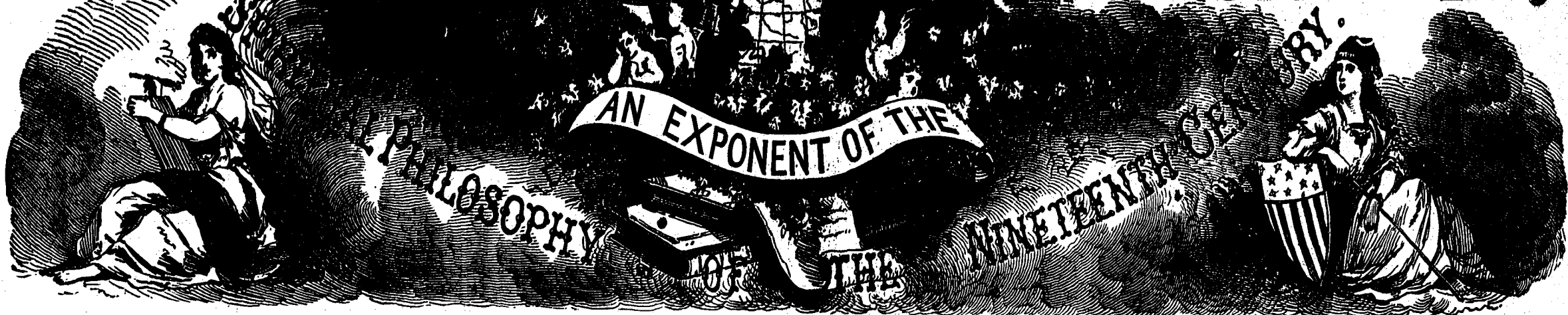


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. 80. {Banner of Light Publishing Co., 9 Bowdoin St., Boston, Mass.} BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1896. {22.00 Per Annum, Postage Free.} NO. 2.

ROBERT BURNS, DEAR SCOTLAND'S PRIDE AND JOY.
(Burns died July 21, 1796.)

What tributes, sweet as love, the world will pay
To thee, oh bard, this glorious summer-day.
Remembrance, like the stars, will brightly beam,
While we shall sail adown time's silver stream—
To reach the lovely place thou'st made so dear,
And century will be but as a year:
We'll find companionship of joy with thee,
And live in rapture of thy poetry.
We'll sense with pride the masterly grand mind—
That could in all some bliss of beauty find.
We'll know the freedom throbbing in thy heart,
And feel the mighty thrill it doth impart:
In peace with man and this great world around,
Thee and thy poetry shall by us be found;
'Twill be a rapture of true love and power,
And promise of the good time's coming hour.
For single brave and true have shown the way
To brotherhood and love's unclouded day.
By death we learn the value of their lives;
By loss and pain their good for us survives;
But woe in thee to flower of blessing turns—
And dear to all our hearts is Robert Burns!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Straws in the Wind; or, Spiritual Gleanings.

BY JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER.

(Special to Banner of Light.)

The summer is fast fading into the autumn, and from mountain and shore the seekers after rest and change are turning their sun-browned faces homeward and cityward, to begin once more in the treadmill we call civilized life. Full of hopes were we when we started out, and happy indeed to lay down our work—drop our burden of care, forget, so far as we could, the weight of trying annoyances that make the sum of human existence, and find at least a change, in new surroundings and other conditions.

Some have found at the camp meetings the very element they most desired, and will bless Onset Bay, with its shining, sun-kissed waters, for the restful comfort found there. They have missed, I am sure, the ever genial face of Dr. Storer, who, crowned with the weight of many years, and long and faithful service in the cause of advanced truth, now finds a more complete realization of hopes in the evergreen fields of the Land of Eternal Summer—not unmindful of the work still to be accomplished here, but blessed by a fuller understanding of the mysterious working of laws which are in a great degree wisely veiled from human eyes.

Or again at Lake Pleasant, whose many strange vicissitudes would make a volume of more than passing interest, but which now seems to be on the way to ultimate success. Mrs. Cushman, long and favorably known for her excellent service as a medium, heard the call to "come up higher" here in this heavenly spot by the Lake, and passed on to join the holy company of ascended souls as quietly as the sun sinks down behind the western hills. And thus another face, familiar through many years of pleasant association, will look upon us from the featureless air, never more to fight, as we now must continue doing, the great battle of daily life. Ah, me! after all what a mystery—a solemn and sublime mystery—there is in death! What a marvelous change the passing of one human life makes! How never again in the same old way we shall take up the tangled threads of life, and try vainly sometimes it is true, to lay them straight again. After the coffin lid is closed, after the sands have fallen upon it, things are never, will never be quite the same again. Well, perhaps it is better so; only we cannot always quite make it all seem clear to our human sight.

Then some have crossed the ocean, seeking recreation under other skies, or joined in pleasant family reunions, meeting old friends, and clasping hands with those who are separated by the exigencies of our life. Now, however, are soon to be in the harness again, take up the routine of our work—forgetting, as best we can, our disappointments, and gaining courage from some of the pleasant happenings that are bound to fringe every pathway.

I am at this moment at Concord, N. H., one of the charming country cities with which New England abounds—the guest of my good relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Abbott, who have made my visit most enjoyable. One is apt to think that a large city like New York or London or Boston is the centre, but while this may be so to an extent, it is only relative, like most other things, and each town, be it great or small, is a centre unto itself. And Concord, with its long, smooth roads and tree-lined streets, is as near being perfect in its natural beauties as any place I have seen this many a year. For miles about it is as constructed for the bicyclist, who, I am sure, would feel to rejoice and praise God for the facilities thus afforded. I feel especially drawn to this lovely city, for many years ago—well, never mind how many—I began my public career here at Angelus Hall, now changed to be sure, but then a charming little audience room. It was owned by Nathaniel White, Esq., who has since passed on to the other life, but who while here was a kindly and generous-hearted man. He gave the hall for the boy to speak in, and as there was a crowd and the lecture was voted a success, I have since that, to me eventful night, been one of the humble instruments in the hands of those divine teachers whose words are wise, whose counsel always the best. I have since then taken this great truth wherever I went, and whatever may be said of me—good or bad—there is one accusation that can never be made by my bitterest foe, that I have ever been—and please God may ever remain—an earnest believer in and as earnest an advocate of the truths of Modern Spiritualism.

Naturally, then, in coming here the memories come creeping back, and I look down over the pathway of the years to boyhood's days and then to the present moment, and it seems almost impossible to realize how many changes have taken place—perhaps, after all, the greatest change is in one's self. In that early time I was very much encouraged by a then famous local medium, whose equal I have rarely seen—Mrs. M. A. Hatch. For years here and elsewhere she was esteemed and valued for her remarkable gifts in many directions, and for many a year she kept the banner of Spiritualism flying when hers were almost the only hands to hold the standard. There are many just such earnest, honest workers in our Cause, nearly every town and city has one or more of them. Their names are unknown to fame, and no great eulogy is written about them when their earthly careers are finished, yet they are known in that great council-chamber of the skies, and pass from the scenes of their earthly labors to a reward and recognition which they have never found on earth.

Driving along over a most delightful road just close to the great St. Paul's School, where sons of American wealth are educated, one is struck by a granite archway over a road leading into a fine and extensive estate. This is Pleasant View, the home of Mrs. Eddy, the so-called founder of Christian Science. The house, which is large and substantial-looking, is set in among trees and flowering shrub, lightened here and there by the flashing waters of numerous fountains, and commanding a view for many miles around. Here in sequestered elegance lives the famous Mrs. Eddy, now a woman small, white-haired, above eighty years of age, and apparently in the enjoyment of the very best of health.

She was born at Bow, a little hamlet near by, and now that her labors are well under way has come back here to pass her remaining days—far from the madding crowd, amidst the scenes of her early girlhood. On pleasant days she is seen driving about with her spirited horses, elegant carriage and stately coachman—the envy of many admiring eyes.

When the First Church was dedicated in Boston some two years ago, she was sent an invitation to the service in the form of a scroll of solid gold, valued at least at \$3,000, which was exhibited here as a genuine work of art. And thus the world moves, and we marvel and understand not.

On Sunday I went to the Abbotts' country place, about seven miles distant, to which they had already driven, and there realized what a wonderful place the country is anyway. Our great marts of trade, our vast manufacturing centers are wonderful; but they find a rival in a well-cared-for garden, filled with everything that could delight the eye and the palate. Beside, in the world there is one constant jar and jangle, men and women jostling against each other in the endless battle for supremacy; but here in this lovely garden, the trees loaded with ripening fruit, the grapevines clamoring for recognition, the flowers nodding in the sunlight to each other—all agree, or seem to, in such a perfect manner that they put to shame the quarrelsome spirit we too often find in our midst.

It was such a glorious day that I almost wanted to stop all the clocks, in the vain effort to stay the passage of time. We took in the late afternoon a sail up the lovely Contoocook river, over whose silver current the overhanging branches of the trees nearly clasp their leafy hands—and were comforted and strengthened by the spirit of perfect peace and harmony that everywhere prevailed.

From the distant landing-place the strains of softest music floated out to us and welcomed us back again as we stepped ashore. And in the afterglow of this most blessed hour we were again a wheel and skinned along through the groves where the shadows were deepening, past the houses where the lights were just beginning to appear, and were once more "at home," just as the young stars heralded the coming of the night.

One such day in the country, with those you love, with light and air and music—and yes, health—repays one for many a struggle. I cannot close this far too long letter without expressing the greatest appreciation for the uniform courtesy shown by Mr. W. L. Fickett and several others whom I chanced to meet and who will long be remembered.

Materializations.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The New York World of Sunday, August 30, contains an article from the pen of "Professor" Hermann's press-agent, in which the "Professor" claims to have exposed the tricks of materializing mediums. Of course, those who know nothing of the phenomena of spirit-return will be inclined to attach some importance to the "Professor's" silly statements, but to those who are familiar with them, while he asserts will only arouse a pitying smile. Hermann is a poorly-equipped showman, and seizes every opportunity to keep his name before the public. I have no objection to that, but I do resent his coupling the word Spiritualism with anything he does either on or off the stage.

In his article he makes the following statements about an apocryphal medium in Philadelphia:

"I sought an introduction to the woman and attended one of her receptions. I was politely, though firmly, requested not to attend further ones, as the medium explained that my presence, I being a medium, interfered with certain psychological effects between the seen and the unseen, and retarded her perfect work. The papers put it more plainly by describing me as a medium negative to her affinity; and because this spiritualistic verbiage was not understood the explanation was accepted."

Of course I knew the woman was a fraud, because I realized at once the chemicals used to produce certain effects. But the methods constituting the basis of her work puzzled me for some time. I had casually examined her cabinet. The usual cabinet trickery, the construction of this useful article of "fake" Spiritualism was missing in hers. It would appear, for her purposes, perfectly harmless and useless to the inexperienced eye, but I knew at a glance it was used for perspective reflections.

How the connections worked troubled me. At last I worked out the sequence that a trap-door was used, and the spirits came from the cellar beneath. Secure the services of two clever reporters, who had assignments to expose the medium if they could, I disguised them as plumbers, plentifully smeared their faces with the lampblack and turpentine them with plumbers' tools, as well as an order from the Public Works Department to inspect the plumbing in the medium's house. I gave them the instructions where to look and what to look for in the cellar. They entered into the scheme with enthusiasm.

The two "plumbers" went to the cellar, which was directly under the rear room of the extension parlor above where the seances were held, lost no time in the examination of cold pipes. They went directly to work to search for wires, and when this was found the secret was out. The cabinet above was worked through a carpet-covered trap in the floor, opening into the cellar.

The stage glare came from the cellar, and was reflected back by mirrors. The wires served to elevate and depress the spirits at certain angles of perspective, which added intense realism to intense humbug. So perfect was the mechanical adjustment, and so quick its working mechanism, that it is a fact that at any time during one of the woman's seances had been thrown upon the gloom surrounding them, she could, on the same instant, with the wonderful mechanism at her command, cut off all communication with the cellar and defy detection.

With the exposure that followed there was much chaotic felt by the dupes who had been swindled in pocket and feeling. The medium left town a sadder and a richer woman, and, under an assumed name, resumed business in a Southern city on the old lines."

Now anybody who knows anything about materializing seances will perceive the utter absurdity of all this, and will have no hesitation in denouncing the "Professor" as an arch humbug. Traps can only be worked by the use of counter-weights, and such a method as he describes would be utterly impossible. As for mirrors and phosphorescent lights, they could not be used at any seance I have ever attended without being immediately detected.

At Mrs. M. E. Williams's seances I have seen time and again forms materialize and demate-

rialize outside the cabinet. I have been touched and spoken to by these forms, and, during the operation, other forms have emerged from the cabinet and held conversations with their friends.

Hermann says that Spiritualists regard him as a medium. What bosh! Every intelligent Spiritualist knows him for what he is—a "trick-o'-the-loop man," whose forte lies in amusing children and country people. I wonder if he knows that there are among Spiritualists hard-headed lawyers, doctors, business men and members of all the learned professions?

It is time to call a halt on men of his kind. If he wants to advertise himself he should do it by losing his diamonds, his pug dog, or have his circus team run away with him, but he should not allow his press-worker to drag into unworthy places the belief of men and women who know the difference between genuine manifestations of spirit-power and the cheap tricks of the provincial juggler, whose mission it is to mystify bumpkins.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN W. THOMPSON.

New York, Aug. 31, 1896.

State Association Day at Onset.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The meeting held here Aug. 24, of the Massachusetts State Spiritualist Association, was a success. Many good arguments for organization were given by the speakers.

Dr. George A. Fuller of Worcester, the President of the Association was present, and presided for the first time for some years.

The individuality of the quiet but forceful President made itself felt during the entire day, with the result that an earnest thoughtfulness, mingled with a desire to hear of the benefits of organization, pervaded the meeting.

The day was beautiful, allowing the services to be held in the Auditorium, which was still dressed in the decorations of the Woman's Convention of three days previous.

Mrs. E. S. Loring of Pittsburg, Vice-President of the Association, opened the day's exercises at 10:30 with a few welcoming remarks, followed by singing by the trio, and an invocation by Mrs. Carrie F. Loring of Braintree.

She then introduced President Fuller, who said he had a few remarks to make before introducing the speakers. He outlined the work of the Association, its objects, and the good it was doing. He reviewed the work from its inception down to the present, giving figures and facts that were eye openers to many.

He said that wherever the State Conventions have been held renewed interest has been aroused in the Cause, which has resulted in other organizations where none existed, or strength among those already existing.

A part of the work of the Association is to bring the isolated societies in touch with other societies, furnish them with speakers if they wish, bring to the front mediums and speakers, and to place missionaries in the field whose duties it shall be to visit isolated societies and put new life into them or organize new ones.

Mr. Fuller closed with an eloquent appeal for the financial as well as moral support of the people.

Mrs. Rachel Walcott of Baltimore, the first speaker of the morning, was glad to be able to speak in behalf of the Cause. She said that the friends on the other side were only waiting for us to improve the conditions here to give us greater and more substantial evidences of their continued existence. Better conditions must be worked out through the sure, methodical labors of organizations.

To reach the grandest results we must all work together, both individually, as local societies, State associations and national organizations.

Capt. E. W. Gould of Washington, D. C., said that the cause of Spiritualism and organization was next to the spirit-world, which stands back of us and will not see harm come to us. Through the avenues of spiritual thought such a power will be brought to bear upon those in power as to make a marked change in human and national affairs.

