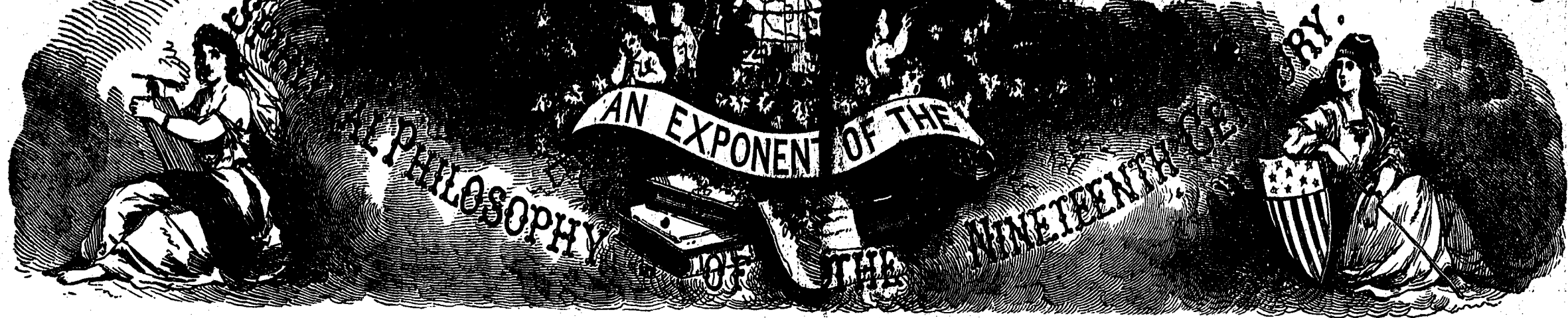


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 4.

Written for the Banner of Light.
TO MRS. IDA P. A. WHITLOCK.

Pastor of many godly flocks,
Cheering and healing on thy way;
Ever reaching the helpful hand;
Ever serving the Master grand;
When thou touchest the shining strand
Spirits beautiful, spirits sweet,
Trooping will hasten, thee to greet;
Flowers shall bloom on every hand.
Flowers by heaven's zephyrs fanned,
Decking thy path to the Summer-Land.

St. Louis, Mo.

D. P.

Farewell Gleanings from Southern California.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The last week of the camp meeting at Redondo was in many respects very successful, though there were several changes in the program, owing to the failure of some advertised speakers to appear, and the decision of the management to abandon lectures, and devote the last four days entirely to conferences, tests and spirit messages.

On Sunday, Aug. 23, three excellent meetings were held, and though the attendance was good it might have been larger.

Mr. Loveland, Mr. Haworth, and your present correspondent spoke during the morning session. Mrs. Maud Lord Drake, Mrs. Freitag, and other mediums, occupied the afternoon, and in the evening I was again called to the platform.

On the following day, I understand, there were good conference and test meetings, but no lecture. On that day, Aug. 24, I lectured to the Woman Suffragists of Los Angeles in Kramer's Hall, 5th street. About two thirds of the audience was made up of bright, intelligent women, the remaining one-third being composed of equally fine appearing men, and an interesting feature of the meeting was the applause offered by men and women equally to the strongest points brought forward in the interest of the main question of the hour.

It seems inevitable that California will soon be the fourth State in the Union to extend suffrage to women.

Susan B. Anthony, Anna Shaw, Helen Gougar, and many other eminently bright women, are leaving no stone unturned to bring this about, and a large portion of the press affords them valuable assistance, though there are, of course, journals in the State which oppose every progressive movement.

On Tuesday, Aug. 25, when I was again at Redondo, I found good audiences and deeply interested ones, and nearly everybody seemed sorry to feel that the camp was so soon to break.

Wednesday, Aug. 26, which was my last day there, was a very busy one. We had a splendid conference for two hours, from 10:30 till 12:30, during which we discussed the best means for doing the practical work of spreading a knowledge of the truths of Spiritualism far and wide, and particularly for conducting Children's Lyceums and interesting young people more than in the past.

Mr. Loveland, in particular, is brimming over with good practical ideas concerning the large work which inexpensive spiritual temples could accomplish.

I have long been deeply impressed with the assurance that the time has already fully come for organized Spiritualists to take a broader stand and do a wider work than they are yet accomplishing, and wherever I go I find that especially during conferences suggestions tending in that direction are voiced by one speaker after another.

It would be a great step to get people to work philanthropically under the banner of Spiritualism; and while the works now in process of achievement are all good and useful in their way, they by no means cover all the ground that needs covering.

The conferences have been excellent at Redondo; all sorts of subjects have been discussed from a variety of standpoints, and considering the diversity of views naturally expressed, there has been an extraordinary unity of underlying sentiment.

Mr. Haworth, who bases all his suggestions on the Golden Rule, spoke to good purpose, and so did many members of the audience, which included physicians, lawyers and other people of prominence and experience in the professional as well as in the business realms of human activity.

On the afternoon of the same day Mrs. Place and Mrs. Finnigan of San Francisco gave some excellent messages, some of which were clearly tests, as they possessed high evidential value. The stage was then cleared for Mrs. Freitag, who always operates in solitary dignity. As usual, that mysterious lady gave some marvelous displays of mediumship, to the delight of many and to the disquietude of a few who vainly thought to prove that trickery, instead of genuine clairvoyance, was the mainspring of the séance.

During the closing days of the camp, I am told by those who were there, the audiences and interest were remarkably well sustained, so much so that Sunday, Aug. 30, might well be called a day of tears at Redondo, so sorry were many of the campers to leave and the visitors from Los Angeles to feel that the great summer attraction at that delightful spot was at an end.

The old adage, "All's well that ends well," seems especially appropos to the ending of Redondo Camp-Meeting, for, after two excellent sessions, at 10:30 A. M. and 2:30 P. M., the largest audience of the season gathered for the grand sacred concert at 8 P. M., under the direction of Prof. E. A. Whitelaw, Musical Director, who received a perfect ovation.

Mr. Whitelaw was assisted at this farewell entertainment by Mrs. and Miss Reed of Santa Ana; Miss Ina Bradley and Mrs. and Miss Edith Cornic, of Pomona; and Mr. and Miss Humphrey, of Los Angeles.

A remarkably fine program of vocal and instrumental music and recitations was arranged and perfectly carried out on exceedingly short notice and with remarkably little rehearsal.

The final act was an exercise of mediumship by Mrs. Ladd-Finnigan and Mrs. N. D. Place. By 10 P. M. the large and delighted audience had sorrowfully left the great amphitheatre, and the thirty days of incessant work therein and thereabout had reached its appointed close.

It is certainly a source of unalloyed congratulation on the part of all interested in the progress of spiritual work in California to know that this large and expensive enterprise was conducted entirely free from debt. No special appeals for funds were made at any time. All the workers were honorably settled with, according to the exact letter of their va-

rious contracts, and the Association owes not a dollar to any of its employees.

The best of harmony has prevailed between all the officers, speakers, musicians and work-people about the grounds, and, had the meetings continued two months instead of one, there would probably have been a handsome balance in the treasury.

Camp meetings are not yet ended for the season in Southern California, for no sooner did the announcement reach San Diego that Redondo Camp would close Aug. 30, than a company of earnest workers near the Mexican border line undertook to exert themselves to open a camp on virgin soil at Encinitas, thirty miles from San Diego.

It is too early as yet to speak positively of that newest of new enterprises, but judging from the earnestness of its projectors, the charming situation of the grounds and the wisely cooperative as well as economic plan on which the business is being conducted, it cannot fail to be a great success.

My farewell visit to San Diego, which occupied four days, was filled with pleasant incidents, among which I must not omit to mention the large gathering at the home of Dr. Peebles, 1321 K street, where over fifty invited guests were present at the reception held on Friday evening, Aug. 28.

Dr. Peebles and Rev. Solon Lauer made brief and very kindly speeches, and refreshments were bountifully dispensed in the handsomely decorated rooms.

Dr. Peebles is enthusiastic over his approaching tour around the world, and expects to return to England and America after visiting Australia, India, Palestine, Egypt and several other countries, possessed of intensely valuable information, which he hopes to embody in a more important book than any he has yet written.

Dr. and Mrs. Burroughs are on their way to Indianapolis, and from that central point they will carry on a great deal of Dr. Peebles's influential and extensive business during his tour in distant countries.

Through personal correspondence with prominent people at the Antipodes, Dr. Peebles has recently learned that there is a great reawakening of inquiry into all matters psychical in Australia and New Zealand, and it is his confident expectation that his approaching journey thither will pave the way for other workers to soon set sail for those large islands of great though largely undeveloped possibilities.

On Saturday evening, Aug. 23, I had the pleasure of addressing another large company of representative citizens of San Diego and vicinity at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Bushyhead, 7th and 8th streets, and on Sunday, Aug. 30, my genuinely farewell lectures were given in Grand Army Hall in the afternoon, and at Lafayette Hall in the evening.

In both places the audience was large and sympathetic. On that day Mr. Lauer preached in Unity Hall at 11 A. M., on "If Jesus were a business man?"

It was a splendid, practical, liberal, and yet in some respects conservative sermon, from which many useful lessons could easily be culled.

Mr. Lauer is certainly one of the most reasonable all round preachers I have ever heard, and I have certainly listened to a multitude. Taking his text from the interview between the Great Teacher and the rich young man who came with the inquiry on his lips, "Good Master, what good thing must I do to inherit eternal life?" the preacher proceeded to contrast a rational with a prevailing irrational view of the precept, "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven."

Mr. Lauer probably has not read Marie Correll's "Sorrows of Satan," or he might have approved of her rather unusual version of the story, for that clever writer has actually made bold to declare that Christ tells rich people to sell half they possess and give that half to the poor!

We have not seen a manuscript of ancient date which gives that translation, but it is very probable that some such exists, and the ever-diligent author of the most extraordinary novels of the present day may have seen it.

Mr. Lauer threw no particularly new light upon the text, but he drew many important lessons from its suggestive teaching.

Money, or wealth of any kind, he said, is not to be regarded as an evil.

Poverty is not in itself blessed, nor are riches honestly obtained a curse. Everything depends upon the manner of accumulating possessions, as to whether they bring bane or blessing to those who hold and can dispense them.

Mr. Lauer thinks that the highest conceivable type of man can remain in business and be an ideal character, though of course he cannot descend to countenance the slightest dishonest or unjust in business methods.

This eloquent minister also said that in active commercial life, even more than in seclusive solitude, we can develop all that is best and most helpful to others in our character.

In the same hall at 8 P. M. Mr. Rambo of San Francisco, an ardent Theosophist and a very successful business man, lectured on "Theosophy for Business Men," and from the report of his utterances it seems that he and Mr. Lauer were not far apart in their conclusions.

