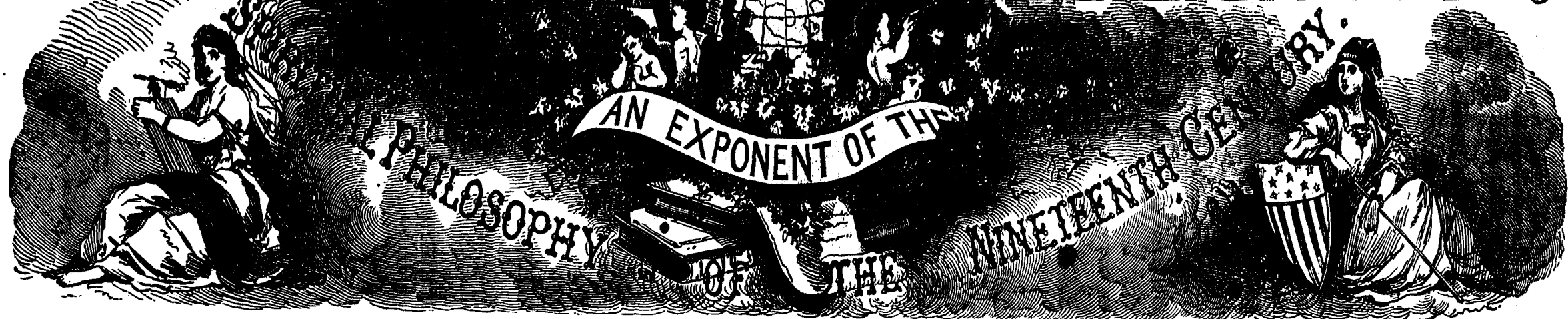


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. 79.

{Banner of Light Publishing Co.,
9 Bowditch St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1896.

{ \$2.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 23.

For the Banner of Light. AN ANGEL'S SMILE. — BY COSMOS.

An angel sometimes smiles on me,
When sorrow presses like a pall,
And darkness, shadows, sorrows, flee—
For "Mother's love is over all."

Her smile is like the bluish dawn
That tints the sky with rosy gleams,
A herald of approaching morn
From out the sun's returning beams;

Or like the moonbeam's tender play,
That bathes with beauty hill and vale,
Cooling the fevered brow of day,
While breathing peace o'er sea and dale;

Or like a note from seraph's song,
That floats down far fields of light,
Dropping its melody along
The starry pathways of the night.

An angel sometimes smiles on me
When Duty's voice is heard to call;
I may not question what shall be,
For "Mother's love is over all."

Oh, when this little bark of Life
Drifts down the bay of Death to sea,
And ended are these scenes of strife,
May that dear angel smile on me.

Salem, Ore.

The Necessity and Universality of Spiritualism: With Evidence of its Earlier Manifestation.

BY GEORGE A. BACON.

There are two courses of Nature—the ordinary and the extraordinary.—*Butler's Analogy.*
The natural condition of humanity is alliance with the spiritual.—*William Howitt.*

Each department of man's nature—social, intellectual, moral and spiritual, which ascending grade indicates their relative importance—has its own legitimate demands. If these are appropriately nourished and consistently cultivated, he grows unto the stature of a perfect man. If they are not suitably met, he becomes proportionately dwarfed, for no less than his physical nature does his higher faculties require adapted sustenance and exercise.

The history of the Church is the history of man's effort to administer to his innate sense of worship—the wants of his religious nature. Crude in its beginning, in the hands of selfish men it became diverted from its original purpose, subsequently resulting in a system of ecclesiasticism compounded of tradition, supernaturalism and faith, and which from time immemorial has largely dominated the religious thought and belief of mankind. Within this priestly government, this church organization, spiritual liberty has had no home.

All through the ages man's dream has been for a system of religious thought commensurate in all particulars with the highest demands of his constantly-growing intelligence; that which not only responds to his augmenting scientific knowledge, but which equally supplies his every spiritual aspiration. Failing to have these prime necessities of his intellectual nature satisfied, the natural desires of his heart appeared, or the longings of his soul-nature supplied, materialism has flourished and its disciples have increased despite all combinations of Church and despotism of the State. Antagonisms, desperate and prolonged, mark the development of all progressive theological ideas. Born amid bloodshed, toleration has had to fight for a foothold and a continued existence.

That religious inquiry, spiritual truth, a higher conception of our eternal relationship, the utterance of religious convictions, the voicing of man's deepest intuitions, should always have been opposed by the church—with the sword, when conditions permitted; when otherwise, with the spirit, it always represents—is the one monstrous inconsistency of man's nature, the most appalling anomaly of all time.

Spiritualism came at its own appointed time and in a manner to serve its special purpose, without man's dictation; and its progress has been made independent of his control. Its coming was not heralded by the blare of trumpets. No "pride and pomp and circumstance" of earthly surroundings attended upon its entrance to the world. Its first announcement was neither to the church nor to the dignitaries of the land. Its advent was to the humble and the lowly. Fashion and Respectability have ever decried its recognition. From its birth Bigotry and Prejudice have sought to destroy its life. Its truest home has ever been among the unprejudiced, the independent, liberty-loving and intelligent in all lands, while sorrowing hearts everywhere have been made to rejoice at its revelations.

It came at a time when the church seemed powerless to stay the flood of disbelief arising in all directions; when faith, as an indispensable element of Christian doctrine, was in an eclipse; when skepticism, relative to a conscious existence after physical death, was rapidly increasing; when among representative thinkers, scientists and savants throughout the civilized world, the leading doctrines of Christianity were being openly repudiated; when atheism, materialism, agnosticism and other phases of a general system of Negation, were adding to its ranks constantly; in short, at a time when the need was most pressing and the heart of humanity was most sorely bereft, the sun of Spiritualism arose with its answering demands of the soul for "light, more light."

The assumption that "there is nothing that fear or hope will not make men believe" became, under the ecclesiastical influence of those in place and power, the basis of a leading dogma of the Church; and thus it was that, for many centuries of priestly dominion, the element of fear, one of the strongest of human instincts, emotions or passions, was made to serve as a controlling factor in support of a theology which doomed the vast majority of the human race to endless perdition. To-day the struggle is still sought to be maintained with all the power of church machinery at command.

The baleful effects of this single doctrine of everlasting suffering are seen, in part, in the terrible bias it has given to the religious thought of Christendom—in warping its judgment and stultifying its reason.

No pen, even of inspiration, can justly describe the more than mortal agonies occasioned by this one dogma of eternal damnation, which horrible perversion of the truth the Church has sought to enforce through its twenty centuries of history.

No thought more malign than this was ever presented for acceptance to the credulity of mankind; no more monstrous libel, no greater injustice was ever conceived toward

that Intelligence and Power, that "trinity of divinity"—Love, Wisdom, Truth—represented by that name which men in all ages have united in calling God.

But while those occupying commanding positions of influence and trust may, through the union of Church and State, issue edicts in the name of the Church, and cause them to be enforced for indefinite periods, in the face of their repugnance, injustice and opposition, there comes a time when these decrees are overthrown, when these earlier and cruder notions are superseded by higher and juster conceptions of man's relationship in all that pertains to his immortal life.

That there was a necessity for a New Dispensation, with all that that implies, to supplement the Old, with power to make good its claims, to prove its spiritual origin, its divine mission through demonstration and revelation, is made plain by the very fact of its coming—by what it has already done to reunite broken hearts, to assuage human grief and comfort the sorrowing, to restore lost hope, to light the future with the glorious rays of demonstrated immortality.

That the time was also ripe for its coming is seen in what has been said as to the prevailing condition of thought and temper of mind at the date of its advent, and subsequently in the diffusion of spirit intelligence, the waning influence of popular theology, the development of liberalism, the growing independence of the people and the trend of humanitarianism—to all of which it has proved a positive factor, a dominant aid.

It is further especially seen in what it is known to have accomplished during the past half-century of its modern revelations—in spanning the Bridge of Change called Death; in opening up a broad highway between two hemispheres of existence; in its multitudinous evidences of proven spirit-return; in its demonstrations of direct personal spirit association; in establishing and maintaining systematic telegraphic communication between mortals on both sides of the Great Divide; in substituting absolute knowledge for hope and faith as to the life Beyond; and in making practical a conscious spiritual union with loved ones "over there."

Its coming proved a necessary, supplementary addition to the old—a development, through evolution, of a more philosophical recognition of man's spiritual nature and of his relation to a future life.

Its coming was an answering demand for light and knowledge concerning the continuity of human consciousness beyond the grave. Its coming not only answered affirmatively Job's everlasting inquiry, "If a man die, shall he live again?" but it further proved that man never dies—"what seems so is transition"; that he no more dies than does the grub die when it emerges from its chrysalis state and enters upon a higher grade of existence. It is held that the analogy is perfect.

Its coming has proven beyond peradventure that the unfleshed man, in esse, is the same as when clothed upon with mortality; that parting with the body makes no essential difference to the animating principle—the eternal ego.

Through its coming, among its other blessings, it has incidentally added to the world's stock of reading matter a new branch of literature, flooding the public mind with spiritual light and knowledge. It has simplified and extended the art of healing, revealing to the ordinary mind some real insight into Nature's laws and processes; it has partially revolutionized the system of medical practice by adopting newly-recognized forces and elements as potentially curative agents; it has also disclosed causative facts, hitherto unknown, concerning the origin and nature of disease.

Through Medical Psychology more wisely adapted means have been successfully substituted for many of the drugs and substances of *materia-medica*—in the presence of which, it is confessed, "the diplomated medical science of the day stands in dumb amazement."

It has modified the hitherto orthodox views of doctrinal theology to that extent that the church, in many instances, has virtually abandoned its dogmatic assumptions. Faith no longer is made to serve blindly; it has grown to be open-eyed. Belief now requires substantial evidence for its acceptance. Creeds have so changed their character as to necessitate being rewritten to meet the demands of a more enlightened reason. Progressive minds within the church, smitten with independent thought, are leavening with their measure of liberalism the whole mass of Christian believers. Trials for heresy on the part of recognized leaders in Orthodoxy are growing fatally fashionable, being supported by a majority of the laity.

Thus, largely through the indirect as well as direct influence of Spiritualism, the foundations of a natural religion are being laid broad and deep, to meet the necessities of our dual nature; a religion born of human needs and of man's spiritual relationship; a religion based upon demonstrated facts interpreted and established by the strictest rules alike of physical and psychological science; a religion provable by induction and deduction applied to countless facts of human experience, which have their origin in the soul-nature of man.

"The spirit grows with its allotted spaces—
The mind is narrowed in a narrow sphere."

The distinguishing feature between Spiritualism as a form or basis of religion and the more popular systems of religion of the past; between the verities of this modern revelation and the familiar faiths of the earlier theologies, is practically this: One rests on facts, the other on belief; one is a matter of demonstration, the other of speculation. The difference is no less favorable than fundamental.

Unlike the religions of the past, Spiritualism asks not acceptance, save as it appeals with irresistible power to the highest reason and deepest consciousness of the individual soul. It calls not for faith in insoluble mysteries, but for facts in nature, facts in human experience. As the cry of the old was Believe, the mandate of the new is Investigate. Consistently, it damns not for honest doubt; it saves not for mere belief.

Realizing its inherent truth, it welcomes a proper spirit of disbelief, for it is evermore saying, dissent till doubts dissolve, knowing that "as the scale of the balance must give way to the weight that presses it down, so the mind must of necessity to demonstration."

EVIDENCE.

On what do the foundations of Spiritualism rest? What of the kind and character of its evidence? The authorities define Evidence as that which "includes all the means by which any alleged matter of fact, the truth of which is submitted to investigation, is established or disproved." (*Greenleaf on Evidence*.) "Any proof, be it the testimony of men, records or writings." (*Cowell*.) "Proof arising from our own perceptions by the senses, or from the testimony of others, or from inductions of reason." (*Webster*.) Evidence and proof are used as synonymous, says Blackstone. Evidence varies in kind as in degree. Intuitive

evidence irresistibly demands and commands belief without any process of argumentation; "which perceives the truth as the eye doth the light, by being directed toward it."

Inductive evidence, on which the physical sciences rest, and which "infers, respecting a whole class, what has been ascertained respecting one or more individuals of that class"—is employed in the confirmation or evolution of unknown from known truths. Deductive evidence is that which supports conclusions drawn from established facts; is the evolving of a particular truth from a general principle antecedently known; and it is that on which the mathematical and metaphysical sciences are founded.

Direct evidence is furnished by personal experience; indirect, by others. Demonstrative evidence, as the term implies, is mathematical in its character, and applies to necessary, while moral or probable evidence applies to contingent truth.

The evidences of Christianity are usually classed under three heads—external, internal and collateral. The first seeks to demonstrate the authenticity, credibility and divine authority of the Scriptures. Internal evidence deals with the moral excellence of the doctrines taught, their consistency with the character of Deity and their tendency to promote the happiness of men. Collateral evidence is drawn from the history of Christianity itself; from its diffusion; its effects upon society, etc.

Practically, however, all the facts which evidence brings before us may be referred to two sources—through our own perceptive faculties, or the observation of others.

The character of evidence depends upon the reliability or non-reliability—upon the character of the witness. Naturally enough, each person feels to rely most strongly upon the knowledge gained through his or her own faculties. Than the facts of consciousness there is nothing of which one is more assured. Our subjective existence is made up of these facts. They become ourselves. Consciousness implies the normal, awakened condition, or use of all or any of our faculties; unconsciousness denotes the suspension of these faculties. "Consciousness," says one, "is the necessary knowledge which the mind has of its own operations. In knowing, it knows that it knows; . . . it possesses the power and act of self-recognition." Hence the greatest confidence is felt by each one concerning many controverted matters which come, as it were, before the judgment-seat of his own reason, the Supreme Court of his own individual soul.

What are the evidences of the phenomena occurring through media being of spiritual origin? Is the spiritual hypothesis a true one?

As evidence of the truthfulness of the phenomena, and in verification of its claims, let it be remembered that there are some twenty kinds of manifestations, which appeal to us objectively and subjectively, the facts of which, arising from each kind, not only warrant but necessitate the acceptance of the spiritual theory. The aggregation of these indisputable facts (resulting from the various kinds of manifestations) overwhelm the mind in favor and support of the Spiritual Philosophy. The variety of these manifestations being familiar to most readers, their special mention here is unnecessary. But consider for a moment one phase of the physical manifestations—the moving or lifting of ponderable bodies without physical contact. Thousands upon thousands have witnessed this kind of manifestation in every section of the country under such crucial test conditions that utterly preclude all possibility of deception. Knowing that the potency and power inherent in matter, every particle of which to be overcome from a state of rest, requires a corresponding measure of force—the fundamental law of mechanics; what does even one such unquestioned manifestation clearly prove? Within the realm of reason no effect of this kind could be produced without adequate cause; yet it has been repeatedly produced in the writer's presence and in the presence of thousands of intelligent men and women, and no ordinary cause was visible, nor is any ordinary cause known whereby it can be satisfactorily accounted for. It must therefore have been produced by an extraordinary cause, which, it is claimed, was no less than spiritual, and directed by those who knew how, by substitution, to overcome, for the time being, the law of gravitation. What is the candid, impartial inquirer going to do with facts of this character, for the evidence of which many reliable, trustworthy witnesses have the majority of their senses—sight, sound and feeling? When considering these matters how can a fair, an honest or a just man ignore or repudiate such testimony, remembering the fact that "to believe human testimony is as much a part of our nature as to require food."