Charles W. Sullivan then sang "A Hundred Years Ago."

Dr. T. A. Bland of Boston was invited to contribute his mite to the many arguments presented for organization. He said that the two forms of organization were represented by the democratic and despotic Spiritualism for the democratic, adding that we have arrived at the time when democracy is possible both in the land, organization would have to be effected.

At the afternoon session, President Fuller offered the invocation, being preceded by the trio in a song and succeeded by Mrs. Carrie F. Loring. In speaking of associated effort and the interest it always aroused and the success with which it met, she said that she had always felt that it was the basis upon which the grandest work could be done. Until we reach the point where we can see whether we are drifting and direct our efforts accordingly, we shall be unable to do the greatest good for humanity.

It is through the thorough organization of spiritual forces that we are allowed to receive the cheering messages from those beyond.

Acknowledging such to be the fact, why do you go on refusing to use that which the spirit-world uses—organization?

Why do you not do your best by connecting yourself with some organization? It is a shame that people should not be willing to combine their forces for the sake of a little spiritual food. It is only through organized effort that meetings of any kind can be successfully conducted.

She instance the Christian Endeavor and its big meeting in Washington this season, saying that it was the result of organized effort.

The ladies who have been speaking to you for the past two days come from and are a part of organized movements. This subject will be talked upon until we begin to act. Then talking will be a thing of the past.

The speaker wished to know how these poor weak societies could expect the State Association to help them if they did nothing for it. It is time we knew more about the principles governing our cause, she said.

Mrs. Loring gave a most humorous description of some of her experiences while traveling from place to place, giving engagements. The point she wished to make was that some one in each society should be

delegated to look after the comforts of the speakers, and see to it that they had comfortable places in which to stay.

If people would come into organization and learn of the tenets of the cause, they would know the right kind of conditions with which to surround a medium to get the best results. We as Massachusetts Spiritualists should learn to benefit by associated effort. We should never allow one person to carry along a society, but all take hold, organize and be successful. We shall arrive at that point, if we have not already, where our Spiritualism will be an educator to us.

In speaking of the much-discussed question of securing a speaker by the month or longer, Mrs. Loring favored it for the weak societies from the benefits to be received financially.

The money spent in railroad fare could just as well be made to last a month as well as a week; considered money thus spent for only a day was wasted. She said it was better for all to organize, and utilize the wasted energies and car fares of itinerant speakers. She claimed that a continual changing in speakers was not advancing the Cause, as one Sunday one speaker would learn to benefit by associated effort. We should never allow one person to carry along a society, but all take hold, organize and be successful. We shall arrive at that point, if we have not already, where our Spiritualism will be an educator to us.

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(From "A Galaxy of Progressive Poems," by John W. Day.)

THE WHITE DOG SACRIFICE.

[Conclusion.]
Through earth's grim crust a giant's foot has stamped
A cañon trail;
Like white-stoled angels through the sky the curling
chirri sail;
Like chieftains grand on either hand the dome-brow'd
hills arise,
And silence down the vaulted blue leans with expect-
ant eyes.
The bear rests in his craggy den—the yelping wolf is
dumb;
None save the human echo stirs—the slow-voiced
Indian drum
That beats a cadence weird and fatal, like leaded
brain-throbs, known
When, fever-toss'd, the sick man leans on death with
quivering moan!
The council-fires—the sacred three-flame 'neath the
Lodge of State;
There sits each warrior, crouched beside his red-
brow'd child and mate;
"Bring forth the dog for sacrifice!" The chieftain
speaks the word,
And lo! the dusky ranks divide, and anxious sighs
are heard.
They lead him down the murr'ring ranks, a whistling,
fleecey cloud
Of joyous life, that wraps a germ in matter's confines
bow'd.
Bright-eyed, clean-limb'd, and strong to dare his mas-
ter's cause to win,
He shudders, where looms the grisly priest swathed in
his bison-skin!
Come, beat the drum! and raise the shout! and wheel
the victim round!
'Tis not the scalp-dance now ye join—no deathful
chant ye sound,
Save that ye pour, on Western air, your tribe's sepul-
tural song,
As wave before and whites behind, ye linger late and
long!
So rolled the Jewish timbrel-cheer along the roaring
sea!
From Rome's arena, God-like grown, the hymns of
Galilee!
From Scottish glen, in echo stern, "the Cov'nant's"
voice upspring,

When Dundee smote the mountain path and hoofs
career'ing rang!
The song is hushed—the dog is slain. Swift to the
sacred flame
The priests and chieftains offerings cast, in high
Maui's name:
"As mounts this smoke of sacrifice up to the bending
sky,
Great Spirit, hear our lonely call, and in our aid draw
ugh!
"Thou fill'st the bison's stately march, Thou nerv'st
the eagle's wing;
Thou bend'st the storm-bow's shining arch, and riv'st
the buds of spring;
Thou glow'st in fire, thou roll'st in flood the mountain
gorge along;
Thy sunshine warms the freezing earth, thy life the
warrior's song!
"Great Spirit, hear our trembling prayer; we wander
faint and few—
Strangers and exiles from the land our Eastward
fathers knew.
Accept our offering, poor and frail, and may we faith-
ful be—
Keep fearless foot on duty's trail, and honest faith in
thee!
"The mighty wave of human life up to thy presence
rolls;
We seek, through gloom and closing night, the brighter
land of souls.
Be right th' inspirer of our speech, as fade the moons
away;
Keep us true Indians till we meet our next assem-
bling day!"
The white dog took the shining trail beyond the
smoke-fire's glow,
Up from the earthquake-splintered vale that crouched
the hills below!
The sun sat in his wigwam door—where twilight
shadows lie—
When, reached Maui's fateful shore, he sought His
presence high!
While many a zealot's stilted prayer limped slow
through darkening skies,
Our Father marked with welcome rare the Red Man's
sacrifice!

delegated to look after the comforts of the speakers, and see to it that they had comfortable places in which to stay.

If people would come into organization and learn of the tenets of the cause, they would know the right kind of conditions with which to surround a medium to get the best results. We as Massachusetts Spiritualists should learn to benefit by associated effort. We should never allow one person to carry along a society, but all take hold, organize and be successful. We shall arrive at that point, if we have not already, where our Spiritualism will be an educator to us.

In speaking of the much-discussed question of securing a speaker by the month or longer, Mrs. Loring favored it for the weak societies from the benefits to be received financially.

The money spent in railroad fare could just as well be made to last a month as well as a week; considered money thus spent for only a day was wasted. She said it was better for all to organize, and utilize the wasted energies and car fares of itinerant speakers. She claimed that a continual changing in speakers was not advancing the Cause, as one Sunday one speaker would learn to benefit by associated effort. We should never allow one person to carry along a society, but all take hold, organize and be successful. We shall arrive at that point, if we have not already, where our Spiritualism will be an educator to us.

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Written for the Banner of Light.
SEPTEMBER.

In the hazy, warm September, ere the summer quite has gone,
Ere the maples turn to amber, comes the ripening of the corn.
All day long a slumberous stillness presses on the drowsy air—
All day long in yellow sunshine dreams the earth in silent prayer;
Hot across the fruitful orchard beams the ardent noontide glow,
Burning over scores of acres, where the corn stands row on row:
Dusty lies the land between them, every leaf is turning sere,
While the drouth makes haste to ripen corn for millions far and near.
Oh! the warm, oppressive silence of the yellow-turning field!
Oh! the wealth of golden produce which the coming harvest yields!
Oh! the grapes of yonder vineyard, purple in the purple air!
Oh! the sunlight fallow, falling on the broad leaves drooping there!
Oh! the bleating of the Autumn, triumph of the perfect year,
While Nature pours her benediction on the quiet atmosphere!
Let the year sink down in silence as the glorious days depart,
I will treasure most the lesson they have for every human heart.
We should mourn no far off springtime on our summer's swift decay,
But with earnest care and labor reap the harvest while we may;
Spring has budded and summer bloomed, and so, before life's heart
has gone,

We must live in joyous sun-shine—ripen like September corn;
So when future storms are howling, and 'tis said that we are dead,
On the strength of our achievement shall some barren age be fed.
MRS. MARIE L. WHEELER-BROWN.
Washington, D. C., Aug. 18, 1896.

For the Banner of Light.

WITH ONE ACCORD. A SPIRITUAL ROMANCE.



BY W. J. COLVILLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE MYSTIC CIRCLE.

THE shadows of an early autumn evening were slowly lengthening over the beautiful Golden Gate of California as two earnest women, both mature, though by no means elderly, sat on the deck of a north-bound steamer which had but just left the dock at San Francisco to wend its way to the enterprising city of Portland, the capital of the State of Oregon, whither both these cultivated, thoughtful women were bound, desirous of finding, in the vicinity of that thriving, populous centre of Pacific Coast industry a calm retreat where they might unite with brother and sister spirits similarly disposed in the foundation of a mystic society, whose influence, exerted silently for good, might extend far over land and sea in blessing to the careworn multitudes who, wearied with their futile search for health and happiness amid material baubles, are now beginning seriously to direct attention to that strange, subtle law of psychic healing which promises ere long to display its beneficent activity in the complete deliverance of a large portion of the human family from the myriad ills which now afflict it.

By some mysterious coincidence these two widely dissimilar and thoroughly harmonious women were moved to take passage on the same steamer, bent on the same errand, and yet totally unacquainted with each other, though it cannot be said that either of them was surprised to recognize a friend and companion in the other, for they had both received a similar intimation of an impending acquaintance during a session of a lodge with which they were both connected.

In these days one hears much of Spiritualism, Theosophy, Psychical Research, Mental Science, Christian Science, and much else that aims to lift the curtain of the unseen and reveal to aspiring students of nature's profoundest mysteries, secrets which have been concealed for ages. All these systems have much to recommend them; they all exist because they are necessities in the present state of the world's development; but eager, earnest souls there are—and these are not so very few in number—who are now beginning to see the commencement of a movement broader, deeper and higher than any that has yet made a public appearance, or in any way announced its advent to the masses.

Miss Louisa Sherrington and Mrs. Mary Colchester had both been favored recently with occasional glimpses of the outline of a stupendous work for humanity, which should result in nothing less than a complete change from the present chaotic, restless, altogether unsatisfactory condition of social disorder, to a state of peace and mutual goodwill, wherein cooperative friendliness should reign supreme in place of the rivalries, competition, and strivings which are still so rampant, even where religion and spirituality are verbally welcomed and loudly professed.

The younger of the ladies (Miss Sherrington) was at least thirty-five, the elder (Mrs. Colchester) was fully forty-five years of age, but though there was about ten years difference in their ages, the elder of the two appeared scarcely twelve months older than her companion, who had seen far more sorrow than she. The circumstance of their meeting on shipboard was clearly one of those incidents in human life which go very far toward proving that our lives are not exclusively in our own keeping, but as Lucy Larcom beautifully sings, "Never, walking heavenward, can we walk alone."

Ten days before our story opens Miss Sherrington was spending a delightful and profitable evening with a few select friends in the rooms of a Society for Spiritual Investigation, a private, though not a secret body of truth-seekers which meets weekly in the city of San Francisco at the residence of different members alternately. On this occasion the gathering was held in the lovely home of Mrs. Julia Wolverstein, in the immediate vicinity of Golden Gate Park.

Mrs. Wolverstein was noted for almost regal hospitality, and above all for the intense fervor she invariably manifested in all questions pertaining to the real welfare and progress of the human race. A Silent Circle had been formed in her conservatory, in addition to the monthly gatherings of the Society for Spiritual Investigation. This Silent Circle met every night at eleven o'clock, no matter where the various members might be physically at the time. Miss Sherrington, who was an active worker in and on behalf of both organizations, was a sensitive of rare promise, though as yet her mediumistic faculty was but in a stage of incipient development. She often received messages of value for other people, but never had any directions for self-guidance come through her hand or pen. On the occasion with which we have now to deal, she had felt impelled by an irresistible impulse to remain in Mrs. Wol-

verstein's house after all the other visitors had separated, and just as she was beginning to apologize for so doing, her hostess turned to her with eyes beaming with affection and lighted with radiant intelligence, and addressed her thus: "Sister beloved and highly esteemed, though though your path through life has often been, your deep desires for usefulness have not been lost; they have every one been treasured in the archives of that mystic record chamber in the unseen realm, to the contents of which you have, as you well know, more than once been partially admitted. The time has come for you to go forth and begin in earnest the life work which awaits you—a work for which you are thoroughly fitted and abundantly equipped. Near the city of Portland, in the neighboring State of Oregon, there is a field awaiting the sickle, and to you, in company with a few faithful comrades, is the word now spoken, 'Thrust in thy sharp sickle, for the harvest of the earth is ripe.' In ten days from to-night you are advised to set sail for Portland. Secure your ticket and engage your stateroom to-morrow. Go to the office of the Steamship Company before twelve o'clock, and you will be offered a berth in a large room, which you will share with another of the messengers of our Order, who is now receiving a similar instruction in another section of this city. If you think it strange that such minute directions should be given you, you have yet to learn that our linked brethren are simultaneously guided to so act that they are brought together at specially auspicious moments, when the time is ripe for their working outwardly as well as inwardly in concert."

At the same hour Mrs. Colchester was lingering after her classmates had left, in the peaceful home of Mrs. Rachel Desmond, on Ellis street, where she had been initiated into some of the deeper truths of metaphysical healing, ably expounded by Mrs. Branch of Oakland, a lady who had ever remained loyal to her colors when weaker sisters had deserted the ranks in consequence of the sophistry of some of the unwise who laid claim to unusual wisdom.

On the following day, at 11:30 A. M., Mrs. Colchester, according to directions, engaged a berth in a stateroom on the steamer to Portland, which was to set sail nine days later. At noon precisely Miss Sherrington presented herself to the same booking clerk, and secured the other berth in the same cabin. When these singularly guided sisters in spirit, though strangers after the flesh, met on the steamer, it was not five minutes before they were deep in conversation on the theme nearest their hearts. Some all-conquering, all-revealing thrill of mutual sympathy led them to converse upon the one theme which engrossed the intellect and held first place in the affections of both; neither could explain, in any external way, the reason for this mutual attraction, or define its nature, for it was in no degree based on attractiveness of exterior, or even on similarity of disposition. Soul spoke to soul, spirit answered to spirit, and where that is the case there can be no barriers to perfect intercourse, unless persons are foolish and blind enough to seek to stifle an impulse which is unmistakably both spiritual and natural.

Though travelers may well rave over the beauty of the Bay of Naples, and describe in glowing verse the splendors of the coast of the Mediterranean or Adriatic Sea, we doubt whether even the scenery of southern Italy is more radiantly fair than the Bay of San Francisco. California is indeed the Golden State, if gold is indicative of glory. For wealth of native beauty it equals, if it does not surpass, any other clime on the face of the globe. Sunset in the Golden Gate on a clear September or October evening is indescribably magnificent. Every color of the rainbow illuminates the sky, while the deep blue majesty of the Pacific waters forms a sapphire like reflector for the opalescent glories of a sky and land abounding in every phase of exquisite loveliness that voice can extol or pen depict. In this paradise for all true artists, undisturbed by the murmur of the many voices and the varied other sounds about them, these two new friends realized in little more than an instant the oneness of their destiny. Night fell over land and sea; a cool, salt breeze came up from the north; but still they talked, not realizing the changing temperature, and not knowing that they had left their wraps below, and that their fellow-passengers had, almost without exception, taken refuge in the warmer confines of the saloon. At length, as the hour of eleven approached, a holy hush came over both of them, and, by a mutual instinct, they subdued all conversation, and wended their steps to the spacious state-room they happily shared in common. After bidding each other a heartfelt good-night they realized, while falling asleep in their respective berths, a clear, fleecy thread of light uniting them with each other and with the other 775 members of their circle, the total of whose membership was always exactly the sacred number 777.

