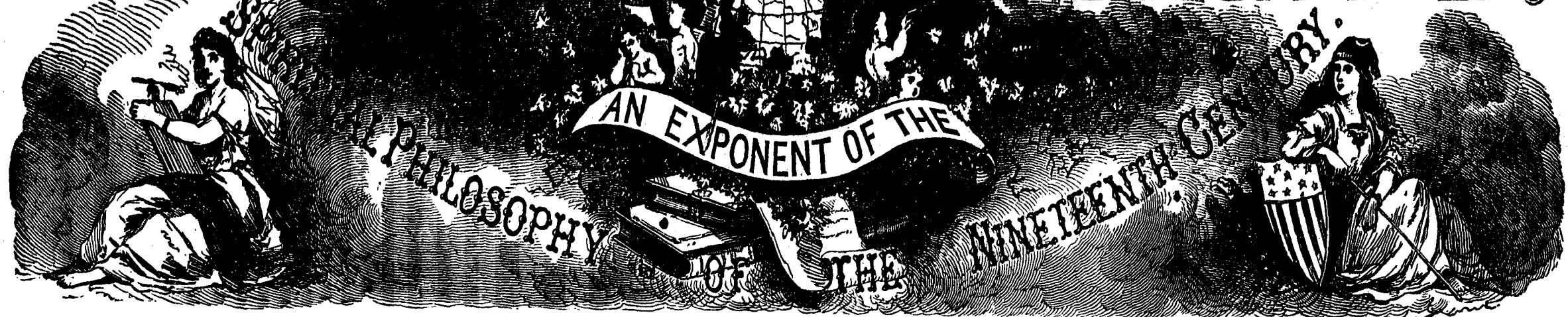


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. 79.

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1896.

{\$2.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.}

NO. 24.

FROM OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

Translated for the Banner of Light, by W. N. Eayrs.

A Strange Phenomenon.

{From Le Messager.}

The *Journal de Saône-et-Loire* reports an extraordinary phenomenon that occurs each evening at the house numbered 5 on the road from Mont-Cenis to Creusot.

In the basement of this house dwells the family Dubois. In the chamber are two beds that face each other; the one occupied by M. Dubois, the father, who is at the present time ill and bed-ridden; the other, by Mme. Dubois and her daughter, a girl of fourteen years. The young girl is considered extremely nervous, and her father even more so. Here are the facts, strange and surprising, according to the testimony of an eye-witness, and one in all respects worthy of confidence, that occur each evening in the house of the family Dubois.

The daughter is subject to attacks of nervousness, and whenever she is suffering from one of these attacks the bed on which she is lying, moved by some mysterious and irresistible force, rolls across the room toward the bed occupied by her father.

A skeptical neighbor, who at first attributed this movement to trickery, to some secret impulse given to the bed by the young girl, took measures to satisfy himself. He carefully examined the bed; he held the girl so that she could not move. The bed, however, urged on by some invisible force, moved toward its point of attraction.

This witness, a tall, strong man, tried to stop the bed in its progress, but in vain; he was himself dragged along with it, in spite of his energetic resistance. He did more. By means of wedges he firmly blocked the castors of the bed to prevent its rolling. This device was of no avail, for the bed arose in the air until it had passed the impediments in its way, and then went on as before.

It is to be added here that the floor of the room is made of brick tiles, that are in very bad condition, and a strong man would find it very difficult to move the bed, even when unoccupied.

This strange phenomenon ceases as soon as the magnetic bed is occupied at the same time by the mother.

While the young Dubois was, on one occasion, fast asleep, a gold ring and one of copper were placed on her fingers. She awoke immediately, with a cry that the copper ring was burning her horribly.

Such is the faithful account, says the *Gazette de Bruxelles*, of these strange and mysterious occurrences.

A Spirit Saves His Brother.

{From La Revue Spirite.}

Mr. Joseph de Kronhelm, in the course of an article contributed to the *Revue Spirite*, and referring to the rapidly and widely-increasing interest in Spiritualism that is now manifested in Russia, says:

"Spiritualism is making great progress in Russia. Everywhere one meets people who, indifferent to the subject up to the present time, are now earnestly studying it. In the houses in which formerly one saw only the works of Emil Zola, one finds now treatises on the occult sciences, and the books most frequently met with are the works of Allan Kardec. In a word, rich and poor, nobles and commons, are beginning to reflect upon the future of the soul.

I am going to tell you, as an example of what influence is at work, what I learned from a person who not long ago was wholly indifferent, but who is now a devoted Spiritualist.

In the month of June, 1893, I was on my way to Kieff on matters of business. In the conveyance I met an acquaintance, M. Casimir W. Wierchowski; he is an old bachelor, a fervent Catholic, a bitter enemy of all who deny the infallibility of the Church; on the other hand, he is a very worthy man, kind, charitable, and known all over the country for his integrity and his loyalty.

He used to be occupied with his brother Jules, in agriculture; but after his brother's death he rented his estates and lived at Poltava on his income.

As I knew that Jules was during his life a Spiritualist, that he possessed a library of the important works on the subject, and that he used to receive communications from the spirits by means of writing, I engaged M. Casimir in conversation on the topic.

M. Casimir said to me: "You know, my dear Joseph, that the Catholic religion forbids us to occupy ourselves with Spiritualism, or to believe in presentiments and apparitions. My old curate used to say to me often that these apparitions were merely tricks of the devil, and that a good Catholic ought always to wear a charm or some medal of the Holy Virgin of Czestochowa to protect himself from the wiles of the devils that are constantly hovering about him. A curious affair occurred, however, in which I was particularly involved and which proves, moreover, that apparitions are not always the wiles of the devil, but that they may proceed from those who, though dead, still love us and are interested in us. In

this way my dear brother Jules, whom you used to know, appeared once to me to warn me of a danger and to avert an evil that I could avert if at the moment I heeded his warning. At the time this happened I was not thinking of him. This is the story of my escape from death through the agency of my brother Jules:

In the spring of 1876 I was traveling in a coach, drawn by four good horses, to a place some seventy miles from my home; and as the roads at this time of the year are very bad, I was obliged to halt for the night at an inn situated in an open field.

The proprietor of the inn was a villainous-looking Jew, and those who were in the house had a bad look. Being very tired, I refreshed myself with a cup of warm tea and went to bed. About midnight I felt that some one was pulling me by the hand, and I awoke. I saw my brother Jules, who, as you know, had been dead three years, just as plainly as I ever did during his life, wearing the old snuff-colored coat that he used always to wear. He said to me: "Casimir, get up and save yourself; they are going to murder you," and disappeared. I gave no heed to what I had heard, as I believed that it was a delusion, and, turning in bed, I fell fast asleep again.

I do not know how long I had been sleeping when I felt for the second time that some one was pulling my hand. Again I woke and saw my brother Jules, who said to me, this time with an angry voice: "Up, Casimir, and as quickly as possible. There is not a moment to lose. I tell you that they are coming to murder you." He disappeared, and I rose, hastily dressed myself, and had barely time to throw open the window and leap to the ground when three rascals, armed with knives, forced open the door and burst into my room.

I was saved, and lay concealed in a ditch until I saw some persons coming toward me. To them I told what had just happened to me. The fellows were caught, and confessed at the trial that they had intended to murder me, in case I refused to give up to them the money I had with me.

No, I do not believe, dear Joseph, that it was the devil who came to warn me of what threatened me, but that it was really my dear brother Jules. I confess that what he used to say to me about Spiritualism is true, and since that apparition, I avow my belief in this sublime and consoling doctrine."

Saved by a Dream.

{From Annali dello Spiritismo.}

In the beginning of the eighteenth century there lived in Erfurt, Zaccaria Bernardo Apfeldt, a man universally respected for his uprightness and intelligence. He was one of the officers of the Treasury, and he was a close friend of the celebrated Augusto Ermanno Franke, then preacher at the Church of San Giovanni, and afterward founder of the great orphan asylum at Halle.

In January, 1708, the simple and laborious life of this excellent man came suddenly to an end, the result of fever.

His death was a severe blow to his family, and, as almost always happens, this misfortune was attended by others that threatened the existence of the family. The Secretary-in-Chief demanded the rendition of the accounts and the immediate payment of the sums of money collected by the deceased Secretary during the last quarter of his service; but notwithstanding the most diligent and minute search, no trace of money or of accounts could be found in the house, and the sum claimed was far in excess of the entire patrimony left to his heirs. To pay this sum out of their own funds meant ruin and beggary.

The distress of the family was great, and already the day was at hand on which the property of the Apfeldts was to be seized and forfeited to the crown. At this critical moment a son, a lad of sixteen years, by name Ernesto Augusto, had a dream that saved the disconsolate family from ruin, and the name of the dead officer, until this time without a stain, from dishonor.

To this son the father appeared in a dream, and conducted him into the hall in which the officers of the Treasury were wont to have their sittings, and there showed to him a chest in which he kept the money and the registries sought for so long in vain.

Much affected by this vision, the young man awoke. Although the vision was a clear, vivid and encouraging one, he hesitated about placing confidence in it. But necessity imperiously demanded action, and, as all the past efforts had proved unavailing, why not try this last resource, if perchance this dream might bring salvation.

When the morning came—the morning of the fateful day on which the final sitting was appointed to be held, he went trembling to the palace, into the hall shown to him in his dream, in which he had never before been, and he found, to his astonishment, everything just as it had been revealed to him.

The officers, who had already assembled, saw with surprise the unexpected appearance of

the young man, who ran directly to the place in which he had seen the chest. His dream had not deceived him, for there was the chest in fact; and, having caused it to be opened, he found within the accounts in perfect order and all the money intact.

Those present were overjoyed at the result of the affair, although not a little confounded by the means by which the discovery was made; but the discoverer ran home to tell his mother the joyful news, and relieve her at once from the anguish that oppressed her.

Ernesto Augusto Apfeldt did not forget that dream, and all his life he referred to it. In 1742 Prince Henry of Schwarzburg raised him to the ranks of the nobility and made him his private secretary. Three years later he became Chancellor and Director of Finance, which office he held until his death in 1757.

A Promise Kept.

{From La Revista Espriritista de la Habana.}

There lived at Granovo a priest, the father of three sons and three daughters. One of the sons, Modisto, entered the gymnasium at Tulczyn to receive his education, and while there he formed an intimate friendship with Ivan Siemaszkiewicz.

When he had finished his studies Modisto entered the army, and after three years the rank of Lieutenant of the Hussars was conferred upon him. Ivan chose teaching as his profession, and became rector of the seminary at Karmieniec.

When the war between Russia and Turkey broke out, Modisto, before setting out with his regiment, went to Karmieniec to take leave of his friend, Ivan.

"I am very much grieved," said Ivan, "to see you leaving for the war. If you should die, try as best you can to make me know your fate."

"I give you my promise to do so, if God will permit me to do it."

They separated, making to each other the promise to write as often as possible. Modisto kept his promise, and sent to his friend detailed reports of the occupation of the Balkans, the passage of the Schipka and the battle of Plevna, at which he was promoted and decorated. In his last letter he promised Ivan that he would soon come to see him, a promise that he was unable to keep, because he was soon after sent to Kiew and from there to Luck.

At the latter place he fell from his horse and was killed. At the moment when this happened at Luck, the rector, Ivan, was busy in his study writing. Suddenly the door opened, and Modisto, wearing, as usual, his uniform, entered the room.

"I received your letter," the rector said as soon as he saw him, "but you told me in it that you would not be able to come before Easter. What a pleasure this is."

"My dear friend," replied Modisto, "I come to keep my promise to you, and to bid you farewell. We shall never see each other again in this world. May you be happy, and may God bless you!"

With these words he disappeared, and Ivan, not comprehending what had happened, called his secretaries and domestics. Every part of the house was searched, but their search was of no avail. Ivan then decided to telegraph to a comrade of Modisto's at Luck, to make inquiry about his friend. The reply that was returned explained the mystery, and the rector then realized that his friend had actually appeared to him to keep the promise that they had mutually made.

An Apparition Announces Death.

{From Annali dello Spiritismo.}

Iwan Afanassowitsch Praschtschew served when a young man, as officer in the Russian army at the subjugation of Poland in the year 1831. His attendant, a soldier named Nann Ssereda, was mortally wounded in one of the battles, and before he died he gave to his superior three pieces of gold with the request that he should give them to his mother.

"I will faithfully discharge this duty," said the officer, "and I will give to her not only your three pieces, but something more which I will add to them in acknowledgment of your faithful service."

"How shall I requite your kindness?" asked the dying soldier in a faint voice.

"If you die, come from the next world to me on the day on which I am myself to die."

"I will do so," said Ssereda, and shortly after his soul went up to God.

Thirty years passed. One beautiful evening in summer Praschtschew was walking with his family in his garden. His dog left his side and kept running forward, smelling and whining in the avenue, as dogs are wont to do when they see or feel that some one whom they know is approaching. Praschtschew followed the animal, and what did he see? Ssereda coming to meet him!

"What! Is it you, Ssereda? Is this, then, my last day?"

"So it is, Sefor. Here am I in obedience to your order. The moment of your death is

near," replied the messenger from the other world, and then he disappeared.

Praschtschew made preparations for his death, settled his affairs and received the last sacrament.

Toward eleven o'clock that night, while he and his family were still in the garden, they heard a woman's cry for help, and the wife of his cook came running to them. She threw herself at his feet, begging protection from her husband, who was pursuing her. Soon the man appeared; he was intoxicated; he accused his wife of infidelity, and was about to strike her. Praschtschew interposed to ward off the blow from the woman, and seeing this, the infuriated cook fell upon him and stabbed him in the breast. Praschtschew fell to the earth dead.

Some Cases of Telepathy.

{From Le Messager.}

At a conference upon the subject of Telepathy, held by Dr. Delboeuf of the University of Liege, the learned professor, after remarking that phenomena of this class are infinitely more common and varied than his hearers might suppose, goes on to report the following facts:

M. de Parville relates the case of a boy of six years, named Ludovic, who could solve all sorts of problems, provided he was at his mother's side. To the different questions proposed to him he gave prompt and exact answers. More than this: he answered questions even before they were uttered aloud—while they were still in the mind of the questioner only.

The strange part of this case is that, while the answers that were obtained from him could not come from the mind of the mother, the child lost at once his special faculty the moment that his mother left his side.

A young girl of eighteen years became blind in consequence of having fallen into the water while skating with a party of her young companions. As the result of this accident, she became sad and melancholy; but, strange to say, she knew all that was going on around her and even in the neighboring apartments.

Thus, on the 8th of January, while she was alone in the morning, a relative came to tell her that her sister had met with an accident by being thrown from the horse she was riding. Before the visitor had uttered a word, the blind girl related to her all the details of the accident, and added that the sister was suffering much in the loins. That was exactly the case.

On another day, sitting by the side of her sister, who was reading aloud, she began herself to read, and continued the story that her sister had begun. A physician was called. At first he was incredulous; but repeated experiments confirmed the fact that this blind girl could read as well as if she had two good eyes.

On the 24th of February Edward Wolf met with an accident on board a steamboat. His sister, who lived at a great distance from Chicago, had gone to her room about nine o'clock in the morning, after her husband had gone to his office, and her child to school. While alone in her chamber she was seized by a feeling of great sadness, and went from the room to prepare a cup of tea. Suddenly she was enveloped by a cloud, and turning in surprise to discover the cause of it, she saw her brother, dressed in sailor's clothes, bareheaded, wearing a blue-striped shirt. He was being drawn along by a rope, and was precipitated into the hold of the vessel. Not only did she distinctly see the image of her brother, but also the shape and all the parts of the vessel. At half-past ten in the morning her husband, informed by a telegram of the accident, returned to the house to announce to his wife that her brother was injured, and was lying in the hospital. She replied to his announcement by giving him a detailed statement of the extraordinary vision she had had.

Inquiry was made, and it was found that the lady's vision was of that which had actually happened, even to the minutest details. On the 14th of January, 1889, Madam X—, on entering her house, had tripped and fallen, without, however, doing herself any harm. Madam B—, a friend, who was in her own house, a long way from the place of the accident, saw the fall of Madam X— as clearly as if she had been by her side. Although she did not attach any importance to visions, yet, urged by curiosity, she wrote to her friend to inquire whether she had really met with an accident in such a place and at such an hour.

The answer that came back fully confirmed the vision.

There are some who desire to know with the sole purpose that they may know, and it is curiosity; and some who desire to know that they may be known, and it is base ambition; and some who desire to know that they may sell their knowledge for wealth, and it is base avarice; but there are some, also, who desire to know that they may be edified, and it is prudence; and some who desire to know that they may help others, and it is charity.—S. Bernard.

In the August number of *Current Events*, the monthly news review published in Hartford, Conn., the position of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe on woman's suffrage is clearly defined—Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, the famous philanthropist and suffrage advocate, dealing with her sister's relations with the cause. This phase of her character has never received the notice it merits, and the article will interest all of Mrs. Stowe's admirers.



William Foster, Jr.

Mr. Foster was born in Brooklyn, Conn., April, 1817. Though nearing his eightieth year, he is well-preserved, retaining his eyesight and hearing, and a measure of health remarkable for one of his years.

This fortunate condition he ascribes to the fact that for more than sixty years he has eschewed drug medication, at an early age losing all confidence in old-school M.D.s. He sometimes consults botanics and magnetic healers, but usually prescribes for himself, doing so once when he had a severe attack of Asiatic cholera. In less than an hour he relieved himself by a liberal use of red-pepper tea, and the next day went about his business. It is a law with him, as irrevocable as the olden laws of the Medes and Persians, that nature and the recuperative powers of the system shall be aided rather than deadened by poisonous medications.