Applying the principle of inductive reasoning, the source of which is founded in observation, to the multitude of genuine facts of every kind and class, growing out of the physical phenomena, and how far short of the highest degree of moral certainty becomes that evidence which sustains the spiritual hypothesis?

Take another phase: It is an axiom in metaphysics—the science of mental phenomena—that intelligence must proceed either from mind in the form or from mind out of the form—the embodied or the so-called disembodied. No other sources are recognized.

Now, when it is a common experience, proven in numberless instances, that statements are made and subsequently verified, that intelligence is imparted and information given beyond all ordinary sources of knowledge, either of the party receiving it or the party through whom it is conveyed, and often beyond the knowledge of any person living—it follows of necessity that this intelligence must proceed from a disembodied source. No other explanation will suffice, and this, moreover, is a perfectly rational one.

"There are two courses of nature," says Bishop Butler, in his "Analogy," "the ordinary and the extraordinary," and one is as lawful as the other.

The intuitional evidences of mankind are in entire harmony with and directly support the spiritual hypothesis.

As profoundly significant of the verity of Spiritualism and in confirmation of the truthfulness of the distinctive teachings of the Spiritual Philosophy, is the everlasting fact that, amid the infinite variety of human beliefs as collective expressions of the religious element in man, we find that these simple, grand, yet central and eternal truths are common to the soul of man, namely, a belief in immortality; in the nearness of the immortal world and a belief in some form of communion between the two worlds. Hence the idea so prevalent among all people, in every age and clime, of this instinctive faith. Hence the nymphs and nereids of mythology, the priestesses of Pagan nations, the consulting of oracles, the predictions of the Sibyls, the thirty thousand gods of the Greeks, the Druids of Celtic Europe, the Undines of Germany, the Banshees of Ireland, the second sight of the Scotch Highlanders.

(Continued on second page.)



DR. C. W. HIDDEN.

Dr. C. W. Hidden of Newburyport, Mass., the subject of this sketch, is regarded as, in many ways, a remarkable man. He comes of sturdy old Essex County stock, of a family conspicuous for mental vigor and virility, as well as prominence in the business world, the ministry, medicine and law.

The Doctor early gave evidence of forensic ability, and friends agreed to educate him for the ministry or law, as he might elect; he wished to become a physician, but, yielding to the persuasions of associates, he began a course of home reading, preparatory to entering upon regular study for the ministry.

While thus engaged, a physician loaned him a copy of Paine's "Age of Reason"; the opposition of his clerical adviser to this book roused his curiosity, and he determined to read it, and other works of like nature. The result may be surmised: The ministry lost an advocate; the lad rebounded to the opposite extreme, and became a pronounced atheist.

During the great red ribbon movement of 1873-4, he came prominently before the New England public as an advocate of temperance, being known as the "boy orator" and "boy reformer"; thousands of drinking men left their cups by reason of his earnest pleading, and he carried sunshine and happiness into hundreds of homes.

Later on he drifted into newspaper work, and, for thirteen years, was known as one of the most original, daring and persistent newspaper men of Northern Essex.

One evening, at a dinner party, Spiritualism became the topic of conversation; the Doctor (at that time a newspaper reporter) took very decided ground against spiritualistic manifestations, and was challenged by a member of the party to investigate the mental phenomena of Spiritualism. Relying upon his acknowledged skill in hypnotism, and white and black magic, to aid in the overthrow and defeat of mediums, he promptly accepted the challenge.

At the very beginning of his investigations the spirit-world took him in hand, and he was quickly developed as a trance medium, with superior inspirational, clairvoyant, clairaudient and psychometric gifts besides. He kept his development to himself, and was so determined to find some other explanation for the phenomena, that he plodded on in his careful, painstaking investigations for five years, before he would admit the spiritual hypothesis tenable. At the expiration of this period he was forced to yield to the weight of evidence, and declared himself a Spiritualist; since that time he has been brought gradually to the notice of Spiritualists, north and south, and is coming to be looked upon as an able champion of the Cause.

He made his first appearance upon the spiritualistic platform at Derry Depot, N. H., Dec. 29, 1889, under the personal management of Hon. James Priest. Soon afterward he gave to the world, through the columns of *The Progressive Thinker*, his "Great Beyond Series" of addresses.

On July 23, 1891, he spoke at Lake Pleasant, his first appearance at a Spiritualist camp-meeting, and since that time has lectured occasionally at various points, as he could spare the time from his practice.

Dr. Hidden's addresses are prepared under direct inspiration, in the following manner: When in the "writing mood," as he expresses it, he retires to his office to induce the subjective state. While in this state a sheet filled with a double-column of writing is let down at one end of the office, and he copies the writing; at times he questions statements or criticizes forms of speech, and instantly the invisible operator makes the necessary corrections. At times on the stage he lays his manuscript aside, when, as one journal puts it, "he becomes entrancingly eloquent." He possesses an easy, graceful stage presence, and is regarded as an exceptionally gifted speaker. He has a peculiar charm over an audience, and holds their attention closely from the start.

He possesses remarkable gifts as a hypnotist and healer, and his record of cures by the "laying on of hands" is something to marvel at; he has possessed both gifts from boyhood, and, by the aid of his powers, he has literally made the blind to see, the lame walk and the deaf hear.

Dr. Hidden is a regularly registered physician, and is just entering upon his eighth year of practice; he practices regular medicine, blending therewith his powers as a hypnotist and healer, and meeting with very excellent success.

Aside from his practice, lectures and exhibitions, Dr. Hidden finds time for literary work and social duties, as well as the oversight of private business interests; he is courteous and kindly, has a pleasant word for everybody, and is devotedly attached to children. Children have access to him at all times. He is always ready to welcome the little folks; and so loyal is he to children, and the children to him, that it is frequently remarked that "if children could vote, Dr. Hidden would be elected President three hundred and sixty-five days in the year."

During the present camp-meeting season he has appeared at Onset and Niantic; he will be at Lake Pleasant from Aug. 9 to 14; Queen City Park, Aug. 16 to 21, and Lake Brady, Aug. 23 to Sept. 1. He is being urged to visit California, New Mexico and the South the coming winter, and before another camp-meeting season rolls round he expects to visit Europe and India.

No false theory about the stars ever endangered the light of any single one of them.—*Minot J. Savage.*

The Necessity and Universality of Spiritualism.

(Continued from first page.)

Hence the fairies and elfs of past ages, the medicine men and prophet lodges of the Indians, the ghosts and haunted places of our own day—whence all these if they are not common to the nature of man?

It is an axiom in mental science that whatever is common and instinctive to the nature of man must have a foundation in nature itself.

Says Dr. Samuel Johnson: "That the dead are seen no more I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages and of all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those who never heard of one another would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience could render credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues confess it by their fears."

Verily the intuitions of mankind favor and support the spiritual theory no less emphatically than satisfactorily.

The historical evidence which confirms the spiritual hypothesis is overwhelming, both in quantity and quality, and extends uninterruptedly from the earliest records to the present hour. The Hindu religion—the oldest known to man—teaches the doctrine of attendant spirits, and also of a subtle, invisible body within the material body. Hesiod and Homer, poets who flourished nearly one thousand years before Jesus, repeatedly avow their belief in guardian spirits, and none so well as poets know how to express the popular faiths of their people. Hesiod, who speaks of himself as being inspired by mighty Jove, says:

"Invisible, the gods are ever nigh,
Pass through the midst and bend the all-seeing eye. . . .
For three ten thousand holy demons rove
This breathing world, the immortals sent from Jove;
Guardians of men, their glance alike surveys
The upright judgments and the unrighteous ways. . . .

Earth-wandering spirits that their chance began
The ministers of good and guards of man;
Hovering, they glide to earth's extremest bound—
A cloud aerial veils their forms around—
And mark, with earnest vigilance of eyes,
Where justice deeds live or crooked wrongs arise."

The testimony of Herodotus is so full and explicit as to warrant special attention. He visited Egypt some four hundred years before Christ to collect materials from the priests, who were celebrated for having carefully preserved the records of past ages, and whose history has come down safely to the present time; he says the following prayer was repeated at the Egyptian funerals: "Deign, ye gods who give life to men, to give a favorable judgment of the soul of the deceased, that it may pass to the eternal gods"; which shows that a conscious state of existence after death was a common and publicly accepted belief five hundred years before the advent of Christianity. This historian specifies upwards of seventy instances of oracular responses, dreams, omens, prodigies, etc., occurring among the Greeks, which are related as facts, and as having been singularly verified by the events.

After reciting many predictions made by oracles, and their marvelous fulfillment, he adds: "I dare not myself say anything in contradiction of oracles, nor do I approve it in others." (*Uranica*, 77.) One well-known writer says, in the whole of the great struggle between the Greeks and Persians, the oracles were extremely explicit, and always correct; and as Herodotus was then living, he could draw his information from these most unquestionable sources. As to the veracity of Herodotus, his translator, Dr. Thomas Gaisford, late Dean of Christ Church, and Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford, says: "There is probably no author, whether ancient or modern—the inspired writers excepted—who deserves to be placed before him in the scale of truth and accuracy."—*Introduction*, p. 31.

Pythagoras asserted that souls were immortal and pre-existent; were real entities, distinct from the body in which they may for a time be enveloped. He declares that "the intelligent soul has a subtle body of its own, which protects it from the gross outer body."

Plato says that between God and man are the spirits, who are always near us, though commonly invisible to us, and who know all our thoughts. They are intermediate between gods and men. He also says: "The demons direct man often in the quality of guardian spirits, in all his actions, as witness the demon of Socrates." (*Apol.*, p. 31-40.) Again he says: "A deity has deprived them of the powers of their senses, and employs them as his ministers and oracles—singers and divine prophets, in whom sense is not present which we may know it is they to whom sense is not present who speak what is valuable, but the god himself who speaks, and through them addresses us; . . . poets are nothing else but interpreters of the gods (or spirits) possessed by whatever deity they may happen to be."

"One Supreme Providence governs the world, and genii participate with him in its administration. To these genii have been given, amongst different people, different names and different honor."—*Plutarch* in "Iris and Osiris."

"Spiritual forces move the visible world."—*Empedocles*, "Carmine," v. 11-15.

"Souls are the motive forces of the universe, according to Thales."—*Diog. Laert.* i. 14.

"Spirits announce to man secret things and foretell the future."—*Pythagoras*, *Diog. Laert.* viii. 32.

"All these invisible beings are as substantial as the material beings."—*Aristotle's "Physics,"* iv. 2, 3.

Esculapius had a temple at Tarns, where it was common to make invocations to the dead.

Lao-tse and Kong-fu-tse (*Confucius*), early Chinese philosophers and teachers, who antedate the Christian era more than five hundred years, inculcate the worship of spirits and ceremonial observances to the soul of ancestors. Howitt says: "They taught that there existed guardian spirits; that the visible world is in constant rapport with the invisible; that both good and evil spirits surround us—nay, are within us; they are cognizant of our inmost thoughts, and recount them in heaven; that household spirits, or penates, record all our actions and deliver in their account to heaven on the last day of every moon."

And the greatest orator of ancient times thus testifies to the spiritual facts of his day, which are so plentifully duplicated in our day:

Cicero says: "They whose minds, scorning the limitations of the body, . . . behold things which they predict. . . . The worship of the gods is not to be imputed to chance or folly, but to the frequent appearance of the gods themselves. Their voices have been often heard, and they have appeared in forms so visible that he who doubts it must be hardened in stupidity or impiety." Again he says: "To natural divination belongs that which does not take place from supposition, observations or well known signs, but arises from an inner state and activity of the mind, in which men are enabled, by an unfettered advance of the soul, to foretell future things. . . . Of this description are the oracles—not such as are grounded on acquired signs, but those which arise from an inner and a divine source. If we laugh at predictions, . . . if we turn to ridicule the Babylonians and Caucasians, who believe in celestial signs and who observe the number and course of the stars; if, as I have said, we condemn all these for their superstition and folly, which, as they maintain, is founded upon the experience of fifty centuries and a half, let us, in that case, also call the belief of ages imposture; let us burn our records and say that everything was but imagination. But is the history of Greece a lie, when Apollo foretold the future through the oracles of the Laedemonians and Corinthians? I will leave all as it is, but this I must defend: that the gods influence and care for human affairs. The Delphian oracle would never have become so celebrated nor so overwhelmed by presents from every king and every nation, if every age had not experienced the truth of its predictions. The power of the earth which moved the soul of Pythia with its divine breath may have vanished through age, as rivers are dried up or take other courses; but the

fact is there, and always will be, without we overturn history itself! . . . Divine prophecy lies hidden and confined in the inner recesses of the mind; and the soul, without reference to the body, can be moved by a divine influence."

Again, what can be more emphatic or pertinent than this?

"From the heroic times there has been a universally received belief among all nations that the power of soothsaying, of presentiment—a knowledge of future things—is to be found among men. Certainly a glorious gift, through which mortal nature becomes like to the gods. I am acquainted with no people—either civilized or savage, learned or ignorant—which does not believe in these things, and that some individuals are able to foresee the future. Is it not, therefore, presumption to endeavor to overthrow things firmly fixed and venerable, by age, through calumny?"

Thus much of Cicero's testimony.

Lucan, in his "Pharsalia," when lamenting the loss of oracles, says: "The greatest misfortune of our age is to have lost that admirable gift of heaven. The oracle of Delphi has become silent since kings feared the future, and no longer desired to hear the verdict of the gods." Titus, in a speech to his soldiers, encouraging them to deeds of valor, is reported as saying: "For what man of virtue is there who does not know that those souls which are severed from their fleshly bodies in battles by the sword, and received by the ether, that purest of elements, and joined to that company which are placed among the stars—that they become good demons (spirits) and propitious heroes, and show themselves as such to their posterity afterward?"

Verily, the evidence on this point grows burdensome, and it is conclusive as it is cumulative. In fact, all the ancient poets, philosophers, historians and other representative writers, agree in their references to the open intercourse between the immortals and their earthly associates; between the gods or spirits and man, through supposed supernatural agencies by means of divination, oracles, prophetic sleep, through prophet and priestess, soothsayer, interpreter of dreams, etc. "Anterior to Christianity, the whole system of the ancients," says Howitt, "is one of divine supervision and interference in the affairs of man. The gods not only direct human events by their counsels, but personally appear to men and cooperate in their aims and achievements. That no nation ever gave up the belief in the existence of spirits acting with them and for them. The newness of the spirit-world maintained its consciousness imperishably in the human soul."

