progressive euchre party. Everything to please and amuse. Conferences and séances for Spiritualists, as well as other entertainments for those who do not care for them. To fully appreciate this beautiful spot, one must visit this camp, which is on the shore of the unrivalled Lake George.

A GUEST AT HOTEL WOODFIN.

Lake George, N. Y., July 23, 1896.

Mrs. Watson was born and reared among the rugged hills of old Chautauque, and, like Cora L. V. Richmond, was unfolded in her mediumship in our midst. Hence we have felt a tender solicitude for them, not only while they were with us, but during all the years of their labors in the vineyard of truth.

The exercises in the auditorium on Monday afternoon were a new departure, and most interesting and touching. It was brought about by Mrs. A. P. Pottling, one of the trustees, who is not only an indefatigable worker but a bountiful dispenser of ways and means for the comfort and pleasure of all.

This meeting was christened "The Pioneers' Reunion." All the old pioneers who had been workers here during years gone by, when Cassadaga was being evolved out of chaos into order and beauty, were invited to the platform, and the array of silver-crowned heads, and faces upon which the passage of many years had written their hieroglyphics, was unique and touching.

Fortunately Mrs. E. L. Watson of California, who dedicated the grounds, was present. Hon. A. Gaston was elected to the chair by a unanimous vote, and opened the meeting by fitting remarks. The choir, led by Mr. John O. Linn, seemed inspired by the occasion. "The Golden Shore" was the first selection, and it seemed at once to attract every soul to the play of sweet and tender memories. Mrs. E. L. Watson gave an invocation.

Our venerable and beloved brother, Dr. J. F. Carter, who has spent a long life in the exercise of his medical vocation, traveling all over the State, healing the sick and curing the afflicted, came forward with tottering steps and tremulous voice.

Dr. Carter was several times overcome with emotion as he attempted to recount some of his sad yet valuable experiences, and his co-workers, many of them, listened with tearful eyes. There is no medium left of his labor and experience, and Mrs. E. L. Watson has extended over so many years and into so many homes and hearts, and who is more deserving of tributes of gratitude and honor.

Dr. Carter was followed by Mrs. E. L. Watson, who voiced many golden memories and spoke prophetically of Cassadaga's bright future.

Mr. John O. Linn, of A. S. Cobb of Dun- kirk was read by President Gaston. Mr. Cobb is now considerably over 80 years of age, too feeble to come to Lily Dale, but she was here when the grounds were first laid out, and she and her husband, who was one of the trustees, were valiant workers. The letter was spirited and touching, and met a hearty response from the old comrades.

Mrs. Sage, Mrs. Purp and Mrs. Burtis, all of whom are now on the shady side of 80, some of them nearing 90, gave their experience.

Mrs. Tillmuth gave an account of the beginning and growth of the Marion Skidmore Library.

Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing spoke of her experiences. Mr. J. T. Little, who has been here 14 years, spoke up for the friends of self-education, and Mrs. E. L. Watson closed the interesting exercises by giving a glowing and deserved tribute to our beloved ardent sister, Mrs. Marion H. Skidmore.

Dr. George A. Fuller of Worcester, Mass., has spoken here three times. He closed his engagement on Wednesday, the 22d. He has drawn large audiences from the first, and his scope of thought and cogent reasoning have challenged the admiration of all who heard him.

His camp engagements for the remainder of the season are at Natick, Conn., Queen City Park, Onset and Madison Lake.

On Sunday P. M., the 19th, a large audience listened with rapt attention to his truly eloquent and forcible utterances. His subject was "Spiritualism as Related to Modern Science." It was one of the best lectures ever given upon this platform, and was so conceded by those who heard him.

The conference hour of Thursday morning, July 23, was again given to the mediums, and several splendid tests and psychometrical readings were given. Dr. Temple of San Francisco, Mrs. Lyman of Chicago, Mrs. Myra F. Payne of Lily Dale, Mrs. Dean of Mexico, and Mrs. Chalmers of Lily Dale, gave fine exhibitions of their gifts.