This subject of spirituality and business is being vigorously discussed at present, and if it can be clearly shown that men and women can do honorable business on the lines indicated in a beautiful editorial in BANNER OF LIGHT (Aug. 22) this and other nations will soon be happily tided over the present financial crisis.

On Monday, Aug. 31, it was again my privilege to appear before the Woman Suffragists and other friends of reform in Los Angeles. Kramer's Hall was nearly full on a very warm evening following a hot day, to listen to a discourse on "The Education Necessary as a Preparation for Citizenship."

A very worthy project was introduced to the audience by Mrs. Elmore Benson, of South Los Angeles, who is very actively engaged in establishing what she and her co-workers call a Boy's Republic.

These philanthropic women, and some gentlemen who are assisting them, are undertaking to rescue from incipient degradation a number of boys who with careful training and abundant healthy exercise give good promise of becoming useful, loyal citizens, instead of criminals or loafers.

The motto of the Boy's Republic is "Freedom, Unity, Love and Sand."

Two ranches of one hundred and sixty acres each, about thirty miles from Los Angeles, have been secured for this worthy enterprise, and for the modest sum of seven hundred dollars a large amount of furniture and useful implements of trade have been secured.

The experiment commences with not more than twelve boys in the Colony, but as funds come in it will soon be possible, no doubt, to provide for the industrial training of many times that number.

The education question is a very pressing one

in California to-day. The rapid increase in population, more from the tremendous exodus from the Eastern States than from the actual multiplication of native sons and daughters of the State, has placed the schools in a rather trying position; however, good they are, they are as yet inadequate, and after all schools are not everything, though they are, doubtless, a great thing.

City life, with its cramping restrictions, seems often terribly unfavorable to the healthy growth of vigorous young manhood and womanhood, and so long as there are many children who pine for a freer life than the cities can possibly afford, country homes and workshops are very necessary to afford natural exercise for the immense amount of repressed energy which, if properly expressed, can prove a priceless blessing to society at large.

Among the most interesting people in Los Angeles is Dr. Sinartha, author of "The Book of Life," "A Handbook of Palmistry," and other notable works. This extremely learned man has elaborated a system of education which he declares would, if carried into effect, completely revolutionize the present social and industrial conditions.

His plan certainly appears feasible; it is highly ingenious, and steadily aims to develop the entire human being in such a way that study and recreation, the schoolroom and the playground, become thoroughly identified.

Dr. Sinartha's system of integral education makes provision for twelve hours' work every day, embracing instruction in every necessary branch in which a social member needs to be educated.

The twelve groups of studies are designated: One, Domestic Science; two, Art; three, Commerce; four, Family; five, Letters; six, Marriage; seven, Mechanical Science; eight, Labor; nine, Culture; ten, Rulership; eleven, Religion; twelve, Wealth.

One hour, he contends, should be given daily to the culture of each of the twelve groups of faculties, which he clearly illustrates by means of charts and diagrams.

Pupils, he says, should also be arranged in twelve groups, according to their ages and characters.

These plans have been submitted to many experienced educators, and those in particular who have some definite acquaintance with phrenology have expressed high appreciation of them.

Tuesday, Sept. 1, was my last working day in Southern California, and quite regretfully did I bid good-by to my many friends in Los Angeles and vicinity, who crowded Kramer's Hall on the occasion of the good by meeting.

The lecture embraced a retrospect and a forecast, and as usual the intelligences who directed my utterances took an optimistic rather than a pessimistic view of human nature and affairs, so the audience went away cheered and not discouraged.

Mr. Whitelaw and I took steamer for San Francisco, Wednesday, Sept. 2, and after a delightful trip on the Corona we reached San Francisco Friday morning, Sept. 4, in time to attend the Convention in Scottish Hall, Larkin street, an account of which will form the topic, at least in good part, of my next letter from California.

I wish to say, as I close this missive, that Dr. J. R. Buchanan, who is still in San José, is greatly in need of funds to enable him to bring out his wonderful book, which gives what he sincerely believes to be the true history of the Gospels, the Apostles and the founding of Christianity.

None of his friends are begging for donations, but are simply striving to collect subscriptions in advance, at \$1.50 per copy, that he may be able to issue at once this valuable and extraordinary volume, the contents of which have come to him through psychometric channels.

It seems only right that so brave a worker as Dr. Buchanan should at eighty-two years of age be made to feel that his lifelong toils will be in some degree rewarded by an intelligent reading public.

I am now taking up again a ponderous load of work in San Francisco and Oakland, with every prospect of generous support and friendly cooperation from many sources.

Yours always sincerely,
W. J. COLVILLE.

Anchor Hall, 997 Market street,
San Francisco, Sept. 5, 1896.

[Copyrighted by Myra F. Paine.]

Easy Lessons in Spiritual Science, Especially for the Young.

BY MYRA F. PAINE.

LESSON SECOND—CONTINUED.

Q.—Is not animal strength a desirable thing to cultivate?

A.—Not as desirable as spiritual strength.

Q.—What is the food that is best fitted for man's use?

A.—Grain and fruit.

Q.—Why?

A.—Because they contain the greatest amount of nourishment.

Q.—Can you explain this?

A.—That which grows in the ground is materialized out of the grossest elements of spirit. We call this matter, or undeveloped spirit. That which grows above the ground is materialized mostly out of the gases or refined spiritual element of which the atmosphere is composed. The more refined these elements are the more powerful they are, or, in other words, the more nutriment they contain.

Q.—Would man require as much in weight of this kind of food as he does of the grosser kind?

A.—No. It is not the quantity that is needed, but the quality.

Q.—What do you think of the way most people eat and live in these days?

A.—They are quite intemperate.

Q.—Is there more than one kind of intemperance?

A.—Yes. It is not all confined to drinking. One may be intemperate in eating or working or playing, as much as in drinking, and the results are just as injurious.

Q.—What is the best lesson we can learn on this point?

A.—We should "eat to live, not live to eat."

Q.—How have people grown into the habit of overeating?

A.—The body demands nourishment that

will feed every part of it, in order to grow harmoniously. Being ignorant of the nutritive qualities of different kinds of food, man strove to gratify the demand, but only acquired a taste for that which is temporarily stimulating. The expanding genius of woman, debased from exercising it in the same broad fields with her brother, but held to her sphere of ministering to his wants, keeps trying experiments in the cooking line, and becomes a slave herself to the rivalries thereof.

Q.—What is the consequence?

A.—A building up of the grosser or material elements of the race, instead of the spiritual.

Q.—What is the consequence to the spirit?

A.—A retarding of its natural growth or development.

Q.—Can it stop this growth entirely?

A.—No. The spirit will grow, if ever so slowly, because that is the purpose of its existence.

Q.—What do you think, then, it is wise for us to do?

A.—To live so as to develop the spirit as rapidly as possible, and pay less attention to material development.

LESSON THIRD.

Q.—Why should we make an effort to develop our spiritual nature as fast as possible in this life?

A.—This life is but one chapter or epoch in the existence of the spirit which had no beginning and has no end. Each expression of its existence in connection with Matter is for the purpose of developing it through experience, and what the spirit does not gain in one expression it must in some other, and must return again to finish or continue what it has left undone.

Q.—Does the spirit, then, express itself more than once?

A.—It is only by expression that the spirit can grow, and what it fails to develop in one, it must come again for.

Q.—Will it have the same body?

A.—It will have a body made up of the same kind of elements. We must remember that these bodies are only the houses we live in for a little while, and when the Angel of Death calls us, we move out, and our houses crumble back to their original elements, and may help to build a good many other bodies before we shall want another house here, but when we want one there will be plenty of building material.

Q.—Does that thought seem unpleasant to you?

A.—No. Nothing that is natural is unpleasant to me, a spirit. We take our bodies into a good many houses while we live here, but we remain the same person. The trees drop their externals in the fall and take on new in the spring, yet remain the same trees.

Q.—Does it make any difference to us, as a spirit, what kind of a body we have here?

A.—The better the body, the better the spirit can manifest itself through it.

Q.—Then what is our duty to our bodies?

A.—To build them of good material, so that they may be healthy and strong, and so always in tune for the spirit to use.

Q.—What else can you think of that we may liken these bodies to?

A.—Musical instruments, which must be kept in tune.

Q.—What makes the music through these instruments?

A.—The spirit within.

Q.—What do we call this music?

A.—Expression.

Q.—Can we give the best possible expression of the spirit through a diseased or impure body?

A.—No. Impurity is not in harmony with spirituality.

Q.—What is the first expression of purity?

A.—External cleanliness.

Q.—What next?

A.—Internal cleanliness, which expresses itself in pure acts and pure thoughts.

Q.—If we indulge in impure act or thought, what does it signify?

A.—That we, as an individual spirit, need immediate attention and development.

Q.—Can you mention some things that would be classed among impure thoughts or acts?

A.—Unkind speaking, thoughtless censure of other people, uncharitable judgment of the acts of others. Anything that comes short of an application of the Golden Rule.

LESSON FOURTH.

Q.—What is the Golden Rule?

A.—"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

Q.—Who gave that rule to the world?

A.—Christians say that Jesus Christ gave it.

Q.—Is that true?

A.—He did not originate it.

Q.—Who did?

A.—History records the same sentiment in words only varying a trifle, given to the world by seven heathen teachers before Christ's day. The oldest record of which we know is by Pittacus, 650 B. C. The next was by Confucius, 550 B. C.

Q.—Why do we think it a good rule and proper guide of conduct?

A.—It seems to be a natural sentiment of the human mind, and thus in harmony with divine, or spiritual, mind.

Q.—What sentiment will the following of this rule cultivate in us?

A.—A greater love for others, and less selfishness.

Q.—And what will be the effect upon us?

A.—It will create more heaven within us, at the same time it is creating more for others.

Q.—What is Heaven, and its opposite, Hell?

A.—Conditions of mind.

Q.—Can you locate it?

A.—There can be no location, for each individual creates his own.

Q.—And when will he take possession of it?

A.—He has possession all the time. As it is created day by day, he must constantly live in it, and whether it be one or the other depends upon himself and his method of thinking and doing.

[To be continued.]



Henry Lacroix.

Our old contributor and friend, so well represented in the above picture, might be called a pillar of the Sacred Arch, according to his "Transcendental Experiences with Spirits," published last year, and the esteem and friendship which our late editor, Luther Colby, bestowed on him. We copy what he says of himself in his late work:

"I was born Aug. 10, 1826, at Monroe, Mich., when the whole West almost was a wilderness, teeming with Indians everywhere, and some wide apart white pioneers here and there, the majority being French Canadian trappers and traders. I came from that stock. I must say, however, that I belong to two States, being a Hoosier by conception and Wolverine by birth, having from Indiana (Vincennes), where my mother and two eldest brothers were born, and Michigan.