Thus throughout the earlier ages of the world, as in later times with a more open revelation, this idea, like an all-pervading incense, namely, "that the visible and physical world is united to an invisible world of spirits, good or bad, and stands in such relation to it that this world is subjected to that"—in short, the guardianship of the immortals for mortals, was the one underlying and over-arching faith common to all, as shown in their literature and system of natural theology. Egypt, the "mistress of arts and philosophies, patent and occult, and the great school and mother of mythologic Spiritualism," transferred a goodly portion of her ancient wisdom to the Greeks, through such of her teachers as Pythagoras, Solon, Plato, Herodotus and others. Not only the mythology of Egypt but its mysteries and oracles were planted in Greece, and while it is to the literature of this mighty people that all modern nations turn for highest ideals, it should be remembered that "they did nothing without first consulting those oracles, or persons considered qualified to speak from spiritual intimations."

The reader must not forget that all the consistent testimony thus adduced, which can be greatly extended, was long before our Christian era, since which the Christian Fathers abundantly supplement and confirm these quoted views of the Pagan world.

We cite from Justin Martyr: "With us even hitherto are prophetic gifts for which you Jews ought to gather, that what formerly belonged to your race is transferred to us. . . . With us may be seen both males and females with gifts from the spirit of God." The following is a quotation from a document said to have been sent by Christians to one of the Emperors at Rome: "Is it not equal and worthy of human reason, oh ye Emperor, to yield up our faith to the Divine Spirit, who moves the mouths of the prophets as his instruments? . . . We call the prophets who, being out of themselves and their own thoughts, did utter forth whatsoever by the impelling power of the spirit he wrought in them; while the divine operator served himself of them, or their organs, even as men do of a trumpet, blowing through it."

Irenaeus, another of the Christian fathers, as quoted by Eusebius, says: "Some most truly cast out demons, so that frequently those persons themselves that were cleansed from wicked spirits believed and were received into the church. Others heal the sick by the imposition of hands and restore them to health." Again he says: "We hear of many brethren in the church who have prophetic gifts, and who speak in all tongues through the spirit, and who also bring to light the secret things of men for their benefit, and who expound the mysteries of God." Similar passages are at hand from other of the Christian fathers—St. Ignatius, St. Polycarp, Eusebius, Origen, to quote which would be much like repetition. But this from Tertullian, the most celebrated Father of his age for eloquence, is most pertinent. In his work, "De Anima," he says: "There is at this day, living amongst us, a sister who is a partaker of the gift of revelation, which she receives under ecstasy in the spirit in the public congregation. During our religious service on the Sabbath she commonly falls into a crisis or trance, wherein she converses with angels, and sometimes with the Lord, and sees and hears divine mysteries, and discovers the hearts of some persons, and administers medicine to those who desire it."

These spiritual gifts and manifestations are not only explicitly affirmed, and their cultivation encouraged by the early Fathers, but the history of the Church, from their time to this, fully confirms it all. Indeed, long before churches existed, even among nations without a literature, it is seen that one of the primal beliefs of mankind recognizes the direct and potent influence of the after-life—the spirit-world—upon this world. Every known country or people bears witness to this all-pervading fact. Given man his three-fold nature—physical, spiritual, celestial—and this necessary, universal belief inevitably follows: Wherever man exists as a conscious spirit, divine relationship is manifested.

In the great historic religions of the past, as well as those of modern times, represented by Catholic and Protestant branches, the fundamental doctrine of Spiritualism—the ministry of angels realized, the conscious fellowship and communion of saints—forms an integral part of their faith.

Take, for an example, the so-called "New Church." The experiences and teachings of the great Swedish seer, which gave rise to that formulated phase of religious thought known to the world as Swedenborgianism, are like kindred experiences occurring to thousands in our day, which prove that what is too often a matter of doctrine, a question of faith with many in the churches, is, to the intelligent Spiritualist, a matter of daily practical experience. To the belief of the Christian, the Spiritualist supplements knowledge.

Whoever considers for a moment what an important feature of the Christian church is the doctrine of spiritual intercourse; how intimate the relation existing between the visible and invisible world, between the earthly and the heavenly state—can doubt that, but for this active belief, this accepted fact, there could be any church to-day? Blot out, if possible, the evidence furnished by the long line of Catholic saints and Protestant reformers, by the Established Church, by the early Methodists, the Friends, and other popular religious bodies, and how lifeless would their respective organizations become! what emptiness would remain!

The testimony of Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682), the famous author of "Religio Medici," ("The Religion of a Physician"), is so explicit and satisfactory in this connection that it ought not to be omitted. He says: "As for

spirits, I am no far from denying their existence, that I could easily believe that not only whole countries, but particular persons, have their tutelary and guardian angels. . . . There is no heresy in it, yet is an opinion of a good and wholesome use in the course and actions of a man's life, and would serve as a hypothesis to solve many doubts whereof common philosophy affordeth no solution. . . . I could never pass that sentence of Paracelsus without an asterisk or annotation: 'Our good angels reveal many things to those who seek into the works of Nature.' I do think that many mysteries ascribed to our own invention have been the courteous revelations of spirits."

Even so orthodox a man as Rev. Charles Beecher has said: "If a theory be adopted everywhere else but in the Bible, excluding spiritual intervention, and accounting for everything physically, then will the covers of the Bible prove but pasteboard barriers. Such a theory will sweep its way through the Bible, and its authority, its plenary inspiration, will be annihilated. On the other hand, if the theory of spiritual intervention be accepted in the Bible, it cannot be shut up there, but must sweep its way through the wide domain of popular 'superstitions,' as they are called, separating the element of truth on which those superstitions are based, and asserting its own authoritative supremacy."

Under the head of collateral evidence, may be mentioned the unparalleled fact that less than fifty years since its modern advent Spiritualism has extended its name and knowledge around the entire habitable globe. In this country alone it numbers its media by thousands and its believers by millions. Ecclesiastical history knows nothing approximating to it. It is entirely unprecedented. Its acceptors belong to no one grade of life. Representatives of each and every class of mind are among its adherents and supporters, who are mainly characterized by a spirit of free inquiry, theological independence, impartiality and love of truth. While the greatest variety of opinion exists on the part of its believers touching every other issue, the cardinal points of Spiritualism are fully accepted by all of its acknowledged adherents. The pure, simple, unquestioned ethics and practical bearing of the main doctrines of Spiritualism, have never been exceeded, cannot be overthrown, or result in aught else but present and future well-being. The more its grand truths are realized, appreciated and consistently exemplified, the better and nobler becomes the individual, the community and society generally. Inevitably, as "creation feels through each minutest pore, the genial influence of the seasons," so do receptive, progressive, devout minds gladly respond to that uplifting influence from the heavens, born of the spirit, which blesses and sanctifies the whole nature of man; and correspondingly civilizes faces, permeating its entire circuit, the higher impulses born of Spiritualism.

By the established laws of evidence, it is irresistibly held as one of the strongest proofs in favor of any hypothesis, when all the relative phenomena are in harmony with it. Now if it be shown that with reference to the spiritual manifestations occurring all around us, a general consistency, a similarity with those of former times, clearly deducible from the same general causes, we claim your logical acceptance, whether they happen to agree with your preconceived notions, your educational bias and theological conceits or not. Possibly to you Goethe speaks when he says: "The spirit-world is not closed; thy sense is closed."

The evidence presented, in the light of analogy, history, and testimony, direct and indirect; the multitude of demonstrated facts, analyzed by the severest reason, furnish proof that the spiritual hypothesis is true, as anything this side of absolute and universal knowledge can make it. The golden-linked chain of history, Observation and Experience establishes it beyond the shadow of a doubt—on a basis at once irrefutable and forever.

Letter from Southern California.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Santa Monica and Long Beach are excellent places for summer gatherings, and so is Catalina Island, but the most inviting spot of all seems to be Redondo Beach, where great preparations are being made for a camp-meeting on a very large scale.

The three or four Spiritualist societies in Los Angeles are uniting with friends in Pasadena and elsewhere to make the camp a great success, and as the meeting will be held in a fine Pavilion very near the ocean, there is every prospect of a large attendance.

Among my very pleasantest experiences of late have been three receptions held at the beautiful country home of Mr. and Mrs. Longley on Moline Avenue, Pasadena, where numerous friends collected to enjoy an evening devoted to the giving of personal poems in addition to other exercises. On the previous evening, June 9, a superb concert was given in one of the finest concert rooms in Los Angeles by Mrs. Marietta Abbott Chandler of San Francisco, who is a very fine vocalist and an excellent teacher. The concert was a brilliant affair, and nearly every number on the program was enthusiastically enjoyed by the large and representative audience present.

Carlyle Petersley (a name very familiar in Boston and to all readers of THE BANNER) opened the concert with a piano solo which would have done honor to Paderewski. All the music-lovers in the audience—and they were many—were transported with delight, and when the brilliant artist responded with another selection, equally fine but in totally different style, the hearts of all who could appreciate high art were more than won, and the whole program passed off without a single feature to mar its sustained excellence.

James G. Clark, the gifted composer and singer, Miss Kimball (a superb mezzo-soprano recently from Paris), Prof. E. A. Whitelaw, who manipulates violin and mandolin with equal grace, Miss Virginia Bowman (a young eloquentist of rare promise) and your present correspondent, all took part in the entertainment.

The Los Angeles Herald is sometimes quite fair in its comments, and often, among other items of genuine news, gives good reports of the spiritual meetings.

Mrs. Ada Foye is as popular as ever, and, in addition to her public work, is overrun with private sittings. She has recently visited San Diego, and reports very favorably of the work there.

Among the most notable excursions with which I have ever had the good fortune to be in any way connected was the astronomical visit to Mt. Lowe on the evening of Saturday, June 6. The party was worked up and conducted by Mr. Milton M. Lyon, the Secretary of the First Society of Spiritualists of Los Angeles, who is a very enterprising man and an efficient organizer.

The party, to the number of nearly two hundred, started early in the afternoon and reached the Echo Mountain House long before 6 o'clock, at which hour a sumptuous dinner was provided, after which opportunity was given to view the magnificent sunset scene, which is superlatively grand in that enchanting spot.

From 8 o'clock until far into the night the visitors enjoyed several deeply interesting addresses from learned astronomers, describing the wonders of the starry heavens so gloriously revealed at Mt. Lowe Observatory, and also had the rare delight of looking through one of the finest telescopes in the world, and seeing many planets and star clusters in bewildering variety and beauty.

Mt. Lowe is one of the most entrancing resorts in California, and as it is only a few miles from Pasadena, where the climate is always semi-tropical, it is quite a wonder and surprise to rise so quickly into a region where, during a considerable portion of the year, the ground is covered with snow as thickly as in New England.

The expense of a visit to Mount Lowe is usually quite an important item at times when there are no special attractions for visitors, but when the stars are to be seen in all their glory, and education is added to entertainment, the rates are decidedly lowered.

It is not very extortionate to demand four dollars for dinner, lodging and breakfast at a first-class hotel, when included in that amount is railway transportation from the centre of Los Angeles to the top of the Mount and back and free admission to the illustrated astronomical lectures and use of the telescope.

The Spiritualists of this part of the country always freely avail themselves of all such opportunities to study nature in some of her grandest forms while enjoying a healthful and pleasurable outing.

Though Bunker Hill Day is not a holiday hereabouts, there are too many Easterners in this vicinity to allow it to pass entirely without celebration, and, so far as I was concerned, I entered very fully into the celebration at Pasadena in the afternoon and at Los Angeles in the evening.

A F. M., on June 17, Mr. Thos. Nelmes of Glen Rosa invited me to lecture to a large audience on his estate upon the "Symbolism of the Spiral." As the grounds are very beautifully laid out, and there is a covered audience room roofed with cypress trees in the midst of the garden, we

had a cool, delightful place for the exercises on a hot after noon.

I think I mentioned this lovely spot incidentally in one of my letters written for THE BANNER last autumn, but as I am sure I entered into no detailed account of the specially interesting features, I will here introduce a few sentences of description.

The estate of Mr. Nelmes, which is one of the finest in Pasadena, is ornamented with cypress bowers, square, oval, circular and spiral in form, but the spiral is the chief attraction, not only on account of its superior size but by reason of the richness of its symbolic meaning.

The spiral bower is fashioned in three rings, or in a continuous pathway, making three complete circles. The outer circle is one hundred and fifty-six feet in circumference; the second circle measures one hundred and thirty-three feet, and the third circle ninety feet.

At the extreme end of the pathway, within the inmost circle, visitors find themselves under a cypress dome, fifty-eight feet in circumference; in the center of this sanctuary is a handsome Monterey pine, passing up through the dome.

The hedge at the commencement of the first circle is only three feet in height, but as it winds inward it gradually rises, until, at the extreme inmost end, it ascends to nine feet.

If, while traversing these circles, we look down instead of up, we discover that we are making a descent which symbolizes a return to the center of nature, wherein its deeper mysteries lie hidden. The roots descending into the earth in corresponding ratio to the height of the hedge must receive their nourishment from below, (this typifies the physical), while the hedge itself gains sustenance from above, from sun and air, which typifies the spiritual.

This is intended to illustrate the dual action of the economy in nature—the material and super-material, or the centripetal and centrifugal actions of energy, which are manifest in involution and evolution; or, in a word, all the opposing influences which hold the universe in balance.

The lecture delivered through my mediumship in that suggestive place was on the four distinct planes of consciousness, respectively designated physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual. The address was received most graciously, but it called forth a great many questions, which were answered at its close.

On the evening of the same day a benefit concert and ball was given in the Spring street Music Hall, Los Angeles, for the benefit of the camp-meeting now being held at Redondo. The affair was a complete success, financially and otherwise. A varied program of songs and recitations occupied a very pleasant hour and a half, from 8:35 to 9:45, then the seats were moved and dancing commenced, which continued from 10 P. M. till past 1 A. M., with intermission for refreshments.

The most striking feature of the concert program was "The Grecian Syllph," beautifully given in costume by the talented daughter of Dr. Carpenter, the beloved President of the First Society of Spiritualists.

There is evidently a deep spiritual lesson in the brief tale which the actress so gracefully portrays.

The Grecian Syllph was cast into Bismarck as a penalty for having won the love of Adonis, which was against the laws of the Gods. She was permitted one hour of life during each twenty-four, at which time she was allowed to undergo mortal experiences.

Adonis never forgot her during that hour, but scattered profusely in her path most beautiful lilies, from which she sipped the nectar of intoxicating love.

The angry gods throw a rose accompanied by poisonous thorns among the lilies, and the dancing maiden, thinking this flower also came from Adonis, holds it gladly and carelessly in her hands; but its thorns, piercing her flesh, accomplish their fatal work ere she can reach her pedestal, and thus dies the Syllph.

W. J. COLVILLE.

International Arbitration.