Mr. Foster is of sturdy Massachusetts stock, the descendant of a family of revolutionary fame. His great-grandfather, Timothy Foster, resided in Dudley. He had three wives and sixteen children, twelve sons, of whom the grandfather Joseph was the youngest.

All the boys with the father served in the Revolutionary armies, their united terms of service being about sixty years—the grandfather Joseph enlisting at the age of fourteen, serving two years.

Through his grandmother Chloe White, daughter of Adams White, strains of Peregrine White and Adams blood mingled with the Foster, which perhaps may account for Mr. Foster's radicalism and independence. From his boyhood he was a radical and an all-round reformer. In the early days of the anti-slavery movement he became abolitionized, championed the Woman's Rights movement, opposed capital punishment—becoming a full-fledged heresiarch.

Mr. Foster was born into a bitter politico-theological fight. Connecticut was Federal and Calvinistic, of a very blue type. There was practically a union of Church and State, the clergy dominating socially and politically. A movement was inaugurated, which culminated in 1838 in the adoption of a constitution whereby Church and State were divorced, and the government put on a civil basis. This by no means settled the controversy; the old Federal politicians and the clergy kept up the fight for years. About this time Brooklyn became convulsed.

The associate pastor of the Orthodox Church, Luther Wilson, became a Unitarian. This created a terrible ferment, which continued for years, an environment which stimulated the radical tendencies of the hierarchy and made him more aggressive. The outcome was that Mr. Foster became an agnostic, which evoked opposition and a boycott policy when he entered into business. He was undaunted, maintained his independence of opinion, and asserted his right to the enjoyment of the same.

As his experience broadened, the problem of life, its significance and continuity seemed to demand a solution. Then came the question which has been the interrogatory of the ages: "If a man die, shall he live again?" No answer seemed possible; neither religion nor science furnished one. After years of thought and study, though doubts were not overcome, the spiritualistic theory was formulated as the only possible way to rationally settle the problem. It was a mere hypothesis, without facts to prove the truth. The early spiritual manifestations seemed corroborative, but to be convincing they must be seen. After removal to Providence, in a few months he had an opportunity to see and hear evidence which at once dissolved all doubts, and indubitably answered the question which puzzled Job and myriads of others. From that moment Spiritualism became a verity, and time is continually adding its testimonies.

Mr. Foster at once identified himself with the Spiritualists of Providence, and for many years was the Secretary of the Association and an active worker. He recognized the value of the *BANNER OF LIGHT* as an exponent of the Cause, esteeming it so highly that he has preserved his copies, having sixty volumes already bound—his files commencing with volume nineteen. Mr. Colby and Mr. Foster were fast friends for more than twenty-five years. The

intercourse is not yet ended, for Mr. Colby frequently materializes at the séances of Mrs. Allen, coming with his old-time heartiness of greeting.

Mr. Foster was educated in the common schools and academy of his native town. He fitted for college at West Point. Rev. Samuel J. May, pastor of the Unitarian church in Brooklyn, offered to meet one-half the expense of a course at Harvard, and friends tendered him influence which probably would have taken him to West Point. His inclinations were for the latter, but he abandoned the idea at the instance of his mother. Being an only child he was the apple of her eye, and she was loth to have him leave home. So he sacrificed his aspirations and ambitions, and remained at his home. Soon after leaving school, at the age of 19, he published and edited the *Westchester County Transcript* at Brooklyn, selling out after three years. In 1841 he began the career of school teacher, pursuing the vocation sixteen years.

Removing to Providence in 1856 he soon became editor of one of the city papers, continuing his connection with the press till 1876. He was also connected with the city police four years and a half. Subsequently he became an assistant to the Overseer of the Poor, being connected with the Charity Bureau of the city fifteen years.

At the instance of his eldest son he resigned some three years ago, since which he has busied himself with his pen on the lines of reform. His children thought he had worked long enough— anxious that he might cease active labor and rest on his oars the remainder of his life, enjoying *otium cum dignitate*.

Original Essay.

Considerations of Import.

BY HENRY LACROIX.

All corporations are nests of corruption, the most dangerous of which are the religious, which rear churches and freight them with clerics that in time get to be proud, ambitious and tyrannical. Power is a frightful gulf to go through for most men. Only the well-balanced, the sagacious, are enabled to go through it scot free, and even those will find themselves after that experience bereft of weight and enforcing energy. Power is a most trying situation. As the candle is lit, it attracts the foolish butterflies, who go and burn their wings there.

But corruption is very useful in social economy; we could not do without it. So it is very wisely ordained to play a strong part on the stage of life. According to reason, corruption is an essential motor, well calculated to do its work fully; but in the eyes of sentimentality, or the moral sense—which control most people now-a-days during this moral era—corruption is looked upon as a pestilential evil, a frightful foe, which should be attacked and destroyed. But the retort would be: Can anything be efficiently destroyed? Even the materialists, the savants of to-day, say, No! So it follows that corruption has to be endured. The wise and practical will not only endure it, but endeavor to put it to proper use, as the wide-awake farmer does with manure. Harvest depends a good deal on it being properly laid out and mixed with the soil.

Experience, knowledge and wisdom come to men only through blunders committed, some deeply-laid, so much so at times as to be on a par with crime. It would not do to have individual consciences laid out bare. "*Pêche caché est a demi-pardonné*," as the French say: "A hidden sin is half pardoned." There is such a thing as decency in vice.

As we analyze all things coolly, systematically, with the sole view of eliciting therefrom the plain truth and improving thereby our social standing on a general scale, the so-called mysterious processes of nature become simple to our understanding, so much so, in fact, that we are able to construct a synthesis in every case, or a philosophical explanation that satisfies mental wants. Deeply within us, within every one, are powers of gauging, measuring, which, in proper condition, crop out for a second or more, and enable us on the instant to judge with great certainty, if not infallibility.

Our doctrine teaches that there is really no evil—no good! That assertion is a philosophical assumption which is borne out by the highest methods of reasoning. The trumpet that sounded those words: no evil—no good—came from on high, and the blast startled many and does so still among us mortals. Necessity and opportunity determine every action on small or large scales, which shows, evidently, that reordination and laws that are above mundane laws are in constant activity, undoing what men consider the best. Death, for instance, is considered by most men as the direst evil; but necessity wills it, and opportunity enacts it. Sentimentality is set aside as of no account in such cases. The moral feelings are torn asunder, ignored by the law which governs unflinchingly all human destinies. Men die, nations die; human laws die. The moral code stands, on earth and in the heaven above, having also suffered many transformations. It is no more good or moral to kill (except in wars, duels and self-defense) and eat one another. No! it is now vulgar, shocking, and our sensitive women go into hysterics over the bare recital of such things. They would not kill an innocent lamb or chicken; but eat them they will, and relish every morsel. How refined our mates have become, with the help of fine dresses, brilliant, and a sprinkling of moral education! It is astonishing how those things become them. Their moral worth is greater than ours—men—as assumed, and, in reality, they mold us, rear us up, and finally command us about—as mere boys or simpletons—just with the magic wand called Cupid's arrow. Jupiter, Mars, Neptune, and all the ancient and modern gods, bend before that sway, apart from us, the millions, who grovel about seeking to please our enslavers. Turn about is the order of nature, or, the last become the first. Petticoat government came forth even before the idea of woman's rights burst forth and became a fashion.

There is no evil, no good, in such a situation, as above described. It is simply a matter of fact, brought about by necessity and opportunity. The so-called moral law and reign is but an *enracine* in the great play of mundane and even spiritual life. It is nothing less, nothing more. It is a vaporous ballet, where woman's attractions are set forth as a *passé-temps*, to excite and bewilder the senses of the *stern sex*, so named.

The three epochs of a man's life, or that of nations and that of humanity at large, are signalled by three different emulations that are logically consonant with the periods traversed. The middle age in each case is transitory, as the being or beings are then neither children nor yet men. The hybrid-like state, on a small or large scale, like intervening seasons between summer and winter, is always drawn back and drawn forward, like the sea which ebbs and flows, in obedience to the influence of the past, which gave it birth, and to that of the future, which draws its beings forward and upward.

As our common humanity, or the civilized portion, is still in the middle age—which begets love and akin passions—its manhood is a question of the future. It can take on but glimmers, fleeting ones, of its future manhood state—so long as this age or era lasts. That is unavoidable; it is logical and just what it should be. No assumption to the contrary can be maintained long or seriously. Philosophy, or true understanding, is claimed to exist among mankind, or a small portion of it; it is at best but a reflex of it. It deserves indeed to be called only *Moral Philosophy*.

Streaks of light are but the beginning of a flow of a steady and uninterrupted current.

Real philosophy, pure and simple, cannot elect a home on earth—not in the fluidic sphere—not until conditions have completely changed in both places, not until feelings are controlled entirely by reason, not until ignorance, prejudices and such like shades are wiped away from the brains—not until an equilibrium exists in both spheres—separately and in common.

Intelligence is the supreme principle in Nature Universal—and not Love, as it is still claimed in both spheres. Love and passion are two differently-hued auxiliaries that serve to mold and animate all kinds of objectivities—under the direct and infallible control of Intelligence.

Let the young, inexperienced ones prate about love and laud it above everything, while the mature stand by smiling, shaking their heads! That every-day picture, the world over, tells its own *moralité*.

A grimace and a smile—or vice and love-form, no doubt, a convex surface in life, more or less rough and adorned with scented flowers; but both together cannot form a spherical sphere—the highest form of all forms. The master touch in all arts and science is that of thorough knowledge and understanding.

Knowledge and understanding on earth take necessarily a sort of concrete form and nature, while in the fluidic sphere it partakes of the conditions prevailing there; but in the etherial world it is complete in every essential or quintessential way. Where the source of all things lies, the flow of life is not disturbed by puerility and roughness—as found in the two lower spheres during their various developments.

Cool calculations are preferable to hasty and fiery ones. In viewing ourselves and things that are near and far away, it behooves us to act slowly, with order and method, and not allow our minds to be influenced by worldly considerations that act as a leading hand in society. Draw from yourselves with confidence, I would say—because you are each very deep wells—and also look up high for inspiration, which is ever actively occupied in distributing wholesome advice and encouragement.

He who helps himself, energetically, is helped by the gods. The dear departed ones—hovering around each one—feel still the physiological tie of consanguinity and its impulses, and are precious helps to be invoked when necessity demands it. Listen with amity to their still voices, as they imprint their words on your hearts and brains. That is true and pure praying—earnest demand on one side, and just as earnest in dispensing on the other side. Our own, or those who are part and parcel of us, are not strange gods to pray to. When not sufficiently enlightened to help us at once, or directly, be assured that they get it from others for our benefit. How often I have seen that practically exemplified, in personal and other cases.

The scientific method of induction is climbing up the ladder to arrive at knowledge. Most people are obliged to be acrobats of that kind. The state of things renders that method obligatory to most men. The quicker process or method of deduction is altogether philosophical. The mind then starts downward from principles, or the fountain-head of thought, and exposes the direct consequences of those principles. Men are obliged to know. Their inward must become their outward. They must be turned inside out to become real, complete men. What excruciating pain that denotes! Yes! pain and not happiness is the common and general lot of mankind. Everyone can see that with one eye. Put in one scale the amount of misery, despair, abjectness, violence and darker passions of the world, and put in the other scale the contrary sum of joy, happiness, etc., see what the result will be. You all know it very well. You may well say: "This world of strife is not our home!" Aye! it is not indeed. It is not a fit home yet for our aspirations, that extend on high, beyond any seen star, space or limitation. We may be accused, and accuse ourselves, of all dire villanies—according to the moral law; but in virtue of another law—a much higher law—all those darknesses that have prevailed over earth and affected its beings, are sure to disappear under our united endeavors, after paying hard for it, both spiritually and materially, through cycles of ages, which—to our souls—count as but a speck in time. Is it not wonderful that we should be, in fact, so small and yet so great? It all depends on what end of the telescope we view ourselves through—nothing else.

Written for the Banner of Light.

"WHY SHOULD'NT THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?"

BY DR. DEAN CLARKE.

Why should'nt the spirit of mortal be proud, E'en though he depart like "a fast fleeting cloud"? His spirit in triumph life's banner shall wave As he marches to victory o'er death and the grave.

Like leaves of the forest our bodies may fade, Together with them in the dust may be laid, Yet we in the dust shall not with them lie, But rise, like the Phoenix, to dwell up on high.

The infant, the mother, and husband who loved, All who to each other undying love proved, Find not in the grave "their dwellings of rest"—In mansions on high are the homes of the blest.

Though the maid lose the hue of cheek, brow and eye, And pleasures and triumphs of earth are put by, An angel in heaven, she's still loved and praised, For naught of her beauty by death was erased.

Though sceptre, and mitre, no longer are borne By the hand or the brow by which they were worn, No king, priest, nor sage are e'er lost in the grave, But each is a spirit, still active and brave.

The peasant and herdsman have climbed up life's steep, To reap its true harvest that all shall yet reap; No beggar is there in search of his bread, For all have a plenty in realms they now tread.

The saint upon earth is an angel in heaven, The sinner still lives, though he be unforgiven, Neither wise nor the foolish, the guilty or just, Remain with their bones now mingled in dust.

Though "the multitude goes, like the flower or weed, That withers away to let others succeed," As spirits they come, whom seems may behold, And repeat every tale that as mortals they told.

Yes, "we are the same our fathers have been, And see the same sights our fathers have seen"; And soon, too, in realms as bright as the sun, We'll run the same course our fathers now run.

The thoughts they are thinking we shortly will think; From death now not shrinking, no more will we shrink; To life that's eternal with them we will cling, And speed on our way, "like a bird on the wing."

Their scorn and their grief long since have grown cold, Their joy and their love for aye shall unfold; No wall of tears-sorrows from them doth now come, But the tongue of their gladness no longer is dumb.

"They died," yet still live! yea, more than we now, With dark earthly shadows o'erhanging our brow, And when we are done with this transient abode, How glad we will take their new "pilgrimage road."

Our tears and despondency, sorrow and pain, Will soon pass away like a shower of rain, Then songs of the angels that dwell on the earth-dregs, Shall "follow each other like surge upon surge."

But the wink of an eye, and the loss of a breath Completes the new birth, so falsely called death; The soul is triumphant o'er bier and the shroud, Then, why not the spirit of mortal be proud?

"The writer has paraphrased the celebrated poem of William Knox—said to be a favorite of Abraham Lincoln—using his rhymes and characters, but changing his melancholy and materialistic thoughts into more cheerful and rational philosophy."—D. C.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. WINDLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for centuries for children's ailments. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures whooping-cough, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Is There Another Life?

BY JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER.

(Special to Banner of Light.)

Is there another life? Every age and generation, since man began to think, has repeated the same inquiry, and doubtless will so continue until divested of the innumerable impediments to careful investigation and thought.

Prof. Goldwin Smith, of the Toronto University, a voluminous writer in somewhat narrow lines, thinks the time has already arrived to answer the question, and proceeds forthwith to do so in the *July* number of *The Forum*. After reading and re-reading the article, I have been able to comprehend a part at least of its meaning, although I am free to say that the author seems wholly at sea himself as to just what he really is prepared to accept, and swings from one line of thought to another in a manner as irritating as it is incomprehensible. This is not my own idea alone, for in fact while the guest of one of the brightest writers in American literature my attention was called to the essay, and I found that my friend had arrived at precisely the same opinion; and at his suggestion I beg to subscribe the following thoughts. I do not wish, however, for any one to imagine that I think that I am answering Dr. Smith, for he has incorporated so much, has built so many men of straw, only to knock them to pieces again, that in no logical way could the entire article be considered. I have rather sought to answer, in part at least, the question, "Is There Another Life?" including therein much that *The Forum* article embodies, and omitting that which to the general reader has no bearing upon the subject whatever.

Dr. Smith tries hard to be scientific, learned and religious at the same time, makes frantic attempts to keep inside the line so as not to affront the Christian brethren, and yet appear to be wise as the wisest. He slips over scientific discoveries by quietly accepting them, and then immediately goes to the Bible for authority, seemingly forgetting that the very precept of the scripture is "False in one false in all." And that with the theories, long accepted as facts, in Genesis exploded, a very doubtful light is thrown over the whole matter, and at least the entire theory and assumption of Christianity is changed. For surely, if the earth is the result of evolution, and man follows on in the path of the same law, instead of being the result of a special creation he exists as a part of the universe—as does everything else—and not in the fulfillment of divine command. And the consequent theories, which are the basis of Christian belief, such as the origin of evil, the fall of man, the salvation through the blood of a Savior, the final separation of saints from sinners—more properly put, the punishing of non-believers and the rewarding of the faithful—all fall to the ground like a rope of sand, and vanish into the shadows of that oblivion where so many of the childish fancies of man have at last passed from view, driven helplessly by the overpowering force of mind and intelligence.