"My father, Dominique, and his brother, Hubert, left Montreal when quite young men for the Great West, years before 1812, and took part then in the active struggles against the British. My uncle's life was saved by the interference of the famous Indian chief Tecumseh, who was his friend, although his adversary. He snatched him away from Maj. Proctor's hold, who was going to have him court-martialed as a rebel, taken arms in hand at Detroit.

"My father was married at Vincennes Sept. 3, 1821, and I was born among Indians, fondled by them, and we had one at home who had gone through the wars with father, and also a colored man. My parents, like many others in this world, must have considered that girls were a 'bad stock,' as they attracted no female spirits to their fold. They gave birth to six children, all boys, who grew up to manhood. Two have passed away since. Mother left for a better world June 8, 1833, aged about thirty five, and father on Sept. 19, 1834. About six weeks after four of us were landed at Montreal, to be cared for by an aunt, our father's sister. Six years later I was out West again, where I sojourned two years, after which I came back to Montreal, and remained there but a few months. I said to my aunt that I wished to go to New York and shift for myself. Very well, says she, but before you leave you will have to go to confess, and clean yourself.

"Then it was that an extraordinary event happened to me. As the priest was giving me absolution, in Latin, a voice, quite audible, said to me, in French: 'N'y crois rien! Don't you believe it!' I immediately looked around on both sides of the confessional to see who was the chap who had said those words to me, and to my astonishment, I found no one, visible at least. As to invisibles, I then knew nothing about. I remember saying to myself: 'What can it be?' It was not the confessor, as he did not stop reciting his Latin, and, beside, he would not have said such a blasphemy. I retired confounded, unable to unravel the mystery. That was in 1842, and I was sixteen years of age. It was only fifteen years afterward that I got an explanation.

"In New York I began to frequent Robert Owen's Socialist Hall, on Grand street, near Broadway, newly opened, and read Paine's 'Age of Reason' and Voltaire's works. All that opened my eyes, and I began then throwing everything overboard with which I had been freighted before. I became a stark infidel, and remained so for many years. In 1843, Mesmerism, so-called, was introduced in New York, and it became a real furor. I became a disciple, and quite a practitioner soon, and had a good subject, clairvoyant, to operate on.

"In 1844 I found myself in Boston for the first time, and soon left for New Bedford, by coach, as there was no railroad then. I was bound for whaling, and got on board the bark Commodore Morris, at Falmouth's Hole. Then I began to see hard times, to learn to live on hard tack, salt junk and mahogany, to drink tea and coffee with molasses and without milk. But then I was a born philosopher, only eighteen, and full of energy and good-will. I wanted to see the world, and Robinson Crusoe's island was my chief attraction. After two cruises of eight and seven months, I ran away at Valparaiso and went through many adventures in Chili, Bolivia and Peru. I sailed from the latter country for Havre, France, and finally got back to New York after three years' absence.

"I was married in 1850, at Montreal, and my wife gave birth to fifteen children before she passed away in January, 1877. The spirits were fond of me, as they came so quickly and in such number to my fold. Twelve of them, however, six boys and six girls, passed away in infancy and have led spiritual lives under new conditions and experiences—which is considered as of benefit by go-ahead spirits.

"It was in 1855 that the new light dawned on me, that I was converted by proofs or demonstrations that I could not set aside. Through one of the Fox girls, Mrs. Underhill, then Widow Brown, in New York, I got such startling and positive evidence that I had to haul down my flag of doubt and accept the inevitable, the happy conclusion, I may add. From that time I found out that I was also a medium. Some time before I lost my eldest boy, Henry, by smallpox. To the last breath I held him by the hand, and in his beautiful, expressive eyes I could see written in plain words: 'Don't grieve, papa; we will meet again!' And sure enough those words have come true. Henry has ever been about me since, tending

[Continued on eighth page.]

LYCEUM AND HOME DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. J. S. SOPER.

SPECIAL REQUEST.

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

Written for Lyceum and Home Department.
CONSOLATION.

Come to me, darling, come to me, dear.
Hark! 't is the pattering steps of my baby I hear?
Soft peals of laughter, sweet tones of joy—
Surely I hear him, mother's own boy.

"Dead," did you say? Woe be the day, woe be the hour

That Death's icy fingers plucked my fair baby flower.
But can death quench the fire of immortal love?
Can death claim the soul born in spirit above?

Come closer, my darling; mother can hear,
As softly you whisper the sweet words of cheer,
The warm words of love—feel the caress as of old,
When baby was comfort, solace sweet to my soul.

Come closer, my baby; mother can hear;
With heart and with spirit draw near, never fear;
The cold world of clay knows no intercourse sweet
Of immortal love 'twixt heart true and deep.

But love hath survived death's gloom and dark night,
My spirit can reach toward the realms of light,
And your's, lovely child, can blend and shall rend
The thin veil between us: I hear the sweet words
you would send.

"Dead," did you say? My flower's but transplanted.
The child of my love shall blossom and grow, trans-
scended

In beauty, in blest realms of spirit, and await my
arrival

When earth's work is done—death's the spirit's
survival.
MARY L. PORTER.

25 Edgewood street, Roxbury, Mass., Sept. 7, 1896.

Gentleman Champernowne.

It was a lovely day in autumn. Little Lotty, the curly terrier, was asleep at my feet in the warm patch of September sunshine that lay on the floor. I had been sitting still a long time, so busy with my work that I thought of nothing else. Looking up at last at the crimson hollyhock that stood, tall and splendid, outside the window, I caught a glimpse of the blue sea beyond, and the clear, warm sky, and realized how beautiful the afternoon had grown.

"Come, Lotty, wake up!" I cried to the little dog; "let's go for a walk."

Lotty jumped up, wide awake in an instant, and barking like mad in delighted expectation, as all her kind are wont to do at such a prospect. I gathered my sketching paraphernalia together, and, calling the maid to help me, I set out down the grassy slope to the sea's margin, which sparkled and flashed, edged with the flood tide's lazy turf, hardly more than a stone's throw from the door. Lotty, in an ecstasy, frisked, barking wildly, before and behind me, like a small hurricane of joy. . . . I arranged my umbrella and my easel, and sat down, ready for a good time. Lotty came to anchor likewise, and sitting bolt upright on the sand, eyed me curiously from under her comical frowny locks.

"Well, my dear," I said, "what do you think of it?" With a shake of the head and a wag of the tail she crept close to my feet, and laid down, as if she meant to make the best of it, at any rate. I proceeded to begin my sketch. Far away a few sails were dreaming; a group of snowy gulls rose and fell on the long swell of ocean close at hand. On the left tall marsh grass came down to the top of the beach in streaks of yellow, red-brown and ripe green, with patches of crimson samphire beginning to glow in the rockier places; all about me were the wild rosebushes with their scarlet berries. . . . A crow cawed now and then, a gull high aloft in the blue uttered a harsh cry which the distance softened; a little beach-bird flew piping along the sand. Lotty pricked up her ears.

"No, no, my dear!" I cried, "you are not to run after any little bird whatever. Stay here, and behave yourself like a good dog"; for she had jumped up, and was already starting away to chase the feathered creature. With a very aggrieved and reproachful expression she returned, and sat down a few feet from me. But I only continued to laugh at her, and went on with my painting, presently becoming so engrossed in it that I forgot she was there.

Some time passed. Suddenly a small paw was thrust into my paint-box, and there was poor Lotty standing in her hind feet looking at me as much as to say:

"Oh! dear! I'm bored to death. Why don't we take a walk? Why have you planted yourself here, where you are doing nothing at all? Why don't we go home if we can't go to walk? Oh! dear, oh! dear!" And she actually began to cry.

"Well, go home, you little goose!" I cried, greatly amused. "I don't want you to stay!" She left me, went a little way toward the house, then turned back and looked at me, whining and coaxing. Suddenly she came running and cuddled down again affectionately, as if she thought: "Well, I'm sorry you're such an idiot; but I won't desert you, though you do behave in this extremely foolish and unreasonable manner."

So she lay patiently watching me from under her tangled shock of hair till I began to put up my brushes and made ready to depart. . . . I had not a regular sketching outfit, and my long easel, though light, was rather difficult to carry; but I put my head through the V and, resting the two legs on my shoulders. I also had to carry a small chair, a large umbrella, my sketching block, a tin of oil in which I had brought fresh water, and over my left arm I hung a leather bag containing paint-box, brushes, etc. This was quite heavy, and the whole load was as much as one person could take; but I had not far to go, so I trudged slowly along; Lotty all the while capering and barking, rejoicing that I had regained my senses at last. Her noise was presently heard by the other dogs, which joined in the chorus afar off, and I saw appear at the upper edge of the field the two great St. Bernards, Champernowne and Nita, looming large against the sky. They stopped, gazing at us from the distance, as if taking in the situation; then in a moment they began to rush down toward us with long loping canter, and knowing their affectionate impetuosity, I said to myself:

"Now I am lost! they will come full tilt against me and all these traps, and I shall be a total wreck."

Amused, and more than half-dreading the onset, I stood still and waited, admiring the magnificent, tawny, lion-colored creatures as they swept toward me, their beautiful eyes beaming with intelligence, and all their motions full of grace.

Suddenly the great dog Champernowne, as he reached me, stopped perfectly still without touching me, and before I knew what he was going to do, stood upright on his hind feet, as tall as myself, quietly slipping his underjaw through the handles of the bag which swung on my arm, and with the grace and courtesy of a grand duke, nothing less, gently and firmly drew it off, and, turning, proceeded decorously up the path that led to the house, bearing it with the utmost care.

Astonished and delighted, I cried: "Bravo, Champ! Good dog! Fine fellow! You saw I needed help, and you gave it like a gentleman, didn't you? But who would have thought you had so much sense?" Then Nita, hearing all these praises lavished on her comrade, wished to have her share also, and, joining Champ, she, too, seized the bag, and both together trotted side by side all the way to the house. . . . "Well, you certainly are the very handsomest, best and dearest dogs in the whole world!" I cried, as I reached the door and allowed them to crowd into the pleasant room. . . .

I patted their heads and stroked their long fur, and told them how I admired them, and how proud I was of them, till their eyes shone with delight, and they fairly laughed for joy!"
—From "Stories and Poems for Children."

A Poet and His Toys.

EUGENE FIELD BOUGHT TOYS RECKLESSLY FOR HIS LITTLE FRIENDS.