ISLAND LAKE CAMP RESOLVES IN ITS FAVOR—LET OTHER CAMPS FOLLOW.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

On Friday, the 24th, I spoke at the beautiful Island Lake Camp Meeting grounds, on "International Arbitration," to an audience which passed the following resolve by a unanimous rising vote:

"Resolved, That we rejoice at the meeting in Washington, in April, of a national conference, attended by over three hundred leading men, from forty States, to organize an Association to advocate and set in motion International Arbitration, to the end that the 'duel of nations which we call war' be rejected, and the harbinger of 'Peace on earth and good-will among men'—a great and much-needed effort, practical, wise and beneficent—be set up in its stead; and that we will gladly join with those of whatever sect or section or party, who favor this great movement."

This resolve was given to Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Root, who were to attend other camp-meetings, which will doubtless adopt it, or one substantially like it. Our State Woman Suffrage Association and our State Women's Christian Temperance Union have adopted it.

It is to be hoped that the great camp meetings of Spiritualists will do the same, and send reports of their doings to your BANNER, and to other spiritual and local journals. Is it not wise and well thus to join others in so good a work? I give an extract from an article of mine in our Detroit Journal which presents an idea of the matter. It needs no long discussion. Let the chairman of a meeting read aloud this extract from THE JOURNAL, talk ten minutes or so, and ask the audience to give a rising vote!

The Journal article says:

"Is the law of evolution a delusion? Have we not reached up from savagery to a civilization far above the state of primeval men, and prophetic of a still higher future? Every Christian nation—scarcely in Europe is ready with millions of men, great steel-clad fleets, huge cannon and strong forts, to 'let loose the dogs of war' against its neighbor, or to fight for conquest and gain in trade from weak and pagan people. England is filling South Africa with troops; Italy is trying to subdue Abyssinia; the grip of the Russian bear closes hard on China—the same motives dominate in every case: the greed for gain and lust for conquest. It will be more ages than we can count before such examples will make the spread of 'pure and unadulterated religion,' under whatever name possible."

From 1763 to 1890 the national debts of Europe have grown from \$1,000,000,000 to thirty billion dollars or over, twenty fold, the increase most rapid in the last twenty-five years. Meanwhile the wealth of these nations has grown less than six fold. More than half of this enormous indebtedness is for wars and arms. Must the civilized world travel blindly on this path to bankruptcy?

Meanwhile 4,500,000 lives have been lost in the bloody shock of battle or by wasting sickness in hospitals.

Is there any practical remedy in sight?

There is. A national convention of eminent men, President Angell of our State University among them, lately met in Washington to organize a movement for international arbitration in place of that 'duel of nations which we call war.' What has been said in this article is to open the way for something more on this new movement, and to give facts as to the cost, the wastefulness, the damage to peaceful industry and commerce, and the demoralizing influence of war.

To all brave and true men, soldiers or officers, who have done their duty in the past, or are doing it to-day in their high honor and respect are due. For the hosts of men forced into armies to fight wars which they felt to be unjust—profound pity.

The great commanders for ages have borne their testimony against the horrors of war. Our great captain, U. S. Grant, said: 'Let us have peace.'

It would be a great pleasure to offer this matter to the audiences at Lake Pleasant, Onset and Lily Dale, and thus to meet valued friends; but their adoption of the resolution will serve a great object, and I hope and trust that much will be done.

Yours truly,

Detroit, Mich., July 28, 1896. GILES B. STEBBINS.

Maple Dell Camp.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Almost continuous heavy rain during the first week of the session at Maple Dell Park has done much to prevent the attendance from being as large as it would undoubtedly have been otherwise; but, in spite of this fact, the audience have gradually increased in size, and toward the latter part of the week there were several arrivals from distant States, in addition to those attending from the surrounding territory.

A great deal of interest has been manifested in the conferences, and, judging accordingly, it would seem that the campers were determined not to let the wet weather dampen their ardor.

Mrs. Laura Bolton, of Chicago, is giving good satisfaction as musical director, and her musical séances and public psychometric readings are awakening much interest.

The work of Miss Cole as teacher of elocution, oratory and the Delser system of physical culture, is especially deserving of commendation.

Among the improvements for this season may be mentioned a new bath-house, which is being rapidly pushed to completion. Since our last letter Johnnie Starr, the boy medium of the Hocking Valley, has arrived at camp. He is only fifteen years old now, and about half his brief career on earth has been spent in the depths of the coal mines. It follows naturally that his education is very limited. He has been clairvoyant and clairaudient for a little over two years, and in addition to exercising these phases of mediumship, is giving some very successful trumpet séances. Numerous non-believers are investigating through him.

The leading members of the Verile Lee Comedy Company are spending their vacation in camp, and with the assistance of local talent, are presenting dramatic entertainments in the Auditorium every Saturday evening. Their company is exceptionally strong, and the management are to be congratulated in securing such a treat as these performances are proving to be.

A telegram from Dell Herick announced that he was unable to keep his appointment for last Sunday morning, and Mrs. Kline took the place on the program. Her guides discoursed on the subject of "Diplomacy and Strategy." In the afternoon Hon. O. P. Kellogg contrasted the old religion with the new, and the large audience gave him the closest attention.

Manus Station, O., July 28, 1896.

All men were not made of dust. Dust settles sometimes, and there are men who never do.

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?

Written for Lyceum Department.

HELPFULNESS.

BY MARY L. PORTER.

One day a little girl awoke, on purpose grand intent Of making life worth living. The minister the day before had preached a good old-fashioned sermon: "Repent."

He cried, in thunderous tones, "repent of sins so dark, so many,"

And pictured heaven in richest hues, and hell in densest misery.

The little maid grew sad with woe to think she was so sinful,

And purpose formed immediately of mighty things to make her life more fruitful.

'T was washing-day; the girl was cross, mamma so very busy

She could not listen to the child, who wished to talk of things so weighty

As total depravity, and childish sin, and faith alone that saved.

She spoke to her impatiently, to hasten feet and hands delayed

Unduly; so with ruffled feeling, sore and sad,

The little maiden went to school, on salvation still intent; a thuy lad

She passes by, who, stumbling, fell and lusty cried.

One with my mission cannot stop for every passing need, she sighed.

And later on, some comrades of her school she met, who toggled her, as the one advanced,

To explain some problems in arithmetic; but no, her mind fixed on such lofty things, entranced

With such high aims, could not consider these trifles small;

And so the day wore on—no day when teacher seemed so harsh, or the lessons such a task, or when the call

For help at home seemed so wearisome;

So papa frowned, and mamma sighed, and brother, scornful, called her bothersome.

And not one chance the whole day long Of heroic deed of sacrifice born.

That night she went to bed with small content,

And as she lay and dropped a tear, she thought, 'T is useless, my mamma will not consent

That I should sell my clothes, my all, and give unto the poor.

I am so hampered; other girls more rich than I, can clothe and feed the needy, build altars grand or windows stained.

And thus, in time, be saints for heaven well trained.

At last she slept, and as she slept she dreamed Of music soft and low, and when she looked she seemed

To see a beauteous form, who grew in beauty, as with love-lit eyes

She smiled on her, and by her side a ladder long, that pierced the skies.

"My child," she said, "climb round by round; small deeds of love and help

Are steps that lead to higher ones. Scorn not the daily task, think not of gain to self,

But helpful to each one you meet,

You'll wiser build than when you seek To do some mighty deed. Slow build from lowly earth to star-lit skies,

And, step by step, you'll daily grow, and grow more wise."

Then sunshine woke our little maid, with cheerful heart and purpose new,

To do each hour that hour's best work, for sure she felt the angel's words were true.

July 31, 1896.

A Quick Repentance.

It was afternoon recess at the district school in Midford. The weather was mild and all the scholars were outdoors. The boys were playing ball in a pasture near by; and all the girls, with the exception of little Susy Cray, were under a big oak tree, showing each other their paper dolls. These dolls were made by a maiden lady in the village, who had a great talent for all kinds of fancy work. She could do wonderful things with paper. She dressed the dolls as ladies of fashion, brides, nurses, nuns and babies. Lately she had had calls for more dolls than she had been able to furnish; for the little girls had taken to carrying them to school, and it was a matter of pride with them all to have as many dolls as possible.

Susy Cray stood at some distance from the group under the oak tree, but near enough to distinguish the dolls as they were handed around by their owners. She was a shy little girl, and never had much to say. She wore a faded worsted dress and a gingham apron that had been patched. There was a hole in the toe of one of her coarse shoes, and her flaxen braids were tied with a piece of frayed black tape. She was nine years old, and this was her first term at school.

She kept her eyes steadily on the group under the oak tree until the bell rang. Then she hurried into the schoolhouse and slipped quietly into her seat.

Charlotte Holt sat next to her. Charlotte had four paper dolls. She kept them in a pasteboard box. She put the box in her desk as she sat down.

Susy leaned toward her shyly, smiling.

"I'm going to have a doll soon," she whispered. "Miss Charity's dressing a beauty now. I saw it yesterday. It is going to be a bride, with a long veil and lace on the waist."

Charlotte looked interested.

"When are you going to buy it?" she asked.

"To-morrow. It's twenty cents, and I've got nineteen. I've been selling Mrs. Prince an egg a day."

All the scholars were in their seats now, and Susy stopped whispering; but her shy little face was dimpling with smiles all the afternoon.

When the school was dismissed she would have liked to walk home with Charlotte and tell her more about the doll; but Charlotte hurried off, and was almost out of sight before Susy had found her hat and old plaid shawl.

Charlotte didn't go directly home. She stopped on the way to see her Aunt Ann, who lived about half a mile from the schoolhouse. She looked a little taken aback when she entered her Aunt Ann's kitchen. Susy Cray's mother was there helping with the ironing. She was a pale, tired-looking woman with dark, sunken eyes and hollow cheeks. She went out by the day to clean house, wash and iron.

"Aunt Ann," said Charlotte, "can I speak to you a minute in the dining-room?"

Aunt Ann laughed. "Some great secret, I suppose," she said.

"Yes, it's a secret," answered Charlotte, carefully closing the door between the dining-room and the kitchen. "I want you to lend me twenty cents, Aunt Ann. I'll pay you back the first money I get."

"Won't your mother give it to you?" asked Aunt Ann.

"I have not asked her. I owe her ten cents now."

Aunt Ann was very fond of Charlotte. She put her hand into a little crock on the mantel and took out two dimes.

"You're going to buy another paper doll, I suppose?" she said, as she handed the dimes to Charlotte.

Charlotte's cheeks grew very red.

"Yes'm," she answered, not looking at her aunt; and she hurried away, taking the road to the village.

She bought the bride doll, of which Susy had spoken, and carried it home in her pasteboard box, which she put in the top drawer of her bureau. She didn't take it with her next morning when she went to school, and she scarcely even looked at Susy Cray all day.

"I'm going after that doll now," Susy whispered to her when they were putting on their hats at 4 o'clock. "I'll bring it to school to-morrow and let you see it."

Charlotte's eyes fell, and her cheeks burned. She didn't say a word, but hung back until Susy had gone, then followed slowly.

When she reached her Aunt Ann's gate, she went in and hid herself behind a big lilac bush, close to the fence. She sat there peering through the branches for about half an hour. Then she saw Susy Cray coming along, crying. Every now and then she wiped her eyes with a corner of her old shawl. She passed without even a glance toward the place where Charlotte crouched.

Charlotte began to cry, too. She was already sorry that she had bought the doll. Her eyes were quite swollen with weeping when she reached home. She didn't eat much supper, and went to bed early. She began to cry again when alone in her own room. She didn't say her prayers.

About 8 o'clock she arose and went to the head of the stairs. She sat down on the top step and called to her mother. She told her mother all about the buying of the paper doll.

"And I don't want it now," she sobbed, "and I can't say my prayers."

"That is because you have done wrong," said her mother. "You are unhappy because you have been unkind and selfish. You had better take the doll to Susy at once."

"To night?"

"Yes, to night. I will go with you."

It was not far to where Susy lived, but the road was darkened by many tall trees. Charlotte kept tight hold of her mother's hand as they went along. In the other hand she carried the paper doll.

Mrs. Cray and Susy were sitting on their front porch. Susy had her head in her mother's lap. She sat up and stared when she saw Mrs. Holt and Charlotte.

Mrs. Holt stopped at the gate; but Charlotte walked straight up the path to the porch.

"Here," she said, holding out the doll to Susy; "I've come to bring you this doll. I bought it because I didn't want you to have a prettier bride than I had. It was a mean thing to do, and I am sorry."

Then she walked away. When she was nearly to the gate Susy ran after her. "Wait," she said, "I want to give you my twenty cents."

Charlotte looked around and shook her head.

"I don't want it; I made the doll a present to you," she rejoined, and walked on.

"Well, then, I'll give it to mother to buy soap," said Susy. "She is always out of soap." Her little round face beamed as she went back to the porch.

"Well, I hope you feel better, Charlotte," said Mrs. Holt, when they were out on the road again.

Charlotte squeezed her mother's hand.

"I'm just as happy as I can be," she answered, smiling.—*Florence Hallowell Hoyt, in the Independent.*

The Buffalo's Debt to the Flamingo.

The buffalo is used as a beast of burden in Java. Everywhere you see them grazing lazily in the fields, or dragging carts and plows. It is a clumsy animal. Thick folds of superfluous fat and skin hang about its neck and limbs, and a constant stream of perspiration runs from its almost hairless body. A beautiful pair of crescent-shaped horns adorn the forehead of this tropical horse. Flocks of flamingoes and white cranes strut and fly in and out among these beasts. On one occasion I saw a beautiful flamingo parading up and down upon the back of a buffalo cow, which was lying almost immersed in a mud-hole by the roadside. This bird was feasting his tropical appetite by picking insects and other unwelcome visitors from the shining back of this mammoth beast. The flamingo is much appreciated on the part of the flamingoes, for what exists between them is a pure platonic friendship. What a peculiar thing this world is, for what is a torture and a menace to the buffalo is a choice morsel much appreciated by the acute palate of the crane.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

The Apple as Medicine.

Dr. G. R. Searles, of Brooklyn, N. Y., discussing on the apple as medicine, says it "is such a common fruit that very few persons are familiar with its remarkably efficacious medicinal properties. Everybody ought to know that the very best thing they can do is to eat apples just before retiring at night. The apple is an excellent brain-food, because it has more phosphoric acid in easily digestible shape than any vegetable known. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep, and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. This is not all. The apple agglutinates the surplus acids of the stomach, helps the kidney secretions, and prevents calculus growths, while it obviates indigestion, and is one of the best preventives known of diseases of the throat. Everybody should be familiar with such knowledge, and I hope you will help disseminate it. In addition, next to the orange and the lemon, it is the best antidote for the thirst and craving of the person addicted to the alcohol or the opium habit."—*National Stockman and Farmer.*

Charles Dickens and Children.

It is no slight excellence in Dickens that he was passionately fond of children, and he is most successful of all in his portrayal of the characters of children. Little Nell in "Old Curiosity Shop," and Little Paul in "Dombey and Son," are masterpieces. It is pathetic to note how, when the cab drove up to his door, on his return from America, four youngsters hurried down to the gate, and were kissed through the bars because the father could not wait for the gate to be opened. In this connection we think also of the lines found in his desk after his death:

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And death says school is dismissed,
May little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed!

