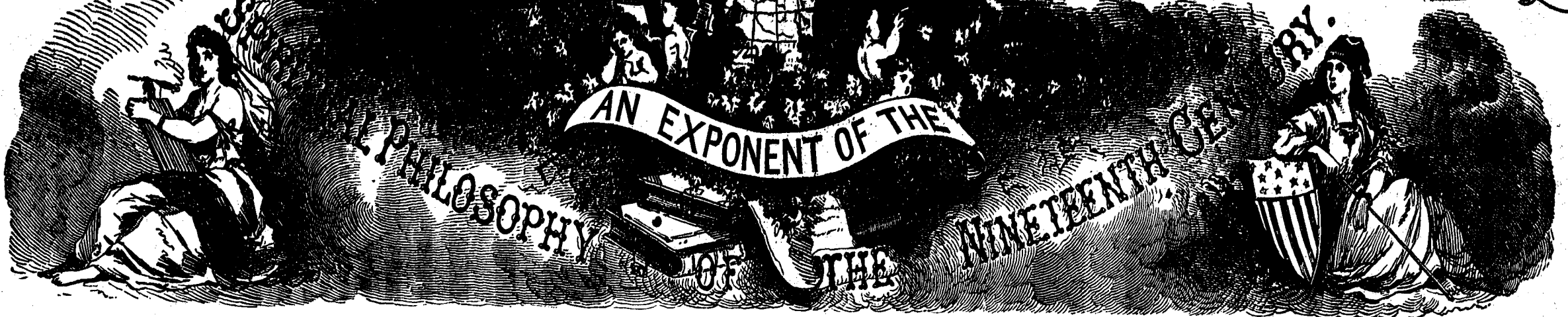


# BANNER OF LIGHT



VOL. 79.

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1896.

{ \$2.00 Per Annum,  
Postage Free. }

NO. 25.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

BY OLLAH TOPH.

Within my Father's house, yea, mansions are,  
And some are lowly built and some afar  
Lift spire and turret gold. Sun-bright the gleam  
Doth burn into my soul. And ah! no dream  
Of splendour wonderful can hold compare  
With glories that are hourly fashioned there.

Within my Father's house, yea, mansions rear  
Their shining walls, set with pure thoughts that here  
Doth jewel them, and spicy breezes blow  
Across the trellised pane, and soft and low  
Eolian whispers sigh and stir sweet blooms  
That garnish all the homely, lovely rooms.

Faint, wordless music doth the silence break,  
For there the thought need not expression make  
In syllabled design. They understand  
Who dwell within that holy, unseen land.  
No trembling word, half-lapsed, no broken phrase  
Breathe they who've learned the spirit's finer ways.

And pictures grace the walls, made from brave deeds  
Done in the earth, living with truth that pleads  
For good, insistent, strong. And eyes that rest  
Upon their beauty know some artist's breast  
Stirred to compassion and a sudden stress  
Of quickened love toward all who need redress.

Within my Father's house, yea, mansions be  
All floored with the wondrous minstrelsy  
From hidden harps of joy. And o'er the song  
Thrills evermore the cry of right or wrong  
Triumphant in the earth. Each hour, each day,  
The architect called soul buildeth this way.

## Letter from Southern California.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Since the last writing for THE BANNER, I have been very actively engaged in San Diego, which I have found to be in all respects a thriving centre of spiritual work.

There are three flourishing societies of Spiritualists there, and one in National City, close by, and though there are always diversities in methods of carrying on the work, it is but fair to say that all are doing good, and all are certainly useful in arousing fresh interest in the spiritual cause, as well as keeping it thoroughly alive in quarters where it had been previously kindled.

After an absence of six years, I found San Diego greatly enlarged and improved. I remember the old restless, untidy condition of the booming town, when I first saw it, in October, 1880; and when I contrast its then chaotic appearance with its present symmetry and beauty, I can indeed exclaim, "What wonders hath time wrought!" San Diego is very pleasant all the year round. Its splendid ocean views and salubrious sea-breezes make it almost a Paradise for tourists and residents alike; and though there, as elsewhere, people are heard to cry "Hard times," the substantial and expensive improvements on every hand show that capital is surely invested and steady growth secured.

Among the faithful workers in the spiritual cause in San Diego, Mrs. E. W. Bushyhead takes the lead, as in days of yore. At the Advance Guard Society—under whose auspices I lectured here in one of the best halls in the city, very centrally situated and finely arranged for meetings—I can only say, during the full month that I worked with those good people I found them fully alive to the promotion of good work in all directions as far as they could see a way to accomplish it. Mr. Knapp, the President, is a young man of intelligence and enterprise, and as the membership already includes many influential people, and is constantly increasing, the prospects of the organization are very bright.

Dr. J. M. Peebles was one of the first to renew old friendship with your present correspondent. I met him in London many years ago, and found him quite unchanged both in spirit and appearance. This veteran worker is indeed a wonderful man—at seventy-five years of age doing the work of several people, writing incessantly, lecturing frequently and answering sometimes hundreds of letters in a single day.

Dr. Peebles's Sanitarium, 3121 K street, is a large, comfortable house, four stories from basement to attic. The basement is devoted to a printing establishment, where, under the joint direction of Dr. Peebles and his adopted son, Dr. Burroughs, the *Temple of Health* is published monthly, and numerous pamphlets and other literature are issued. The first floor up stairs is devoted to large reception rooms, dining room and offices; numerous sleeping rooms occupy the floor above the reception floor, and at the top of the house, just under the roof, is the doctor's special sanctum, where the greater part of his literary work is done, and whence he sends forth, under spiritual direction, a healing force to the thousands of patients from all over the world, who are constantly applying to him for aid.

Dr. Peebles's work is a marvelous one, and though it cannot be said that every case he treats is cured, the percentage of favorable results is surprisingly large.

On the occasion of the first reception given in my honor at that delightful home, I met many old friends and made many new ones; but as the event has been so brilliantly chronicled in your columns by the host himself, I will not dwell upon the event further than to say that it was the first of a series of similar gatherings held through July in different parts of San Diego—all of which were almost equally enjoyable.

Mr. and Mrs. Newman of the *Philosophical Journal* are among the earnest, active Spiritualists of the Pacific coast, and since that paper has removed from Chicago and become a California institution, it has done a great deal to spread the truths of Spiritualism on the Pacific coast. Typical Californians are so devoted to the Golden West that they want a literature and every thing else home-raised, and as the great new West is a monstrous field for activity in all progressive lines, the time has evidently come when great spiritual enterprises will take on material form and thrive luxuriantly west of the Rockies. Rev. Solon Lauer is a great power for good in San Diego and round about. A new Unitarian church is in course of erection; meanwhile services are held in Unity Hall—a building seating four hundred or more persons comfortably.

Mr. Lauer's sermons are full of spiritual food as well as replete with classic thought. Mrs. Lauer (née Miss Hammond) is the daughter of some of my oldest English friends, at whose pleasant home in Maclesfield I was often entertained in the earliest days of my career as a public lecturer.

At Coronado, only one half hour's trip from San Diego, the Summer School of Science, Literature, Art and Philosophy has held numerous interesting and instructive sessions. A great deal of liberal thought has been given out, and on the occasion when I was the guest of the school, I gathered the following notes from Prof. Thoburn's lecture in the ethical course, which was very popular. Though readers of THE BANNER are often fed with stronger food, I consider that such sentiments, coming from a source entirely outside the ranks of Spiritualism, are certainly interesting, as evidences of the state of advanced public opinion at the present. Addressing an audience—largely composed of the élite of fashionable society who are summering at Coronado (one of the loveliest seaside resorts on earth)—Prof. Thoburn said substantially that immortality is admitted just to the extent that we allow ourselves to dwell on the interior, which is the permanent side of our nature, and doubled to the extent that we confine ourselves to a contemplation of purely sensuous phenomena, for (said the distinguished speaker) we cannot grasp the idea of immortality from aught that is essentially mortal. We are not mortal, though our fleshly bodies are; we are here and now in the enjoyment of immortal life; and when we doff these outer shells we shall in no sense cease to live. Though this attractive and able speaker made a strong plea for many of the essentials of Spiritualism, he spoke too slightly of physical phenomena, and gave a quite unnecessary rap at palmistry, which is no "quite the rage" in California; but, these failings aside, we must admit that when people are told that character is immeasurably more important than belief, and that we shall reap exactly as we sow, regardless of creeds or attachments, people who imbibe such teachings are being instructed in the essentials of Spiritual Philosophy.

I could easily dilate on the many attractions of San Diego and the numerous progressive activities in operation there; but our mutual friend, Dr. Peebles, is keeping you well informed regarding many things in that delightful locality, and I must hurry on to mention Santa Barbara and Summerland, where the good work goes on bravely, and where I had the extreme pleasure of renewing many old friendships and taking active part in the great gatherings held at the Spiritualist colony.

Santa Barbara is surely one of the most picturesque cities of the West; the fine old Mission is one of the largest and best preserved in California. The Brothers of the Order of St. Francis are ever ready to conduct visitors through the spacious grounds surrounding the ancient church, and there is much to see there of historical interest. I spoke five times in that city—four times in Crane's Hall and once at the residence of Mr. Rush, President of the new Spiritualist Society formed as a result of the spring visit of my esteemed co-worker, Harrison D. Barrett, the worthy President of the National Spiritualists' Association, and the greatest organizer in the ranks.

Though the audiences were all good, and great interest was manifest, the climax was reached at Summerland, where I addressed a splendid gathering in a beautiful hall, on Wednesday, July 23. That hall is a fine monument to the enterprise of the citizens of that small community, and when one sees such a building in so comparatively remote a place, it certainly ought to be an encouragement to dwellers in large towns and cities to go and do likewise; viz., erect for spiritual work a plain, substantial, commodious and at the same time artistic temple for meetings of various kinds, with library and public reading room attached.

Since examining that fine structure in Summerland owned and operated entirely by one society of Spiritualists, and that not a large one, I am more than ever convinced that, for the very moderate sum of five thousand dollars, a good and adequate temple could be built in any town or city throughout the country; and how much better it would be for Spiritualists to have such places of their own, rather than to be perpetually paying rent for often unsuitable premises, where the influences, though not evil, are of a painfully promiscuous character.

While at Summerland, I was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Albert Morton, whose charming home overlooking the sea is a veritable paradise. I can never forget that, in the golden days of my first visit to California, in 1880, it was Dr. Morton who managed the meetings in Metropolitan Temple with consummate ability, and because the receipts were larger than any of us had dared to expect, this generous, whole-souled gentleman forced me to accept forty dollars per Sunday, when my contract called for only twenty-five dollars. In olden times Mrs. Morton was one of the most prominent mediums for private sittings on the Pacific coast, but during the past few years she has retired into privacy, and exercises her gifts only for special friends, who deem it a high privilege to converse with her wise and estimable guides.

Mr. Williams, the original founder of Summerland, with his charming wife and family, (quite a large one) are still building up the place and developing the oil industry, which is proving so successful that lots which originally cost twenty-five dollars have recently been sold for two hundred dollars and upwards. I spent a delightful evening at Mr. and Mrs. Williams's charming country house, and found the inmates singularly talented in music, the young ladies having formed themselves into a Ladies' Orchestra.

Leaving Santa Barbara and returning to Los Angeles, I found the train service to and from Redondo excellent. The railroad runs numerous trains both ways daily, with extra trains Saturdays and Sundays—round trip, fifty cents.

The great Assembly Hall at Redondo, which was formally opened Sunday, Aug. 2, by the Southern California Spiritualists' Camp Meeting Association, is a mammoth structure, capable of accommodating between two and three thousand persons. The sessions of the camp commenced at 10.30 A. M., with flag raising outside the building. Prof. E. A. Whitlaw accompanied the singing of national hymns on the violin, of which he is a perfect master. An invocation and brief address was delivered in the open air, in presence of a large concourse of people, by the representative of the Truth-seekers' Society of Los Angeles.

Then the vast audience congregated in the great Moorish Temple built by the Chautauquans, who have moved to Long Beach and sold their edifice to the Spiritualists, who have secured it on very favorable terms.

Excellent congregational singing and two superb violin solos by Mr. Whitlaw delightfully interspersed the other exercises. The President, Mr. Dye, gave a brief but comprehensive and felicitous address, explaining the objects and prospects of the encampment, and then called upon W. J. Colville for an inspirational invocation. Dr. J. M. Peebles then delivered the dedicatory discourse, which was given with all that vigorous worker's old-time force and fervor, recalling the halcyon days of

1878, when Dr. Peebles lectured in London in the spring and preceded me at Parker Memorial Hall, Boston, in the autumn. It was just eighteen years since I first met this truly venerable man, and during the lapse of those many and (to me, at least) highly eventful years, I find he has preserved his old time vigor and youthfulness of spirit, though he assures us he has for many years virtually retired from the lecture field and given himself to the work of healing.

Dr. Peebles was followed by a gentleman from Pasadena, who read an original poem he had been inspired to write at 4 A. M., to memorialize the opening of the Camp.

W. J. Colville was then called upon to give the second and closing address of the morning, and thus ended the first session of what is already pronounced to be a phenomenally successful enterprise.

At 2.30 P. M. a meeting for clairvoyance and spirit messages was held, and at 7.30 P. M. Dr. Peebles again lectured.

The *Los Angeles Herald* was represented by Mr. Young, a cultivated and intelligent gentleman who reported the proceedings to the delight of all fair-minded people. The *Herald* of Monday, Aug. 3, contained a report so just and ample that it has reflected added lustre on that able and enterprising daily.

On Monday, Aug. 3, there was a conference at Redondo in the morning, and lecture by W. J. Colville at 2.30 P. M., and by Mr. Newman of San Diego at 7.30 P. M. The program is very ample, providing for three sessions daily.

Numerous tents are on the grounds; all the cottages are full; the great hotel is well patronized, and deserves to be, as it furnishes first-class accommodations at very reasonable rates. Band concerts and other entertainments add largely to the pleasures of life at this delightful resort. I will send you weekly letters from Redondo during the sessions of the Camp, and hope to be able to cull some choice extracts from the many fine lectures which are sure to be delivered—and if possible supplement such notices with accounts of remarkable phenomena.

There are many excellent mediums on the grounds, and all are being well sought after.

The spiritual meetings in Los Angeles and San Diego are being well kept up. Prof. G. W. James, a very distinguished English scientist, has been giving some remarkable lectures for the First Society of Spiritualists, in Odd Fellows' Hall, Los Angeles, and though he spoke on the hottest Sundays in July, he had fine audiences. It was my privilege to speak in the same place on Sunday evening, Aug. 2, and I was greeted with a full house, though a number of the attendants had been at Redondo earlier in the day.

Mrs. Ada Foye having returned to Chicago, is greatly missed hereabouts. She did a great work during the three months she spent in Los Angeles, and is sure to be a great power for good wherever she goes.

The "Robert Burns number" of THE BANNER is loudly praised everywhere. What a fund of information you did manage to condense into one issue of your ever-excellent exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy!

Spiritualism is certainly gaining ground rapidly on this far western shore, for the great *San Francisco Examiner* has employed as its news-gatherer at Redondo no less outspoken a Spiritualist than Mrs. Julia Schlesinger, whose reports are singularly fine condensations of the daily doings.

In closing this epistle, I wish to remind all your readers that questions for the "Questions and Answers" department are always invited, and I get them wherever I am, if they are addressed to THE BANNER office.

With good wishes for all, I am your constant friend,

W. J. COLVILLE.

## Original Essay.

### Twentieth Century Science.

BY W. A. CHAM.

Will not the nineteenth century be characterized, or red-letter marked, in the history of the ages, for this fact more than any other: that it gave birth to a new science and a new religion—the science of evolution and the religion of natural Spiritualism? It is true that, in almost every century of Christendom, prophets and seers have arisen, proclaiming or foretelling them as already come and shining for the world, but people would not heed or believe—still slumbered on, or groped in the old science and faith!

Together the new science and religion have arisen, and widened through the last fifty years of our century, revolutionizing scientific thought and systems, dissolving old creeds, reforming old forms of religion. Yet, strange anomaly, they seem not to recognize each other as born of the same mother, but look askance, often frown and shriek at each other as aliens and enemies. Just now, after nearly fifty years of growth, this new child, Science, and child Religion, begin to look into each other's faces and smile kindly greeting—even to reach hands in friendly help. In this is the high promise of the twentieth century.

Evolution as a science, though little more than a creeping child, has wrought marvelous changes in human thoughts, hopes and strivings. It is opening to us a whole new world of good and beauty, of promised wealth; all things, all life, begin to be transformed and glorified in its rising light.

Even pain and death, humanity's great burden and terror, begin to reveal a higher meaning and promise of beneficence. The old ecclesiastical devil, so long resting upon Christendom as an awful incubus of darkness and fear, is almost eliminated from the thought and belief of the people by this higher growth of science! The idea of evolution reveals to us how all things are animate with the immortal soul of Being; that God himself will not, cannot lose, or annihilate, one atom, one vilest creature of the universe. We discern more and more clearly in this new light of science, how the immortal soul of the world is rising and transforming in and through all forms and life.

Science is discovering that birth, growth, decay and death are parts of the same beneficent providence—steps of the soul's natural progress. It teaches us how the stones of the field dissolve and die to rise in meadow grass and flowers; the leaves and fruits fall and decay into death, but this deathward fall is only for resurrection into forms and lives of insects and singing birds.

Not a single jewel of the insect's wing crushed beneath the grinding wheel, not a cast-off feather plume trampled into the street filth, is in vain or lost. All are life movements of the immortal soul, transforming the lower to higher being!

Man grows old and dies. Where is he? What is he? Saved in the eternal soul of the universe of which he is an undying part. Risen, in nature's way, somewhere, somehow. This is the revelation and gospel of the child Science of evolution, grown scarcely fifty years in our century.

But is this the end of this glorious hope and promise of evolution?

Is it to go round and round with ceaseless steps of birth, growth, decay and death forever on our little mote of a world, floating in the infinite sea of the unseen and ethereal? Is this world's visible matter and sense to hem in and imprison earth's immortal souls forever? Is there nothing beyond, nothing higher in store?

Science has hitherto responded: "We cannot see; we do not know."

To day the new science, with wide open eyes and eager reaching hands of thought, is leaning out over the borders of our visible world of matter, peering and feeling off into the vast unseen and unheard world of being, that, touching us, yet infinitely outlies and overflows our little earth-life. And this child science of evolution, eager and hungry for more worlds, more life, cries and shouts: "So this visible world, that so long has been our natural home, our satisfying work and love, is not enough; the soul of us begins to feel it all as prison walls if this is all forever." Give us more and higher, oh! nature; the idea of our science begins to outrun and outprophecy your gifts if no more, no higher, you have. All the paths of life we trace in evolution's way soon reach the outer borders of this little world; all the golden beams of hope, of love and aspiration born in human hearts, outward flowing, radiate to the upper borders of this earth-life, beat against them, crying for still more and higher; all the soul's noblest, truest light of beauty and holiness in prayer and worship shine upward, ever more and more radiant to the overarching dome of the ethereal and spiritual. Must all be beaten back, imprisoned here forever? Does God awaken in the soul of men hopes, loves and aspirations only to be broken and quenched? Do all things begin and end for us here? No! cries ever more clearly natural Spiritualism. Your evolution, oh! science, means evolution forever, out of this world and matter into endless ascending and perfecting worlds and life in the infinite spiritual. God's bounty is ever greater than the loves and longings he awakens in human hearts. The higher science of our day begins to shout in response to the higher religion:

"We, too, begin to see and know the spiritual, the infinite beyond." Evolution is only begun in this our seen world. Here we are only as worms and babes, groping and crying in the darkness and dim dawning of our immortal soul's life's morning.

All the outward and upward radiating forms and ways of evolution into this life's hopes, loves and strivings are but infant reachings and creepings onward and upward toward the soul's nobler and more beautiful manhood and womanhood in the unseen and spiritual! Over the borders of this world, on countless lines of nature's evolution, all earth souls, all matter and life are moving into the spiritual! Our science of evolution in the coming twentieth century promises above all to be for us the natural science of this measureless spiritual realm of worlds and life that now unseen, as an infinite ocean of being, rests about us and overflows our little world of sense!

Our astronomy, our geography, our natural history and botany, our literature, poetry and music—all our highest ideas and finer arts of life of the twentieth century, will then not be more and more a discovery, an inspiration, a fore-feeling and living of this spiritual? This is the high vision and prophecy of the science of evolution to-day.

The twentieth-century science will discover ever more and more clearly how near and natural is the spiritual world and life beyond this world's death—that dying out of the seen into the higher unseen is just as natural as birth into this life, which was for us a dying from some other condition.

In the vision and knowledge that this near-coming higher science will bring to us, making them the heart and brain of our common daily life, consider how it will ennoble and transfigure all things. The most lowly things, even those counted basest and vilest, will come to have a divine meaning and purpose at the heart of them.

Grasses, trees and flowers, all creatures, human forms and faces, all nature's treasures of good and strength in this world, we shall know and use in higher hope and truer delight. And above all, as strength and peace-giving, the ever-present consciousness that all things of this world's matter are only the immortal soul's evolution of simple, crude childhood's images and ways of life—educating and upleading us and all to infinitely more and better things in the spiritual. These are but the first faint glimpses of this upper land and life through the eyes of science just beginning to look over the upper borders of our earth on the ascending way of evolution into the spiritual.

Who can measure or forecast its marvelous promises for the future?

Ever the climbing actual overtakes an ideal only to discover to our soul's consciousness still diviner ideals calling and drawing us up. Will not this be true of science forever?

Our boasted nineteenth century science and religion, looked back upon from the middle twentieth attained, will appear but as childhood's toys and simple games in many ways.

Meantime for us at the end of the nineteenth, still in them, they reveal a light, they speak a soul of promise of more and better forever.

## The Work of the Bees.

A writer in the *Revue des Sciences Naturelles* makes the following calculations in regard to the work done by the honey bee: When the weather is fine a worker can visit from 40 to 80 flowers in six or ten trips and collect a grain of nectar. If it visits 200 or 400 flowers it will gather five grains. Under favorable circumstances it will take a fortnight to obtain fifteen grains. It would, therefore, take it several years to manufacture a pound of honey, which will fill about 3,000 cells.