CHAPTER II.

STRENGTH IN SILENCE.

NOTHING especially eventful occurred on the passage, which was, from first to last, a season of unbroken delight to Mrs. Colchester and Miss Sherrington, who found the hours of the three long days at sea far too short to give opportunity for the expression of the crowd of thoughts which filed in rapid succession through the open, receptive minds of these faithful, devoted women. As they sat together on the deck they presented a striking and most harmonious contrast. The elder of the two was a married woman whose husband was in New York on business, and, though she had no very close tie of sympathy with him in matters spiritual, she never disagreed with him, and he never found fault with her when she carried out one or the other of the several somewhat extraordinary wishes she had recently expressed. Though her age was forty-five, Mrs. Colchester looked under forty. Her face was calm, placid and serene, though there was not a dull line in it. On occasion, her eyes could sparkle like a merry girl's, and her expressive mouth would portray every emotion of her spirit. Her abundant chestnut hair had scarcely a silver thread running through its wavy mass; her figure was ample, and she generally evinced a contented, happy disposition—contented, that is, with the order of the universe, and yet filled with a divine ambition to attain to far loftier heights of knowledge than any she had hitherto scaled.

Miss Sherrington was rather petite in build. Her eyes were blue, and her hair was almost flaxen. In her case there was a dreamy, far-away expression of countenance which led the keen observer immediately to note that her outward path had not usually been one of roses; but, though she had evidently been tried, and had suffered deeply, there were no marks of irritability on the smooth, patient brow, though one might easily discern the traces of a hope long-deferred, and beyond this a scrutinizing friend could not but feel that life for a nature such as hers must be sadly incomplete unless some great affection filled and glorified it.

Mrs. Colchester's warm, matronly heart, opened instantly to her confiding, sympathetic sister, and as the two conversed hour after hour on themes the nearest to their hearts, they felt that it needed not much reasoning to prove the truth of words so readily verifiable as "If two of you agree as touching anything, it shall be done for them." Neither of these women were what is ordinarily called religious; numerous church services and constant Bible study did not seem to occupy their thoughts; they were not pious in the popular sense, but they were as earnest as any souls one might chance to meet in the cloisters of devotion, in their supreme desire to live above the level of self gratification, on the exalted plateau of philanthropic enterprise. The world, knowing but very little of the force of silent activity, naturally fails to realize, even in small degree, the basic idea which constitutes the foundation of spiritual confraternities. Syndicates and clubs are within the scope of every-day comprehension when people are leagued together in an ostensible manner, and where something in the way of visible machinery for carrying out ideas is evident to the senses, but that 777 men and women in different parts of America should feel themselves, in every sense, co-workers, when none of them appeared to do anything together externally, would se-

verely tax the understanding of all save those ready to become initiates in such an organic unity. The birth of the "777" Circle was in this wise:

In the early spring of 1895, a number of intelligent students of psychic science were assembled one lovely afternoon at the home of Mrs. Wolverstein in San Francisco, when one of the party, a tall, fine-looking, elderly gentleman, made the following proposition:

"We have now been together for seven months, investigating the unseen realm as far as our limited knowledge has rendered research practical. No one can say that our investigations have been fruitless of result; still we must all confess that in isolated instances only have we received marked evidences of the reality of the mystic powers which we know are already latent, and can be rendered active in us all. I now propose that we prepare a suitable circular, setting forth the aims and objects of our Society, and send it to 777 persons in different parts of the United States, inviting their hearty cooperation in a purely mental effort to secure beneficent results of a character which must eventually—indeed *speedily*—remove all possibility of doubt as to the reality, not only of thought-transference, which is now pretty thoroughly established, but of spiritual healing in the broadest sense of that expansive term. To heal physical ailments is good, but to remove mental and moral defects is still better. Let us aim high, I say, and the higher our aim the more real likelihood there is that we shall reach our goal."

The proposal made by Col. Falkenstein was at once assented to by the forty-eight members of the circle then in session, and without delay the following circular-letter was written and speedily prepared for distribution among the elect 777, whose names and addresses were selected intuitively by different members of the band:

"Dear Friend: You are invited to unite with 776 beside yourself, all earnest friends of spiritual growth and human progress, in an endeavor to render practical, in the interests of the highest and widest usefulness, the teachings of the inner circle of light, to which you all belong. You are invited every night at eleven o'clock, to devote thirty minutes, or longer, to restful contemplation of your own highest ideal; and in order to assist you to become more consciously one with all your fellow-students, we suggest to you the following pledge of loyalty to our Order:

"I, this night, do in spirit unite myself with all my comrades everywhere, who desire only and always to work unreservedly for the spiritual expansion and elevation of our common humanity. I affirm my oneness with all who in sincerity desire the general weal; and I do further affirm that in union with my higher self and the higher self of all my comrades, I open my entire intellect and dedicate my entire affection to the service of unfettered truth. I speak to the world in this sweet silence of the spirit, my deepest word of power, in perfect love. I speak health for all who are oppressed with thought of sickness; joy for all who are weighed down with thought of woe; liberty for all who are oppressed with the sense of bondage, and perfect peace for all who are in fear of strife. Our united word accomplishes that whereunto it is sent; according to our word, so it is unto us for good."

To prove the unerring judgment of the group of intuitionists who issued this appeal, not one of the circulars sent out failed to receive recognition and endorsement; not one was miscarried, not one was spurned, and why? Surely because the indwelling spirit of wisdom in humanity never errs, and it can and does declare itself whenever it is duly trusted. There must be no doubt, no perhaps, no lingering belief in chance or accident among those who seek to prove the absoluteness of the law of life. Send out your messages in perfect trust, all ye who seek to verify the powers of your own souls, and you will find in every instance that exactly according to the measure of your faith will it be unto you.

Mrs. Colchester and Miss Sherrington were both well-read women. Though they enjoyed Dickens and did not scorn even a comic paper, they revelled in such advanced scientific text-books as Dolbear's "Matter, Ether and Motion." What would be considered very dry reading by the majority of society people they regarded as fascinating literature, for nothing charmed them much unless it opened before their mental eyes a larger conception of the universe than their heretofore had been able to entertain. It is needless to say that such women, and equally the men with whom they associated in mental work, utterly scorned the foolish notion that the female intellect is inferior to the male, when in their own daily experience they could prove that intelligence is equally the property of men and women. They rose to heights of discernment where, for them, there could no longer be any belief in the superiority of one and the consequent inferiority of the other half of humanity in expression. Had any one proposed to consider the sex or color of a candidate for any office, they would, in common with all other members of the order they had joined, at once declare that whoever seeks to draw a sex or color line in intellect is below the standard which must be reached before the higher occultism can be even faintly apprehended. The chief objection to the admission of women into many occult fraternities is that they do not use or love tobacco. This we know from actual conversation with eminent sticklers for man's supremacy in spurious mystical fraternities.

One day, when our two heroines were conversing in a somewhat louder and livelier strain than usual on the steamer deck, and giving vent to their happy feelings in soft peals of silvery laughter, they, unknowingly to themselves, attracted the interested attention of some of their fellow-passengers, among whom was a divinity student from Harvard on his way to Montana, where he expected eventually to settle, as pastor of a People's church.

This gentleman, Arthur Douglas Geike, (a descendant of an illustrious Scotch family), having from childhood shared in the experiences of many of his countrymen in the direction of what the canny Scot calls "second sight," was deeply impressed with everything which savored of spiritual evidence, and finding himself suddenly in the presence of two cultivated women who spoke of their spiritual experiences as every-day occurrences, he took the liberty of lifting his cap to them, and requesting permission to inquire a little further into their special views of man's relation here and now with the boundless unseen universe.

[To be continued.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

LIFE IS SHORT.

BY MARY KINNEAR.

Life is short. No time have we for ceasure or reproving.
Life is short. Let's make it sweet by tender, faithful loving.
Life is short. Great need there is for gentle, patient waiting;
Need of trust in human kind and scorn of human hating.
Life is short; and when, at last, there comes the hour of leaving,
He that has forgiven most will have least cause for grieving.

Spiders in History.

Spiders have played a greater part in history than most people are aware of. Everybody knows how the perseverance of a spider encouraged Robert Bruce to regain his kingdom in Scotland; but not so many know that, according to Jewish tradition, a spider saved David's life. Saul was hunting for him, and his soldiers approached a cave where David was hidden. Shortly before, however, a spider had spun her web at the mouth of the cave; and the soldiers, taking it for granted that, if he had taken refuge in the cave, he must have broken the web, departed, forgetting the web might have been spun after as well as before his entrance.

A spider saved the life of the great uncle of the German Emperor. Frederick William was king of Prussia, and an attempt was made to poison him in a cup of chocolate. By chance a spider fell into the cup; and for this reason the monarch gave the chocolate to a dog, who immediately died. Inquiry was made, with the result that the cook was hanged; and a large spider wrought in gold now decorates one of the chief rooms of the Winter Palace at Potsdam, in memory of the king's escape.—*Popular Science News.*

Nearly all women have good hair, though many are gray, and few are bald. Hall's Hair Renewer restores the natural color, and thickens the growth of the hair.

Knowledge and Faith.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The harsh treatment that faith is receiving at the hands of many writers is one reason why this essay is offered to the public. One writer says: "Knowledge begins where faith ends." Opinions are not to be entirely set aside. Yet probably ninety-nine per cent. of the world's ethical philosophy of to-day is nothing but opinion.

Any person who assumes innumerable postulates in the realm of ethics, without a rudimentary knowledge of the organic nature of man, is simply ventilating opinions that he is not able to demonstrate. With a predilection for ethics and metaphysical research he may sail high and wide and produce many beautiful thoughts; but he is never sure that those thoughts are true. Faith, as an abstract principle of the human mind, is nothing more nor less than an intuitive sense of truth and duty. It is intuition, yet intuition is not limited to the scope of our hope and faith; it is a manifold faculty which many of our speakers and writers do not seem to understand, any more than they understand the true province of faith.

Intuition is held up as a mystical power, superior to and independent of reason, and this is partly right and partly wrong. What is intuition? For the present purpose the most concise answer is the true definition of faith: intuitive perception of spiritual truth. This, of course, is that particular phase of intuition that belongs to the spiritual or moral realm of thought. I think it can be clearly shown that this intuitive power is really superior to reason, but so far from being independent of it that, without reason, it is blind as a bat, and just as apt to land us in the ditch as on the throne.

In this discussion the knowing faculties are lumped together under the name of reason. It is said to be a poor rule that will not work both ways; and we find that in the beautiful realm of spiritual thought and progress, reason is just as helpless without faith as faith is worthless without reason. Reason, standing alone, cannot even look into the glorious regions of spiritual truth, past, present or future. Metaphorically, faith may be called a telescope by means of which reason can study this beautiful science of Spiritual Astronomy, and prove that these neglected principles of hope and faith and veneration are not only the relics of barbarism, but living principles inherent in the organization of man.

But analogies are limited. This intuition transcends the province of the telescope. It is one of the indispensable jewels which constitute the crown of progressive humanity. It is faith, and those who are very deficient in it are lacking in spiritual insight and hardly qualified to grapple with the Spiritual Philosophy. Nor does this show cause for discouragement. "The door of progress opens wide, an avenue forever free." In the light of these remarks does knowledge begin where faith ends? In the present application reason implies knowledge.

Reason is our guide, and must find the way, or we will never find it outside of the misty and musty way that bigotry and superstition have been traveling from time immemorial. When this way is found, and the cohorts of science and the pilgrims of spiritual progress are thoroughly equipped for the grand pilgrimage into the infinite realms of possibility, we may know what we have done, we may know our present standing, but we may not know what lies beyond.

Reason, coming to our assistance in time of need, says: "Be sure that you are right, and then go ahead." This is the province of reason, of knowledge. But we cannot look ahead into the vista of endless progression unless we look through the telescope of Faith. People claim to have an absolute demonstration of immortality on the ground of spirit-communion. The position is not well taken. The continuity of life does not imply immortality. The denizens of the other side have no more certain knowledge of the infinite future than we have. We are sure without being absolutely sure! And here we find the best reason that the world can give for reversing the statement which has elicited this essay, and saying: *faith begins where knowledge ends.* This need not be misunderstood. Reason is not to be set aside. We are all interested in the destiny of man. To study his destiny we must learn his needs and his character. These principles of hope and faith are practically ignored by the majority of our writers and speakers. In some instances the omission is due to ignorance and prejudice. Candid investigation will prove the principles inherent in human nature.

The faithful cultivation of all the inherent faculties of man constitutes the entire duty of man. Faith may be likened to a pilgrim making the wonderful journey of infinite progress, with reason for her guide.

In many an adventure of world-wide interest a Livingstone, a Stanley, a Humboldt has employed a guide, who was indispensable. Do we claim, therefore, on general principles, that the guide is superior to the explorer? I think not. Let us also consider the position of the different factors of the human organization. And we find that the moral faculties are the crown. Reason is the leader, if you will, but faith, hope and love are the real explorers who furnish the motive, and without whom the dark and dismal clouds of pessimism would darken the world, and life would not be worth living. SILAS BOARDMAN.

The Angell Prize-Contest.*

Angell Prize-Contest Recitations for the Advancement of Humane Education, by Emma Rood Tuttle.

The success of the Demorest Prize-Contests in the cause of Temperance is well-known. The young and old are interested; the contests of oratory are always well-attended, and the people go away with stronger impressions on the subject than they could receive by the most eloquent temperance lecture. Seeing the great value of this method as an educator, the American Humane Education Society—the object of which is to educate the people in that higher humanity which regards the wants and feelings of the animals with loving tenderness and sympathy—has sought to make it available.

Mr. George T. Angell, who stands at the head of the Society, has given his wealth and the best part of his life to its noble work, and it is appropriate that the contests receive the honor of his name.

To inaugurate this work, a collection of recitations bearing on the subject had to be made, for there was nothing of the kind in existence. The task of making such a collection was difficult because of the rarity of writings appropriate for recitations relating to the subject. There is a wide difference between the finest literary efforts and such as have essential recitative value. The finest poetry, or prose, while all right in sentiment, may be wholly unfit for the purposes of elocution. Hence, to make a desirable collection, required the training and practical knowledge of the elocutionist as well as devotion, heart and soul, to the humane cause. No one is better qualified for this task than Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle. Her life has been given to humane work in its relations to the care of children. The several numbers are taken from the writings of Mr. Angell, such as "The Magnitude of Our Work," "Interest the Children," "The Band of Mercy," "Humane Education," "What is Overloading a Horse?" etc., which eloquently give a good idea of the various branches of the humane work.

The horrors of vivisection are depicted in "My Horse Mary"; "Dead Birds on Ladies' Hats" shows the cruelty of fashion; "Egypt and Cleo" teaches how to control animals; "An Old Couple's Visit to the Orphans" shows the value of that branch of humane work. There are humorous pieces, and dialect—seventy-five in all—to suit the most varied taste.

Mrs. Tuttle is not only a trained elocutionist, she has won distinction on the stage by her rare gifts, and thus brings a practical knowledge of the requirements of "good speaking pieces." She has had experience in her compilation of the *Lycium Guide*, which, for completeness and value for its purpose, is a peerless production.