Dr. Smith infers as much, more than once, but ere the inference is complete, quotes some one in authority to offset what would otherwise be a startling and important statement. He is very hard to pin down to any direct point, and he parries and shifts from one side to another with an agility as remarkable as it is illogical. It may seem a little presumptuous to express an opinion so broadly in regard to so distinguished and generally accepted a scholar, and I wish it understood, it is in regard to *The Forum* article only that I speak. Dr. Smith represents a certain school of thought. In my humble way I endeavor to represent another, which, I am free to say, is diametrically opposed to his, and to my mind, a thousand times more valuable—besides which his disparaging and curt remarks about Spiritualism places me more or less on the defensive, as will probably be seen later on. There are, however, a few direct statements in the article which call for consideration, and which, I am quite sure, are not accepted by the majority of the *thinkers* in the world in the same light in which they are presented. The following is one:

"Science, moreover, Darwinian and general, has put an end to the traditional belief in the soul as being separate from the body, breathed into the body by a distinct act of the Creator, pent up in it as in a prison-house, beating against the bars of the flesh, and looking to be set free by death. Soul and body, we now know, are indivisible from each other, man's nature being one, enfolded at first in the same embryo, advancing in all its parts and aspects through the same stages to maturity, and succumbing at last to the same decay. Not that this makes our nature more material in the gross sense of that term. Spirituality is an attribute of moral elevation and aspiration, not of the composition of the organism. Tyndall called himself a 'materialist,' yet no man was ever less so, in the gross sense. If we wish to see clearly in these matters, it might be a most better, for a time, to suspend our use of the word 'soul,' with its traditional connotations of antagonism to the body, and to speak only of the higher life, or of spiritual aim and effort."

I was not aware before that Science, either Darwinian or general, had ever recognized the existence of the soul as being either within or without the body. To the devotee of science, "matter" was and is the all-in-all. And today—unless I am woefully mistaken—no more recognizes the soul, as a higher attribute of the body, than it accepted its existence apart from the body in the years ago. From a scientific standpoint, we know no more about soul to-day than we did fifty or an hundred year ago. So the statement that the "soul and the body are indivisible from each other," may rest upon Dr. Smith's authority, but there is and can be no scientific foundation for any such declaration.

If the "body and the soul succumb to the same decay," then annihilation, or something paramount to it, is the ultimate end of all. For while death does not destroy the particles of the body, it does so change their relation to each other as to preclude all possible recognition; and if this be equally true of soul, then there is no need of further argument or speculation.

From the standpoint of the highest spiritual science, the soul is an emanation from the Divine Spirit, and the individual personal spirit is the expression the soul makes in its contact with matter, the body being but the result of the action of the spirit itself—an instrument played upon by an invisible performer; and that decay is but the process by and through which the spirit relinquishes its contact with another—death being the final and eventually the absolute separation between the two; the spirit and soul passing on to the realm of still higher activities, while the body is absorbed in that great sea of elements, being uplifted one step at least through the action of spirit upon it. This Dr. Smith recognizes, in his reference to the philosophers of the past, in the following strain:

"Of the two great thinkers of antiquity Plato believed intensely in a future life, for which this present life was but a training, and in a future state of rewards and punishments. His arguments, put into the mouth of Socrates, who is about to die, come to us in the most persuasive guise. The soul, Plato thinks, cannot be affected by diseases of the body, but only by its own diseases, ignorance and vice. An evidence of more weight practically than any of the metaphysical arguments adduced by the disciple of Socrates is the death of Socrates itself, which, like the Christian martyrdoms, imparts a strong and rooted faith in the future reward of loyalty to truth and virtue. The same faith is expressed by Plato in the 'Republic.' To him amid the license of Athenian democracy in its hour of decay, as to the Christian amid the demoralization of the Roman Empire, the world seemed evil; and he found support for right courses in the conviction that though the righteous man might suffer obloquy, persecution, and even a painful and shameful death in this life, it would be well for him in the sum of things."

Yet all this, although referred to by Dr. Smith, is not treated as of being of any value. Nor could it be if the existence of the soul is not recognized as apart from the body itself. He declares there have never been any real evidences of a future life beyond two, which are placed in such a doubtful way as to rob them of whatever importance they may have been possessed.

"The only case, so far as we are aware, in which there is anything like first-hand evidence, is that of the warning apparition to Lord Lyttelton, which may be explained as the masked suicide of a voluptuary

ated with life. Apart from the miraculous resurrection of Christ, and Christ's miraculous raisings from the dead, no one has been seen or heard from after death. That evidence, which alone could be absolutely conclusive, has never been afforded. This is the stubborn fact with which Butler and those who adopt his line of argument have to contend."

And these, you see, are of no consequence, especially the second; for if the eminent Doctor refuses to believe that the soul is apart from the body from the Creator's hand, as is so clearly stated in Genesis, then are we compelled to reject whatever else is offered upon the same authority. In fact, there is only the traditional evidence that any part of the story of the resurrection is true, it being wholly dependent upon the evidence of people who lived two thousand years ago, and wholly unknown. Doubtly improbable does it seem from Dr. Smith's standpoint when he tells us his opinion of Spiritualism, which holds long and important witnesses in the highest walks of life who are ready to testify to-day to what they individually know in regard to the truth:

"Nor can spiritualistic apparitions call for notice. They have been often enough exposed. Nothing is proved by them but the down credulity of bereaved, mourning for communion with the lost. Spiritualism, it should not be forgotten, had its farcical origin in table-turning."

Profound, is it not? "A farcical origin in table-turning." The origin of the Christian religion is, to my mind, far more reprehensible. The swinging lamp in the church at Pisa told an important story to Galileo. The falling apple revealed a mighty law to Sir Isaac Newton. No fact in nature is "farcical," that adds to the sum of human knowledge. Spiritualism stands to-day as the one voice raised in protest against the materialism of the age in which we live. It has become the new force added to the fast dying religions of our time. It is beckoning to modern science to enter the vast realms of psychical phenomena, and there discover the great and mighty spiritual entity that pervades all space, which is the activity of what we see about us. It says to all the great sorrowing, despairing world, that this life is only one lesson in the sum of things to be, and that the grave is but the portal to a life higher and better.

And are there any evidences of the truth of this sweet and delightful doctrine? Plenty of them to be found on every side. Prof. Crookes and Prof. Wallace, two men great in the scientific world, stand as witnesses of its truth. The hosts of clergymen both sides the Atlantic who are preaching it, without the moral courage to acknowledge the source from whence they received the fuller measure of the knowledge, stand forth also and proclaim the truth; while the millions outside of scientific or religious training whose hearts have been made happy, whose tears have been wiped away, upon whose brow the reassuring light of the truth falls like a halo of glory, swell the mighty anthem!

There is another life, and Modern Spiritualism has swung wide the door that leads to it. I subjoin Prof. Smith's conclusions, which are too indefinite to suggest, even, any criticism, but I leave them with the reader, as far too hopeless for me to make anything out of:

"In fact, what we call 'spiritual life' seems to be the cultivation of character carried on by a sort of inner verve, the value of which is not in the thing itself, but in the character it produces. If anything in us, may be thought to transcend the necessities of our present state, and to be transferable, so to speak, to a wider sphere. It is conceivable that they may be prized by the soul of the universe, if the universe has a soul, as kindred, and capable of being united to itself. That a power of good akin to human goodness is diffused in the universe and predominates over evil, none but extreme pessimists have yet denied. In affection, beauty, melody, and everything that appeals to sentiment, there are intimations of tenderness as well as goodness. It seems at least possible that the destiny of character may not be confined to earth. At the same time, so far as we can discern, character can be formed only by effort, which implies something against which to strive; so that without evil, or what appears to us evil, character could not be formed. For aught we know, effort, or something which we can only describe as effort, not flat or mere evolution, may be the law of the universe. It is true that if immortality to which any suggestion of this kind points would be of the conditional kind, since good character only could have a life-giving affinity to the power of good."

A MYSTERY.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The river, hemmed with leaning trees,
Wound through its meadows green;
A low, blue line of mountains showed
The open plains between.

Ore sharp, tall peak above them all
Clear into sunlight sprang;
I saw the river of my dreams,
The mountains that I sang.

No clew of memory led me on,
But well the ways I knew,
A feeling of familiar things
With every footstep grew.

Not otherwise above its crag
Could I have found the olden shrine,
Not otherwise the maple hold
Aloft its red ensign.

So up the long and short foot-hills
The mountain road should creep;
So, green and red, the meadow fold
Its red-haired kine asleep.

The river wound as it should wind;
Their place the mountains took;
The white torn fringes of their clouds
Were now unwonted look.

Yet ne'er before that river's rim
Was pressed by feet of mine,
Never before mine eyes had crossed
That broken mountain line.

A presence, strange at once and known,
Walked with me as my guide;
The skirts of some forgotten life
Trailed noiseless at my side.

Was it a dim remembered dream?
Or glimpses through years old?
The secret which the mountains kept
The river never told.

But from the vision, ere it passed,
I had home I drew,
And pleasant as the dawn of spring,
The thought within me grew.

That love would temper every change,
And soften all surprise,
And misty with the dreams of earth,
The hills of heaven arise.

To Cure Headaches.

Simple Remedies that will Bring Speedy Relief to Sufferers.

"A hot bath, a stroll in the fresh air, shampooing the head in weak soda-water, or a timely nap in a cool, quiet room will sometimes stop a nervous headache," writes Dr. B. F. Herrick in *August Ladies' Home Journal*. "When overfatigued from shopping or sightseeing, a sponge dipped in very hot water and pressed repeatedly over the back of the neck between the ears will be found exceedingly refreshing, especially if the face and temples are afterward subjected to the same treatment. Neuralgia is caused not only by cold air but by acidity of the stomach, starved nerves, a sick headache is usually accompanied by a too generous diet. Heat is the best and quickest cure for this distressing pain. A hot flannel, passed rapidly and deftly over several folds of flannel laid on the affected spot, will often give relief in less than ten minutes without the aid of medicine. Hot fomentations are of equal value; though when the skin is very tender it is more advisable to use dry heat, nothing being better for the purpose than bags of heated salt, flour or sand, which retain warmth for a long time. Cold water, applied by the finger-tips to the nerves in front of the ear, has been known to dispel neuralgic pains like magic. When caused by acidity, a dose of charcoal or soda will usually act as a corrector. Sick headache is usually accompanied by bilious symptoms, and attacks usually come on when the person is overtired or below par physically. This is a disease of the first half of life, and often stops of its own accord after middle age. A careful diet is imperative in every case, sweetmeats and pastry being especially pernicious.

"Early in the morning, before very tired, late dinners, eating irregularly, insufficient mastication or too much animal food, especially in the spring or during the hot weather, are frequent causes of indigestion, causing headaches by reflex action."

Now in the silver of the sun
The summer's beauties glow;
The rabbits now are on the run,
But not for a day—no!

—Atlanta Constitution.

Improper and deficient care of the scalp will cause grayness of the hair and baldness. Escape both by the use of that reliable specific, Hall's Hair Renewer.

Queen City Park.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The first Sunday of the season at this favorite camp ground was a bright, beautiful day, and Queen City Park looked very lovely in its summer dress of green, the rain of Saturday making the foliage look fresh and beautiful.

In the forenoon we had an excellent address from Mrs. Abbie W. Grossett, of Watbury, Vt., one of our old and valued State speakers, and one who works for the cause of Spiritualism zealously and faithfully at all times.

In the afternoon, Col. R. G. Ingersoll gave his famous lecture, "The Foundations of Faith," to a very large and most attentive audience.

It would be vain to attempt any synopsis of the address of this great orator. One must hear Col. Ingersoll to be able to appreciate the beauty of language, the marvellous power of memory and the accuracy of data that his lectures are replete with, and his closing remarks on the hope of immortality were so beautiful and touching as to lead one to think that he did believe in immortality himself.

On Tuesday Mr. Lucius Colborn lectured in the Pavilion with great acceptance.

The ladies of the camp have spent several days in retreating and improving the Pavilion. They were greatly assisted in their labors by Mr. Colborn, who is always ready to work for the good of Queen City Park.

On Wednesday Dr. Smith arrived from Lake Pleasant with a party of excursionists for Queen City Park, Burlington, and other places; Mrs. Helen Palmer Reseque and her friend, Mrs. Grant, were among the number, and they are much pleased with the beauty of the place.

Several visitors from Montreal, Can., are with us—Captains Adams and Wile, Mrs. Riva, Mrs. White, Mr. Robbins of Port Perry, Ont., and others.

John Withall and family are occupying their fine cottage on the point.

Nearly all the old campers have arrived, and more are expected on Saturday.

The conferences are held as usual each morning, and are quite interesting.

Thursday and Friday afternoons we had the great pleasure of hearing Mrs. Helen Palmer Reseque, this being her first visit to Queen City Park; she is a most eloquent and forcible speaker, with a fine, clear voice and very pleasing manner; her lecture on Thursday, on the "Uses and Abuses of Spiritualism," was full of good things and gave great satisfaction to her audience. The discourse on Friday was a beautiful effort, and her appeal to the Spiritualists to live up to the grand principles of their philosophy touched the hearts of her hearers deeply. We hope to hear more from this gifted speaker.

Miss Truax has kindly furnished the music for this week.

The Schubert Quartet of Boston will be with us on Saturday, to remain during the season. J. E. T.

Central New York Camp.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

"The Central New York Camp Association" is a proven fact, and the new camp is a decided success. Although the weather was very much against us we had a good attendance, especially on Saturdays and Sundays. J. Frank Baxter came for Sunday, Aug. 2, and drew well. Our stock company consisted of Mrs. Augusta Armstrong, of N. Y., Buffalo, N. Y., Frank T. Ripley, secretary, medium, Mrs. S. W. Walters, of Auburn, N. Y., who made a good choir, and gave us good music for the whole camp season. A regular and well established Board of Directors was chosen, with B. L. Robinson, of McLean, N. Y., as President; Postmaster James Carr, as Treasurer; H. C. Sessions of Cortland, N. Y., as Vice-President, and Mr. A. C. Stone of Freeville, N. Y., as Secretary.

Next year's meeting will be held for sixteen days, beginning on the last Saturday of July, 1897. There is a due large hall at Freeville, which has been secured and really owned by Spiritualists, and the use of it has been given us in stormy weather. In behalf of the Association, I hereby thank the people of Freeville for their aid and kindness to this week.

A large camp-meeting is expected next year, as there are thirty thousand people living within thirty miles of this camp, and they are located in the garden of the United States. There is room for thousands, and good accommodations for all who may come, and cheap at that—hotel board for \$5 per week, and good board at private houses at \$4 per week. Flowing water from artesian, or driven wells, make good water abundant, and the camp location is good.

Speakers and mediums should apply early for next year's engagements to B. L. Robinson, McLean, Tompkins County, N. Y., as he is the permanent President for the year. Fraternally yours, J. W. DENNIS.

120 Normal Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

Ohio.

LAKE BRADY.—E. J. Bowtell writes: "The weather, which during the first month of the season was very wet, is now bright and cheerful, and the camp is filled with seekers after spiritual truth. It is but justice to the speakers and mediums to say that they are furnishing an abundant supply of facts and phenomena.

A report having been put in circulation and appearing in print, to the effect that I am here in a condition of great distress, and have required and received the aid of 'charitably-inclined Spiritualists,' I beg to assure my astuteness and my friends whom it may have reached that it has no foundation. In fact, I have received the fees charged for admission to lectures I have given. As these have been sufficient to defray my expenses up to date, I have required nothing more. I trust that the attendance at future lectures which I hope to give before the close of the season will warrant my making the same statement then.

I wish to thank Miss Maggie Gauls for the aid rendered by her in giving lectures at the close of one of my lectures. One of these tests was of a remarkable character. She gave the description and name of a spirit recently passed away, of whose transition the lady receiving it was unaware. Two days later the mail brought information which proved its accuracy. I must also thank Mrs. Archer and Mrs. Elsie for their help freely rendered in the music and singing on the occasions referred to. And before I conclude I must thank all on the ground for the general good wishes and kindness with which they have received me, a stranger, among them, and which I have sensed even more than they have expressed.

I am negotiating for the coming lecture season, and shall be glad to hear from all who may desire my services. My address will be at this camp, *viz* Kent, O., until its close, September 6."

August Magazines.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY has a fine table of contents. "Days with Mrs. Stowe," by Mrs. James T. Fields; "Present Conditions of Literary Production," Paul Shorey (of Chicago University); "The Spirit of an Illinois Town," a three-part story, Mary H. Catherwood; "Barnard and

LYCEUM AND HOME DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. J. S. SOPER.

SPECIAL REQUEST.

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

THE BOY FOR ME.

His cap is old, but his hair is gold,
And his face is as clear as the sky.
And whoever he meets, on lanes or streets,
He looks them straight in the eye.
With a fearless pride that has naught to hide,
Though he bows like a little knight,
Quite debonair, to a lady fair,
With a smile that is swift as light.

Does his mother call? Not a kite or ball
Nor the prettiest game can stay
His cap, for he means to say,
And the teachers depend on the little friend
At school in his place at nine,
With his lessons learned and his good marks earned,
All ready to toe the line.

—Christian Union.

Lake Pleasant Lyceum.

Sunday afternoon, Aug. 2, Mrs. Lillie not being able (through illness) to be present, the time she was to occupy was given to the Lyceum.

It was the opening of the regular session for the season. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hatch, Jr., the Conductor and Guardian, the Assistant Conductor, Judge Dailey, Miss Lizzie Harlow of Haydensville, Mr. J. B. Hatch, Sr., Mrs. May S. Pepper, Mrs. Conklin of Worcester, Oscar Edgerly, and a representative of THE BANNER and others were on the platform.