—*Northeastern Christian Advocate.*

Cross-Word Enigma.

My first is in fame, but not in woman.
My second is in residence, but not in house.
My third is in people, but not in crowd.
My fourth is in orange, but not in lemon.
My fifth is in lost, but not in found.
My sixth is in fame, but not in fortune.
My seventh is in light, but not in darkness.
My eighth is in castle, but not in palace.
My ninth is in health, but not in sickness.
My whole is the name of the most prominent Spiritualist in Vermont. BLY.

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August Magazines.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.—Heldom is so much delightful fiction presented in a single issue of a magazine as is invitingly arrayed in this, the short-story issue. With the best contributions of such clever story writers as Bret Harte, Jerome K. Jerome, Sarah Parr, Lillian Bell, Jeannette H. Walworth, Caroline Leslie Field and Annie Steger Winston, the illustrations of such capable artists as W. L. Taylor, T. de Thulstrup, Alice Barber Stephens, Otto Toaspehn, Florence Pearl England and Clifford Carlton, divide attention and interest. Of Mr. Harte's story, his latest and best, "The Indiscretion of Elsiebeth," it is enough to say that it is in the author's characteristic vein, while the others present the happiest efforts of their writers. The cover of the Journal, a reproduction of Albert Lynch's "Lees Parfums," a painting that won signal distinction in last year's Paris Salon, and W. L. Taylor's exquisitely dainty drawing, illustrating James Whitcomb Riley's poem, "While the Heart Beats Young," are artistic features of conspicuous beauty. A spirit of humor, not wholly unminged with pathos, is imparted by Mr. Wohl's page of wails—"Life's Comedies." Other articles are given. This number covers a wide range of topics and is exceptionally attractive. The Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

SCHUMMER'S MAGAZINE.—The current number is called the "Mellon Number," and contains six short stories and a little comedy, in addition to several special articles of wide popular interest, including the first paper in Mr. A. F. Jaccard's picturesque account of his journey "On the Trail of Don Quixote" (with twenty-six drawings by the great French illustrator, Verger) and Mrs. Alice Morse Earle's "Old Gardens," describing the old-fashioned gardens one still finds in some New England villages. Among the artistic novelties of this number are the series of marginal illustrations and decorative borders printed in two colors. These unique drawings are by Orson Lowell, to accompany the brilliant little play by Annie Elliot called "As Strangers." Humor and satire are furnished by "Mrs. Lotter's Ride," a sketch of a certain type of New York society woman, by J. A. Mitchell, editor of *Life*, and Bliss Perry's New England village study entitled "By the Committee." Poems by R. H. Stoddard, Clinton Scollard, Mrs. Fields, George Cabot Lodge and Henrietta Christian Wright complete the issue, with the usual timely departments. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

LADIES' HOME COMPANION.—This number is especially attractive, both from a literary and artistic point of view. The cover design and several of the illustrations are by Jessie Wilcox Smith. A novelette by Harriet Prescott Spofford, entitled "An Inheritance," is begun in this issue. "A Colonial Dame" is a complete story by Octave Thanet. Other short stories are: "The Sap of Spring," by Sophie Sweet, and "Me and Marse Phil," by Pauline Shackford Colyar. An interesting article is "Home Life of the Mexican President," by Edward Page Gaston, who writes entertainingly of a dinner at the Castle of Chapultepec (the White House of the nation). "Hungary's Picturesque Peasantry" is an illustrated article by Edward A. Steiner. Other articles are given. The Departments are all well cared for. Published by Mast, Crowell & Kirkpatrick, Springfield, Ohio.

RECEIVED.—Miscellaneous Notes and Queries, published by S. C. & L. M. Gould, Manchester, N. H. "Strawberry Number" of *Horticulture*, published by O. A. Knox, Cayahoga Falls, O. *The Penny Magazine*, published by the Penny Magazine Co., Bourse Building, Philadelphia, Pa. *The Phenological Journal*, Fowler & Wells Co., 27 East Twenty-first street, New York. *Cassell's Family Magazine and The Quiver*, The Cassell Publishing Co., 31 East Seventeenth street (Union Square), New York.

St. Nicholas for July has its usual high-class menu, contributed by the following well known writers: Sara King Wiley, Benjamin Webster, Charles Frederick Holder, Caroline F. Needham, Clinton Scollard, Albert Stearns, Pauline Westley, Mildred Howells, Noah Brooks, W. C. McClelland, Mary Elizabeth Stone, William O. Stoddard, Charles Henry Webb and many others including "The Letter Box" and "The Riddle Box" (illustrated). The Century Co., Union Square, New York, N. Y.

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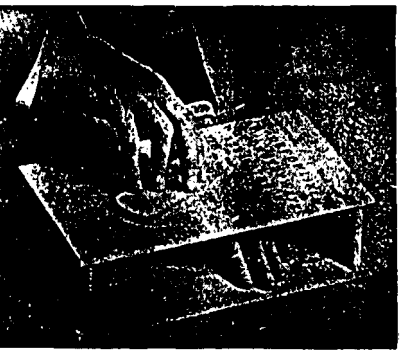
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What do you find in the sunsets and sunrises? What in the welcome rains and the mists that so mysteriously cloak the hills? What voices speak in the thunder that rolls its rumbling way through the sky? What in the whispering leaves and smiling flowers? It is not what the eye sees, but what the spirit is cognizant of, that becomes visible and forms the real picture. Therefore it is that the eye of sense hath not seen, nor the ear heard, what awaits revelation to the spirit in the varied sights and sounds of surrounding nature. It is when the speech falters and the utterance is overcome that the glory of outward nature is most profoundly confessed, whether it be the wee crimson-tipped flowers that blush unseen, or the phenomena of the elemental forces that address themselves to the sympathetic nature. Even eloquent description is baffled when its sources are drawn upon to convey the deepest impressions of the objects of admiration. Nature is continually peopled with visions for us. They come and they go without proclamation. But in their undefined limits are enclosed the delights and desires of the real life that is ours.

The main thing in the matter is the imagination. A great many people go to the mountains and come back only to confess their disappointment. They do not find what they looked for, what they expected. No description, however eloquent, impresses them. The

reason is that they have not yet learned to see for themselves. It is only the external that they cognize; the soul of the scene they have not learned to interpret. They note huge piles of rocks, grand and gloomy forests, tumbling waterfalls, slumbering lakes and cloud-traversed skies, but they fail to see the divine symbol in all these things and the significance. The White Mountains are visited chiefly because others visit them, and of course disappointment is the result. The sea is the object of a journey made in the same spirit and with the same result. It is only when the scenes visited are exposed to the awakened and receptive soul that Nature performs her mysterious affectionate work on the human spirit. That she has an allotted task of this character to perform is as clearly influence as that all are drawn to her by an influence not to be withstood.

England and Rome.

The encyclical letter of Leo XIII. to Englishmen defined the condition to which the Anglican communion might be reunited to the Catholic Church, which was the complete and unhesitating acceptance not only of the primacy of the paramount and absolute preponderance of the Pope over all professing to belong to the Christian Church—the entire submission of the heart and mind, the intelligence and conscience of Christendom, to the decrees of the Papal See. It was confidently foretold that the papal letter would practically end the movement in England for reunion. The expressed opinions of the English press on the subject are now coming in. The *London Times* says: "We have never believed that any appreciable fraction of the clergy, much less of the laity, had more than the vaguest notion of what reunion meant. When it is understood that it means submission to Rome, pure and simple, it will not be necessary to discuss it further." The *Daily Telegraph* says: "There are Protestants who may have been expecting that Rome would meet their overtures half-way. The most cursory perusal of this uncompromising document will deceive them. If the apostolic succession of our episcopate were admitted to the full by the Roman Church, what would it avail if every individual Bishop in contumacious revolt against a jurisdiction to which he has been divinely commissioned to submit himself? The original validity of the commission which has been transmitted to him could not possibly purge him of the heresy of which he and his predecessors lie attainted for upward of three hundred years."

The *London Standard* says: "The encyclical letter will be a grievous disappointment to some who permitted themselves to believe that a spirit of comprehension could find a home at the Vatican. To put in a few words the gist of a somewhat labored disquisition, the only way in which schism can be healed is by the absolute submission of all who are now outside the papal pale to the authority of Rome. We have never, we confess, been able to understand the process of thought by which many learned and pious members of the Anglican Communion arrived at even a provisional hope that an advance could be made toward visible fellowship without a sacrifice of fundamentals on either side." The *Daily News*, explaining that "reunion" means only absorption in Rome, asks: "Does anybody believe that the English Church would retain its hold over the section of the English people which now subscribes to it, if it set off 'reuniting' in that direction? The English people, as they have recently been showing, are not greatly in love with sacerdotalism on the part of their own Bishops, even as it is. If the Bishops became 'subject to Peter,' as the Pope invites them to do, their flocks would mutiny outright."

The *Westminster Gazette* remarks that: "Mr. Gladstone was clearly too late to avert that fatal encyclical. For fatal it is to all the vague dreams of reunion and intercommunion with Rome." The *Pall Mall Gazette* cries out: "Poor Lord Halifax and poor Mr. Gladstone! Reunion, except it takes the form of capitulation, has been banished to Grindewald and further by the Pope's encyclical. The Church of England has always allowed Roman orders to be valid, and a mere return of that complacency might make far better feeling, but it would certainly not produce harmony of doctrine or observance. The differences between the two bodies would remain as irreconcilable as ever. There were those, apparently, who held that, short of absolute reconciliation, a plan might be devised under which the Anglican and Roman Catholic religions would live and let live. The encyclical, however, has dissolved these pleasing dreams, until not so much as a film remains."

But says the *English Churchman*: "The recent coquetting of the extreme section of the High Church party with the Papacy has certainly aroused in the country a spirit of Protestantism akin to that of former days. Coincidentally with the pitiable spectacle of a considerable body of the clergy treating secretly with England's implacable enemy for peace, at the price of truth, the laity are fast coming to view their spiritual guides with grave suspicion and distrust. The cleavage thus created between the laity and the clergy is ominous of such results in the future as no Christian patriot can contemplate without apprehension. The growth of a similar movement in other days brought a King and an Archbishop to the block, and although our times widely differ from the Stuarts, an unfaithful episcopate may finally prove itself an incubus which the nation will refuse any longer to endure."

The Serious Conduct of Life.

In a recent magazine paper Mr. Gladstone furnishes a reflective series of suggestions, composed largely of autobiographic reminiscences. He expresses special regret that most men do not take heed how they build themselves. They are provident of opportunity and resource for building fortune and fame, but too generally take no thought as to building themselves. He feels the need of impressing on youth, without detracting from its royal inauscance, the duty and the reward of building character rightly. Good and wise behavior in youth he regards like laying out money at high interest and on absolute security. As trees make their largest growth in periods of their early spring, so man in youth. And each of us is born to his own special work in the world, and it is the high duty of every one concerned to discover his special fitness. On the choice of pursuits in which life is to be spent, Mr. Gladstone quotes Bishop Butler's saying that the observation of divine truth is the highest occupation for the mind of man.

He deems it necessary to utter the warning which he feels the age specially needs. It is,

he says, an age of wealth, of excitement, and of ambition; an age, too, in which an unusually considerable proportion of the young have, or seem to themselves to have, some considerable latitude allowed them in a choice of a profession, still more in the regulation of their daily employment. Now hard-thinking and patient-plodding, which have made the Germans illustrious, do not as a rule find favor with the Englishman. He considers the Englishman more largely endowed with mental gifts than with a determination to turn them to the best account. This being true, his indisposition to hard and continuous work, which will often hinder him from all work, will also, in some of its intermediate gradations, incline him to prefer paths which are flowery and work which is easy. He takes the Englishman as the principal member of the original stock of the English-speaking races, now become enormous, and still in course of rapid multiplication; and his assumption is that what is generally true of him will be somewhat largely true of all.

The Sixth Sense.

What is the sixth sense that is talked of today? asks *Humanity*, published at Kansas City; what are its functions, and what evidence have we of the existence of such a sense? The answer given is that it is the faculty that takes cognizance of that which comes not within the range of the physical senses. It is manifested in sight of that which is invisible to the physical eye, in hearing that which is inaudible to the physical ear, in a quick, keen perception that is gained through no outer avenue of sense. One with this sense actively unfolded has made his correspondence with universal consciousness just in proportion to his development on that line—as we note in the psychometer who can read something of the experiences of inanimate objects by touch, though there is nothing really inanimate, dead. All is permeated with life, the *one life*; and the sensitive who contacts the object comes into such conscious relation with it as to sense somewhat its previous conditions.

Were this faculty fully developed, he would be able to sense all of its experiences, since they are held in the rock as well as in man. Man is thus brought into conscious relation to all the kingdoms of nature, and demonstrates his oneness with all—his kinship with the world below and above him. A pebble, or a piece of one, that has not been handled too much, so as to fill it with human magnetism, if put into the hands of the psychometer, will at once transport him to the seashore or into the bowels of the earth, wherever its home may have been; and he will accurately describe its surroundings, and will have a consciousness of being on the spot. This new sense, however, is only in its incipency, and it is impossible to foretell what it may yet bring to us. Its far-reaching, penetrative power, is demonstrating the fact that we are living now in a spiritual world surrounded by spiritual beings—that there is but one life, as there is but one law and one world—that we are ourselves spiritual beings as much as we will be, and are gradually getting beyond the limits of the flesh. The writer proceeds to relate a number of interesting experiences in illustration and proof of his statements.

We select but one. He had a young servant girl who possessed this psychic power to a remarkable degree. One day he put into her hand a small stone that he had picked up on the Atlantic shore twenty-seven years before. The party present numbered seven, and each selected a smooth flat stone on which the date and the names of the party were inscribed. She held this stone a few minutes, but could see nothing. On placing it to her forehead she soon reported the sight of distinct flashes of water, and at last all became clear to her. She was standing on the beach where the stone was picked up, and she described the surroundings as accurately as the writer himself could have done if bodily standing there. In answer to repeated requests she gave accurate descriptions of objects and persons. They are, indeed, wonderful. Many things she reported that were not as they used to be, but after-examination proved the strict correctness of what she told. The details as set down are nothing more nor less than particular evidence in confirmation of the existence of the sixth sense. It is attested by numerous other proofs equally real and convincing.

No Formal Statement Needed.

An intelligent expositor of the Unitarian faith thinks that the part assigned to the Unitarian body to-day is that of maintaining an ethical temper among God's children. He says there is always some one to object and rebel as often as the proposal is made to express the Unitarian faith in a set form of words, and that the proposition is accordingly dropped; but that this does not imply that Unitarians have no definite faith so much as that they fear the dogmatism that opposes the free circulation of religious ideas and restrains the intellectual mission of religion. He describes the work of the denomination as that of the enfranchisement of Christian thought in this country. Its very weakness as an organization he regards as its chief arm of strength and usefulness in the religious life of the country. This being well understood by the American Unitarian Association, it explains the reason why that body refuses to consent to the demand that any declaration of faith, however excellent it may seem, shall be adopted for the purpose of making the denomination an engine of fire in the world. It is content to reap where others scatter, and to enforce lessons of toleration where others fail to see their opportunities of usefulness.