The reception given at the "Leolyn" by Señor De Orta, the Spanish Count, and his charming wife, on the evening of the 22d, delighted all who attended. Madame De Orta gave an impromptu talk upon the science of palmistry, which was at once instructive and edifying. She argues that the conformation of the hand and lines upon the palm are perfect revelations, not only of the character but of the prominent events in one's life. Her piano solos and musical renditions were artistic and charming.

The Señor gave a little talk upon psychometry, his favorite theme, and one which he has sounded to its depths, and in which he has had an extended, practical and experimental experience. On the present occasion he also gave some striking tests of his psychometric powers. He has organized a class, and his pupils feel that they are being helped to a clearer insight into the science than they have ever before had.

Friday, the 24th, was a most dismal, rainy day; but a goodly number of people turned out to the Lyceum exhibition, and showed a marked interest in the Lyceum exercises, in the object lesson given by Miss Austin to her kindergarten class, and in the pleasant talk given by Rev. Washington to the children.

In the afternoon, though the rain poured down and flooded the streets, Rev. L. V. Moulton was greeted by a large audience, who listened with rapt attention and frequent applause to the presentation of his thoughts, which were the product of years of research, keen analytical investigation and mature reflection. His subject was: "The Vibration or Wave Theory of Sound and Light. The phonograph and telephone as illustrations of the application thereof, and their significance in relation to thought, memory and mental phenomena."

An attempt to give even a glimpse of a production so analytical, so scientific and yet so clear and understandable, would be preposterous on our part.

Mr. Moulton is to give a course of three public lectures, also a special course on economic subjects. These lectures will, we believe, be of inestimable value to those seeking information in this field of thought.

Mrs. E. S. Lake arrived the 22d, and is to speak this afternoon. ORPHEA E. HAMMOND.

Lily Dale, N. Y., Saturday, July 25, 1896.

Lake Brady, Ohio.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Brady Lake is beautiful under all conditions. The trees seem greener, the flowers fresher and sweeter, and the sunbeams more radiantly bright in their reflections, after a sharp shower. The lake has risen nearly two feet, and is clear as filtered water.

This neighborhood abounds in lakes and frog ponds. Pippin, Sandy, Silver, Muggy, George, and the Twin Lakes are among our neighbors.

Pleasant weather is now striving to assert itself, and people have faith that it will succeed, for several new camps have just been established, and Lake Brady is as lively as at any time during its existence.

The conferences grow more and more interesting. Mrs. A. E. Sheets and Oleg Wright have been our speakers during the past week, and have made a fine record, the former with her graceful yet powerful spirituality, and the latter with his caustic, intellectual apostolicism. We quote briefly from both: Oleg Wright says: "There is nothing higher than intellect, reason; emotions of love are subordinate. We progress through intelligence, not emotions. Intelligence can get along better without love than love without intelligence. You say God is love. He is not. He is power. Now, if you can define power, you can define God."

It is impossible, in our brief space, to give the faintest outline of the brilliant, but often contradictory thoughts emanating from this singularly gifted man. We compliment him by saying that those who differ from him most from the last, would admit of his speaking under control, he gave away a number of different influences, expressing sentiments at variance with his normal utterances.

Mrs. Sheets says: "If Spiritualists would live up to their highest ideals, every home would have its sacred altar, dedicated to the dear ones who have gone before, when the two worlds might meet and mingle without the need of public séances rooms. Mediumship is not a special gift. All have it, and yet it should develop naturally. The purer and cleaner we are physically and morally, the higher influences we attract."

Maggie Gaulle still continues to mystify the skeptical and delight the Spiritualists with her singularly correct delineations, with messages and full names of departed friends. People are here from all parts of the country, and her audiences are constantly changing, yet Miss Gaulle goes into their distant homes and their past lives, with startling exactness.

Mr. Charles Thomas of Cleveland, who is an undertaker, was confronted with several persons for whom he had performed the last offices, and the spirit returned in his soldier's clothes as a means of recognition; another beat upon a drum and rattled the brass buttons of a blue coat, as he struck it repeatedly upon the floor. He had been a musician, and brought strains of music as though an orchestra was playing.

