

NO. 1.

Delsarte, we think, is the inspired teacher

[Continued on seventh page.]

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?

THE COMING MAN.

Oh! not for the great departed
Who framed our country's laws,
And not for the bravest hearted
Who died in freedom's cause,
And not for some living hero
To whom all bend their knees,
My music would raise her song of praise—
But for the man to be.
For out of the strife which woman
Is passing through to-day,
A man that is more than human
Shall yet be born, I say.
A man in whose pure spirit
No cross of self will lurk;
A man who is strong to cope with wrong,
A man who is proud to work.
A man with hope undaunted,
A man with godlike power
Shall come when he most is wanted,
Shall come at the needed hour.
He shall silence the din and clamor
Of class disputing with class,
And toll a long tale with proud might
Shall triumph through this man.
I know he is coming, coming,
To help to guide to save,
Though I hear no martial drumming
And see no flags that wave.
But the great soul-travail of woman,
And the bold free thought unfurled,
Are heralds that say he is on the way—
The coming man of the world.
Mourn not for vanished ages
With their great heroic men,
Who dwell in history's pages
And live in the poet's pen.
For the greatest times are before us,
And the world is yet to see
The noblest worth of this old Earth
In the men that are to be.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Truth.

[From The Altruist.]

Something for the Boys.

BY LOUISE J. KIRKWOOD.

In a quiet part of the metropolis a group of boys had assembled on a street corner, around a lamp-post—the informal gathering place of the lads of the neighborhood. Their usual exuberant, restless, boyish spirits were somewhat subdued, for a serious accident had happened to a comrade a few days before, and the boys had just been discussing the circumstances of the case and its possible outcome. Big, good-humored Ned Sherman came up just then and added his views to the topic under consideration, and then, bracing himself against the lamp-post, his hands thrust well into his pockets, began: "I say, you fellows, the girls are getting way ahead of us."
"Why, how's that, Ned? What do you mean?" came from all sides.
"Well, I'll tell you what made me think so," said Ned. "We never get off to the country until after the middle of July. It is March now, and there is plenty of time to get a good many kinds of flowers in bloom before we go away, and my sister and a lot of other girls are planning for all they are worth to plant and raise flowers to send to the hospitals. Each one of them has a bed of some size to cultivate, and while they are waiting for the time to plant seeds, they have another scheme under way. They have some sort of a sewing club, and are making things to send to the children's hospital—the kind of things sick children need, you know. The girls just mean business; they ain't talking much, but they are putting in a lot of work. Now, I've been thinking why can't we fellows get up something on our own hook. We can't sew, and the girls have gotten ahead on the flower scheme, but still we might do something to help some other fellows along."
"What do you mean, Ned? What's your idea?" asked the boys, drawing closer to their favorite.
"Well, I haven't thought of anything that would keep us busy all the time, but I have an idea which we could carry out now."
"Out with it, old fellow. Let's hear your plan," was the instant response.
"You know," said Ned, "we, all of us, have everything we need for taking a good wash every day—I mean soap, towels, and such things. Now, there are lots of fellows who have n't, and who would just as soon be clean as dirty, if they only had the chance, and the things to wash with."
"Well, what of it?" said one of the boys, giving utterance to the wonder of the rest.
"I was going to propose," continued Ned, "that we fellows up town supply some fellows down town, say some of the chaps who belong to the 'street boys' Club, with a cake of soap, a Turkish towel and a wash-cloth, all done up in a ship-shape package."
"Hooraay!" shouted the boys. "Well, that is an idea, Ned. What's to hinder?"
"Nothing that I know of," replied Ned. "But, boys, if you mean it, let me tell you that for twenty-five cents you can get a cake of soap, a towel and a wash-cloth. Then, if you want to send them to the Boys' Club in—street, my uncle goes there every week, and he will see that they go to the fellows who need and want them. Now, let's see where we stand: How many will give a package of cleaning materials?"
"I," was the response from seven of the nine boys, the two others evidently not appreciating in their own persons the virtue of much bathing.
"All right," said Ned, "perhaps you two fellows can do something else to help. See here," and he took from his pocket a little roll, which proved to be a leaf from an illustrated paper, and was a picture of a famous ancient building.
Holding it up so that all could see it, Ned said: "I am going to cut this out, paste it on a card with the reading which tells about it underneath, and send it, with a lot of others, to the Boys' Club. The fellow who gets it will know what the building is, where it is and who built it, and he'll like the thing none the less because a boy fixed it for him. It will be his own, you know, easy to keep, and 'Baby can't tear it off.'"
"I can make some pictures like that," said one of the boys who had been reluctant to contribute soap. "And so can I," said the other delinquent.
"All right," said Ned, "thought you fellows would want to be in it some way. All hands report to-morrow, same time and place." Then catching on to the tail-board of a friendly grocery wagon, Ned disappeared up the street, probably quite unconscious that he had opened up a fountain of kindness from which streams would flow to refresh less fortunate comrades in the weary battle of life.

A Fable for Boys and Girls.

A little boy and girl were once sitting on a flowery bank and talking proudly about their dress.
"See," said the boy, "what a beautiful new hat I have; what a fine new jacket and trousers, and what a nice pair of shoes; it's not everybody that's dressed so finely as I am."
"Indeed," said the girl, "I think I am dressed finer than you, for I have on a silk cape and a handsome feather in my bonnet. I know that my dress cost a great deal of money."
"Not so much as mine," said the boy, "I am sure."
"Hold your peace," said a caterpillar, crawling on the hedge, "you have neither of you any reason to be proud of your clothes, for they are only second-hand, and have all been

worn by some creature or other, of which you think meanly, before they came into your possession. Why, that silk first wrapped up such a worm as I am."
"There, miss, what do you say to that?" said the boy.
"And that feather," exclaimed a bird, perched upon a tree, "was stolen from or cast off by some of my race."
"What do you say to that, miss?" repeated the boy. "Well, my clothes were neither worn by birds or worms."
"True," said a sheep that was grazing nearby, "but they were worn on the back of some of my family before they were on yours; and, as for your hat, I know that the beavers supplied the materials for making that article, and my friends, the calves and oxen, were killed, not only to furnish meat for your table, but also leather to make your shoes with."
—Ez.

One Touch of Nature Makes the Whole World Akin.

"In a pottery factory here there is a workman who had one small invalid child at home. He wrought at his trade with exemplary fidelity, being always in the shop with the opening of the day. He managed, however, to bear each evening to the bedside of his 'wee lad,' as he called him, a flower, a bit of ribbon or a fragment of crimson glass—indeed, anything that would lie out on the white counterpane and give color to the room. He was a quiet, unassuming man, but never went home a night without something that would make the wee face light up with joy at his return. He never said to a living soul that he loved that boy so much. Still he went on patiently loving him, and by-and-by he moved that whole shop into positively real but unconscious fellowship with him. The workmen made curious little jars and cups, and painted diminutive pictures down their sides before they stuck them in the corners of the kiln at burning time. One brought some fruit in the bulge of his apron and another engravings in a scrap-book. Not one of them whispered a word, but they put them in the old man's hat, where he found them; he understood all about it.
"And, believe it or not, cynics, as you will, but it is a fact, that the entire pottery full of men, of rather coarse fibre by nature, grew quiet as the months drifted, becoming gentle and kind; and some dropped swearing, as the weary look on the patient fellow-worker's face told them beyond mistake that the inevitable shadow was drawing nearer. Every day some one did a piece of work for him and put it on a sanded band to dry, so that he could come later and go earlier. So when the bell tolled and the little coffin came out of the lonely door, right round the corner, out of sight, there stood a hundred stalwart workmen from the pottery, with clean clothes on, most of whom had given half a day's time for the privilege of taking part in the simple procession and following to the grave that small burden of a child, which probably not one had ever seen."
—Ez.

A Child's Idea.

Flossie was seven years old when her mamma took her to live in the country. All her life she had lived in the heart of a large manufacturing town, and knew nothing of the beauties of the country. Oh, how delighted she was with the green fields, the buttercups and daisies! But most of all she loved to hear the lark singing its song of joy away up in the blue sky. But she never thought it was a bird that sent the sweet clear music through the air. One day she was sitting in the garden. The lark was not visible; but his song was heard, ever bright and melodious, as it mingled with the soft, sighing summer wind, and the child listened eagerly.
"What are you looking at, Flossie?" said her mamma.
"Nothing, mamma," answered Flossie.
"Are you listening to the lark? He is too far up for you to see him."
"The lark, mamma? Is that the lark?"
"Yes, of course it is. What did you think it was, darling?"
"I thought," said Flossie, with a slightly disappointed look, "it was the angels."
—Ez.

How to Make Life Happy.

Take time; it is no use to fume or fret, as the angry housekeeper who has got hold of the wrong key and pushes, shakes and rattles it about the lock until both are broken and the door is still unopened.
The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures.
Try to regard present vexations as you will regard them a month hence.
Since we cannot get what we like, let us like what we can get.
It is not riches, it is not poverty; it is human nature that is the trouble.
The world is like a looking-glass. Laugh at it, and it laughs back; frown at it, and it frowns back.
Angry thoughts canker the mind and dispose it to the worst temper in the world—that of fixed malice and revenge. It is while in this temper that most men become criminals.—Old Scrap-Book.
Kindness.
Do not be afraid of spoiling any one with kindness. It can't be done. Instead of spoiling it beautifies the character, cheers the heart and helps to raise the burden from shoulders which, though brave, sometimes grow very tired. Let not a little coldness frighten you away, for under a frigid exterior, there is always to be found a tender chord which is to be touched by kindness, and which responds in beautiful harmonies to those little acts of courtesy that are to the heart as sunshine is to the struggling plant.—Exchange.
Amid the dreary noises of this world, amid its cares and tears, amid its hot contentions, ambitions and disappointments, we should have an inner calm like the ocean depths, to which the influence of the wild winds and waves above can never come.—Country Parson.

Enigma.

I am composed of nine letters.
My 2, 6, 1, 9 is a small bird.
My 6, 3, 9, 5, 2 is what subscribers for THE BANNER should do.
My 7, 5, 2 is what little girls learn how to do.
My 7, 1, 6, 4, 8, 9 is what ministers have Sundays.
My whole is the name of a public test medium.
[The little boy or girl sending the first correct answer to the above will receive a cabinet photograph of the medium.]
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SAW THE DEAD.

Gall Hamilton's Marvelous Story of Spirit-Land.

HAMILTON, Aug. 20.—The funeral of "Gall Hamilton" took place this afternoon at 3 o'clock from her late home.
It was very simple. The services were conducted by the Rev. J. C. Nichols and the Rev. Temple Cutler. There was singing by the choir of the Hamilton Congregational Church. The eulogy was by the Rev. William M. Barbour, President of the Congregational College at Montreal. The pallbearers were Lewis A. Dodge, Dr. Albert Whipple, Arthur W. Chandler and Westly Hobbs. The burial was private, and was in the Hamilton Cemetery.

It is not generally known that Miss Dodge left behind her one of the strangest stories of the supernatural and the world beyond that has probably been ever penned. During her illnesses she had strange visions, and the experiences which she relates are stranger than anything that Spiritualist or Theosophist has ever penned. At times she seems to have temporarily left her earthly environments and to have actually passed into the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Her story, carrying such a weight of conviction which her character and prominence give it, will doubtless strengthen enormously the belief in the supernatural and spiritual life.

Speaking of one experience, Miss Dodge wrote:

"It was early morning, but so swiftly the darkness fell, that I have always thought of it as evening. I was standing by a lounge in my room when I felt myself sinking. There was no pain, no alarm, no fear, no feeling. I had but one thought: that it would be a shock to the family to find me on the floor, and that I must get upon the lounge. I might have succeeded, but the seat of the lounge had a movable lid, and instead of pulling myself upon it, I pulled the cover off. When, or if, I gave up the struggle, I do not remember, or the lapse of time—only there was a lapse—and then I heard a voice at the door asking: 'Is it all right?'"