It occurs to us to remark that many Spiritualists might draw a lesson from the above sensible utterances on the formulating of creeds and the organization of systems. There are wise and sound thoughts expressed in them which we may all of us lay to heart with decided profit. What we need is to show to others the illuminating influence of the knowledge which we have received on our individual lives and characters; it is by no means essential that theological theories should be erected on this knowledge, or that philosophical spinning be got out of it. The work to be accomplished by Spiritualism is purely spiritual work, or it is nothing. Its message is a wholly unworried, uncalculating, unselfish one. The one vital truth it has come to communicate to mortals is sufficient for the emancipation of the human soul from the bondage of superstition and the redemption of mortal lives from the servitude of error. In impressing this upon the universal mind, it is assuredly performing a task worthy of any organization, philosophy or creed ever known to man. To teach by absolute testimony that the life of the human spirit is con-

tinuous and immortal—what more could be asked of any cause ever entrusted to human support and advocacy?

Turning the X-Ray on the Churches.

A Louisville (Ky.) minister is delivering an "X-Ray Series" of sermons, in the course of which he finds fault with the churches for being so dead. He illustrated by saying that, in one of the chief churches in a certain city, on a fine evening, there were only seventy persons present, although it had eight hundred members. Another church in the same city that had sixteen hundred members on the same evening could count only eighty persons present. No doubt one of the best reasons for the slim attendance noted was a lack of interest on the part of the people with the sermons delivered by the preachers. They never seem to think of that, as if there was no element of human nature in it all. But the truer truth is that the people at large are fast growing indifferent to all church claims on them. They are too intelligent to believe the church dogmas true, or that they possess any authority for presuming to govern and direct human conduct. In the present advanced state of knowledge, it is too much to expect the people to be satisfied with the threshing over of the old straw of the superstitions of bygone ages. They are but obstructions in the path of human progress.

A great many preachers, styling themselves evangelists, are in the habit of boasting of the number of souls they have brought to Christ, but it is rarely, indeed, that they can sustain their boasts with evidence of any value. If it is as they assert, how does it happen that orthodoxy is in a state of general decline where it has hitherto prevailed. A Methodist clergyman in Chicago, called the most eloquent pulpit orator in that city, on a certain Sunday evening recently found but fifteen persons present at the service in his church, and being unwilling to preach to so meagre an audience he dismissed them without further ceremony. In a Methodist Episcopal church in Brooklyn, N. Y., a sacred band had been secured by the pastor for a concert on the special occasion, in order to help pay current church expenses. What do these things plainly indicate? Evidently that the mass of the people, grown more intelligent, are rapidly passing beyond the reach of the old superstitions. They are leaving the dead dogmas behind.

A Brave Defiance.

In a lecture in which he criticized the church scheme of salvation, Hudson Tuttle gave the following daring passage:

"I hold God to account. I arraign him before the tribunals of Reason. If perfect, I demand that his works be perfect. That is what we demand of man and hold him responsible for. A short time ago a train of cars started from New York freighted with an hundred precious lives. It was Christmastide, and all were expectant and joyous. Soon were they to reach their homes, and the union of broken ties made glad their hearts. The cars rushed along the iron way, swift speeding, as though anxious to bring the wanderers home, and had almost reached their destination when a treacherous bridge gave way, the train plunged into the gulf, and the flames completed the awful disaster."

Then a cry of execration went up from all the land because the bridge was built from plans of unskilled engineers, and was known to be unsafe by those who sent the trains over it. This execration was the voice of stern, unflinching human justice.

But what shall we say of an infinite God who has built the bridge over the gulf of death from this life to the next, not perfectly, but expressly imperfect, and beneath it placed the yawning abyss of eternal hell? What shall we say when every plank is a trap, every girder a false support, every brace a delusion, and the revelation given as a guide over the trembling structure impossible to understand, and the army of priests blind leaders of the blind; and furthermore, God will not direct, because he wishes man to use his own free will and choice, and hence sends the streaming millions over the shaking causeway, knowing that only one in a thousand or a million will succeed, while the vast multitude will fall through into the endless billows of fire for being exactly what he created them to be, and doing exactly what he created them to do!

It is usual for advocates of what it is deprecatingly called radical ideas, to apologize for their being radical, and the necessity of their expressing them. I make none, but demand an apology from those who set themselves before the world as public teachers and then hold forth such horrible doctrines, converting a world of joy into one of pain; shutting out the sunlight of gladness with the clouds of despair; withering and blasting the hearts of men; suppressing the emotions, and converting their fair earth into a world of tears!

Beaten in the battle of a thousand years with science—meaning knowledge—every dogma and doctrine from data to conclusion, over and over proven erroneous; every revelation demonstrated to be false; every miracle a fraud; its history unreliable; its pretended knowledge ignorance; its whole scheme of salvation based on the assertion that man was created by a fiat of God perfect, and fell, unnecessary because man is progressive and not retrogressive; an anachronism; a conglomeration of fancies of an ignorant childlike age, why should this corpse, galvanized by the priests, insult the intelligence of the present, and stand gibbering in the pathway of humanity? Why is it not buried under the mercifully concealing turf, like other dead and loathsome things?

Oh! what a terrible path from the beginning to the end of this career! The history of the martyrdom of man is written with the heart's blood of the bravest, truest, most devoted thinkers; the wisest, purest, most honest. For a thousand years civilization has borne this old man of the sea, clutching its throat, yet has it pressed onward toward the light with desperate struggle, through fagots of smoke and beneath the clanking gibbet; over smoldering ruins of homes, and through the festering pestilence of dungeons; with quiet submission, or leaving the peaceful fields strewn with the wreckage of armies. It needed a Savior, and found that Savior in knowledge."

Referring to Mrs. John Biddulph Martin's efforts to place a social occasion in advance, and in the place of the old-fashioned "At Home" occasions in society, *The Court Journal*, London, Eng., has the following. Speaking of the old style of occasion it says:

"The visitors come in crowds in their carriages, in cabs, on foot; they throng the hall and staircase; they fill every available room; but wherever they go there is very little chance of sitting down. They are rapturously greeted by their hosts, slowly saunter round, exchange a few very icy greetings with their friends—everybody seems icy at these receptions—and slowly make for the door. Mrs. Martin has determined to revive the salon of yore, and all who enjoy the *entrée* to Mrs. Martin's house in Hyde Park Gate will at once appreciate the significance of this. The first reception, which took place the other day, was only the preliminary of a series. To have the eye and ear charmed at once is a luxury, and the enjoyment is enhanced when shared by a company representing politics, arts, sciences, and the literature of the day, amid a boundless hospitality. But to be received, and made welcome, too, by a hostess who is herself a leader of thought and an active sympathizer in every movement that tends to benefit humanity, renders such an occasion a high privilege."

"Died of a Broken Heart."

The following, from Mrs. Mary McCallin, Lake Brady (O.) Camp, is a strong evidence of the power of Miss Maggie Gaulle as a test medium:

"One of the most interesting tests yet given upon the grounds at Brady Lake, O., is one relating to the death of Cyrus Kitchin of Meadville, Pa., well known to many prominent people of that city, also of Cleveland, and President of the late Meadville Savings Bank."

Miss Maggie Gaulle was walking with some friends on the grounds, when she started and exclaimed: "Oh, some one touched me! Why it is a spirit—a man who has just left the body." Then to one of the ladies walking with her, she said: "I also see your husband, and he seems to shrink away from the other one. He seems so sad, but cannot give his name." The next day at her test séance she explained: "I am in the midst of a funeral. The spirit who came to me last night points to an open grave, and says: 'It is mine. Where am I now? This is not Meadville, though I see Meadville people. I want you to know that I have passed to spirit-life. Will you not dispatch to Meadville, to prove the truth of what I say?'" Then to a widow lady of Meadville, prominently connected, who asks to have her name withheld, he added: "I have met your husband in spirit-life, and he turned his back on me." He then gave his full name, Cyrus Kitchin. The Meadville people, who had left him in his ordinary health, could not believe it was genuine, and asked Miss Gaulle to modify her statement, but she insisted: "I know he is dead!"

Mrs. A. C. Wilkins of Meadville has just received the following statement from one of the party, who immediately returned home: "Maggie was right. Mr. Kitchin is dead, and was buried at the time she mentioned. He was at the Bank building on Saturday. The failure of the bank of which Mr. Kitchin was President had lost him many friends, and Miss Gaulle spoke the truth when she added: 'This man died of a broken heart.'"

A Book of Value!

Those who were pleased with the articles by Hon. A. B. Richmond, regarding the Seybert Commission, etc., will now find them arranged for future reference by their author, and issued from the press of the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Send for the pamphlet: "THE HENRY SEYBERT BEQUEST, and What Has Become of It?" Price 10 cents; three copies, 25 cents; seven copies, 50 cents.

"Is There Another Life?"

An article bearing the above title, by JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER, will appear in our issue for Aug. 15.

Tornadoes and Cyclones.—Willis L. Moore, Chief of Weather Bureau, writes:

"The *tornado* is a sudden outburst of wind in an otherwise quiet, sultry atmosphere: it is ushered in by a loud, indescribable roar, similar to a continuous roll of thunder; its path is very narrow—seldom more than five hundred feet wide at greatest destruction; it moves, generally, from southwest to northeast, and rarely extends more than twenty miles; it very often rises in the air, to descend again at a point a few miles ahead; it is always accompanied by thunderstorms, with often a bright glow in the cloud; this cloud has usually a funnel shape, which appears to be whirling, though some observers have described its appearance like that of a huge ball rolling forward. A tornado may be considered as the result of an extreme development of conditions, which otherwise produce thunderstorms. A *cyclone*, on the other hand, is a very broad storm, oftentimes one thousand miles in diameter, and sometimes can be followed half around the world; the winds circulate about it from right to left, or the way one turns clock-hands backward (in the Southern Hemisphere this motion is reversed). The air pressure always falls as one approaches the center, where, at sea, there is a portentous calm, with clear sky visible at times. The cyclone winds often rise to hurricane force, but are not to be compared with the extreme violence of the tornado, before which the most solid structures are razed."

We are in receipt of three neatly executed pamphlets, in which good type, effective sketches and interesting matter of a readable character are given, illustrative of the Boston & Maine Railroad, and the wonders to be seen on its line, traveling "Among the Mountains," "Fishing and Hunting," and "All Along the Shore." The pictures with which the first page of each book is illustrated are eminently fitted to the subject matter. Those who have an eye on picturesque sketches of mountain and ocean scenery will be well pleased with these views. Published by the Passenger Department, Boston & Maine Railroad, Boston, Mass.

A capable writer in the *Canadian Magazine*, speaking of the lack of training and sense of responsibility of newspaper men, observes that the managing editor who gives his paper as delicate a conscience, and rules of conduct as correct as a gentleman would have in private life, will find the strange experiment a success. A newspaper whose statements could be relied upon under all circumstances, whose persistent good taste would become a proverb, might almost remake our civilization.

Mrs. Maggie Waite and Nellie Barnes visited THE BANNER office from Onset on Monday, Aug. 3. They reported themselves as well in health, and pleased with the result of their call. They will remain at the camp till its close.

A grand concert was held at Lake Maranacook, Me., Sunday, Aug. 2, by the Waterville Military Band, R. B. Hall, leader and cornet soloist. Joseph D. Stiles, the wonderful and well-known test medium, gave also one of his most entertaining lectures.

The *Boston Investigator* for July 18 has the editorial, "Humor in the Wrong Place"—which appeared in THE BANNER. It bears full credit, and our thanks are respectfully tendered to *The Investigator* therefor.

TAKE NOTICE! READ AND ACT on article on Page Two, on International Arbitration—Island Lake Camp (and elsewhere); by GILES B. STEBBINS.

Mrs. J. K. D. Conant accepted a call Sunday, Aug. 2, from the Lowell Society, to speak and give tests. The Society is holding grove-meetings at Rariscell, a beautiful grove just outside the city; but owing to the heavy rain in the fore part of the day many were deprived of a rare treat. As it was, a goodly number came, and were entertained by the generous-hearted Harris Sisters, who threw open their doors as freely as they have given the use of their rooms to their spirit and spiritual friends. It is rarely the medium cares to stay away from her own home, but under the home roof of the Harris Sisters she found such a rest from care of a very busy life that it was with feelings of sincere regret she bade them adieu, hoping soon to meet them and the society again.

The *Dawning Light*, San Antonio, Tex., has reached and entered upon the second year of its existence. We wish it the fullest success, and hope Editor Charles W. Newman will find it markedly successful—33 it deserves.

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 TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Sance held June 26, 1896.

Spirit Invocation.

Once more have we met, in this, our circle-room, to bring with us the spirit of love, and to feel that we are seeking strength, light and understanding. When we come in contact with each other and recognize the influence we have with each other, we feel this sublime power, as it baptizes each one according to his need. Oh, divine spirit of Love, be with us this morning; send forth the rays of thy power, so they may warm the heart and give the mind peace, rest and quietness; for we feel the annoyance of conditions that offendments surround the mortal and recognize how much the soul has to strive to rise superior to circumstances; we recognize how weak the flesh is. As we have met in our circle this morning, we have come with the feeling of cooperation with spirit and mortal; may we feel a more powerful influence than ever before. We want to feel as the spirit comes, it comes with a power to not only stir and encourage, but to give strength to the weak may feel stronger.

Oh, thou great giver of good and perfect gifts, bring to us what is needed to-day, because each spirit tries to bring forth its identity through the organism that is now held for communication. Oh, may we feel that light will go forth with love and with slenderness, and that those that are in darkness, those that are in mourning for the loss of the physical, those that have the vacant chairs at their homes and see so much vacancy in life, oh, draw near unto such this morning, and may each one do their duty. We ask this morning blessing upon each officer, and each one that has cooperated with the spirit to send forth this blessed light, that has scattered the seed of kindness by the highways and byways; that has sent forth on its mission the truth on the wing of love. There are still others waiting and watching for an opportunity to bring their proof of immortality and the continuation of life.

Give us what thou seest is best for us; lead us to the wider path of life, and with that we will give up control of ourselves to thy power, to be used to the best of thy divine knowledge. We feel that the instrument is given to us, and we shall be known as we are; the work shall be recognized, and we know the victory will be the consciousness of bringing the world to a light that God is love, God is good, and that all things in life are for elevation. Hear us, we ask thee, guide us and give us strength. Speak thy truth, and we know truth will rise beyond all superstition and dogmatic feeling. And with thy name we shall have the power and the glory, now and forevermore. Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Samuel Black.