The dull weather of the morning had cleared away, and the sun shone warm and bright. Every child seemed eager and expectant, and hurried with parents and friends to the auditorium, until every seat available was occupied. It was a grand opening, and presaged a successful future.

Mr. Hatch, Jr., made the opening address, and the exercises were opened by all singing "America." Mrs. Pepper followed with an impressive invocation, after which all sang again, and then, it being the first Sunday, and not having had a subject given previously for discussion, Mr. Hatch presented Miss Lizzie Harlow of Haydensville, who spoke in part as follows on "The Lyceum and Its Uses," and illustrated well the material side, or left hand of the Lyceum, wherein the child is trained to become graceful, to keep time; that every law that controls our nature may keep in time—that it may give us perfect health—may unfold the beautiful—becomes symbolical to the child. Now, what will the right hand unfold? It unfolds love, the power to understand ourselves, and teaches us to love mankind, that spiritual element in our nature. We learn patience with one another. Patience unfolds a spiritual atmosphere; with patience we surmount all obstacles.

We teach not with text-books and subjects that they cannot understand. We give them a little flower, and the young bud unfolds. We teach them the use of thought, and the result is a race of thinking men and women who dare to not be responsible to any book.

We shall have love and thought in its perfectness, and naturalness shall be the product of your Lyceum.

The Grand March then followed, after which Judge Dailey was introduced, and remarked that inasmuch as he was always present, he thought it would be better for him to give place to some one else who was not.

Edna Cook, of Boston, recited in a very creditable manner "The American Flag"; Little Gladys Atwood and Mollie Blinn, recitations; Charlie Hatch, violin solo (excellent); Miss Harding of Boston, recitation; song, by four little girls, very sweetly sung; Ruby Sower, Freddy Hill, Master Sower, recitations.

Mr. J. B. Hatch, Sr., was then introduced, and expressed surprise that any one who had had experience as a Conductor in a Lyceum, should (as a correspondent in THE BANNER had recently said) that he had failed to find a catechism from which the children could be taught. He referred to a child who needed no catechism; nature was all the teacher or catechism the children needed; it was a book of endless possibilities. He continued: "I could not help thinking, when the little one was speaking of the dear old flag, there was many an old veteran who would have been moved to tears as Bradley, the color-bearer of the Ancients, who visited the Queen of England, told of, when the Princess of Wales pressed the American flag to her bosom, showing her love for Old Glory."

He alluded to the matter of the Lyceum movement, as it was brought before the Convention at Washington last fall, and continued: "I shall always speak, in behalf of the children, that the Lyceums may be instituted all over the country. Teach Spiritualism to the children while they are young, that they may grow up to be true men and women."

Mr. Edgerly then spoke, controlled by John McCarthy, much to the amusement of the children, illustrating that as the Chinese cramped their children's feet, so the Christian hung the catechism round his children's necks and chained them down, until they were made free through the truths of Spiritualism.

He explained that they were like the diamond in the rough, before it was polished and rubbed smooth to show its beauty.

Mrs. Conklin of Worcester, controlled by a band of spirit boys, talked to the children. THE BANNER representative made a few remarks, and Miss Harlow closed the exercises with a benediction, thus bringing to a close a very interesting session of the Camp Lyceum.

J. S. S.

The Influence of Pictures.

BY MARTHA CLARK RANKIN.

It was a meeting of the Monday Reading Club, and the ladies were waiting, as usual, for one of the members who was almost invariably the last to arrive.

"What a pity it is that Mrs. Smith can't be a little more prompt," said the President. "She's so bright and well-informed that she is indispensable to the life of the club. I never like to begin without her, and yet it doesn't seem right that one person should waste the time of so many others. This lack of promptness seems to be her one fault, and I confess it is so inconsistent with her character that I don't know how to account for it."

"I think I do," said Jolly Mrs. Kittredge. "She didn't grow up in a house where a picture called 'Procrastination' hung on the wall. My shortcomings are numerous enough, as you all know, but being behind-hand isn't one of them. I believe I have never in my life been late to an appointment through my own fault,

and I often thank that old picture for my habits of promptness."

"Do tell us about it," said one and another. "What kind of a picture was it that could accomplish so much?"

"Only a little framed engraving, taken, probably, from some magazine where it served as a frontpiece. Very likely some of you may remember having seen it. It was in the days of the old-fashioned stage-coach, and a family, laden with satchels, bags and bundles, ready for a journey, arrived a minute too late. The lumbering coach is visible in the distance, and the father is frantically waving his umbrella in the vain attempt to stop the fast-disappearing horses. The mother looks as if she had few more charms, while tears stand in the eyes of one of the children. At least, this my recollection of the picture, though it is years since I have seen it. As a child I must have spent hours pondering over it, wondering where they were all going, whether they took an earlier start next day and made the visit after all, or whether they were going to a wedding, which wouldn't wait for them, and so they missed it altogether. But I never failed to conclude my meditations with the resolve that I would always be on time, and the little old picture has held me to my resolution."

"Yes, I can remember having seen the same picture," said Mrs. James. "but as I didn't grow up with it I can't recall it quite so vividly; still I believe Mrs. Kittredge has touched upon an important truth. People often fail to realize the influence of pictures upon a family, especially upon children; if they remember it, I'm sure we shouldn't see so many ill-dressed, and often atrocious, creations on the walls of otherwise well-furnished homes."

"I believe you're right," said another. "I'm sure the beautiful paintings with which my father adorned his home had something to do with my becoming an artist. In those days good pictures were less common than now, and I can remember often feeling a sense of relief when I went to see my friends that I didn't have to look at their pictures every day."

"I often have that same feeling now," said Mrs. Brown. "and I sometimes think that more people fail in the selection of their pictures than in any other part of their house furnishing."

"I had never connected the two things before," said little Miss Wilder, "but perhaps my love of animals is partly due to the wonderful pictures of horses, dogs and cats which made our home remarkable."

"Of course it is," said Mrs. Kittredge. "And no doubt every one of us has been more or less unconsciously influenced in this way. People don't think much about it; if they did, we should see articles by famous people on 'The Picture that Most Influenced Me,' although I confess to thinking that that sort of thing has gone quite far enough already."

"There comes Mrs. Smith now," said the President, "and for once I feel grateful to her for her tardiness. This talk has suggested many new thoughts to me. I shall go home and study my pictures with a fresh interest, and I fear that a 'divine discontent'."

By this time Mrs. Smith was fairly in the room, and the Reading Club promptly began the regular work of the day.—The Congregationalist.

The Gentleman Brownie.

BY MARGARET DANF.

Mrs. Stone was sick with a cold and could not go out of doors.

"Dear me!" she said to herself as she looked out of the window, "I'm afraid somebody will fall on my slippery walk, and the wood is almost gone, and if the pump isn't run down it'll freeze! Dear me! What shall I do?"

Little Fred Crosby stood at his window, right opposite Mrs. Stone.

"I've been a thinkin' 'bout s'prish' Mrs. Stone," he said slowly, "cause she's sick, you know, mamma, and 'cause she's all alone without any little boy to help her."

"That would be very kind," said mamma. "What do you want to do?"

"She's pulled down her curtains and lighted her lamp!" exclaimed Fred, joyfully, "and I can go right over now! I'm going to put ashes on the walk and pile up her shed wood-box, and then I'm goin' to run down the pump!"

"I can do it," he asserted stoutly, as mamma looked doubtful, "cause Mrs. Stone showed me how Wednesday night."

He put on his gray ulster and big rubber boots, and was across the street in about a minute.

Very softly he laid the sticks of wood one upon the other in the big wood-box till it was full to the top. Then he let the pump down. That was great fun and almost made him laugh out loud, because the water gurgled and squeaked so.

And now there was the walk. How fast Fred worked, for fear Mrs. Stone might pull up the curtain and see him, but she didn't; and at last the coal-hod was empty, and the icy walk was covered.

"Hard at work, Fred?" called Mr. Green, as he passed Fred in the twilight.

"Guess so!" stammered Fred, as he shut the gate hurriedly and ran quickly across the street.

"Mr. Green almost told on me, cause he talked so loud," said Fred; "but I guess Mrs. Stone didn't hear him," he added thoughtfully.

But Mrs. Stone did hear him, and when she found her wood-box full she knew all about it. "Fred is the dearest little friend I have!" she said, wiping her eyes very hard.

The next morning Fred went over to see how she felt.

"I feel very happy, Fred," she said, smiling, "because last night all my work was done for me. I think it must be some good little Brownie who walked out of one of Palmer Cox's pictures to help me; don't you?"

Fred's eyes danced.

"I 'spect it was," he answered. "Which one do you s'pose it was, Mrs. Stone?"

"It was such fun being a Brownie that Fred smiled and smiled."

"It wasn't the dude," said Mrs. Stone, decidedly. "nor it wasn't the king! I think it must be the gentleman Brownie!"

"I don't think there is any gentleman one," said Fred, doubtfully.

"Oh, there must be!" answered Mrs. Stone, knowingly, "for this particular Brownie was a true little gentleman."

"I'm very glad you think so," said Fred, "very glad indeed, Mrs. Stone, and the Brownie is, too."

And then he smiled again.—Youth's Companion.

Girls and Money.

The average American girl has practically no idea of the value of money. It is one of the most discouraging signs of the times to see the manner in which our young women spend their pocket-money. And nothing in this wide world keeps so many young men from marrying as the constant proof they see of the lightness in which our girls value money. Money is spent upon trifles, as if silver and bank notes grew on trees. A dollar has not its real value in the eyes of one girl out of a hundred. Where the saving instinct exists it is simply employed as a means to making possible a larger expenditure in the near future. The result is that our young women get false notions of living and its cost, and they consider themselves abused, in a great many cases, when, upon marriage, they must be content

with less than in their father's home. The popular notion with the young people of today is that they must start where their fathers left off. Our young men only have a truer sense of the value of money because they are compelled to earn it, and where the money comes hard its value is better impressed. But even among the most moderate classes in this country, it is simply amazing to see the extent to which money is spent—not only spent but wasted—and the absolute disregard to make provision for a "rainy day" which exists. The great trouble is that we have been educated in this country too much to accept luxuries as necessities, and when they are beyond our reach we cavil at fate.—Selected.

A SUMMER-DAY RHYME.

The buttercups bloom in the meadow, the clover pods on the hill,
And the violets blow in the shadows where the summer winds are still;
The breezes, in wild commotion, sweep down from the steep hillside
And the meadow sways like an ocean at the rising of the tide;

The sunshine drifts like a shower across the billowy grass,
And sprinkles with gold each flower that laughs to see it pass;
I can hear the honeybees humming as they gather in their sweets,
And I hear the whippers coming from the water-nymphs' retreat;

The pinks by the walk are bending their stately heads to the gale,
And the lilacs their sweets are spending where the morning glories pale;

The robin sings on the cherry a song that is plaintive and sweet,
And the blackbird's answer is merry as he looks at the ripening wheat;

The mountains are wrapped in a grandeur of purple and rosy mist,
And the sunshine plitters like amber through the shadows' amethyst;

There is peace over hill and meadow, and the brook sings a song of rest
As it runs away in the shade across the green earth's breast;

I hear the song of the mowers, I see the sharp scythes' gleam,
And the life of the grass is over, vanished as fades a dream.

Oh, summer, whose radiant sweetness will fade in the frost wind's breath,
The glory of your completeness presages the change of death.

Robed like a queen at her crowning, in the brightness of your charms,
You will all asleep forever in the royal autumn's arms.

And shrouded in regal splendor they will lay you down to rest,
And with dead leaves cover you over on the kind earth mother's breast.

—Evelyn E. Rorford in *Pick's Magazine* for July.

Enigma.

I am composed of nine letters.
My 1, 7, 9, is masculine gender.
My 2, 5, 4, at a distance.
My 3, 7, 4, pointed instrument.
My 8, 5, 6, is an habitual drunkard.
My whole is a popular phenomenon of the present time.

—Ludlow, Vt.

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Acknowledgment of Message.

CAPT. THOMAS POTTER.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I wish to thank you for publishing the message of CAPT. THOMAS POTTER, given March 13—also the medium of your BANNER OF LIGHT Circle. I wish to say he died from heart trouble, which must have been sudden to him, although he had been sick for some time with lung trouble. I say this to explain why he was surprised. I hope I may hear from him again. His wife, M. P. POTTER.

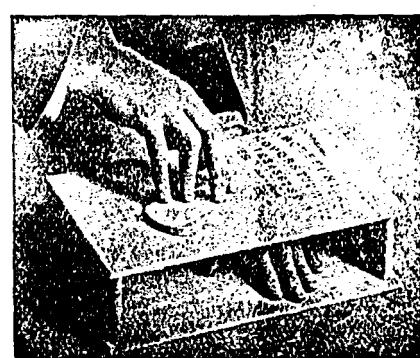
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We trust that Spiritualists all over the country will cooperate heartily with us in the step taken by THE BANNER in recognition of the demand of the times, which everywhere calls upon magazines, newspapers and current literature for some reduction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

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The Breaking Forth into Singing.

This is the season when, as in the olden time, the mountains and the hills break forth before us into singing. They are the fore-runners of the better and always better time to come. And they symbolize the stern duties whose rugged hills are to be climbed, the cross that is to be carried up—the Calvary we all have to climb. These mountains and hills break forth into song when we have performed our duty and feel a consciousness of having overcome our fears and doubts and difficulties. It is the song that is heard with ecstasy by all unselfish seekers after the truth. Again are the mountains and hills breaking forth into singing, and in this our own time.

A larger joy than that of old is reserved for us. It is the old churches, the old creeds, the old dogmas, that are singing. As an eloquent sermonizer expresses it, from the dark and threatening mountains and hills of a theology that once flashed lightnings and hurled thunders against us, we begin to hear the echoes of our own cherished faith. The frowning mountains and the rugged hills are breaking forth before us and all around us into singing.

We sit and face the mountains and hills of life now. Some of them have not yet come into view. We are ignorant what a day or an hour may bring forth. We may come to a little bend in the road, or there may be a slight lifting of the mist, and there, right in our smooth and easy path, the great dark mountain may be confronting us. We would best be prepared for it, and there is no better preparation than the assurance that all things may be made to work together for our good. But we are not to sit down in the time of trouble, or fall down before the mountain in our path. There is no breaking forth into singing save as we go on. We must do it in trust and hope, which constitutes the highest bravery. We are to be collected at all times, believing that all is for the best; that there is no evil save as we think it; and knowing that there are few men and women of much worth

who have not had their mountains to climb and their rugged hills of difficulty to overcome.

Development Only Through Discipline.

The question is often asked whether the desire and the effort to develop the faculty of mediumship are to be approved. Ordinarily, the answer is to be made affirmatively. But let the faculty, precious as it is as a gift to individuals, be cultivated under conditions that are in all respects normal. On the other hand, where the candidate or aspirant is of a strongly nervous and excitable temperament, or is in an extremely delicate or a broken state of health, or the mind is indisposed to be receptive and trustful and humble, there is manifest danger that the physical health may be overtaxed and the brain become wholly incapacitated for the rare service it would otherwise perform. But, when the candidate is in perfect health, bodily and mentally, and body and mind are in harmonious relations, there can be no reasonable hesitation in counselling the seeker of the gift to proceed in the path that is inviting him on.

In the development of mediumship there are many things to be considered and remembered. One is first of all to remember that he specially owes a serious duty to himself, to his fellow beings around him and to the God from whom the precious gift that is to be developed is derived. It is to be kept in mind, too, that there is the averting faces of friends to be encountered as the price one has to pay for what he possesses and cherishes; that oftentimes the intending aspirant is threatened with the loss of his occupation; and that he is kept in constant apprehension of the deprivation of many of the things belonging to life that are held dear and are parted with only regretfully and with pain. But this is to be expected in every state and condition of the present life. We are all soldiers here on earth, and are commissioned to fight the good fight. The brave soldier does not seek safety first; he knows his duty is to fight; he feels that he is here to win the crown of victory. Flight is the last thing he thinks of.

Not only the Spiritualist puts that question to himself. Even Jesus was driven by the tortures he suffered to ask of God if he had really forsaken him. These priceless gifts are rarely accompanied with corresponding pleasures. They come with pain and in darkening doubt. They are enigmatical, propound to us strange questions that we cannot answer, and in our varying moods of thought and feeling throw all things into temporary confusion. Nevertheless, those who are chosen of heaven to be the possessors of this most select of all endowments are the ones who are delegated to prepare the way in the wilderness of human life, who are summoned to go into the desert and make "a highway for our God." And if any portion of the human race has been selected to be the servants and agents of a benevolent Creator in the free dispensation of his blessings, they cannot expect to be exempted from the fate of a special discipline therefore.

Good Doctrine Malpractised.

Under the head of editorial notes the Richmond (Va.) Christian Advocate of June 18 last made the following observations, which possess more than the usual interest under the circumstances: "It is right to set a high value on our opinions, but it is absurd to set an opinion over against a matter of fact, and it is just as absurd to claim that our opinion about any matter is as good as any other man's opinion. Every man has a right to an opinion, but he has no right to an opinion that disputes a fact, nor has he a right to an opinion formed in ignorance which disputes an intelligent opinion. There are many people who contend that their way of spelling a word is the right way, whatever the dictionary may say; but there are multitudes who think their doctrine is the right doctrine because it agrees with their opinions. We are not saved by opinions, but by faith." Like the scorpion's sting, the orthodoxy of the above paragraph is to be found in its tail. Faith, of course, but always faith in the same old speculative ecclesiastical opinion.