The book she has arranged with the most careful discrimination on every one of its one hundred and ninety-two pages. Not a piece is "padding," and every one has a value of its own as a lesson, and for oratorical purposes; and there is an equality which we venture to say has never been excelled, if equaled, in any other collection.

Eight or more contestants, who send for the book, make their selections, and give a public entertainment. The method to be pursued by the judges to insure an impartial decision is given in the book, with all details to make the affair successful. The prize may be whatever the management determines on, although a medal of the society or a silver cup are suggested.

As an educational factor we do not think there could be any scheme devised more fraught with far-reaching benefit than this, and no one will dispute, when he sees how the faithful animals are treated, that such education is needed.

To take any eight of these selections, and have them spoken with the most earnest efforts, interspersed with appropriate music, will make an evening of instruction and entertainment such as lectures rarely give.

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The book is furnished at the nominal price of 30 cents, postage 5 cents.

We would add that those wishing further information on the prize-contest should address Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle, Berlin Heights, O., who has charge of the work in the West.

*ANGELL PRIZE-CONTEST RECITATIONS. To Advance Human Education in all phases of life. Compiled by Emma Rood Tuttle, manager of churches, societies, lyciums, Sunday schools, Bands of Mercy, or individuals aiming to establish right over wrong, kindness over cruelty, knowledge over ignorance and justice over law. By Emma Rood Tuttle. Published by J. R. Francis, Chicago; Had-on Tuttle, Berlin Heights, O.

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?

LIFE, NOT DEATH.

BY MRS. M. A. HOLT.

I saw beneath the casket's lid
A sweet, pale face,
By fair white roses almost hid,
Which well did grace
The silent sleeper resting there,
And yet beyond the pain and care.
The storm of life had passed away,
And death's sweet calm
Had settled round the peaceful clay,
And brought a balm
For all the struggle and the pain
That never more should come again.
I did not weep, for well I knew
The happy soul
Had reached the holy and the true—
Its final goal;
And so I had no cause to weep
While o'er the clay my watch should keep.
We call it death; but it is life
To sweetly drift
Beyond the darkness and the strife—
Beyond the rift,
And gain the bright, eternal home,
From which our footsteps never roam.

Miss Pennywell's Bonnet.

"Oh! girls," Fanny Dare exclaimed excitedly, hastening up to two of her young companions on the village street, "I just saw old Miss Betsy Pennywell going into Oser's for milk, and heard her tell Sammy she must 'hurry home, as she had left her front door open.' Suppose we play a trick on her."

"Oh! yes, let us," they said, going together as fast as their feet would carry them in the direction of the small house in which the old lady lived.

In the parlor, on the centre-table, along with her shawl and gloves, lay her bonnet; taking it up by the strings one of the girls put it on, at which they all laughed merrily.

"I'm going to hide it," she said. With that she threw the bonnet over her head, and the three ran up stairs. It was a great gratification of their curiosity to see how it was furnished up there. Miss Pennywell had not been known to invite her visitors to her room, and none of her neighbors knew how she lived. When the girls had seen all they cared to see, giggling and laughing to their hearts' content, they hurried out of the house. They had not gotten far when they met Miss Betsy on her way home. Looking pensively, she said as she passed them:

"Well, my little friends, have you been having some fun to yourselves?"
Nudging each other, and laughing aloud, they replied, "Yes, ma'am."
The following day the little church which Miss Pennywell attended was crowded. The new minister preached in it for the first time, and every one of the congregation who could possibly go was there that day. But Miss Pennywell was not among the number, and she had not for forty years missed services. Little Mabel Scott's conscience reproached her when she glanced over at the vacant seat in the adjoining pew and did not see Miss Betsy in her accustomed place.

At dinner Mrs. Scott said, "I believe I did not see Miss Betsy at church; did you, Mabel?"

The little girl's face grew red, and, keeping her eyes on her plate, she replied, "She was n't there."

"Oh! how much she longed to tell her mother what they had done, but she knew how surprised and shocked Mrs. Scott would be to hear how her friend had been treated. No, she could not make up her mind to do it. As soon as breakfast was over in the morning, however, she meant to go and tell Miss Pennywell where her bonnet was."

Accordingly, when the appointed time came, there was a timid knock on Miss Pennywell's door. In response to the summons the door opened just wide enough for the old lady's face, looking paler and more haggard than usual.

"Is that you, Mabel?"
"Yes, ma'am—I want to see you."
"To see me?" the woman replied, looking very much astonished.

"I came to tell you that—that I know—know where your bonnet is."

"You know where my bonnet is?" the now thoroughly-surprised woman said.

"Yes, ma'am; I was along when it was hid, but I didn't do it," and, taking up the corner of her blue gingham apron, she stood on the step, moving herself from side to side.

"Come in," Miss Pennywell said, opening the door wider.

As Mabel walked in she saw that Miss Betsy's arm was tied up, and that something must have happened to her.

"How did you hurt your arm?" she ventured to ask.

"I fell off a chair; but tell me what you know about my bonnet."

Sitting down on the haircloth sofa, Mabel told all her exploit. "I was afraid you would never find it, and I came to tell you where it was."

"I found it," Miss Pennywell said; "I saw one of the strings hanging over the front of that cupboard, and I got up to reach it, when the chair I stood on tilted, and I fell and broke my arm."

Mabel looked very sad when she said it, and Mabel felt sorry for her, and ashamed of the part she had taken in the trick. And there lay the bonnet covered with dust, just as it was when the old lady took it down from its hiding place.

Alas! it was in a sorry plight, all crushed and bent out of shape. There was a pained look on her face as she took it up and tried to straighten it and smooth out the creases with the hand that was free.

When Mabel went home she told her mother the whole story. Mrs. Scott was grieved to think that her little girl would be a party to such a cruel and unkind act as to cause annoyance and trouble to one so enfeebled as Miss Pennywell. She looked so hurt and reproachful that the little eyes grew moist, and she said: "I would like to give the five dollars grandpa gave me, to buy a new hat for Miss Pennywell."

brown and about the size of our common American robin.

As described by its discoverer, the garden-bird, for so he calls it, when it sets out to build one of its remarkable structures, first selects a woody plant with a stem about the height and girth of the handle of a lady's parasol. This plant must be surrounded by a flat piece of land on a level with the ground about it. Around the trunk of the shrub, which it uses as a centre-pole, the little feathered workman proceeds to build up, from the prettiest mosses it can find, a cone about as large across its base as a dinner-plate. This is not done alone to beautify the cabin, but to strengthen its central support, which is to sustain the entire weight of the construction. It selects for its rafters the long, straight, slender stems of a kind of orchid (Dendrobium) that grows in large, dense tufts on the mossy boughs of lofty forest trees, sending out upright branches about twenty inches in length. One reason the wise birds have for selecting these stems is that the plant to which they belong is an epiphyte or air plant, and requires only air and moisture to live and grow. The small and pretty leaves so closely packed together will continue alive and fresh after the stems upon which they grow are built into the walls of the cabin, that would otherwise soon become unsightly and fall into decay.

All about the top of the centre pole and slanting outward from it, regularly, laid with their upper ends resting upon the central support and their lower ones on the ground, are the long stems placed, all around except immediately in front, where an opening is left for a doorway, so that when finished the cabin is quite regular in form and conical in shape. Many other stems are also used, and so compactly interwoven that the whole structure is strong and impervious to the rain. Around the central cone of moss runs a horsehoe-shaped apartment or gallery. The cabin is about twenty inches high and twice that in diameter.

"But," says its discoverer, "the aesthetic tastes of our gardeners are not restricted to the construction of a cabin." Their fondness for flowers and gardens is still more remarkable. Directly in front of the door of their cabin is a level space, occupying at least as much ground as the structure itself. This is the garden of fresh, green, growing moss, brought here by the birds, and kept with the utmost care smooth and clean, entirely free from dirt or litter of any kind, all stones, sticks, falling from the trees above or brought by the wind, being at once removed. The verdant and velvety surface exhibited by the miniature meadow does not entirely satisfy its owners, however. Something is yet wanting, and they proceed to scatter over it the most brilliantly-colored flowers and fruits they can gather about the forest; wings of butterflies, lightly painted shades of beetles and showy fungus growths. The greater number of these ornaments are collected together near the entrance of the cabin. The variety of objects thus exhibited is very great, and they are always of the most brilliant colors. As soon as any have been so long exposed as to lose their freshness they are taken from the garden, thrown away, and replaced by new ones.

It remains to be said that these little cabins are not used by the garden birds as nests. Their real homes are in the tops of the tallest forest trees; it is there they lay their eggs and rear their young. These little dainty summer houses and flower gardens are, if you please, their playhouses, where it is probable they invite their lady and gentleman friends for a frolic.—*The Central Union.*

Do It.

BY DORCAS HICKS.

Do what? Why, say the kindly word, write the friendly note, make the visit of sympathy, send the flowers, or, whatever be the thoughtful act which your heart prompts, *do it!* You know well how often shyness, or laziness, or forgetfulness, or the habit of postponement—whatever you like to call it—hinders you from doing things like those just mentioned. If you are not conscious of such hindrance, your experience is very different from mine. But let us see.

Did you never stand at a counter in a store, and while you were being served, have felt forced upon your notice that the girl who was serving you was very tired, or sick, or sad? And have you not had the impulse to say just a word of kindness or sympathy to her, and then checked that impulse by the thought: "I am too much of a stranger to her; it is really none of my business; perhaps she would think it an intrusion; I rather think I would better let it alone." Whereas, if the secrets of the heart were revealed, it might easily be seen that the word which you thus turned back from its kindly mission, would have sent that poor soul singing instead of sighing through the rest of the day. Or, if not quite that, it might at least have made her burden far easier to bear. So that is one of the places where I would say to you and to myself, *do it!*

Have you never, in passing a florist's, been reminded of a sick friend, and stayed your steps with the thought of sending her a few flowers to let her know that you did not forget her? Then you have said to yourself: "Oh! she probably has a room full of flowers; perhaps she does not like their fragrance about her; besides, she may be so much better that she will not care for them; I will wait until I hear again from her." Meantime your friend may just then have wondered if you have quite forgotten her; it is so long since she has been able to see you; and it has so happened that she has not had any fresh flowers for a day or two, and, altogether, things are looking a wee bit dark to her. If you had sent those flowers, they would have brightened her room and her heart that day. So again, at the florist's door, I say, *do it!*

I wonder if you have never thought, on hearing of the coming of a friend of a sore sorrow or a combination of trying circumstances, "I believe I'll write her a note to tell her how sorry I am for her." Then came the second thought, "She will probably have lots of letters of sympathy; I do not know that I am intimate enough with her to intrude upon her at such a time; I could not really say anything to comfort her; I will wait while at all events." The note is not written, the opportunity is lost, the Father's message of love is not carried. And at that very time, in that sorrowing or burdened heart, there may be a need which you, better than another, could meet with the gentle hand of your sympathy. Sorrow has many sides, and all loving friends do not touch the same side or aspect of it. Perhaps not a single one has given just the comfort or strength which your note, if written, would have brought. Will you not the next time *do it!*

I verily believe that where one person will resent the kind word or the friendly note as intrusive, ten will welcome it and find it helpful in the bearing of trial or disappointment. Curiosity to find out about another's suffering or sorrow simply for itself is easily distinguished from sympathy which goes out of itself to help the suffering one.

You go by a little notion store in a side street, and you see a sign or figure or something put out at the door blown down by the wind. The one woman inside is busy at her work and knows nothing of the catastrophe. Will you just step in and tell her? There goes a woman in front of you on the street, with something conspicuously out of order in her dress, of which she is quite unconscious. Will you tell her of it? Or in both these and many similar

cases will you check your first impulse with the thought, "It is really not my concern; they will find out for themselves what is wrong; I cannot go about setting people to rights." Would it not be well to do it whenever these small opportunities of service come to us? Great opportunities may be slow in showing themselves—the little ones are daily, almost hourly, at hand. Let us make the most of them, and we shall be more ready for the larger ones; or if these never come, it will be a blessed thing to have our lives filled with the "little kindnesses," which, after all, mean so much in this weary world.—*The Presbyterian.*

Enigma.

I am composed of ten letters.
My 1, 7, 9, 8 is a written document.
My 5, 4, 6, 10, to regard with affection.
My 2, 4, 6, 10, deity of the Romans.
My 3, 5, 10, 1, a ball of thread.
My whole is the name of a popular lecturer.
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September Magazines.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL opens with a chatty paper on "The Personal Side of Dickens," in which Stephen Fiske writes of the famous author at home and as a host. Alice Barber Stephens illustrates and well supplements the article. Jane G. Austen is pleasantly recalled in the publication of the opening chapters of "The Experiment in the Cloister," one of the few unpublished stories left by Mrs. Austen. "The Young Man as a Citizen" is the title of Dr. Parkhurst's paper. Edward W. Bok, under "The Touch of a Woman's Hand," presents to women (those of small means especially) the value of keeping the home bright and attractive. A Washington story, "De Wukin's of Providence," by Ednah Proctor Clarke; Mrs. Whitney's letter to girls, in which she gives them some wholesome advice in response to the widespread query, "What am I to do in the World?" and one of Mr. Burdette's humorous teachings, "Marketable Men and Women," are features of especial interest. The Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

THE ATLANTIC MAGAZINE for the present month has a widely diverse and deeply interesting table of contents. It has two articles that are of special interest at this present time: "The Problem of the West," by Prof. Frederick J. Turner, and "The Election of the President," by John B. McMaster; the article, "The Story of Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Charles Dudley Warner, is filled with the terrible influence which slavery exerted over the common mind at the outbreak of the late civil war, and before—and the distinguished writer has added a call to those of our time, who were scarcely of an age to appreciate its affairs, which will result in their being now read and appreciated yet for years to come; "Marm Lise," by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin—who has evidently made a story which, as it continues, will preach of the true course of life and its concerns; "The Spirit of an Illinois Town," Mrs. Catherine Wood; "The Country of the Pointed Firs," Sarah Orne Jewett; and "The Old Things," by Henry James; these, and other articles in prose and verse, join with the departments in making up a sterling magazine. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.

THE CENTURY.—The current number abounds in articles of timely interest, and in an unusual variety of fiction. No serial story of the present time is attracting so much attention as Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Sir George Tressadyan"; Mr. Howell's lively story of Saratoga, "An Open-Eyed Conspiracy," is continued, and Mrs. Amelia E. Barr continues the first part of a novelette, "Prisoners of Conscience," which deals with life in the Shetland Islands. The short stories of the number are "Sonny's Diploma," by Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart; "Abner," by Lynn Koby Meekins, and "The Healing of Meechum," by Frank Crane. Mr. Richard Burton gives an account of the life of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, illustrated by several portraits, including the frontispiece, which is from a daguerrotype taken in 1862. There are other illustrated articles. A paper of timely interest is an Arizona miner's account of his hard experiences in "The Gold Fields of Guiana," illustrated by photographs. "The Bicycle Outlook" is discussed by Isaac B. Potter, Chief Consul of the New York Division of the League of American Wheelmen; and in the editorial department attention is given to several leading public questions. The Century Company, Union Square, New York.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.—The frontispiece of the current number is a fine picture of Mount Monadnock from a painting by Dr. Edward W. Emerson, accompanied by a well-written article by Dr. Emerson, illustrated by a score of beautiful pictures. There is a fine article upon Harriet Beecher Stowe, written by Rev. George Willis Cooke, admirably illustrated by portraits of Mrs. Stowe at different periods of her life. There are two other illustrated articles in this number—one upon the University of Vermont, the other upon the city of New Bedford. The former is by Robert E. Lewis, a graduate of the University. The article on New Bedford is by George E. Tucker, and is one of the most attractive that has appeared in this magazine upon old New England cities. There are other noteworthy papers by well-known authors, also charming short stories by Zittella Cooke and Caroline Tucker; poems by John White Chadwick, Caroline Bourland, Alice D'Alejo, J. Torrey Connor, William Hale and Minna Irving, besides an Omnibus full of amusing rhymes. The Editor's Table is devoted to the subject of historical plays, his text being the recent festival at Plymouth. Warren F. Kellogg, publisher, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.