All boys and girls who really enjoy Eugene Field's "Love Songs of Childhood," and his "With Trumpet and Drum," find that these poems seem to introduce them to much that is charming in home life. It is as if in walking down a dark alley they lost their way. Suddenly a little light is seen flashing through a keyhole. In a moment they find themselves in a room full of sunshine and happy little children. In this magical room, furnished by Eugene Field's imagination, Santa Claus, the good Fairy Godmothers, Fairyland, and the Land of Nod, are real persons and places. Like Edmund Spenser or Sir Walter Scott, Eugene Field lived in an atmosphere of enchantment, and more than half-believed in witches and hobgoblins. Odd as it may seem, to the end of his life he was afraid to enter a dark room alone, and disliked being left alone. Under ordinary circumstances rarely did he enjoy being left by himself.

To the day of his death he had the heart and impulses of a boy, and loved animals, gorgeous colors, perfumes, and those mechanical toys which wind up and go with a clickety noise, just as a child loves them. His home was a small toy shop, the toys being of all kinds and descriptions, but he loved the mechanical toys the best. Every Saturday morning Eugene Field went home laden with toys—not alone for his own babies, Roswell and Ruth, but for a number of child friends living at Buena Park, Chicago. For the girls he bought dolls by the dozen, and his little boy Roswell, whom he nicknamed "Posey," had more elephants than were ever shot by African travelers. Shortly before he died, Mr. Field bought a big elephant and a big brown bear for Posey. Every time any one called upon him (it made no difference who it was), the elephant and the big brown bear were wound up, and away they would go, their heads nodding back and forth as if they were alive. "Eugene Field," by Mary J. Reid and Henrietta Deater Field, in August St. Nicholas.

Partners.

A sturdy little figure it was, trudging bravely by with a pail of water. So many times it had passed our gate that morning, that curiosity prompted us to further acquaintance.

"You are a busy little girl to-day."
"Yes'm."

The round face under the broad hat was turned toward us. It was freckled, flushed and perspiring, but cheery withal.

"Yes'm, it takes a heap of water to do a washing."

"And do you bring it all from the brook down there?"

"Oh, we have it in the cistern mostly, only it's been such a dry time lately."

"And there is nobody else to carry the water?"

"Nobody but mother, an' she's washin'."
"Well, you are a good girl to help her."

It was not a well considered compliment, and the little water carrier did not consider it one at all, but there was a look of surprise in her gray eyes, and an almost indignant tone in her voice, as she answered: "Why, of course I help her. I always help her all the time; she has'n't anybody else. Mother'n me's partners."

Little girl, are you and mother partners? Do you help her all you can?—Little Worker.

Speaking Slightly of Women.

When a young man habitually speaks slightly of women one may feel reasonably sure that a moral blight rests upon his own character. A scathing rebuke was once conveyed to a man of this class, who, at a public dinner at which no ladies were present, was called upon to respond to the toast "Woman." He dwelt almost entirely upon the frailties of the sex, claiming that the best among them are little better than the worst, the chief difference being in their surroundings. At the conclusion of his speech one of the guests arose and said: "I trust the gentleman, in the application of his remarks, refers to his own mother and sister, not to ours." This young man, in his low estimate of woman, unconsciously verified a sententious saying by the author of "Youth":

"The criterion of a man's character is not his creed, religious, intellectual or moral; it is the degree of respect he has for woman." As a contrast to the light and flippant tone in which too many of the young men of the present day speak of the other sex, is the noble tribute from an eminent clergyman, who says, "I am more grateful to God for the sense that came to me through my mother and sisters of the substantial integrity, purity and nobility of womanhood than for almost anything else in this world."

THE SMILE OF A CHILD.

There is nothing more pure in heaven,
And nothing on earth more mild,
More full of the light that is all divine,
Than the smile of a little child.

The sinless lips, half parted,
With breath as sweet as the air,
And the light that seems so glad to shine
In the gold of the sunny hair.

Oh! little one, smile and bless me,
For somehow—I know not why—I
Feel in my soul, when children smile,
That angels are passing by.

I feel that the gates of heaven
Are nearer than I knew,
That the light and the hope of that sweeter world
Like the dawn are breaking through.

—Newsletter.

Faith of a Little Child.

City Engineer Goodwin of Portland tells a story of a little Portland boy who had committed some misdemeanor for which he was about to receive punishment at the hands of his mother. The boy begged to be first allowed to go to his room. Permission was granted, and the child went upstairs to his own room and closed the door behind him. The mother followed and listened outside, after telling him he must hurry and come down again to receive his punishment. The boy went to the side of the bed, knelt down, and this was his prayer: "Dear Lord, if you love little boys and want to help one out, now is your time." The prayer was answered.

Enigma.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 1, 12, 6, 8, is the name of a fruit.
My 3, 4, 2, 5, is a heavenly body.
My 10, 2, 8, 6, is a girl's name.
My 9, 11, 12, every one has more or less.
My 12, 11, 7, is an article of food.
My whole is the name of a secret society.
MILFORD, N. H. FRED.

ANSWER to enigma in last BANNER—Spirit return.

Letter from Mrs. Dake.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The summer is over, and though its warm weather still lingers, we realize that our *dolce far niente* days are fast slipping away, and soon we, with other workers, must turn our backs to the delights of a free country life and return to the city.

We have been sorry not to visit any of the camps this summer, but our own pleasant home among such beautiful surroundings has largely compensated us; and as we lounge about under our dear old pine trees and gaze upon the panoramas spread before us, of flowers, trees and lawns sloping to the grand old Hudson, where the sun dances on her waves as she flows so silently and peacefully to her ocean home, we feel that there are no more wonderful manifestations than Nature. Who can look upon the wonders of creation and doubt that there is a God? Each week we have welcomed THE BANNER, and so have kept in touch with friends and their work, which from all accounts has been a good one.

I have never appreciated THE BANNER as much as this year. Is it a better paper, or have I grown spiritually, and so better able to enjoy it? However, there are in its pages many things worthy of mention; but most worthy, because most important and most just, was the article by Mr. J. W. Fletcher upon and in answer to Col. Ingersoll. His thoughts, so happily expressed, cover all the points and leave nothing new to be said. Why should Spiritualists pour golden dollars (or silver ones either) into the already overflowing coffers of Col. Ingersoll in order to give him an opportunity to revile and slur their own religion (and laugh up his sleeve while he takes his wealth away) while true men and women are waiting to speak words of love and comfort to some sorrowing heart?

We cannot believe that the managers do not know what they are doing, and are therefore forced to believe that they do it for business. Are the camps run simply to make money? I always thought they were held to enable hundreds of people to hear spiritual lectures by inspirational speakers.

Many times has it been asked and written, "What has Spiritualism done for us?" I think a much more pertinent question is, "What have Spiritualists done for Spiritualism?" do they support it? Where are our hospitals, homes, temples? Yes, where? We do not support the meetings as they should be. The spiritual papers are not in all homes as they should be.

Many Spiritualists send their children to orthodox churches and Sunday schools, and when they are grown they look upon their parents as a "little off" when they try to tell them of another faith. Do we support our mediums? We use them when we need a word of advice or encouragement, but when we do not need their services do we concern ourselves whether they have the comforts and necessities of life? do we think whether they need a cheering word, whether their hearts are sore and lonely with none to comfort?

The best is not too good for an honest genuine medium. They give us more comfort than ministers can give their flock, and we should certainly take as good care of them as the ministers receive.

If Spiritualism is worth anything, it is worth standing by, and this can only be done by supporting all its true representatives—the papers, meetings, mediums, healers. I cannot think it takes any bravery to stand by your own belief.

If there are fraud mediums, let the Spiritualist be the first to denounce (and keep denouncing) these frauds; but in the name of all that we hold sacred, in the name of our dear ones who have passed the portal, let us stand by the genuine mediums, for *what would we do without them?*

Keep Spiritualism pure—then stand by it! Long may its BANNER wave! Some one has said that there are no such mediums as in the early days. I cannot say about the early mediums (fortunately not having been born so early), but I know we have good, honest and sincere mediums now.

We have personally received many grand messages and beautiful prophecies, and the best have come unsought. Without being egotistical, I will mention a few of the many prophecies which have all come to pass.

In 1887 the doctor and I were at a hotel, where we unexpectedly met Mr. Fletcher. As we walked along he turned and said: "Between this date and 1895 you will be very successful. I do not mean you will make a large fortune, but you will be successful in every way." Every one who knows Dr. Dake knows how more than true this prophecy has come.

In 1894 we went to Boston, intending to remain East only during the summer. In the early fall I met Mrs. Maggie J. Butler. As we stood chatting she said: "You will remain in Boston all winter." I laughed, and replied: "Nothing could keep us here all winter." "Ah!" she said, "but you will remain."

As you know, the doctor's business was large, and he had charge of important cases, so that we were not able to leave Boston until May, and were even obliged to return there for a short stay after we had left. These two mediums were almost total strangers to us.

Dr. Franks, of 345 West 34th street, New York City, has given us many convincing messages and prophecies, which have all been fulfilled.

I should not omit to mention Mrs. Conant of Boston. While we were in your city we attended her séance. She said: "A beautiful young girl came to you," and as I did not at all recognize her she said: "No, she does not know you, but I am the sister of the young lady Doctor is treating, and would like to send a message to her and to my mother." On inquiry we found it perfectly correct.

Among the older mediums Mrs. M. Morrell has done a grand work and been successfully prophetic.

Mrs. Gray and DeWitt Hough have for years held a high place with New Yorkers, and indeed with patrons of any city in which they might be. Not long ago DeWitt Hough diagnosed an obscure case for a lady, and said: Dr. Dake will cure her. After a few weeks' treatment she was so far improved that she sailed for Europe.

If time and space permitted I could enumerate many others (as could every one else); which all goes to prove that all the genuine mediums have not passed away; that the gates are still ajar; that our loved ones still watch over us, and will come and whisper sweet words into our ears if we keep the way open and give them the opportunity.

Our mediums are just as good as ever, but we are never satisfied and expect too much of them. Go to mediums with good conditions and honest purposes and you will receive what you seek.

We were pleased to receive a call recently from Mrs. Mary Newton, and to find her so far recovered and looking so well. She has indeed passed through deep waters, but her undaunted will and spirit, with the help of those dear ones who are waiting for her just over the border, have brought her through in safety; and I know you all join me in the hope that strength will be given her to continue in the good work.

In closing I wish THE BANNER and its workers all the success and prosperity it so richly deserves. Long may it continue as the leading spiritual paper.

FLORENCE N. DAKE.
"The Pines," Nyack-on-the-Hudson.

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CONGRESSMAN MORSE

Tells the Wonderful Curative Powers of Dr. Greene's Nervura.

Hon. Elijah A. Morse, Member of Congress from Mass., Used Dr. Greene's Nervura in His Family with Astonishing Benefit.