A hive contains from 20,000 to 30,000 bees, half of which prepare the honey, the other half attending to the wants of the hive and the family. On a fine day, 10,000 to 20,000 individuals will, in six or ten trips, be able to explore from 300,000 to 1,000,000 flowers, say several hundred thousand plants. Again, the locality must be favorable for the preparation of the honey, and the plants that produce the most nectar must flourish near the hive. A hive inhabited by 30,000 bees may, therefore, under favorable conditions, receive about two pounds of honey a day.

The Melbourne *Argus* is now fifty years old. In that time it has swallowed many other papers, including a *Times*, a *Standard*, and a *Daily News*.



Mrs. M. Louise French.

Missionary Medium.

Mrs. French was born in the Dorchester District, June 20, 1839, and her early education was received in its schools. She was quick to learn, graduating from the high school at the age of ten, and at the Academy at West Townsend, Mass., when she was thirteen. She was called a strange child, seeing and describing spirits.

Her parents on both sides were relatives, and were direct descendants of Governor Carver, the first in the settlement of this country. Her mother was Baptist and her father was Unitarian.

In childhood she began to have sinking spells, which the family physician called fits, but in these days we call them trances. When she was fifteen she lay three days insensible, and was pronounced dead, but her aunt said she did not believe it, and sat beside her at the funeral, and at intervals made passes over her head—while the services were going on. She finally came to, and all she can remember is a rush of people toward the door. After this her friends came to the conclusion that she was clairvoyant—she having prophesied many things which came to pass.

She studied for missionary work, and was assigned to the mission in Tavoy, but a severe illness after this prevented; the spirit-world had work at home for her to do. After this she joined the Second Church in Boston (Unitarian), and, with help, started the first church in Washington Village, on the Union Plan; the same is now called Unity Chapel, connected with the benevolent fraternity of churches of this city.

Many things have happened to this medium; seemingly she was not born to be killed; being fond of boating, she twice went overboard and came near drowning; in a railroad accident, her friend beside her being killed, she was saved; another time she made a misstep, and fell through the hatchway in the upper part of a seven-storied building, coming to the ground unharmed; then again, in this neighborhood, there was a man who feared a secret would be divulged, as he had committed murder some years before; he was afraid this would be told, so he came to her house one summer afternoon and asked for a private sitting; she was impressed not to give it to him; then he told her he was bound to kill her. There were only her two little children in the house. Just as he was going to shoot, a neighbor happened in and he left in a hurry. He soon after committed suicide—thus, by seeming chance, her life was again saved.

In 1862 she was married to Moses E. French of Bradford, Mass. Two of her children only, a son and a daughter, have lived to grow up. In former years she gave public readings in the States and traveled extensively. She has been a writer for the press and the author of a few books. She is also a graduate of the New England college. Her first lesson in Spiritualism, through Mrs. Fannie Conant, was had through the medium of a sealed letter placed on the table at a BANNER OF LIGHT sance in 1863. After a while she became convinced of the truth of spirit-return; then she became a zealous worker, having at her home two free circles every week, and giving private sittings to all free who came to her home in Washington Village. Then she conducted free meetings in South Boston for a time.

In 1871 she removed to West Groton, Mass., where she has been for twenty-five years. She lectured on Temperance and also Spiritualism in towns on the northern line of Massachusetts and southern New Hampshire, hiring halls, or, perhaps, getting a school house. She was always in earnest, and did not think of remuneration. If money was earned in private, it was spent in missionary work. She was independent and persistent in her methods—never seeking nor asking for help, but for the love of the truth still working on in these country towns where they had never heard a medium speaker before; and thus she has awakened great interest in the cause of Spiritualism, and comforted many sorrowing hearts in their hours of sorrow or bereavement, and many on passing from the shores of time have been cheered by the knowledge that they will "still live."

For the last three years our medium has been more at home with us. She is our speaker on Sunday. She also writes some still for the press, which, with her home cares, keeps her fully employed. Yet her former labors are not forgotten, and our earnest wish is that time may deal gently with her as she walks down the vale of years. We feel assured she will receive a glad welcome in the spirit-land.

H. Y.



## "How He Died."

BY JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER.

(Special to Banner of Light.)

### CHAPTER I.

THE silence of the night was over all. The town was wrapt in quiet slumber, and the cares and the burdens of the day were for gotten for the moment, to be taken up again, perchance, with renewed courage with the morrow's sun. The streets were all deserted, and the trees stood out against the wintry sky, and the lights, like so many silent sentinels, held to reluctant duty.

The snow was beating down pitilessly, driven into numberless mounds by the hurrying wind, and everything suggested desolation and despair. From the heavens where the stars, like so many jewels, are set, no gleam of light comes to break in upon the somber scene. Only here and there, behind a half drawn curtain, is a suggestion of warmth and light and color. No sound of merriment steals out upon the silence, no happy laugh, no echo of flying feet, but that monotonous terrible silence which lives in the midst of a storm and presages something beyond itself, seemed to abide everywhere.

Within this little house, shrouded with its fleecy mantle of snow, there was warmth, light, and stillness also, unbroken save now and then by a moan stealing from the half-closed lips of an old man who lay like a broken chard on a bed in the corner of the room.

For many a weary month had he suffered and endured that most terrible agony which attends the final dissolution. For months and months had anxious care and loving eyes watched above his pillow, seeking by every kindly and gentle act to smooth his pathway into the eternity of never-ending summer.

And now, as the night wears on, he becomes more restless and disturbed. The eyes turn from one side of the room to the other; the hands work in a nervous, aimless way, and the faint voice, that ill conceals the agony of pain behind it, makes now and then its trifling wants known, forgotten, perchance, even before they are satisfied.

Death at best, is the one supreme moment in life. It is, for those who look on, a change and never-to-be-forgotten climax of all the hopes and sorrows of the past. It is, for he who is passing through it, of less import perchance, for the moment, for the tide of emotions that is ebbing, and the tide of emotions that is flowing in, are all too new and wonderful and marvelous to give the mind time to analyze and understand them.

This man had finished his work—if, perchance, the work of a lifetime can ever be said to be finished. He had outlived his usefulness, as they say in the common parlance of a selfish world, which values only that which produces actual results; and was endeavored to all around him. The neighbors who had known him for many years, checked his kindly word of greeting, and looked with half-hyping eyes to the best form, as he was wont to pass along the street, saying one to the other, after the manner of their kind:

"He is a good man. He has always been a good man; but his time is near at hand."

And to those who belonged to him, he was, without doubt, nearer and dearer than in those bright and halcyon days of youth, when the fret and the hurry of life was upon him. The grey-haired wife of many years, who had journeyed with him through the shadow and the shine of Fate's decree; the children, now taking their part in the world's great and eternal striving; all held him in the arms of their love, and would have given everything they were possessed of to have kept him near to them, and to have been able, by the power of their love, to have preserved the worn life from every passing storm, and trial, and pain.

However, they were, as they had been since the winter-time came on, striving one with the other to fulfill the services which love and duty suggest, and which, at best, softens but changes not the inevitable.

One there was, right in the strength of manhood's power, who was dear to them all, who was in the world fighting still, facing the great crowds that surge around every public life—bowing, smiling—and behind it all carrying the memory of that suffering, sad old face, in his heart all the time. Every day brought some message from him, some word of encouragement to the sick one. Flowers bloomed on the table, vying with the luscious fruits and delicacies of every sort that were, made the silent witnesses of his devoted heart.

The old man was thinking of him. The absent are oftentimes nearer to us than those who are present. He was thinking of what had been done; of how every obstacle had been lifted from his path; every obligation fulfilled by that one strong right hand; and that brave, valiant voice, that night after night was ringing out its message of love and of truth to the world, never for an instant forgetting those that were nearest and dearest.

Little did those who listened know or imagine, when the voice took on a tenderer tone, a gentler accent, or the words faltered forth a lesson of more sublime forgiveness, that it was the picture of a tired, worn face, and the echo of a way through space and impressed itself upon the heart of the young orator.

But somehow the old man seemed to feel it, yet he could not well express that indescribable something that linked him and his son together in such a way that their joys and their sorrows were held in common. As he lay there in the little room, the light softly shaded from his weak eyes, he seemed to be looking back, as the dying often do, it is said, over the pathway of his life, on all the things that he had done and said, good and bad alike; for that which we think is good at the time often seems bad later on; and that which had no purpose at the moment, not infrequently becomes the pivot on which great events turn. And through all those later years the brave young life seemed ever standing, lightning, in its loyalty and affection, every pain, and accepting, so far as possible, every burden. And he began to realize in even this, his last moment, how necessary Lionel was to him; how impossible it was to leave this life, and the scenes of all those activities, without seeing his face once more and taking him by the hand and hearing again his strong, sweet, encouraging words!

"Only to see him once more!" the sufferer murmured faintly to himself.

"What is that, dearest father?" said the patient daughter watching by his side.

"What is it?" he said half dreamily, turning his great sad eyes to hers. "Oh! I don't know. I can't—go without—seeing him. Don't you suppose he will come—if only just for one moment?"

"Yes, I am sure he will. Ah! I see you are in more pain to-night. The storm disturbs you; you are feeling weaker—you are suffering more."

"Yes, I am suffering more. And a moment ago it seemed as if I heard some one whispering my name, and I know that I shall never see the end of another day. I never felt as I feel now; and you have all so much trouble to me, and I have made you all so much trouble! But it will be over very soon. Oh! if I only could—see him. He has treated me like a king, and—and if I could only see him, and tell him how good he has been and how much I love him—I could die in peace!"

"Why, father! you are worse. I can see it plainly. He will come whenever I send for him."

"Then—will you—send—now?"

"Yes, yes; be comforted," was the answer, through suppressed sobs. The old man turned quietly on his pillow and seemingly was lost to everything. The daughter turned to the writing-table, the other end of the room, and taking a blank, wrote, "Come at once. Father is dying," and passed quickly from the room.

### CHAPTER II.

The theatre is crowded. It was one of those brilliant nights when an orator known to fame, loved and honored by the people, was to make

his appearance and take his great audience into his world, so far removed from that in which they lived. It was a rare gift of his, who, from childhood almost, had been able to so sway his audiences as to make them quite forget everything save the magic of his voice and the beauty of the thought that breathed forth in every sentence that he uttered. They were all expectant. The hour had almost come, the lights were burning brightly, the orchestra had sounded forth its harmonious word of welcome, and the curtain was just about to arise and show the speaker standing in his library, apparently having invited the great audience as one common friend to come and think, and pass a pleasant evening with him.

Behind the curtain the picture is always different. No greater contrast is furnished in the world than is seen in the narrow line that separates the audience from the stage. Here, picking his way down amongst the careless wreck of many failures and successes, stands the young orator waiting for the word.

He is young and bright, thoughtful and handsome, and yet it was a face upon which the deeper emotions had already begun to describe themselves. The eyes particularly had a peculiar look about them—a far-away look at one moment, to be followed by a glancing inward the next. A psychological face, perhaps, if that word has any meaning, would best express it. Gentle and kind and strong, it surely was, and one could imagine how, under the sweep of strong emotions, the mental and spiritual would completely obliterate everything and make themselves felt upon the most obtuse listener. He has been described before as being a bundle of intelligent nerves, which responded to every emotion and mirrored nearly every condition. Yet there was nothing of the nervous temperament manifested in him as he stood there in the arched way of ropes and hanging scenery, waiting for the last bar to be played before he began the night work. A sense of quiet ease seemed to pervade the atmosphere about him, and one would scarcely imagine at that instant that he was capable of the exalted moments which have been accredited to him.

Instinctively he starts, and then says, in quick, rapid accents:

"Did you hear that? How strange!"

"Hear what?" asked the attendant manager.

"I hear nothing, and I see nothing."

"But I did, and do. There it is again! Hark! I catch it! 'The old man dies to-morrow at one o'clock.' That means there is trouble at home. My father must be worse—dying! I must leave at once!"

"Oh!" the manager replies, "you are nervous. Why, you had a letter to-night saying that he was as comfortable as usual."

"Yes, yes, I know! But still there is something wrong. I am impressed that the end is near, and I must, I will go to him."

"Impressed," repeated the manager scornfully, "what nonsense! It is purely imagination, that is all there is to it! Now brace up, or you won't get through with your work."

"I am not nervous, and I am not imaginative. There it is again! 'The old man dies to-morrow at one o'clock.' Don't you hear it? Don't you see that wave of light over there, almost like a human face, with the moonlight falling over it?"

"See here, you are all wrong. You must brace up; pull yourself together, or you will be sick yourself with all this nonsense!"

Lionel Brayton turned around for a moment, and then with intense emotion said:

"I am quite indifferent to what you think or don't think. It is not to be expected that you would know or care anything about it. But I realize my father is very ill. The shadow of death may be over him at this moment, and I shall go to him at once, and you and no one else can prevent me."

"But, my dear boy, you cannot. There is not a train till to-morrow morning, so you may as well content yourself. Go on and do your work, and you will soon forget all about it."

"I do not forget so easily, especially when I am as strongly influenced and affected as now. However, take this and have it sent at once," and flitting the action to the word, Lionel wrote a despatch on the back of one of his cards, saying:

"I shall be with you by one o'clock to-morrow," and then turning away from the scene of desolation which best expresses the state of things behind the curtain, he stepped smilingly before the great crowd that had assembled to hear him. None there were in that assembly who realized that behind the smiling face, the graceful manner and the intense words, that there was a heartache and a pain which defied all expression. Round after round of applause greeted each telling point, and smiles and approval were upon every side. And at last the final words were spoken, the bow was made, the crowd fled out, the light faded into darkness, and the night's work was done.

### CHAPTER III.

"Father, here is a message from Lionel," said the patient daughter, as the gray of the early morning was stealing into the sick-room, showing that the night had passed and the day had come. "He has heard your call, and he says, 'I shall be home by one o'clock.' You will be glad to see him, I know. You can hear me? you do hear me, do you not?"

"Yes, I hear you," faintly answered the dying man, "and I will try and wait until then. I cannot go without seeing him. You think he will come?"

"I know he will come, just as soon as he possibly can."

"Well, I will wait. It is a long time, but I will wait. I am so tired, and I think I will sleep." And he turned slowly on his pillow and rested quietly, as a child does in its peaceful slumbers.

The hours wore on till the noon had come. One by one the members of the family and the attendants stole in and out of the room with noiseless tread, saying each to the other:

"He is quiet." "He does not suffer." "He sleeps."

The kind-hearted doctor looked in on his morning rounds, saying nothing beyond:

"Do not disturb him, and have you sent word to his son?"

"He will be here at one o'clock, for he sent word to us himself," was the answer.

"Well," continued the doctor thoughtfully, "the end is near at hand. I hope he will not be too late."

The noonday hour passed. The sun, which had hidden itself from view all the hours of the morning, came out in resplendent glory, catching a thousand hues from the fleecy mantle that lay over everything. The hurrying crowd of toilers went on their way; the town was busy, as it ever is, and all unmindful of the silent tragedy being enacted behind the drawn curtains in the little room of the house they passed. The neighbors over the way looked hitherward sympathetically, saying with bated breath:

"I think the sick man is worse. He will be going soon."

A quick, rapid tread was heard along the walk, the door opened silently, and Lionel Brayton, heavy-eyed, anxious and weary, stood in the little dining room removing his heavy wraps, and, without saying a word, stole softly into the adjacent room, where the old man lay. He saw just what he expected to see: the white-haired mother kneeling with her younger daughter in prayer at the foot of the bed, and the other daughter had just taken the head of her suffering father upon her shoulder as she knelt near him, and the attendants were standing weeping softly at the other end of the room. The night-lamp was still burning, and as it had been forgotten, casting a ghastly gleam against the sunlight that would make itself felt, despite the heavy shades of the window. To Lionel it seemed like a dying life floating down the sea of change. He said not a word, but stepped softly to the head of the bed, and laying his hand gently upon the forehead already wet with the dew of death, whispered:

"Do you know whose hand this is?"

The old man slowly opened his eyes, revealing a look of heaven in their faded depths, and smiled as only the dying can, as he answered:

"Oh, yes. I shall always know that hand wherever I am. And so you have come—I knew you would—I have been waiting and waiting, and it—seemed so long to me."

"Yes, I am here. I heard you, I am sure I did, calling for me last night, and so I came."

"Well, I am going, my son—going a long, long journey; but before I go, there is something I want to say to you which will guide you, perhaps, in all the after years of your life. I have known what trouble and trial mean, and now that I am at the very threshold of another world, and can review all the circumstances of the past—its sorrows and its joys—I can see them as if I were looking in a mirror in which everything that had ever been was reflected. I am regretting many of the mistakes and missteps that I have made. But I want to say to you, my son, and he half rose in bed, as if by a supreme effort, "I find that I am not regretting a single kind word that I have ever said, or a kind deed that I have ever done. Missteps, they may have been, but I was always the better for it, and may this be a guide to you in the after years. It seems to me as if I were passing over some clear, shining water—as if before me was the light of a summer's day, while behind me everything seems shadowy and dark. I have no fear of what the change may mean. I have too long realized the sweet ministrations of ascended spirits not to approach with the utmost confidence this great and mighty change. I know that you all will be as kind to each other as you can; that everything that you can do will be done, as it has been for me. But do you not hear that soft and gentle music, that seems like the singing of happy children in the air?"

"And a look of ineffable peace passed over his face."

"They are all standing right here before me. My father and mother and the children, and so many dear friends; and they are whispering my name; they are bidding me come to them; I can feel myself going to them; I can feel their hands in mine."

"Come nearer to me, you dear ones; kiss me once more; remember me for the good I meant to have done; and don't hold me back by your sorrow or your tears."

Each came near; each knelt before the dying man and felt the trembling fingers straying amidst the shadows to find their way to the head of the one he loved. He kissed them gently, and then seemed to be wandering again through the brightness of that summer-day that shone down upon the winter of his life.

"They are still here; weep not; I am going to them, you will soon be coming unto us. I shall be with you, be sure of that—for our hearts are bound together by a love that death only serves to strengthen and make the more beautiful. Do you not hear them? They are singing, 'Welcome, welcome home!' and I am going—with them—good-bye—good-bye!" and then the old man fell back upon the pillow—dead.

A silence almost unknown to earth pervaded the place for a moment, broken only by the clanging of the clock, as one o'clock tolled out in the adjacent room.

This is how he died; how he went out from this world of winter, and care, and sorrow, where striving seems often vain, and ambitions are born but to fade into the light of the eternal day, in which is held the treasures of our life, too dear and too beautiful for a longer sojourn on earth.

Simple the tale; yet thus a man died, who had lived a Spiritualist, blessed with the knowledge that those who have passed from sight had only gone before; and he, when death came, found them waiting at the portal of that life that is just beyond our mortal ken.

Delusion, did you say? Then is the truth a lie and hope a snare!

## Commodore Joseph H. Tooker.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The death of this well-known gentleman, which took place at his late residence, No. 133 East One Hundred and Sixteenth street, New York City, recently, has brought to my mind several very remarkable incidents which he personally related to me shortly after the death of the celebrated actor, W. J. Florence.

Mr. Tooker and Mr. Florence married sisters, and their relations were very intimate. A few days before the death of Mr. Florence, he called at the home of Commodore Tooker, and, as he was exceedingly fond of the Commodore's grandchildren, a little one who was the special favorite of "Uncle Billy," as he was called, was brought to him in the nurse's arms. The child had always been anxious for the caresses of the actor, but on this occasion, as Mr. Florence extended his arms to take it, it began to scream, and acted as if terribly frightened, in fact, as Mr. Tooker remarked, almost went into spasms. Mr. Florence seemed much hurt at the unexpected and strangely sudden aversion which the child evinced. No amount of endearing words or loving smiles could induce the baby to be quiet, and the nurse was obliged to return to her room again with her charge.

Shortly after, Mr. Florence departed for Philadelphia, where he was to play an engagement. He had scarcely made preparations for his first performance when he was taken dangerously ill, and Commodore Tooker was hastily summoned by telegraph to Philadelphia. Upon reaching that city, he found Mr. Florence somewhat better, and the physician had considered him now out of danger. After remaining a few hours, the Commodore returned to New York. The same evening some friends dropped in, and Mr. Tooker was giving them an account of the sudden aversion of the child to the "Uncle Billy." Commodore Tooker had for many years been a devoutly interested student of Spiritualism, and he has often said to me that he would cheerfully give his check for one thousand dollars if he could receive positive proof that his wife who had passed on several years previously, could in some way manifest that her spirit still lived. During the evening above mentioned, and while pleasant conversation was in progress, another grandchild of the Commodore, somewhat older than the one already alluded to, was heard screaming in the room above. Investigation drew from this child the statement that his "Uncle Billy" had been walking in the room, and that he saw him. The child appeared to be terribly frightened, and it was some time before it could be quieted. Mr. Tooker now looked at his watch, noted the time, and remarked to his daughter that he feared something had happened to Mr. Florence. His daughter, who had worried considerably over her father's spiritual investigations, gently chided him, saying that she hoped he would not allow such foolish ideas, as she termed them, to haunt his imagination.

The Commodore, however, continued in a thoughtful state of mind, and his friends present endeavored to arouse him from his dismal forebodings, assuring him that his anticipations of impending trouble or sorrow, had no tangible foundation. In order, however, to please the Commodore, they remained until past ten o'clock, P. M., and then bade him good night. They had scarcely left the house when a telegram arrived, stating that Mr. Florence had passed away about the same moment that the second child above mentioned had uttered the scream of terror, declaring that he had just seen "Uncle Billy." The history of almost every family seems to be similar experiences, and positive statements from sources which cannot for one moment be impeached.

I had known Commodore Tooker for many years. He was sixty-five years of age at the time of his death, and most of his life had been spent in his native city—New York. At one time he was, perhaps, the most popular man in this city. His friends were legion. He was a man possessed of a most noble nature, and intensely devoted to his friendships. He managed many of the theatrical ventures of Jarrett and Palmer, and was a familiar figure in the lobby of Niblo's old Garden Theatre. He was positive and energetic, and frequently brought forward some project for the amusement of the public, that secured to him much additional renown and money.