The clergyman whose hand wrote the above will not fail under all circumstances to exercise the right to discriminate as to what shall be called facts, and will relegate to the realms of delusion and hallucination any and all facts, no matter how well attested, which may be brought to view by Spiritualists. If he will only look for facts—that is, the truth—and will stick fast to them after finding them, regardless of opinion and all things else, that is all that can reasonably be asked. But what right has he to discard facts that are plainly ascertained because they disagree as a diet with his orthodox stomach? Clearly no more right than he denies to the person whose opinions derived from ignorance are claimed by him to be just as good as the opinions of persons derived from intelligence. Facts are facts, and not opinions. Let him only make acquaintance with the known facts of Spiritualism, and renounce all the former opinions he was blindly determined to hold against them.

Fighting Down the Vivisectionists.

The opponents—especially those belonging to the medical profession—of the bill introduced in Congress by Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire, to abolish the cruel and needless vivisection of animals, are very extensively alarmed, being evidently aware of the enormous damage sustained by their cause from the extensive ventilation, in the public press, of the real horrors of vivisection. So many persons of eminence and brain-power never before supported a bill brought before Congress as was manifested in the present instance. As the testimony disclosed itself, it became apparent that the only reason why vivisection had been so generally permitted was that the public knew next to nothing concerning its true nature and enormous extent. The public has lost all faith in the reliability of vivisectionists' statements. While a noted Doctor duplicates the statement of a brother Professor of Harvard, that he knew nothing whatever of painful vivisection ever being done there, frightfully painful experiments of his own on cats were recorded in the printed reports of the Harvard College laboratory! Over nine hundred cats in all were vivisected there. Even vivisectionists themselves admit that the bill introduced into Congress is but the forerunner of similar vigorous attempts to secure humane legislation throughout the United States. President Peabody, of the New England Anti-Vivisection Society, has recently challenged, in the Boston Globe, Dr. Bowditch—before referred to—to prove his claims for

vivisection made before the Massachusetts Medical Society. No response has as yet been made to it, which was precisely what was expected; and the challenge is likely to remain unaccepted permanently, for the best of all possible reasons. The next step in the natural evolution of the practice, of course all strictly scientific, is to convert the vivisectionist doctor into the "medical murderer." For so bloody and barbarous a term vivisection is without doubt responsible, as the facts as a whole will prove—from "Jack the Ripper," known to be a medical man, down to the multi-murderer Holmes, who compared the eyes of the little son he was murdering to those of a rabbit quivering under the vivisectionist's remorseless knife.

Prof. Stowe Saw Visions.

In a biographical sketch of the recently deceased Harriet Beecher Stowe, in the August Review of Reviews, the writer says, after describing her husband as a lover of "knowledge—exact, certain knowledge," that Prof. Stowe was not by any means a mere Causobon, that, in fact, "he was a man who very literally saw visions." Mrs. Fields tells a story illustrating this peculiar power he possessed of "seeing persons who could not be perceived by others—visions so distinct that it was impossible for him at times to distinguish between the real and unreal." The reader will not fail to note the tribute so freely volunteered to the external, the material, the physical, as the only "real," and the thoughtless discarding of all else, or the spiritual part, as only the "unreal." She recalls one illustration of this peculiarity in Mrs. Stowe's husband which had occurred only a few years previous to their departure from Andover. She had been called to Boston one day on business. She made hurried preparations, bade the household farewell, and hastened to the station only to see the train go out just as she got there.

Nothing was left for her to do but to return home and wait patiently for the next train. But wishing not to be disturbed, she quietly opened a side door and crept noiselessly up the staircase leading to her own room, sitting down by her writing-table in the window. She had been seated about half an hour when Professor Stowe came in, looked about him with a preoccupied air, but did not speak to her. She thought his behavior strange, and amused herself by watching him. At last the situation became so extraordinary that she began to laugh. "Why," he exclaimed, with a most astonished air, "is that you? I thought it was one of my visions!" Let it not be asserted more that the seeing of visions is alien to human beings. It is never forced on them, however; but as the wind bloweth where it listeth, so is the faculty of seeing visions and of hearing voices a gift not to be slighted with ridicule or spoken of with shallow contempt. The endowment is in truth an endowment, to be welcomed with grateful humility and exercised as the spirit only inspires and directs.

A Rare Work

Is the pamphlet on "The Necessity and Universality of Spiritualism," which George A. Bacon contributes at this time, regarding the modern manifestations (also the earlier ones) in proof of the value of the revelations from the next stage of being.

It should receive the widest attention at the present, when so many are for the first time giving attention to the facts so carefully enunciated.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY has the work on sale.

Golden Wedding.

The fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Giles B. Stebbins and Catherine Anne Fish occurs at 143 Pitcher street, Detroit, Mich., on Monday, Aug. 17th, from 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

Mr. Stebbins is well known to the Spiritualist public—his work for years being in its interest. His wife must also be known to the friends by her earnest devotion to him, and the truths he has devoted himself to advancing. Success to the enterprise.

As the dirty habit of smoking increases, so does rowdiness and rowdy selfishness also. It promises a positive development in the generation that is coming on and the race that is to have the future for its own. There can be nothing more defiantly offensive, or so little amenable to discipline, or so regardless of the wishes and feelings of other people, as the young new-comer who affects to know everything and comes at us with a pipe or a cigarette in his mouth, and with his callow brain filled with a conceit of his individual importance. When this kind of a youngster comes to know more, he will swagger and swell less. The habit he practices is one of pure selfishness. He thinks of nothing but his own gratification. What an offensive habit it is to go into a room where a conference of some sort is being held, with a lighted cigar between the teeth, and the smoker puffing away. He cares not how many are made sick or to how many he is odiously disagreeable. The very spirit of the young smoker is that of selfishness, and his conceit fully corresponds.

The marble bust of Thomas Paine, which was rejected twenty years ago, and since that time has remained in the office of Mrs. Carrie B. Kilgore, Philadelphia, Pa., will, sometime during the coming autumn, be brought before the Mayor and Council with the hope that time has brought a change in the city feeling and that the offering will now find acceptance.

A very pleasant call from Rev. G. V. Cordingly of Chicago was received at this office Saturday P. M., Aug. 8. Mr. Cordingly has been re-elected by the Society to which he has ministered the last year. This is the best of recommendations. At the time of his call Mr. Cordingly was en route to Lake Pleasant, at which place he will remain until August 18.

Bro. George A. Bacon called on us, on the afternoon of Tuesday, 11; he looks as if time, whose marks are on his countenance, is yet kind—as is its duty. Bro. Bacon will visit the camps hereabout before his return to his home in Washington, D. C.

A new spiritual journal, to be published monthly, and entitled "Revue Scientifique et Morale du Spiritisme," is announced. Its editors and founders are MM. G. and A. Delaune, 5 Rue Manuel, Paris.

Stephen Gardner, said to have been the last full-blooded member of the Narragansett tribe of Indians, died in New York City Aug. 9, 1896, aged sixty-five. He was an employee of a butcher by a woman living in West 28th street. Gardner had a good education, and took delight in relating traditions of the Narragansett tribe.

Physlognomy.

INGERSOLL VS. SHAKESPEARE.

"Courage mounteth with occasion," or we would never dare to rise in combat with any wise or unwise thing the great Col. Ingersoll might utter.

Without reference to the many "isms" which he in his greatness denounces as "fakes, pure and simple" (for which see his expressions printed in the New York dailies of week before last), we take only one!

When he quotes Shakespeare in denial of so vast a truism as physiognomy to prove his assertions, then speak we must.

Notwithstanding his rhapsodical lecture on the man, Col. Ingersoll is not a very clever exponent of Shakespeare, because he is not at all acquainted with the deeper meanings, purposes and intendment of the poet; but this is an extra bad one. To quote an author is one thing; to comprehend him is quite another. For the one sentence that can be used in corroboration of the Colonel's argument (uttered by Duncan, who has been deceived by Cawdor), there are countless passages confirming his belief in the science of physiognomy and the knowledge of the reflection of the mind being characterized upon the face. In this same play from which our valiant Colonel quotes (incorrectly), Lady Macbeth, fearing others may read her lord's face, says to him: "Your face, my Thane, is as a book, where men may read strange matters to beguile the time. Look like the innocent flower, but be the serpent under it."

Hastings says of the Lord Protector: "His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning. . . . I think there's never a man in Christendom can lesser hide his love or hate than he; for by his face straight shall you know his heart." (Rich. III. iii., iv.)

In the Merchant of Venice Gratiano says: "There are a sort of men whose visages do cream and mantle like a standing pond."

Even the poems contain numerous references on this subject:

"The light will show characterized in my brow. You, the illiterate that know not how to write, To cipher what is writ in learned books, Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks. Poor women's faces are their own faults' books"—says unfortunate Lucrece.

What finer description of facial expression can be found than that of the physiognomy shown in the "Skillful painting made for Priam's Troy?"

The Colonel's story of the preacher in India fits his own case! "There is no art to read the mind's construction in the face," said he, to quote Shakespeare. "I never saw a seraphic expression on the countenance of a priest. It is always a solemn visage, indicating stupidity. Solemnity and stupidity go hand-in-hand. The typical priest looks a criminal. No lawyer defending a client indicted for crime would take a clergyman on the jury." He knows a priest by his expression of countenance. Isn't that his physiognomy? "Out of thine own mouth do I condemn thee." He says "the typical priest looks a criminal." (We know several, then, who are not of the typical kind.)

Yes! Shakespeare says: "With devotion's visage and pious advice, we do sugar o'en the devil himself." Isn't that the hypocrite's correct physiognomy? According to the Colonel's own argument he would not expect the countenance of a priest to be seraphic. He seems to understand the correct meaning of words a little crooked from Shakespeare.

New York, July, 1896. MAXWELL.

To Stockholders and Spiritualists Generally.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Lookout Mountain Camp-Meeting Association of Spiritualists met on July 21, with a full quorum—present and by proxy.

Report on grounds showed the land divided into three divisions, viz.: Three acres, more or less, set apart for Hotel Block; three and a half acres for spiritual grounds, in perpetuity; the remaining seven acres, more or less, into lots, for sale or lease.

Report of indebtedness showed debt reduced to twenty-four hundred dollars, at six per cent. interest, for which a new note was given, payable in 1898, and a lien on Hotel Block as security.

Now under consideration, the leasing of Hotel Block—for hotel or sanitarium, under the management of the most progressive modes of healing, from which the Association will derive an annual ground rent, to pay all expenses, and it is hoped to pay a per cent. on the stock.

The attendance upon the camp-meeting was quite large, and the very able ministrations of Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings, Mrs. Annie E. Thomas and others, highly appreciated by all persons of those present.

New life and interest has taken hold of all people here in Spiritual Philosophy, and we hope for success hereafter.

JERRY ROBINSON, President.

THE HON. A. B. RICHMOND is doing excellent service by showing up the mal-administration of the Seybert bequest in America. Our readers will remember that Henry Seybert, in his zeal for Spiritualism, left \$50,000 in trust to the University of Pennsylvania for the purpose of enlightening mankind on that and kindred subjects. About ten years ago the appointed Commissioners made a sort of preliminary report, and promised to continue their researches and report further. What they have done nobody seems to know. Eight years ago Mr. Richmond read the Seybert Commissioners' Report and enjoyed their jests, their innuendoes and their superfluous sneers. Now he is a good Spiritualist, and he has these same Commissioners in his grip.

The only sign of movement is the appointment of a sort of professor whose blend of dusty metaphysics and blank agnosticism naturally astonishes people who know what Henry Seybert was and what he meant. At all events, we rejoice to see Mr. Richmond using capitals that do not look ashamed of themselves, when he asks: "WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE HENRY SEYBERT BEQUEST?"

Moral: If any one wishes to leave money for the purpose of isolating, sustaining and testing mediums (a worthy object), let him appoint trustees who are known to be in sympathy with the trust.—Light, London, Eng., Aug. 1, 1896.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY has on sale this pamphlet, in full, by Mr. Richmond.

W. J. Colville,

Who is still in California, is an appointed and accredited representative of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and entitled to collect news and receive subscriptions for this paper.

We shall print next week "A Letter from Southern California," from Mr. Colville's pen—by which it will be seen that he is active in his work.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Rev. S. G. Brown, for over forty years a Baptist clergyman, but now a firm Spiritualist, can be engaged to lecture, and Mr. F. H. Roscoe, the phenomenal test medium of Providence, R. I., to give tests. All societies desiring their services may address Mr. F. H. Roscoe, 151 Broadway, Providence. They can be engaged for week-day evenings as well as for Sundays. Mr. Brown is considered an eloquent speaker, and Mr. Roscoe a remarkable test medium.

Parkland, Pa.

F. H. Morrill, Sec'y, writes: "We are just getting established again at Parkland, in a small way, and it takes hard work to make any progress. But we have interesting meetings and feel much encouraged."

Onset Wigwam, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

On Monday, July 21, Violet Brooklyn Tatlow, Lily Onset Tatlow, and Benjamin Elma Thomas (aged respectively two and one half years, six weeks, and two and one-half years), were consecrated to the spirit-world and its work by their parents, Arthur E. and Annie Tatlow, of Onset, and Benjamin F. and Esie M. Thomas of Middleboro', the service being conducted in and under the auspices of the Wigwam, Mrs. Mary C. Weston officiating.

The north door of the Wigwam was closed and prettily draped with the national colors. The consecration couch was a rustic seat covered with a cloth of a rich white material, with red and blue bows at either corner, and in the centre of the back was a large bouquet of wild flowers. Over all the mountain cranberry-vine was clinging. This was placed upon a white robe, with the door for a background, and around all were branches of oak, signifying strength.

At 3 o'clock, the time for opening the services, not another foot could be placed within the Wigwam, and crowds stood about outside.

The exercises opened with singing by the audience, after which the children were consecrated to the spirit-world and the promulgation of the Philosophy by its gurus. Mr. Thomas, in a few words, invoked the aid of the friends, and particularly her mother, in the following simple but earnest lines:

"Angel friends, to thee I come,
Bringing to thee my little son;
Guide and guard him well,
Dear angel friends,
For on thee ever I'll depend."
Mother, dear, I call to thee,
Be with him and make him free—
Free from this world's
Creeds and doubts and fears,
Is all I ask; 'tis my petition."

President Weston offered an invocation to the spirit-world—an earnest appeal to the friends to receive the little ones as its especial charges.

Dr. Storor then controlled A. E. Tatlow, and in an earnest, thoughtful speech, assured those present—especially the parents of the consecrated little ones—that the angel-world would guard and protect them; that guides had been appointed for each, and that the loving petitions sent out by the parents had already borne fruit.

Mrs. Thomas read "Drifted Out to Sea"; Miss Flora Tatlow also gave a reading; Madame Bruce of New Bedford, controlled by Red Jacket, delivered what may be called an outpouring of the spirit, placing in the hands of Violet and Lily Tatlow, flowers appropriate to their names, and in the hand of Master Thomas, a sprig of oak.

Red Jacket gave grand words of advice and beautiful prophecies regarding the future of the children. Other mediums followed in the same line, with the result that such an outpouring of the spirit has not been seen in Onset as took place at that time.

One of the prettiest features of the service was the singing of "I am Trying to be a Sunbeam," by Flora, Josie, Percy and Violet Tatlow, aged eleven, nine, six and two and one-half years respectively.

At the regular test circle, which followed at the close of the consecration, the children, four hundred people must have gathered; so many, in fact, that an overflow circle was held in the park in front of the Wigwam, with Rev. Mr. Cordingly of Chicago leading.

The family of Levi Picot of the Indian colony, who are from Annapolis, N. S., and have been coming here for sixteen years, has met with more than its share of sorrow and affliction.

On Sunday, July 25, the mother gave birth to a child which lived only an hour. That was a severe blow to the parents. Their little son Frankie was ill all this time, but no one thought seriously. On Thursday, however, he succumbed to the disease and passed out. Then the third and only child left was taken ill.

By request of the aged grandmother, acceded to by the parents, it was decided to have a spiritual funeral. At noon on Friday, the little body, in a white casket covered with flowers, was placed off the rear of the tent, in a little enclosure roped off from the crowd of friends that stood about.

At the foot of the casket sat the father, with his head in his hands. Gathered about his side were the other members of the stricken camp, but the wife and mother lay within the tent unable to move or to mingle her tears with those of her husband, while in another tent close by the remaining sick child was being nursed by kind friends.

Standing around beneath the shade of the oak trees were gathered at least a hundred of friends and sympathizers.

As Mrs. Mary C. Weston of the Wigwam stepped to the head of the casket and raised her hand to speak the words given to her by spirit-friends, every head was uncovered, and as the words of comfort, peace and love fell from her lips the dry eyes in the audience were few. At the close of her remarks Mrs. Weston called for some sister who was in fullest sympathy to step forward and offer an invocation.

Madame Bruce of New Bedford responded. Mr. Charles W. Sullivan started "In the Sweet Bye-and-By," the friends took up the strain, and that grand old assurance hymn, "I am not afraid," was sung, with the result that a glorious meeting followed.

Two regular M. D.'s visiting here have been so much impressed with the good radiating from the Wigwam that they have become members.

People, especially those who get to the meeting late and find the seats all taken, are asking that the Wigwam be enlarged.