HON. ELIJAH A. MORSE, MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM MASSACHUSETTS

Hon. Elijah A. Morse of Canton, Mass., Member of Congress from Massachusetts, forwards his endorsement of the remarkable curative powers of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, together with a letter from his sister, Mrs. Albert F. Morse, who writes to the people concerning her wonderful cure by this grand restorer of health and strength.

Congressman Morse is a statesman of power and influence in Congress, and his own State holds him in highest honor, having elected him Representative in the Legislature, Member of the State Senate, and one of the Governor's Council. A business man of high order, he is known throughout the world as the manufacturer of the Rising Sun Stove Polish, which is sold in every nation of the earth.

Congressman Morse says: "My brother's wife received great benefit from the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura. She has been a long time ill, and other medicines failed. She is greatly improved by the use of Nervura. She had insomnia and nervousness, and can now sleep well. There is no question that Dr. Greene's Nervura is a valuable remedy, and it is a downright benefit to nervous affections."

Mr. Morse's sister, Mrs. Albert F. Morse, of Canton, Mass., says:

"I had been in feeble health for 23 years, and had employed all the usual means for cure without much benefit. I have had many hemorrhages of the lungs, with severe neuralgia and insomnia.

"My friends had used and knew of the good results from Dr. Greene's Nervura, and recommended its use to me. I have now used three bottles, and received help from the very first. I have now become so much benefited that I

can say that I am in the best of health that have enjoyed for three years. I sleep well and soundly, and my food does not distress me at all.

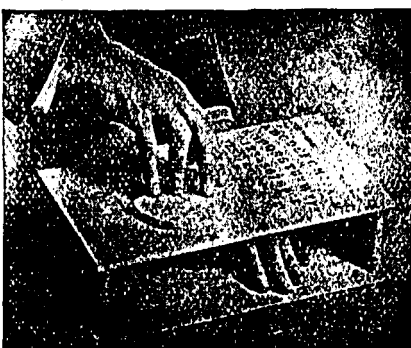
"I can heartily recommend Dr. Greene's Nervura to any person on account of its good effects on myself and friends."

Surely no one who reads this positive proof of the marvelous powers of Dr. Greene's Nervura to make the sick well, the powerful endorsement of this grandest of medicines by one of Massachusetts' foremost statesmen, will hesitate another instant in seeking the sure road to health by using Dr. Greene's Nervura.

It is what the world of sufferers needs. It is the great cure for weakness, nervousness, tired-out bodies, shaky, unsteady and weakened nerves. It gives power and strength to nerves and body, with restored vigor and renewed vitality; makes rich, red blood, cures dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, kidney and liver complaints. It banishes headache, sleeplessness, neuralgia and rheumatism. In fact, it makes the sick well. Use it and prove for yourself its wonderful power to cure.

Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is not like the preparations put up by irresponsible and unprofessional people, but is the prescription and discovery of a widely-known physician, Dr. Greene, of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. It is plainly evident, therefore, why it always cures—because it is perfectly adapted for just these complaints. Another thing which can be said of no other medicine, and which practically assures a cure by Dr. Greene's Nervura. Dr. Greene, its discoverer, can be consulted free, personally or by letter.

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

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.

Spiritual Spiritualism.

The vital truth of spiritual Spiritualism is that by completely surrendering ourselves to a living God, always speaking to us and leading us, we obtain needed deliverance from our imperfect selves. Emerson counsels us ever to "sail the open seas with God." The more men relax their hold on creeds and rituals, and the sooner they become released from the close bonds of what is called the Historic Faith, the more certain they are to open the spirit and the mind to that coveted communion. But the more they perfect the fastenings that hold them bound to creed and faith, the less and less possible does it become. Let men ever remember this, and act upon it; let them not be afraid lest by cutting loose, and thus obtaining greater freedom, they shall drift away into vagaries and dissipating moods. A knowledge of theories, that is, truths, is not identical with the recognition of truth. As a thoughtful but thoroughly intuitive writer observes: "All that is beyond our experience is to us mysterious and occult. Man, in the aspect of an intellectual animal, knows nothing real in regard to spiritual powers; but when a spiritual power enters his consciousness, it becomes a part of his being, and ceases to be occult. He knows that power as soon as it consciously enters into his possession. After that he will need no scientific arguments to prove that such powers exist; while without that possession all such scientific speculation amounts to nothing but theory."

In that possession the spiritual part of our being is enlarged and deepened. Strait-laced orthodoxy asserts that the rightly-guided man is always being brought into bondage to facts and truths. How could that be, in the case of the old notions on astronomy, geology and chemistry? How could it be if we consent to become bound to the old historic faith, contained in what is called "The Apostles' Creed"? How, if bound, could we rise to the larger, higher and clearer facts and truths? How would it have been possible to recognize and accept the facts and truths of Spiritualism, if we were bound to the old dogma of "Revealed Truth" as held by the world of ecclesiasticism? If truth is revealed, then it cannot at all times and in all ages be made known to us.

We are told by the preachers that this Historic Faith is sufficient for us; that it is idle for us to look further. We are told that it appeals to the normal instincts and experiences

of the complex human consciousness. How is it, then, that we see in the churches all around us confusion and questioning and skepticism in spite of the historic faith and in consequence of its past domination? The old dogmatic system is steadily being submerged. Take the dogma of Christ's birth from a virgin; it may be fairly asked if that appeals to the normal instincts and experiences of the human consciousness? Take the doctrine of the bodily resurrection; does that comfort or console any one with the certainty of a literal resurrection? The difficulty is that a hard and fast creed is an intellectual product, and therefore can appeal to the intellect only. It does not, for it cannot, touch the heart, kindle the emotions and clear the way for the intuitions. A creed does not inculcate love as casting out fear and fulfilling the law. It forbids one to go beyond the limits of the intellect into the realm of intuition, which is the true and only inspiration for man. Hence its devotees are obliged to be content to acknowledge the limitations of their intellect and to see through a glass darkly.

Spiritualism, in overthrowing the slavery to the historic faith, thereby widening the view and introducing facts and truths in place of kindly superstitious belief, should substitute a larger spirituality, and thus advance upon the past and break down its limitations. In other words, it should be a truer and better representative of the spiritual than any alleged revelation of the past. That is but an imagination, a theory, a formulated guess. It rests faith on knowledge. It buttresses truth with facts. But Spiritualism should not be willing to stop there: It should be its peculiar office or duty to help the universal life of spirit to cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. Its believers should not take up with the phenomena to idolatize them, but should make use of them to teach not simply the fact of intercommunion but the higher and deeper one of the presence of the Spirit and its sovereign possession of their lives. The spirit-life is the only life, here or hereafter, and those who believe they know the most of it ought, in consistency, to try to pursue that exclusively and sincerely.

Descent for Ascent.

Every living moment has its twosides of tension and release. The limit of tension being reached, the reaction is manifest in the abrupt action which has an explosive appearance in the escape. There is this limit to the involution of every type of existence. It is likewise indicated in every diverse plane of the same existence, and in every particular process. It is more conspicuous in purely physical phenomena, as in the sudden precipitation of a shower or in a bolt of lightning. Every motion, in the organic world, every word, every thought, marks this sudden access, whereby, indeed, they become motion, word and thought. The point of abrupt precipitation is in every process—the movement itself becoming momentum—to the point of excess; in youth, the expenditure, or release, is an overflow, an invisible exhalation—while the hardened walls of age resist and are broken. In human affairs there are crises so sudden as to be unanticipated in the slow increment of movements leading up to them.

What matters it if the blossoms are swept away by the wind and rain, so the fruit is set; if the walls of the temple fall, so the Presence that filled the temple is glorified; or even if the entire structure of a civilization is destroyed, so the race is reborn? The explication of such crises is inward, not outward; it is upon the environment that the relentless demand has been made; it is the external structure that has yielded to the transformation of creative life. Life so insists upon integration, makes such demands for it in every involution, that we come to look upon the temple, thus wondrously fashioned and at such costly sacrifice, as its end; but the Lord, looking thereupon, saith: "Not one stone shall stand upon another." Only through disintegration, that is, descent, is the expression of the life which shaped the structure possible. Things high and holy are for brokenness and descent, whereby their essential quality is made manifest. Life ascends to that point from which it may most expressively fall. Childhood is a fountain in the sky, lifted thither by its vital tension, and there permitted an unadulterated storage. In its exaltation it is an image of primal holiness, an unmoral innocence, not knowing evil as distinct from good.

But when the time comes for it to descend into earthly channels and contacts, this is the other side of life, the contraction of its sphere, wherein it loses its translucent and crystalline purity. Yet it is at this very turning-point that the individual human life enters upon its fruition, its summer, as if in the wanton profligacy of its functioning—its action and its passion—it would express all the wonder and glory hitherto hidden. Thus life falls into its special excellence, having thus also the special defects of its excellences. There is specific good and specific evil after the fall, and it is seen as distinct in a moral sense. As in mechanics gravitation is made to promote levitation, so even the ruins of civilizations contribute to the greater permanence of societies that inherit their virtues. The spiritual exaltation of the Hebrew, the art of Greece, the jurisprudence of Rome, though they could not save from falling the structures in which they were originally enshrined, have become elements of sustaining power in the structural development of modern social life.

The individual also has the advantage of this sustained undulation at the noontide height of maturity, and its prolongation is like an extended level which hides from sight the precipitous declivity beyond. He does not see in fruitfulness the signs of decay, or how much dominion he has given up for his conscious mastery. This transcendent, invisible power which gives to human life its spiritual meaning, at what point in the stream does it enter if it is not at the fountain? It is not acquired; if we admit it into our view of human existence as a whole, we must include it from the beginning. The involution which we know as childhood is at the fountain something that it is not in the stream. Its expression is likewise its veiling. A glamour is gone that never comes again—it "fades into the light of common day." The virginal sense of things first seen we cannot recall. The later storage of strength is not like that primal storage, which had its basis in a hunger that was not want. Age seems to be a taking on anew of childhood, but the reaction awakes some other sphere of the withdrawn life. The urgency of the movement, hidden in the ascent of life, is outwardly conspicuous in the descent. Any arrest of the descending movement only accumulates disturbance and hastens the ruin.

Two Secular Sermons.

In a recent New York Sunday Herald appeared a sermon to everybody on the question "Where is Heaven?" and two Sundays later on the subject, "An Age of Religious Inquiry." Both deserve the widest public attention. So impressive were they on their appearance in the Brooklyn Spiritualists issued them in leaflet form for the promotion of the cause. The assertion of *The Herald* is that there must be an open door between the seen and unseen universe. Regarding heaven it asserts it to be either a place or a hallucination. If a heavenly frame of mind is all there is of it, then the possession is nothing to boast of, and may end when mortal life itself ends. But, says *The Herald*, if it is a place whose boundary line we cross at the moment of death, in which our intellectual and spiritual activity will have unbounded scope, where souls can grow unhampered by the cruel and repressing limitations of the body, then we have a series of motives which irradiate the present, and fill the future with the glow and promise of a sunrise. What we can see is by no means the limit of what is. There is, says *The Herald*, a wild and almost reckless interest in this topic in these times. It asks if it is true that in this latter quarter of the nineteenth century there is a spiritual as well as a material revelation. While some have stumbled on inventions which have altered the whole complexion of our social life, have others discovered truths which render the spiritual life more brilliant and hopeful?