He obtained the cognomen of Commodore from having commanded the Steamer Plymouth Rock upon daily excursions about the bay and rivers of New York. He superintended most of the popular productions at Booth's Theatre, and was manager for many

celebrated actresses and actors, including Edwin Booth, Sara Bernhardt, W. J. Florence, and dozens of others. He was Mayor's Marshal under A. Oskey Hall, and for many years Chairman of the Board of School Trustees; also a most enthusiastic Royal Arcanumite. He was one of those grand, manly natures, that we all love, and though pronounced in his opinions, his honesty of purpose has never been questioned. He left a widow and four children. The funeral services took place on the evening of July 1, 1896, and the interment was at Greenwood Cemetery. "Requiescat in pace." J. JAY WATSON.

## The Bearing on Spiritualism of the Mesmeric Experiments of Mons. de Rochas, Paris.

BY QAESTON VITE.

In his recent book, "The Exteriorization of Motive Energy," M. de Rochas shows, as the result of extensive experiments made by a number of European scientific men, that mediumistic phenomena are produced by a force which is radiated from human beings, and which resembles electricity (or magnetism) in character. He had already demonstrated the existence of this human effluvia in his previous work on "The Exteriorization of Sensibility," in which he showed that this radiation carried feeling and consciousness. He now shows that it also carries energy; that it is analogous to the magnetic "field" radiated by an electro-magnet when stimulated by the mediation of an electric current.

It is the same vital emanation, or spectrum, radiated from man's magnetic soul by the in-drawing action upon it of spiritual (electric) influx, which constitutes the basis of all hypnotic, mesmeric, occult, or magical, and mediumistic phenomena. M. de Rochas points out that the same force probably accounts for those phenomena which occurred in the presence of the mystics and visionaries of the past, and which largely resemble mediumistic phenomena. It may be added that it probably also accounts for similar visions, etc., on the part of the unfortunate sensitives who were called witches, and whose descriptions of their experiences coincided in many particulars with those described by the nuns of Louviers, etc.

In his previous experiments M. de Rochas has shown that the exteriorization of this vital aura implies the intensification or supplementation of the vital force of the subject by a mesmeric operator. Other experiments made by Dr. Baraduc, of Paris, with a bio-metre, show that this transference of force is accompanied by a gain of vital radiation on the part of the subject, and a simultaneous loss on the part of the operator.

In the case of hypnotic and mesmeric phenomena the operator is visible, while in the case of mediumistic phenomena the operator is invisible, and presumably incarnate. The phenomena produced by embodied operators, whether hypnotic, mesmeric or magical, are necessarily of subordinate and inferior order to those produced by operators acting from higher states of being. The force used is the same, but the spiritual operators command a greater intensity of force, apparently, and the character of the phenomena produced is dependent on and correlative to the state of being to which the operators have evolved and from which they act.

This conclusion is amply illustrated by the similarity of the phenomena produced by mesmeric and mediumistic processes. The identity in effects presupposes identity in cause. In his "Superficial Hypnotic States" and "Profound Hypnotic States" illustrations are given of effects induced, which explain the production of control, of clairvoyance, of lucidity of vision at a distance, of apparent "possession" with altered facial expression, intonation of voice accompanying characteristic handwritings, etc., etc. The total control of the sensitive may be produced, or only partial control, by which automatic handwriting or piano-playing, etc., is obtained, and psychometric reading, diagnosis of internal organs, transference of pain may be effected. In fact, all the best known subjective mediumistic phenomena may be produced, in perhaps a minor degree, by mesmeric action.

In his more recent works, first referred to, M. de Rochas has carried his researches into the domain of objective phenomena, and has obtained most interesting results as regards the process by which the human double is exteriorized from the same vital effluvia and projected. He is thereby enabled to say that we can foresee the time when, by means of experimental proof, will be assured that a part of himself, which thinks and feels, may detach itself temporarily from his body during his life here, and will thus be enabled to conclude that the thinking and feeling part of himself may also detach itself permanently and survive the destruction of his physical body.

We have here, for the first time, a scientific theory deduced from experiments, explanatory of spiritualistic phenomena. Metaphysics teaches us that there can be no law in the partial and subordinate which is not first in the transcendent and supreme.

That such phenomena have been produced in higher planes of being is well known to Spiritualists, who have, however, formed erroneous conclusions as to their meaning and process. Similar phenomena are now being produced on our own plane, which serve to explain and illustrate the meaning of the process of these higher spiritual phenomena, which man will now be better enabled to understand.

Villa Guibert,  
83 Rue De La Tour, Passy, Paris.

July 16.

Publishers: Chammel, 5 Rue de Savoie, Paris.

## Do You Feel Depressed?

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate. It invigorates the nerves, stimulates digestion and relieves mental depression. Especially valuable to tired brain-workers.

## New Era, Ore.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Spiritualists of Oregon have just closed one of the most successful Camp-Meetings ever held on the New Era camp-ground, commencing June 20, closing July 12.

Notes talent was employed. Mrs. Georgia Cooley, the popular speaker and test medium, was with us during the entire Camp.

Dr. M. F. Ravlin, the noted speaker, and wife, were also with us the entire Camp, and respected by all. Bishop Beals, the inspirational speaker and singer, remained with us a week and made many friends.

There were also other interesting speakers present. An admission fee of ten cents a day, or twenty-five cents for the whole season, was charged, which proved very satisfactory, and all recognized the fact that more was gained than by the old way of taking up collections.

Many old and new faces were seen and all were warmly greeted. The cottages were filled, and a larger number of tents were on the ground than there has been for several years previous. A pleasant time was enjoyed by all and we hope in the year of 1897 the spiritual crowd will be much larger.

In order to be up with the times, and do as much for the Cause as any one, our Society was this year connected with the National Spiritualists' Association, which we consider to be a necessary element.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, O. W. Quinn; Vice President, F. Fuller; Secretary, W. E. Jones; Treasurer, F. E. Everest; Portland; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. L. L. Irwin, Portland.

The Board is making special efforts to obtain noted talent for the Camp of '97, and we hope all Spiritualists will lend a helping hand to make the meeting as much a success as possible. A friendly invitation and greeting is extended to all.

It has not yet been decided at what time the Camp will open, but about the last of June, or first of July. For further information apply to W. E. Jones, Sec'y.

Mrs. L. L. Irwin, Cor. Sec.

Do not wear impermeable and tight-fitting hats that constrict the blood-vessels of the scalp. Use Hall's Hair Renewer occasionally and you will not be bald.

## OOD.

A fire-mist and a planet,  
A crystal and a coil,  
A jelly-fish and a saurian,  
And oases where the cave-men dwell;  
Then a sense of law and beauty,  
And a face turned from the cloud—  
Some call it evolution,  
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,  
The infinite, tender sky,  
The ripe rice units of the cornfields,  
And the wild geese sailing high;  
And all over upland and lowland  
The charm of the golden-rod—  
Some of us call it autumn,  
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,  
When the moon is new and thin,  
Into our hearts high yearnings  
Come welkin and surging in—  
Come from the north and swirling in—  
Whose rim no foot has trod—  
Some of us call it longing,  
And others call it God.

A plecter frozen on duty,  
A mother starved for her brood,  
Socrates drinking the hemlock,  
And Jesus on the road;  
And millions who, humble and nameless,  
To the straight, hard pathway trod—  
Some call it conscience,  
And others call it God.

—New England Magazine, Nov., 1895.

## Banner Correspondence.

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

## Massachusetts.

LOWELL.—Ed. S. Varney writes: "As I read your editorial in THE BANNER of Aug. 15, upon 'The Breaking Forth Into Singing,' I felt like one reveling in the bracing mountain air, or inhaling the refreshing sea breeze. The liberalizing influence at work among churches and creeds, that is going on with a steady, persistent sweetness, may well be likened unto the mountains and the hills breaking forth into singing. And it is the Master Musician, Spiritualism, playing upon the chords of human feeling, and of human intellect, that has evoked this grand, sweet anthem of soul-rejoicing."

It is a common remark among Spiritualists—and a true one—that the ministers are continually "stealing our thunder"; they—the ministers—evidently feel that the rose, under some other name, will smell the sweeter. But should we object? Not at all. Let us as true progressionists, as unselfish lovers of our kind, be thankful that the tender, heart-cheering melodies of the Master Musician are widening human conceptions; are flooding human souls with peace, and comfort, and glory. But not alone in pulpitarian utterances do we perceive the infiltrating, permeating power of the Divine Melody, but in the private avenues of life as well.

A friend of mine, while strolling through a cemetery, was impressed to "talk Spiritualism" to a lady in deep mourning—a perfect stranger. As he dilated upon the consolations afforded by our comforting religion, the lady began to weep deeply. A year or two later they again met by chance. She recognized him, and feelingly told him that the ideas he had given her in that one conversation had done her more good than all the preaching and counsel of her pastor.

In my own case, I am in the habit of occasionally passing a week or two in the country. I never go but what I am brought in contact with some one who is hungering for the rich manna from heaven which Spiritualism alone provides. To such, it has seemed as though I was the only one to whom they could obtain access to talk Spiritualism with. And it is a happy thought to me to feel—yes, to know—that what I have said about Spiritualism has comforted and uplifted them. One dear old lady said to me, with tears in her eyes: "This has been a delightful afternoon; you have given me some new and beautiful ideas to think of." She had discovered that "there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in her philosophy."



# LYCEUM AND HOME DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. J. S. SOPER.

## SPECIAL REQUEST.

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

### A QUEER LITTLE HEN.

There was once a little brown hen,  
A dear little, queer little hen;  
Her work was to lay  
Just one egg every day,  
And she did it, this good little hen.

She'd fly up in a tree, and right then,  
Seated high on a branch, this queer hen,  
Her egg she would lay,  
Her one egg every day,  
This good little, queer little hen.

"Twice a strange thing to do, I must say,  
Lay an egg from a tree every day.  
And what good was the egg?  
Just tell that, I beg."

That fell from a tree in that way?  
But some people do things just as queer;  
I know it, I've seen it, my dear.

They have a good thought,  
But it just comes to naught,  
From the wrong place they drop it, my dear.

There's a lesson for you and for me  
From the hen that laid eggs in a tree.  
If we do a right thing,  
If a good thought we bring,  
Let's not choose a wrong place, you and me.

—Gazette Stevens Sharp, in The Independent.

### How Jimmy Climbed the Ladder.

REV. WILBUR F. SHERIDAN.

If any one had said that the pale-faced, curly-haired Irish boy in that Richmond (Ind.) printing office would be an acknowledged authority in ethnological research within five years, he would have been laughed at. For, did they not all know Jimmy M—? Had he not run their streets from his childhood? Hadn't they played the same games with him, and studied the same books, and worked in the same shop? True, Jimmy was a little more quiet, a little more thoughtful, and rather a better scholar back in school—but that was all. So his companions thought, and so his employer thought. But that was not all.

At all through his high-school course and during his printing-office apprenticeship, Jimmy was mastering one subject—Indian languages, customs and origins. It became his passion. He took good care, indeed, of that wisdom. But all his spare hours were spent at his chosen work. Every book in the school library, and in the public library and among his friends, that bore on his beloved study, was devoured. He carefully recorded the results of his investigations, the most important product being a chart on Indian synonyms.

One day he astonished his employer and companions by resigning his place and declaring his intention of starting for the Smithsonian Institution at Washington to try for a position. But there was no opening there for the obscure young man. He was, however, permitted to pursue his studies among his treasures.

He overheard a conversation one morning that gave him his longed-for opportunity. A prominent official of the Institution was saying that they were at a great loss to get certain information as to Indian synonyms. No one seemed to have what they wanted. Young M— heard this with quickening pulse. Stepping forward he said, respectfully:

"I can furnish you the information you desire, sir."

"You!" exclaimed the official, incredulously. "Where can you get it?"

"I have it all written out in the form of a chart. If you will wait a few minutes I will show it to you, sir."

With that Jimmy hurried off and soon reappeared with his precious map. The gentleman examined it closely and saw that it showed the complete study of Indian synonyms that had ever been seen.

"Where did you get this?"

"I made it."

"You made it? Come now, no trifling!"

"I did make it. If you doubt me, ask any questions you like to test my knowledge of the subject."

A few answers convinced the official that in the pale-faced young fellow of twenty-one before him he had secured a valuable man for the Institution.

Young M—'s chart was accepted. He was set to work in the Bureau of Ethnology, and was soon put at the head of one of its important departments. Later, he went on a special investigating mission among the Cherokee Indians of North Carolina. He studied their habits and language at first hand, and presented a valuable report to the Smithsonian Institution.

Later still he went among the Indian tribes of the Indian Territory—Oklahoma and other Western reservations—living for months at a time among them, and obtaining facts of great value; facts, too, which must soon be gathered or they will be long buried forever in the grave of this decaying people. He was initiated into the mysteries of the "ghost dance." From the medicine men he obtained the text of their secret incantations, while his linguistic and racial discoveries are said to possess the greatest interest and importance.

As Mr. M— is still a young man of but thirty-five, we may expect yet greater contributions to scientific knowledge from his labors.

His career is especially interesting, as showing the power of concentrated effort in learning to do one thing supremely well.—*Epworth Herald.*

### A Mother Worth Minding.

"My mother says—"

"Ho! your mother—she isn't one of the kind that's worth minding."

"What do you mean?" advancing threateningly toward the boy standing with his back against a tree. "She's as good a mother as ever lived, and I won't have you say such things."

A knot of boys had gathered close to the speakers—one cool and quiet, the other with angry, heated face.

"She isn't worth minding, and you know it, Jack Somers," was the reply. "You've said so yourself, many and many a time."

"That's true!" came a loud whisper from one of the boys standing near.

"Everybody knows it, too," came from another.

Jack turned upon the speakers in angry amazement: "You're a pretty lot of boys, talking about mother that way, and pretending you like her all the time!"

"We do like her," came in a chorus from the half-dozen boys. "George said she wasn't worth minding."

"Well, what do you mean?" anger giving place to surprise.

"Why, just this: that you don't think she's worth minding."

"I never said such a thing in my life," trying to recall any remark of this kind.

"Look here, Jack," said one of the boys, coming forward; "you don't seem to see what George and the other boys are driving at. You may not have said in so many words that your mother wasn't worth minding, but by your actions. This morning, when your mother asked you to post a letter, you said you would not have time to go around by the post-office, and yet you have had half an hour before school in which to play ball. When she told you to put on your coat for fear you would take cold, you still left it hanging over the fence, paying no attention to what she said. Of course we boys can see that she isn't worth minding, since you see it so plainly yourself. Tell you what it is, old fellow, I don't know of anything so satisfactory in the long run as minding mother."

The angry light died from Jack's face before Tom had finished, and as it came to a close, he turned and walked away.  
Here was a boy who loved his mother dearly, and yet how unkindly he had been of her wishes!  
"Guess I needed that lesson, and although the boys may never know it, I am much obliged to them for it. I'll see that they don't have to tell me again!"  
And they did not.—*The Evangel.*

### Graciousness.

One of the virtues that women cannot afford to leave uncultivated is the virtue of graciousness. A gracious manner will win friends and keep them; it is a sort of sunshine, having power to melt the ice of prejudice and ill-feeling, and make one feel that the milk of human kindness has not all been drawn from an ice-water tank.

Under certain circumstances it is easy to be gracious and affable; when the weather, the gas, the dinner, the callers, and various other ingredients of our life are in harmony with our wishes, how lovely we can be. But wait until a book agent appears on the scene! The grade of a woman's refinement and the extent of her graciousness can be discovered in the way she says "no" to an agent sooner than in any other way. And then public places, street cars for instance, are good places in which to test one's graciousness.

Have you ever seen the woman who is incensed because the car does not stop in its wild flight on the instant the bell is pulled? She angrily asks the driver why he does not take her to the end of the line, and then flounces out of the car, leaving everyone feeling as if a cold wave had passed over them.

In societies of women this grace is especially necessary, and if it were cultivated more extensively would often save much unpleasantness, that is called by on-lookers a "row."

When our candidate is elected, when the rest of the women are good-natured, when they do not crowd, when they agree with our measures, we feel so beaming and genial that we almost fancy ourselves seraphic; but wait until things do not go our way and the seraphim is not there!

Graciousness, like beauty, grows from within. It cannot be put on as a garment, to be adjusted at pleasure. It must be made part of us. It must be cultured, nourished and given the best conditions of light and heat before we will be that best creature of God, a gracious woman.—*Woman's World.*

### The Truth is Best.

"Lost your situation? How did it happen, my boy?"

"Well, mother, you'll say it was all my own carelessness, I suppose. I was dusting the shelves in the store, and, trying to hurry up matters, I sent a whole lot of fruit jars smashing to the floor. Mr. Barton scolded, and said he wouldn't stand my blundering ways any longer; so I packed up and left."

His mother looked troubled.

"Don't mind, mother. I can get some other situation soon, I know. But what shall I say if they ask me why I left the last one?"

"Tell the truth, James, of course; you would not think of anything else?"

"No; I only thought I would keep it to myself. I'm afraid I may stand in my way."

"It never stands in one's way to do right, James, even though it may seem to, sometimes."

He found it harder than he expected to get a situation. He walked and inquired, until, one day, something really seemed to be waiting for him. A young-looking man, in a clean, bright store, newly started, was in want of an assistant. Things looked very attractive, and so neat and dainty that James, fearing that a boy who had a record for carelessness might not be wanted there, felt sorely tempted to conceal the truth. It was a long distance from the place where he had been dismissed, and the chances were slight for a new employer hearing the truth. But he thought better of it, and frankly told exactly the circumstances which had led to his seeking the situation.

I must say I have a great preference for having neat-handed, careful people about me," said the man, good-humoredly; "but I have heard that those who knew their faults, and are honest enough to own them, are likely to mend them. Perhaps the very luck you have had may help you to learn to be more careful."

Indeed, sir, I'll try very hard," said James, earnestly.

"Well, I always think well of a boy who tells the truth, even though it may seem to go against him. Good-morning, uncle. Come in, sir."

He spoke to an elderly man who was entering the door, and James, turning, found himself face to face with his late employer.

"Oh!" he said, looking at the boy; "are you hiring this young chap, Fred?"

"I have n't yet, sir."

"Well, guess you might try him. If you can only," he added, laughing, "keep him from smashing things, you'll find him reliable in everything else. If you find you don't like him, I'll be willing to give him another trial myself."

"You think that well of him," said the young man, "I shall keep him myself."

"Oh, mother!" said James, going home, after having made an agreement with his new employer, after such a recommendation from his old one, "you are right, as you always are. It was telling the truth that got it for me. What if Mr. Barton had come in there just after I had been telling something that wasn't exactly so?"

"Truth is always best," said his mother. "The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."—*The Bombay Guardian.*

### A Gentle Boy.

Vincent Ray lived in a beautiful home. The rooms had handsome chairs and tables, and potted plants made it seem like summer all the year round.

He had the kindest papa and mamma. You would think there was n't a thing lacking, but there was. He was the only boy, and had no little sister.

That explains the doll. Arabella was such a comfort.

"I'd call her Mary," suggested Mrs. Ray, the day she was bought.

"Oh! mamma, Mary is such an every-day kind of a name."

"I think it's the sweetest name in the world," said mamma, "but take any other you like."

Where in his short life he had picked up "Arabella," nobody knew, but that was his choice.

"I'm afraid he'll be just a girl-boy if he plays with dolls," said Aunt Emma.

"Well, I'm not a bit afraid of it. I mean to make Arabella an object-lesson. She shall teach him gentleness. A gentle boy makes a gentle man."

So doll Arabella became a real little sister to Vincent; as much as she could and not be alive. She shared all his joys and sorrows, his one regret being that she could n't go to Sunday-school. She had the lessons, though. They studied together beforehand, and afterward he repeated what the teacher said, as nearly as he could remember.

"Now, Arabella, listen. We're to do as we'd like to be do to do. That means I must love

you, and not hit you, 'cause I'd hate to have you hit me. (What a make-believe!) It was good, though, to get such a thought fixed, and if Vincent ever has a live little sister, she will be the happier because he played first with Arabella, who could n't strike back.

### THAT'S THE WAY.

Just a little every day,  
That's the way!  
Seeds in darkness swell and grow,  
Tiny blades push through the snow,  
Never any lower of May  
Leaps to blossom in a burst.  
Slowly—slowly—at the first,  
That's the way!  
Just a little every day.

Just a little every day,  
That's the way!  
Children learn to read and write,  
Blit by bit and mite by mite.  
Never any, I say,  
Leaps to knowledge and its power.  
Slowly—slowly—hour by hour,  
That's the way!  
Just a little every day.  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

ANSWER to enigma in last BANNER: HYPERNOTISM.

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

### Maple Dell Camp.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The attendance at Maple Dell Camp for the past week has been the largest of any week this season. The grounds are in a very healthy location, and the surface so diversified as to give both hill and dale, and the windmill river has afforded much exercise and amusement to campers who have a love of nature. Some of the landscape views along this quiet stream are very picturesque.

Among the visitors this week who come from a distance have been Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Kicker of New York City. Mrs. Kicker has taken a very active part in the conferences since her arrival, and it is hoped that she will give some test sances during the coming week.

Mrs. Nelle S. Baade closed her engagement proper the fore part of the week, but was prevailed upon to leave the balance of the week with us to rest—but her resting has been of the very active sort, for there has not been a day that she has not responded cheerfully to the many calls made upon her for active service. She has been in the field for seventeen years, and is now entering upon her fourth year as pastor of the Spiritual Philosophical Society of Detroit. We should judge her to be well adapted to pastoral work.

Mrs. Baade has been a recipient of ordination from societies in her own State; but in order to receive some of the statutory benefits under the laws of this State, the National Spiritual and Religious Camp Association granted her a certificate of ordination and appointed Mrs. A. E. Sheets to perform the ceremony for them. The ceremony took place at the close of the afternoon lecture Sunday, and was generally pronounced by those present as the most impressive and appropriate celebration of this rite that they had ever witnessed. Mrs. Baade's womanly ways and even disposition secured for her the friendship of all with whom she came in contact, and her inspiration is of a high order.

This is the second year that Mrs. A. E. Sheets has been engaged here, and it is the general desire of the patrons of the Camp that her services for next season be engaged without fail. Her "Flower Readings," coupled with spirit descriptions, have not only been interesting and instructive, but unique as well. Her lectures have been able, philosophical in character, and powerful in delivery. Her subjects have been: "The Soul's Two Tunes," "Spiritual Unfoldment," "The Diviner Way," and "Our Beliefs"—all of which have been handled in a masterly manner.