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THIRD EDITION. A REVIEW OF THE

Seybert Commissioners' Report;

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 an Old Lawyer," "Court and Prison," "Dr. Crosby's Calm View from a Lawyer's Standpoint," "A Hawk in an Eagle's Nest," Etc.

Mr. A. B. Richmond, at the time a believer in the Spiritual Philosophy, has here made a fearless and vigorous defense of the reality of the PHENOMENA of Spiritualism. Having received from the hands of a friend and returned to Cassadaga Lake a communication addressed to him from one dear to him in spirit-life, he was induced to visit the Lake, but went with a firm belief that he should be able to solve the mystery and expose the fraud. His experience 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 Seybert Commission, a document which aroused the interest of the Spiritualists 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 fearlessly comes to the front and wields his weapons with strong, unerring aim in defense of truth and human progress.

After a happy and appropriate introduction of the subject, with all needed explanations concerning the bequest of Mr. Seybert, the author gives in the first chapter his Open Letter to the Seybert Commission. Chapters II, III, and IV, are devoted to a searching criticism of the Report of the Seybert Commission; Chapter V, treats of the Bible on Spiritualism; Chapter VI, has for its motto "In my Father's House are Many Mansions"; Chapter VII, contains O. C. Massey's Open Letter on "Zöller" to Professor George B. Fuller; Chapter VIII, 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.; Chapter IX, consists of the "Report of the London Dialectical Society," made in 1882; Chapter X, gives Professor Crookes's test made from his "Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism"; Chapter XI, gives further testimony from two witnesses; Chapter XII, "Summary," and the Prospectus, close the volume.

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ADDENDUM TO A REVIEW IN

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1896.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

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

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE.

No. 9 Bowdoin Street, corner Province Street, (Lower Floor.)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS:

THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY.

14 Franklin Street, Boston.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,

39 and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

Issued by

Banner of Light Publishing Company.

Isaac B. Rich, President.

Fred G. Tuttle, Treasurer.

John W. Day, Editor.

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

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

Two Dollars Per Year.

The management of the BANNER OF LIGHT 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.

BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

An Insular Revolt.

According to the last census—that of 1887—there are in Cuba 1,631,687 inhabitants. The last budgets burthen them in the proportion of \$16.18 for each inhabitant. The Cubans have to pay a tribute to Spain for each inhabitant more than double the amount a Spaniard has to pay in his European country. The most of this excessive burden is to cover expenditures that are entirely unproductive. The debt consumes over forty per cent. of the amount. The defense of the country against its own native inhabitants, the only enemies who threaten Spain, including the cost of the army, the navy, the civil guard and the guardians of public order, takes 36.59 per cent. And there remains for all the other expenditures required by civilized life 22.52 per cent. Of this the State reserves, to prepare for the future and develop the resources of the country, the magnificent sum of 2.73 per cent. In view of this, it is evident that all that Cuba required from the State was that it should not hamper its work with excessive burdens nor hinder its commercial relations, so that it could buy cheap where it suited her and sell her products with profit. But Spain has done just the contrary. She has treated the tobacco as an enemy, loaded the sugar with excessive imposts, shackled with excessive and abusive excise duties the cattle-raising industry, and with her legislative doings and undoings, thrown obstacles in the way of the mining industry.

To cap the climax, she has tightly bound Cuba in a network of a monstrous tariff and a commercial legislation which subjects the colony, at the end of the nineteenth century, to the ruinous monopoly of the producers and merchants of certain regions of Spain, as in the halcyon days of the colonial compact. Considering its population, the debt of Cuba exceeds that of all the other American countries, including the United States. This enormous debt, reckoned on the 31st of July last to amount to \$295,707,264, contracted and saddled upon the country without its knowledge, this heavy load that grinds and does not permit its people to capitalize their income, to foster its improvements, or even to entertain its industries, constitutes one of the most iniquitous forms of spoliation the island has to bear. Not a cent of this enormous sum has been spent in Cuba to advance the work of improvement and civilization. It has not contributed to build a

single kilometer of highway or of railroad, nor to erect a single lighthouse or deepen a single port. It has not built one asylum nor opened one public school. Such a heavy burden has been left to the future generations, without a single compensation or benefit. But the Cuban budgets and Cuban debt tell little in regard to their true importance and significance as machines to squeeze out the substance of a people's labor.

As a last stroke Spain has reinforced the commercial laws of June and July, 1892, virtually closing the ports of Cuba to foreign commerce, and establishing the monopoly of the Peninsular producers, without any compensation to the colony. The coasting trade is carried on from Spain to Cuba, but not from Cuba to Spain. The Spanish products pay no duties in Cuba; the Cuban products pay heavy duties in Spain. The consequence has been to give the Cuban market entirely to the Peninsular producers. The monopoly causes the burdens which many of the foreign articles have to bear to exceed 2000 and even 3000 per cent., as compared with those borne by the Spanish products. Still, if Spain was a flourishing industrial country, and produced the principal articles required by Cuba for the consumption of its people, or for developing and fostering its industries, the evil, though always great, would be a lesser one. The Cubans have to consume or use Spanish articles of inferior quality, or pay exorbitant prices for foreign goods. A new source of fraud consists in nationalizing foreign products for importation into Cuba. As regards any economical or political plan or system, the present commercial laws aim at the destruction of public wealth, and are the cause of inextinguishable discontent and contain the germs of grave dissensions.

The cause of the ruin of Cuba can be easily explained. Cuba does not capitalize, and it is only because the fiscal régime imposed on the country does not permit it. The money derived from its large exportations does not return either in the form of importations of goods or of cash. It remains abroad to pay the interest of its huge debt, to cover the incessant remittances of funds by the Spaniards, who hasten to send their earnings out of the country, to pay the pensioners who live in Spain, and to meet the drafts forwarded by every mail from Cuba by the Spaniards as a tribute to their political patrons in the metropolis and to help their families. It would be impossible to calculate the amount of money taken out of Cuba by private individuals, but this constant exportation of capital signifies that nobody is contented in Cuba and that everybody mistrusts its future. The State has not provided even for its own defense. At the outbreak of the present war Spain finds that not a single military road has been built, no fortifications, no hospitals, and that there is no material of war. But on the other hand the department of public works consumes unlimited millions in salaries and repairs. The neglect of public hygiene in Cuba is proverbial. Havana, its capital, owing to its inconceivable filth, is a permanent source of infection against which it is necessary to take precautions.

The enforced offer for reform from Spain in 1892 does not alter the electoral law, does not curtail the power of the bureaucracy, increases the power of the general government, leaves the same burdens upon the Cuban tax-payer, and does not give him the right to participate in the formation of the government. Spain denies to the Cubans all effective powers in their own country; condemns them to a political inferiority in the land where they were born; confiscates the product of their labor without giving them in return either safety, prosperity, or education; has shown itself utterly incapable of governing Cuba; and exploits, impoverishes and demoralizes Cuba. The Cubans, not in anger but in despair, have appealed to arms in order to defend their rights and to vindicate an eternal principle—a principle without which every community, however robust in appearance, is in danger—the principle of justice. Nobody has the right of oppression. Spain oppresses the Cubans. In rebelling against oppression they defend a right. In serving their own cause, they serve the cause of mankind. The people of Cuba require only liberty and independence to become a factor of prosperity and progress in the community of civilized nations. At present Cuba is a factor of intranquillity, disturbance, and ruin. Cuba is not the offender; it is the defender of its rights.

A Spiritual Temple in San Francisco.

We rejoice, as all Spiritualists will rejoice also, to read the announcement in the *San Francisco Call*, that the hope of the Spiritualists of California is at last to be realized in the erection of a beautiful temple in the heart of San Francisco. This desire for a grand religious structure has been cherished for years by all Spiritualists in the State, and it is now to pass through the stage of gratification. President Harrison D. Barrett, at the head of the National Spiritualists' Association, went to California with the expressed purpose of uniting the scattered forces. As his spirit moved upon the surface of the disturbed factions, all troubles began to be composed and disappear, the welcome result being the union of all the different bodies in the State to form the California State Spiritualistic Association, which was duly incorporated under the laws of the State. With this union came the materialization of their cherished plans, and the near future will accordingly witness the breaking of the soil for the foundation laying of the new temple. Its chosen location is a lot comprising fifty by one hundred feet, near the intersection of Gough and Oak streets, and is a free donation from a believer in the Cause.

As described in *The Call*, the style of the structure is to be the later Gothic, and the material will be Roman pressed brick of a cream color, with terra cotta trimmings. It will have an extremely well-designed facade, highly picturesque, rich in detail, and thoroughly dignified. Three crowning gables will unite in one harmonious conception, the whole elevation being finished by a central tower. Massive buttresses at each end of the facade will furnish a satisfactory inclosing line and impart an appearance of strength and solidity to the building without detracting at all from the general artistic effect. The glass windows will all be stained and figured. The tower will contain a large electric clock, and the upper part of it a chime of bells. Both the clock and the bells are to be a gift. The front supports will be figured from columns. The auditorium will be on the second floor, with rooms for a library and a Children's Lyceum. On

the lower floor will be a banquet room and apartments for a Ladies' Aid Society. The auditorium will be ornamented with oak, and will be furnished with a magnificent organ, the gift of a wealthy lady of San Francisco. The library is to be free, and the hundreds of volumes purchased by local societies will be placed there. There will be added to these the best works of general literature, especially those of liberalists of all forms of belief. One room will be set apart for séances, which are to be held weekly. The building is expected to cost about one hundred thousand dollars.

This is exclusive of the cost of the furnishings. The necessary equipment will cost thousands of dollars. All the funds required for the erection of the temple and its furnishing will be subscribed by wealthy Spiritualists throughout California. The belief is that the income from property at present owned by the various societies in the State will more than discharge all the current expenses after construction. The design of the building is said to have been selected by Mrs. Elizabeth Sloper from the *Scientific American*. She is the State organizer. It was unanimously adopted by the proper authorities after submission to them. The local societies gave her a public testimonial at Friendship Hall on the 3d of August. It will help greatly to centralize the Spiritualists of California, and conduce to the development of harmony and zeal. We cordially congratulate our brethren on the Pacific on the attractive prospects before them.

George A. Bacon writes: "An unusual event of a deeply interesting character occurred to Mrs. M. V. Lincoln, at Lake Pleasant Camp, on Friday, the 28th ult., which is worthy of special mention:

On the occasion of Mr. Lincoln's physical departure, eleven years ago, the two popular spirit-controls of Mrs. Lincoln, who had been her daily companions for many years previous thereto, ceased to consciously make themselves known to her presence for more than a decade. On the reestablishment, however, of the necessary conditions last week, Spirit 'Harry Smith,' who for seventeen years was a prominent engineer of the Boston Fire Department, and Spirit 'Sunlight,' whose bright name justly symbolizes her character, were happily reunited to their medium in the presence of a few selected friends, who welcomed the return with congratulations and words of loving appreciation. It was a joyous occasion to all concerned.

It would be strange, indeed, if a marked advance in thought and expression were not observable on the part of these returning spirits to those who in years ago were familiar with their former utterances. To medium and spirits we extend our personal congratulations."

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Hill and Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader paid various visits to the business and editorial departments of THE BANNER last week. The guests were in high spirits over the results of the camp meeting season throughout the country, and looked forward confidently to the session of the National Spiritualists' Association at Washington. They were full of interest for the Cause in all its various departments. Mrs. Cadwallader was making arrangements for the speakers at the Society of Spiritualists (of which she is Vice President) in Philadelphia, and the prospects are excellent for that organization under her skillful prompting.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, says the *Boston Post*, gave his views on arbitration recently. Mr. Chamberlain would start with a "tribunal of conciliation," and thinks that one of universal arbitration would be developed in time. Such a beginning, indeed, would bring the whole problem close to solution. The work of conciliation would include the same problems as that of arbitration, and a court that undertook to conciliate would practically arbitrate the differences with which it had to deal.

Mrs. M. C. Turner, Colfax, Ia., writes, in renewing her subscription: "Your weekly comforter and spiritual friend was first introduced in our family in October, 1866, by my mother, I. M. Pease. Before her transition to spirit-life three years ago, she requested me to continue THE BANNER, and keep it on our reading-table as long as I should remain upon the earth. This I expect to do, as it has become as necessary to me as it was to her—a spiritual classic."

Some fifty years ago the 30th day of the present month, the first surgical operation in the world, when the patient was under the influence of an anesthetic, was performed at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston in the presence of the discoverer of ether, Dr. Morton, and other eminent surgeons. Since that memorable day medical, and especially surgical science, has made very remarkable advances.

Mr. J. W. Fletcher will return to New York City, and open his office, 1554 Broadway, about the 20th, for the season. He has greatly improved in health, and has nearly completed his new book, entitled "If WE ONLY KNEW."

A letter has been received from W. J. Colville, dated Sept. 5, in which he states that he is again taking up his work in San Francisco and Oakland, Cal., with every prospect of generous support from many sources. The letter will be published in full later.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bach made us a brief call on Tuesday morning, Sept. 8. We are informed that Mr. Bach intends to establish lectures in Boston, and to have tests given at the conclusion of his discourses—of which more anon.

The occasion of Labor Day, on Sept. 7, was most notable and satisfactory—showing the sentiment of friendly appreciation in this part of the country to be on the increase.

J. WILLIAM FLETCHER will be at the Revere House, Boston, Mass., Thursday, Sept. 10, to remain for the balance of the week.

A letter of travel, by J. Jay Watson, will appear next week.

A Pleasant Occasion.

Baby Lou, the well-known child artist and solo dancer, has every reason to feel pleased—so writes "Videux." August 24 she passed a most notable and long to be remembered day. By invitation some seventy-five friends personally congratulated her upon her arrival at another birthday. A reception was held in the evening from 8 to 11 at the residence of her parents, 222 Western Avenue, Cambridgeport, which was thoroughly enjoyable from beginning to end. The presents from friends were of choice order. The exercises were what were to be hoped for, and the occasion was long to be remembered.

The Question of Our Food.

Considered by itself, the subject of food may not appear to be of very great importance to the one whose spiritual forces are developed to the utmost; but to the ordinary person food and physical conditions are so closely related that instruction as to the articles of diet best adapted to nourish and sustain the body is seriously needed. The food that is proper for man cannot be determined by chemical analysis. Nor will weighing and measuring one's food determine the amount required for nutrition. Every animal possesses certain senses which are its guide in the selection of food. Man is possessed of senses which will guide him when he is willing to trust them. When, however, the character of any natural product is altered by cooking or otherwise, these senses are no longer a guide, and chemical analysis and weighing and measuring are resorted to, which is wrong, and only leads to confusion. Let us, first, eat what the Lord has provided for us—fruits and nuts, and such vegetables as may be eaten without cooking or otherwise changing their condition, and then if we yearn for the fleshpots, let us treat our weakness with respect, as a habit to be outgrown. Let us eat to live our best and highest. We are not to despise our neighbor for not yet having been converted to our own high theories of diet. We are approaching our ideal, if we but keep it in mind and cherish it as a dearest desire.