"I answered: 'No, it is not all right.'"
"Unlock the door and let me in."
"I cannot. I am on the floor and cannot get up."

"Another lapse of time, and then familiar voices were all around me. I saw nothing, but I seemed to hear everything—lamentations that I had fallen and hurt myself. I told them that I did not fall, but let myself down. Much of the time, immediately succeeding, I was in a passageway between two rooms. The room on one side was this world, that on the other the next world. The doors of both were closed.

"So many friends were around me who had gone out of this world that it suddenly occurred to me whether I, myself, might not be already gone, and was about to ask: 'Am I dead or alive?' but I thought if it should turn out that I was still alive the question might sound rather harsh, and I deliberately softened it to: 'Am I supposed to be living still?'"

"To myself it seemed as if my spirit were partially detached from my body—not absolutely freed from it, but floating about, receiving impressions with great readiness, but not with entire accuracy, as if the spirit were made to receive impressions through the bodily organs, and without them could not rely implicitly upon its own observations."

Another experience she describes as follows: "I was taken ill, and no one thought I would recover. I turned my head on one side of the bed. I saw a man, a stranger, with a heavenly face, looking at me. I said: 'What do you wish?' He answered, 'I have come to take you to a spirit life for treatment.' I said, 'How will you take me?' 'Just as you are, on your bed.' I said I was willing to go. Instantly the cloth about my bed was changed to the most beautiful textures. The material seemed to be inlaid; it had all the brilliancy of gems. As we swept through space the light which met my eyes warmed me. I seemed to float in it. I said to my guide, 'Whence comes this light?' He answered, 'From the throne of God.' I said, 'Let me stay in it. It gives me strength.' Many bands of spirits passed by. I recognized one of their number. His name was G. T. I said I wished to speak to that young man, to tell him about his family. The man who walked at G. T.'s side looked up at me and shook his head in the negative; the man who was G. T.'s guide I have never seen in earth-life. When I afterward described him I was told it was G. T.'s father."

"Presently I noticed a house at my left; there were five steps leading down from the door; below these steps was a short hill, which led down to where I was resting. Looking at the house and wishing that some one would come whom I knew, a young girl came to the door, closed it and descended the steps. She was dressed in white, with close cut hair. I did not know the girl. She was informed by my guide that she was G. T.'s sister (a brother-in-law), who passed away when she was sixteen years of age. I thought she was coming to speak to me, but she vanished. I still gazed at the door, longing to see some of my own dear ones coming to greet me, and no sooner had I thought than Aunt L. came down the stairs. She saw me, smiled, bowed her head. As I looked at her, Uncle B. came and stood by her side. She pointed to me; he turned his head, smiled and bowed; then, clasped in each other's hands, they vanished from sight."

"Immediately in the distance I heard a sweet voice singing a familiar air. While trying to recall the voice, A. B. (a dear friend) stood before me. She and her band seemed to fill all space with a flood of angelic melody, while from a distance, softly harmonizing with the voice of the singer, was heard the rich strains of an instrumental band. My delight was intense; it was too much for my poor, weak nature. I lost consciousness. When again myself, the band had gone."

From her own story, it would seem that Miss Dodge inherited her "spiritual vision," as it might be called, from her mother. She relates that her little sister died at the age of three, and, just before she died, a strange, silvery sound seemed to float from her lips. Her mother firmly believed that this was the first note of the little angel's heavenly song. The mother, when a young girl, had herself a strange vision, which Miss Dodge describes as follows:

"At a time when she was herself ill an intimate young friend died suddenly. The first Sunday my mother went to church after her friend's death she was thinking of her very intently and with an emotion she could hardly control. The choir sang the hymn, 'The Blessed Society in Heaven.' When they came to the verse—

'The glorious tenants of the place
Stand blessing round the throne,
And salute and seraphs sing and praise
The infinite Three in One,'

my mother said suddenly heaven opened before her eyes. She saw the throne and the shining ones standing around it, and among them her friend, with the old, pleasant smile on her face. Her attitude, her features, the brightness of her glory, the joy of her heavenly home, impressed themselves in that moment on my mother's mind with a vividness which all the years that followed could not obliterate. The weight of her sorrow disappeared instantaneously, and in its place came ineffable peace."

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The Attitude of Scientific Men Toward the Spiritual Phenomena.

An Address delivered before the National Spiritualist Association, during the Third Convention in Washington, D. C., Thursday Evening, Oct. 17, 1895, by GEORGE A. PAMPHLET, pp. 21, price 3 cents.
For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Townsend Centre, Mass., June 4, 1896, Mr. WILLIAM DIX, in his 80th year.
He was well known as the oldest landlord in this vicinity, having kept three hotels here. Also before the cars came into this part of the State, running to Ayer. His life was a busy one. He was always liberal, and for some years was a Spiritualist, and zealous in the Cause.
His funeral was under the auspices of the Old Fellows and Masons at the Townsend Centre, his own home, where the large gathering of his friends testified to the esteem they held for him.
His companion, two sons and two daughters, will miss his material presence, yet among the shadows of time they will know him hereafter as a guardian spirit coming back to cheer and bless, and when earthly scenes are past, there will be a glad reunion in the bright home of the spirit.
MARY L. FRENCH.

From Starkshoro, Vt., Aug. 9, Mrs. SARAH E. BREWSTER, aged 78 years.

Mrs. Brewster was the wife of Dr. Myron Brewster, one of the oldest and best known magnetic physicians in the country. She and her husband for many years had been attending at the conventions of the State Association, and also at the yearly gatherings at Queen City Park.
She had a large circle of friends who were endeared to her by her many acts of kindness. She leaves a husband and adopted daughter to mourn the loss of the outward presence, but they are comforted by the knowledge of spirit-return.
The funeral services were held in the Baptist Church, and were conducted by the writer. GEO. A. FULLER, M.D., 42 Howard Avenue, Worcester, Mass., Aug. 21, 1896.

From Lansingburg, Mich., Aug. 17, PAUL SPRAGUE, aged 92 years.

He quietly departed to join the many loved ones who had preceded him. One daughter only remains of his family. Mrs. Sprague's belief in the existence of Spirit-land at the funeral, where many assembled to pay respect to his memory. A FRIEND.

From De Witt, Mich., Aug. 2, ALBERT LOTT.
For many years an ardent Spiritualist, his transition was made in the faith of our philosophy, which was beautifully portrayed in the funeral discourse given by Mrs. A. E. Sheets. A SPIRITUALIST.

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

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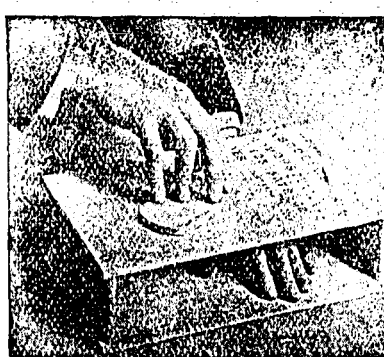
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OR, WHAT I SAW AT CASSADAGA LAKE.

By A. B. RICHMOND, Esq., A Member of the Pennsylvania Bar; Author of "Leaves from the Diary of a Fourth and Various Defense and Prison," "Dr. Crosby's Claim View from a Lawyer's Standpoint," "A Hawk in an Eagle's Nest," Etc.

Mr. R., although not at the time a believer in the Spiritual Philosophy, has been a fourth and various defense of the reality of the PHENOMENA OF SPIRITUALISM. Having received from the hands of a friend just returned from Cassadaga Lake—a communication addressed to him from one dear to him in spirit-life, and who, in the most convincing manner, but with a firm belief that he should be able to solve the mystery and expose the fraud. His experience there convinced him of the genuineness of at least a portion of the phenomenal part of Spiritualism, and he accordingly wrote his Open Letter to the Board of Commissioners, a document which aroused the interest and admiration of the best minds. Once convinced that the so-called spirit manifestations do occur in many instances where fraud is out of the question, he gallantly and bravely came to the front and wielded his weapons with strong, unerring aim in defense of truth and human progress.
After a happy and appropriate introduction of the subject, with all useful explanations, and a vigorous defense of the report of the PHENOMENA OF SPIRITUALISM, Mr. Seybert, the author gives in the first chapter his "Open Letter to the Seybert Commission." Chapters II., III., and IV. are devoted to a searching criticism of the Report of the Seybert Commission. Chapter V. gives an incident which took place in 1884 at a meeting of the "American Association for the Advancement of Science," with remarks made on that occasion by Professor Robert Hare, etc., etc. Chapter IX. consists of the "Report of the Society of Friends," made in 1889. Chapter X. gives Professor Crookes's testimony from his "Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism." Chapter XI. gives further testimony from two witnesses. Chapter XII. "Summary," and the Proscriptum, close the volume.
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OR, What I Saw at Cassadaga Lake, 1888.

By A. B. RICHMOND, Esq.

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BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1896.

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[Entered at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class Matter.]

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Issued by

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Two Dollars Per Year.

The management of the BANNER OF LIGHT has reduced the subscription price of the paper to **Two Dollars per year** (former price \$2.50). The reduction commenced 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.

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We have reached a grand division in the time of THE BANNER's date—its eightieth volume! As individuals, all who have applied their interests and exertions to it are satisfied in that as far as possible their efforts have been for the good of the race, and the advancement of knowledge among men!

The attainment of our Eightieth Volume is a way-mark in our history. May not only our eightieth, but our ninetieth, division of time (and more) be full of the earnest good-will of our patrons.

The BANNER OF LIGHT will endeavor, as far as possible, to keep abreast of the times, and to give its patrons all that is going; and also, by a backward glance, demonstrate what has been the advance achieved in all the pathways looking to human betterment.

We trust that our present readers will remain one with the family of progress, and one with us also in our exertions to benefit the race. Their cooperative friendship is earnestly requested—that they may be willing to assist us in yet more extended efforts to introduce among men the knowledge of the sky.

A Holiday.

Notice is hereby given that Monday next, Sept. 7, will be devoted to the Cause of Labor; it will therefore be observed by THE BANNER with special pleasure, and the Bookstore and office will be closed on that date.

BRO. J. J. MORSE writes: "If at all possible for me to do so, I intend to spend a day or two in Boston on my way home, in December. My stay will be but short, as I sail from New York on Dec. 12. So far as I can say now, I purpose visiting Los Angeles, San Diego, Washington, D. C., and Boston, but as I cannot get away from here [San Francisco] until Nov. 24, my time is very limited to do all I wish in. So even this plan may have to be modified."

The Necessity and Universality of Spiritualism.

The treatise on the above theme by George A. Bacon, issued from the BANNER OF LIGHT office, has gone into its third edition. To say of it that it discloses much careful thought in its composition, with instruction of a very broad and prolific character, is to fall far short of any statement of its plain merits. It is more than a mere compilation of evidence and consequent reflections, since it possesses original force and is conceived in a spirit that is at all times related to the evolution of humanity and its steady progress to perfection. Mr. Bacon begins his monograph with reciting the obvious but none too familiar truth that each department of man's nature—the social, intellectual, moral and spiritual—has its own special demands. If they are properly nourished and cultivated, he grows unto the stature of a perfect man. If they are neglected, he becomes proportionately dwarfed, for his higher faculties require sustenance and exercise equally with his physical nature. The history of the Church is but the history of man's effort to administer to his innate craving to worship and adore. It represents the wants of his religious nature.