The general popularity of this speaker is well indicated by the fact that, in addition to Maple Dell, her camp engagements this summer have included Cassadaga, Lake Brady, Island Lake, Grand Ledge and Hanksville, N. Y. Her services were generally the near future include Indianapolis, New Bedford, Mass., Berkeley Hall, Boston, Flint, Mich., and Buffalo, N. Y.

The sudden death of Chairman Danforth's brother-in-law took our prosiding officer and his family away from us Sunday evening, and in their bereavement they have the heartfelt sympathy of all associated with the work here. They will probably return the middle of the week.

—*Mantra Station, O., Aug. 10, 1896.*

### PSYCHE, The Developing Cabinet.

Every person who becomes interested in the Spiritual Philosophy is more or less interested in Mediumship and its development, and it is for the assistance of those desiring the unfoldment of their mediumistic gifts that PSYCHE has been evolved. It is a series of lectures, and is arranged to store the vital magnetism, or energy, and adapted to develop anything from raps and table-tipping to independent slate-writing and other phases of mediumship. The Cabinet in each case acts as a storage house for the magnetic energy and makes the attainment of the desired result more rapid and certain. The assistance of a few harmonious subjects should be helpful, but all harmonious subjects should be employed while engaged in the search for psychic phenomena.

PSYCHE is 3x3x3 inches in dimension, has no metal in it, is made of wood selected for it by the Controlling Intelligence, and is THOROUGHLY MAGNETIZED.

Price \$1.00. When sent by mail or express, 20 cents extra.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

### The Henry Seybert Bequest, And What Has Become of It?

An Open Letter to the Seybert Commissioners and the Legatees of Henry Seybert.

BY HON. A. B. RICHMOND.

The article of Mr. A. B. Richmond on his published review of the Seybert Commissioners' Report, which recently appeared in THE BANNER, appeals strongly to the deep interest of all readers who have a demonstrated knowledge of the communion of spirits incarnate and incarnate.

While it penetrates all the prejudices governing the Commissioners, and exposes the blunders of their willful ignorance, it furnishes a lucid statement of the truths of Spiritualism, and a convincing argument in its support for which a great multitude of readers will feel spontaneously grateful.

The complete refutation of the Commissioners by Mr. Richmond is established.

Now issued in neat pamphlet form, containing twenty-five pages, 10 cents; 3 copies, 25 cents; 7 copies, 50 cents. Price 10 cents; 3 copies, 25 cents; 7 copies, 50 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

### Why She Became a Spiritualist.

BY ABBY A. JUDSON.

Contains Portrait and Life of Author, her method of going under Spirit Influence, Twelve Lectures, Selected Poems, and Communications from her Missionary Father and Mother, and other Guides.

Cloth, pp. 283, price \$1.00. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

### THE VOICE OF THE NEW YEAR.

A Lecture delivered before the First National Association of Spiritualists, Washington, D. C., on Sunday, Jan. 13, 1894.

BY DR. F. L. H. WILLIS.

Pamphlet, pp. 18, Price 5 cents; 6 copies, 25 cents; 10 copies, 50 cents; 30 copies, \$1.00. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

### MAN'S IMMENSITY

A Certain Evidence of His Immortality. A Surprise to the World.

BY PROF. J. L. DITSON, Sc.D. (Brother of the late Oliver Ditson.)

Subjects treated: Man's Immensity; Immortality Demonstrated; Immortality Continued in Art; Art in Japan; The Moon in Collision with the Earth; The Order of the Universe; Culture and Refinement; The Borderland, etc.

Price 10 cents; 3 copies, 25 cents; 7 copies, 50 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

### THE ELIXIR OF LIFE. From a Chela's Diary.

By G. M. F. T. S. Paper, Price 10 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

### ELEMENTS OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY

For Higher Institutes in Republic, and for Self-Instruction. By PROF. H. M. COTTINGER, A. M. Cloth, Price \$2.00. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

# Wonderful Cures

of Coughs, Colds and all kinds of Sore Throats and Lung Troubles are made every day

BY

## Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam

It gives instant relief, and cures, permanently, the worst cases. Time-tried and thirty years tested.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. SOLD BY THE BEST DRUGGISTS. Prices 35 cts. and 75 cts. a Bottle. Trial size 10c.

### Price Reduced

From \$1.25 to

## 50 Cents!

### STUDIES

IN THE

## Outlying Fields OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE,

Author of *Arcana of Nature, Origin and Development of Man, etc.*

### CONTENTS.

- Dedication, Analysis.
- Chap. I.—Matter, Life, Spirit.
- Chap. II.—What the Senses Teach of the World and the Doctrine of Evolution.
- Chap. III.—Scientific Methods of the Study of Man, and Its Results.
- Chap. IV.—What is the Sensitive State?
- Chap. V.—Sensitive State: Its Division into Mesmeric, Somnambulic and Clairvoyant.
- Chap. VI.—Sensitive State: Proved by Psychometry.
- Chap. VII.—Sensitive State During Sleep.
- Chap. VIII.—Dreams.
- Chap. IX.—Sensitive State Induced by Disease.
- Chap. X.—The Transcendentalist's View of the Sensitive State.
- Chap. XI.—Intuitions of an Intelligent Force.
- Chap. XII.—Effects of Physical Influences on the Sensitive.
- Chap. XIII.—Unconscious Sensitive.
- Chap. XIV.—Prayer in the Light of Sensitive and Thought-Waves.
- Chap. XV.—Christian Science, Mind-Cure, Faith-Cure—their Physical Relations.
- Chap. XVI.—The Immortal State Must Be.
- Chap. XVII.—Personal Experience—Intelligence from the Sphere of Light.

The author sets out to put on a more scientific and rational basis the proofs of the doctrine of Immortality. He recognizes the fact that, in an age of great skepticism, the evidence which was once sufficient is no longer so, and that in the minds of a very large class of earnest and intelligent persons faith in a future state of existence has a very slender hold.

The book contains 250 pages, 12mo., is well printed, and neatly bound in cloth. Price 50 cents, postage free.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

### ANTIQUITY UNVEILED.

The Great Revelation of the Nineteenth Century.

Most Important Disclosures Concerning the True Origin of Christianity.

This is one of the most remarkable books of the century. It reveals facts concerning the formulation of Christianity which should be in the possession of every truth seeker. Antiquity Unveiled contains the most striking evidence from occult and historical sources, that the Christian system is the offspring of more ancient religions.

EXTRACTS FROM ITS CONTENTS.

*Apollonius of Tyana, the Nazarene.*—Born A.D. 2, died A.D. 99.—His history and teachings appropriated to formulate Christianity.—The original gospels of the New Testament brought from India.

*Cardinal Caesar Baronius*, Librarian of the Vatican.—The Hindoo god Krishna, in reality the Christ of the Christians—Sworn to secrecy.

*Paulinus*, Archbishop of York.—His mutilation of the Scriptures—He finds Jesus Christ to be Apollonius of Tyana.

625 pages, cloth and gilt, illustrated. Price, \$1.50, postage 12 cents. Abridged edition, 224 pages, board cover, 50 cents, postage 4 cents.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

### "Spirit Laws and Influences."

BY PROF. HENRY KIDDLE.

The first of a series of pamphlets to be issued, embodying some of the lectures, essays, etc., which the late Prof. Kiddle bequeathed to mankind as a priceless heritage of deep reflection and ripened thought on every conceivable topic connected with Modern Spiritualism. This series is to be carefully edited by his son, Henry F. Kiddle.

The pamphlet titled as above quoted has just made its appearance, a neatly gotten up brochure of thirty pages or more.

It is eminently fitted for use as a missionary among new converts, or those just inquiring concerning the New Dispensation, and contains much that will influence the attention of old Spiritualists alike.

Price 10 cents; 3 copies, 25 cents; 7 copies, 50 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

### Studies in the Thought-World.

BY HENRY WOOD.

Contents.—Ownership through Ideals; The Evolutionary Climb of Man; A Great Art Museum; The Vital Energy and Its Increase; A Corrected Standpoint in Physical Research; The Divinity of Nature; The Hygiene of the Consciousness; What is Man? Our Relations to Environment; Divinity and Humanity; Has Mental Healing a Valid Scientific and Religious Basis? The Unity of Diversity; The Dynamics of Mind; Auto-Suggestion and Concentration; Human Evolution and the "Fall"; Omnipresent Divinity; Mental and Physical Chemistry in the Human Economy; The Education of Thought; The Nature and Uses of Pain; The Sub-conscious Mind; The Psychology of Crime; The Signs of the Times.

These papers deal with thought-education, mental science and spiritual evolution in their practical aspects. Their restorative forces are explained and applied to human life. No one can read this book without receiving a great mental and spiritual uplift.

Fine English cloth, pp. 289, price \$1.25.

Other books by the same author: IDEAL SUGGESTION THROUGH MENTAL PHOTOGRAPHY. Fine cloth, octavo, price \$1.25.

EDWARD BURTON (a Novel). Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 50 cents.

GOD'S IMAGE IN MAN. Cloth, pp. 233, price \$1.00.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF NATURAL LAW. Fine cloth, price \$1.25.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

### From Night to Morn;

Or, An Appeal to the Baptist Church. BY ABBY A. JUDSON.

Gives an account of her experiences in passing from the old faith to the light and knowledge of Spiritualism. It is well adapted to place in the hands of church people.

Pamphlet, price 15 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

# BANNER OF LIGHT:

THE OLDEST JOURNAL IN THE WORLD DEVOTED TO THE



## BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

**THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY**, located at 9 Bowdoin Street, (formerly Montgomery Place), corner of Province Street, Boston, Mass., keeps for sale a complete assortment of Spiritual, Progressive, Reform, and Miscellaneous Books at Wholesale and Retail.

**TERMS CASH.**—Orders for Books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by full or at least half cash. When the money forwarded is not sufficient to fill the order, the balance must be paid C. O. D. Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. We would remind our patrons that they can remit us the fractional part of a dollar in postage stamps—one and two preferred. All business operations looking to the sale of Books on commission respectfully declined. Any Book published in England or America (not out of print) will be sent by mail or express.

Subscriptions to the BANNER OF LIGHT and orders for our publications can be sent through the Purchasing Department of the American Express Co. at any place where that Company has an agency. Agents will give a money order receipt for the amount sent, and will forward us the money order, attached to an order to have the paper sent for any stated time, free of charge, except the usual fee for insuring the order, which is a cent and a sum under \$5.00. This is the safest method to remit orders.

In quoting from THE BANNER care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of impersonal free thought, but we do not endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents may give utterance.

No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return unsolicited articles.

Newspapers sent to this office containing matter for inspection, should be marked by a line drawn around the article or articles in question.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1896.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

(Entered at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class Matter.)

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE.  
No. 9 Bowdoin Street, corner Province Street,  
(Lower Floor.)WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS:  
THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY.

14 Franklin Street, Boston.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,  
39 and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

Issued by

Banner of Light Publishing Company.

Isaac B. Rich, President.  
Fred C. Tuttle, Treasurer.  
John W. Day, Editor.

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

"In things essential, UNITY; in things doubtful, LIBERTY; in all things, CHARITY."

## Two Dollars Per Year.

The management of the BANNER OF LIGHT have decided, on due deliberation, to reduce the subscription price of the paper to **Two Dollars per year** (former price \$2.50)—beginning with the issue for March 7, which is No. 1 of Vol. 79.

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

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

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

BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

## How Shall We Advance the Cause?

If the way to present the truths of Spiritualism to others is by work through sincere belief, then it clearly is not to be done in the turmoil and inharmonious of jarring conditions. We have nobody to fight, and consequently have no occasion to fight among ourselves. If many societies are more promotive of harmony than one, and a central one, then let their number increase until the limit is reached, which is best fixed by their power of doing good. There is no need to try to go beyond that. In place of criticising mediums and speakers, how much better to bring harmonious influences to bear, thus getting quietly rid of what is useless or obstructive and utilizing only what is effective and serviceable. The course for Spiritualists to pursue is to follow the people wherever they go, and be one with them. They are to be taken where they are to be found. Spiritualism is not to become the religion of the future without work, since it is upon human natures that it is to be brought to bear, and they are notoriously variant and uncertain. The one thing to be done is to present the truth; that means work and faith. Whether with phenomena or philosophy, we are to work to the end, consciously upheld by the ever-present help of the invisible workers with us.

## Trouble in the Churches.

Were we as godlessly inclined as the churches people show themselves to be if they chance to detect a flaw or a failure in a medium, who never pretends, like the ministers and priests, to infallibility, we should of course chuckle and point the finger of derision at the several churches now-a-days, which find themselves in such unhappy circumstances; but inasmuch as the religion of Spiritualism teaches, above all things, charity, we incline to extend our heartfelt sympathy to these human brethren in trouble, and to all others who may be similarly afflicted, assuring them that fallibility and fraud are the accompaniments of all things human, and that true spirituality cannot be harmed by the conduct of those who deceitfully make it their profession. And we likewise improve the opportunity to assure them that

all the religious professions in the world cannot, by any possibility, take the place of simple honesty and straightforward integrity.

That the most of people will look on and scoff at proceedings which continually seek and find shelter in the profession of religion, or, in other words, in the church, it is needless to dispute. They say that they see much more of such evil proceedings on the part of church members than they do of goodness, benevolence, honesty, and the other plain virtues which go so far in the daily service of the world. And they invariably connect these wrong doings with the church to which the doors belong. They also see that in very many instances the churches rally with their silent social power to the protection and defense of their guilty members. What is left for them to do but to put church and members indiscriminately into one and the same box, and judge the whole by a consistent and unswerving judgment.

The world's people, so-called by the clerical people, would be perfectly satisfied to judge the ministers and members of churches by their every-day conduct and demeanor. They would be willing enough to regard a professor of religion religious, if he only showed himself religious when he was about his daily duties as well as on Sundays. They want to be edified by an illustration and example of it in his store, at his desk, in the courts, and on the exchange. And beyond all question the outside world has the right of it in this matter. There is no good in religion, so far as the neighbor is concerned, except it be practical. A mere reputation of religion without religion in the daily conduct is mockery, and to be sternly reprobated, as well by those who do not profess it as by those who do. If the defaulting churches were to be tried by their own standard, and condemned in a body for the faults of individual members, they would not be able to hold up their heads another day.

## Workman and Employer.

In any attempt to adopt the Christian principle between employer and employé, it must necessarily be a mutual affair. Little would be accomplished if selfish motives only governed the workman on the one side or the employer on the other. By this is not meant that either one should wait for the other before making a beginning. It is only meant that the most desirable results cannot be expected unless both parties unite and make their interests common. There must be reciprocal action, or all will amount to nothing. Some employers assert that they have sincerely set out to put this principle in operation with their workmen, but have been able to find little or no disposition among them to accept it in a spirit of cooperation. It is a rule that must work both ways in this case, or it will not work at all.

The employé must show just as much goodwill as his employer. Some economic advantage would, without doubt, be secured to both sides by united action. In the case of an association working together in harmony, the resulting product would inevitably be greatly enlarged, and in consequence there would be much more to divide. In a number of known cases there is more to divide, and that serves to prove the real practicability of the plan. The likelihood is, further, that industrial societies organized on this philanthropic basis would possess a decided advantage over societies organized on the basis of selfishness and strife. If not, then it must follow that the latter is the better way. But so long as the great industrial societies continue to live by the selfish rule of economy, it might be believed that the economic conditions of those who are trying to live by the Christian rule would not be greatly improved.

It is true that the employer might not have it in his power to give much more considerable wages than before. The workman's wages might not be greatly increased, and the employer's profits might not be greatly affected for the better; but there is no successfully denying that the atmosphere in which both lived in their relation to each other would be instantly improved; the change would be felt at once. It would be the equal of a new climate all around. The employé would be the first to recognize it. Even if what he received was not much less than he is getting now, he would feel that whereas his employer was once troubled because he had to pay so much he is now troubled because he can give no more. And for himself he will know that his men, instead of watching for a chance to strike him when they find him caught at a disadvantage, are consulting together to discover how they can help him over the hard places and relieve him of some of the burden of his business cares. Working together in this spirit, the question of profits becomes less urgent on both sides.

The employer may not be getting rapidly rich, and the workman may be forced to live with great frugality; but a certain something has at least been achieved which is of far more value than large wages or rapid gain. Mutual sympathy has been begotten, and love that lightens burdens by sharing them, and a peace that is more blessed than all. It is just as true of the factory as it is of the family, that a dinner of herbs where love is is better than stalled ox and hatred therewith. Such a rule of life is said to be wholly impracticable. Nevertheless it is in practice all around us. There are laborers who govern themselves by it in all their relations with their employers, who keep the interests of the master or mistress always in view, who work for others as faithfully as they would work for themselves, and who honestly endeavor to give just as much service as they prudently can for their wages. Such people are by no means so rare as may be thought. There are indeed more of them than we are sometimes willing to admit. And so, too, there are employers who strive to identify themselves with their workpeople.

## Non-Vaccination.

The statement is now made by the daily press that the Royal Commission, which has been considering the laws on this subject, has concluded that vaccination ought no longer to be made compulsory, when parents object to it. It is recommended that a statutory declaration of objection by such parents be accepted as a reason for immunity—a victory indeed!

On Sunday, Aug. 9, W. J. Colville gave three lectures in San Diego, Cal. He lectured for the Advance Guard Society, in Grand Army Hall, morning and afternoon, and for the First Society of Spiritualists, in Lafayette Hall, in the evening. The attendance was large at all three meetings—particularly in the evening, when a stirring address was given on "Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism."

## Pleading for Justice and Kindness.

The memorial of the representatives of the religious Society of Friends for Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware, to Congress, drawn by them some time since, represents that they have viewed with deep concern the excitement and unsettlement among the Indians in the Northwest, and the dangers that threaten to involve that large section of our country in the calamities of Indian warfare.

It reminds Congress that the Indian has rarely been chargeable with disregard of treaty stipulations which he has once comprehended and ratified; while, on the other hand, it is well known that about all the wars of the United States with the Indians have been the result of injustice or perfidy on the part of the whites.

The memorial effectively quotes the report of the commission appointed to negotiate with the Sioux in 1868, of which Gen. Harney and Gen. Pope were members. Gen. Harney answers to the question: "Have we been uniformly unjust?" "Yes," Gen. Pope wrote: "How can we expect the Indian to observe a treaty which he sees us violate every day to his injury?" Gen. Carrington was an officer in command during the war with the Sioux in 1866 and 1867, and in a public address delivered by him in 1881, he declared that "from 1865 until the present time, there has not been a border campaign which did not have its impulse in the aggressions of the white man. It is enough for us to know," he added, "that white men first stole their lands, and then sold them arms; and did, by every low passion, work out the scheme by which we should treat the Indian as a brute only to be exterminated, rather than as a man to be saved."

The memorial asks if it is not the part of wisdom as well as of humanity to inquire into the causes that have led to the present attitude, patiently consider their complaints, and apply a remedy which may restore tranquillity. The summary of the expense account of the government with the Indians is given, one-quarter of which is charged to hostilities. The memorialists urge that a course of justice and kindness toward this people would be productive of lasting peace, and illustrate it by a reference to the early history of Pennsylvania, and they pray the government to fulfill all its obligations by a course of liberality and conciliation.

## The Blind Faith of the Preachers.

Said a Boston reverend, in a discourse on the continual presence of the Divine Creator: "We want no religion which we can thoroughly understand. We believe in the incarnate because we cannot solve it. We want something beyond the reach of our highest thoughts," and so on. That is all very well, so far as it is a protest against being satisfied with no God of whom we cannot form an adequate conception. But that is very far from what this minister is at. What he is aiming at is to frighten people wholly out of their reason for the purpose of driving them into the fold of faith; and faith with such means simply surrender to the authority of the priesthood. Of course we all of us have faith, but it should never fail to be guided by reason. What is called "blind" faith is a faith utterly without reason; and that is the kind that this preacher would inculcate. Now if God is all the time present everywhere, why should we be forbidden by such preachers as he to put the fullest faith in his perpetual inspiration? Why do they tell us that we must rather believe in a book called the Bible, and in tradition, and in the inspiration recorded in the historic infancy of the human race?

These pulpit men look one way and row another, and consequently require to be straightened out from time to time. This one, for instance, tells us that man, being finite, can see but a few things at a time, and therefore must proceed slowly in order to obtain a thorough conception of anything. How, then, is it that one man can tell us of God more than another? How, in fact, can any one see God for us? Much more, how can any man or any body of men claim to lay down to us a law, or a rule, which we must explicitly obey, by which we may know so much of God and no more, trusting to them to tell us the rest? Any one who exercises his reason in the least can see the shallow inconsistency of the thing. Of course, we all of us live by faith, as the saying is; but it is a faith continually enlarged by experience, by knowledge, by reason—not such a faith as these ministers would like to feed out to us from their sacerdotal spoons, which, at best, is a soporific syrup of their own interested mixing. If God is everywhere, knows everything, and is all the time doing it, is not as a policeman watching us, but as a father who loves his own children. Why, then, is his constant inspiration withdrawn from us? It is not; and the preachers who say it is thereby deny that God is at all times everywhere with his love.

Mrs. A. M. Glading at present is at Onset. When her engagement closes she will return to her home in Doylestown, Pa. Mr. Albert of Tennessee a short time ago paid a visit to her home. He expects to visit the National Spiritualist Association in Washington, D. C. She reports that the Camp-Meeting at Parkland, Pa., shows signs of life and improvement. She made us a call before going to Onset Camp, in company with her sister, and expressed satisfaction at the manner in which the Cause everywhere is advancing.

Secretary W. H. Banks, of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union, adds the following to the Onset report sent by Mr. Gilbert: "The result of the day's labors placed \$83.35 in the treasury, for memberships, collection and a donation of \$5 included. About fifteen names additional were taken, with promises of payment soon."

Mrs. M. E. Williams holds one materializing séance at her residence, 232 West 46th street, New York City, on Sunday evenings. She passes the rest of the time at her charming villa at Long Branch, N. J. Due notice will be given of the resuming her regular week night séances.

Mr. John William Fletcher of New York City, the distinguished trance medium, will be in Boston the first two weeks in September. Those desiring to arrange for interviews, development, etc., should address him 9 Bowdoin street, Boston. His office address will be announced later on.

Mr. John Morey, the celebrated medium and lecturer, will hold a circle at H. F. Tower's home, 43 West Fifty-seventh street, on Sunday, Aug. 23, at 8 P. M. Mr. Tower intends to conduct test circles in New York City during the coming season. For information, address as above.