It holds heaven to be a place or to be nothing. It avers it to be peopled with beings who may not be seen because our eyes are not fitted for that kind of vision. Some have seen them in the past, and others, in the present, declare that they have been equally privileged. If we take the first step we must finish the journey. There is no halting spot where we can say: Thus far and no farther! Either heaven is round about us, and the possibility of communication is a fact, or we have been led strangely astray.

Discussing the subject of an age of religious inquiry, *The Herald* predicts that the future historian will find himself very much interested in this last half of the nineteenth century and pronounce it unique in many important particulars. It is a marvel in the matter of material development, and in the matter of spiritual research it holds a position of unrivalled excellence. In the coming fifty years steam will become a reminiscence. The electric spark is to be the working energy of the twentieth century. The world is not loitering—it is taking long strides. One wishes to live while these strange things are happening; to die now is like leaving the theatre when the play is half finished.

The spiritual signs of the times are not less marvelous than are the material. The average man is more interested in finding out whether he has a soul, and, if so, what is to become of it, than ever before.

The observer of current opinion is amazed at the attractive quality of these and similar topics, and is forced to the conclusion that the general appetite for information concerning the future has become almost abnormally whetted. In some respects it is the most devout and the most reverently inquisitive age of which history bears record. Right or wrong, pleased with fables or not, this teased and fretted world is looking anxiously for some light which the pulpits of christendom do not yet furnish. The greed for facts concerning tomorrow, and the solicitude with which men and women watch for them, are so pathetic that they are almost tragic. Accompanying this new phase of life is an indifference to theology and to conventional worship. Preachers are apparently not aware of the changes that are taking place in the public mind. There is no love of theology, no reverence for creeds in this generation, but there is a longing for information on the subjects indicated. If the clergyman insists on theological discussion he simply imperils his usefulness. Go your way with your own thoughts, but do not forget that your neighbor has the same right to go his way with his thoughts.

Spiritualism is a cry for help. By watching the patient crowds that attend meetings where such subjects are treated, it will be discovered that a great religious revolution is in silent progress. The wise man is without prejudices. Charity saves him many a pang. It is both tyranny and folly to say to another, "Believe as I do."

Land Monopoly.

Congress has granted to railroads and other corporations almost one hundred and ninety-one and one-half million acres of the public domain. It is the equal of one-half of Mexico, twice the entire area of Japan, and almost equal to the combined areas of France and Germany. It is five times as large as all New England. These lands have been providentially disposed of at merely nominal values as subsidies, until the railroads own fabulous acres largely in excess of the area of many States. Had they been reserved for actual settlers, they would have furnished eighty-acre farms for more than two million families. Thus many millions of acres of the grandest country ever kissed by the sunlight of heaven have been monopolized by foreign and domestic aggregations of wealth, while multitudes of our own worthy and deserving people are homeless wanderers or tenants of European landlords. The failure of Congress for many years to declare void the unearned grants of lands, lost to the people many millions of acres. As if individuals could not acquire our lands fast enough, we find that vast combinations of foreign capital have been formed to accomplish that purpose. There are fifty-six foreign corporations and individuals that together own more than twenty-six million acres of land in the United States. This is an area larger than the State of Indiana, and would make more than one hundred and forty thousand farms of one hundred and sixty acres each.

Land monopoly is wrong, whether the monopolizers are of home or foreign birth. The practical effect upon the producing classes is just the same; they have to share the fruits of their honest toil with the landlords. The ownership of land, even by our own citizens, should be limited within the bounds of reason and the good of the people, while alien ownership should be prohibited entirely. The monopolization of land in this country has not been altogether by foreigners. American corporations and individuals own perhaps almost as much land for speculative purposes as is held by Europeans. Any system of legislation which enables a few individuals or corporations to monopolize land, while multitudes remain homeless, is radically wrong, and should be speedily changed; otherwise it will prove a

fruitful source of crime, distress, poverty, and even anarchy and communism. It is the inefficiency of both existing political parties on the subject that has permitted and fostered these evils. Of these foreign land-plutocrats Lord William Solly of London is a conspicuous example. He owns forty thousand acres of good farming land in Logan County, Ill., besides large tracts in other counties. He rents this land at a high rate, requires his tenants, who are mostly poor people, to put up their own houses, barns and farm buildings, makes them pay all the taxes, and receives from them one hundred and fifty thousand dollars annually for permission to till the soil they live on, and whose value they alone have made. He is but one of a large and growing number of foreign landlords.

Coming--Perhaps

The end of the world, like Jacob Tonson, has come again. To the believers of this pretty-worn prophetic statement it is just as real as if it were already an accomplished fact. The event so confidently foretold was to have happened a week ago last Wednesday, but there was a cog gone in the prophetic wheel somewhere, or something about the machinery was out of gear, and so it did not happen. Preacher Stutzke, of the "Christian Apostolic Congregation," is the prime abettor of the startling statement, and stands ready every day to support it with Bible proofs. So that either the calculating machinery goes awry or else the Bible is not to be depended on. Every one is free to take his choice and try to feel satisfied. Preacher Stutzke affirmed that God would be in the sun last Wednesday week when it rose above the horizon, and assured his attentive congregation that every one of them would be picked up—we fancy as a predatory hawk would lift a coveted chicken—and transported to a place somewhere in the immediate vicinity of the North Pole. Now that is more earthly and business-like than to tell them they would be carried up to heaven from where they stood or sat, on a fleecy cloud. That is much too thin, not to indulge in innocent slang about it. There may be a few people here and there who would prefer to have their paradise in easier "diggins," where the sharp iron pick would not have to be the condition precedent to the dirt-disturbing shovel. Nevertheless, as none of his hearers have as yet set their eyes on the axle-turner of the far North, it does not make any particular difference. We are nowise disinclined to back up Mr. Stutzke in any further prophetic statements he may wish to make, but it would be much more agreeable to us if he would just start off one of the flock nesting of his congregation cote as a sort of homing pigeon, and see if he could get ever so slight a message from the hyperborean regions first. We decline to jest on so serious a subject as the coming end of the world, especially if it is very near; and yet it does seem to provoke a melancholy smile to think that the Stutzke congregation and all the rest of us will be likely to come to an end a long, long time before the old world will.

Judge and Jury.

It is proposed by a United States District Judge in Connecticut, who is likewise a professor in the Yale Law School, to continue, if not to enlarge, rather than to restrain or abrogate the discretionary powers of judges in jury cases, so far as they concern the examination of witnesses, the directing of verdicts, the framing of special questions, commenting upon the evidence and expressing opinion upon disputed facts, on the alleged ground that if the jury system is to continue to find favor it must keep pace with the development of society and be adapted to the exigencies of particular cases. In short, that it must be free from "the trammels of legislation." Such an opinion is publicly expressed in view of the proposed act of Congress forbidding an expression of opinion by the judge in any case, which the Professor and Judge declares would at times be "absolutely subversive of justice." The argument urged by him is that the varied and constantly-changing conditions of causes, counsel, court and jury require such elasticity of practice, such reciprocal aids and checks, and such adaptability of procedure as cannot be provided for by the rigid bounds of statutory enactments.

Another United States District Judge in Michigan—now an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court—gave utterance to similar views some years ago. He distinctly announced the opinion that if the jury system was to maintain its efficiency, it must depend in a large degree upon the power of the presiding Judge to fairly and wisely direct the attention of the jurors to the considerations arising upon the evidence which should guide and control them. The Connecticut District Judge further asserts that the constitutional right of trial by jury guarantees the powers of the Judge as well as those of the jury, and therefore that it would not be competent for the legislative authority to so abridge his powers as to deny him the common-law right to advise the jury as to the evidence and to comment or express his opinion on the facts. The jury system itself, however, is destined to radical modifications.

Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings

Has delivered of late, at the Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting, several lectures—some of which have been reported in our columns. She has been for years a lecturer on Spiritualism, and we feel that she has accomplished a great work in defense of the Cause. Those who may wish to satisfy themselves as to her being a Spiritualist will do themselves a great favor by securing her for labor in their localities. The fullest commendation has always reached us from quarters where her talents had been or were being displayed.

A letter has been received from Annie Ford, Secretary of the First Occult Society of South Chicago, the members of which last April organized a society to help and protect homeless boys. The Secretary writes: "And more particularly now for boys belonging to Spiritualist parents who cannot afford to educate their children, or children whose parents have passed over, leaving them to be cared for at any charitable institution that will take them in—preference being given to boys between six and fourteen years of age. All particulars can be obtained from Mr. F. Ramenstein, 8226 Reynolds Avenue, Station 8, Chicago, Ill. Plans are being drawn for a permanent building, but funds are needed very badly to carry on this great and noble work. Will all who read this contribute what they can to this worthy cause? The Society has a State charter."

Camp Progress, Mowerland Park, Upper Swampscott.

Sunday, Sept. 20, as every one knows, was a perfect autumnal day; the sun shone its brightest, and gave just warmth enough to take the chill from the atmosphere, making one feel glad to be out of doors. Having had repeated invitations to visit Camp Progress this season, and been prevented by stormy Sundays, I gladly availed myself of this my first opportunity.

It is surprising how little is known, in a general way, of the beauties of Camp Progress, and how few people know that there is a Spiritualist camp within easy access from Boston and surrounding towns. One can take the train from Boston Union Station to Lynn, and then take the Lynn and Salem electric at the Central Station in Lynn direct to the camp. The electric passes the entrance to the camp. If one desires, and has plenty of time, the journey can be made wholly by electric from Boston.

Arriving there, the visitor finds a truly rural camp right in the woods. Of course the camp is not as old nor as large as Lake Pleasant or Onset Camp, but considering all things it is indeed a very pleasant one, and bids fair, when the improvements have been made that are being thought of, to outrival either of the others spoken of.

The Association has control of about twelve acres of land, the natural beauty of which is grand, some of it rising to an altitude of a hundred feet (called Prospect Hill), at present requiring quite an effort on the part of the visitor to ascend. But when one gets there the view well repays for the effort. The picture is charming; directly at the foot of the eminence can be seen the camp buildings, which consist of a cook-house, covered dining place, where are served at the noon hour nice fish and clam chowder, coffee, tea and ice cream; still further on the roof of the auditorium and speaker's stand, both being covered, but not enclosed, then as one's gaze reaches out can be seen Swampscott, Lynn and Marblehead; still further Nahant (with Maulls Garden, read backward spells Sloat), in the distance Nantasket and Baker's Island, and Bug Lights. The Association proposes to build an observatory on this hill at some future time.