The dream of humanity through the ages has been of a system of religious thought that shall satisfy the highest demands of its expanding intelligence—not only that which shall be responsive to his augmenting scientific knowledge, but which will likewise supply his every spiritual aspiration. Failing of this, materialism has flourished, and its disciples and followers have multiplied in spite of all combinations of the Church and the despotism of the State. The development of all advancing theological ideas is marked by desperate and prolonged antagonisms. Tolerance had its birth among scenes of bloodshed, and has had to fight for a foothold and continued existence. It is one of the monstrous inconsistencies of man's nature, the most appalling of all time, that religious inquiry, spiritual truth, a higher conception of our eternal relationship, the utterance of religious convictions and the voicing of man's inmost intuitions should always have met with the hostility of the Church, even with the sword when conditions favored, and otherwise with the spirit represented by the Church. Spiritualism descended like a white-winged dove in its own appointed time, and in a manner to best serve its allotted purpose. Man's dictation had nothing to do with it. Its progress has been made independent of his control.

Its entrance to the world was not heralded by any blare of trumpets or pomp of circumstance. Its first announcement was not made either to the Church or to constituted power. Its advent was to the humble and the lowly. Its recognition has either been denied or patronizingly allowed by fashion and respectability. Bigotry and prejudice have from the beginning sought to destroy its life. Its truest abiding place has ever been among the unprejudiced, the independent, the liberty-loving and intelligent in all lands, and sorrowing hearts everywhere have been made to rejoice at its revelations. It came to earth at a time when the Church seemed powerless to stay the flood of disbelief that was rising in all directions; when faith was in an eclipse; when skepticism in relation to a conscious existence after death was increasing rapidly; and when the leading doctrines of Christianity were being openly repudiated among the representative thinkers, scientists and savants, throughout the civilized world; when atheism, materialism, agnosticism, and the other expressions of a general system of Negation were continually recruiting its ranks; in short, Spiritualism came at a time when the human need was most urgent and the heart of humanity was most sorely bereft. It arose with its answering demands of the soul for more light. Yet to day the struggle is still sought to be maintained with all the power of the machinery the Church can command.

The baleful effects of the single dogma of everlasting suffering are to be seen in the terrible bias it has given to the religious thought of Christendom—in warping its judgment and justifying its reason. No pen, even of inspiration itself, could adequately describe the more than mortal agonies begetten of this dogma of eternal damnation—a horrible perversion of the truth which the Church has sought to enforce for the twenty centuries of its history. No thought of intenser malignity was ever forced upon the acceptance of the credulity of mankind. No more monstrous libel, no greater injustice was ever conceived toward the Intelligence and Power represented by that name which men in all ages have united in calling God. But the time comes when the decrees and edicts of the Church and State, enforced for indefinite periods in the face of their repugnance, injustice and antagonism, are overthrown—superseded by higher and juster conceptions of man's relationship to his immortal life. That there was a necessity for a New Dispensation to supplement and succeed the Old, with ability to establish its claims, to prove its spiritual origin, its divine mission through demonstration and revelation, is made plain by the very fact of its coming, by what it has already done to assuage human griefs, restore lost hope, and light the future.

That the time was ripe for the advent of Spiritualism is plain, too, from contrasting the prevailing condition of thought and temper of mind at that period with the subsequent diffusion of spirit-intelligence, the waning influence of popular theology, the development of liberalism, the growing independence of the people and the trend of humanitarianism, to each and all of which it has lent its dominant aid. Likewise is it plain from what it is known to have accomplished during the past half-century of its modern revelations and illumination; in spanning the bridge of change called Death; in opening up a broad highway between two hemispheres of existence; in its multitudinous proofs of direct personal and its demonstrations of spirit-return and spirit association; in establishing and maintaining systematic telegraphic communication between mortals; in substituting absolute knowledge for hope and faith only as to the life beyond; and in making practical a conscious spiritual union with loved ones departed. Its coming proved a supplementary addition to the old, the evolution of a more philosophical recognition of man's spiritual nature and his relation to a future life. It brought the proof that man never dies, but enters upon a higher grade of existence through the descent called death.

Spiritualism is laying the foundations of a natural religion, broad and deep, since it rests on facts instead of varying uncertain beliefs. It does not call for faith in insoluble mysteries, but for facts in nature and human experience.

The command of the old was *Believe*; the call of the new is *Investigate*. It does not damn for honest doubt, nor save for mere belief. It evermore inculcates dissent till doubts dissolve. An evidence in establishing the truthfulness of spiritual phenomena, there are no less than twenty kinds of manifestations, which not only warrant but necessitate the acceptance of the spiritual theory. An honest or just person cannot ignore or repudiate such testimony. It follows of necessity that the intelligence embodied in it must proceed from a disembodied source. No other explanation suffices, and this is a perfectly rational one. And, moreover, the intuitional evidences of mankind are in entire harmony with and directly sustain the spiritual hypothesis. What-ever is common and instinctive to the nature of man must have a foundation in nature itself. Such is the instinctive faith in the gods and goddesses of mythology, the priestesses of Pagan nations, the consultation of oracles, the predictions of the sibyls, the thirty thousand gods of the Greeks, the Druids of Celtic Europe, the Undines of Germany, the Banshees of Ireland, the second sight of the Scotch Highlanders, the medicine men of the Indians, the fairies and elves of past ages, and the ghosts and haunted places of our own day.

The intuitions of mankind favor and support the spiritual theory no less positively than satisfactorily. But the historical evidence confirming it is overwhelming, extending without interruption from the earliest records to the present hour. Any list of the wiser spirits of the olden time includes in its scope such names as Hesiod and Homer, Herodotus, the father of history, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Esculapius, Empedocles, the early Chinese philosophers, Cicero, Lucretius, Titus, and a host more. The whole system of the ancients is one of divine supervision and interference in the affairs of man. No early nation ever gave up the belief in the existence of spirits acting with and for the people of that nation. All this was long prior to the Christian era. The Christian Fathers abundantly supplement and confirm these views of the Pagan world. One of the primal beliefs of mankind recognizes the direct and potent influence of the after-life, the spirit-world, upon this world. Every known country or people bears witness to this all-pervading truth. Wherever man exists as a conscious spirit, divine relationship is manifested. In the great historic religions of the past, as well as those of modern times, the fundamental doctrine of Spiritualism forms an integral part of their faith. But for this active belief there could not be any Church to-day. If the theory of spiritual intervention be accepted in the Bible, it cannot be shut up there, but must sweep its way through the wide domain of popular superstitions, separating the element of truth on which those superstitions are based, and asserting its own authoritative supremacy.

In less than fifty years since its modern advent, Spiritualism has extended its name and knowledge around the habitable globe. In our own country alone it numbers its mediums by thousands and its believers by millions. Nothing that approximates it is known to ecclesiastical history. It is without precedent or parallel. Nor are those who accept it confined to any one grade of life, but representatives of each and every class of mind are among its adherents and supporters, who are mainly characterized by a spirit of free inquiry, theological independence, and impartiality and love of truth. The widest variety of opinion may exist on the part of its believers touching every other issue, but the cardinal points of Spiritualism are fully accepted by all its acknowledged adherents. The pure ethics and practical bearing of the main doctrines of Spiritualism have never been exceeded, they cannot be overthrown, nor can they result in aught else but present and future well being. Goethe says: "The spirit-world is not closed; thy sense is closed."

The multitude of demonstrated facts, analyzed by the severest reason, furnish proofs that the spiritual hypothesis is the only true one, as true as anything less than absolute and universal knowledge can make it. History, observation and experience establish it on a basis irrefutable and forever.

The Suicide Question.

Of late the right, the morality and the propriety of taking one's own life whenever it is thought fit, have come into the open for free public discussion. We note in the *San Francisco Call* a collection of views, with more or less argument, on the subject, many of which are of original interest. One believes a suicide to be necessarily insane, while another does not. One holds that a man's life is his own, and he has a right to quit it if it becomes too burdensome; another maintains that self-destruction is not justifiable under any circumstances, and that it is legally, morally, and religiously wrong to do so. The verdict is a varied one, composed of such findings as—"might be justifiable," "never justifiable," "not unpardonable," "sometimes justifiable," "cowardly and unmanly," "it all depends," "if a good thing," "should be encouraged," "it is braver to live," "more prevalent than we think," "an incomparable tragedy," and so on through the list.

Eugenia Kellogg Holmes wisely remarks that when the cooperative shall have taken the place of the cruel competitive system; when the material is replaced by the spiritual in human calculation; when leisure is wrested from inordinate activity; when cynicism is supplanted by reverence and deference; contempt is eradicated by kindness, and ostentation no longer usurps the place of simplicity; when serenity rules where feverish haste now holds sway—suicides will be a relic of the savage past.

One writer, a woman, says that the spirit should leave this existence as the ripened grain, and gradually pass into that other world as the mind passes from wakefulness to sleep. There are circumstances, however, that to her mind would render suicide justifiable. She professes not to be able to understand how it can be that undeveloped spirits are the cause of suicide. She believes that when a life is changed so ruthlessly and suddenly that the spirit remains for a period unconscious in the succeeding existence, on the awakening all the remorse and sorrow returns and abides with the spirit until it has been dissipated according to the natural laws.

Dr. Anderson deems suicide to be due to wrong conceptions of life. If these disciples of egotism and ignorance did but recognize that God is in every part of his universe, working out in each one of us the divine will by infinitely varying methods, they would begin to suspect that the stupendous processes of evolution, going on all about them in nature and occupying untold eons of time, might have

some significance for the human soul itself, which is but another manifestation of Divinity. Looking at it from a larger point of view, we must believe that man is a portion of his planet, and will remain and evolve upon it until it can no longer afford him new, helpful, conscious experiences. Therefore the suicide is a rebel against the Infinite, one who is trying to evade the consequences of his own acts.

Another writer, who is likewise an editor, thinks that when a man believes he is of no use to himself, his family or his country, and does not believe in a life hereafter, the best thing he can do is to end an existence that is a misery to himself and a burden to his family or to the community.

A Spiritualist believes suicide, under certain circumstances, to be perfectly justifiable. Yet he acknowledges that Spiritual Philosophy teaches us not to commit suicide, because in that other existence we do not get rid either of our trouble or ourselves. Man is a spirit, and at death only changes his environment, but does not mitigate the evils of this state. A man cannot escape the reaping of his sowing. He thinks there must be something radically wrong with our civilization to cause people to make way with themselves, regardless of the consequences. An agnostic declares that a man has a right to judge for himself whether he benefits the world more by staying or going. But for the man who quits the fight leaving his dependents more helpless than before, there is but one judgment—that he is, or was, a coward. For the man who takes his life as the result of some temporary embarrassment, or through chagrin at some disappointment, or for any other such slight cause, there can also be only contempt. Another writes that suicides are not necessarily bad men; the act may be, and doubtless generally is, the result of a nervous tension that leaves the person irresponsible.

Selfishness the Bottom Evil.

Of the evils in the category, as it is known, that of selfishness easily takes the lead. In fact, it is the mother of all the sins that have a name. Above other faults, and embracing all, is that of selfishness, which is the sad love of personal desire as against the rights, privileges and happiness of brother-men—a love which inflames every lower element in the constitution of human nature, and kills out all higher and richer sentiment. He who would prepare himself for a happier future may begin by making happier the lives of others. He may do this by respecting their rights, extending their pleasures, and generously sacrificing himself that they may profit. As he does so, his own higher nature is manifested, and finer satisfactions greet him with an unalloyed delight. According to a blessed law of being, he who thus loses his life shall save it; for he not only tastes richer pleasure than any that is attainable through selfish effort, but he molds his character in the grace and beauty of true manliness, and he likewise molds the character of the future, which is to answer to the nature formed in this earth life. The sloth, the repining, the rashness, the thoughtlessness, the covetous spirit, the evil of hatred or uncharity, are each and all to be overcome.