## Special Notice—A New Volume.

THE BANNER begins Volume 80 with its issue for Sept. 5, and we trust that those of our patrons whose term of subscription expires with the present volume will do us the favor of a renewal.

The date of the expiration of every subscription to the BANNER OF LIGHT is plainly marked on each address. The paper is discontinued at that time unless the subscription is previously renewed. Subscribers intending to renew will escape inconvenience by sending in the money for renewal before the expiration of their present subscription.

It is the earnest desire of the publishers to give the BANNER OF LIGHT the extensive circulation to which its merits entitle it, and therefore they look with confidence to the friends of the paper throughout the world to assist them in their important work.

BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

## Religion and Love.

A great many people would be glad to be able to state in clear terms, even to themselves, in what religion really consists. They would realize the meaning of the definition much more impressively if they would keep constantly in mind that religion means conscious contact with God. From this consciousness inwardly proceeds the grace that will flow out into the daily life, and that will not only restrain from evil but urge to doing good. If we feel and know that all is in God's dear keeping, whose love is for us from the chiefest unto the least, then the serenity of peace prevails, pain and fret depart, and there is no longer any anxiety for the future. In such a state the higher faculties have the largest freedom for their exercise. The very happiness one enjoys is made more sweet for the discipline it is forced to undergo, and possesses a diviner flavor for it. The love of the Father is of the same kind as our own, though it is infinitely larger, and beyond our limited conception altogether. As his nature is perfect, so is his love indescribable.

It has been said that no one can tell what he can do until he tries. It is far more true spiritually than physically. Unless we long after God it is certain that we cannot find him. Aspiration and effort are the prescribed conditions. When the human heart is longing for God, the loving Father, it cannot give rein to the lower passions, which were meant to be always kept in subjection where they possess an accumulated force for the higher action of the character. Then the mean desires are quenched, and the development of the capacity for moral decisions is stimulated by the removal of obstructing pressure. God is revealed to man through his spiritual faculty, and thus only. He only needs to be cognizant of it to understand it so far as it is to be understood. More is thus proved to him than can be done by any physical process. The quickening of God's spirit in the human heart has at some time been felt by every one. And so has his whispering been heard in the conscience. Think of the wide spaces between our present love and the love of God.

## Spiritualist Lecture.

The Windham County (Ct.) Transcript notes the fact of a gathering of over one hundred people at the out door meeting on a recent Sunday, at the Hopkings farm, many coming a long distance. The exercises opened with singing. The discourse on "Scientific Spiritualism," by DeLoss Wood, of Danielson, held the close attention of the audience, many of whom at the close, expressed their appreciation.

Some of the principal points of the lecture were that all spiritualistic mental phenomena can be, and are, produced between embodied spirits, and the fact that the element that produces the control belongs to the spiritual and not the physical, a logical reasoning, shows that the same result may be produced by a disembodied spirit. Those who have a right to investigate the laws of mediumship find it impossible to controvert this conclusion.

Any person or institution that rejects truth for any reason whatsoever is dangerous to the best interests of civilization. Truth towers above everything, and is the great, priceless treasure humanity, one and all, should strive to attain. He said that the true Spiritualist was the one who had the largest development of soul and spirit, and that true Spiritualism was that philosophy that taught the clearest and best how to bring out this development to its greatest and most perfect degree.

## The Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting.

A report from J. B. Hatch, Jr., has reached us, but we are unable—sincerely admit—to give it publication; it must await its appearance next week.

ADRIAN B. OMEROD, the well-known Western Platform Test Medium and Trance Speaker, is open for engagements with Spiritual Societies for balance of '96, and 1897. Mr. Omerod is an ordained spiritual lecturer and medium, is a plain, practical, logical speaker, and as a test medium has few equals. Societies in New England, Eastern and Middle States, address Adrian B. Omerod, 220 Washington street, Providence, R. I.

## Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

J. C. F. Grumble will remove his residence from Geneva to Chicago, Ill., the last of August. He comes to Chicago under guidance, and it is very likely that a society will be formed in behalf of his guides. He is settled on the South Side, in beautiful Auburn Park. He begins his fall and winter engagements at St. Louis, Mo., in September and October. His time is engaged to July, 1897.

Societies wishing the services of A. E. Tisdale for the month of October, '96, and two last Sundays in February, may address him at 641 Bank street, New London, Conn.

William A. Haie, M. D., has but a few more open dates for the season of '96 and '97. Societies and others who desire the services of a lecturer and test speaker should address him at once at 252 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass. Terms reasonable.

In consequence of the great interest awakened by W. J. Colville's month's work in San Diego, Cal., during July, he was importuned to re-visit that city during his engagement at Redondo. In consequence of this demand he paid a flying visit and lectured there again Aug. 7, 8 and 9. His present address is Box 28, Redondo, Cal.

DeLoss Wood, journalist-lecturer, of Danielson, Conn., will accept engagements for the coming season from societies in New England. Address Box 199, Danielson, Conn.

Edgar W. Emerson, after closing engagements with Sunapee Lake, N. H., and Lake Pleasant, Mass., Camps, will be at Island Lake, Mich., Aug. 22 and 23; Clinton, Ia., Aug. 26, 27, 28, 29, 30; will remain in the West the month of September—returning East to Allouezville in Brooklyn, N. Y., October; Washington, D. C., November; Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 6-13; Worcester, Mass., Dec. 20-27.

## Re-incarnation.

Wanted: All Spiritualists in the world who believe in Reincarnation to send their name and address to Dr. Albert F. Snell, corner of Sixth and Walnut streets, Cincinnati, O.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for September will contain a short story of quite unusual quality and interest by a new writer, Morgan Robertson, once a sailor before the mast. There will also be stories by B. Spofford, Clinton Ross, and a poem by Rudyard Kipling.

Miss Mary Abigail Dodge, better known to the literary world as "Miss Hazlitt" died at Wenham, Mass., on the evening of Aug. 17.

## The Veteran Spiritualists' Union.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
The Union held its Onset field day in the Arcade last Saturday, with a good attendance; much enthusiasm was manifested.

Chairman Charles A. Day of Charlestown, the presiding officer of the Onset Bay Camp-Meeting Company, opened the day's session by introducing the new President of the Union—Christopher C. O. Shaw of Boston.

President Shaw stated that two thousand dollars had been laid aside for a building fund; a pledge from I. B. High, of the BANNER OF LIGHT, for one thousand dollars; and various other pledges, bringing the sum total up into the thousands.

"This is the first field meeting the Union has held since the departure from life of the late President, Dr. H. B. Storer. I condole with you in his departure, as well as join with you in congratulating him upon his ascension. I cannot hope to fill his place, but I do hope to be the best of his abler."

Prof. J. W. Keayon, an old-time worker, was the first speaker of the morning, and said: "An atom of matter in itself can accomplish nothing, but by uniting those atoms, great work can be done. If our forces be scattered, we hope to do but little. In all our work of the past forty years we have not done so much as during the last five years; they are not so good as we because we have been scattering our forces."

When we Spiritualists get over our little, narrow, selfish, and concentrate our forces, then shall we be able to see great results.

We hope that we will have the concentration of effort to the extent that little personal prejudices may be thrown aside, and the benefits of organization be received.

Belonging to an institution gives dignity; your power gives force to a work. Our individual work is all right, but it should be united to do the best service for the spirit-world.

Here are many men and women who have accumulated money during their lives. What are you going to do with it? Is the Veterans' Spiritualists' Union over? Why not give a small title to this organization?

Mrs. May S. Pepper, the next speaker on the program, had only a few words to say. She wanted to offer her tribute to the glorious work being done by the Union. If there was anything that May S. Pepper stands for, it is the Veterans' Spiritualists' Union. I think that it falls on us all to do all we can for the aid of the Veterans and the Mediums.

She suggested that branches of the Union be organized in various cities and localities. She paid great tribute to the memory of Dr. H. B. Storer, and urged all, as old he, to stand firm for the protection of Modern Spiritualism.

Prof. W. F. Peck, the singer, thought that the time was not far distant when the greater part of the opposition would join us, because they see it is fast becoming popular. He sincerely hoped that he would see in the near future a temple erected to Spiritualism—a building in which humanity can be assisted.

Dr. A. H. Richardson was glad to hear, especially because he was a member of the Union. Dr. Storer was a member. He has left us in the physical, but not in the spiritual.

He had somewhat retired from the spiritual work, but was in perfect harmony with the Union.

Mrs. C. Fannie Allen was the next speaker. The Union is one of the great factors in human life by which we are drawn together. We are a solid organization of progressive thinkers. Nearly all organizations have taken thought for the morrow of their members.

As I understand it, the Union has for one of its objects the building and maintaining for the speakers and lecturers in Spiritualism a place of refuge when in old age.

Around Boston you have the cream of the progressive thinkers, and in no better vicinity than this can the work of such an organization as this be utilized. Through the past there have been efforts to organize, but the societies have disintegrated.

Let us show the public that we have in this Union a tangible something to give to the world, and which in the end will be put into a temple—a place that will be an honor to the Cause!

Mrs. Maggie Waite of California was the next speaker. She spoke of the old workers and what they have done by showing the courage of their convictions in days when to be a Spiritualist meant so much to their happiness.

I am no speaker, and shall have to stop right here to give some practical illustrations of our belief.

Mrs. Waite concluded by giving some magnificent evidence of spirit return.

Eben Cobb, the Vice-President of the Union, was the next speaker, and said in part: If we go around in the sands of the desert, and gaze at the magnificent pyramids, with all the labor those imply, we look upon illustrations of what individual effort, under the direction of proper organizers, can do. I wish to impress upon you the power of individual effort. In the air is the word written by God: "Now Woman."

She has come to her stand in the foremost rank with her brother men. We are on the glorious way of success, and we are going to sail on until the goal is reached.

We appeal to you, as individuals, that you will give any little you can, like the sands of the mountain, the corals of the sea—and in the by and by you will see such a glorious building reared as a monument to the work of the faithful mediums who have given their lives to the promulgation of our glorious philosophy, and the giving of evidence of spirit return.

At this juncture, in response to a suggestion from the audience that a collection be taken, Mrs. Maggie Waite, Mrs. May S. Pepper, Mrs. Mary F. Lovering, C. Fannie Allen and Mrs. Lovejoy were appointed to pass the hats. In response to the appeal and the personal efforts of the collectors, \$19.35 were collected.

Miss Lucy A. Barnicot said she felt to her right place when speaking here. I believe in making yourself known and putting all the forces at work.

She believed the young and inexperienced mediums should be protected from the shadowy spirits. She believed it was as necessary to build a home for young mediums as it was to protect the old and worn-out mediums.

She had traveled much and met with insults and opposition, but she realized that her pathway would have been much harder if it had not been for the old, veteran workers, which the society represents.

Dr. T. A. Bland said: "It has been almost thirty years since I learned that the life we now live is only the helpless life."

"This is the first religion that has been presented to the world on a scientific basis. You cannot stop it. If all who know that Spiritualism is true were united, we would have the most powerful and potent body in the world."

The Methodist church had all the epithets bestowed upon it fifty years ago that the Spiritualists has today; but now, with an organized body numbering into 8,000,000, it has a standing, a power, that is remarkable. If we Spiritualists stand together in a solid phalanx, we can bring the two worlds together."

Mrs. S. A. Dick had watched the growth of the Union, and felt satisfied that it was a most worthy organization.

Mrs. Maggie Waite and Mrs. May S. Pepper were appointed to pass the hats, and collect for the subscriptions and new members. That they were successful was evidenced by the handful of bills and the promises that they returned to the platform.

Charles A. Day spoke a few words of a commendatory character. The grandest desire he could express was that all could go away feeling that each and all had something to do in the shadowy world.

Eben Cobb said the society was not of a local nature. He had given help in fourteen States in the country during the past year. Two thousand dollars have been distributed in aiding mediums in distress.

Dr. A. H. Richardson closed the meeting with a few words.

NOTES.  
The singing during the day was most heartily appreciated. It was done by a quartet, composed of Prof. W. F. Peck, Mr. E. Pickup of Dyer, N. H., Mrs. M. J. Merrill and Miss Grace E. Hawton of St. Louis.

Speakers and mediums were present who have lectured or given tests in every State and territory in the Union.

The conditions under which the meeting was held were somewhat different from last year. Dr. H. B. Storer and a cool, sunshiny day were with us a year ago, while this year both were but memories. The good doctor was present in spirit, but the sunshiny day did not even grant us that favor. Despite the changed conditions, which was necessarily come to every body and every organization, the course of time, the meeting was a decided success viewed from any standpoint.

Christopher C. O. Shaw, the new President, gave general satisfaction by his tact and good judgment and his arrangement of the speakers.

The appeal made by Vice-President Eben Cobb for new members and such as had not been met by large audiences, which goes to show that whatever Brother Cobb attempts, good results are sure to follow.

President Shaw was obliged to leave before the close of the afternoon meeting, to catch the train for home. Vice-President Eben Cobb took the Chair and closed the meeting with the customary original mass.

Among those who remained over Sunday were Eben



Cobb, Clerk Banks (who, by the way, was the hardest worked individual present) and Dr. A. H. Richardson.

The members of the Union, especially those who have been in the work since its inception, must have felt pained at the evidences of appreciation of their efforts evinced by the younger members of the Union.

Russ H. Gilman.

Russ H. Gilman writes concerning the Wigwam and cures: "We extract the following—the residue will appear next week:

"Mrs. S. J. Curney, a medium of long-standing and a frequent visitor to *The Wigwam*, passed out at her home, on East Central street, on the 10th. In the morning previous to her transition in the afternoon, a party from *The Wigwam* assembled on the veranda of her home and sang her favorite songs. Again, as she was passing out, Messrs. A. E. Tatlow and B. F. Hastings, who were the Wigwam, stood at her bedside and sang 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.'

#### Onset Bay Camp, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The past week has been one continuation of entertainment from day to day, and several are termed a grand treat by many.

Tuesday Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, an old favorite at this place, gave her last lecture. In the evening Prof. J. Jay Watson was tendered a benefit by his friends, and rendered a pleasing program, assisted by his cultured daughter.

Lee, the hypnotist, left yesterday for Bar Harbor, after a week of great success in demonstrations of his art. The peculiar feature of his performances is that they continue to draw larger audiences each day. He will return again next season.

Miss Alice Sinclair was tendered a benefit Thursday evening, and the large audience proves that she is becoming more and more popular in the public eye each year.

The Veteran Spiritualists' Union held two sessions Saturday, and I am informed by the Treasurer that the receipts were very satisfactory.

In response to numerous requests, I give the particulars of a materializing séance held by Mr. Frederick Poole under the strict test conditions made by Mr. M. B. Little of Glens Falls, N. Y., at which séance Mr. James J. Brooks, of Philadelphia, and others were present.

All the furniture except that used at the séance was removed from the room. All the doors and windows were sealed with paper and glue. Mr. Poole was taken to another room and disrobed and clothed in two garments only—feet bare. He was conducted to the cabinet, black cloth placed on the floor, and he seated in a chair on this cloth with his feet in a pan of flour and his hands filled with rice.

Forms came to the number of ten or eleven—and some coming to the audience, giving their names. The two gentlemen named give these facts, which surely prove materialization to be true, and also the reliable mediumship of Mr. Poole.

Mrs. C. Pauline Allyn and Mrs. A. M. Glading lectured to good-sized and appreciative audiences yesterday, and Mrs. May S. Pepper was very successful.

The "Big Three," as they are termed—Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, Mrs. May S. Pepper and Mrs. Maggie Waite—gave a benefit to the Association, Wednesday evening, to a large audience, and a goodly number of tests were given, as can well be judged when these three mediums are congregated for work upon the same platform.

H. E. Gifford.

#### Queen City Park.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The third Sunday of our meeting was a very enjoyable day. Though the heat has been very intense, the meetings were well attended. In the morning short addresses were given in the Pavilion by Mrs. A. W. Crossett, Dr. George A. Fuller, Mr. Hubbard and Mrs. S. A. Wiley; each gave us spiritual food, and together with the beautiful and truly harmonious singing of the Ladies' Schubert Quartet of Boston, made a very acceptable program.

Mrs. Sarah A. Wiley is one of the oldest of our State speakers, and is a lady well known and much beloved. She has attended over seventeen hundred funerals in this and adjoining States during her nearly forty years of public ministrations, and her sweet, sympathetic nature always brings comfort and peace to the many mourning households she enters.

In the afternoon of Sunday Dr. Fuller gave one of his fine addresses in the grove to a good audience, who listened with earnest attention to his inspired utterances; his subject was the relation of science to Spiritualism. Exquisite music was rendered by the choir.

Tuesday afternoon being Children's Day, the afternoon was spent in pleasant diversion in the grove. The weather being so warm, it was decided to have the exercises in the evening instead of the afternoon, the whole day being devoted to the children. They played among the trees and laughed and sang, while the children of larger growth chatted and enjoyed seeing the little ones so happy. A refreshing breeze from the lake tempered the heat.

In the evening, as usual, a good address was given by the children, consisting of songs, recitations and dancing. Too much praise cannot be given to the patient teachers of the little folk for their unwearying efforts to make the entertainment the great success it was.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. J. S. Soper, Associate Editor of the *Banner of Light*, arrived on the grounds. This being her first visit to Queen City Park, our people are much pleased to greet so pleasant and cordial a visitor, who, though a stranger among us, at once made herself at home.

Wednesday we again had the pleasure of listening to Dr. Fuller; a more extensive report of his fine lecture will appear later. Since Mrs. Soper's arrival she has made an earnest effort to organize a Children's Lyceum, and with such good success that we hope to have it in good running order by another season. Both parents and children seem to be much interested in the matter.

J. E. T.

#### Camp Progress, Upper Swampscott.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Sunday, Aug. 16, was a beautiful day at our camp, and we had a very fine attendance; about twelve to fifteen hundred people were present, and were very much pleased with the fine addresses that were delivered from the platform and the excellent tests given by the mediums, which were all recognized and pronounced correct.

Our meetings commenced, as usual, at 11 A. M., as follows: Jennie K. D. Conant gave an invocation and delivered a very fine address, which was earnestly applauded; selection by the Bailey Sisters (consisting of a song).

2 P. M.—Singing, quartet; invocation and address. Mrs. H. A. Baker of Danvers; song, "Peace, Be Still," Miss Amanda B. Wiley, Salem; a very fine address, a poem and excellent tests by Edgar H. Tuttle of Boston; violin duet by the Bailey Sisters; song, "When the Lilies Bloom," by the quartet; address and poem by Abby N. Burnham of Malden; song by the Bailey Sisters, "Fairy Dell," remarks by Mr. Kelly of Lynn; song, "Friendship, Love and Truth," the quartet, consisting of Messrs. Kelly and Gardiner; Miss Bailey and Mrs. Hall; remarks by Dr. E. H. Matthews of Boston; recitation by Mr. Edwin Jones of Salem, "Sheridan at Stone River"; song, "Flag of the Free," C. H. Legrand of Salem; remarks and tests by Jennie K. D. Conant of Boston; the meeting closed with a song by the quartet, "Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair."

All mediums who are willing to come and can come and assist us in our meetings are cordially invited to do so.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at the grove, and subscriptions taken.

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

N. B. P.

#### Dr. Willis Still Remains Barred.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I read that Dr. F. L. H. Willis was expelled from Harvard College for being a Spiritualist?

Has the college made atonement for this insult—or does she still hold the same attitude toward Spiritualists?

H. R.

An exchange says if you agree to perform certain labor to return for certain wages, however small, you have sold your time and ability. Do the work the best it can be done. Form the habit of putting the best of yourself into all you do. Work with enthusiasm over the small tasks that are your lot at present, always hoping that greater ones will come to you by-and-by. They will be sure to come.

#### HALL'S

#### Vegetable Sicilian

#### HAIR RENEWER

Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing.

R. P. Hall & Co., Props., Nashua, N. H. Sold by all Druggists.

#### NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

Going out of town? Don't forget your cat.

Teacher—"For what is Nantucket noted?" Johnny—"For allippers." "Why, no; it's noted for whaling." "Well, I knew it had something to do with allippers."

A Concordia preacher predicts that the world will come to an end this summer. It's just such fool breaks that make so many delinquent subscribers on our books—they put off paying under the impression that the account will be settled by the destruction of the whole business.—*Republic City News*.

During last year 2,394 immigrants were returned to the countries from which they get out because they fell within the restrictive provisions of our immigration laws. Of these 3 were shut out because they were idiots, 5 because they were insane, 1,701 because they were paupers, 3 because they were convicts, and 682 because they were contract laborers. In addition to this 189 persons were returned before the end of their first year for coming upon the poor relief.

FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT THE SUBWAY.—It is claimed by the advocates of the Subway that: It will not destroy property. It will eliminate danger to pedestrians in crossing tracks. It will leave the streets free for pedestrians and vehicles. It will abolish, in the congested district, heavy grade crossings of one track by another track. It will increase several fold the capacity for street cars through the city.

#### THE BELLS.

Hear the scorches with the bells—Brazen bells! What deafening disaster their melody foretells! How they clang, clang, clang, clang, Morning, noon and night! While pedestrians who ramble Through the streets are forced to scramble In a proxym of fright, Keeping time, time, time, In a sort of ghastly rhyme, To the startled shrieks of passers-by that every moment swells. At the sound of the bells, bella, bells, bells, bells—At the clamor and the clangor of the bells—*—Buffalo Times.*

If William J. Bryan should get into the White House, he will be the youngest man who has ever occupied it.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates, to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

Jan MacLaren's new story, the last he will write until after his American visit, has been secured by *The Ladies' Home Journal*, for publication in the October and November issues. It is called "The Minister of St. Bede's" and is said to be in the brightest and cleverest MacLarenesque vein.

The ambitious art would a traveling go, To see the pyramid's wonderful show, He crossed a brook and a field of rye, And came to the foot of a haystack high. "Ah! wonderful pyramid!" then cried he; "How glad I am that I crossed the sea!"  
—A. R. Wells, in *St. Nicholas*.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—By direction of the London County Council, the offices in which the *Vaccination Inquirer* lives has been removed, and the *Inquirer* begs to announce that its address will in future be 44 Goldhurst Terrace, South Hampstead, London, N. W.—*The Vaccination Inquirer*, Aug. 1, 1896.

#### MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

**Elysian Hall, 890 Washington Street.**—Meetings are held every Sunday at 11 A. M., 2½ and 7½ P. M.; Tuesday at 2½ and 7½ P. M.; Thursday at 7½ P. M.; Friday at 2½ and Saturday at 7½ P. M. W. L. Lathrop, Conductor.

**Harmony Hall, 724 Washington Street, one light.**—Sundays at 11 A. M., 2½ and 7½ P. M.; Tuesday and Thursday at 7½ P. M.; Wednesday at 7½ P. M.; Saturday at 7½ P. M. Seating capacity, 100 persons. S. H. Neike, Conductor.

**Rathbone Hall, 694 Washington Street, corner of Kneeland.**—Society of Ethical and Spiritual Cultures (Blue Spiritualists). Meetings Sunday at 11, 2½ and 7½ P. M.; Tuesday at 3 o'clock. Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, President.

**Allerton Hall, 1234 Washington Street.**—The United Spiritualists of America (disfranchised) hold meetings Sunday at 11 A. M., 2½ and 7½ P. M.; Tuesday at 3 and 7½ P. M. Dr. George F. Dillingham, President.

**Hawthorne Hall, 241 Tremont Street.**—The Gospel of Spirit Return Society—Minnie M. Soule, Pastor—will hold services Sunday at 2½ and 7½ P. M.; Thursday at 7½ P. M.; Saturday at 2½ and 7½ P. M., conference meeting (seats free in the evening).

**Commercial Hall, 694 Washington Street, corner of Kneeland.**—Meetings every Thursday, 2½ P. M. N. P. Smith, Chairman.

**Friendship Hall, 12 Kneeland Street.**—Meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M., 2½ and 7½ P. M. N. P. Smith, Chairman.

**Chelsea.**—Spiritual meetings every Sunday evening at 7½ at 206 Broadway. Charles H. Heavner, Chairman.

Owing to the great increase of meetings in Boston, THE BANNER OF LIGHT 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 fail to reach this office on Monday will not appear in THE BANNER of that week.

**Rathbone Hall.**—Sunday morning, Aug. 16, developing, healing, conference and test circle; singing by Mr. Bartlett; invocation by Chaplain. A full attendance was present.

**Afternoon.**—Session opened with song-service, led by Mr. Bartlett; invocation by Chaplain; Mr. J. Bartlett gave a short address, also several fine tests; after a song, Mrs. M. Knowles, Mrs. E. J. Nutter, Mrs. Osmond, Mrs. Collins, Mrs. West, Mrs. Woods and Mrs. Wilkinson, each gave a number of very good readings and tests.

**Evening.**—Mrs. Hand gave the opening address, also some good tests; Mr. Bartlett sang, also gave tests in his usual manner, which were all recognized; Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Knowles, Mrs. Nutter, Miss Sears and Mrs. Trevelyan gave grand readings and tests. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

**Friendship Hall.**—A correspondent writes: On Sunday, Aug. 16, at 11 A. M., a meeting for tests and conference was held. Christopher C. Shaw, President of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union, favored us with interesting remarks. Mr. C. Marston, Mrs. A. Woodbury, Mrs. K. Quimby and N. P. Smith followed with tests and readings.

2:30 and 7:30 P. M., Mr. G. W. Quimby, Mr. C. Marston, Mr. G. Emerson, Mrs. A. Woodbury, Mr. Smith, Mrs. Julia A. Davis, Miss A. J. Webster, N. P. Quimby, Mr. W. J. Hardy, Mrs. C. H. Clarke, Mr. E. H. Tuttle, Mr. Haynes, remarks and psychometric delineations. Mr. Grimes volunteered several selections on the piano. Mr. Haynes presided at each service.

**The Boston Psychic Conference**—which holds meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening—held its first basket party, at Lovell's Grove, last Saturday. Quite a goodly number were present. They voted to continue these socials every Saturday. All cars to Reponset Bridge connect at Quincy, with Lovell's Grove cars, and cost from Boston 13 cents. Meetings on Sunday are held at the Carleton House, 23 Broadway, Chelsea. These meetings and socials are free, and everybody interested is invited.

**Allerton Hall.**—"B" writes: The United Spiritualists of America held a meeting Sunday evening, conducted by Mrs. M. Erwin. Services opened with music by Mr. George W. Jones. Mr. F. A. A. Heath made an interesting address, also tests; Mrs. C. A. Smith made remarks and gave tests. Mr. H. W. Martin gave clairvoyant delineations; Mrs. Erwin gave satisfactory readings by psychometry. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

#### The Watson Benefit Concert.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

On the evening of August 11 the friends of Prof. J. Jay Watson and his daughter Annie gave them a complimentary benefit, in the Arcade, at Onset Camp Ground, Mass.

The weather was extremely warm, but physical discomfort was forgotten by the audience under the magical influence of the charming musical program presented.

Miss Alice Sinclair and Miss Gertrude Laidlaw, both well known vocal soloists, who had kindly volunteered their services, added much to the entertainment. Miss Laidlaw, a young mezzo-soprano, of Boston, charmed all with her bird-like voice. She was enthusiastically encored, which, under the circumstances, was a very high compliment.

That the numbers played by Prof. Watson and his talented daughter were greatly enjoyed goes without saying. Indeed, they fully satisfied the high reputation they have long won as the most skillful and charming violinists in America.

The people of Onset will long remember them for their personal social qualities, as well as for their musical abilities, and it is the universal wish that they may again visit this charming resort.

T. A. BLAND.

#### From the National Officers.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The question of half-rates for our mediums and speakers upon the various lines of railway has been thoroughly canvassed with the officers of the several roads by the National Association. We respectfully present the following points for the public consideration:

1. Any speaker settled over a society of Spiritualists as a permanent pastor or leader will be entitled to clerical rates over all roads granting the same to clergymen.

2. Philanthropies of the National and State Associations, who are exclusively engaged in promulgating the teachings of Spiritualism, will also receive rates, provided they are endorsed by State and National Bodies.

3. Speakers employed by the month by the various local societies can receive permits over a few of the roads from the National Association, which they are endorsed by the officials of the local society to which they are ministering. These transient speakers can receive trip permits over many of the roads for the one trip only, renewing the same as they journey from place to place.

4. Mediums and speakers who are exclusively engaged in spiritualistic work, having no other means of support, can receive trip permits, and over some few lines, annual permits, for their individual use.

5. Mediums and speakers who are engaged in the practice of medicine, sale of books, musical entertainments, or who receive assistance from sources outside of regular platform work, are not, under the rules of railroads, entitled to rates.

6. Mediums and speakers who only engage in platform work during the summer and camp season, and rely on other sources for income during the remainder of the year, are not entitled to rates.

7. The mere fact of having been duly ordained by a certain society does not carry with it the right to clerical rates upon the different roads. In fact, the indiscriminate ordination of all persons who may care to apply has been the sole cause of refusal to give rates to some of our speakers, and unless such indiscriminate ordination ceases the whole body will be cut off from such rates.

The National Association urges all societies to ordain no one as a minister of the religion of Spiritualism who does not purpose giving his whole time (and attending to the work. This we mean the 7 months of the year) to the cause of Spiritualism, and proving to the railroad officials that we are law-abiding, and show the world that we are trying to uphold the dignity of Spiritualism. In this connection it would be well for all societies to make a distinction in their papers of ordination between mediums for physical phenomena only and such people as platform workers exclusively.

We offer these suggestions in a friendly spirit, and not with the idea of attempting to dictate what local societies shall do.

Yours for the right,  
HARRISON D. BARNETT, President.  
FRANCIS B. WOODBURY, Secretary.

#### Brooklyn Conference.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Some time ago we took pleasure in visiting among our sister societies, who held their meetings open on Sunday during the summer months; but there are others who do not convene on this day, but rather at private parlors during week days, and endeavor to keep up the interest of our Cause. Notably among the week-day meetings is the "Saturday night conference," under the able leadership of Mr. Herbert Whitney, assisted by Mrs. Emily B. Ruggles, Mrs. Marie R. Blum and Mrs. E. C. Cutting.

The Conference adheres to free platform and free speech, and every one is allowed to express their opinion as long as their remarks are kept within the border lines of harmony. Many old Spiritualists volunteer to speak, and give their experiences in a plain unvarnished manner, and find many earnest listeners. Among those who may always be found on the conference platform are Mr. Joseph L. Fumer, Dr. Jeffrey Simmons, Mr. George Deleere, Father Greene and many others. Among the mediums who volunteer to give tests after each lecture we can mention Mrs. L. Olmstead, Mrs. Ashley, Mr. Lyons, Mr. Haywood, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Hutchings and many others.

At the organization of this Conference the Society was organized to hear that the Conference not only has a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, but also a Board of Trusts, and certainly this points to progress in every way. We wish the Conference well; may they continue in their good work.

ELIZABETH E. KUTCH.

#### Spiritualist Camp-Meetings for 1896.

The reader will find subjoined a partial list of the localities and time of sessions where these Conventions are being 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 if among the visitors as fully as possible, and that the *Banner* speakers will as far as feasible, call attention to it as occasion may offer, thus cooperating 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.

**Hawley Park, Mich.**—Aug. 2—Aug. 30.

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

**Lake Brady, O.**—June 28—Sept. 6.

**Lake George, N. Y.**—Meetings begin July 11 and continue until Sept. 7.

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

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

**Penobscot Spiritual Temple Association**, Verona Park, Verona, Me., Aug. 1 to Aug. 17.

**Mount Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa.**—Commences Sunday, Aug. 2, closing Sunday, Aug. 30.

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

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

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

**Onk Cluff 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, Etta, Me.**, Aug. 28—Sept. 6.

We shall be glad to hear from the Secretaries of other Camp-Meetings throughout the country (as to 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-material can be sent to their respective camps.—[E.]

#### For Sale at this Office:

THE TWO WORLDS: A journal devoted to Spiritualism—Occult Science, Ethics, Religion and Reform. Published weekly in Manchester, England. Single copy, 10 cents.

THE BIZARRE. NOTES AND QUERIES, with answers in all Departments of Literature. Monthly. Single copy, 10 cents.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Published weekly in San Diego, Cal. Single copy, 5 cents.

THE TRUTH-SEEKER. Published weekly in New York. Single copy, 8 cents.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Monthly. Published in India. Single copy, 50 cents.

LIGHT OF TRUTH. A Spiritualistic weekly journal. Published in Cincinnati, O. Single copy, 5 cents.

UNIVERSAL. A journal devoted to Universal Brotherhood, Theosophy in America, and Aryan Philosophy. Single copy, 20 cents.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Published weekly at Chicago, Ill. Single copy, 5 cents.

#### SPECIAL NOTICES.

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

**John Wm. Fletcher**, No. 154 Broadway, New York City, agent 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.

#### MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

**Lynn.**—T. H. H. James writes: The Spiritualists hold regular services Sunday evening, with a large and appreciative attendance. Misses Lena and Elsie Burns rendered appropriate selections. Mrs. Dr. M. K. Dowland gave an invocation and a most edifying address on the knowledge of nature's laws that govern humanity and the power of the soul, which were well received and pleasing to the large audience. Mrs. C. B. Hale, Mrs. Annie J. Brennan, Miss F. Isabel Hancock and others gave many recognized tests and spirit communications. Capt. J. B. Bacon made remarks on the power of the mediums to restore health. Edward F. Murray, W. H. Kounseville, Alfred E. Warren, Warren A. Kimball and others gave magnetic treatments to a large number—all cases being greatly benefited.

Next Sunday, at 7:30, developing, healing and test circle by the same mediums, and Mrs. L. A. Prentiss, Mrs. Vina P. Goodwin and others. Everybody is invited.

At the Mediums' meeting, at 130 Market street, on Tuesday and Friday evenings, the good work for the Cause still continues.

Tuesday evening Mrs. D. E. Matson spoke on spirit power and communion and the unfolding of spiritual light. Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler, Mrs. Alice M. Lefavour and Mrs. Annie J. Brennan gave many excellent tests and spirit messages, and Dr. Freeman some readings. Friday evening Mrs. Dr. Dowland spoke on the problem of life and the voice of the invisible on humanity, also on several questions. Mr. E. A. Warren made able remarks and gave spirit messages. Other mediums also did good work.

**Newburyport.**—"F. H. F." writes: "Sunday, Aug. 9, dawned pleasantly, and the barge for the Lake Attitash Grove Meeting left on time, completely full. The grove was reached after a pleasant ride of an hour and three-quarters; there we met the large delegation of Progressive Spiritualists from Haverhill, by whom we were warmly greeted. A number were present from Lawrence, Merrimack, Exeter and Newburyport.

The exercises were opened



## SPIRIT Message Department.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

It is our earnest wish that those on the mundane sphere of life who recognize the published messages of their spirit-friends on this page, from time to time, will verify them by personally informing us of the fact.

JOHN W. DAY, Chairman.

### SPIRIT-MESSAGES, GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Seance held July 10, 1896.

#### Spirit Invocation.

Oh! divine spirit, again we call upon thy power to instruct and give us knowledge and wisdom, that we may be able to battle with life and to recognize power over matter. Aid us in all our dealings and in all our doings—feeling how little we recognize the mortal. Draw closer to us this morning, that we may feel thy hand influence, the arm of protection and love that leadeth us and speaks to us, that we may understand it. We seek for knowledge, we seek for wisdom, so that we may make good use of the instruments that we are coming in contact with.

May we seek this morning to bring light to those that are still in darkness. Those that have not got the consciousness of the life beyond, that are still mourning for the dear ones that have left them, for those that have gone to what they call heaven, or death—may they feel this morning that it is a change of life, and that when we come in contact one with another, we truly may feel what influence we have upon each other. Oh! may each one feel we are not sitting here for the sake of habit or custom, or to fill a position for the pleasing of those that are around us, but may we all feel the responsibility that rests upon us, what influences we throw out, and to what directions they may go.

Oh! direct us right this morning; direct us in the way, that we will not only feel and know the truth, but, like the wind that bloweth, let the truth fall upon it. And may the BANNER OF LIGHT, as the world is oftentimes expressed, not only flow from a few but from many; because we realize that all life is in darkness, especially when we realize the great amount of questions that are now seemingly occupying the mortal mind—so many trying to get to that place where they can rule! Oh! pray do not give the power into the hands of those that will misuse it. Let those have power that will allow full justice, and let us feel that there is some one that may lead us more to the Christian experience. Oh! may we observe the "Golden Rule," and may each one feel the great force that rests upon the sentiment, "Do unto others as you would like them to do unto you." May we feel the responsibility that rests upon us, and that the spirit-world is with them still, and may be brought to a consciousness of what it means; for truly we are in the pearly times of prolonged promise. May we feel that we are truly on the road where there is much not accomplished that must be—yes, truly we live in the change of progress, the change of spiritual time.

Thou, Great Spirit, knowest better than we which one needs strength, which one needs help in his own way; and when we are as one like the ship upon the ocean without a compass or anchor, may we feel and know that Father is at the helm. Hear us this morning; and help those that may control to administer assistance. Amen.

#### INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

##### Mary Frances Howell.

Good morning, Mr. Chairman. I wonder sometimes—if the mortal could only understand how hard the spirit sometimes has to work, and how long it takes to get conditions to apply to their own peculiarities—if they would help us more than they do. I find it hard work to control this brain this morning; but I am told that if I never make an effort, I will never be able to do what I desire.

I feel somewhat weak and exhausted, not only from the effects the mortal left upon the spirit after its separation, but at the ignorance that I cultivated while in earth-life by not being acquainted with the spiritual laws; but you know when one lives on the earth-plane there are so many things that lack influence, and there are so many duties we feel we have to perform, that we strive more for existence and not collecting the material. I do not want to say that I was, while in the body, entirely of material growth, for I was not. I was so constituted that I felt my duty to others, and obligations were rising upon me. While I prayed to God for strength, and while I was identified with the Church, I felt I did not make the progress of the natural development of things as I ought to, or as I see it now in spirit-life.

I feel that Christ takes care of all; I feel secure—I feel restful. I feel and know my heart was honest, and I tried to live honestly; but I found that in my honest intentions it blinded me, in many ways, of seeing how we might advance still further, and comprehend ourselves more completely for the life beyond.

Now, I speak of these things for the reason that I have others that are walking in the same steps I did. I have those I love, and who are very closely tied to me, who are walking still in blindness—seem to be struggling; I would like to say, as one of old, that all things are well.

I want George to listen to the voice that sometimes speaks to him, for truly it is mother's voice. I want him to be aware of the conditions he is in, look more for his own self, seek the development of the spirit, and not as yet reach out through the will of ambition and destroy his own soul. Oh, how business conditions of earth life to day are worrying those who are still struggling to live! We see nothing but darkness, but want to say to them: Be of good cheer. The spirit-friends and God have not forsaken them, but they must reach out under some other influence than the one they are in to gain what they desire. I also would like to come in contact with Nellie, another child. I see she is more

sympathetic. I see her very sensitive, and I cannot influence her soul better; and oh! how oftentimes I hear her say: "Why don't I know? It seems to me that mother is always here. I never can think of her as dead." Oh! how oftentimes I have sat by you when I heard you make these remarks, and I want you to know that mother is not dead; that the body that you confined in mother-earth, and so many times liked to decorate in memory (for I hold every flower sacred), is a thing of the past; I have been conscious, and it has made me feel very glad. I want you to rejoice and thank God that I have conquered death and the grave.

Mr. President, oh! there are so many things I would like to make them understand, for I can teach them if they will give me an opportunity, and, although I am some ways from home, it seems almost as if I were in my own sphere.

I have taken Boston to send a communication; distance is nothing to the spirit. With that I have sought the permission of expressing myself this morning. They informed me here, friends, that they might not absolutely recognize it, but it is like one germ taking hold of another germ. I feel it will reach the ones I desire it to, and with that idea in view I send out these thoughts this morning. I want this to go especially to St. Paul, Mo., and I shall also be recognized, as I have friends as far as New Mexico; but the tidings will yet be carried further. You can put me down as Mary Frances Howell, St. Paul, Mo., as that was my home.

##### David Carr.

I am glad, also, to come in here this morning, but it don't seem to me so strange to talk here, because I feel more in the surroundings of my family; but to the one who has just left the medium it does. I feel a little bit depressed this morning, for it was hard work for me to talk just before I left the body, although I could not call it very severe until the last few days, when they sent me to the spirit-world with apoplexy; but I am glad for the privilege of returning and taking control of this instrument, because it seems kind of good to get back and mingle with old conditions. It is only as we mingle with the old conditions that we find we have improved in the new ones. It is also after we separate from our friends that we are more apt to see the need of them, and see what their needs are.

I am interested here in both Massachusetts and New Hampshire, for I have got friends around me—or, you might say, all around me—but I am more anxious to reach those in New Hampshire. I find one I am very much interested in, who is not well physically. I sense a need of encouragement—a need of strength, both in mind and in body. I want Joseph to feel he is not left alone, for we are all with him—father and mother in the spirit-life; and there are a good many others mingling with me this morning. We seek to make them feel we are waiting and watching for the dear ones to come over; as earth life is full of uncertainties and a great many unpleasant things, they will see by-and-by that all will come out well.

I was not ignorant of your beautiful philosophy while in earth life, for it was my comfort. I knew my spirit friends helped me. I felt their strong arms of encouragement many times hold me to conditions more than I could have borne if it had not been for the aid of spirit power. There is no time in any one's existence where we can remember, but what our own experience has always been a great benefit, and I want them to know I am doing as well as can be expected—if I have reason to use these words.

When they realize how much I wanted to know and yet how little I learned—and yet I find it so with them in the body. They sometimes say: "I don't know if the spirit does return; if the spirit is conscious of us, why don't they give us something that we may know it is them? Why don't they give us something that will be to us an absolute fact and evidence that they do exist?" and it is with that idea I am trying this morning to let them know I am with them. I want you to know that it is while here that I have found more than I expected; yet there are so many things uncertain, so many conditions we have not been able to get to, that if you will give us an opportunity in private, we will perhaps be able to tell you why we have not been able to do more than we did.

You may say that Joseph will get well. Joseph is still in earth-life, but is not well. You can put my name down as David Carr in Epping, N. H., and you may say that it is with great difficulty I control this morning, but will try and do better as I get better acquainted with the different instruments we come in contact with.

##### Bowman Sattlers.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. I feel pleased that I have got the privilege of coming here and mingling my voice and sentiments with others to carry back love and encouragement to the ones that are yet in earth-life. I will say that, while in earth-life, I was very active, and filled up my sphere the best I knew how. I was somewhat acquainted with Spiritualism, and yet, comparatively speaking, knew nothing about it. I did not understand the full sense of the word Spiritualism and the reality of the philosophy—yet I have those still in the body that are interested in progress, in Spiritualism, and in the welfare of humanity. I have been drawn very near to them of late by surroundings and conditions. I have felt an interest in them, and by that I have been waited here this morning, hoping to have an opportunity to communicate not only with the dear children of earth, but especially my own boys. I feel I would do well in this, or perhaps complete a duty that I have long desired to do.

Some time has passed since I entered the life beyond, although years to the spirit are not the same as to the mortal. Perhaps I have passed about ten years. When I passed out I thanked God, for I had lived far beyond my allotted time, and I felt like the ripening fruit—I was ready to go. Say my companion is with me, for God in his great, infinite power, was kind to us. Both our lives were spared for long years of companionship together, with love, sunshine and shadows of life—and at the parting we went to spirit-life almost together, so there has been no separation; and for that reason I want to voice a few sentiments and encouraging words to those in the mortal, and to say that father and mother are still together, and are still with them and still have an interest in their welfare. I was interested in the influence that opened this meeting this morning, when it spoke of the great question of the times, because my home was in Washington, D. C., where I desire this message to go.

I know the influence is there, and I know that those that are interested in the welfare of our country are sitting on anxious seats. I merely want to identify myself, and tell them that I am neither dead nor sleeping, but I am awake more than ever to the reality that we do need each friend's assistance; and how beautiful to think that when we do surrender our body, its work completed, we shall merely take up another, and go on and on and on.

I feel this morning that I should like to have those that are not relatives to me—that I was connected with through business associations—listen more to the voice of the spirit. I should say to you here this morning, I come back with the experiences I have had from the mortal to the spirit; but I know the time is precious here—I know space is also limited—so I will not intrude too much. You can say that Bowman Sattlers is here, and my wife Annie is with me. I have got many more in spirit, because it is almost like our own family here, and all are here with the exception of the children; and a good many would like to voice their thoughts this morning, but cannot now, but will cooperate in a letter to all—for they are all interested in the welfare of humanity. You can put my home down as West Washington, D. C.