At the annual meeting, held Saturday, Aug. 1, the following were unanimously elected to carry on the business of the Wigwam during the coming year: President, Mrs. Mary C. Weston; Vice-President, Dr. J. L. Wyman; Second Vice-President, Dr. Cobb of Boston; Secretary, C. D. Fuller; Treasurer, Charles Widger; Directors, Dr. C. G. Hubbard, J. H. Young, A. J. Dexter, Benjamin Westgate, Mrs. H. V. Ross. There are three regular M. D.'s on the list.

At a meeting of the Board of the Directors later, Mr. A. J. Dexter, who has so faithfully labored the past year as Chairman, positively refused to allow his name to be used in connection with the office again, and James H. Young was elected to the office. Aug. 1, 1896. RUSSELL H. GILBERT.

Lake George Camp, New York.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The week just closing has been one of interest at this most charming spot. Dr. J. O. Street, the well-known author and Oriental traveler, has been the principal speaker, giving on Wednesday an address on "Reincarnation or Reformation," which was received with more than ordinary interest.

On Thursday afternoon a paper was read by J. Milton Young, of Haverhill, Mass., upon the topic "Communism with the Living."

On other days Conferences have been held, at which there has been some good speaking.

Several parties have made the trip to Paradise Bay, a sail on the lake which will long be retained in memory.

There are several fine flower-gardens here, notably those of Mr. Chism, Mr. White, and Dr. Carl. The "Woodfin" is a most excellent playing place. A visit to the ruins of Fort George, and a climb to the summit of French Mountain, amply repaid us for each effort.

Rev. Thomas J. Mellish, of Cincinnati, O., has been an interested auditor at the meetings during the week. He is one of the progressive clergymen, whom it is a pleasure to meet.

The meetings on Sunday were held at Woodfin Hall, the addresses being given by Mrs. Ida F. A. Whitlock, of Providence, R. I.

The subject of the afternoon address was: "If Spiritualism be True, of What Use is it to Humanity?" The singing was by Mrs. Whitlock, and Mrs. Addie P. Young, of Haverhill, Mass. J. M. Y. Lake George, N. Y., Aug. 9, 1896.

Camp Progress, Upper Swampscott.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It was fearfully hot in the grove to-day, but we had one thousand strong to listen to the remarks of the speakers and mediums present.

Meeting began at 11 A. M.; remarks and invocation, L. D. Milliken of Lynn; song, quartet; remarks by Mrs. L. S. Hand of Lowell; violin solo by two young ladies; remarks by Mr. Kate of Lynn; vocal solos by Mrs. H. A. Baker of Danvers; song, quartet, Miss Bailey—"Sowing the Tares"; remarks, Dr. Huot of Boston. "Two Conditions Needed for Spiritual Manifestations and Tests"; inspirational poem and tests by Mrs. R. B. Robertson; song, "When the Mists are Cleared Away," Bailey Sisters; duet by the unknown sisters; remarks, William A. Peterson of Salem; song, quartet; remarks by Mr. Kim of Wat-tam, subject, "Ancient and Modern Spiritualism"; song, solo, C. H. Legrand, assisted by quartet; remarks, Abby N. Burnham of Malden; song, by request, Miss Bailey, Salem; song by Miss Bailey and Mrs. Hall of Salem; remarks by Mrs. Knowles of Rochester; remarks and tests by Mrs. T. L. Hanson of Chicago; remarks by Mrs. M. M. Cross of Lynn; quartet song; meeting closed by singing "America."

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Elysian Hall, 220 Washington Street.—Meetings are held every Sunday at 11 A. M., 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M.; Tuesday at 11 A. M., 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M.; and Wednesday at 11 A. M., 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. W. L. Lathrop, Conductor.

Harmony Hall, 724 Washington Street.—One night—Sundays at 11 A. M., 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M.; Tuesday and Thursday, 7 1/2 and 9 1/2 P. M.; at 11 A. M., 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M.; and Saturday, 7 1/2 and 9 1/2 P. M. Seating capacity, 100 persons. S. H. Nelke, Conductor.

Bathhouse Hall, 694 Washington Street.—The Spiritualists' Society of Boston and the Spiritualists' Society of the United States hold meetings at 11 A. M., 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M., and Tuesday at 3 and 7 1/2 P. M. Dr. George E. Dillingham, President.

Hawthorn Hall, 241 Tremont Street.—The Gospel of Spirit Return Society—Minnie M. Soule, Pastor—will hold services Sunday at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M., Thursdays at 7 1/2 P. M., Saturdays at 7 1/2 P. M., conference meeting (gratis free in the evening).

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington Street.—Corner of Kneeland.—Meetings every Thursday, 2 P. M. N. P. Smith, Chairman.

Friendship Hall, 12 Kneeland Street.—Meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M., 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. N. P. Smith, Chairman.

Chelsea.—Spiritual meetings every Sunday evening at 7 1/2 and 9 1/2 Broadway. Charles H. Heaven, Chairman.

Owing to the great increase of meetings in Boston, THE BANNER—in defense of the rights of its readers outside of Massachusetts—is reluctantly compelled to announce that reports of services held on Sunday only can be noticed in these columns hereafter, though an exception will be made in the case of Societies which hold only week-evening meetings.

Our directory of Boston meetings will, however, be continued as heretofore.

The reports of any services in Boston that fall to reach this office on Monday will not appear in THE BANNER of that week.

Bathhouse Hall.—A correspondent writes: Sunday morning service opened with singing, led by Mr. Bartlett; invocation by the Chaplain; developing and healing circle conducted by Mrs. Collins, which was very successful, and great benefit derived. A number of very good tests were given, and all recognized.

Afternoon session began in the usual way—singing, reading and prayer. After a song by Mr. Bartlett, Mr. G. A. Badger gave a short address; Mrs. J. Collins, Mrs. E. Nutter, Mr. Bartlett, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Deery, Mr. Robinson, Mrs. Woods and Miss Wheeler, tests and readings—all very satisfactory. Mrs. S. L. Treen closed the meeting by giving a beautiful address through the control of her guide.

Evening service opened with singing and invocation; Mr. Bartlett gave a short address, also several tests, followed by excellent readings and tests from a number of mediums, interspersed with singing by Mr. Bartlett.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

Elysian Hall.—A. R. Gilliland, Sec'y, writes: Spiritual meetings held all day Aug. 9, 1896. The developing circle in the morning was very large—as was also the test circle in the afternoon. There were only a few present in the evening, and we turned that session into a circle, which was much enjoyed. Mediums present during the day: Mrs. F. M. Mellin, Mrs. Ratzell, Mrs. Fredericks, Mr. Colbaugh, Mr. Martin, Mr. Hardy.

We will open in Hollis Hall on Sunday, Aug. 30, 1896. Mrs. Gilliland, Conductor.

Onset Bay, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Onset in the evening is more enjoyable than ever, the electric lights having been in perfect operation since Aug. 1st, making promenading a perfect luxury.

The weather Sunday, the 2d, prevented the New Bedford Spiritualists' Children's Progressive Lyceum from coming to Onset; but this morning (Sunday, 9) they came in full force on steamer *Martha's Vineyard*, and marched direct to the Auditorium, where they opened the morning services with songs, after which they repaired to the Temple and disbanded.

At noon they gathered at the Temple and gave a variety exhibition of Lyceum movements, closing with a musical program, all of which showed much painstaking on the part of the instructors and leader, Mr. Thomas Thompson of New Bedford.

Mr. F. A. Wiggins during his stay at Onset has been besieged on all sides for sittings and circles, and gave two sittings at the Temple to good-sized audiences, some of the tests being very remarkable, as testified to by those who were left for other fields, to be missed by his friends here.

Tuesday evening the Temple was filled to overflowing on the occasion of the grand masked ball and concert given by the Association and Poole's Orchestra. It was the event of the season, and many came in carriages from all directions.

Prof. Jay Watson, who is spending a few days with friends here, is giving to the public several treats in music by selections on the Ole Bull violin, and is to receive a benefit Tuesday evening at the Arcade.

Miss Alice Sinclair, who has numerous friends throughout Onset, will be tendered a benefit by friends at the Temple, and the advanced sale insures a great success.

I here give a corrected program of the balance of the season, which is correct in all details:

Thursday, Aug. 13, Mr. Theodore F. Price; Friday, Aug. 14, Mrs. C. Fannie Allen; Saturday, Aug. 15, Veteran Spiritualists' Union; Sunday, Aug. 16, Mrs. C. Fannie Allen; Mrs. A. M. Gladding; Monday, Aug. 17, Mr. Charles A. Day, Mrs. May S. Pepper; Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 18 and 19, Mrs. A. M. Gladding; Thursday, Aug. 20, Mrs. Carrie Loring, May S. Pepper; Friday, Aug. 21, *Woman's Congress*, morning, afternoon and evening; Saturday, Aug. 22, *Woman's Congress*, morning and afternoon, and in the evening the Association dance will be entirely in the hands of the ladies. The following ladies will be present: Mrs. C. Fannie Allen, Mrs. Abbie Morton Diaz, Mrs. A. M. Gladding, Rev. Mrs. Mary Whitney, Mrs. Carrie Loring, Mrs. Ellen A. Richardson, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twigg, Sunday, Aug. 23, Dr. George A. Fuller, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond; Monday, Aug. 24, Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists, all day; Tuesday, Aug. 25, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond; Wednesday, Aug. 26, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller; Thursday, Aug. 27, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond; Friday, Aug. 28, Mr. Willard J. Hull; Saturday, Aug. 29, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond; Sunday, Aug. 30, Willard J. Hull, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Jos. D. Stiles.

Mrs. Alice Barry of Philadelphia has occupied the platform on two occasions this week, and is a new worker upon the public platform to this section; she is an earnest speaker.

A good concert of Onset is on the press. It is in the hands of Mr. H. E. Gifford, of the Headquarters' Bookstore, and will give to the public the advantages of Onset in a very clear manner; it will be assisted in so doing by fifteen half-tone cuts of fine quality. The work is upon coated paper, and superior to many so-called. A small extra edition will be published by the company, at a price of ten cents will be charged. Those interested in Onset, especially strangers to this beautiful locality, should secure a copy of this work before the edition is exhausted.

Onset is to be treated to a specimen of the handiwork of Prof. Lee in Hypnotism; and Prof. W. F. Peck is presenting to the audience a varied program of voice production, as was also the phrenological analysis of Prof. Watson's character by Dr. Bland. By general request, Dr. M. Cora Bland gave a brief talk on physical culture.

The friends of the Watsons have tendered them a complimentary benefit on the 11th inst., to the Arcade, which has been generously placed at their service, free, by the company, as was also the phrenological analysis of Prof. Watson's character by Dr. Bland. On the 12th Prof. W. F. Peck and family will go to his native place, Gloucester, Mass., for a short visit.

A Musical Treat.

The citizens and sojourners at Onset have been favored with many entertainments of a high order this season, but so far as music is concerned, none of the events of the summer rank with the concert given on the 5th inst., in the Temple, by those eminent artists, Prof. J. Jay Watson and his daughter Annie. Prof. Watson easily holds the first place among American violinists, and Miss Annie Watson has few rivals as a pianist, while as a violinist and harpist she is immediately popular.

The most interesting features of the concert were the violin duets, in which Miss Annie used the Cremona violin presented to her father by the famous Ole Bull. This instrument is two hundred and eighty years old.

On the evening of Aug. 7, Prof. W. and his daughter attended the regular Friday evening reception in Dr. Bland's cottage, West Central avenue, corner of Fifth Street. The double parlors were crowded, and the overflow filled the veranda and yard. Dr. T. A. Bland introduced Prof. Watson in a brief speech, in which he referred to his character and career in the most felicitous way. The musical treat that followed was intensely enjoyed, as was also the phrenological analysis of Prof. Watson's character by Dr. Bland. By general request, Dr. M. Cora Bland gave a brief talk on physical culture.

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Explanatory.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In reading the Fourth of July number of the BANNER OF LIGHT, I find an article giving publicity regarding my healing powers and cures that I have performed in New York and other parts of the country.

While I thank the writer for the conscientious report of her case, still I feel to make it a little clearer to the general public. The question has been asked me: "How did you come in contact with Lillian Medora Stone, the writer of that article?" Some weeks ago I was at the Carnegie Hall Spiritualist Society, listening to that which might be demonstrated. Mrs. H. J. Newton, the President, called for volunteers to speak, and, though I had not been before the public for over a year, I went to the platform and made a few remarks. When I was through, my guide said to me: "In the fourth row there is a young lady who is sick." I went into the audience, picked out the young lady, and gave her a diagnosis. I have always been able, with the assistance of my guides, to go out in a large audience, strangers to me, and pick out the sick ones. I did that last year, when I challenged an M. D. in the presence of a crowded house in Clark's Hall, Lynn.

My experience with spirit demonstrations is this: If a medium is interested in Spiritualism, his guides must be also, and every time I come in contact with opposition I say to my guides, "I know—right here, that you must do President, and pick out the sick ones. I do that last year, when I challenged an M. D. in the presence of a crowded house in Clark's Hall, Lynn.

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Lake Pleasant, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Than this place the New England Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting Association could not have chosen a fairer spot for their annual convocation. Rich in the varied scenery that the Connecticut Valley is so noted for, in whatever direction one turns, the eyes rest on a picture beyond description, that would do justice to the scene. Trees of every kind, especially the pine and maple, make the grounds shady and healthful, the purest of air, water from Jacob's well, which possesses remarkable curative qualities, freedom from mosquitoes and other insects, constitute it an ideal place as a summer resort.

Everything to induce rest and harmony of body and soul—scenery and recreances, entertainments of all kinds, each one can be suited. Sad are made glad, the happy are made more so; the stranger is made welcome, and treated with kindness and courtesy, as a representative of THE BANNER can truthfully testify, and will take this opportunity of thanking all for courtesies extended and kindnesses which made this first visit to Lake Pleasant Camp so pleasant, particularly Mrs. A. M. Gladding and wife, Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hatch, Jr., and Senior, Mrs. Clara Field Conant and Mr. Conant, Mr. H. A. Buddington, Mrs. May S. Pepper, Miss Lizzy Harlow, Mrs. Hill and Sparkling Water, and many others too numerous to mention, not forgetting the children, who always have a warm place.

Those visiting Lake Pleasant will find Messrs. Squires and Conant of the Lake Pleasant House courteous waiters, gentlemen who desire the comfort and welfare of their guests.

Mrs. Eva Hill, musical medium, invited the writer to a special séance or exhibition of her gifts as a musical medium. Words cannot express the pleasure and surprise experienced while listening to the phenomena of a person who can sing in her normal state a note of music, singing in three different tones of voice and in a foreign tongue, music that has been pronounced by those who were judges could not be outdone by any known artist of the present day.

The cottages of Lake Pleasant are unique in style and structure. Every inch of ground is made use of; the tall pines that surround many groves very close, and even appear through the canopy of some when the cottage is built without removing the tree. The cottages show interest and taste in decorating the outside as well as inside of their homes, and the result is very pleasant to the eye.

I would make special mention of Mrs. Barber (mother of Dr. P. Barber of Nassau, N. H.), one of the Directors of the camp, a sweet old lady who is a sweet old lady of 93, and embroiders the most beautiful centre pieces and doilies for the table (one of which she kindly presented to THE BANNER representative); also makes lace curtains by darning elaborate designs on net lace, much to the wonder and admiration of every one who has the pleasure of seeing her collection. Every visitor to Lake Pleasant must call on Grandma Barber.

J. S. S.

A Word from the West.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The First Spiritualist Church closed its meetings in May, to reopen in September. A lawn fete was given the Fourth of July at Mrs. Andrews' by the members of the church. Other societies are holding their meetings as usual. Rep. F. Hayden addressing one and Mrs. Anna Amund another.

Mrs. Amund is presenting a new phase at her séances—that of picture production on paper. A wood frame, covered with light wrapping paper, is placed over a lamp, and during the circle faces manifest, some distinct as to white beard and hair, the paper being light brown.

Mrs. Kates recently lectured at the First church, and an entertainment of songs, recitations and tests was given by Mr. and Mrs. Kates.

Mrs. George, clairvoyant, has gone to camp at Chesterfield. The camp is prettily situated near Anderson, though without water attraction.

Mrs. Jacobs, the local trumpet medium, has returned from a lake trip, taken for her health. Mrs. Jacobs has shown a very independent and trumpet speaking. I have heard both in the light through her mediumship.

Spiritualism is quietly spreading here. Everywhere one hears of developing mediums.

O. T.

Indianapolis, Ind.

MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Lynn.—T. H. B. James reports: The Spiritualists held services as usual Sunday evening in the hall, 33 Summer street. Although it was very hot there was a fine audience. Appropriate selections were rendered by Misses Lena and Elsie Burns; Mrs. Alice M. Lefavour gave one of her independent musical séances; she also gave many tests; Mrs. D. E. Matson gave remarks on "The Communion of Spirit with Mortals"; Mrs. Annie J. Brennan, Mrs. Vina P. Goodwin and others, presented many recognized tests; Mr. E. A. Warren and others, afforded magnetic treatments to quite a number.

Next Sunday, at 7:30 P. M., test, healing and developing circle by Mrs. L. A. Prentiss, Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler, Mrs. C. B. Hare, Mrs. Annie J. Brennan, Mrs. Vina P. Goodwin, Mrs. D. E. Matson, Mrs. Alice M. Lefavour, Mr. Edward F. Murray, Mr. E. A. Warren, W. H. Rousseau, I. A. Felice and others. Every-body invited.

Rhode Island.