A principle which quickens the highest motives in human nature may properly be held to be the regenerator of human life. He who foresees that his future is certain to be the product of his present will seek in generous service to his fellowmen the highest happiness of his highest faculties. We are all of us conscious of being alive, and that we must be here for a purpose. Evolution is the law, and it is an endless one. This earth is the school. Evolution cannot cease to operate its law here, but must likewise be the law in the unseen world. It has an object, instead of being aimless. We are to bear in mind that as we sow, so shall we likewise reap. Thought is a force in nature as well as electricity. Our actions are only its physical and outward expression. Thought, spirit, is the ceaseless creator. As we think, so we are. Nothing physical is permanent. Hell is here, as it is also elsewhere. Death does not affect the real individuality, which has only completely thrown off the clothing of flesh for which it has no further use. Every one makes his own heaven. It is not a place at all, but a state of consciousness. Everything in nature works in cycles of rest and activity. It is contrary to natural law to believe that everlasting rest can follow a few short years of earth life, as we are taught by the churches. Nor is it any more improbable that there should be no rest.

An Early Intuition Descended.

Referring to Darwin in a recent paper from the always instructive pen of Giles B. Stebbins, he states that in 1791 Dr. Erasmus Darwin, grandfather of Charles Darwin, published in London a long didactic poem entitled "The Botanic Garden," which attracted much attention. A brief extract from it is given, as follows:

"Organic life beneath the shoreless waves
Was born and nursed in ocean's pearly caves.
First, forms minute, unseen by spheric glass,
Move on the mud or pierce the watery mass;
These, as successive generations bloom,
New powers acquire and larger limbs assume,
Whence countless groups of vegetation spring,
And breathing realms of fin and feet and wing."

Here, observes Mr. Stebbins, is evolution, differentiation, origin of species—the discovery and the record in glowing verse of theories which his gifted grandson and others have toiled through years of investigation to confirm. All honor to their inductive work! But shall the intuition of the earlier discoverer, who perhaps kindled the mind and lighted the path of his great descendant, be ignored?

Mrs. J. J. WHITNEY, the phenomenal reader of tests at the Spiritualist Camp-Meetings, has now found her work changed for the present to a test medium for all who need her services. Her location is 533 Massachusetts Avenue, between Tremont street and Shawmut Avenue, Boston; and those who wish the services of a choice-spirited and truth-seeking medium will do well to make an investigating call on her. She remains at her Boston location for awhile, and then will change her location to Washington, D. C., so those hereabout proposing to utilize her gifts should make immediate calls upon her.

The *Norwich Bulletin* of Aug. 29 copies from the *Windham County Transcript* (also of Connecticut) a digest of THE BANNER's account of William Foster, with the illustrative heading: "A Man Known Throughout Eastern Connecticut." The account is to the point, and much to the honor of the gentleman concerned.

Reply to the Vivisectors.

Mr. George T. Angell replies in *Our Dumb Animals* to President Eliot of Harvard University, and to the army of vivisectors who opposed, last winter, the obtaining of the right from the Massachusetts Legislature to see what is done to living animals in the laboratories. He tells them plainly that they made a great mistake in offering opposition to the movement. He explains that all that was sought for was simply to know what every humane person in Massachusetts would be glad to know; that is, just what is done to these dumb creatures in these laboratories and why it is done, and what useful results have been and are likely yet to be obtained. Although asking only this, Mr. Angell says that every effort seems to have been made to obstruct the purpose of the petitioners. We may all die, he says, but these questions will never die until they have been fully answered, and the whole matter of experiments on living animals, in all its bearings, both material and spiritual, is understood by the American people. The late Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, one of the most eminent of New England surgeons, together with some of the most eminent surgeons and physicians of Great Britain, has denounced the most of these experiments as worse than useless. When these laboratories are thrown open to public inspection, it can soon be told, he thinks, to which physician it is better to entrust our lives and the lives of those dear to us—the one who practices vivisection or the one who does not.

A World's Food Fair.

Another World's Food Fair—the third exhibition in the series of World Food Fairs in Boston—will be held in Mechanics' Building in this city, under the auspices of the New England Retail Grocers' Association. It is a broadening out of the scope of the Fair, showing that a general interest in the subject has been awakened throughout New England. Alterations and changes will be made in the general arrangements, so as to avoid all sameness in the presentation of exhibits and novelties. The Fair is to open on October 5 and continue for five weeks. It promises to be the most stupendous undertaking in the exhibition line ever attempted in New England. All the halls, both basements, and all the galleries of Mechanics' Building are to be used, besides Cotillion Hall. The basement of Exhibition Hall will form the "Palaisance" of the Fair. Every variety of toy and mechanical appliance of interest to children will be seen in the third gallery of Grand Hall, which will be used as a children's department. The cooking lectures and demonstrations will be maintained on the same popular basis as heretofore. The management has engaged some of the most noted bands in the country, and excursions will be run from all parts of New England. Half a million people are expected to visit this great Fair.

Mrs. N. P. Millard of New Iberia, La., writes on renewing subscription: "Times were getting so close, money so hard to collect, that I thought we would have to do without THE BANNER; but we feel the need of a good spiritual paper so much that we have decided that the BANNER OF LIGHT is one of our 'must' have."

MRS. MAGGIE WAITE will hold a test séance Sunday evening next, in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont street, Boston. The entire evening devoted to tests.

Report of "State Association Day" at Onset has been received from Russ H. Gilbert, and will be printed next week.

DR. C. E. WATKINS has a notice concerning his Boston address, etc., on our fifth page.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

On the morning of Sunday, Aug. 23d, the people who attended the Camp-Meeting carried on at Lake Pleasant, Mass., were pleased to listen to the lecture by Mrs. Helen Stuart-Blichings.

On the meeting being convened ex-Judge Dalley of Brooklyn, N. Y., who presided over the services (after a song by Mrs. Hattie C. Mason), introduced to the large company present Mrs. Blichings. In a way that showed that gentleman's faith in the full success of the lady, who he said had been invited for the first time to address a Lake Pleasant audience this season.

The lady then rose and addressed the people. She was pleased, she remarked, to meet a Lake Pleasant audience. Spiritualism seemed to cover a very broad ground; she decided on the present occasion to confine her attention to a point of thought, or two only. Living after death and returning to those yet in the body might be a part of Spiritualism, but there was much more to it. First, we might consider the great overruling principle of God, which had been called Jove, Jehovah, Yeh, but still was without the power of man to explain. "The eternal I am" seemed the highest definition; it was impossible for the human mind to conceive of anything of that nature which was not everywhere—means everywhere—if not, what then? The speaker believed that God and Spirit were the same, and could deal with our matter.

Some think they are vile and seek to make themselves so; but all should remember themselves as a part of God—and all parts of God are good. Whither we live in the physical or in the spirit we live with God. "We are doing the will of the Father," or Na ur. "It is because we are struggling against the laws of our being that we are not in unity with God—we never can pass out of the presence of God."

"The truth shall make us free." "We shall in the midst of our struggles hear 'Soul' come up higher." "In our struggles amid the changes of time we could be sure that the spirit of God moved on the deeps of our own spiritual nature."

After a song by Mrs. Hattie C. Mason, Mrs. May S. Pepper was introduced. She gave the names of Joseph Williams, Eugene Pales, Phoebe J. Carpenter, Charles Bates, K. K. Warner and others as being present and speaking to the people—the points raised by the intelligence being strikingly correct as stated by the recipients. J. W. D.

We are informed by Mr. M. T. Dole, that Frank W. Jones passed to spirit life Tuesday, Aug. 26, from the "Crafts Home," Charlestown District, Boston, aged 66 years. He was a loyal member of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union, and had been for many years an earnest and faithful worker in the Cause he so much loved. He was gentle, kind and loving, and leaves a good record of a well-spent life. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Higgins of the Methodist Church, and M. T. Dole, Treasurer of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union.

ADRIAN B. OMEROD, the well-known Western Platform Test Medium and Trance Speaker, is open for engagements with Spiritual Societies for balance of '96, also 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.

Spiritualists do not expect to find smooth sailing in the grand battle for truth. All kinds of obstacles will be found in the path of progress, and it is only by surmounting these obstacles that we can hope to arrive at the truth. After the victory is won we can better appreciate the prize which has been placed within our grasp. It is only by persistent effort that we can hope to accomplish our purpose. Be up and doing. The spirit world is with us, and success will crown our efforts. —The Dawning Light, San Antonio, Tex.

Recognizing the fact that there are cases (chronic and nervous) that cannot be reached successfully by medicines alone, I have long felt the need of a good, clean man, possessed of that psychic and magnetic force necessary to every honest healer. For a long time I have tried to secure the services of B. W. Banks, known to me as a man of no mean ability; in fact, I consider him one of the best and most successful healers of the day, and take pleasure in announcing that I have at last completed arrangements by which Mr. Banks will give psychic and magnetic treatments. Mr. B. is well known throughout New England. His work in the magnetic field is highly spoken of by all who have been able to secure his services. We shall, on Sept. 15, open our parlors, No. 357 Columbus Avenue, for psychic and magnetic treatments. On Mondays, from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M., I can be consulted personally on all chronic troubles, free of charge, at same office. Those wishing me to diagnose their case by letter will address me at Ayer, Mass., giving name, age, sex and leading symptom.

Those wishing to make appointments for psychic or magnetic treatments will call or address B. W. Banks, 357 Columbus Avenue.
C. E. WATKINS, M. D.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

ONE'S OTHER SELF.
Dear other self, so silent, swift and sure—
My dumb companion of delightful days,
Mighty fairy fingers from thy orbit rays
Of steel-strike music, as the gods of yore
On my glad earl, what songs of woodland ways;
Or summer's wealth of corn, or the sweet lays
Of April's budding green, while evermore
We twain, one living thing, dash like the light,
Down the long tracks that stretch from sky to sky.
Thou hast thy music, too; what time the moon
Beats up on broad roads; when evening night,
We drink the keen edged air; or, darkling, fly
Twixt hedgerows blackened by a mystic moon.
—Adriat Vere, in the London Spectator.

The Shetland Islands will be the scene of a new novella, entitled "Prisoners of Conscience," by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, the first part of which appears in the September Century. The characters in the story are fisher-folk, brought up in the most rigid tenets of Calvinism, and they are linked about with the "phantoms of a gloomy creed." Through the tragedies that enter the hero's life, he is brought to a milder faith.

Absolute morality is the regulation of conduct in such a way that pain shall not be inflicted. —Herbert Spencer.

Bright, persistent, thoughtful advertising pays. It is a money-maker to the man who knows how to use it. —The Sedgwick (Kan.) Panograph.

"The secret, then, of all happiness, of all nobleness, of all true success, is self-mastery, self-possession." —F. W. Farrar.

"Primitive Buddhism; Its Origin and Teachings," is the title of a new book by Mrs. Elizabeth A. Reed. The recently awakened interest in the philosophies of the East, and especially in the subject of Buddhism, will find a fresh impetus in the announcement of this work. The book is to be published by Scott, Foresman & Co., of Chicago.

The latest news from ever east hereabouts is the statue of John C. Calhoun, shipped from Brooklyn to be erected in Charleston, S. C. It weighs six thousand pounds, and stands twenty feet eight inches high. The cost is stated to be sixty thousand dollars.