##### Alfred Smith.

This is pleasant, for one to identify himself after being liberated from the physical body; also to be able to carry his identity into the other world. I had quite an experience while in the mortal body, and was a close observer, and had the opportunity of seeing the country a good deal; and so it has been since I was liberated from the environments of the body, as my physical was pretty well worn out before I got out, and like unto the one that preceded me I lived over the allotted time, as the people used to give it. I was perfectly satisfied when I stepped out of the body at the reception and reunion that awaited me, and I felt certain the change would be beautiful.

I have also been in spirit-life some few years, and I have had experience on this side. I have, comparatively speaking, but a very few friends and relatives that believe in Spiritual Philosophy, but I have got some that do. I have a brother that is very much interested in Spiritualism; and it is for himself and family that I approach this open door this morning, because of their kindness to me in my last days on earth, and the kind hands that assisted me to make the voyage to the spirit very pleasant indeed. I felt truly I could comprehend the dear ones that went before, for many had preceded me, and some have, even since I passed over. I, too, am glad to be one to bring back the glad tidings of immortality, and to encourage those in earth-life, and let them know I have not left them and that I have not been away from them. Still, as the mortal will know my natural disposition, I was one that liked to investigate, and that has been my mission in spirit-life. I have been trying to explain the natural laws that govern the two worlds. I have been trying to comprehend why and how the spirit controls. I have oftentimes sat by those I love, and yet have not been able to demonstrate myself as clearly as I should like to; yet I feel satisfied that they know I am around them, and by the request of those in earth-life I have tried to gratify that desire by coming here this morning.

My own home was for many years on the Pacific coast, and where I spend a good deal of my time; but I shall be remembered also in Troy, N. Y., for I have got many that I think will remember me and will be glad to hear from me. The one I think will see this message is not far from you, because my brother lives in North Scituate, Mass., and it is there your beautiful paper is taken, and where they will be glad to see my few remarks. It is hard sometimes to express ourselves as we desire; but say all is well, and all will be well.

Put me down as Alfred Smith, and you can put my home down as North Scituate, Mass. I think that is where the spirit separated from the body. Many thanks for this truly golden opportunity.

##### George Robinson.

Good-morning, Mr. President. It may seem very strange that, after any one has been out of the body a great many years and laid silent—when it seems that all connected with me have forgotten me, and most of them have passed on to the spirit-world—it may seem strange that we desire to return; but we sometimes feel that there is an interest in bringing back our conscience, to even "wake up" memories of the past, and also to raise an interest in those which seem to say "forgotten." I was a very peculiar person, as the world called me, and a little strange in my own characteristics; hence I was one who was apt to hold myself aloof from my relatives; and in fact it seemed to be a little characteristic in the family, as there were not a great many of us, but what there were did not mingle much together. I passed away, as the world would say, among strangers, my friends unconscious where I was; but they have been informed by natural circumstances that I was separated from the body, and that satisfied them. I have not come back to recite my own peculiar life, but to waken an interest in those I have still an interest in, although forgotten; and I see also they are somewhat interested in progress and science.

I should like John to know that, although we were never much acquainted in the earth-life, I feel more acquainted with him in spirit. I should like to say I find both father and mother on the spirit-side, also step-mother—as I had two mothers; and I have those who are still (though distant) relatives and connections.

I have an interest in their welfare, and would like them to become more interested in spirit-return, as I feel I can draw close to them, and perhaps be of some assistance in working out certain plans on the business side of life that will follow their own inclinations. I feel they are somewhat unsettled, and are only trying to put themselves in place where they will be in harmony with themselves and others.

I know they are struggling; all life is a struggle—I find it so; but I was not conscious of that strange spiritual attraction and assistance that we could draw to us, as I found out after leaving the body. The one I am desirous to reach, if she will only listen and be governed by spirit-forces (she is very sensitive), will find that George will help her out.

You can put my name down as George Robinson. I think I will be remembered in Norwich, Conn., although I passed away in the West, in Louisville, Ore. That is where the body separated. I will not be so well known there, but will be well known in New York and the western part of Massachusetts. It is

my friends who are still in Massachusetts that I desire to reach. Will say that when the right opportunity and condition come I will prove to them that I know what I am talking about; hence I will merely give them an opportunity, if they desire to communicate with me through some instrument, and I will inform them of the rest. I might say I find no fault with what has been done, but I feel that other things ought to be done that are not.

##### Lucinda Milton Stowell.

I want to meet with those in earth-life, and I have tried to communicate with them through every office and phase of mediumship, but I do not get the satisfaction from them or the connection that I desire; I want to try and send this letter as a sort of acknowledgment to them, because it seems to me, since I have been on the spirit-side, that there were those in the mortal that do not know anything about those who are gone, or think they know anything about them. They seem to think that there is time enough. I find some of my friends in that state of mind; I find others who seem to be careless; they are all material—they work for the mighty dollar. They seem to work for gain, and they seem to think, or in fact they say, "If I go through this life I will risk the other." I am interested in their welfare. I have other friends, especially in my own family, who are interested a little bit in Spiritualism, especially since Maudie passed away; she is my grandchild, and I have her with me; since she has gone out of Sarah's home she has tried to come in communication with the child and others, and has sometimes visited mediums, yet she seems to wonder sometimes why we do not make ourselves better known to her. She is very sensitive herself, and one great trouble, I think, is that while in mortal they seem to have the idea that the spirit can read their mind; that the spirit knows all they think about, all they want to know, all they would like to know. I want to say to you, dear, that is a mistake, though there are many times we can sense your requests and your anxieties.

We can tell when you are in sadness and when you are enjoying yourself; but when we can hear the vibration and expression from you, we do not always know all you desire us to know. I want to make this as a little explanation, for I think it will carry encouragement to the one to whom I desire it to go. Just say that the spirit many times speaks to them, and we do not get any response back, either in thought or in action. We do not fully comprehend whether we have thoroughly made you understand, so I think it will be well to put it in this wise: they seem to retain the idea, or not hear, or do not want to. So it is many times with me in spirit. I speak to you; I try very hard to make you hear me, and yet I receive no response; and I got into a quandary as to whether I have been successful or not.

I want this to go broadcast, Mr. President, because I sense it in my travels in spirit. Our spirit-home is very happy when we can do the most good, where our desires are gratified—where we make our heaven is by our works; and so I have learned so many, many things in the few short years I have been in spirit, that I feel sometimes, if I had an instrument, I could voice my sentiments; I feel there are yet so many things to learn, so many things the mortal does not understand concerning the spirit-control. I am anxious for them to not only listen, but to reply and to inquire and give us encouragement; and I know it will be appreciated, both by the spirit and in mortal.

I should like also that Fred should look out a little closer for number one, for truly we know when you are working and living in mortal conditions it is necessary for you to take care of those conditions and use them well.

I want Henry and Austin (these are my children) to know that I am anxious to have them understand that death is not death, but life. My husband is on the spirit side with me. I have also got a boy and girl in spirit with me, and we are all with you this morning, and are anxious to say to you that mother and father are here and are anxious for your welfare, for we want to instruct you; we want to teach you as we did. Oh! would to God we might be instrumental in teaching others to come in contact with the first steps; and may the good angels help you mortals who have been misguided.

To those who have opened this door to freely give all an opportunity to communicate with the dear ones in earth-life, may the angels bless you in your good work; for truly it is a work that is new and yet old. I will say, that I do pray that mortals will be instructed by you, and that you may send the truth broadcast; and may it be said that it is shown by the byway and highway, and you shall reap the harvest by-and-by.

You can put me down as Lucinda Milton. I want the full name down, Mr. President, for I have an object in doing so—Lucinda Milton Stowell; and you will find my home in Rutland, Vt. I shall be recognized there, and in fact through most all the State; we have relatives both in Massachusetts and Vermont—also in New Hampshire; and that is where I am most desirous for this message to be received.

##### Messages to be Published.

July 17.—Benjamin F. Jackson; Hannah F. O'Brien; Henry Valentine; Bridget MacIntire; John Leary; Rollin Reed; "Wild Bird," to his medium.  
July 18.—Capt. Elias Ingraham; Hannah Mears; Zola Feltner; "Sunflower"; Francis Slater; Hannah Fitzgerald; Susan Fletcher.  
July 31.—Frank Jennings; Edwin McCormick; Mary T. Bland; Margaret Stewart; Thomas F. Quincy; Lillie Hutchinson.  
Aug. 7.—Mabel Frankchild; Mary Wingate; Frank Whitler; Benjamin Robinson; Mary E. Haskell; Robert Phillips (colored); Capt. Wm. Pennell.  
Aug. 14.—Charles C. Hayes; Joseph Price; Ethel Estes; Claud Prescott Lovering; Fanny Burnes; Nelson Powell.

##### For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. WINGLOVE'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

##### The Irish Potato.

It is proposed this year to hold in England a tercentenary potato celebration. There is some doubt, however, as to the exact year in which the potato was introduced into England. According to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* the potato tubers were brought from North Carolina and Virginia to Ireland in 1658 or 1660 by the colonists sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh, and were first cultivated on Sir Walter's estate, near Cork. The potato had already been cultivated for several years in Spain and Italy, having been introduced there by the Spaniards about the year 1553. It is mentioned in Gerard's "Herbal" in 1596, and the same author gave a description and figure of it in 1597. The potato did not win much favor during the first century after its introduction, though it was strongly recommended by the Royal Society in 1663, and it was not until about a century ago that its cultivation became general.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By S. H. Whitman, Westminster, Mass.] Will you please explain, from your standpoint, the phenomena as given by M. Henry Gaudin in the *Arena* for December, 1895, from recent discoveries made in Paris by Col. A. de Rochas, scientist, concerning the "Luminous Effluvia," or magnetic emanations from the bodies of living men—showing "that under peculiar circumstances our nervous physical sensations by the sense of touch extend outside the skin; and that the faculty of perceiving such sensations can be transferred for a time, and at a distance, to inanimate substances, like water, wax, metals or cloth?"

ANS.—The experiments above referred to are by no means so exceptional as most readers may probably suppose. The entire field of psychometry (at least in its more external aspects) would have to be covered in order to enter fully into a detailed explanation of the cause of such phenomena, and long before the days of Buchanan, Denton, and other modern experimenters in this fertile field, Mesmer, Reichenbach, Deleuze, and other well-known European discoverers, conducted researches in the same strangely fascinating realm. The origin of the discovery itself may be as old as human sensitiveness, and its universality none who have had much experience can doubt. The simplest explanation of such scientific experiences as are mentioned in the question we desire to answer is, that every human being generates a characteristic aura, which passes from the individual to everything with which he comes in contact. Unusually sensitive people, and some animals also, are capable of discerning these auras, and so far knowing them apart as to instantly detect what is friendly and what is unfriendly in their surroundings. Children are frequently attracted and repelled by just such emanations; and wherever instincts are keen, these impressions are highly reliable. When a special effort is made to charge or encircle a selected object with one's psycho-physical effluvia, it is necessary to willfully direct the outgoing currents of electro-magnetism from the human frame to the special article which it is desired to impregnate or surround. Whatever is thus saturated with the vital outgoings of a particular person comes in time to so far resemble him, and to partake of his qualities to such an extent, that the object is almost part of himself. It is very easy to see how a piece of fabric may become so attached to the flesh that when it is pulled the flesh suffers; but the far subtler connection between articles entirely removed from the body is, of course, more difficult to trace.

There is certainly an auric radiation proceeding from persons of unusually marked individuality which can be transferred to remote distances, and it is on the basis of this fact that a good deal of absent healing is accomplished by mental scientists.

When you project your emanation, you practically project yourself. While upon this subject, we may add that the presentation of the "double" to the clairvoyant vision of friends afar off is often due to simple thought-projection, occasioned by an earnest desire to know of what is going on at a distant place. Inanimate objects are sometimes so highly charged with the characteristics of persons who have magnetized them that coming in contact with the object is almost equal to touching the person. Sensitives have often described their sensations when wearing, or even handling, other people's clothing, as identical with those they experience when in actual physical contact with the owners. There is a further doctrine advanced by occultists in this direction, viz., that everything connected with us personally becomes thereby related with all the unseen psychic influences with which we are knowingly and also unconsciously associated. If we magnetize a cup of water, a stick of wax, a gold or silver coin or ornament, we are apt to impart to it a quality it could only derive from our association with it.

At first this aura of yours hovers about the object you have touched, but, later on, enters into the very constitution of the substance; i. e., if you keep it constantly about you, or frequently direct your thoughts toward it. Under all the superstitions connected with witchcraft there was, and is, a fundamental truth; the errors of undue belief in witcheries arose in times of ignorance, and the injustice practiced upon helpless women was largely occasioned by fear on the one hand and spite on the other. Modern science is sifting the facts out of the pile of debris in which they have long lain concealed, and, as this sifting process continues, it will surely reveal many important, because useful, lessons in the art of consecrating things intelligently to noble uses.

There are two decided schools of thinkers to day, who differ theoretically, though they

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla is GOOD

for all diseases that have their origin in impure blood. It is

## BETTER

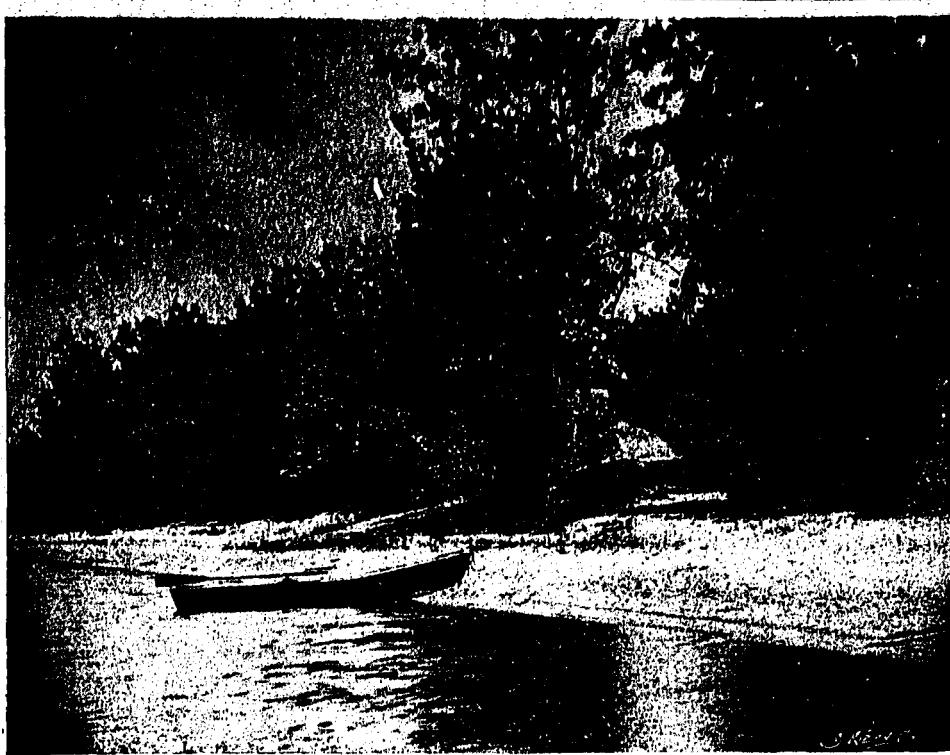
than other sarsaparillas, better made, of better ingredients and by better methods. Its record of cures proclaims it the

## BEST









ISLAND LAKE, MICH.

## Island Lake Camp, Mich.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

We are getting along very nicely with our Camp work; so far as is known all are well pleased with the proceedings from day to day—speakers as well as hearers.

We have been having an exceptionally good week as to the weather and entertainments. Mrs. C. W. Nickerson of Lansing, Mich., edress of *Woman's Voice*, fully sustained the reputation of years' standing in her very able address on the questions that were handed to her. Altogether the subject of Reincarnation was treated in a most satisfactory manner. She was followed by our old friend, true, and much worn friend, L. C. Howe, who on words of mine could raise in the estimation of his fellow-men. Following these were the grand and stalwart exponents of the Cause, by way of organization: Mrs. A. E. Sheets and Hon. L. V. Moulton, who most ably discussed the subject in a way that would convince prejudiced people of anything worth the name of truth and responsibility of a would be liberty-loving people.

Then came the long-looked-for "Woman's Day": "neither day nor rest" is its motto; neither will they let men rest until fair and equal rights are obtained. This day was given into the hands of the chief representatives of the Cause in Michigan, Mrs. Mary L. Root, Mrs. M. E. Root, and as to their capabilities, earnest, honest, faithful endeavor, and thoroughness in the performance of the work undertaken, they stand the peers of any pair of workers in any similar Cause of the nineteenth century.

Mrs. Root spoke in the forenoon on "Woman's Relation to the Bait." It was a logical statement. Mrs. Root spoke in the afternoon on "Woman as a Voter." She held the close attention of the people from beginning to end. Especial music was furnished for the occasion. A lively fusillade of questions and inquiries followed. The day was pronounced one of the best of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Moulton are still with us and are gaining friends and popularity every day. Their independent state-writing gives universal satisfaction.

In the meeting Friday afternoon, when Mrs. Carpenter had finished speaking, a medium, Mrs. Augusta Ferris of Bay City, asked permission to make a statement. She said:

"Allie, the spirit-control of Anna L. Robinson, who left this morning, stands here, and tells me Mrs. Robinson has fallen suddenly at The Downey, Lansing, but is better." As soon as possible the following telegram was sent:

Mrs. A. L. Robinson, Lansing, Mich.—Allie informs you were taken suddenly ill. Are you better? FRANK ROSSMAN.

The answer came: "Was very ill. Better now. Mrs. H. J. DOWNEY."

This is regarded as a very striking evidence of the reliability of spirit messages.

J. S. PHILLIPS, Sec'y Island Lake Camp.

W. A. Root, Chairman of Platform.

Succeeding communication by letter explained fully and verified all the particulars.

Come and hear Mrs. Ferris in public séance on the rostrum on Friday, Aug. 28.

Edward W. Emerson on Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 22 and 23.

Marquise St. Omer on Sunday, Aug. 23, the last day of our camp meeting. J. S. PHILLIPS, Sec'y.

Brighton, Mich., Aug. 13, 1896.

## Notes from Cassadaga Camp, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

On Sunday, Aug. 9, a large concourse of people was in attendance, and we had what might aptly be termed an intellectual feast. J. Clegg Wright was the speaker of the morning, and his biting shafts of sarcasm and alternate flights of eloquence stirred the very foundations of thought and called out a variety of expression pro and con. Some condemned and some admired, and whichever way the current of thought went in estimating him, there was no half-work about it. Those who liked and those who disliked him were equally vehement.

At the close of his radical lecture, a most eloquent improvisation was given by Mr. Wright upon "The Golden Cross," a subject suggested by some one in the audience.

The lecture was followed by tests by Mrs. J. J. Whitney, which were so forcible and convincing that the entire audience listened in breathless astonishment. Rev. W. W. Hicks of New York City occupied the lecture hour in the afternoon. Dr. Hicks being a student of ancient languages and ancient religions, his position on the subject is antipodal to that of Mr. Wright, the speaker of the morning.

"What man is there that is faint-hearted and fearful? Let him return unto his house, lest his brethren's heart faint as well as his heart."—*Isaiah*. At all times it is the individual that preaches the truth, not the age. It was the age that gaveocrates the hemlock for his supper; it was the age that burnt Hess. The age is always the same—*Isaiah*—*Isaiah*, etc.

They who know the truth are not equal to those who love it, and those who love it are not equal to those who hate it. It is the individual that preaches the truth, not the age. It was the age that gaveocrates the hemlock for his supper; it was the age that burnt Hess. The age is always the same—*Isaiah*—*Isaiah*, etc.

The superior man has neither fear nor anxiety. When internal examination discovers nothing wrong, what is there to be anxious about? What is there to fear?

A stout-hearted man is a benediction. He is benediction without presumption, self-collected without ostentation. The impression made by such a character is like a sheltering rock looming up in the desert, toward which weary ones and faint are struggling, with hope of shade, protection and rest. Nothing is so comforting as courage except cowardice. But true courage is not the attribute of brute nature. It is based in truth and is an expression of it. Great results are not achieved by the triumph of brute force. In the mastery of things, in the conquest of worlds, in the development of life, the intellectual and the moral go hand-in-hand.

"Truth reaches its goal of conquest as the tides reach their flood, and by the same law, in a higher sphere. Truth has always been likened to light. It is the light that lighteth every man."

"The progress of this light is the exact measurement of civilization and human uplifting in the world. To be informed in it; to realize the liberty which it ordains in the soul, and the light which it sheds on the mind, and the love which it creates in the heart, is to become possessed of its responsibility. The freedom which it gives is the freedom of responsibility. The mastery of things, in the conquest of worlds, in the development of life, the intellectual and the moral go hand-in-hand."

"It is more than doctrine. It is a law—it is the law of light being and of right living. It is a brave mission to which we are consecrated; its very heart is benediction. God in the highest conception of him could not be more worthily employed. In every just conception of him we are co-workers. The truth which we know challenges the utmost courage for its establishment—courage in its defense and courage in its propagation."

"It was easy to classify and pass in review the great army against which we are contending."

"Materialism under its dignified banners and its astute leaders is not less formidable because it naively assumes the most innocent sort of ignorance and denies the existence of the spiritual universe and the immortality of man, because one world at a time fills its vision and taxes its capacity for duty and enjoyment. Subtle, learned, aggressive and cold blooded are its methods and conclusions. Denying a spirit in man and affirming that he consists of one uniform substance, and that that substance is matter and is the object of the senses, it seems easy for it to assume and teach that perception, with its modes, is the result."

"What is death? To be born again—an angel of eternity."

"From my point of view materialism in all its

phases, whether under the banner of science or philosophy, is the real opponent of Spiritualism—the out-and-out antagonist.

"Spiritualism, thanks to the omnipotence and ubiquity of intellectual progress, has nothing to fear any more from this quarter. The elements of destruction, as dogmatic and priestly power, are active, conscious and potent."

"The first spontaneous act of the soul, freed from the bondage of superstition, is to hail and welcome the light which reveals natural relations—both toward God and man, toward the material and toward the spiritual universe—etc., etc."