Providence.—Joseph Cooper writes: The Providence Spiritualist Association held its meeting at Mr. Parmerly's residence, Roger Williams Avenue, on Sunday evening, Aug. 9, 1896.

A special meeting of the Providence Spiritualist Association will be held in Columbia Hall on Sunday, Aug. 16th, at 7:30 P. M., for the purpose of electing a President and Members of the Board, and such other business as may be brought before it. Every member of the Association is requested to be present.

BENJ. F. PROUTY, Sec'y P. S. A.

The Providence Spiritualist Association holds its meetings in Columbia Hall on Sunday, Aug. 16th, and at the home of Mr. Joseph Cooper (46 Zone street), Sunday, Aug. 23d.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Known and honored in this and foreign countries these forty years among reformers and Spiritualists for his benevolence and temperance, for his moral integrity and scholarly attainments, and more recently being "endowed from on high" with the gifts of the spirit, he is effecting such remarkable cures that he has been compared to Schlatler, the "miracle-worker" of the West. Right here among us in San Diego, at 350 Irving avenue, Mr. S. A. Kincaid, unable to work because of three, five and seven epileptic fits a day, was almost immediately cured by the doctor's psychic and medical treatment. He now goes spinning by on his bicycle every day to his work, blessing Dr. Peebles, whose cures are positively wonderful!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Spiritualist Camp-Meetings for 1896.

The reader will find subjoined a partial list of the localities and time of sessions where these Convocations are to be held.

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

Onset Bay, Mass.—Commences July 5—closes Aug. 30.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.—New England Spiritualists' Camp commences July 4, closes Aug. 31.

Lake Sunapee, N. H.—Begins Aug. 2—closes Sept. 6.

Queen City Park, Burlington, Vt.—Opens Sunday, July 26, closes Sunday, Aug. 30.

Hamlet Park, Mich.—Aug. 2—Aug. 30.

Knobcrag Lake Camp.—July 11—Aug. 23. Magie Gault from Aug. 8th to 23d.

Lake Brady, O. N. Y.—Meetings begin July 11 and continue until Sept. 7.

Camp Progress, Upper Swampscott, Mass., opens June 7, closes Sept. 27.

Minnie Camp, Conn.—Commences June 23, continuing till Sept. 2.

Providence Spiritual Temple Association, Vermont Park, Vermont, Me., Aug. 1 to Aug. 17.

Mount Pleasant Park, Clinton, Kan.—Commencing Sunday, Aug. 2, closing Sunday, Aug. 30.

Island Lake (near Detroit, Mich.), opens July 15, and closes Aug. 30.

Etna, Me. (Buswell's Grove), commences Aug. 28, closes Sept. 7.

Hape Dell, Mantua, O. opens July 19, closes Aug. 23.

National Spiritualists' Camp, Parkland, Eden P. O., Bucks Co., Pa., from July 12 to Sept. 14.

Oak Cliff Park, Dallas, Tex.—Aug. 29, closing Sept. 12.

Redondo, Cal.—Aug. 2 to 31.

Ashley Camp, Ohio.—Opens Aug. 23, closes Sept. 13.

Buswell's Grove, Etna, Me., Aug. 28—Sept. 6.

We shall be glad to hear from the Secretaries of other Camp-Meetings throughout the country (at any time, etc.)—as the announcements in this column are all printed free, as matters of reference for the benefit of THE BANNER's readers. The Secretaries of the meetings included in the above list are requested to furnish, for free insertion, the post-office address to which mail-matter can be sent to their respective camps.—Ed.

To the Liberal-Minded.

As the "BANNER OF LIGHT Establishment" is now an incorporated institution, we give below the form in which a bequest should be worded in order to stand the test of law, should any one feel impressed to bequeath something to assist us in carrying on the good work to which we have for so many years been engaged:

"I give, devise and bequeath unto the 'BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY,' of Boston, Massachusetts, or its successors [here insert the description of the property to be willed, and the manner in which the donor desires the same to be expended, which request will be faithfully carried out, strictly upon trust, that its officers shall appropriate and expend the same in such way and manner as they shall deem expedient and proper for the promulgation of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul and its eternal progression."

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

Buswell's Grove, Me.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The First Maine Spiritualist State Camp-Meeting Association will hold its nineteenth annual meeting at its camp-ground in Buswell's Grove, Etna, Maine, from Aug. 28 to Sept. 6, inclusive, 1896.

The grove is pleasantly situated within forty rods of the Maine Central railroad and near the county road. There have been quite extensive improvements made during the year.

A supply of good spring water has been placed on the grounds since last season.

Reduced rates on Maine Central R. R. from Aug. 24 to Sept. 7, good in return Aug. 28 to Sept. 7, and half rates on Bangor and Aroostook R. R. from Old Town to Dover.

Sunday excursions from Old Town and Bangor, and Dover and Foxcroft both Sundays, Aug. 30 and Sept. 6.

Board and lodging on or near the grounds at reasonable rates.

Admission to grounds 10 cents a day; season tickets, 25 cents.

A most excellent choir will be in attendance, led by the accomplished bass singer, Mr. Luce, of Newburg, Me. Mr. Wetherbee as tenor, Miss Dearborn as soprano, and Miss Davis as alto and organist.

The Directors have engaged the following notable speakers, all of whom are well known, and the following program arranged:

Friday, Aug. 28, 10 A. M., Opening song; address of welcome by the President, A. F. Burnham, Ellsworth, Me.; 2 P. M., lecture by Mrs. Abby Morse, Searsmont, Me.; 7 P. M., social meeting.

Saturday, Aug. 29, 10 A. M., Address by Mrs. N. J. Willis of Cambridge, Mass.; 2 P. M., lecture, to be supplied.

Sunday, Aug. 30, 10 A. M., Address by Mrs. N. J. Willis; 2 P. M., lecture and tests by F. A. Wiggins of Salem, Mass.; 7 P. M., Fact meeting.

Monday, Aug. 31, 10 A. M., lecture by Mrs. Abbie Morse; 2 P. M., address by Mrs. N. J. Willis; 7 P. M., social meeting.

Tuesday, Sept. 1, 10 A. M., lecture, to be supplied; 2 P. M., lecture and test by F. A. Wiggins; 7 P. M., address by Mrs. Morse.

Wednesday, Sept. 2, 9 A. M., Fact meeting; 10 A. M., lecture by Mrs. N. J. Willis; 2 P. M., lecture by Moses Hull, of Chicago, Ill.; 7 P. M., mediums' meeting.

Thursday, Sept. 3, 10 A. M., lecture by Moses Hull; 2 P. M., concert; 7 P. M., lecture and tests by F. A. Wiggins.

Friday, Sept. 4, 8 A. M., Society meeting for choice of officers, and any other business that may come before the meeting; 10 A. M., lecture and test by F. A. Wiggins; 2 P. M., lecture by Moses Hull; 7 P. M., entertainment by the children.

Saturday, Sept. 5, 9 A. M., Social meeting; 10 A. M., lecture by Mrs. N. J. Willis; 2 P. M., lecture by Moses Hull; 7 P. M., to be supplied.

Sunday, Sept. 6, 9 A. M., social meeting; 10 A. M., lecture by Moses Hull; 2 P. M., lecture and tests by F. A. Wiggins; 7 P. M., farewell lecture by Mrs. N. J. Willis.

A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Programs can be obtained of the Secretary, H. B. EMERY, Glenburn, Me.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Jan. 4.

John Wm. Fletcher, No. 1564 Broadway, New York City, agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and all Spiritual and Occult Literature. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

J. J. Morse, 26 Osnaburgh street, Euston Road, London, N. W., is agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of Colby & Rich.

James Burns, 56 Great Queen street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, Eng., is agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and keeps for sale the publications of Colby & Rich.

To Foreign Subscribers the subscription price of the BANNER OF LIGHT is \$2.50 per year, or \$1.25 per six months, to any foreign country embraced in the *Universal Postal Union*. To countries outside of the Union the price will be \$3.00 per year, or \$1.50 for six months.

Send for our Free Catalogue of Spiritual Books—it contains the finest assortment of spiritualistic works in the world.

HERBA—A SPIRIT REMEDY through one of America's most distinguished mediums. A positive cure for Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, and all other forms of Painful Menstruation, and every form of Nervous Weakness.

A package sufficient for a month's treatment, postage prepaid, \$1.00. Also Costly cures Habitual Constipation. Two weeks' treatment 50 cents, postage prepaid. Address HERBA MEDICINE COMPANY, 418 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dr. A. J. Davis's Alterative Compound.

A CONSTITUTIONAL MEDICINE for General Debility, A Nervous Prostration, etc. It Vitalizes, Purifies and Enriches the Blood, Tones up the Nerves, Creates an Appetite, and builds up the whole system.

Price \$1.00 per bottle. Six bottles for \$5.00. Prepared only by S. WEBSTER & CO., 33 Warren Avenue, Boston, Mass. Sole in U. S. by H. L. MAXWELL, Providence, R. I.; HUDNUT'S Pharmacy, 205 Broadway, New York City; FULLER & FULLER CO., Chicago, Ill. Aug. 15.

Mrs. Dr. Alden, FORMERLY 43 Winter and 7 Park street, removed to Hotel Pelham, Joylston and Tremont streets, Boston. Aug. 15.

Works on Hypnotism, Animal Magnetism, Spiritualism, Theosophy, Christian Science, Occultism, Astrology and Freethought.

BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Feb. 29. 312 West 59th street, New York City.

Double Seance.

FULL-FORM Materialization in the light by NELLIE F. HARNES, and platform tests by MRS. MAGGIE WAITE, on Sunday evening, Aug. 16, at the Temple at Onset. All cordially invited. 2w* Aug. 8.

FLORIDA! For Home-seekers and Investors, is described in a handsome illustrated booklet which you can obtain by mailing a two-cent stamp to J. H. FOSK, 1 Wabeno street, Roxbury, Mass. Jan. 4.

ETIDORHPA; on, The End of Earth.

BY JOHN URI LLOYD.

The present is an age of expectancy, of anticipation and of prophesy; and the invention or discovery of product that occupies the attention of the busy world, as it rushes on its self-observed way, for more than the passing nine days' wonder, must needs be something great indeed. Such a product has now appeared in the literary world in the form of the volume entitled "Etidorpha, or the End of the Earth," the very title of which is so striking as to arrest the attention of one.—J. O. Flower, Editor of The Arena, Boston.

Prof. Lloyd, the author of "Etidorpha," is one of the deepest thinkers, and is well known as a profound writer on subjects pertaining to his profession, as well as one who has taken much pains in studying the occult sciences.—Cleveland Leader.

We are disposed to think "Etidorpha" the most unique, original, and suggestive new book that we have seen in this the last decade of a not unfruitful century.—John Clark Ridpath, LL.D.

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A BIOGRAPHIC MEMORIAL OF

SPRIT 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.

SPRIT-MESSAGES,

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Seance held July 3, 1896.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou Divine Spirit, again do we enter our circle to sit at the open door, and to not only receive blessing for ourselves and knowledge for our own unfoldment, but to open up the channel that others may voice their sentiments and send forth glad tidings of immortality. May we cheer those who are in trouble, and bring light to those that are in darkness. May we bring strength to the weak, and make all feel truly there is a divine power—that as we struggle with the trials and tribulations of life we can sense thy divine blessing to strengthen us to perform whatever duties are called upon. May we feel truly the work can be done, and will be as the Divine Spirit teaches. Send forth thy ministering angels to enlighten and strengthen all humanity, for we feel that we live in an enlightened age. Bless us while we have met here this morning; give each one the strength they need. May we bring ourselves still closer to thee—closer to thy great spirit.

We will feel thy divine power as it sends forth its truth, and brings many, many to the consciousness that life immortal is a truth, that we live for the life beyond, and that as it is done in the body do we ornament our home on the spirit-side.

Bless us while we are here. Guide us. Is our prayer this morning, now and forever more. Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Robert Grew.

Good morning, Mr. Chairman. I am very glad to be here this morning, and to have permission to come in and talk a little while with you, because it seems to me a great privilege indeed to have an opportunity of sending one's thoughts forth—some knowledge that will not flatter our friends but benefit them. We realize how much encouragement is to the mortal, and how, oftentimes, they need encouragement; and especially those who look upon death as one of the dark circumstances and conditions that surround the mortal—especially those that have no consciousness of the spirit return, or what they have met with after we pass beyond the earth-sphere.

I desire to return this morning merely to show my intention was good, as I oftentimes have thought, since passing on to the spirit-world, how little one mortal knows of another; even how close we are associated one with the other, yet how little we understand each other. I desire to bring not a flattering communication this morning, not telling of the great wonders I have found in the spirit, but merely to say to the loved ones that were very near to me in my family that I have found more than I expected, and a world of more realities than the one I left; and a greater consciousness of the earth-life is mine, for I see so many things there that are necessary for the mortal to go through.

I desire more this morning to wake up a consciousness in those that come closely connected with me that we are not separated; that the body is separated but the spirit is not; that by-and-by we shall know each other again, and we shall understand, too, much better than we did before.

I desire Maria, my wife, to look more to the brighter side of life, and for her not to feel as if all things had changed and grown dark; and also for her not to worry so much over William. He must have his experience, as all young men have to, and hence I speak of this merely to convince her that she may feel within her own soul that truly I am not dead to what surrounds the mortal. I passed away some time ago, and there have been many changes; she has suffered more mentally, because no one but the angels and ourselves knew what she was going through.

I want to send this to give her to feel that she has not been alone; that although I have not been able to speak to her in the human voice, and to talk with her as I would while in the mortal, yet I have surrounded her so many times, and I have tried, in my feeble way, to sustain her and give her strength; also have tried to influence the brain that she must not take things so hard at heart, because it is only when the trials and tribulations of earth-life surround us, and we are alone, that we are apt to miss the ones that are gone more.

Mr. President, I was not a Spiritualist while in the body—I was what most people call a Liberalist. I believed in liberal thought, and I believed in one's living according to the dictation of his own soul, and thought that was right; and I felt that whatever the future may be I could return with the same spirit this morning. I ask no one to believe; I only want each one to use his own judgment and seek for himself; and if they do, they will find there is much joy and much knowledge yet to be given while in the body. I have traveled some ways from my home, yet as it is oftentimes said, time and space are nothing to the spirit when it is desirous to reach the object of its affection.

My home was in St. Paul, Minn., and my family is there now; I think I shall be remem-

bered there as Robert Grew. I am very thankful to have this privilege this morning. May God bless you in your noble work.

Mary Chase.

I, too, am happy to have the privilege of identifying myself here this morning; I have been here so many, many times, and was desirous to meet the dear ones who are still in earth-life. I have those very dear to me, made through acquaintance and relationship. My own family are somewhat conscious of spirit-return, and I know they feel my presence, and to some extent I have been satisfied that I could impress them and influence them; yet I have others whom I also love, who do not believe in our beautiful philosophy and do not understand how sweet it is to communicate with those who are gone; how much comfort can be taken out of it; what a pleasant feeling it is to know we can mingle with our own. With that idea this morning I have reached this open channel, and I might say also by request—as I have been asked so many times why did I not make myself known through the Banner of Light Circle-Room. They seem to think that your office is so far from our home, that if I were capable of administering here and sending forth a few words of encouragement, it would take hold, because they have some idea that when anything is gotten too near home it is the hypnotism of the minds of the mortal, and not the reality of the spirit; so I was very kindly invited this morning to take up too much of your valuable time, I would like to say to the dear ones: I am still progressing; I have not been disappointed since passing on to the spirit life.

I have met the dear ones of my own circle, and many of my friends who had gone before, and I merely wanted to voice a few sentiments to give them to understand that once in a while we can get an opportunity to manifest through your valuable paper.

I would say to those who have desired others to come also: You will hear from them in due season, for there are many spirits all the time around this open channel, desirous to meet their friends in earth-life and to give them to understand that they have not left them; it is not always that we can have the opportunity to come in.

I wish to say that Mary Chase is here, and I shall be best known in Florida, especially in Jacksonville and the surrounding towns; but there I was well known. I hope this letter will prove to the mortal ones that the spirit lives.

Abby Gordon.

Good-morning, Mr. President. Oh, how beautiful it is here this morning! How sweet it is to commune with our dear loved ones that are gone and seem to be separated so far from the mortal side; yet it is so near that it is only a thin veil that separates us—if the mortal could only understand it. I have been assisted here this morning for the reason I, too, am anxious to make the friends know and feel I have arrived in that beautiful harbor of peace. I have not been out of the body so very long, but I had a very tedious time as far as the physical body was concerned before I passed on to rest.

I was very, very sick and the body very wearisome, as I suffered a great deal with rheumatism, that caused me to be not as smart as the mortal would perhaps have liked to have been; but my brain kept very clear, and it was sometimes very hard for me to sit around and have others wait upon me while I felt I ought to be waiting on myself. But, thank God, I was released in his own good time, and I found a reward that was pleasant—because it is beautiful to know that the body can be cramped and deformed but the spirit is not affected. I want to say that only for the assistance the good angels gave me while I was in the body I do not think I should have had the patience that I did, but I knew the loved ones were around me, although I did not know much about Spiritualism. I felt that God in his infinite mercy would see fit, and he did see fit, to bless me in many ways, independent of the environments from which I suffered.

I have got two daughters I am anxious to awake an interest in, one especially, because Mabel is in trouble. She feels very bad, but it is connected with her own personal surroundings, hence I do not desire to go into particulars. They have informed me if I would try and control a private instrument that I could perhaps be able to reach her better, and cause her to inquire as to what it is, and that I might assist her and encourage her in her troubles now.