Ye call these red-browed brethren
The insects of an hour,
Crushed, like the noiseless worm, amidst
The regions of their power;
Ye drive them from their father's lands,
Ye break of faith the seal,
But can ye from the count of heaven
Exclude their last appeal?
Ye see their unrelenting tribes,
With countless steps and slow,
On through the trackless desert pass,
And carve out of the waste
Think ye the Eternal's ear is deaf?
His sleepless vision dim?
Think ye the soul's blood may not cry
From that far land to him?
—Mrs. Sigourney, on the Indians.

Good by, Summer! August this year has become the "best of places" for the weather. If a hot-spur of thermometer reality is wanted, somebody will have to "go below" and bring it up, and then it could hardly be an improvement. The slowly cooling survivors of this third of the summer months are fairly entitled to convene annual gatherings to celebrate the almost miraculous event of their escape from the melting heat.

The recurrence of the annual coaching parades at the mountains and the illuminations along the coast is a notification that the vacation season is coming to an end. —These spectacular events are among the most pleasure-giving of all the season of out-of-doors off-ers.

July 18 issue of the BANNER OF LIGHT was a fine "R. C. Burns Souvenir Number," and contained a large number of articles from prominent liberal writers in England of Scotch birth. —The Medium, Los Angeles.

The poet Wordsworth—blessed wiser than he knew—in the following lines:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The "Self" that rises with us, our Life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.
—The Temple of Health.

The practice of carrying young children on bicycles in front of the rider is too reprehensible to be permitted to continue. Unless it is stopped where it is, more infanticides by parents will have to be recorded. A case in Philadelphia has raised the question whether such an accident was not really man slaughter. The parental grief ought to be heavy punishment enough to clear from the imputation of crime.

"AD SUGGESTER" is the title of a booklet just issued by Nelson Chasman & Co., St. Louis, Mo. It contains about two hundred and fifty illustrations, applicable to advertising different articles.

The Prabuddha Bharata has made its appearance as a monthly magazine, in English, for the expression of "a sacred truth" on many points. It will endeavor to present the sacred truths of the Hindu religion, philosophical tales, etc. Those wishing to apply for subscriptions can address "The Manager, The Awakened India, Mysapore, Madras, South India."

President Cleveland has appointed David B. Francis, ex-governor of Missouri, to be Secretary of the Interior, vice Charles Smith, resigned. He assumed the duties of his office Sept. 1.

The present editor, [of the Philosophical Journal] Thomas G. Newman, is not only a devoted Spiritualist, a sound thinker, a clear, concise writer, but he is the rarest of editorial adaptations. Consequently the Journal is now every way "first-class"—growing and waxing strong.—The Temple of Health.

A CHANGE OF FRONT.—The President [Mr. Ernest Hart, M. R. C. S.] remarked that the medical profession had reasons for coming to the conclusion that during the last thirteen years their impressions as to the value of humanized lymph had undergone considerable change. —British Medical Journal.

The mother of Parnell, who has hitherto lived in New Jersey, has sailed away to Ireland for an indefinite period. Her health is badly broken, and it is quite probable that she will spend the remainder of her days with her relatives on the old sod.

HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER
Will restore gray hair to its youthful color and beauty—will thicken the growth of the hair—will prevent baldness, cure dandruff, and all scalp diseases. A fine dressing. The best hair restorer made.
R. P. Hall & Co., Props., Nashua, N. H.
Sold by all Druggists.

(From the Boston Budget.)
The World Beautiful.

"Not of adamant or gold,
Built he heaven, stark and cold.
"Built of tears and sacred flames,
And virtue reaching to its aims,
Built of forbearance and pursuing,
Not of spent deeds, but of doing."
—Emerson.

"I look to see science prove immortality," wrote Kate Field in a private letter to a friend a few years ago; and the words are full of that prophetic power with which her remarkable force of insight always invaded her. That science must prove immortality is the message of to-day. For there is a distinct and recognizable approach of the two worlds to each other—the seen and the unseen. Each is flashing its signals, and the failure or the delay in a more universal recognition of these on our part is simply in not realizing that this communion must be attained through our own higher spiritual life, and not demanded or expected as mere phenomena.

We have demanded that the unseen shall manifest themselves to us—visibly, audibly—to our material senses. But, while there is undoubtedly much of this phenomena, it is, at best, only begging the question. The only true, permanent and satisfactory way to live in companionship and in communion with those who have passed through the experience of death is to live in the spirit. To live, now and here, every day and every hour, the spiritual life.

And what is this life? It is love, joy, peace. It is infinite and unending good-will; it is abounding love; it is meekness, and patience, and belief; it is energy in all endeavor; it is in the constant desire and effort to "live that, in the words of Phillips Brooks, "To so live that if every man lived as you do, this earth would be heaven." The problem of communion with those who have passed into the unseen, lies with us rather than with them; it lies in our own purification and exaltation of life; for this, alone, offers the atmosphere, the aura, into which the higher spirits can enter.

The law of evolution is not limited to action on the physical world alone. It does not cease to operate with the attainment of physical perfection. For man is primarily a spiritual being, and only incidentally and transiently an inhabitant of the physical world. That is a mere phase, rudimentary and experimental in its nature. His physical body is an instrument, by means of which, for a time, he is enabled to relate himself to the physical world. Here he does not so much live as begin to learn how to live.

The tragedy of life would be in its lost opportunities, were it not that a lost opportunity, when fully recognized too late for its pursuance here, is there held to await him who shall be worthy of it, on the plane of life just beyond. The friendships that seem to have missed their possible perfection here, to have failed in what each at heart desired to realize, await another experience to which each shall come with finer preparation.

"It is not within the force of fate,
The fate enjoined to separate."
Whether one shall again take up his intercourse with the friend who has passed before him into the unseen, depends on the daily life he lives now and here. The meeting beyond is in no sense a matter of arbitrary and mysterious destiny. It depends solely on the sustaining action of the growth of mutual understanding between the two lives—the one in the seen, the other in the unseen. The future meeting is a matter of condition, of sympathy. It is as crucial to imagine that all who die necessarily meet, as to suppose that all Americans who go to London or Paris inevitably meet there and become acquainted. Whether they do or not depends solely on the conditions that produce, or fail to produce, the attractions that draw people together.

Man being primarily a spiritual being, his own real progress or real success in life is as he so realizes himself. The life after death is fast coming to be no longer to us a speculation or a superstition, but a very real fact with which to deal, a phase of the near future for which to daily prepare. And the only true preparation for the life after death is to live nobly the life before death.

There is no doubt that Kate Field's prophetic words—"that science will prove immortality"—are on the eve of fulfillment. Psychic science is conquering new territory; discerning more and more of truth constantly. It is discovering that the life just beyond this is not so great a chance from this as we have fancied; that there is no such thing as a "disembodied" spirit. Death is simply the separation of the finer ethereal body from the outer and coarser one. The new form is like the old, save that it is subtle, magnetic, and it is far more the direct reflection of the spiritual nature. The unseen world in which it now begins another life is as real—far more real, indeed—than this; and is formed of far more potent forces. This world exists all about us, in space. To become cognizant of it depends on condition alone. To the blind the world we live in is unseen, because the blind man has not the organ that corresponds with his environment; when the spiritual world about us is undiscovered, it is because we have not yet developed those latent faculties which would enable us to perceive it. The spiritual life

—"built of forbearance and pursuing;
Not of spent deeds, but of doing."

As we live the life of the spirit, we are accompanied by the friends in the unseen, in the simple and natural way that attends all true relations of mutual sympathy.

LILIAN WHITING.
The Brunswick, Boston.

W. J. Colville
Has just completed a five-months' term of work in Southern California, and has now returned to San Francisco, and his address is Anchor Hall, 907 Market street, where his new season of work opened Sept. 5, to continue till further notice.

On Monday, Aug. 24, Mr. Colville lectured in Kramer's Hall, Fifth street, Los Angeles, before the Women's Suffrage Association. There was a very large audience, composed in considerable part of thoughtful, intelligent men who, equally with the wisest progressive women—who were out in full force—followed the speaker most attentively and applauded, from time to time, the telling points with which the lecture abounded.

The speaker dwelt upon the rational and spiritual grounds on which the claim for political equality of the sex is based; also with the biblical aspects of the question; and succeeded in pretty thoroughly demolishing the flimsy edifice of superstition on which the anti-suffragists base their opposition to woman's demonstrated equality with man.

In the course of the address a brief mention was made of some popular works, including "My Wonderful Wife," by Marie Corelli, the heroine of which story is a peculiar though by no means immoral example of a feminine curiosity which some people mistake for the New Woman.

Let any intelligent Bible student read the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs, and he will carry away with him a good idea of the Coming Woman, who will be a noble wife and efficient mother, but decidedly one who devotes far less time to needless frivolity and far more to the rearing of children than does the fashionable society woman of to-day, who repeatedly cries out against the Suffrage Movement on the plea that if women voted they would neglect their homes.

Owing to the great interest excited by this lecture, Mr. Colville was immediately engaged to give two lectures on "Ideal Education in View of Citizenship." These were given in the same hall Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 31 and Sept. 1.

On Sunday, Aug. 30, Mr. Colville lectured in San Diego.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'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.

A Pen Picture.

BY H. S. H.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
A wood-enrobed sheet of water, shining and sparkling under a noonday sun, or dreaming under a harvest moon; slender pine stems swaying in the breeze, or rocking to and fro in the wind; acres of wild flowers within easy reach; shady ravines and odoriferous woods—these are of dear Dame Nature's providing.

Good hotels, neat cottages, a fine auditorium, two groves for open air speaking, tiny but orderly postoffice, restaurants, shops, trolley line and comfortable railway station—these, with many unmentioned details, are what man has added to the scene. The social atmosphere is charged with intellectual force and moral energy. The people look alive. Freedom from the restraints of town and city life does not seem to have degenerated into slovenly carelessness nor impertinent curiosity about nor meddlesome interference with neighbors.

The narrow ways that serve as thoroughfares (without sidewalks) for vehicle and pedestrian alike, remind one forcibly of many a foreign city. From doorways and balconies, one might readily reach out and take the ruddy-cheeked apple, or tempting white topped celery from the hands of the vendor—and even from his cart—or pat his horse's head. But, instead of the mal odors that greet the nostrils in its European prototypes, this little city's air is sweet, for no unsightly and unsavory garbage heaps, stagnant pools, nor clogged gutters, can be found within its precincts. It is well named—"Lake Pleasant."

The Banner Messages.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
I wish to acknowledge the satisfaction your Message Department is giving the people. The message from my brother, DAVID CARR, in the issue of August 22, is a case in point. Although not a declared Spiritualist, his honest and intelligent mind never indorsed the crooked and unwise teachings of the Christianity of the present day—being outspoken and tolerant; the result, the privilege to record his presence, and ability to talk to his friends.
JOSEPH CARR.
Boston, Mass., August 25, 1896.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Hollis Hall, 780 Washington Street.—Developing circle, 11 A. M., 2 P. M., 7 P. M., and Tuesday at 7 P. M. Dr. George E. Dillingham, President.
Bathhouse Hall, 694 Washington Street, corner of Kneeland.—Society of Ethical and Spiritual Culture (Ethical Spiritualists). Meetings Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.; Tuesday at 7 P. M.; Wednesday at 7 P. M.; Thursday at 7 P. M.; Friday at 7 P. M.; Saturday at 7 P. M.; Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, President.
Allerton Hall, 1234 Washington Street.—The United Spiritualists of America (Incorporated) hold meetings Sunday, at 11 A. M., 2 P. M., 7 P. M., and Tuesday at 7 P. M.; Wednesday at 7 P. M.; Thursday at 7 P. M.; Friday at 7 P. M.; Saturday at 7 P. M.; Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Dr. George E. Dillingham, President.
Hawthorne Hall, 241 Tremont Street.—The Gospel of Spirit Return Society—Alfred M. Soule, Pastor—will hold services Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.; Thursday at 7 P. M.; Saturday at 7 P. M.; Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.; Tuesday at 7 P. M.; Wednesday at 7 P. M.; Thursday at 7 P. M.; Friday at 7 P. M.; Saturday at 7 P. M.; Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Dr. George E. Dillingham, President.
Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont Street.—Meetings are held here every Sunday, 2 P. M.; phenomena exclusively. 7 P. M. lectures and phenomena. Seymour Van Beek, Conductor and Medium.
Commercial Hall, 694 Washington Street, corner of Kneeland.—Meetings every Thursday, 2 P. M. N. P. Smith, Chairman.
Friendship Hall, 12 Kneeland Street.—Meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M., 2 P. M. and 7 P. M. N. P. Smith, Chairman.