New Camps.

Bro. J. W. Dennis of Buffalo, N. Y., writes that he has called from two new and different localities, to go next season and establish new camp associations. The interest in yearly camp meetings is increasing. "The Central New York Camp," at Freeville, N. Y., was the third camp association that Bro. Dennis had a hand in forming. Parties forming new associations would do well to correspond with him.

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.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Dr. C. W. Hildren of Newburyport, Mass., having closed his tour of the Camps, is now homeward bound via Niagara Falls and elsewhere. He will be at home on or about Sept. 20.

Florence K. White will make engagements for Sundays of October, for platform tests. Address Circular Street House, Saratoga, N. Y.

May Goodrich, platform test medium, will return East by the first of October. Would like to make engagements for societies throughout Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Present address, 417 North Nineteenth street, Omaha, Neb.

Mrs. Ida Leonard is located at 60 Bowdoin street, Boston.

Prof. J. W. Kenyon filled a six months' engagement very satisfactorily with the West-Side (Cleveland, O.) Society. He has called to Brockton, Pawtucket, and Oyster Camp, the 4th, 7th and 8th of July, 1897. He can be addressed, in care of BANNER OF LIGHT, to lecture and attend funerals.

Seymour Van Brocklin, inspirational speaker and psychometrist, now holding services every Sunday afternoon and evening at Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street, Boston, will accept week day engagements in New England for season 1896-7. Address 62 Tremont street, Boston.

Lyman C. Howe writes us that he goes to North Collins, N. Y., to help at the annual meeting at once; he has been somewhat ill the past year; he speaks in Buffalo, N. Y., the Sundays of November, and will answer calls for week-evenings at accessible places. Address him at Fredonia, N. Y.

Mrs. J. W. Kenyon lectured and gave tests the past season in Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, at Lake Brady and Monksville Valley Camps; is at Oyster Bay Camp at present, giving tests under Prof. J. W. Kenyon's lectures. They will hold meetings conjointly in Boston this season, but will answer calls to societies anywhere; also solicit correspondence for the Camp season of 1897. Address care of BANNER OF LIGHT.

The Reviviscence of Elijah.

It is now a little more than four months since that fulfilment and rattling statesman, the Hon. Elijah Adams Morse, R. S. P., struck grief and terror to the hearts of his devoted constituents in the Twelfth Congressional District by reluctantly announcing that the condition of his health would no longer warrant his continuance in public office, and that when the time came he would not accept a re-election.

The blow was a sudden one, and its effects were far-reaching. From Attleboro to Plymouth, from North Weymouth to Taunton, the mourning was both loud and deep. In fact, a definite and depressing gloom settled over the whole district, and not even the playful efforts of various aspiring comedians to supply a low forlorn and to succeed to the Hon. Elijah's seat in the national House of Representatives tended to mitigate the melancholy that had fastened itself upon the public mind. It was even felt all through Massachusetts and over into New York State that a Congress without the illuminating and scintillating presence of the Hon. Elijah from Canton would be a tame and ineffective assembly.

The American people were ever sensitive to the picturesque, especially in politics. They liked to think of the Hon. Elijah pleading for the constitutional recognition of the Delity in type-written speeches and addressing respectable and upright citizens on the evils of intemperance. They felt that with the Hon. Elijah in charge of affairs every voter in the twelfth district would get his fair share of garden seeds from the agricultural department and that every man who wanted a post-office could have one if a post-office was to be had. To have all these golden actualities shattered and dissipated at a puff by a low forlorn and to succeed to the Hon. Elijah's seat in the national House of Representatives tended to mitigate the melancholy that had fastened itself upon the public mind. It was even felt all through Massachusetts and over into New York State that a Congress without the illuminating and scintillating presence of the Hon. Elijah from Canton would be a tame and ineffective assembly.

It may easily be imagined with what gladness of acclaim these announcements have been heralded by a grateful and appreciative people. Viewed strictly as a problem in therapeutics, the reviviscence of the Hon. Elijah seems little less than miraculous, and it is to be hoped that a full statement of symptoms and treatment will be published for the benefit of the medical profession. But whether he has been taking A. P. J. Sarsaparilla for the blood, or has been obliged to dose himself with that famous, but distasteful compound, Anti-Gubernatorial Tonic, the fact remains that the Hon. Elijah Adams Morse, R. S. P., is rejuvenated and shining with all his pristine splendor, and is ready to go right on serving his country. As a self-reviving, persistent serving-light in politics, it must be confessed that the Hon. Elijah is a glorious and triumphant success.—*The Boston Beacon*, Saturday, Sept. 6, 1896.

A Card of Thanks.

Mrs. Brown, daughter of the late Mrs. Cushman, desires to extend her heartfelt thanks to the following ladies and gentlemen for the kindness they showed her at her mother's sickness and death at Lake Pleasant:—

Miss A. E. Diller, Mrs. Sarah Byrne, Miss Olive Reynolds, Mrs. Lizzie Lincoln, Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs. J. B. Smith, J. B. Hatch, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Conant, George Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. Dowd, Mr. Hunter, Annie Barker, Annie Gilmore, Mrs. Whitaker, Mrs. King, Mrs. K's Cook Amidon.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE.

Think, as ye travel on life's dusty way,
You go toward a clime divinely bright
And beautiful. Fear not approaching night
Will bring distressing dream, nor in dismay
Behold the Angel Death, when day
Declines, he comes to lead your soul in sight
Of that fair land of everlasting light.
Whose Love immortal bears eternal sway,
In life's long pilgrimage, each step you take
Brings you but nearer to that blissful clime
Where streams of living water ever flow:
Then let not cheering hope your heart forsake,
But onward ever face, and in good time
You'll reach the land whose flower immortal blow.
—Andrew Wells in *Harbinger of Light*.

A freeman thinks of nothing so little as of death; and his wisdom is a mediator, not of death, but of life.—*Spinoza*.

Miss Marie Ives has been named by the women of New Haven as a candidate for the Board of Education. One of the retiring members, W. E. Morgan, has declared that he is not a candidate for re-election, but retires in favor of Miss Ives. *The Palladium and The News* seem to favor her candidacy. *The News* says: "Her equipment for the place, either as an educator or a woman, cannot be called in question." But it adds that it is not yet certain that she will have a place upon the "regular" ticket.—*Springfield Republican*.

There are more true sayings in the world than we can ever remember. So it isn't worth while to heed the false.

Every column in a paper contains from ten to twenty-two thousand distinct pieces of metal, the displacement of one of which would cause a blunder or typographical error. And yet some people think it strange when they find an error in the paper! When they see a word with a wrong letter in it, or a misplaced one, they are sure they could have spelled the word right; and they are happy for a while, and go around telling how the editor made a mistake!—*Press and Printer*.

American Girl (at Windsor Castle)—"Porter, is there any chance to get a glimpse at the Queen?" Gentleman at the Gate—"I am not the porter. I am the Prince of Wales." American Girl—"How lucky I am! Is your mother in?" New York Weekly.

Love is the ultimate, supreme, divine law of the world. But love implies relation, communion, mutual action and mutual service.—*Philip S. Moom*.

A little girl who had mastered her catechism confessed herself distinctly puzzled, because she said: "though I obey the fifth commandment, and honor my papa and mamma, yet my days are not a bit longer in the land, because I am put to bed at seven o'clock."

The rule of thumb, guess-work and loud assertion of a merit may prevail for a season, but in the end the real merit, which can be shown and proved, must take first rank.

"Mamma," asked Harold, "if matches are made in heaven, why are they tipped with brimstone?"

Professor (reading)—"Dropping the reins, Mr. Flood assisted his wife from the carriage, and together they entered the store." Can any little boy improve upon this sentence? *Bright Pupil*—"The reins descended, and the Floods came."

A SERIOUS QUARREL.—"Walls—"I hear that Willits has withdrawn from membership in the church. What was the trouble?" *Potts*—"He and the minister got into a row over whose was the best bicycle."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Young Lady (on the grand stand)—"The umpire calls a foul, but I don't even see a feather." *Her Escort*—"But you must remember that this is a picked nine."

In various parts of the country a swindle is being practiced like this: A man, well-dressed and with a business-like air, calls upon the people and represents himself as a Government detective or agent, with the statement that there is much counterfeit money in circulation, and requests them to show what coin they have in their possession. He then uses a chemical which turns the coin black, declares it spurious and takes it away with him. The victims say nothing for a time, for fear of being arrested for having counterfeit money in their possession, and by this time the swindler is far away.—*Sedgwick (Kan.) Pantagraph*.

Wealth, social position and "pull" are very potent in their way, but they cannot be relied upon to accomplish every desired result in this world.

Friend: All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul
And God stand sure;
What enters of the mind,
That was, is, and shall be.
—Robert Browning.

Apriots came originally from Armenia, gooseberries from Siberia, radishes from China and Japan, onions from Spain and Portugal, vegetable marrow from America and cauliflower from Candia and Cyprus.

The Cuban rebellion is costing both sides dearly. The insurgents have burned sugar plantations; now Captain General Weyler proposes to forbid any steps by coffee and sugar planters to save their crops; Cuba is being impoverished; Spain's financial condition grows worse and worse; the Spanish troops are dying of yellow fever, and no immediate end of the war is in sight. The Cubans are making a struggle that commands sympathy, but the end remains in doubt.—*Hartford Times*.

Iceland has seventy-two thousand inhabitants of the Lutheran faith. The Bible is diligently read, and every Lutheran and every Icelandic can read and write.

But human bodies are like fools,
For a their colleges and schools,
That when nae real life perplex them,
They make enow themselves to vex them.
—Burns.

The wise man is the one who succeeds in getting his shrewd afterthought beforehand.

CURE FOR SOFT CORNS.—Have the patient bathe the foot with warm water and dry well. Then fill the space between toes affected with pulverized chalk and tie a piece of linen bandage around the toes. Change every second day, and by the eighth or tenth day you will be more than surprised at the results.—*E. J. Longshore, M. D.*

The only singer that does not catch cold is a teakettle.

I have long felt that by cremation the body after death is returned most properly to its predestined ashes, and in my own case I should desire that cremation should take place.—*Rose Elizabeth Cleveland*.

Mr. William Watson, in his poem, "The Tomb of Burns," thus beautifully suggests Burns' attitude to his time, and the lamentable outcome of it:
Singly he faced the bigot brood,
He manly voice, the feebley good;
He pelleted them with pearl, with mud;
He told the world that he was true;
But ah, the stupid million stood,
And he—he fell!

Not ours to gauge the more or less,
The wit defect, the blood's excess,
The earthly burn as that oppresses
The radiant mind;
His greatness, not his littleness,
Concerns mankind.

"Apri le Mort" (a scientific and rational solution of the problems of life and death), by M. Denis, has been translated into nearly every European language.

Pastor (to sexton)—"Mr. Blozwin, why don't you see that the vests the church has dusted once in a while?" Sexton—"I do, sir. The congregation does it every Sunday morning, sir."

Prince Bismarck has just become a doctor of medicine honoris causa, made so by the University of Jena. The ex-chancellor now possesses the doctor's degree of every university in the empire. He was made doctor of philosophy by Halle on June 21, 1867; doctor of laws, Goettingen, March 16, 1867; and by Erlangen, April 1, 1885; doctor of theology, Giessen, Nov. 18, 1888, and doctor of medicine, Jena, July 16, 1896.

The Sultan of Turkey is always careful to see that the doors are locked and the windows fastened before he goes to bed. See?

Monday, the seventh of September, marked the celebration of the Jewish New Year. The day was observed all over the world by orthodox Israelites, who believe that on that day the Creator sits in judgment, the books opened and the actions of mortal men are judged. On the tenth day, or day of atonement, it is decided who is to live, who is to die, who is to be rich and who is to be poor. The first month of the year is called "Tishri," corresponding with September. The services of the New Year are observed three days, and those of the day of atonement for five days, or until the fifteenth of the month, when the feast of the tabernacles is observed, lasting seven days, all of which is commanded in the twenty-third chapter of the Book of Leviticus. This year in Boston the services will be held in Copple Hall and will be conducted by the Rev. Wolf Baron, the chief rabbi.

After devoting a year to experiments, Tesla announced that electricity can be transferred as a motive power without loss over a distance of at least five hundred miles.

SPiRiT Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

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

JOHN W. DAY, Chairman.

SPiRiT-MESSAGES.

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Séances held July 31, 1896.

Spirit Invocation.

Divine Spirit of Wisdom and of Love, we bring ourselves to thee, seeking knowledge, seeking light and understanding; bringing the two worlds in close rapport one with another; making us feel we are twins, and there is no division; recognizing the wonderful power and knowledge of immortality; seeking to bring the truth to those that are desirous of knowledge—that the light may penetrate deep down into the souls of men, that they may realize what depends upon each one of us as we pass through the various stages of life.

Be with us while we mingle here this morning, Divine Spirit. We seek more this morning of the strength of intelligibility; strength for us to reason and use the faculties that God has given us—that each one may work out his own salvation. Guide us through the path of life; every step we take leaves its imprint in the sands of time. As we open the channel here this morning—or, as mortals would say, use the vocal organs of the material organism to voice the independent thoughts of the disembodied spirits that may come to prove their identity—oh, may they realize what is given to that thought; how much has been revealed by it; not only to those that it is sent out to, but it is like scattering seeds in the winds—it seems to take root when we least expect it.

Bless us while we are here this morning, and strengthen each one in their work. We do realize that each one of us is his brother's keeper, and we know that we must live in harmony, peace and good-will, one with another; and glory shall be now and evermore. Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Frank Jennings.

Good-morning, Mr. President. I am very much pleased to be here this morning and to be counted one of you and one more to voice the evidence of life beyond the grave; and I would like not only to prove the evidence to one or two, but I feel there are many who may be somewhat interested if I send forth a few sentiments; for in earth-life, or while I was an inhabitant of earth-life, they counted me peculiar; they counted me a positive man—what most people would call a crank; but I believed in a man's own thoughts and dealings, or, in other words, I believed when I was doing as I felt was right, and injuring no one, I got my comfort out of them; and if I had any comfort out of them, I didn't see where it was anybody's business to interfere.

I lived in a somewhat Orthodox community, and I suppose they thought I was an extremely wicked man. I was not a Spiritualist—to tell the truth, I didn't know what it meant; but since I have been disrobed and passed on to the higher life, I have found I was nearer a Spiritualist than anything else.

I see now where I would like to send a few greetings to give them to understand that, although I was not identified with any church, I found my heaven just the same; I found the heaven I built for myself; I found the friends I wanted to meet; I had many on the spirit-side who had gone long before I did. I should say, also, I have been some time out of the body, but do not think I am really forgotten, for I oftentimes hear them wondering whatever became of me or what I would find when I went to the spirit-life. Being of the character I was, the fact of that brought sorrow to the souls of those who were dear to me, because they dreaded the hereafter. They were afraid I was to be punished for eternity. And so, to lift the veil of darkness and to bring joy and progress to those who mourn me, I would like to say: I found heaven, and not hell.

I found Mary, my companion, who had passed on before I did, and also Rachel, our sister, and mother and father; and I met so many of our old friends that heaven cannot express or give an idea of it. Home to me was everything, and it was so in spirit; I was at home, I felt at home, and I have been happy, and I want them to realize it. I am not going to give them a long sermon, but merely to let them know I have found those who seemed to be lost; and it is not a loss, but a great gain.