I also want to say there are many things that I can come in contact with any medium that they will go to, I would like to say—especially concerning some things that bear on myself, and since I passed out of the body.

I should say to them, don't let Henry worry them. I think they will understand. I would like to say that all things will come out right—for all things work together for good to them that trust God. I want them to put their trust in the divine power, and seek for higher life and higher knowledge and more light, so that they may not feel the weakness of the flesh.

You can put me down as Abby Gordon, and my home in Hartford, Conn.

Daniel Flagg.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. Your atmosphere this morning is very natural. As my home was in California, this feels more like our California breeze than it does your Boston air generally. I am very much interested in the progress of humanity, and was somewhat interested previous to leaving the body, in my limited conditions—and I tried to make the best of things, and tried to take the best advantage of life I could. I have been very much interested in my experiences in spirit-life in attending these circles.

I was somewhat familiar with your paper previous to going out of the body, and knew there was such a thing as a circle held here; but how little does the mortal appreciate this act of kindness, and how little of the work, in one sense, is appreciated while we are in the body. It is only when we are separated from those we love that we see how necessary it is to come in contact with them and how hard it is sometimes to make them understand us.

I feel very happy this morning to be with you, and I should like to say to the dear ones on the Pacific Coast that I have not really been absent, although perhaps you might say I had been absent from the body. I would also say I am very much pleased at the progress our people have made during the last few years in the development of Spiritualism. I

have been very much interested to see their improvement. Years ago Spiritualism first came out, and only a few of us tried to bring it before the minds of the people. They looked upon it as something temporary, and by-and-by it would go under and be something of the past; but we see the truth was in it, and the truth they cannot kill. It came to set man and woman to thinking by their investigation and trying to satisfy curiosity. I am very anxious to show to others that it was not all fraud, and that it was not all mind-reading, etc.

I see that by their investigating powers they have become conscious that there was something more to it than merely the power; and I would like to say to my friends there—as I shall be more recognized in that section of the country than I am in your Northern States, although I will probably be remembered here, as I have yet relative connections still in the Northern States and am interested at home (I presume the same as all human souls are apt to be)—I should say to the dear ones in earth-life that I have been well pleased with the changes that have taken place, yet would be still more satisfied if I could bring those whom I desire to a consciousness that I am still near them—for truly when the Divine Spirit brings us together we do not stop to think whether it is a relative or a friend, because sometimes we feel friendship stronger than relationship, and for that reason I want to encourage them. You may find some of the skeptical things predominate; you may find obstacles placed in your way; but it is a ship, and Father is at the helm.

You will find that there is much to be done the coming two or three years. I have an interest in you still, and shall be remembered by all. Knowing that my letter will be read by many desirous to realize I am still in the work, doing what I can in my own feeble way, you can put me down as Daniel Flagg, Santa Cruz, Cal., for that was my home.

William Henderson.

As one steps out another takes his place, and that seems to be the way with both those in the mortal and also the spirit-side.

We sometimes feel while in the mortal that our places cannot be filled; but as I passed on to the spirit-life I find that while we seem to fill our places, yet as we step from one sphere to another there is also some one ready to fill the vacancy.

I was of an impulsive nature while in earth-life, and if nature did not just jump at whatever I wanted to do, my timid mind would not give me strength to do anything, so the good chairman this morning told me I might follow the one that preceded me. I was so afraid that I could not control the instrument, but I am happy to be able to do as much as this, for I wish I could make the mortal friends know and feel it is not the easiest thing in the world for the spirit to communicate with them. I should like to say to those that have recently commenced to investigate immortality or life progress: Be true to yourself, use your own reason, but do not expect too much. While we are many times more anxious to reach you than you are to have us come, yet it is not always we can fill up all that is expected from us.

I should like to say to Henry: Seek the development of your own mediumistic powers and go easy; take it naturally; don't grow impatient, and we will prove to you the spirit lives.

I would like to say the communication that you received some time ago, that you have questioned so much as concerning the genuineness, was all right. You said the writing was not exactly my handwriting, but the writing is like the voice. We have to partake somewhat of the instrument that we are manifesting through, and many times are not capable of giving you the real curve that you desire. Say to him: If you will watch carefully we will not only convince you, but you shall know that there is much more to earth-life than has yet been.

I would like also to reach others that have been much interested, and have dropped it for the lack of the knowledge. I would like to say to them, as they know I have reasons to rest; the day is coming when you shall not need to go after it, but it will be brought to you, when you will know within your own soul that there was no fraud in it. We have no consciousness of reckoning time as the mortal has, so although I have been disappointed at not having the prophecy come out on the time it was prophesied, I want merely to say: Wait; you will find by-and-by more truth in what you seem to call falsehoods now.

I want to say to all investigators: Sow the good seed in your own soul, seek for the honest comrades yourself, and do not bring criticism in until you understand more.

I am very pleased, Mr. President, to have this privilege of sending forth a few of my own independent thoughts to the world, for while I was one that believed, to an extent, I was not satisfied—but am more than so now. Those that we left in the body, since our departure have commenced somewhat to call us back, to bring us to a consciousness of communication, to bring us near to each other through them, hence they are investigating more, and I can see where I did not perhaps put as much time to the spiritual things of life as I did to business—because it is oftentimes the case while we are in earth-life, we are too apt to confine ourselves to what we consider the necessities and things of life; so I seek as one of old not only to warn my brothers of the evil to come, but to make them realize that they must put their thoughts to a higher and loftier science and religion, and we might help them to accomplish more.

Thanking you very kindly, I would like to say my name is William Henderson, and my home, or that is, where I passed away, is some distance from here. I want communication, especially as my friends that are most interested are in Norwich, Conn. You can put my home down as West Virginia.

Thanking you very kindly, I hope this message will prove what they wanted, or explain what they are desirous for us to do.

Hannah Walcott.

Oh! it has been many, many years since I have left the earth-form—I should think for night on to fifty years or more—and in that time many changes have come about, and many I left behind me are now in spirit with me, but all are not over yet. I have got those I have an interest in in earth life that I would like to reach, because I can see they are all believers, and I have got a niece that is somewhat interested in Spiritualism. I would like to reach her; even if she doesn't really believe in all, it will bring up the law of inquiry, and may help others to open up a channel wherein we

might communicate with them. Oh! it is so pleasant to call on our friends occasionally. How much comfort we used to take in the body when we used to visit each other, and so it is with the spirit.

We long sometimes to make others know how happy we are, and also to make them feel we have not forgotten them in our happiness—that we have more time to help others. We can understand better how to help others, and I desire to come in contact with them, so that we may give them advice, not regarding Spiritualism, but directly regarding the spirit-world, but regarding the earth-life. I see their struggles, worryment and anxieties prevailing—especially where they are anxious concerning Helen. Helen's mind has not been reached, and has caused them much worryment. I would like to say for them not to worry—she will be better, and also Lizzie.

I am not a great ways from home, and my friends are also close by here in Boston and suburbs. My own home was in Westboro, Mass. My husband is in spirit-life with me, and also my darling girl. I am satisfied with what I find in spirit—my anxiousness is for those left in the body. You can put me down as Hannah Walcott.

Fannie L. Whittemore.

I am only a little bit of a girl. I was only nine years old when I went to spirit-life, and my mamma has come to spirit since I have; I have a papa in the earth-life, and mamma is here with me; she wanted me to send a message, because she wanted papa to find me and I find her; and the good man said it would not take but a little while and I might come in now. I want to say I am awfully pleased to send this letter, because I know it will do them good. Aunt Mary takes your paper, so that I know my letter will get to him. I want him to know I come around home, and so does mamma, and he must not make any change in his home just now; mamma says it is better for him to remain as he is, because we can see by-and-by, toward the time when the snow flies, he will see a change that will be beneficial for him. I want him to sit, and we will come to him.

He do not believe much in it, but since mamma went away he has been so lonesome that he has wondered many times if he would ever hear from us again; and he has been talking to Aunt Mary, and she has wanted him to go to a medium and see what he could get, and he has not been successful in that desire. So many here this morning said that perhaps he would be more interested in this way, and so I have come. I want them all to know I am going to school, and I have got lots of pretty things here; but I am not going to tell them all now, because we want to talk to papa alone; he will more reconciled, and he will find that neither his little girl nor his companion has left him or forgotten him. My name is Fannie L. Whittemore, and my papa's name is Alfred, and I want this letter to go to Concord, N. H.

Aunt Mary lives there, and so papa will see it. I am awfully glad to get this chance. Good-by.

Messages to be Published.

July 10.—Bowman Saffers; Alfred Smith; Mary Frances Howell; David Carr; Lucinda Milton Stowell; George Robinson.
July 17.—Benjamin F. Jackson; Hannah F. O'Brien; Henry Valentine; Bridget MacIntyre; John Leary; Rollin Reed; Wild Bird; to his medium.
July 24.—(Future.)—Hannah Mears; Zale Feiburn; "Sundowner"; Francis Slater; Hannah Fitzgerald; Susan Fletcher.
July 31.—Frank Jennings; Edwin McCormick; Mary T. Blunt; Margaret Stewart; Thomas F. Quinley; Lillie Hutchison.
Aug. 7.—Mabel Frankelchild; Mary Wingate; Frank Whitte; Benjamin Robinson; Mary E. Hasked; Robert Phillips (colored); Capt. William Pennell.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
Monday, Aug. 3, the subject discussed at the morning conference was "Prophecy," and there were many experiences related in proof thereof.

The afternoon session was opened with singing by Mrs. Mason, after which Mr. Booh delivered a very interesting lecture, his subject being "Growth of Religion." The following synopsis hardly does it justice, but must suffice: He said: "It seems proper on this occasion, at the opening of the twenty-third convocation of the New England Spiritualist Association, that we should take a retrospective view, and choose for our subject 'Growth of Religion.' If you go back to the first ages they will show you the successive gradations from one class of life to another till we arrive at man; but when we take religion and place it on the same basis the world holds up its hands in holy horror.

We are living in an age when every invention that is presented to the world—when every thought—must be weighed in the balance. Have we not been held down by the crude forms of religion? But we are rapidly nearing the time when man shall recognize his spirit condition.

But we have to deal more particularly today with religion and how it has grown. We shall take the position that it has as surely been a subject of evolution as anything in the universe.

Let us unite the religions of the past; the growth of every system has been slow; every thought that has been given to the world has been adapted to the time and individual. It is just as necessary that it should be as that the mother's milk nourishes the little child that it may grow to man and womanhood. So should the milk of human kindness go out and make the world as one brotherhood.

If we go back into the past we will find that every stick and stone of peculiar form was dedicated. Is it wonderful that in the monuments they left they should picture their deities? All through the world each religion steps higher than the other, all in a line of progression.

We can go back to the earlier days of Egypt and learn the origin of the cross. The sluggishness of the Nile was what gave these people their first idea of the universe—their false idea of the earth, sun, moon and stars.

He related a story from mythology, showing how the tales of that day were incorporated into their religion. In their worship of the cross and serpent they placed a bronze serpent upon a cross and formed the first crucifix, showing that long before the Christian era the crucifix was known—carried through the different periods when the lamb and goat were worshiped and used as a sacrifice. Other deities came, one after another, to the time of hero worship.

We are now living in an age when the physical does not take precedence of the spiritual. The ideas of the people have changed. They found that it was not possible that a hundred thousand deities could exist. Then came the war of Olympus. All the ideas that we have are the outgrowth of that time. Did you not ever think it was strange that all the Messiahs were born on the 25th of December, and of virgin mothers? He gave the illustration of an old sun tale. Many of the symbols that are found in the churches originated in the old ideas. We can see the continued growth from one system of religion to another. There are sixty-six other Bibles, without the crude teachings of that which we are taught to look upon as the Book. We have reached the point today where we are not a man but a great religion to raise humanity to that ideal where it has placed in its stead a grand principle of nature—the eternal force from which emanates man and spirit.

Mrs. Mason sang "Two Little Children Went Wandering One Day."
Mrs. Pepper then gave test after test, to the

entire satisfaction of the large audience present, after which Mrs. Mason sang "She Stille Alone All Through the Day," and Mrs. Holmes closed the meeting with the benediction.

Monday evening Prof. E. A. Lee gave a most remarkable hypnotic exhibition in the auditorium. Previous to the exhibition he said there was nothing mysterious about hypnotism—it is perfectly practical; said it could be used in surgical operations. He devoted some time to tracing hypnotism from the earliest histories of Assyria and Egypt down to the present time. It is an exact science which can be taught like any other. He then proceeded to operate on subjects taken from the audience as well as subjects who travel with him—much to the amusement and wonder of the many present.

Prof. Lee was born at Bombay, India, of Franco German parents. When a mere boy he was fascinated with the study of hypnotism and other occult sciences, and left his home and went among the Hindoo adepts, where he devoted a number of years to this study.

Tuesday morning there was a very interesting conference. In the afternoon the exercises were opened with singing by Mrs. Hattie C. Mason. Then Mrs. Waterhouse, Chairman of the meeting, introduced Prof. Lee, who delivered a very interesting lecture, showing that hypnotism is the basis of all religions. All that we know is given to us by an impression that is given to our brain. Anything that is brought to the brain is called hypnotism—is what the theosophist comes from to day—and is closely allied to Spiritualism.

A song by Mrs. Mason was followed with tests by Mrs. Pepper, and benediction by Mrs. Pepper closed the session.

The evening was devoted to a dance in the auditorium.

The band discourses high-class music morning and afternoon, much to the pleasure of the many who gather to listen.

Wednesday A. M. (Mr. J. B. Hatch presiding), in place of the regular conference the children met in the auditorium to listen to a talk by Mrs. Conklin of Worcester, who also gave character readings of some of the children. The BANNER representative also told the children some kindergarten stories, much to their apparent delight. Mrs. Mason sang, closing an interesting session.

In the afternoon Mr. H. A. Budington presided. The exercises were opened with singing by Mrs. Mason; Miss Harlow made the invocation, then Mrs. Mason sang again; after which Mr. Budington introduced Miss Harlow, who, after reading the poem "On, On Forever," spoke in part as follows: "Good friends, I want to ask y-u, in behalf of our dear sister who should have stood here and is now on a sick-bed, to concentrate your thoughts on Mrs. Lillie while she lies under the healing band of Lake Pleasant; and we come into your presence this afternoon, to occupy the time that should have been by another, though we do not hope to fully."

As we look back forty-eight years the soul of man spoke and was touched. As we look at the moment, creeds fade away; but Spiritualism rolls on and on, and we meet in convocation, not only here at Lake Pleasant, but by the surgery sea. It has been proclaimed that man is free from this day. Not only into palaces, but into the lowliest home it has come; but the waters have become murky; we learn that we must build; justice is knocking at our doors; there must be laws to protect us; men are banded together to protect the red, white and blue, and we must not be lax in our duty.

A demand has come for greater fields of work, and we must not tamper with the law. Troubled waters will become clear, and out of fear shall come free physical expression, that shall bring to us the greater unfoldment of spiritual things. There is a difference between a legal law and that which, practiced, unfolds men's souls.

When we think of these things, there needs to be defense at this hour for our homes and spiritual progress. If the message of Spiritualism came to us for anything, it came to teach us how to treat our brother man, to put away creeds. Let men come together to concentrate; let justice reign; let the upright standard help us to abide in moral laws; they will keep us within the bonds of Spiritualism. Open your doors, and teach a pure manhood. Woman, it is time you should arise. It is time we took interest to be wise enough at least when our brothers talk on these mighty problems, to offer a suggestion. We have sung and talked on the power of spirit, which fills all space and leaves its imprint on man. It is time that we, as women, should be heard and should use our entire influence to suppress a press that will print all crime and vice; it is time we spoke, and not let this go forth to touch young lives; there is much that we should consider; that as we touch the greater law of growth, the troubled waters surround our feet, and we wonder how we can wade out. God forbid that war should ever touch this land, but we must be ready, for the great incoming tide is going on, on, forever. The great law of Spiritualism will touch us. Childhood shall blossom and make one great bouquet. Harmony shall reign. All that is evil shall be washed away."

Mrs. Mason sang, and Mrs. May S. Pepper again gave forth her messages of comfort, advice and assurance of the presence of spirit-friends, much to the gratification of the large audience present.

J. S. S.

Mr. Nathaniel Mortenson, a well known citizen of Ishpeming, Mich., and editor *Superior Postman*, who for a long time suffered from the most excruciating pains of rheumatism, was cured eight years ago by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, having ever felt a twinge of it since.

Newcastle, New South Wales.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
A Spiritual Research Society has, within the last six months, been formed here, and with a good roll of members. Seances are held twice in the week, and on every Sunday evening a trance lecture is delivered in the Trades Hall, by Mrs. Hodgson, trance medium—the President of the Society, Mr. Albert Card, usually occupying the chair.

The Sunday lectures are attended by crowded audiences, and the verities of Spiritualism are rapidly permeating general society here.

On Sunday evening (June 21) the usual proceedings were varied by a dedication ceremony, and the utmost interest was manifested in the service from first to last; the trance address on "The Morning of Life," and the address to the parents, being listened to with absorbed attention. The President's opening remarks, under inspiration, were particularly appropriate, having reference to religion as exemplified in nature.

There is, without doubt, a big future before us here, and glorious success is already being achieved.

ALBERT CARD, President.



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