Good-morning, Mr. President. What a beautiful privilege this is to have an opportunity to come in and talk with those in the earth-life—that they might feel that death is not to be dreaded and a dark shadow of separation, but that it is like new birth. I feel as if I would like to return, although a stranger to your phenomena and your beautiful philosophy; I have many in earth-life in whom I have an interest, although many years have elapsed since I passed from the physical form and on to the spirit-side, or what we would have termed to meet our own reward; but I have, since passing from the physical form, been able to comprehend and realize many things that I did not understand while in earth-life; and I have tried to throw my influence around those that are left, because there are only a few now left of our family on the earth-plane. I realize how much good it is to stir up an inquiry—especially by those who have traveled the earth plane, and feel that there are those in life who are doing very well by natural laws, but that their days are numbered; and with all their faith and with all their religion and with all the knowledge they have, they are questioning: What will be the future? What will I meet over there? Whom will I meet over there? Under what conditions will we be received? For I see these thoughts going out from the hearts of those I had an interest in, and I have taken this method this morning—feeling that your very sacred paper will reach them with our communication.

I would like to say to Fanny, a sister of mine, and also George: "You have well-spent lives in earth-life, and no doubt you feel you have many things to thank God for; but I see how many times I stand around you, and I sense your feelings, and perhaps you would call it read your mind, when I see you questioning the future life. I want to say: Fear not the change; it comes truly like the twinkle of an eye, but you will find that you will reach a world of realities, and not the one you dread. I should say all that is necessary for you is to seek to improve the opportunities and look out for nature's laws, and you will comprehend the beauties of the change called death. Mother is with me this morning, so, also, is father, and I might say Albert—because we are sending forth a letter to stir or encourage those who know not the light, who understand not what Christ meant when he said: "I know thee not." It is for those that know not the knowledge that it lays before them after they pass from this physical room. I would like, also, to encourage others who may remember me.

You can put me down as Samuel Black, and my home was in Concord, N. H., but I am anxious to reach friends in Andover, Mass.; there is where I think your valuable paper is

received, and I feel that grandpa will be felt and understood.

I thank you very kindly this morning for this privilege, as I have lingered many, many times around here and enjoyed the communion of others. I have also tried to manifest through other instruments, but have not been able to do all I desire to; but I would like John to know that I am with him and am trying to assist him all I can.

Eben Gordon.

It seems hard to take control of this instrument this morning, because while I was in the mortal body my own frame was deformed—for I was injured through the back, which caused spinal trouble; and I was in that condition so many years, it seems as if, when I undertook to express myself through the instrument, I felt that cramped body—for it always seemed to me that I never had a body big enough to hold my spirit.

I have returned this morning to send a few words of comfort, and to encourage those who were connected with me through strong ties of nature, and also to give them to understand that I thank God I am out of the body, although I have not been separated from earth life a great while. I have been waited here because this seems to be the general post-office, where all are made well without money and without price; and with that I felt I would like to send forth the identity or expression that might prove the continuation of life after we had passed out of the environments of the body.

I should like also to say to those that I am interested in, that may feel sometimes as if their circumstances hindered them a good deal, and that they were left alone to battle for themselves, with no one to sympathize, no one to encourage, no one to rest upon, I know that they were glad when I was released from the body, because they would not have been my friends if they were not, for I had years of suffering, and in one sense, what the mortal calls poor health; but I feel stronger this morning, and more so because I have been encouraged. Others had to encourage me, and give me an opportunity that I might be of some benefit to the community; for it always seemed to me while an inhabitant of the earth-plane I was no good to myself or to others, hence I do desire to be of help to others now.

I know I am some ways from home, but I know Annie is interested in Spiritualism. She is also sensitive, although she does not entirely give up to the spirit control, and I want her to give up more—to open the door so the spirit may be able to express itself and to bring consolation to others, and she will be happier, and not seemingly to be so lonesome.

My friends, I desire this letter to go to San Antonio, Tex. I am some ways, as the earth-plane would call it, but distance to the spirit is nothing. My name is Eben Gordon, and San Antonio, Tex., was my home.

May DeWitt.

Oh! I am very happy this morning, to be able to come in and send also a few words to encourage those that I have yet in earth-life. I have so many that I would like to speak to, but I know I must be contented, and talk to them all together, or in hopes that one will inform the other, for I know that when those in earth-life get anything that kind of stirs their curiosity, they are liable to talk about it. I was somewhat interested in Spiritualism before I passed out of the body, because I was convinced through my own organism, although I was not a medium; I did see dear mother after she had left me, and how beautiful she appeared to me, and my darling baby, who had also gone to spirit-life, and I will never forget the great load that it lifted off my shoulders when I observed them standing by me; they gave me evidence that we were separated for only a little while, and then we would all be together again; and now, since passing to the spirit-home, I am so anxious to bring the same experience, the same joy, the same comfort to those who gave me so much strength to contend with the physical body and surroundings.

I am anxious that others should see for themselves and understand for themselves. I know they do not believe in it, nor did I when I was here; but I said to them, if I can return I will—for I thought I could if they would give me an opportunity. I have not had the opportunity that I desire, because they do not go to the instruments that I can get en rapport with, that is why I find it so hard to prove my promise to the dear loved ones of earth. They seem to think that one medium is just the same as another, and if the spirits can return, they cannot see why they cannot return through one party as well as another. Oh, dear loved ones, I cannot come through every door, I cannot get control of every instrument; but I have been assisted here; I have been advised to make it a public communication, and perhaps may do still more good than in trying to penetrate through conditions that are not congenial to me. I want the dear loved ones in earth-life to know the spirit can manifest through its mind. We must often-times have patience, because the spirit cannot always control material matters, no more than we can the material in the body.

I should like to say I am so happy in my spirit-home, and that I have found all that I expected; and I say to the companion whom I left in earth-life, Oh! do not feel that everything is gone, and that life ends when you place the mortal form away. Oh! Charles, if you could only see me and comprehend me, you would feel different—and you would not think that the grave is the end of all things. I am so anxious for you to see me and feel me, and want you to understand I have an interest in the welfare of life. I know I cannot perform the duties and obligations as a material companion to you, but I can and I feel that I have the strength to bring you to a consciousness that there is much to live for, you have got much to do, and I am satisfied with all that has been done. I want you all to feel I am perfectly reconciled, and hope that you will carry out the ideas that you are now proposing. I do not want to go into personal conditions, but seek an interview where I can control and I will try and prove to you it is Mary; I have others also that I am desirous of reaching, and I feel as if your paper enters the home of one of our neighbors. I thought if nothing more than through curiosity it will be shown to others, and I desire those who get the paper to show it to my husband, for I don't care how it is received. I feel if he can get the paper in his hand I can draw close enough to him to converse with him and make him wonder; that is all I want to do; and with that, friends, oh! I feel I have accomplished much.

Those both in earth-life and in spirit should learn to appreciate this open door—learn to know what it is to seek the lost, and redeem;

for I know there are those around me who mourn me because I died in the faith of Spiritualism and thought I was lost; but oh! no, not lost—I have gained; and I know that it brought faith, because we pass through all our superstitions, while we gain in that brighter home where neither sorrow, care nor sadness roam.

Thank you, dear friends; I will now bid you a good morning, for I know the prayer of the righteous will be answered.

My name is May DeWitt; Baltimore, Md., is my home, and George is my husband's name.

Seth Witham.

Good-morning, my friends. I feel as if I would like also to be numbered with you, and I have been very much interested here, because I seem to feel that your meetings are not only beneficial but very instructive. I think my friends that are disembodied are liable to be as much benefited as those that are in the body; for truly although I have been out of the body quite a number of years, yet I have still an interest in the welfare of humanity, and I have been very much interested here this morning, because it seems so home-like, it seems so natural.

I have sought to review the past. Looking back somewhere in the neighborhood of forty or fifty years, such a letter being published as these are, and scattered broadcast, how few would have taken any notice of it, and I don't know whether anybody would have dared to publish it; but I thank God this morning that the world is growing wiser and more progressive as years roll on, and with that view I think I would like to come in contact and send also a few remarks.

Perhaps it may have a tendency to raise an interest and also help to bring back lost memory, for I feel that while we are absent in the body, and not always present before individuals, there is a sort of forgetfulness.

There have been many changes come about since I passed from the life action, and many have joined me in spirit-life, yet I feel there is still an interest held in that close memory where love dwelt, where it may lie silent, but it can never be destroyed.

I should like to say I am not quite so far from home as those that preceded me, for I was somewhat well-known in this section of your city, and especially toward Hanover, Mass.; also, I have friends in Hanson and all around through that section. I can see many improvements since I passed on to the spirit side. I also have been much encouraged by the progress that our friends have made in the investigation of Spiritualism, and the seeking for truth.

While in the body I believed that all things were right, and I believed in doing things right as far as a man knew how, and I was perfectly well aware, or thought I was, that there was an interest in progress, both in town affairs and the welfare of the community at large. I still hold that interest. I have but few in the close family ties left, but I have got many through relationship that are still in the body, and I should like to make them feel I am still with them. You can put me down as Seth Witham, and my home was in Hanover, Mass.

Maria F. Wellington.

Happiness is heaven; when the soul is happy and the mind is contented, truly I think that is what constitutes heaven, and that is my condition this morning. When I was informed by your worthy manager that I might be the next to speak, I was more than pleased, for I have lingered around here so long and have waited for an opportunity to try and send forth a little word of kindness, and to help those in earth-life and assist them in whatever they were doing. I felt so weak that I was afraid to undertake it, for fear I would not be able to do all I desired to, or say all I wished; I was standing by my dear daughter's chair but a little while ago, and she has been somewhat interested in your phenomena and philosophy lately, and I know she does not believe in it; but she has sought a communication from mother, because I was standing behind her in her own home. I heard her say: "I do not see why she has not made herself more known, and when she speaks to me through the medium, why she cannot tell me all that I want to know, for she was so well acquainted with me and my affairs, I see many things she could tell me that would convince me that truly it was she."

I want to say to the dear one: Oh, if you only knew how I feel, and how I felt when I heard you ask those questions; and I, in all my eagerness and all my strength, tried to make you understand it was I, and why I could not express my feelings; but they have informed me that I could come through this open channel and reach her when she least expected it, and would perhaps give her more knowledge and perhaps encourage her more than I could any other way, because I get so close to her that she senses me; and yet she is so sensitive that she misses me, and the grief overcomes her.

The kind manager said that I might do the best I could, and by doing that I would be able to put her in more of a receiving condition, so that she would be able to understand and comprehend that it was I again. I was so weak and exhausted before leaving the body, that when I came in contact with the physical organism and went to control, I did not have the strength to do it; and to send a message through another's brain it is oftentimes conveyed in different manner than is meant—for it is not so much what is said as the identity.

I want you to know that all is well, only keep up your investigation; don't feel you can get it all in a minute or hour or one sitting. Oh! years of experience, it seems to me, you will have to know before you can control; and see how hard it is sometimes for the spirit to manifest.

So, friends, I will not take up too much of your valuable space, for my heart is happy and glad at the privilege of voicing even a few sentiments.

You can put me down as Maria F. Wellington, and my home in Manchester, N. H. Would like to reach friends in Melrose, Mass., for if they receive this, as I hope and pray they will, I will do better next time.

Richie Wells.

I am only a little bit of a child, but I want to send a letter to mother, so that she may feel happy, and know that I have seen her and know how she feels. I was only a little child, eight years old, when I was taken to spirit-life by that dreadful disease, diphtheria; I was put away from mother, so she didn't see me pass away from the body, and that is what makes her feel so badly. I was taken to a hospital, and she oftentimes thinks that if I had been kept at home I might not have died;

and that is why I want to come back and tell mother that they were awful good to me when I was in the hospital, and I feel it would not have made any difference, because they tell me in spirit-life that I should have come over anyway.

I want to say that Grandma Mitchell brought me here; she is in spirit-life also, and takes good care of me. I want mother to know that I am all right, and when she feels down-hearted and don't feel happy—for it makes her feel unhappy to think of how I passed out—I want her to know that the kind spirits oftentimes bring me back to the home, and show me how I am missed, and how I have left a vacant place in the home and hearts of the friends on earth. I like to come back with little Jennie—that is my little sister—and I know sometimes mother will be able to feel that we are more together than she thinks. Grandma said that if I sent her a letter she would be awfully glad, and it would make her feel good, because she sometimes goes to mediums and she has had communications from me, and she has wanted something, and she did not know what that something was; then she asked me if I could send her a letter through the BANNER OF LIGHT, and I told her I would try; and the kind little Indian girl told me if I could not say all she would help me; so I think I shall tell her that I am here, and when she gets THE BANNER—because she buys it now, and she looks for it every time—she will be so pleased when she gets it.

I suppose you want to know my name, and it is Richie. It is her little Richie that is speaking. My father's name is Frederick Wells, and my home is in East Boston, Mass. I know this letter will do her good.

Messages to be Published.

July 3.—Robert Greer; Mary Chase; Abby Gordon; Daniel F. Carr; William Henderson; Hannah Walcott; Fannie L. Whittemore.

July 10.—Bowman Stittler; Alfred Smith; Mary Frances Howell; David Carr; Lucinda Milton Stowell; George Robinson.

July 17.—Benjamin F. Jackson; Hannah F. O'Brien; Henry Valente; Bridget MacIntire; John Leahery; Rollin Reed; "Wild Bird," to his medium.

July 24.—Capt. Silas Ingraham; Hannah Mears; Zola Fehren; "Sunflower"; Francis Slater; Hannah Fitzgerald; Susan Fletcher.

July 31.—Frank Jennings; Edwin McConmick; Mary T. Rhoad; Margaret Stewart; Thomas F. Quincey; Lillie Hutchison.

Acknowledgment of Messages.

JOHN V. EUSTACE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In glancing over your issue of June 6, I chanced to see the name "JUDGE JOHN V. EUSTACE," and a communication from him that I regard as correct, in your "Spirit-Message" Department.

This communication comes very near, and I at once thought it would be well to recognize it. But I thought, as well, to interview him (the spirit) before I wrote.

This I sought to do one evening through Mrs. Emma Nickerson Warne, at her rooms at 3402 Prairie avenue, for here I have been favored a great deal lately—a message department being in active operation there—and if I wanted an interview with any particular spirit, I have requested that he or she be called, and nearly all that I have called so far have been produced. As I called for my friend "Judge John V. Eustace, of Dixon, Illinois, about one hundred miles west," behold! he reported forthwith, in answer, as he said, to my thought that I would call him.

Now, I had known him for over forty years in the mortal. I guessed in some way that he knew something about Spiritualism before he passed on, but we never before this had met on the spiritual plane. After our mutual congratulations, I thought I would wait to see what would come next. He led off, and said he had been to THE BANNER office and given a communication; spoke kindly of his reception by the management, and of the nice lady medium there—and he would like to have some one recognize it. I told him that I would do the agreeable as best I could in this respect.

There is more to this—but I must be brief. He expressed thanks to the office for his opportunity, but did not say the half that he wished to. Our conversation ran on as if we had met on the earth-plane, even with jokes and laughter. And so it has been, and is, with other friends and acquaintances that I have called.