Daniel and George have joined me, too, since I entered the spirit life, and are with me this morning, and would like those who are left to remember we are all together, independent of what faith or religion or what theory we lived by; we all found our own level and met—just what we sowed that did we reap.

You can put me down as Frank Jennings. I am some ways from home. My home was in Hamilton, Can., but I think I shall not only be remembered, but I shall perhaps rouse a little questioning as to what or how this came. That's what we want, Mr. President, for when we rouse curiosity we can always cultivate the brain to receive more knowledge. Thank you very kindly this morning. Good by.

Edwin McCommick.

In earth-life it was always familiar to introduce ourselves first, and hence I will say first of all my name is Edwin McCommick. I enter this morning, not so much as one seeking for self, but to give some knowledge, and perhaps

gain some in return; for while in earth-life we recognize everything is education. The man that is a student, and studies and becomes a scholar, is identified as smart; they usually leave names behind them, and a work that oftentimes goes down in history.

This morning I am attracted here by that same spirit of inquiry; for while in earth-life we can gain certain knowledge and accomplish certain work; but when we speak of the Divine Power, the spiritual power, the spiritual laws, then we find ourselves very limited—especially if we try to teach them to others. Hence, by being sent out of the earthly existence very suddenly and unexpectedly (as the world would call it), I found I was still as much a student on the spirit-side—more so, if anything—than on the mortal; for in spirit we can study without being interrupted by others' opinions, and we have not to cater to others' ideas.

Now this morning I want to say to those who are still seeking light and knowledge—especially those who seek for the phenomenal—for them to use a little reason. It has been quite an education to me to follow out these messages, and the thought that proceeds from so many of our orators' lips in trying to teach and educate the people on spiritual things, spiritual ideas, to make them feel their friends have not left them; and yet, with all the teachings we have had, with all the science that has been demonstrated, we all lack the means to read the spiritual laws and their workings. How little is known of the underlying principle that governs the connection between the spirit-life and the mortal life, and how little mortals seem to realize that the spirit, as it comes in communication with its friends, has to labor under the various laws—and how hard sometimes it is to make the spirit thoroughly understood. To bring us to that idea, that because here is an instrument that has been chosen to give forth the individual messages, that we may be able to voice our own thoughts through the brain (it being given up freely), why should we be overtaxed, or why should every one that comes here be able to demonstrate himself or herself?

I have got friends in many parts of this country, and I know that they will feel when they see my name attached to this communication that it seems impossible that I should reach the brain in this capacity, and try to identify myself under this method; but I want the light to shine, and for them to review the Father's work, to come more consciously to the spiritual environment. It is with that view to day that I would like to send forth encouragement to mankind to study their own individual hearts, to understand their own abilities, seeking their own salvation, and not for a moment to conceive the idea that because the spirits are disembodied, all you need to do is to call them and they are there. Remember there are conditions to be complied with in all things; why should not the conditions be necessary to gain what we seek? To those who doubt this communication, to those who doubt the identity, I say, Open up the doors of the heart—open up the mind to inquiry, and give me an opportunity, and I will demonstrate to you that there is more than one way to prove the immortality of the soul. To-day we do not give it by hope, but by knowledge—and as you sow, so will you reap.

To all humanity, all brothers and sisters of the living God, seek well your own hearts; do your not the soul in idleness and in selfishness, but seek more intelligently and diligently for the true light that may guide your foot-path, not only over the rocks and stones that surround you in earth-life, but that when you reach the heavenly city you may then realize how close the two worlds are together. And when you ask the mediums for a communication, don't ask them to come in contact with your fathers or your mothers, and yet in the same breath feel deep down in your own soul that they cannot do it. Then, if you know, why do you ask for them, why do you kneel on your knees and pray God for light, to give you that strength that you can believe—and yet will not believe? Oh! thou who art in darkness, reach up into the higher plane, and thou shalt find, as has been truly well said, that death is not, and that there is life everlasting to those that will seek it. Then you may not be afraid to pass out. Oh! if I could only teach the souls of those I want to, to make them feel the need to know self better, that is the desire and humble prayer of your feeble servant this morning. I thank you. This is like a living fountain of truth, and it is sometimes hard to withdraw when there is so much need and so little done. It is like a ripened harvest—the harvest is ripe and ready, but there are very few laborers in the vineyards of truth.

My home was in Chicago, but I will be better known in New York, as the spirit passed away there. I shall also be recognized, I think, in Buffalo, as I have labored in those places.

Mary T. Bland.

Good morning, Mr. President. I am very much pleased being here this morning, although I seem to feel a little away from home and some distance from the location where the spirit separated from the body. I was very much exhausted before I passed away, and it is hard for me yet to hold the medium. But I have been very much interested, since I passed out, in the wonderful working of spirit through the mortal, and how anxious the one friend is to reach the other and let them know they arrived all right. Although I passed out of the body quite a number of years ago—I should think away down in the seventies—yet I remember the time, and I have seen so many, many changes since then. At that time, where I lived, spirit-return was not understood; we had not become familiar with it, and hence death to the poor mortal soul was the darkest condition that could come to us. But to-day I thank God at the progress—that not only the spirit-world has been able to gain, but the bringing of the mortal to a consciousness that death now is not the terror it was, but seems oftentimes sought as a sweet relief.

I have not got many of my own family now in the mortal; but I have got the offspring of my family that I am anxious to come in contact with. Years and years ago we had just such manifestations as you have now; but it was not called Spiritualism then, it was called phenomena; it was called to us the devil's work, and hence brought terror and superstition more than anything else, for, as used to be said, it was a warning of something to happen. I am so pleased that this has been destroyed through the light and knowledge of spirit-power.

I want to reach friends that are a long way from here, as they have become interested also in Spiritualism, and are commencing to sit around a table; and they sometimes get com-

munications, but do not always get all that they want. Oh! what a natural thing that is; it is so hard to satisfy human souls; because as they get one thing they are always desirous for another; but I have been interested in the advance of thought, for the long time that I have visited your Circle Room, and how much comfort I have taken in listening to others and watching the advance that they have made. This morning I felt, like many others that come around here and watch morning after morning, time after time—that we become conscious that we do not benefit others unless we take part; and so I wish to take part this morning, and send forth loving greetings to those that will remember me, in name if not in person, because I know our memories are handed down from one to another.

My sister Susie Annie has passed over within the last few months, and left a family behind her, and it was through her and also others that have come to spirit-life since I have, that this communication has been called forth. She is not able to speak this morning, and I promised her I would do my best to give the friends, through your valuable paper, encouragement and strength—and ask them to worry not, fear not; tell them mother is all right, and also her husband is here with her, and we are all together.

We want this message especially to go to San Antonio, Tex. My name is Mary T. Bland; I feel that a communication will give strength, and show that years in the spirit-world are nothing, but like unto one day.

Margaret Stewart.

Well, I don't have to travel as far as the lady that preceded me, because my home is closer by, and the attractions, therefore, are there. But I feel it would be a good thing sometimes to rouse an interest, because there are so many who feel that after the death of the body there is a loss of recollection—we might say forgotten—with the few that miss the external form.

I do not wish to send a long letter this morning, because I was one while in earth-life that always felt that if you inform a person of what you think, and give them to understand what you mean in as few words as you can, it seemed to me all that was necessary. As we used to have an expression, "Enough is as good as a feast."

I have two sons and a daughter that I am anxious to reach this morning. I cannot say that I was exactly a Spiritualist while in the body, yet I do know I got a great deal of consolation and instruction from mediums, especially on things pertaining to the material life. I am sorry to say, but it is the truth, that I think two-thirds of the people that visit mediums are more anxious to know of the welfare of the present, and their material surroundings, than they are of going to find out whether they have any friends in the spirit-life or not. And I think it was somewhat so with me. If I were even a little bit unsettled or anything, it always seemed to me if I could sit down and talk with a good medium—such always helped me.

I see this morning where my boys are in the habit of doing the same, but do not seem to have any real consciousness as to where the power comes from—and perhaps they might say they don't care. Yet I would like them to become more serious, and realize the consciousness that we feel after we have passed beyond the external body; and when we can talk to them individually, I would like them to realize we are not separated. I am interested in the welfare of this life, and many things I would like to express that I have not been able to under the circumstances in which they oftentimes seek relief. I know it is hard for them, struggling with life and its adversities, especially in great depression, to give any thought to those that are gone; but if I could only make you feel, dear ones, that my heart is still in sympathy with you, that I send forth this greeting of love to make you feel that I have been to a certain extent conscious of what has been going on, and yet not able to send forth all that I would desire. But, Mr. President, I would rather have them come and talk with me in private. I think I can control that medium they are in the habit of going to, if they will give the spirit an opportunity and not be so desirous of the material welfare.

I want to say this, Mr. President, because I have heard them make the remark lately that it was strange I did not inform them I was around them—that I didn't manifest to them in some way. But when you go you always have so much of the material around you, you are always so anxious to know what you are going to do next, that you crowd us, because we give you that which we realize you are most desirous for. That is why I thought I would like to reach you through this channel. Margaret Stewart, Providence, R. I.

Thomas F. Quincy.

Good-morning, Mr. President. This doesn't look very much like proving that "Dead men tell no tales"; neither does it seem to prove that the dead do not return, for they say evidence is always better to the man or the woman than it is to those who get it. And there is one thing I am satisfied with, and I certainly know there is no delusion in it, and that is, that I did pass from your mortal existence, and that I am yet a living identity and conscious being. And, while I have become an absolute consciousness to myself, I have been questioned how much of that could I convey to others, for it seemed to me—a long, long time before I passed out of the body—that a man might conceive a truth and be absolutely sincere in it, and have it become a fact to him; but it is not so to another until he becomes as conscious of it as the one who is telling him.

How many of the conditions and circumstances of life that people believe, live and thrive on, and gain happiness through—become confidence and seeming to them a reality—may live by a law of faith; and yet when you ask them if the spirit liveth after death, if it is a conscious identity, they say they do not know because they have not been there. To me it is poor logic; it contains, to me, a little bit of ignorance, for if the law is probable to others, why not to them? If our faith is strong enough to rest on so many, many conditions in earth-life that seem uncertain, that seem even a bigger gulf than that of death; if our faith is strong enough to carry us through all these conditions, why should it not be strong enough to carry us over the simple line that separates mortal from immortal?

I approach this open channel with the thought and with the feeling to say unto my brothers and sisters and all humanity: Ye know but little that surrounds ye; seek well.

I should like to reach the companion whom I find struggling with the environments of the body—will desirous to know what is coming. I was somewhat attracted to this thought by the party who preceded me, in speaking of the anxiousness of material forces while in the body. I know there is a great excuse for many; they tell us: "One thing at a time;" they tell us oftentimes that they have not time to seek for the spiritual laws, the spiritual environment, and that is the reason they pay certain clergymen to minister to their wants, because they can pay for it easier than give time to study. There is much work to be done.

I was interested in Spiritualism before I passed out of the body, but I was only permitted to be one of the silent workers, not easily identified in the multitude—for we find many silent workers who are not known at all; I am anxious to reach those yet in earth-life, to give a little time to their inner thoughts.

May the angels help you, guide you and direct you in this good work this morning and the years that you have fought the battle for liberty! May it be our motto, and justice our platform. That is my idea of life. I know yet things must bring themselves more to a level of equality than exists to day.

My name is Thomas F. Quincy, and you will find my residence in Pittsburg, Pa.

Lillie Hutchinson.

Oh! isn't this just beautiful! It seems almost too good to be true. How long I have sought this privilege, and how kind were the controlling powers this morning to give me an opportunity, because I want to reach my children, who are so scattered they seem to need mother's care so much. It seems to me almost like a rebellious spirit, for death didn't come to me when I really wanted it, when I needed life most; but God, I feel, is true, and doeth all things well.

Yet I have been anxiously waiting the liberty to reach those who are left with the charge of my children, and I want to send greetings to them. I want to say to my sister, who took my darling little ones to her home: I am so pleased with how things have been done, and I want to say, God bless you, Etta, for I never shall be able to repay your kindness; but I know God will.

I want, also, to try and reach my companion, because he is away off and his health is so poor; he seems to be struggling so much with the environments of the body and the loneliness of the mind that I want to draw closer to him. I am afraid he has lost all confidence in God and man. I don't hardly know how to word my message so it may take deep root and give him consolation.

William, you are not alone; you are not held in the body through grieving and suffering. You are not the only one who is suffering. You are not the only one who feels lonesome. I know it is hard for you to separate with all who were near and dear to you; but only a little while and we will be all together again, because time is like eternity. There are many stages in life—there are many changes in life; earth life is limited anyway; and while you may have lost all confidence in the Divine Power, yet don't live in darkness. I am trying to bring light to you; and when you are called to cross the river, don't think, when you lay that body down, that that's all that is left of you. Oh! it grieves me so much when I can see you follow me in that way—to lay the body in the ground and leave it there, in that cold mother earth, cold and desolate, with nothing of light and sunshine about it—it is more than I can bear. I want to reveal myself to you, that I may be able to take the dread of that change called death away from you.

Oh! this may seem strange, Mr. President, because my husband has got in such a condition, for he used to be quite interested in Spiritualism; in fact he was quite mediumistic; but he has given it up, long ago. But my sister is somewhat interested, and I feel she oftentimes looks over your columns, and takes a great deal of comfort from the truths and knowledge printed there. She oftentimes asks: "I wonder if Lillie will ever come to me?" I'm here this morning, and I want her to know that all is well, and I am perfectly satisfied with what she has done. She often wonders what I have found, and I hope that these few lines will bring a new light to the soul of the desolate and new strength to the weak body and mind.

Lillie Hutchinson. My husband is in St. Augustine, Fla., but my sister is in Massachusetts, just a little way from Boston, and I think this will reach her. I hope it will reach my husband, for I desire her to send the paper to him. This letter will give him strength, and I hope will give it to others.

Messages to be Published.

Aug. 7.—Mabel Frankchild; Mary Wingate; Frank Whitler; Benjamin Robinson; Mary E. Haskell; Robert Phillips (colored); Capt. William Pennell.
Aug. 8.—Charles C. Hay; Joseph Price; Ethel Estel; Claud Prescott Lovering; Fanny Burnes; Nelson Powell.
Aug. 21.—Agnes Remington; Eben Quimby; Josiah W. Ittman; Alfred Benson; Aunt Polly Perkins; James Swift; C. H. Johnson.
Aug. 23.—Louise Coburn; Samuel P. Sanborn; Frank Miller; Albert Stevenson; Elsie Monroe; Philip Graham.
Sept. 4.—Major John Love; Isaac Newton Finch; Emma E. Weeks; Annie Kent; Idaline E. Harding; Eliza McCuskey.

Time-tried and Proved.

There is nothing like a well-tried and proved remedy. For more than thirty years Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam has been the favorite in thousands of homes for Coughs, and all forms of Throat and Lung Troubles. Sold by all Druggists.

"Something to Think About."

Modern improvements have a disastrous effect on labor, so we speak of labor-saving machinery, which saves the expense of labor to the corporations, but leaves the working man out in the cold. Inventions are gradually reducing the number of laborers required in a given department; and perhaps by-and-by we shall have machinery to do all the work, with only a man or two, instead of the score or two of former days, to look after it. Here is an instance. A young lady held a rather lucrative position as cornetist in a church where there was congregational singing. It cost one thousand dollars to put a cornet stop into the organ, which was one year's salary for the girl. After one year the cornet stop costs nothing, and the girl has been notified that her services will no longer be required. All right. You can't blame the church-people for saving their money, but what is the poor girl to do? Multiply this instance and you have something to think about.—*New York Herald.*

Mr. Wallace.—It seems to me that if ever a bachelor realizes his unhappy lot, it must be when he is in bed sick. Mrs. Wallace.—Yes. There is a great difference between a hired nurse and a wife. If he goes to throwing the medicine bottles and things at the nurse when she happens to hurt his rheumatism, she will leave.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Three ten-inch steel breech-loading guns are about to be mounted at Old Point, at the mouth of the James river. They are thirty-one feet long, weigh sixty thousand pounds each, and have a range of many miles.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
W. J. COLVILLE.