Chelsea.—Spiritual meetings every Sunday evening at 7 P. M. at 208 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, and in order to prevent confusion, hereby announces 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 weekly 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.

Bathhouse Hall.—A correspondent writes: Sunday morning, Aug. 30, conference, tests, healing and developing circle opened with singing, led by Mr. Bartlett. Invocation, by the Chaplain; Mrs. J. Collins, assisted by Dr. W. A. Ameringer, conducted the development.

Afternoon session began with half-hour song services; reading and invocation by the Chaplain, Mrs. J. Nutter, Mrs. M. Knowles, Mr. J. Bartlett, Mrs. H. M. Deery, Mrs. S. P. Trean and Mrs. Woods gave tests and readings.
Evening service began in the usual way, singing, led by Mr. Bartlett; reading and invocation by the Chaplain. Mr. Hill made the opening remarks. The following mediums took part during the evening: Mrs. M. Knowles, Miss Hanson, Mrs. Nutter, Mrs. Bartlett and Miss Sears. The tests and readings were all very satisfactory.

BANNER OF LIGHT on sale.
Elysian Hall, 820 Washington street.—The Elysian Society of Spiritual Progress opened its work for the season of 1896-'97 on Sunday, Aug. 30, under favorable auspices. The morning and afternoon circles were fine in developing power, and many beautiful tests were given by private as well as public mediums. Mr. Hilling, Mr. Lozinsky, Mr. Laws, Mr. Morse, Mrs. Hatch, Mr. Lathrop, and "Starlight" and other private mediums assisted.

In the evening "World Rose," Mr. Lathrop's guide, gave an address on "Spirituality," and also twenty-five psychometric readings. Mr. Redding and his guides gave an address on "Seeking God," manifesting the progress he has made. Our audience was very encouraging in numbers and interest for the opening of the season's work.
E. L. Sec'y.

Friendship Hall.—A correspondent writes: 11 A. M., meeting for tests and conference; N. P. Smith, Mr. A. Woodbury, Mr. G. W. Quimby, Mr. Haynes, remarks and tests.
2:30 P. M., Mr. Haynes, address; N. P. Smith, remarks and readings; Mrs. Quimby, Mr. W. J. Hardy, psychometric delineations.
7:30 P. M., N. P. Smith, Mr. Haynes, tests; Mr. Quimby, Mrs. E. C. Dickinson, Mrs. Deery, Mrs. E. H. Tuttle, Miss Annie Hanson, Mrs. A. Woodbury, Mr. Hardy, Mrs. S. E. Rein, tests and readings.
Mr. Grimes favored the audience with several musical selections.

Hollis Hall.—A. R. Gilliland, Sec'y, writes: We held our first meeting in above hall, Sunday, Aug. 30. The morning developing circle was very successful. A number of public mediums were present.
In afternoon test circle we had some power. In the evening many new faces were seen, as well as many of our old friends. The evening session was opened by singing, followed by remarks from Mr. Searlet. Mediums present during day: Mrs. F. M. Keller, Mrs. Millan, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Froese, Mrs. Ackerman, Mrs. Gilliland, Katie Butler, Mr. Hervey, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Wiker-ou, Mr. Coughlan, Mr. Hall. Katie Butler favored us with a recitation, and little Helen Gale sang two songs during the evening session. We have a larger hall, and expect to do a grand spiritual work this winter. Conductor, Mrs. Gilliland.

Allerton Hall.—"B." writes: The United Spiritualists of America held a meeting Sunday evening, which was well attended, and conducted by Mr. W. H. Martin. There were present and took part in the exercises Dr. Blackden, Mrs. C. A. Smith, Mr. F. A. A. Hervey, Mrs. M. Erwin and Mr. H. R. Hervey, each giving remarks, tests, or psychometric readings.

Next Sunday the regular sessions will be resumed, morning, afternoon and evening.

RHODE ISLAND.

The Providence Spiritualist Association.—Writes Benj. F. Prouty—"held one of its interesting circles Aug. 30 at the home of Sister Grierson, No. 212 Lockwood street; the attendance was large. Some very timely and interesting remarks were made by President Wood, Bros. Cooper, Dawson and many others; there was also present Mrs. Sarah Bumes and her control, "Sunlight," who gave some fine tests.
On Sunday, Sept. 6, we shall commence holding services at Columbia Hall, No. 248 Weybosset street. Our speaker for the month of September will be Mrs. Helen L. Palmer Resseque, who has been admitted to be one of the finest inspirational speakers on our platform."

NEW YORK.

Yonkers.—T. M. writes: "Mrs. L. A. Olmstead of Brooklyn, an excellent test medium, will preside at our opening meeting Sept. 4."

MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Lyons.—T. H. B. James writes: The Spiritualists held their usual meeting Sunday evening, Aug. 30, at 28 Summer street. The hall was well filled with an eager and intelligent audience, seekers after spiritual knowledge. Misses Lena and Elsie Burns rendered appropriate selections; Mrs. L. A. Prentiss an invocation; George D. Lamont of Wakefield, gave interesting remarks on "The Truth of Spiritualism"; Mrs. D. E. Matson spoke on "Spiritual Love for Humanity"; her remarks were very interesting; Mrs. L. A. Prentiss, Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler, Mrs. D. E. Matson, Mrs. Annie J. Brennan, Mrs. Vina P. Goodwin and others, gave many recognized tests and spirit messages. Edward P. Murray, Alfred E. Warren, Warren Kimball, Mrs. Brown and others, gave magnetic treatments to a large number; all that were treated pronounced themselves greatly benefited.

Next Sunday, at 7:30 P. M., developing, healing and test circle by the same mediums and others. All are invited.

At the podiums' meetings at 130 Market street, Mrs. Melissa A. Hannell presided at the organ, Tuesday evening, Aug. 25. Mr. D. M. K. D. Ward, under control of an ancient spirit gave a masterly address on "Spirit Communism from the First Man; or Spirit until the Present." Mrs. L. A. Prentiss many recognized tests and spirit messages, which did much good for the Cause, for about all of the tests were given to members of churches; Mrs. Annie J. Brennan closed the meeting with her excellent tests and communications, all said to be correct.

Friday evening, Aug. 28, Mrs. L. A. Prentiss gave an invocation and many recognized tests and messages; Mrs. D. E. Matson spoke on Spiritual Light; her remarks were well received; Mrs. Vina P. Goodwin, many tests and communications; Mrs. Dr. Dowland and Mr. E. A. Warren, interesting remarks.

COLORADO.

Denver.—George W. Walrod writes: "I am glad to find that under Dr. Ewell's very earnest spiritual ministrations, Spiritualism has in Denver been established as one of the religious necessities of the city. Services are held twice every Sunday in what used to be a church.

The audiences, which are very large, are from all classes, many being of the better families. I must say I have not found anywhere, during my many years of missionary travel, a more earnest or zealous worker than Dr. G. C. Ewell. His abilities as a medium are very much appreciated by the citizens of Denver."

Which is worse, imprisonment for life or a life-long disease, like scrofula, for example? The former, certainly, would be preferable were it not that Ayer's Sarsaparilla can always come to the rescue and give the poor sufferer health, strength and happiness.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Mr. George W. Walrod, trance and inspirational speaker, will spend the winter in California, before returning to Canada for next year's lecturing tour. He is open for the coming winter anywhere on the Pacific coast. Societies requiring the services of a zealous worker and a good speaker, should address him, General Delivery, San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. S. E. Hall, inspirational speaker and test medium, has returned from Sun P. C. Lake Camp-Meeting. Would make engagements with societies for the season of '96-'97. Address 27 Albion street, Roxbury, Mass.

Mrs. Julia E. Davis has open dates in '96 and '97. Address No. 49 Dickinson street, Somerville, Mass.

Geo. A. Fuller, M. D., has just closed a most successful engagement at Onset, and already been re-engaged for the coming season. He will lecture at Manchester, N. H., Sept. 6; at Madison Lake (Me.) Camp-Meeting, from Sept. 9 to 14; will probably be at Onset Harvest Festival, Sept. 19 and 20. Would like engagement for the 27th. Also has dates in October and November; would make engagements for week-day evening lectures. Address 42 Alvarado Avenue, Worcester, Mass.

Mrs. A. E. She is open the fall work at Indianapolis, Ind., the first Sunday in September. Her engagements for the First Spiritual Church, and lasts one month.

Will mediums who have vacant dates send same with terms to John H. Feagill, Methuen, Mass.?

Flavins A. A. Heath, lecturer and platform test medium, will give his regular work in Fall River, Mass., Sept. 13, and would be pleased to correspond with societies in regard to lecture engagements for the season of 1896-'97. Terms always reasonable. Address, for dates, 71 Dover street, Boston, Mass.

"Glenwood Ranges and Heaters make housekeeping easy." This is a statement that is pleasant to the ear, and all the more so because so many have proved its truth. Are you the happy possessor of a "Glenwood Range" in your kitchen and a Glenwood Heater in your cellar to keep your whole house comfortable?

Spiritualist Camp-Meetings for 1896.

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

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 July 7—closes Sept. 27.

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

National Spiritualist Camp, Parkland, Eden P. O., Buck Co., Pa., from July 12 to 8-pt. 14.

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

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

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

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, 5 cents.

THE BIZARRER, NOTES AND QUERIES, with Answers in all Departments of Literature. Monthly. Single copy, 1 cent.

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

THE TRIUMPH OF SPIRITUALISM, Published weekly in New York. Single copy, 8 cents.

THE THEOSOPHIST, Monthly. Published in India. Single copy, 50 cents.

THE PATH, A Spiritualist weekly journal. Published in Cincinnati, O. Single copy, 5 cents.

THE PATH, A Monthly Magazine, devoted to Universal Brotherhood, Theosophy in America, and Aryan Philosophy. Single copy, 5 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. 1554 Broadway, New York City, agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and all Spiritual and Occult Literature. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

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

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

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IMPORTANT!

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B. W. Banks, the Healer,
Will give Psychic, Magnetic and Massage Treatments at same office daily, Sundays excepted, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Terms of treatment made right to all. Remember the number, 357 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass. Sept. 5.

DR. J. J. WHITNEY,
(Of San Francisco, Cal.)
CLAIRVOYANT Trance Test Medium, will be in Boston for a short time, commencing Monday, Sept. 7, at No. 353 Massachusetts Avenue, between Tremont street and Shawmut Avenue. Sept. 5.

Mrs. J. J. Whitney,
(Of San Francisco, Cal.)
CLAIRVOYANT Trance Test Medium, will be in Boston for a short time, commencing Monday, Sept. 7, at No. 353 Massachusetts Avenue, between Tremont street and Shawmut Avenue. Sept. 5.

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SPIRIT Message Department. SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

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

JOHN W. DAY, Chairman.

SPIRIT-MESSAGES, GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Sance held July 23, 1896.

Spirit Love.