Another spirit, who had died in old age, assumed the form of a decrepit woman, knitting a blue stocking, as a means of recognition. Mrs. Thomas Black of Cleveland received a test from a deceased uncle, whom she declared she had never heard from since his demise. He had failed to do her justice in regard to property—she being his rightful heir. He represented himself as constantly counting money, that was rustling in his hands.

The seriousness of the questions discussed at the Auditorium, and the communications with departed loved ones in the séance room, which form the basis of Spiritualism, must have an occasional respite. Realizing this, our Camp held a jubilee in the form of a burlesque entertainment: A "Police Court" was represented by several mock trials. The "Sunny South" bloomed forth in all the glory of burnt cork. "Black Path" and "Black Path" were good representations. The artistic singing and dancing of children of the famous Haines Family Concert Company, and several fine recitations, added to make the entertainment a financial and social success.

Deil Herlick is proving himself as good a chairman as we ever had. He still holds an occasional trumpet séance. He and Hugh, who have combined their séances upon one or two occasions with good effect.

A permanent Woman's Association has now been established at Lake Brady. The fair on the 30th and 31st, and "Woman's Day," Aug. 13, will be their first regular work.

Is there a spot where human kind Can break the shackles of the mind, And freedom's heritage be gained?

Where is it we may go to rest, Where peace may dwell within the breast, Away from fashion's stern behest?

What is that place of which we hear, Where we can touch the higher sphere, And meet the friends we love so dear?

To find what makes this earthly show, The cause of things, to seek the how, Immortal life, where shall we go?

Then meet us in this happy place, Where Nature's wonders interlace, And Heaven and Earth stand face to face—

July 23, 1896. MRS. M. McCASLIN.

Mrs. BAILEY, of Pittsburg, Pa., writes: "We are having a grand time here at Lake Brady. New arrivals, plenty of fun, and crowded hotels and fine mediums. One of the finest is Maggie Gaulle of Baltimore, Md.; she is a real missionary, and does not hesitate to use her powers freely; she is a general favorite of the Camp."

National Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting

At Parkland, Eden P. O., Bucks Co., Pa., (Philadelphia & Reading Railroad, New York Division), will convene from July 12 to September 14, 1896.

There will be meetings every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 2:45 P. M.; also Wednesday afternoon and evening. Good mediums will be upon the grounds at all times. Lectures and interesting conferences will be conducted by Rev. J. H. McElroy, Mr. C. H. Barry, Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, Mr. Samuel Wheeler, Mrs. A. C. Barry, Hon. Thomas M. Locke, Capt. F. J. Keller, aided by mediums Mrs. E. Cutler, Mrs. S. A. Anthony, Mrs. M. Jennings, Mrs. S. Faust, Mrs. Minnie Brown, and other talent.

Trains leave Reading Terminal on Sundays at 8:07 and 8:30 A. M., 1:10, 1:30, 3:02, 4:20 and 6:38 P. M. From Third and Berks streets, 1:20 and 4:20 P. M. On week days, leave Terminal Station at 8:32 and 9:47 A. M., 1:30, 2:17, 4:17, 5:17, 6:16, 7:12, 9:17 and 11:17 P. M., and from Third and Berks Street Station at 1:15 and 6:07 P. M. Returning trains leave at convenient hours. Sunday trains leave Trenton 6:58 A. M., 4:50 and 3:58 P. M.

Tickets obtained on orders from Philadelphia points for 65 cents good for 15 days. From Trenton for 50 cents. Orders may be had from W. H. Jones, 1918 Market street, Miss Mary Humphries, 534 N. Tenth street, W. H. Morrill, 221 Chestnut street, Miss A. Bronson, 226 E. Chelton Avenue, Germantown, or from any of the committee in Philadelphia, and from H. Hibbard in Trenton, or Mrs. A. B. Fulmer at Parkland.

Cottages to rent by the month or for the season. Apply to Mrs. Fulmer. Meals furnished by Mrs. Hoff. Select parties every Thursday and Saturday evenings by Prof. Wilson of Bristol.

Change cars at Jenkintown.

MEETINGS IN BROOKLYN.