Ques.—[By Marcella Davies, New Orleans, La.] You say on page 16 of your admirable "World's Fair Text-Book," that "the psychometric gift may be latent in all, but on an average about one person in seven can develop it sufficiently to make it practically available." Will you be so kind as to point out the peculiarities of this characteristic?

Ans.—Though the computation cited, viz., that about one out of every seven persons can develop the psychometric faculty without much difficulty is based upon considerable experience, we are not prepared to point out any other peculiarities as characteristic of those in whom this gift is specially prominent than such as are common to sensitives in general.

Psychometry is susceptible of proof wherever people are unusually sensitive to the auras of the people with whom they come in contact. The proportion of one in seven will be found upon close investigation to be pretty accurate in large numbers of communities.

Every large family contains at least one who could develop seership, and seership is nothing other than a developed ability to see into and through conditions which ordinary people can only gaze upon.

The sensitive in the family is usually the child of quickest perceptions—the one who, more than all the rest, detects the atmosphere of the people with whom he or she is brought in contact; and so intense is this sensitiveness in the case of an unusually fine natural psychometer, that persons who are thinking of the house and its inmates, though their bodies may be many miles away, can be felt and described by this singularly endowed medium.

Psychometry can hardly be dissociated from the practice of telepathy, sensibility to thought-transference and much else of nearly related character.

Fearlessness of disposition, superiority to the dread of adverse criticism, and indisposition to follow fashions blindly, are all traits of the proficient psychometer, who is often a skeptical rather than a credulous individual, though skepticism is not a condition by any means necessary to proficiency in any psychical direction.

The best way to cultivate the psychometric faculty is to sit passively and take quiet note of the impressions which strike you when you are holding an unexamined object in your hand, or even directing your thought to an unexplored place, or a (to you) unknown person.

The essentials of success always include extreme susceptibility to impressions and superiority to undue influence exerted by visible surroundings.

In a class organized for the study and practice of psychometry we observed that the most successful of all the twenty or more students who constituted the class was a lady of middle age, very quiet and retiring in manners and disposition, but not in the least timid or easily frightened.

This woman was a good example of the psychic temperament at its best, as she was exceedingly sensitive in the direction of discovering knowledge, and at the same time more than usually self-reliant.

Persons who are plastic and easily influenced, but who lack firmness and are deficient in logic and discrimination, are apt to be so carried away by everything they feel that they get quickly thrown off the right track by counter-impressions.

The ability to read conditions, but remain unmoved in the midst of them, must be unfolded before one can attain eminence in the field of psychometric delineation. Whoever really wishes to succeed in this direction has a reasonable hope of success.

Q. 1.—[By Margaret Simmons, Santa Monica, Cal.] How can we distinguish between intuition and mental suggestion?

2.—[By the same.] What do you mean when you speak of the Devil?

A. 1.—The clear distinction we always make between intuition and mental suggestion is simply the following: When you become intuitively conscious of anything, you are aware that you perceive it; just as certain are you of this as you feel certain that you see objects through your own eyes or drink in melodies through your own ears.

When, however, you are subject to suggestions which reach you from other individuals, it is on the psychic plane exactly as when on the physical plane: you are conscious that somebody is telling you something which you did not discover by yourself.

Suggestions carry with them the mental and moral atmosphere of the states whence they proceed; you can, therefore, welcome or reject a suggestion at your own discretion; but an intuition, being a convincing inward perception, carries with it a weight of certainty which is overwhelming as testimony to its correctness.

A. 2.—When we allude to the Devil we have not necessarily any personality in mind, though there is nothing unreasonable in attaching the idea of personality to a source whence undue suggestions may proceed; but, leaving that aspect of the question, we mean by devil, or evil, whatever is erroneous.

All falsehood is devilish. Devils are always depicted as black, to denote their darkness and ignorance, while angels of light are always pictured as arrayed in pure white, to typify their purity and knowledge.

When devils, or unclean spirits, are cast out of an individual, those errors are evicted from his affectional centres and also from his intellect, which have been confining him in mental and moral slavery.

The real "casting out of devils" is much more the driving forth of inward errors than the release of captives from the thralldom of outside spirits of darkness.

For Sick Headache

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It removes the cause by stimulating the action of the stomach, promoting digestion and quieting the nerves.

"Is dis where dey want a boy?" "It is; but he must be a boy who never utters an untruth, and who does not use slang or swear, and never speaks unless he is spoken to." "Well, me brudder's a deaf mute. I'll send 'im 'round."—*Church Progress.*

A starved tramp said that he was so thin that, when he had a pain, he could not tell whether it was a stomach-ache or a backache.

Beauty is your Duty

Abundant, glossy hair, is beauty's crowning glory.
To wear this crown, use

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1896.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Wednesday, Aug. 20.—A grand entertainment was given in the Temple by the members of the Lyceum and their friends, under the management of W. H. Bach, who arranged the program and drilled the children in the flag drill, which was a very pretty feature.

The hall was well filled, making the concert a grand success. J. B. Hatch, Jr., acted as Chairman, and as each was introduced they were accorded a good reception, and in every case, had to respond with a second selection.

The following program was well carried out: 1. Piano solo, Leo Paulson; 2. Recitation, "The Smack in School," Mollie Blinn; 3. Violin solo, Charlie Hatch; 4. Song, Miss Bessie Bickford—violin obligato, Charlie Bickford, piano, Jennie Harvey; 5. Dialect reading, "Sinsheimer's Visit to the Cooking-School," W. H. Bach; 6. Flag Drill, by members of the Lyceum; 7. Duet, mandolin and autoharp, Pauline's Revue Waltz, Mr. and Mrs. Bach; 8. Recitation, Carrie E. S. Twigg; 9. Song, Mrs. Mason; 10. Recitation, "At the Old Stage Door," Minnie Cherry; 11. Fancy Dance, Edna Cook; 12. Harp solo, Mrs. W. H. Bach; 13. Recitation, Mrs. L. Thral; 14. Duet, Misses Jennie Harvey and Bessie Bickford; making up an entertainment not to be excelled at Lake Pleasant, and W. H. Bach deserves great credit for his kindness in arranging it.

Friday at 2 P. M. in the Grove, a large audience gathered to listen to a fine lecture and convincing tests, given by Mr. J. Frank Baxter, Vice-President of the Lyceum. Mr. Baxter has a host of friends at the Lake, and they will be pleased to know that he has been engaged for next season.

In the evening a grand closing ball was held in the Temple, about two hundred couples being in attendance. The Temple was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The party was a full dress affair.

Saturday morning a conference was held in the Grove. At 2 P. M. a good-sized audience gathered in the Temple. The speaker was Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twigg, President of the Lyceum. Mrs. Twigg's lecture will appear later. Mrs. May S. Pepper followed Mrs. Twigg with delusions that pleased all.

Saturday evening another display of fireworks. A mediums' meeting was held in the Temple. J. Frank Baxter, Mr. S. Pepper and Carrie E. S. Twigg taking part.

Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock, one of the largest audiences gathered in the Temple to listen to Carrie E. S. Twigg, this being her last lecture. One of the features of this meeting was the christening of a little baby boy, four weeks old. The service was conducted by Mrs. Twigg, and was very impressive. This is the first christening that has occurred at the camp, but it should not be the last by any means. It will be long remembered by all who witnessed it.

At the close of the lecture that followed the christening, Mr. May S. Pepper gave delineations; this was her last appearance at the Camp.

At 2 P. M. another large audience gathered to listen to the closing lecture of Mr. Baxter, also the closing lecture of the meeting. President Dalley was Chairman. Mr. Baxter opened the meeting by singing, following with a grand lecture, closing with tests.

Sunday evening a memorial service was held in connection with the Lyceum, and the Temple and the grounds were decked with flags, many coming from Greenfield, Clerks Blinn having made arrangements for a last car on the electric line.

The meeting opened with a concert by Bickford's Imperial Band, lasting from 7:30 until 8 o'clock. Conductor Hatch then led a march to the platform, followed by A. P. Blinn, Assistant Conductor, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twigg, Mrs. May S. Pepper, and several others.

Conductor Hatch called the meeting to order, and then opened with singing by the Lyceum. Miss Lizette Harlow then offered a soulful invocation. After another singing by the Lyceum the Leaders talked to the children upon the lesson, "What Does Spiritualism Teach Us?" and the Guardian arranged the groups for the march. Many scholars gave answers to the question that was the lesson, the replies all showing that the children had taken a great interest in being educated in the spiritual truth. The Grand March followed, fifty children taking part, Bickford's Band furnishing the music. The effect was grand; the little girls being mostly dressed in white, with the bright faces of the children carrying old Glory, formed a beautiful picture.

At the close of the march Conductor Hatch introduced President A. H. Dalley of the New England Camp Meeting Association, who was received with loud applause. President Dalley, after thanking all for the success of the Camp-Meeting, then delivered the memorial address, eulogizing Dr. Jos. Beals, A. P. Pierce, and others who had passed away, including his address the President of the Lyceum, the President of the Association, was unveiled by Master Charlie Hatch and Miss Mollie Blinn.

The platform was very beautifully decorated with flowers, many pieces bearing the cards of friends in memory of those who had passed to spirit-life. Among some of them were the names of Dr. Beals, A. P. Pierce, Mr. E. Cushman, Mrs. Henry Little (Philip a Lyceum scholar), Mrs. Martha Pratt and Mr. Steel. A large chair was festooned in white, with a large wreath and ferns, for Dr. Beals. Many wreaths were placed upon the platform by Mrs. Willard, Mrs. Chamberlain and Mrs. Eddy. The platform was decorated by Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Burlingame, Conductor Hatch and others.

The back of the stage was festooned by the national colors, in the centre of which was the portrait of Dr. Beals, covered with the American flag. Upon a signal of President Dalley, the flag was dropped by the children above mentioned, and exposed the portrait of Dr. Beals, amid great applause. The ceremony was very effective and impressive.

Next in order was a violin solo ("Adieu," by Sarah Stet), Prof. Charles Bickford; recitation, Gladys Atwood. Miss Florence Sampson read the following letter from Mrs. Milton Rathbun:

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Year after year, nineteen in succession, did he serve, to the best of his ability, the interests of our Cause in this mecca of strength to weary souls, this haven of rest for the toiler, this Eden of joy to the seeker after evidence of man's continuity of life after the stroke called death.

We have a new grove, a new temple, new standards, but to the old camp, the old friends who have been wont to assemble here season after season for a score or more of years, the old and deserted grove, speakers' and band stands, have a pathos in appeal, stirring the heart-strings to sad refrain; for, with all, we miss so sadly, especially this year now that we know his earthly presence is no more, the prominent figure of Dr. Beals. After years of patient suffering he was forced to succumb to the ravages of the fatal disease, and solved the mystery

which we have named death. His memory will remain a flower of fragrance in the hearts of myriads of friends, young and old. We do well in recalling his many acts of justice, mercy, benevolence and good will. In fancy we hear his hearty laughter, his words of good cheer, his loyal expressions of friendship and hospitality. May true appreciation be the laurel with which we shall crown him. May all his friends welcome his presence in gratitude as he comes from time to time to encourage, assist and cheer us from that bright home which must have awaited him when he found his dear ones who have been taken from the homes where we love dwell, and such deep sorrow came with the parting. We cannot consistently mourn his departure to the spirit-realms.

We should rejoice for and with him, for the "release" must have been a boon of priceless value. May we all strive for a record as clean, as firm, and as pure as his. May we follow his example so far as he was in the right. If, when our sun sets in life's horizon, we can claim so many loyal friends, who sincerely mourn the loss of our physical presence, as we know this day mourn for our brother, Dr. Joseph Beals, happy shall we enter into the life which our deeds and our thoughts here shall have prepared for us just inheritance. We know that he is here; among those who shared life's storms and sunshine with him in the spiritualistic field. Their glad voices would proclaim their joy in thus honoring one whom they heartily welcomed, when his earthly vision was no more.

We hear William Denton, S. B. Britton, Arthur Hodges, Clara Banks, and many others whom we have loved and followed as wonderful teachers, commending us to the grace and care of angels, because we are not unmindful of the virtues and devotion of one who strove to lead us up the mountain side of eternal truth. When we pass in through the gate of life eternal we feel sure that his hands will clasp ours in glad welcome, and that we shall then know the full measure of his character—shall recognize much which our blindness here prevented us from discovering. In a word, "We shall know as we are known," and in the clear sunlight of true revelation, this grand man will stand a surprise to even his best friends. Some day we shall know that the strongest words of praise and admiration were but feeble expressions compared to those which would have done him full justice.

May we unflinchingly perform our earthly tasks, and when they are ended, may we also stand in the sunlight of true revelation, also a surprise even to those who knew us best.

Honor to our ardent brother, co-worker and head. We bespeak his aid, his sympathy, his direction and his loving cooperation in making dear old Lake Pleasant a veritable Eden upon earth, where harmony shall be the keynote to our happiness, and progress the natural result of our annual pilgrimages to this spot where the sun, the sky, the forest, rippling, laughing waters join hands with spirit-forces and influences to make our lives broader, purer, more spiritual; and where we shall date our greatest advancement in the development of our spiritual natures.

Remarks, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twigg; recitation, Mollie Blinn; remarks, Mrs. Reynolds; recitation, Ruby Sauer; recitation, Edna Cook; song, J. Frank Baxter; recitation, Sophy Hawley; remarks, J. B. Hatch, Sr.; piano, Miss Mollie Blinn and several others.

A list of names of those who had gone to spirit-life was read by Assistant Conductor Blinn; piano solo, Mary Clendaniels; song, Mr. George Cleveland. The meeting closed with a benediction by Miss Harlow, thus bringing to a close one of the most successful camp meetings ever held at Lake Pleasant.

At the meeting of the Board of Directors Judge A. H. Dalley was re-elected President for 1897.

Among those who have been engaged for next season are J. Frank Baxter, Prof. W. M. Lockwood, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twigg, Edgar W. Emerson, Oscar Edgerly, Helen Smart-Richings, Dr. C. W. Hadden, J. Clegg Wright and Capt. R. G. Ingersoll. Negotiations are being made with Mr. G. C. Ingersoll, and several others. The Board are bound to have the best that can be had next season.

The music for next season will be a great feature; J. B. Hatch, Jr., Mrs. A. E. Barnes and Dr. P. Barber are the Committee for music, and everything will be done to have the best. There will be many surprises in the line of music.

The Fitchburg Railroad will furnish tickets at reduced rates; the matter will be in the care of Mr. P. Blinn, who is the committee for that road's arrangements.

Conductor Hatch called the meeting to order, and then opened with singing by the Lyceum. Miss Lizette Harlow then offered a soulful invocation. After another singing by the Lyceum the Leaders talked to the children upon the lesson, "What Does Spiritualism Teach Us?" and the Guardian arranged the groups for the march. Many scholars gave answers to the question that was the lesson, the replies all showing that the children had taken a great interest in being educated in the spiritual truth. The Grand March followed, fifty children taking part, Bickford's Band furnishing the music. The effect was