Oh! thou Divine Spirit of Love, more do we come together and make ourselves receptive to thy divine power. We seek for wisdom and knowledge this morning, and know that when we find ourselves seeking for a supply of this beautiful love, it will always be given us.

Draw near unto each one, for we realize so much depression, so much affliction, so much of the disturbing influences that seem to pervade and predominate in our whole sphere. We seek that the seed may be so sown that the harvest may be a harvest of knowledge and a harvest of truth, because there is so much pending, so much expected, so much looked for; and we know there are yet many, many who are seeking the aid of spirit power to direct them to the best course of life, to what is best for them to do.

Send thy ministering angels to each one this morning, that they may know we live, and that we feel there is no change that is called death. Draw close to us in our Circle, because there is much needed to be done and many to be brought to the light of the knowledge that waits for them; and we find, also, it is necessary to bring it in the broadest sense, that it may be sent broadcast on the wings of the press, for we realize today the power of the press in the minds of mortals—whether it is from the mortal or the immortal. We ask thee again to strengthen those who are with us, each one in his allotted place, that each one may realize the responsibility that rests upon us as we have gathered here this morning. We would pray thee to strengthen those who read, that they may understand. We desire to ask for the assistance from the higher powers, to help us to more truth and to a spirit of justice; and may our laws be the laws of progress—like so many atoms dropping into the mighty ocean, seemingly small, and yet mighty for the accumulation of light to help us out of darkness.

Guide us while we are here; liberate us, when thou seest it is best, from the environments of the body; we know thy near and divine power will shine forth now and forever. Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Captain Silas Ingraham.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. This is truly a pleasure this morning that words cannot express. I have not got words to express my appreciation of being permitted into this circle this morning, that I may voice a few of my own sentiments and send forth another message to try and prove to the mortal the truth of the immortality of the soul!

I feel this morning a stranger and yet not a stranger, for, while in earth-life, I had some opportunity to study the different and peculiar thoughts of life and religion. I was on the water a great deal. I had an opportunity of visiting a great many countries and coming in contact with a great many different classes of people, and I came in contact with all kinds of religions, and all kinds of beliefs, and all ways of life, but I have sensed many times the Supreme Power that seemed to guide and direct the mortal, that seemed to be lost to the mortal; and this morning I am glad that I was in one sense conscious that the spirit could return, though I was not what you will term a Spiritualist, for the reason was I did not entirely understand it—I didn't comprehend it as I do now—but even the little light I have got has been a benefit to me on the spirit side.

I would like to say I passed from the scene of life very suddenly, through a fall.

I come not alone to those who are near and dear to me, but also to my fellow-men, because I sense just now how much is in question and how much is dependent on the unsettled condition of the country at large and on business, and I know what it is to be anxious when the necessities of life depend upon us; so I want to reach, if possible, my son George, because he is in perplexity connected with material life, and the business with his associations does not look to him prosperous. But I want to say to him: "Be prompt; hold your manhood, and walk conscientiously, and you will find Father is at the helm; Mother is your compass, and Father is your guide."

I have my dear companion in spirit-life with me, and five children in existence on what is called the earth-plane, though they are scattered through the country this side of the water. I am very anxious to reach those that are in New York, because that is where I shall be remembered most, for it is not so very many years since I passed away. I would like them to realize I have not only an interest in the welfare of the family and those I am connected with by the law of relationship, but my fellow-men, those that are trying to place themselves in the law-making. While I was not called a politician, yet I had a great interest, and I like to see good laws made and obeyed. I would like to give some of my friends that were closely connected with me in business the assurance that all this adversity is for a purpose, and that our world is not a dead world, neither is our spirit-Congress or Legislature a silent one. I want them to vote for principle, not for party or power—selfish power—and you may say I would like to talk with some of them if they will give me an opportunity, but I will

not state any time or place, because we will leave that to the mortal.

I feel I do not wish to take up too much of your time, so you may just put me down as Captain Silas Ingraham. My home was in Brooklyn, New York, but I shall be remembered in Buffalo and in many other places—yes, in Boston here, also. Would say that my children are mostly in Maine, except George—he is in New York. I hope some of them will read my letter and know what I mean when I say I am neither dead nor sleeping, but I wake to a consciousness of change and need for the mortal to hold their own self-consciousness, for "Now is the day of salvation."

Hannah Mears.

There's so much, seems to me, this morning, of the old familiar conditions, that it is almost overpowering—for it seems so natural once more to get back into the body and to get close to our earthly surroundings. How beautiful the flowers look and how clear the atmosphere seems; everything here is in such harmony that it speaks volumes for the spirit.

I have stood here many, many times, and listened to the various ones sending forth their messages of love; I, too, feel that it is my mission this morning, for I have been out of what they call the body a great many years—and so many changes have happened that it seems almost impossible for me to wake a memory that has been dead for so long.

But I see, as I draw near to those I love, that years of absence do not make the mother heart any weaker, or the love, either, weaker; but we grow stronger. I have got so much in the past to think of that it is almost impossible for me to express all I desire, for I am very anxious to meet with my boy, the only one now left on the earth-plane. I would say we were strangers to each other years before death relieved me from the physical body; but I have oftentimes followed him, and he has become conscious that surely I am around him; I feel I should like to make him more conscious. As the last spirit who was speaking reminded me of the water it brings me back to that boy, for he spent more time on the water than on the land. It was because of that occupation that many times separated us for years at a time.

I want him to know that it is not necessary for us now to visit each other—to consider that it is our duty to be absent or present, but that the spirit understands the more workings and feelings of those that are living.

I feel also that he many times takes up your paper, for my boy has a great interest in Spiritualism, although he keeps it all to himself. I feel that I want him to become more open in his ideas and express them more to those around him and his family, because it is beautiful to feel we can mingle one with another.

Father is with me on the spirit side; also I have got my three boys and my girl—four children here with me and only one in the earth-life. I would like Frank, the boy that is in earth life, to know that we are a happy family now, and only wait till by-and-by, when we will all meet again in that land where we understand and comprehend each other better. I am also interested in his family, and in those who are interested in him, but will not send too long a letter this morning, because I know he will seek for the explanation, and I will tell him more when he seeks for it.

I thank you very kindly this morning. My name is Hannah Mears, New York City. I have been out of the body many years. My son's home is in Maine, but Boston, Mass., is where he will identify this letter, for that is the port; and as he is coming here very soon from South America, I think it will do him good to feel there is a letter here from mother, father, and all the loved ones on the other side.

Zaie Fehren.

(Given through the control "Sunflower.") Mr. Chairman, I guess I shall have to talk for this lady, because she talks German, and can't talk it through my medi. She wants me to say that she's *awful* anxious to come in, but she don't understand the English language very well, and she wants to reach her husband that's in Maryland. She says that he is becoming interested in mediums, and he is sitting now for mediumship himself, and he has been anxious to know why some of his people could not make themselves known through your paper, because somebody has been teaching him to read it in the English; and she says she wants him to know that she's around him, and that she's got her baby also with her. And she wants him to be careful and not believe all everybody says, because there's where he doesn't know, sometimes, whether Spiritualism is true or not; because he goes to one meeting and they tell him one thing, and then he goes to another meeting and they tell him another thing, and then he doesn't understand what to do. He has made the request, if it is possible, if she does live, and if she is around him, why can't she come here and send him some little consolation, to know that it is her that is trying to control.

She says that father, mother and Fannie (his sister), are all with him. She says they are all his people. They want him to persevere and not be discouraged, because if he will only let himself be developed so that he can be controlled, he will feel that we are helping him. And he had better make the change that he is talking about, because she thinks it will be better for him. She wants him to be more himself. He is talking of going to Washington, D. C., and she says he would have better influences and do better.

He has been interested in the oil business, and he is a man of education and ability, only that he has got so nervous that he has not done what he feels he ought to; and she wants him to know that Zaie is with him. He will understand it. The husband's name, in the English, is Thomas F. Fehren, and his home is in Moriac, Md., as I understand it. She is anxious, because she wants to make him understand that she heard what he wanted her to do. She passed away in Germany and never was in this country herself—but her husband is in this country, and she wants to reach him.

Francis Slater.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. What a beautiful morning it is, and how beautiful it is for the spirit of mortal and immortal to blend together—when we can come so closely to our friends through the spirit instruments. I have traveled this morning, as the earth-ones would say, some distance to be able to be present with you, but with us time and distance are nothing. I feel, as we come into control, that this is the open gate of heaven.

I will send forth a few thoughts, and, though they may be feebly uttered, they come from the soul, as I feel an interest with my brother man. I feel we come so often together un-

knowingly, and we seek oftentimes to know why we are so often attracted by one and repelled by another, and why we succeed for a time and then adversity comes. In the weakness of the flesh we feel the adversity much more than we do the prosperity, and it is so when we are called to separate the physical body and the physical presence; it is then they miss the garment—they do not seem to understand the spirit.

I want to draw close to those I have left behind, only waiting and watching day by day until the work is finished for those who are near to me to join me in the world beyond. I should also like to meet those at home, for there have been many, many changes even in the few short years that I have been absent. I have approved of some of the changes, and can look back and see the blessings in them that many times the mortal did not see.

I found in the spirit-world more than I expected; I found many waiting for me whom I hardly thought would be.

I would say, Mr. President, that I was very familiar with the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism before I passed out of the body, but as I lived away off in the further corner, as you might say, of Southern California, I had no opportunity to develop then. I could hear the spirits speak to me; I could hear them many times advising. I was an Englishman by birth, but many years ago settled out there when it was only a barren land; but I see in the last twenty or twenty-five years the development that has come there—not only the prosperity and success of the material, but it warms my heart to feel that Spiritualism has not only budded, but that it has also opened up a guide-way.

Surely, many will recognize me to-day that never did before, and it is because I saw those interested that I have called here this morning to send forth a cheerful word—especially to the old landmarks—for truly only a few now remain that were there when I first went; but we will all cooperate, the spirit with the mortal.

You can put me down as Francis Slater. I think I shall be remembered in several places, especially in Santa Cruz, also in Los Angeles, Cal.

Hannah Fitzgerald.

Oh! how good of you to open up such a place so that the spirit-friends can send communications to those that are left. It is such a beautiful thought that I wonder sometimes why there are not others trying to help you. I was an entire stranger to this beautiful idea while I was in earth-life, but I loved my church, I loved my Master, and I loved my friends, and knew I could not die, because I had the promise of immortality, and I died happy. Since I came to the spirit I have had a great desire to return to those I left behind me, because they do not realize the comfort and consolation it could be if they would only feel certain they were going to meet me in the by-and-by. Don't wait until the by-and-by; you can meet me now; you can meet the dear ones again, because they have only cast the body off, but they have not gone from you in spirit.

Florence, my daughter, I want you to know how many times I have stood behind you and seen you questioning the justice and the right of things. How many times have I tried to make you feel that you were not battling with life alone—that while adversities and sickness and even death may come, yet to those that have faith, strength will be given, and those that will seek, light will be given to them.

I also would like Annie and Mary and George, all to feel that while each one of you looks on life differently, while each one of you may be trying to gain the throne by different avenues, oh! let truth be your guide, and God our Father will lead you aright. I want my dear children to know that I have met all those that have gone before. I would like them also to realize that father and I are together, and also Jonathan—we are all in spirit together, and we want to say to them that the spirit-world is real, more real than the mortal. We can come and commune with them and exchange our thoughts, and send our influences around them to guide them on the path of right. I hear your prayers, and I know who answers them, but do not let hypocrisy and superstition keep you from the gates of Heaven. Don't rest absolutely on theory, but seek for knowledge, seek for the development of your own souls, and you will find all will come out well.