Combing down (at present) it is better to take a round-about way, but at the same time a better view of the grounds can be obtained, and in that way the visitor realizes more the beauty of the camp.

There are some improvements that will greatly enhance the attractions of the present, such as filling in certain wet places, and moving the auditorium and speaker's stand further back from the entrance, grading the present entrance way, and making a broad avenue from the street. But it takes time. Home was not built in a day, and with time, and the present earnest workers who have the matter in hand, the natural possibilities of Camp Progress will be developed into a camp ground second to none in the State.

J. S. S.

J. C. F. Grumbine

Again visits the East in November, and will teach at the First Spiritual Temple, Boston, in December and January. Mr. Grumbine delivered five lectures at Clinton Camp, and was chosen to give the memorial address and the address in commemoration of Indians' Day.

We have received from the Plymouth Publishing Co., Boston, a pamphlet of more than ordinary interest. It is entitled: "Ingersoll and Bland: Debate on Money," and is a full report of a battle royal between those two intellectual giants, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll and Dr. T. A. Bland, on the great question which is now agitating this whole country. THE BANNER is not a political journal; hence we do not assume to express an opinion as to whether Col. Ingersoll or Dr. Bland is victorious. We simply say that the pamphlet is both entertaining and instructive in a high degree. Price five cents.

There is to be seen impending revolution in Great Britain, that will inevitably lead to the breaking-up of the landocracy as a class, and sweep out of existence the incubus of the House of Lords, that rests directly on the monopoly of the land as its main prop and stay. Without a doubt, all this is to come in the near future. The grasping greed of the plutocracy of England, that would make slaves of the toiling millions and vagrants and paupers of the unemployed, cannot always count on immunity from a final settlement of its heavy dues to humanity and a sweeping clearance of its accounts.

The National.

The fourth annual convention of the National Spiritualists' Association will be held in Washington, D. C., Oct. 20, 21 and 22, at the Masonic Temple. The Convention will be attended by many of the most able speakers and mediums in this country, and questions of great importance to all Spiritualists will be considered. Railroad rates on the certificate plan will be secured for those who desire to attend. Address Francis B. Woodbury, 600 Pennsylvania Avenue, S. E., Washington, D. C.—*The Philosophical Journal*.

Several readers of the BANNER or LIGHT write: "Could you not induce some first-class slate writing medium—say Mr. P. L. O. A. Keeler, for instance—to enter the field in Texas? also reliable materialization mediums? There is a good deal of general inquiry in the State, and first-class genuine mediums would meet with success down here." We present the call to the mediums of the country, and wish that those accepting it may meet with good success.

W. J. Colville is at present very actively engaged in San Francisco and Oakland, Cal., where his audiences are larger than ever. In addition to his own special field of activity, he has taken part in the work of the Spiritualist Conventions just held in both cities. Address all letters, etc., 97 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

The *Progressive Thinker* states that the speaker, James De Buchananne, was buried at sea Sept. 3 within fifteen miles of Galveston Island, Texas, such disposal of his body being in accord with his wishes.

55 RUTLAND STREET.—On and after Sept. 26, sances will be held, as formerly, on Saturday afternoon, as per advertisement on seventh page.

Mrs. C. B. Bliss has an announcement on our fifth page, which is worthy the reader's attention.

In the newspapers of the day are frequently to be found articles concerning so-called "mysterious occurrences," taking place in various parts of the world, which accounts are eagerly devoured by the readers, as the marvelous is always attractive. For nearly forty years there has been published in Boston a journal called the BANNER OF LIGHT, which claims that these manifestations are not at all mysterious, but that they take place in accordance with natural law, and when thoroughly investigated go to prove that if a man dies, he shall live again! Many people, however, are skeptical in regard to such an explanation of their occurrence; and all those who are not afraid to scrutinize these matters carefully should procure the BANNER OF LIGHT and thereby become convinced of their verity. The paper is issued weekly at No. 9 Bowditch street, Boston, Mass., at \$2 per year.—*Deutsche Zeitung, Charleston, S. C.*

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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 Séance held Aug. 14, 1896.

Spirit Invocation.

Divine Spirit, we again place ourselves in that receptive condition where we cannot only receive, but feel that in seeking we gain knowledge in giving out to others what we gain in giving for communion and exchange of thought. We also feel a benefit by it, and with these desires this morning do we once more meet in our circle-room to open up the channel that is like an open door to the mortal—where spirit and mortal can blend and exchange their thoughts. Oh! bless us while we are here this morning; each one trying to work out his own ideas, and finish his own work, which we must do, and do it in our own way; we realize that in the cooperating power of mortal and spirit, where the law of humanity prevails with union, we find progress. Be with us while we are in our circle-room, and also be with us when we are about our duties, as it is essential we should seek thy great divine power at all times.

Oh! we realize how dark and gloomy it is to the mortal when the angel that is called Death appears at the threshold, and so unexpectedly that it seems almost more than we can bear. Draw near unto such this morning, for although we realize that they have a consciousness of love, and the continuation of life, they do not realize the separation from the body; yet we are all clothed in mortal, and it is hard sometimes for us to realize what is best.

Oh! give strength unto those that may operate this morning, that they may not only be able to carry glad tidings of immortality, but that they may be able to cheer those that are cheerless, and give strength to the weak—and also give light where darkness prevails. We know that life eternal and that life evermore go forth, especially when we sense with the spirit of understanding. Clothe us as thou seest we need, and thy name shall have the praise now and forevermore. Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Charles C. Hayes.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. I certainly feel very much pleased this morning at having this privilege of coming to your Circle-Room and voicing a few of my thoughts to the dear loved ones on the earth-plane. I sense, as I come in rapport with the medium, the close atmosphere; but when we are desirous to accomplish our object, and are interested in what we are doing, we are not affected so much by the atmosphere that surrounds us. I feel this morning somewhat at home, because there are many things familiar to me as I reach the earth sphere. I feel somewhat interested in progress and the advancement of my fellow men; and while in the body I also felt that each one must do the best he knew how. I want to say to the dear loved ones yet on the earth-plane that I am still interested in the welfare of humanity. I am neither dead nor sleeping. I find as I pass from the mortal existence, and have laid aside the worn-out physical form, I can accomplish what I could not in earth-life.

I was not entirely ignorant, Mr. Chairman, of this beautiful Philosophy, for I had become absolutely convinced that the spirit lived after leaving the sphere of action, and that we could communicate, and that they could help us in our hours of need.

It is those in our own home that I want to reach this morning, and I send this message there to give them comfort and consolation, as I oftentimes hover around them, and am very anxious that they should not only fully realize and learn more completely of the spirit, but to have them reminded that we have not forgotten them. Since I passed out of the body I realize how many times we stand around our friends, and are anxious to give them our thoughts and advise and protect them; and yet even those who know the spirit returns, even those who many times feel the spirit around them, do get discouraged just the same as those who do not know. I sometimes think that those who place the most in it get discouraged the quicker, because they seem to want so much, and they want the spirits to prove themselves so clearly that it is hard work for us sometimes to overcome the conditions that surround us. I should like to say I have many, many friends by the tie of associations, especially in fraternities, for I belonged to the Masons and Odd Fellows, and I have still an interest in the welfare of the work.

I also had a great interest in the welfare of our town, and I have still an interest there. I want all my brother-men to know that, although they have been robbed of the mortal presence, the spirit is still with them. I will try and overshadow and influence them for good, and for them to give their own identity while they have the opportunity, because after you come to spirit it is not so easy to find all that you desire to. If you have not made yourself familiar with spirit-laws while in the body, it will be hard for you. I will not send a long communication this morning. They have many times wondered why I have not made myself known through your valuable paper, and I have got many around me this morning, but I will merely voice a few sentiments and say that we are all together, and are only waiting for the dear loved ones that have been

closely tied to join us in the spirit and we will then understand each other better.

It is with these thoughts that I wish to identify myself with my Spiritualism, which I practiced and preached while in earth-life.

I used to say it was good enough to live by, and it was beautiful to die by, for what I sought I found, and that is what I advocated and what I have proven. You can put my name down as Charles C. Hayes, Milton, N. H.

Joseph Price.

I believe it has been remarked many times in earth-life that birds of a feather flock together; hence I have been standing and listening here, as I have done many times before, and watched the laws of progress as they advanced in mortal life, and listened to the voices of the spirits who have manifested in giving their various opinions and what their experiences have been. We see oftentimes in the spirit, as we used to in the mortal, that the experiences of others are always beneficial to us; and as I heard the last brother express himself in the knowledge he had of Spiritualism, and also regarding the opportunities he found after he left the body, I feel that was my experience.

I had lived my allotted time, and more, on earth-life, and rounded out, as most people would say, my useful life. I always loved to work; I always loved progress; I always liked to hear of truth predominating over wrong; but I find this morning, as I oftentimes have when I approached this very interesting channel, that it is a little bit selfish to take up the time; so I will say we are well and doing well. It reminds me of a passage that used to be expressed very often, and that is: "Christ did not come to save the righteous, but to save the sinners," and that is what seems to me when I come to this open door. There are many who did not have the privilege that I did. I see many times those who are interested, who wonder why we do not communicate oftener, and why we do not make ourselves better known—especially through the BANNER OF LIGHT; and yet, Mr. President, I am astonished at how many, many people—even my own—have sought your valuable paper for information, for some little interesting message or some word from some dear loved one who has gone over; and it seems that they have a little conception of how many, many souls gather here—how small the time is for all to get an opportunity to say something.

I would like to say to the dear ones of earth-life, that I am still progressing and advancing. I have met many of the dear ones in spirit. I have but a few left in earth-life—almost all have passed over—but I have a few left, and I want to give them to understand that we are protecting them; we are trying to make them understand the great laws of life.

I should like also to say to the dear ones who are not physically well, to cheer up; do not get discouraged; only a little while, and all will be well. I will also say that there are others who have joined me since I passed on to the spirit-life, although it is only a few years ago, and I want them to know it is well, it is well. I would like to say, as the brother who preceded me was speaking of New Hampshire, it brought me back to my childhood days, and, in fact, I spent the greatest part of my life in Alstead, N. H., though the spirit separated from the body a long distance from here, and that was in Abilene, Tex.; I think I shall be known in both places; you can put my name down as Joseph Price.

Ethel Estes.