E. S. HOLBROOK.

Chicago, Ill., June, 4441 Champlain ave.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I should like to tell you that I noticed in your issue of June 6, a communication from JUDGE JOHN V. EUSTACE—the message is characteristic of the man. I knew him first in 1849; he died eight years ago.

Instead of having resided at Dix, Ill., however, his residence was Dixon, Ill.

MRS. COL. CYRUS ALDRICH.

85 South Ninth street, Minneapolis, Minn., July 4, 1896.

FRANK MINOR.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Concerning the communication of FRANK MINOR—published in last week's BANNER—I knew the man very well. He was one of my tenants at one time. I was the one who got him into business in Lawrence, Mass., where he remained until his death. He was one of the best-hearted men I ever saw. His daughter married when in Lawrence.

Geo. W. HETWOOD.

Franklin, Mass., July 6, 1896.

ELIZABETH WISE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A kind neighbor handed me one of your papers, which contained a spirit-message given through the trance mediumship of Jennie K. D. Conant—séance held Feb. 14, 1896. I recognize the spirit-message from my mother, ELIZABETH WISE. She passed away Jan. 3, 1888. She was a firm believer in the Second Advent faith, although, in the years prior to 1848 to '52, she was a Spiritualist medium of wonderful talent here in Manchester, N. H., and also at Lawrence, Mass. Her message through the mediumship of Mrs. Conant is faultless. Her brothers' and sisters' names are correct, also their locations. I am her daughter Emma; her husband's name is George. She suffered a great deal. I have received her letter in the spirit she has requested me to, and am only waiting patiently for more light from that Great Beyond from which I have believed no traveler ever returned.

Mrs. EMMA E. POWERS.

Manchester, N. H., July 13, 1896.

MARY A. FLETCHER.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In THE BANNER of July 1 I noticed a communication in the Message Department, signed MARY A. FLETCHER, which I fully recognize as from my angel-wife.

We had lived together a happy wedded life of nearly forty nine years, the last fifteen of which were spent at West Sumner, Me., where her visible presence passed from me on the morning of Dec. 22, 1893, leaving me to mourn her departure—but not as one without hope, yes, even knowledge (through the various and to me unmistakable manifestations I have received from her) in regard to the bliss she enjoys in the Land of Souls and her watchful care for those of us who still linger in earth-life.

That the Message Department of the dear old BANNER OF LIGHT may long be continued is the sincere hope of your friend.

ISAEL A. FLETCHER.

South Paris, Me., July 8, 1896.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By Augusta Fitch, San Diego, Cal.] Please give the symbolism of a pure white dove floating before the mental vision, from time to time, especially while listening to a religious discourse?

ANS.—Though we cannot undertake to always interpret symbols for our correspondents, if the symbols have reference to matters private to themselves, we will at any time gladly furnish, as far as we are able, a key to a general interpretation in accord with the general order of metaphorical illustration as connected with spiritual teaching.

In the spiritual spheres words are not usually as necessary as they are on earth, for the atmosphere takes form in response to thought, and is therefore a mirror in which thoughts are reflected.

A pure white dove has been from very ancient times the symbol of a messenger of peace, and typifies all those influences which together constitute the power that makes for peace.

If such a symbol is seen by a seer or a seersess while listening to a religious discourse, it is evidence that the influences in the ascendant who are inspiring the discourse and attending upon the preacher and congregation are of an actively pacific nature.

If the beatitude, "Blessed are the peacemakers," means anything, it certainly conveys the idea that peace is a positive rather than a negative condition; for were it only negative or passive, it could not be brought about by active spiritual endeavor. The dove always means, in addition to peace, love of home, domestic tranquility, and is a type of general harmony.

Whenever a symbol is presented at frequent intervals, either in a dream or waking reverie, it signifies that the person to whom it is thus often shown is surrounded or constantly attended by influences of the special character indicated by the vision, and is called upon to act in conjunction with those influences.

Q.—[By E. R. Wheeler, Galveston, Texas.] I own a bulldog. He is like other dogs, with this exception—Bull (his name) can talk. He speaks only a few words; pronounces distinctly, nods his head, and stamps his feet for emphasis.

When asked who he loves, he says "Emma" (my name). Ask him if God is good, he answers "Yes, ma'am." He can say "John" (my brother's name); also "Mamma," "Grandma," and "I won't." At times he makes peculiar sounds, as if he were talking long sentences.

Bull is unamiable, allowing none but my mother, brother and myself to approach him. His color is gray. His eyes are his main feature of expression, which, when angry, emit flashes of green light; when quiet, they are a soft brown. He is faithful and affectionate. I have taught him many tricks, and Bull understands every word said.

A.—We consider the phenomenon described by our present questioner as fully credible, though unusual.

As to the interpretation thereof, we would suggest that the dog referred to is an unusually sensitive animal, and though incapable of exercising other functions in his own right than those common to dogs generally, he is influenced to speak by reason of his absorption of human magnetism to an unusual extent.

Singularly sensitive animals act as mediums for the people to whom they are specially attached, and they are also susceptible of serving as messengers of unseen spirits to some extent. Animals can be influenced by human spirits, and though we are not at all in favor of the doctrine of the transmigration of human entities through the bodies of animals, we have known of many instances where some friend of a family who is in spirit-life has been able to use an animal as an imperfect mouthpiece.

Your dog is, no doubt, a very faithful creature, and devotedly attached to your interests. His very ferocity to outsiders is only a sign of exclusive affection for yourselves.

In our judgment that dog is a medium through which a guardian spirit of your household works to protect and guide you. The animal being singularly intelligent, acts in perfect agreement with the directing influence which overshadows him, and you will probably yet discover that, when some need arises for special service to be rendered you, the dog will display far more than ordinary human sagacity.

Being a good psychological sensitive, he acts greatly under your own direction, and is, to a large extent, an extended embodiment of your own will; as a messenger for you when you want important service rendered by a thoroughly loyal and incorruptible servant, he will prove invaluable.

Never permit Bull to be separated from you, for we are sure you will find him a true friend in times of special need.

It's a good plan when you get the worst of it to make the best of it.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

The Remedy with a Record.

50 Years of Cures

Banner Correspondence.

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

Florida.

ARADIA.—"H." writes: "Some wonders known to students of the occult are still without the proofs presented for examination of the reading public in a timely and satisfactory manner. Thus mediums sometimes get into difficulties for want of access to records of court precedents. Now I want to suggest if mediums claim ability to send their astrals on excursions to materialize at distant points, so that two photographs may be taken of their forms many miles apart at the same time, why does not some sensible medium have this done and put upon record (after the custom of scientific men) thus placing the facts beyond the simple evidence of his own bare statement? Then the unbelievers may be coolly referred to the records as proof when such supernatural and incredible powers are brought to their notice, and not be left to doubt the veracity, credulity and sanity of their Spiritualist informers. Missionaries must have facts and proofs to fight with in this material age, and then they can conquer all Christendom. Let all mediums who are able to do this, simply do it and file the proofs for us without further delay."

Massachusetts.

LOWELL.—A. E. C. writes: "The First Spiritualist Society of Lowell, Mass., held services Sunday afternoon and evening, July 26, at Barnell's Grove. The mediums in charge of the services were Mrs. L. L. Taylor and her son, Paul, whose tests were all recognized, and the Secretary of the Society's wife, Mrs. Geo. N. Hand, with her popular little controls, Jasper and Gertrude. The services were a decided success, and both mediums gave their services for the benefit of the Society. The Society appreciates the kindness of Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Hand, also the earnest and constant efforts of Mr. Hand's husband, who has improved the condition of the Society since he has been Secretary."

New York.

BROOKLYN.—E. W. Barber writes: "We are having grand meetings, large attendance and generally increased each meeting, which is remarkable for the warm weather. Our audiences are made up of very intelligent people, all of whom are seeking for the truth. Mrs. L. A. Olmstead gives test names and messages, and all of them are acknowledged by different ones present. We have a good singing, and go home feeling that we are blessed and well paid for going out to meet our friends who have passed on before."

New Hampshire.

RINDGE.—Miriam M. Clark writes: "Dr. C. H. Harding will speak the Sundays of August, and give tests, at 2 P. M."

Written for the Banner of Light.

"THE HARP OF LIFE."

BY LEANDER THOMPSON.

A wondrous harp, the "harp of life,"
A harp of many tuneful strings;
Its tones are sweet when free from strife,
And truth the song the player sings.

If poet thrill its chords of love
With tender, truthful, skillful hand,
That lifts the heart to skies above,
His verse makes music o'er the land.

Unthought, some chord, some tender spot,
The poet's verse may touch, that makes
Some deed of friendship, long forgot,
To shine like morn when sunlight breaks.

Perchance the poet's tuneful lyre,
And charming melody of verse,
May wake a love for hero sirs,
Through rhythmic numbers, clear and terse;

Or shed some light o'er virtue's path,
And strengthen faith with hope's bright rays;
Or shield some life from passion's wrath,
If sweetly on life's harp he plays.

If painter, with inspiring art,
Can—by his skillful genius rare—
Awake a love in human heart
For holy Nature, pure and fair;

And, by his charming skill, enshrine
Its beauty in the human heart,
Upon life's harp the truth divine
He plays in wondrous works of art.

Come, masters, with your mystic spells,
"T is harmony alone can lull
To peace the heart where sorrow dwells;
Your music cheers when life is dull.

Ye play upon life's heart through bells
Of vesper, soft, and sweet, and clear;
Your wedding-march on organ tells
Of love, its joyful hope and fear;

Your requiem—solemn, hopeful, grand—
Speaks to the soul of Summer-Land.

Ye men of gold and silver speech,
Whose floods of eloquence, like tides
Of ocean, overwhelm the mind and teach
The "light and truth," nor ought besides;

Upon life's harp, with subtle skill,
Ye play, and bravely sing the song
Of "truth and right," sing cheerful still!
Sing loud! Sing louder yet, and long!

Fair maid and lover, touch some string
Upon life's harp, the human heart;
It may some truth reveal, and bring
Together souls that ne'er can part.

The tones you wake in other heart—
Your lover's heart—may thrill your own;
Then touch the chords and play your part,
And thus true love you may enthrone.

Forbid that envy, strife or hate,
Shall ever touch a single chord
Upon this harp and seal its fate—
Forbid their touch! forbid, dear Lord!

For they would break its tuneful strings,
And all its melody would still;
And all the charms its music brings,
No more the human heart would thrill.

Not hate nor discord shall not still
The music of life's harp divine;
For hands of angels still would thrill
Its chords with song of life sublime.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

June 29, after a short illness, ABIGAIL C. CROSBY, wife of Theophilus Crosby, aged 82 years and 10 months. She was a kind and loving wife and mother. As neighbor she was truly a Samaritan. She had been a constant reader of the BANNER OF LIGHT for more than thirty years. She was born in the town of Hawley, Franklin Co., Mass., Aug. 28, 1813.

In a communication to her husband since her departure, she says: "I am happy to be able to return after so short a time, and my life of heaven and the life beyond are more than realized."
[Springfield and Northampton papers please copy.]

From his home in Sandusky, O., July 24, 1896, JOHN S. COWDREY, in the 63d year of his age.

He was born in Freedom, Cataugus Co., N. Y., Dec. 12, 1833. In early boyhood he came with his parents to Lake Co., O., and in 1854 the family moved to Margaretta, O. In 1868 he became a resident in Sandusky, where in connection with his brothers he commenced the manufacture of school crayons, and built up a large industry, in which he continued until his death.

He was a Spiritualist by organization, and no one ever had the cause met closer to his heart. He made it a part of his life, and furnished a noble example of what a Spiritualist ought to be. Just and honest to the letter, his word was his bond; gentle and affectionate; a friend in need who would make the largest sacrifice; he was a true and noble man, and a true and noble friend. He was a true and noble man, and a true and noble friend. He was a true and noble man, and a true and noble friend.

Mr. Cowdrey was from the first a zealous promoter of the Lake Erie "Camp Meeting," and, as long as his health permitted, was an earnest worker.

[Obituary Notice not over twenty lines in length are published gratuitously. For longer notices, terms of space are published for each additional line will be charged. Ten words on an average make a line. No poetry admitted under the above heading.]

Sickness Among Children

Is prevalent at all seasons of the year, but can be avoided largely when they are properly cared for. Infant Health is the title of a pamphlet accessible to all who will send address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York City.

WHEATLET
Is Easily
Digested.
Sold in 2-lb. packages by all leading Grocers.

Mrs. Dr. Dobson-Barker,

As a Spiritual Healer, Has No Equal.
Rejoice and Be Glad!

Herald Forth the Tidings of Good Health!

DR. A. B. DOBSON'S

HEALING powers are being repeated over and over again through the mediumship of MRS. DR. DOBSON-BARKER, who for the past year and a half has

Successfully Treated Over One Thousand Patients
Of all diseases that flesh is heir to, and will give you proof of her powers by sending requirements, as per small advertisement in this paper, for diagnosis of your case. Here is one of her many cures:

TESTIMONIAL. April 1, 1895.

Mrs. Dr. A. B. Dobson, San Jose, Cal.:
Dear Madam—I have used the medicine for one month's treatment received from you, and feel so much better and stronger in every way that I cannot express my gratitude to you. I did not think there was any medicine in the world that could help me so much in so short a time. I am advising all my friends who are in need of medicine to send to you. I enclose \$1.15 for another month's treatment.

I am yours gratefully, (MISS) A. PETRIE,
510 North 4th St., San Jose, Cal.

5,000 MORE BOOK AGENTS WANTED
Any man or woman can earn \$100 a month with
LIVES OF MCKINLEY AND HOBART

By HON. HENRY H. HUNTER, their chosen biographer.
60 pages, elegantly illustrated. Price only \$1.00. The best and cheapest, and outells all others by tens of thousands. 50 percent. to Agents and Freight Paid. C. 7 books now ready. Write for particulars and sample. Send no money. We will send by express 50 cents in stamps for an outfit, on order. A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn., July 4.

THE J. M. PEEBLES MEDICAL CO.,
San Diego, Cal.

CATARH,

CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, and All Throat and Lung Troubles, promptly cured by the only scientific method ever discovered for the successful treatment of these diseases. For full information, address with stamp for reply, THE J. M. PEEBLES MEDICAL CO.,
San Diego, Cal.

ONSET BAY, MASS.

The Association Headquarters Bookstore,
With a full line of Spiritualist Literature, and Bureau of Information, in charge of Mr. H. E. GIFFORD. Cottages, Rooms and Board.

The Lyman Cottage, Highland Avenue, is for sale. Write for particulars.
Send stamp for program.
Address H. E. GIFFORD, Onset, Mass. 1f May 23.

BOSTON

Institute
and Training
School.
41 Tremont St., Boston. Rich and poor welcome.
Dec. 14. 26c

ASTONISHING OFFER.

SEND three 2-cent stamps, lock of hair, name, age, sex, one reading symptom, and your disease will be diagnosed free by spirit power. MRS. DR. DOBSON-BARKER, San Jose, Cal. July 4.

KNOW
YOUR
FATE
Aug. 1. 2w

The Psychograph,

OR
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