"Space forbids the giving of the entire thought of the inspired speaker. In the eloquent peroration he said: 'The speaker of the morning said that humanity was in the throes of evolution toward a new and higher plane of action and life. It is true. But the conflict which is now raging upon the plane of human thought, in the interests of all that is proper to man, is more than the struggle of law in the invisible realm, making for righteousness. It is the law of the spirit in man, voicing its demands and declaring its mission. The heart, the head, the soul, the tongue—all must feel the holy touch of the consecrating hands of the spirit—the spirit of truth, the spirit of power, of love and of a sound mind. This consecration is divine; it is the fact and demonstration of inspiration.'"

"LET US RECEIVE THIS CONSECRATION. We shall need all the grace of endurance, perseverance and courage it can give."

"THE CAUSE WILL TRIUMPH! The redemption of humanity is in the quickening omnipotence of the spirit that is in every man; and the angel who announces that omnipotence is the consecrated man and woman of this New Dispensation."

Some are fearful and some are doubtful; some fancy that the storm, whose dark, prophetic clouds yonder loom high, will wreck this new life boat of humanity. Fear not! Mid the storm and tempest the Master walks on the waves, saying: 'It is I, be not afraid.'"

On Sunday evening S. O. Drives and his charming wife, S. O. Drives, gave an entertainment in the Auditorium, which was largely patronized and highly appreciated. S. O. Drives is highly gifted and thoroughly cultured in elocutionary, dramatic and musical art, and she has won the highest admiration during her stay here by her pleasant and splendid entertainments. The fore part of the evening, on the present occasion, was occupied by her and her able assistants, Mr. John Lane of Boston, Miss Bessie Ramsdell of Chicago, and Master Louis Carter, a rising violinist of Dunkirk, N. Y. Madame Drives's recitations and musical renderings were brilliant and realistic in the extreme, and won great applause.

S. O. Drives closed the entertainment by giving some fine tests in slate writing, psychometry and hypnotism, which were much enjoyed.

Monday P. M. the conference hour was occupied by a Lecture Lesson, in which the ladies present took part and under the able direction of Mr. Drives, were able to do so with interest and profit. Several persons spoke in praise of Mrs. Myra F. Payne's Lecture Manual, which is now out of print, and it was proposed by Mrs. M. E. Caldwell that a fund be raised by a collection to defray the expense of republishing it, and quite a sum was collected on the spot.

On Tuesday forenoon an able discussion upon Psychometry took place at the Auditorium. Mr. Brooks, Prof. Pratt and others contributed valuable thoughts. Tuesday afternoon Prof. William Lockwood, of Chicago, was the speaker, and it is our opinion that, if the brain of any one present was besieged by dogmatic and superstitious ideas, the clear light of his reasoning must have forever dispelled them.

Mr. Lockwood is one of the *servants of truth* of Cassadaga, who plants the standard of reason and investigation, and yields to no man in his devotion to truth. His philosophy rests upon foundations laid by scientific research, experiment, and investigation of the human mind, and contemporaneously with the most eminent thinkers of the nineteenth century, and always gives a new impetus to the spirit of investigation.

It would be utterly futile to attempt to give anything like an adequate conception of the scope of such philosophical lectures, which lead up, step by step, through processes of inductive and deductive reasoning, like Mr. Moulton, Mr. Wright and others, to the reason upon strictly scientific and demonstrable lines, his premises can only be compassed by study and reasoning.

On Wednesday A. M. the conference hour was devoted to what is termed a Fact Meeting. Mr. Judge Osmar of Franklin, Pa., gave an exhibition of musical phenomena, and under the able direction of Mr. Drives, were able to do so with interest and profit. Several persons spoke in praise of Mrs. Myra F. Payne's Lecture Manual, which is now out of print, and it was proposed by Mrs. M. E. Caldwell that a fund be raised by a collection to defray the expense of republishing it, and quite a sum was collected on the spot.

On Tuesday forenoon an able discussion upon Psychometry took place at the Auditorium. Mr. Brooks, Prof. Pratt and others contributed valuable thoughts. Tuesday afternoon Prof. William Lockwood, of Chicago, was the speaker, and it is our opinion that, if the brain of any one present was besieged by dogmatic and superstitious ideas, the clear light of his reasoning must have forever dispelled them.

Mr. Lockwood is one of the *servants of truth* of Cassadaga, who plants the standard of reason and investigation, and yields to no man in his devotion to truth. His philosophy rests upon foundations laid by scientific research, experiment, and investigation of the human mind, and contemporaneously with the most eminent thinkers of the nineteenth century, and always gives a new impetus to the spirit of investigation.

It would be utterly futile to attempt to give anything like an adequate conception of the scope of such philosophical lectures, which lead up, step by step, through processes of inductive and deductive reasoning, like Mr. Moulton, Mr. Wright and others, to the reason upon strictly scientific and demonstrable lines, his premises can only be compassed by study and reasoning.

On Wednesday A. M. the conference hour was devoted to what is termed a Fact Meeting. Mr. Judge Osmar of Franklin, Pa., gave an exhibition of musical phenomena, and under the able direction of Mr. Drives, were able to do so with interest and profit. Several persons spoke in praise of Mrs. Myra F. Payne's Lecture Manual, which is now out of print, and it was proposed by Mrs. M. E. Caldwell that a fund be raised by a collection to defray the expense of republishing it, and quite a sum was collected on the spot.

On Tuesday forenoon an able discussion upon Psychometry took place at the Auditorium. Mr. Brooks, Prof. Pratt and others contributed valuable thoughts. Tuesday afternoon Prof. William Lockwood, of Chicago, was the speaker, and it is our opinion that, if the brain of any one present was besieged by dogmatic and superstitious ideas, the clear light of his reasoning must have forever dispelled them.

Mr. Lockwood is one of the *servants of truth* of Cassadaga, who plants the standard of reason and investigation, and yields to no man in his devotion to truth. His philosophy rests upon foundations laid by scientific research, experiment, and investigation of the human mind, and contemporaneously with the most eminent thinkers of the nineteenth century, and always gives a new impetus to the spirit of investigation.

It would be utterly futile to attempt to give anything like an adequate conception of the scope of such philosophical lectures, which lead up, step by step, through processes of inductive and deductive reasoning, like Mr. Moulton, Mr. Wright and others, to the reason upon strictly scientific and demonstrable lines, his premises can only be compassed by study and reasoning.

On Wednesday A. M. the conference hour was devoted to what is termed a Fact Meeting. Mr. Judge Osmar of Franklin, Pa., gave an exhibition of musical phenomena, and under the able direction of Mr. Drives, were able to do so with interest and profit. Several persons spoke in praise of Mrs. Myra F. Payne's Lecture Manual, which is now out of print, and it was proposed by Mrs. M. E. Caldwell that a fund be raised by a collection to defray the expense of republishing it, and quite a sum was collected on the spot.

On Tuesday forenoon an able discussion upon Psychometry took place at the Auditorium. Mr. Brooks, Prof. Pratt and others contributed valuable thoughts. Tuesday afternoon Prof. William Lockwood, of Chicago, was the speaker, and it is our opinion that, if the brain of any one present was besieged by dogmatic and superstitious ideas, the clear light of his reasoning must have forever dispelled them.

Mr. Lockwood is one of the *servants of truth* of Cassadaga, who plants the standard of reason and investigation, and yields to no man in his devotion to truth. His philosophy rests upon foundations laid by scientific research, experiment, and investigation of the human mind, and contemporaneously with the most eminent thinkers of the nineteenth century, and always gives a new impetus to the spirit of investigation.

It would be utterly futile to attempt to give anything like an adequate conception of the scope of such philosophical lectures, which lead up, step by step, through processes of inductive and deductive reasoning, like Mr. Moulton, Mr. Wright and others, to the reason upon strictly scientific and demonstrable lines, his premises can only be compassed by study and reasoning.

On Wednesday A. M. the conference hour was devoted to what is termed a Fact Meeting. Mr. Judge Osmar of Franklin, Pa., gave an exhibition of musical phenomena, and under the able direction of Mr. Drives, were able to do so with interest and profit. Several persons spoke in praise of Mrs. Myra F. Payne's Lecture Manual, which is now out of print, and it was proposed by Mrs. M. E. Caldwell that a fund be raised by a collection to defray the expense of republishing it, and quite a sum was collected on the spot.

On Tuesday forenoon an able discussion upon Psychometry took place at the Auditorium. Mr. Brooks, Prof. Pratt and others contributed valuable thoughts. Tuesday afternoon Prof. William Lockwood, of Chicago, was the speaker, and it is our opinion that, if the brain of any one present was besieged by dogmatic and superstitious ideas, the clear light of his reasoning must have forever dispelled them.

Mr. Lockwood is one of the *servants of truth* of Cassadaga, who plants the standard of reason and investigation, and yields to no man in his devotion to truth. His philosophy rests upon foundations laid by scientific research, experiment, and investigation of the human mind, and contemporaneously with the most eminent thinkers of the nineteenth century, and always gives a new impetus to the spirit of investigation.

It would be utterly futile to attempt to give anything like an adequate conception of the scope of such philosophical lectures, which lead up, step by step, through processes of inductive and deductive reasoning, like Mr. Moulton, Mr. Wright and others, to the reason upon strictly scientific and demonstrable lines, his premises can only be compassed by study and reasoning.

On Wednesday A. M. the conference hour was devoted to what is termed a Fact Meeting. Mr. Judge Osmar of Franklin, Pa., gave an exhibition of musical phenomena, and under the able direction of Mr. Drives, were able to do so with interest and profit. Several persons spoke in praise of Mrs. Myra F. Payne's Lecture Manual, which is now out of print, and it was proposed by Mrs. M. E. Caldwell that a fund be raised by a collection to defray the expense of republishing it, and quite a sum was collected on the spot.

On Tuesday forenoon an able discussion upon Psychometry took place at the Auditorium. Mr. Brooks, Prof. Pratt and others contributed valuable thoughts. Tuesday afternoon Prof. William Lockwood, of Chicago, was the speaker, and it is our opinion that, if the brain of any one present was besieged by dogmatic and superstitious ideas, the clear light of his reasoning must have forever dispelled them.

Mr. Lockwood is one of the *servants of truth* of Cassadaga, who plants the standard of reason and investigation, and yields to no man in his devotion to truth. His philosophy rests upon foundations laid by scientific research, experiment, and investigation of the human mind, and contemporaneously with the most eminent thinkers of the nineteenth century, and always gives a new impetus to the spirit of investigation.

It would be utterly futile to attempt to give anything like an adequate conception of the scope of such philosophical lectures, which lead up, step by step, through processes of inductive and deductive reasoning, like Mr. Moulton, Mr. Wright and others, to the reason upon strictly scientific and demonstrable lines, his premises can only be compassed by study and reasoning.

On Wednesday A. M. the conference hour was devoted to what is termed a Fact Meeting. Mr. Judge Osmar of Franklin, Pa., gave an exhibition of musical phenomena, and under the able direction of Mr. Drives, were able to do so with interest and profit. Several persons spoke in praise of Mrs. Myra F. Payne's Lecture Manual, which is now out of print, and it was proposed by Mrs. M. E. Caldwell that a fund be raised by a collection to defray the expense of republishing it, and quite a sum was collected on the spot.

On Tuesday forenoon an able discussion upon Psychometry took place at the Auditorium. Mr. Brooks, Prof. Pratt and others contributed valuable thoughts. Tuesday afternoon Prof. William Lockwood, of Chicago, was the speaker, and it is our opinion that, if the brain of any one present was besieged by dogmatic and superstitious ideas, the clear light of his reasoning must have forever dispelled them.

Mr. Lockwood is one of the *servants of truth* of Cassadaga, who plants the standard of reason and investigation, and yields to no man in his devotion to truth. His philosophy rests upon foundations laid by scientific research, experiment, and investigation of the human mind, and contemporaneously with the most eminent thinkers of the nineteenth century, and always gives a new impetus to the spirit of investigation.

It would be utterly futile to attempt to give anything like an adequate conception of the scope of such philosophical lectures, which lead up, step by step, through processes of inductive and deductive reasoning, like Mr. Moulton, Mr. Wright and others, to the reason upon strictly scientific and demonstrable lines, his premises can only be compassed by study and reasoning.

On Wednesday A. M. the conference hour was devoted to what is termed a Fact Meeting. Mr. Judge Osmar of Franklin, Pa., gave an exhibition of musical phenomena, and under the able direction of Mr. Drives, were able to do so with interest and profit. Several persons spoke in praise of Mrs. Myra F. Payne's Lecture Manual, which is now out of print, and it was proposed by Mrs. M. E. Caldwell that a fund be raised by a collection to defray the expense of republishing it, and quite a sum was collected on the spot.

unday A. M. in the Auditorium. It is now regularly organized, and they have a fine program for this month. This is a step in the right direction, and the people are taking great interest in it.

Prof. Wm. Lockwood is giving the third lecture of his course this P. M. His subject will be: "A Positive Knowledge of the Metaphysical Relation of Invisible Spheres of Existence through an Analysis of the Physical Principles of Nature."

This lecture will be taken stenographically, and distributed to the readers of THE BANNER. Prof. Lockwood is also to give a special lecture at Library Hall Saturday evening, which will be noted hereafter. ORPHA E. HAMMOND.

## Lake Brady, Ohio.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The celebration of "Woman's Day" is just completed, and though not so elaborate as last year nor so expensive, it has been a decided success. The decorations are beautiful and appropriate; yellow and white of course predominated; songs and other exercises were especially prepared for the occasion.

Mrs. Noah Merrill presided. Our own orchestra and Messrs. Sliger (father and son), who play piano, mandolin, etc., gave us splendid music. Mrs. Merrill gave me an address, and responded to by Dr. F. Scherer on "Song—Woman's Emancipation." Mrs. D. A. Herrick; topics: "Progressive Womanhood," Mrs. Dr. Virginia Rowe: "Educational Woman," Miss Lakey: "Mediums' Order of Beneficence," Mrs. Dr. Kenyon: "The New Woman," Mrs. Abbie Watkins: "The Old and the New," Mrs. Sarah Bookhild: "The Coming Woman" was represented by Rubie Strape, a bright little girl. Mrs. S. E. Pelree, M. D. pronounced the invocations. The following acrostic poem was read by Mrs. Emma Vogan:

"Woman shall lead, this one day of the week; Over Lake Brady her power shall speak. Man may control all the rest of the earth, Sunday evening he'll reckon her worth. Nature designed her his equal, his bride—Surely her place, then, is right by his side. Daughters and sons of one parent are we, And right shall unite us and make us free. Yes, we shall win and fear nothing but fear.—Woman's Day, then, shall last all through the year."

In the afternoon Mrs. Cole and Miss A. Cowles gave a fine musical selection. Moses Harmon, who has suffered imprisonment and other martyrdom in defense of his ideas of woman's self-ownership, was the leading afternoon speaker.

Prof. Kates recited "The Bridge of Signs," and Mrs. Kates gave the closing address, followed by tests from the rostrum.

Moses and Mattie Hall were the speakers here Sunday and gave several excellent lectures on the subject of Spiritualism. She, with her husband and daughter, have been with her practical and unanswerable logic, have kept us in constant food for thought. The advocates of free silver and other reform ideas kept his evenings employed in making speeches for them in the surrounding towns.

Sunday evening Fairview Cottage, belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Russell, of Alliance, was dedicated. The exercises were conducted out-of-doors, and, with the profuse decorations of evergreens, flowers and Japanese lanterns, it seemed a veritable fairy scene. Mr. and Mrs. Hull presided, and congratulatory speeches and social intercourse filled up the evening.

The entertainment given by local talent netted the Association over twenty dollars, and was highly enjoyed.

The fair given by the ladies last week brought in the comfortable sum of one hundred dollars.

The boy medium, Frank Starr, has given two seances upon the grounds, and persons attending the manifestations as well as satisfied with the manifestations, and say he gives promise of making a fine medium.

Miss Maggie Gault has recovered from her short illness, and is again with us as test medium. The seance given by her, mentioned in our last report, was not, in the ordinary sense, a benefit. She simply gave a seance for herself, as other mediums are doing upon the grounds. Mrs. M. McCASLIN.

## Vicksburg, Mich.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The thirteenth annual Camp-Meeting of Vicksburg, Mich., commenced Aug. 7.

The Camp is located in a charming grove, one-half mile south of the pretty little city of Vicksburg, and twelve miles south of Kalamazoo.

Miss Jeanette Carter, a modest and dignified little woman, made the closing address of the evening. So far as I can learn, all questions concerning the meeting are settled without dispute. This strong-minded little woman is busy from early morning till late at night looking after the welfare of the campers.

She moves about the grove and among the visitors like a ray of sunshine.

Besides the dining-room and Auditorium there are several cottages, and also about seventy tents pitched in the grove.

E. W. Sprague is Chairman for the entire meeting, besides which he will deliver several lectures. He and Mrs. Sprague are excellent public test mediums.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, the sweet singer of the state, has given a series of four remarkable lectures, and departed, in company with Mr. Richmond, for Lake George (N. Y.) Camp.

West's Orchestra of Battle Creek furnish the instrumental music for the season. The Fletcher Sisters of Mendon, Mich., with Miss Pellet for accompanist, charm the daily audience with vocal solos and duets.

Every Friday night a sup is given in the Auditorium. It well attracts the young and old, from far and near. Besides the dances we have here a large number of informal entertainments, such as are conducive to the pleasure of all visitors.

Joseph King, the materializing medium of Pipestone, Mich., has just arrived. Mr. F. M. Donovan, the slate writer, Farmer Riley and other mediums, are expected to arrive in the afternoon.

Among the noted guests are Henry Nesbitt and son from North Dakota; Mrs. L. L. D. Jacobs, better known here as "Mother of the Camp"; Mr. William F. Coldwater, Mich., the noted violin maker; Miss Marie, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sprague; (who is spending a part of her college vacation here.) Miss Rachel Compton, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sprague, who is spending a part of her college vacation here.

I have the honor and the pleasure of being here under the auspices of the management. From this camp I shall go directly to my home in Cleveland, O. Aug. 15, 1896. W. A. MANSFIELD, M. D.

## Niantic (Ct.) Camp.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It has been too hot for even an intellectual fight, or feast, with the exception of last Sunday, when we were favored with Miss Lizzie Harlow as our speaker.

We also had in our camp Mr. J. Ransome Sandford and wife, of New York, formerly of Michigan; they stayed but a short time, as he wished to attend W. J. Bryan's ratification meeting in New York. Miss Harlow only left our camp to-day (the 12th), being the great day of the season. Miss Harlow is a truly gifted speaker, and made many warm friends while here.

We caught a few expressions of thought as we listened to her discourse. One was, that man in the past had been taught he must save his soul, but we had found in the evolution of man that it was the soul seeking us in its greater expression, and it would save us by the natural law of our being, and that it would reform us from all our crude ideas and opinions.

Her afternoon discourse was on "The Possibilities of the Spirit," and what might be and has been accomplished—and there is still much more to be done. While badges and ribbons were a help to man, yet we should remember we are all human, and, as such, all were of one common brotherhood, and should abide by the "Silver Rule"—to do good as we have opportunity for him in the but as well as in the palace; that our earth expression was for a greater experience, and that we would at last arrive to be one with God, and that God would be humanized and we be found both divine and human; that the sooner we recognized these facts the sooner we would cease trying to save ourselves, but we by our naturalness would be found in harmony with the divine law of our being.

Mrs. Bunell, of Hartford, gave us for the day some of her sweet songs, and in the evening an interesting conference was held at our Pavilion, when the questions of "Temperance," "Grand Army and Masonic Emblem," "The Veil," "The Veil," and "The Veil," were discussed.

Miss Harlow took the floor, in answer to request, and said while she recognized much good in all these various forms of union for strength, and to do good, she looked to the universal good of all, and no class legislation for a few, but that which made for the best good of the greatest number. People must get more of the spirit of justice to equal rights to their brothers and sisters—and strive to do good to each other.

Mrs. N. H. FOGG.

The Central Camp, Freeville, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As I was a visitor at the Central New York Camp of Spiritualists, held at Freeville, N. Y., the latter part of July last, I wish to say a word concerning the good work that Bro. J. W. Dennis of Buffalo has done at this point. For I really believe that without him, and his tireless energy and push, there would be no Camp Association there today. He gathered around him the best workers of the Society, and was the means of forming an Association that bids fair to last a long time in the future.

At the next year's Camp Meeting has been fixed for the last Saturday in July 1897, Mr. Dennis would necessarily for six weeks to get the Camp under way, and he can be justly proud of his work. The Association is out of debt, and has a fund on hand to begin next year's work.

May Bro. Dennis live long to establish camps, each to bloom like a gem in the desert of unbelief.

He claims that a camp every one hundred miles would be a success, and could be well sustained with ease; that at Hemlock Lake, just south of Rochester, is a good place for a camp; that at or on Onondaga Lake, east of Oswego, would be a grand good place for another one. We need more such men

among us, and that Bro. Dennis may live long to plant camps all over the United States before his white hair and that he is here at the close of the Central New York friends. The Central Camp Association has tendered him a vote of thanks for the aid he has been to them, and for the donation he made. A. E. TILDEN, M. D.

## Temple Heights Camp, Northport, Me.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The fourteenth annual session of the Temple Heights Spiritualist Corporation commenced Aug. 8 with morning social meeting and welcome by the President, J. L. Stearns of Oldtown, Me.

A lecture was given in the afternoon by Mrs. Abbie Morse of Searsmouth. This lecture was characterized by all the energy, force and directness usually manifested in the utterances of this noble and time-honored worker.

Sunday, Aug. 9, the morning social meeting was followed by a lecture by Mrs. Juliette Yeaw of Leominster, Mass., which was received with all the appreciative and usually accorded by the Maine audience.

In the afternoon F. A. Wiggin of Salem made his first appearance at Temple Heights, and captivated the very large audience by his pleasing address, sound logic and convincing arguments. The tests that followed could not be surpassed in clearness, directness and truthfulness of detail. The evidence was received with great enthusiasm.

Monday, Aug. 10, the morning social meeting was of unusual interest.

At 2 P. M. a masterly address was delivered by Oscar A. Edgerly, followed by a seance, in which some very fine delineations were given, all of which were fully recognized.

</