I cannot talk too long this morning, because my heart is too full for expression. We would tell you of our beautiful home, of many things that are beautiful. In sending this letter, I am in hopes that you may see it, and that it may bring consolation to the heart, new light to the spirit, and that it may strengthen you.

Hannah Fitzgerald. My husband's name is Noah Fitzgerald, and he is with me in spirit-life. We come together, and our home is in Reading, Pa.

Susan Fletcher.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. I feel a good deal like the lady that preceded me. I, too, would like to come back and let my friends know that I am still active and progressive, and that I also have not forgotten them, although absent from the body. I have so many that I desire to reach, but do not wish to speak to them individually, but I think a short communication will be received, I hope with a spirit of truth, and bring light and encouragement to the hearts of those I have left.

I have left a companion in earth-life who does not fully understand your Philosophy, although we have friends that are very much interested, and I was interested myself previous to passing out of the body; in fact I was forced to believe it, because spirits helped me so much in my physical illness, as I was a long time sick, and I know that if it had not been for spirit power, and the help of those that waited on me and watched over me in earth-life, that I would not have been held on the earth as long as I was. I am glad to be out of the body because I can have more liberty, and can understand better and get more self-development, that we all need before we can give strength and assistance to others, yet in my progress and advancement I have not forgotten them.

I oftentimes hear you speak of me; still the vacant chair is there, and no one seems to fill it. I can see so many times when the heart is vacant, and I would like to make them feel better. I did feel pleased to realize I was missed, because we all seem to be a little selfish there—we all like to be loved and to love; and I can see so many times as you wonder where I am, what I am doing, and what I have found, and I realize how much you did love

me, and how much you did for me. Yes, I know that well before I went out of the body; and I would like to come closer to you, because of the changes that now surround you, and the conditions that you are contemplating to carry out; I have a great interest in them, and feel it will be well, but I want you to walk cautiously and carefully, and do not feel you are hurting me or anything, because I now see as I never saw before.

I want you to be sure and keep the baby; do not let her go away from you; do not let my little Mammie out of the atmosphere she is now in; she is better off than anywhere else; I can come to her there, because I have the magnetic forces connected and can watch over you both, and I feel a change would not be so well. I speak of this because it has been the uppermost thought in his mind to know whether I would like him to do thus and so.

I send encouragement to mother (still in earth-life), and I want her to feel that while she may sense the loss, not realizing how much I was to her until I was gone, I want to say: "Dear mother, great blessings will come out of it, although you may not see it now."

I have not been out of the body very long—perhaps two years—and would like my husband, Donald Fletcher, to know that Susan is here this morning, and has still got an interest in the welfare of your life, and I will do all I can to help you. If he will sit by himself, and not get nervous and think he *imagines* things, I feel I can make my presence known to him, so he will be convinced that truly the body is gone, but still the presence of the spirit is around him.

I am Susan Fletcher, of Jacksonville, Fla.

Messages to be Published.

July 31.—Frank Jennings; Edwin McCormick; Mary T. Bland; Margaret Stewart; Thomas F. Quincey; Lillie Hutchison.
Aug. 1.—Mabel Frankchild; Mary Wingate; Frank Whit-
ter; Benjamin Robinson; Mary E. Haskell; Robert Estes
(colored); Capt. William Pennell.
Aug. 14.—Charles C. Hayes; Joseph Price; Ethel Phillips;
Clara Fessenden; Louis H. Burdett; John Powell.
Aug. 21.—Agnes Remington; Ellen Quincey; Josiah Whit-
man; Alfred Benson; Aunt Polly Perkins; James Swift;
C. H. Johnson.
Aug. 28.—Louise Coburn; Samuel P. Sanborn; Frank Mil-
ler; Albert Stevenson; Elsie Monroe; Philip Graham.

Letter from Redondo Camp.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

From this far-off Southern point, on the extreme Western shores of this vast continent, news of camp life and of the success of new camps is doubtless just as acceptable to many of your countless readers as the glowing records of the great Eastern and Middle States assemblies, of which we read from week to week in THE BANNER.

There are certain elements at Redondo which make it appear quite distinct from all other camps I have visited.

In the first place, the grounds are only one-quarter of a mile from the ocean, so one can hear the music of the waves as well as sniff the salt breezes at the very door of the great octagonal amphitheater or rotunda, which is, by far, the largest and finest lecture room I have ever seen at a camp-meeting or summer resort.

Redondo is a place of many charms and varied attractions. Its climate is unusually salubrious, and its large hotel as well as the salt breezes at the very door of the great octagonal amphitheater or rotunda, which is, by far, the largest and finest lecture room I have ever seen at a camp-meeting or summer resort.

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very conducive to horticulture, the number and variety of flowers always in evidence on the platform testify voluminously to the indefatigable efforts of Mrs. Browning and the ladies who assist her to keep the rotunda in a state of perpetual beauty.

People who say that it never rains in summer, and that there are no thunder showers in California, have been proved mistaken this season, for on Sunday, Aug. 16, at all the watering places near Los Angeles, there were heavy showers, and at Pomona and other inland towns heavy thunder storms.

My recent visit to San Diego (Aug. 7, 8 and 9) proved so successful that by express invitation of Dr. Peabody and other friends I am going there once more before returning to San Francisco. Dr. Peabody has invited a large number of friends to his pleasant home and Sanitarium, 3121 K street, for Friday evening, Aug. 28, when I expect to say my last word of farewell to my many friends in San Diego.

I speak at Redondo the two closing days of the Camp, Aug. 29 and 30, and then on the 31st at the session of Spiritualists in San Francisco, to be held in Golden Gate Hall, Sutter street, Sept. 1, 5 and 6. Mr. Barrett is expected to preside, and delegates from all over California and from other States are also expected.

The great dailies of San Francisco treat Spiritualism with respect, and nowhere is the subject more dispassionately dealt with than in the Los Angeles Herald, whose representative at Redondo, Mr. Young, is a liberal-minded and experienced journalist, whose presence among the campers adds to the good fellowship of all.

Folks cannot be kept from the spiritual rostrum. No matter who is the speaker, political questions are to the front, and though they are often handled delicately by the inspiring intelligences, they cannot be evaded.

Mr. Milton Lyon, the active Secretary of the First Spiritualist Society of Los Angeles, is a personal friend of William Jennings Bryan, Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and takes great pleasure in showing his interest in that gentleman's candidacy. I had the pleasure of lecturing for that society again on Sunday evening, Aug. 16, and, though the day had been extremely hot, and nearly everybody was out of the city who could get out, we had a large as well as a most attentive audience.

During the exercises, Mrs. Moon, a daughter of Mr. Adams (Treasurer of the Society), was ordained a Minister of the Gospel of Spiritualism.

It was incumbent upon me to serve as the mouth-piece of the unseen on this occasion, so far as the distinctly spiritual portion of the ceremony was concerned. Dr. Carpenter, the President of the Society, added the legal words.

The spirit of the ordination service was simply as follows: The candidate for ordination approached the platform and listened to a brief address of welcome and admonition, followed by an invocation.

The audience was addressed in terms of exhortation, and reminded that, however gifted a minister might be, the bulk of the people need to sustain the public work, and never allow themselves to imagine that their part of the work can be successfully delegated to another.

Flowers were used symbolically—Red typifying Love, with all the courage and earnestness which affection inspires; Blue indicating Fidelity to every trust and constancy in the performance of all duties, regardless of the world's varying smiles and frowns; White denoting Purity, incorruptibility of disposition, and a spirit single-eyed to the performance of all those sacred privileges which adorn the career of a chosen worker in the spiritual vineyard.

Only one pledge was asked of the new minister: "Will you at all times be faithful to your deepest sense of right?"

After the ordination service, which greatly impressed the audience, the lecture was delivered on the searching question, "Have Christians accepted Christ?"

A visitor at Redondo has recently been circulating circulars addressed to all church members of all denominations, in which he asks them to sustain the organizations are for the most part fully as worldly as any avowedly secular institutions. This question seems to be coming very prominently to the front at present, and while Spiritualists are often very loud in their denunciations of ecclesiastical errors and shortcomings, however well-timed some of the censures may be, it does not little good to point out the mistakes of others, unless we are anxious to correct our own.

Mr. Fletcher's article on "Ingersoll and Spiritualism," printed in THE BANNER Aug. 1, has excited great comment. Permit me to personally thank the writer for his brave outspokenness in showing the true relation between so-called Liberalism and Spiritualism. My experience has been in at least nine cases out of every ten, that the people are anxious to correct our own first, to censure mediums, and while they do not, like some theological firebrands, attribute the exercise of mediumistic gifts to the devil (in whom of course they do not believe), they have only two answers to the question: How do you account for mediumistic phenomena? and those two answers are *impure and insincere*.

We all know, if we are ever so poorly acquainted with astronomy, that the ridiculous cry of "one world at a time" is false to that very nature which Materialism defies. Whoever knew of one world at a time when all worlds are constellated into systems, grouped into galaxies, and dependent one upon the other at all times and in all ways?

We can all safely trust in the working out of all things for the best through the operation of the apostolic divinity—the imperial majesty, the law of the survival of the fittest.

Ingersoll's theory of work is preposterous, and shows utter ignorance of the law of nature which he professes to adore. Without work we are all wrecked; and a life here of creature comfort which hampers healthy occupation would be no better than a state of sullen, stupid misery. The world is hungering for spiritual enlightenment, and if one sort of organization fails to supply the needs of the hour a new kind of institution will arise to meet the demand.

The spirit-world is not dependent upon existing societies or churches for the carrying out of its present designs; and if those now in existence prove recreant to their trust new means will be furnished to meet the requirements of the situation. Agnosticism, as Felix Adler has so truly said, is no finality; and though its glittering platitudes may serve for a time to please the ears of those who wish to thoroughly enjoy this world, the time will come when every human of sufficient intellect and nerve will be able to see the spiritual nature for satisfying food asserts itself imperatively.

Wherever affirmative spiritual teachings are given people are edified, but no one can live on the negations of the seer.

Among the recent attractions at Redondo must surely be mentioned the wonderful ministrations of Mrs. Maud Lord-Prake, who has been so popular as ever, and loses none of her old-time enthusiasm. Her tests are very convincing, and though her greatest successes are in private circles she does remarkably well upon the public stage.

Mrs. Annie Lord-Chamberlain is also here, and though she does not appear very vigorous her many friends are delighted to see her as a marked increase in her manifest strength.

The breezes of Redondo are so invigorating that scarcely one delicate visitor who stays even a few days fails to perceive a decided increase in vitality.

Among the latest occupants of the platform I must say a word concerning Mr. Haworth, of Long Beach. This high-toned and very human of the highest and most orthodox revivalist; he is now one of the most philosophical advocates of rational Spiritualism I have ever heard.

The Golden Rule Society of Long Beach, of which Mr. Haworth is pastor, is an entirely un denominational congregation, ready to accept new light from every quarter, and as its bond of union is love and more or less than the Golden Rule itself, a great many progressive minds are drawn into it who would not ally themselves with any seemingly-sectarian association.

Mrs. Julia Schlessinger of San Francisco is so warm an advocate of organization among Spiritualists, that she works incessantly to inspire and cheer with fervor in that direction equal to her own.

On the daily Conferences all sorts of remarkable experiences are related by the various volunteer speakers, who always keep the meetings highly interesting. The public entertainments have increased in interest from week to week. On Wednesday evening, Aug. 13, there were over 500 people at the concert and dance, and a better behaved company I never saw in any of the large cities.

Labor Day, Thursday, Aug. 20, was a great occasion, equal in interest to Woman's Day, which was a truly Red Letter Day in the history of the Camp. As I hope to write one more letter from Redondo ere the season closes, I will reserve my comments for my next epistle.

W. J. COLVILLE.

Aug. 20, 1896.