Good-morning, Mr. President. Oh! how beautiful it is to have the privilege of coming in and communicating with our friends on earth; this open door is made so broad that it makes no difference as to age, experience or believers. I suffered very much with my stomach before I passed out of the body, so that as I come in contact with the medium this morning it seems to distress me some, but I am so anxious to give encouragement to those that I left behind, that I have been watching for an opportunity for a long time to send this letter—and the kind good control that is around this morning said I might come in, and see what I could do.

I am a long distance from home—that is, what the earth ones call home—yet time and space are nothing to the spirit, for we can travel very rapidly in thought, and it is to open up a new channel wherein I can demonstrate myself better that I seek this privilege this morning.

I was only a young person when I passed away—about eighteen years old—and it seems my life had only commenced, and I had many things, as the mortal would say, to perplex me; yet I realize there was much in life for me; I find the angels had a greater work for me in spirit than I could do in mortal—that is why I want the mortal friends to know that I have not given up my work, neither have I given up the thought that I can help them. I want to be remembered by all, especially those of my household, for although only a few years have elapsed since I went to spirit, yet there have been many changes—changes that have been for the best, although the mortal cannot always see it so. I would like to say to those that I have an interest in, that if they will give me an opportunity to talk with them I will not only prove myself to them, but I think would be of a benefit, and I would be more than pleased to do so.

You can put me down as Ethel Estes. My home was in Corning, Ark.

Claud Prescott Lovering.

Do you let little children come in and talk, too? Well, I was only a little bit of a boy, but I want to send mamma and grandpa a letter from the spirit-land. My mamma is a medium, and grandpa takes your paper, and they asked me if I would not come and speak sometime, so that you could print them a letter. The little Indian girl was going to speak, but she said for me to try it and she would help me, so I am doing so. I want mamma to know that her little boy has not gone away from her, and she need not worry any more over me. I have met all my little brothers and sisters in spirit-life. There are so many people in spirit that I did not know when I was in the earth-life, but they all knew me, and I am having a real good time. I am going to school, and I can learn things so much quicker than I did when I was in the earth-plane. I want mamma not to worry, because the spirit-friends tell me to tell her all things will work out for good.

Mamma don't feel well, neither does grandpa; but I want grandpa to know that when he sends us the beautiful flowers it makes us feel so happy, because we know then we are not forgotten. I want mamma to know that all the trials and things that make her feel bad and cry will soon pass off and she will be her own self again.

Grandma is with me and auntie, and Aunt Mary is with me, and I have so many around me, but I want this letter to go to her, to cheer her up. Say I am growing up in spirit, and I now think I can learn to love her even better than I did in earth-life—so if I had said in earth-life you would have so much trouble you would not have believed it. I don't want to talk about it, but she will understand what I mean, and so I want her to feel it is all right. There are four of us in spirit-life, and we come and want to make her happy, and by-and-by, when she comes to spirit-life, she will feel her darling children were not taken from earth-life for wrong, but for good. I want Grandpa Prescott to know that I hear him when he talks to me, and when he takes my picture down and looks at it and says: "Darling boy"—and I can talk with him. I was only a little fellow, about five years old, when I went to spirit, but I have grown bigger since that.

They tell me I must give you my name, so mamma will know who I am, so put me down as Claud Prescott Lovering; my grandpa lives in Quincy. My own home was in Boston, but mamma goes to grandpa and they will see it—that is why I wanted to come in.

Fanny Burns.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. I think if little boys can come in little girls can. Oh! I wish I could make my mamma understand that I am not dead; she cries all the time, and so makes me feel as if there was something awful bad because I have left her. I came, and Grandma Burns takes care of me. They tell me that if I try perhaps mamma will see this letter and it will make her feel better—because mamma feels that all things good go from her; she only has her children a little while and then God takes them.

There are three of us in the spirit-life, and I am the largest of them all. I want mamma not to care, and want to make her feel that we are growing up big in the spirit-land, and will help her and make her feel better. I passed away with diphtheria; I was pretty near eleven years old when I went away, but I would now be thirteen or fourteen—so that I would have been a big girl by this time. I will meet her sometime—by-and-by—and I want her to feel that God doeth all things well. My name is Fanny Burns, and my home used to be in Boston; my mamma's name was Helen, and papa's name was Brian. Grandpa and grandma Burns are with me, and also other friends, but they say that if mamma will give this letter her attention we will do better. Roxbury is my home, and that is a part of Boston.

Nelson Powell.

This is truly a beautiful experience, and I certainly feel and appreciate the privilege of mingling with you this morning. I feel like one of those little children, humble, and asking the good angels and mortals to assist us in assisting each other. I had quite an experience in earth-life, and I tried, in my feeble way, to take advantage of every opportunity that lay in my power for the advancement of spirituality and progress. I thank the good angels that I never was creed ridden. I never believed in any church.

I was a Spiritualist, and I was proud of it; and, Mr. Chairman, I feel pleased to-day as I look over the records of time and see the advancement Spiritualism has taken in the various orders of progress during the last thirty-five to forty years. It was not such a usual thing, years ago, for a man to come out and say he was a Spiritualist; if he did he was put down as crazy right off; but I never was afraid of my own sentiments. I still have an interest in all, and I feel like protecting our mediums and our instruments, just as much as I did while in the body.

Mr. President, I also have watched your progress in the printing of THE BANNER. The BANNER to me was my Bible, and was always a welcome visitor; it was that which helped to take my spirit, and to know how to receive the dear ones again. I thank the good angels you are still doing your work, still giving to the world the food to satisfy the soul. I have watched from the earth-life and from the spirit the various instruments that have been operated, and how many various channels the spirits have opened up—many times much more anxious to reach their friends in mortal than the friends in mortal are willing to receive. I would give forth my testimony in behalf of the spirit-world; let them seek more diligently, and make themselves more receptive to the glad tidings that we bring to them with great joy.

I have got many friends scattered all over the country, for I was well known for my independency of character and speech. I never approached any one unceremoniously, or in any way to hurt them; but when an opportunity was placed in my way, or any one asked me what my ideas of life and religion were, I never failed to give them just what I meant, and just what I felt.

This morning I am wafted back by that tie of love which makes us feel we have a right to protect them: we feel that we belong to the great centre, the centre of light. I feel also like sending back encouragement to those that we meet through association; many years we work through the cooperating in business matters. I think sometimes our business surroundings come almost as close to us as our tie of relationship.

Now I feel, Mr. President, that time is limited; many await their turn or opportunity to send some thoughts, some encouragement, so I will merely say: "May God and the angels sustain you and bless you in this good work." This is the humble desire of your faithful servant, Nelson Powell. I shall be more known in the vicinity of New York. My home was in Avon. I am very much pleased at having this privilege this morning.

Messages to be Published.

Aug. 21.—Agnes Remington; Eben Quimby; Josiah Whitman; Alfred Benson; Austin Polky Perkins; James Swift; C. H. Johnson.

Aug. 28.—Louise Colburn; Samuel P. Sanborn; Frank Miller; Albert Stevenson; Eliza Monroe; Philip Graham.

Sept. 4.—Major John Lowe; Isaac Newton Hinch; Emma E. Weeks; Austin Kent; Idaline E. Harding; Eliza McCuskey.

Sept. 11.—Capt. Israel Cotten; Catharine Mackenzie; Josiah Rogers; Scott Moor; Mary Ann Usgood; Frankie Osgood; Warren Chase.

Sept. 18.—Samuel H. Terry; Laura Wells; John W. Emery; Emeline Day; Sarah Underwood; Caroline Brooks.

Chicago Post.

"Who was that man to whom you bowed so coldly?" he asked. "What! Have you forgotten him?" she asked. "Why, he is the minister who married us." "Oh, well, you should be courteous to him, anyway. He was not to blame, you know."—Chicago Post.

Is Your Brain Tired?

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It supplies the needed food for the brain and nerves and makes exertion easy.

For the Banner of Light.

THREE ANGELS, I KNOW.

A Song Given Inspirational at Jackson Hall, New York, Aug. 15, 1896.

BY AUGUSTA H. CHAMBERLIN.

There are angels, I know, for I've seen them
In the starry and beautiful night;
And the sky and the earth were between them,
As they came in their sandals of light.

They have balm for all souls that are wounded,
They heal with their touch every pain,
And the harp of my heart they have tuned it
To song and endeavor again.

There are angels, I know, for I've heard them
Through strains of deep music too fine
For the loftiest language to word them,
Since they flow from a fountain divine.

And the sound of the seraphim singing
Brings rapture too sweet to disclose,
While we catch at the echoes still ringing,
Then sink into dreamless repose.

There are angels, I'm sure, for I've known them
Before they were angels at all,
And how can I ever disown them
Because of a grave and a pall?

Oh! friends, when life's lessons are ended,
And dear ones are bidden to go,
Their spirits, released, have ascended,
And so there are angels, we know.

Abigail Dodge.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

The first illustration that made a deep impression on my mind of the power of a woman as a prose-writer was in the writings of Harriet Martineau. There were many women who wrote with marked effect and with wonderful sweetness, but she seemed a "new woman" forty years ago. But she was English, and, in a degree, alien. She was wedded to conservatism in some of its forms, and then—she spoke slightly of America and Americans in her later works.

But when Gail Hamilton's articles appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* they created a new possibility, that of the woman's mind capable of expressing itself in originality and power. It has been a little disappointing to find that power rather scattered in its action in her later life, but she has done enough for us to claim our gratitude and a tribute of recognition at least.

Harriet Prescott Spofford says her spirit was starlike, and truly we ought to recognize its gleaming in her latest work, entitled the "X Rays," for in that she took her readers beyond the realm of shadows into the beautiful valley of spiritual knowledge.

It was not my good fortune to have known her personally. A dim recollection of seeing her at a meeting of Sorosis is in my mind, but I must be indebted to another for a description of her personality.

She was one of the women called attractive, although she could not claim beauty. She was of medium height and of good figure. The expression of her mouth under a smile was enchanting. Her conversational powers were delightful, and she filled a house with good cheer. She loved nature, children, poetry and beauty everywhere.

I do not venture on a review of her literary career, but desire to call attention to her latest published work entitled "X Rays." In this book she opens the realm of the spiritual to her friends and admirers in her own personal experiences and those of others. I will only quote some of her own experiences as revealing her faith in a spirit realm "not far away":

"A new page on the Book of Life was opened to me. At first the question arose, Why has God given us such an eagerness to know, yet withheld all knowledge? Then has He? Has He so withheld knowledge? Has He not rather in this, as in all other matters, given us hints and helps, but left it to human will to use them? Has He not created man with as much knowledge of the relation between this world and the other world as between the cathode rays and the human eye? As between Mars and the earth? Is not our ignorance due to our theories and our stubborn, stupid adherence to them in spite of facts rather than of God's orderings? Do we not look upon the borderland as forbidden ground, and bar discovery by a mistaken sense of prohibition, and, therefore, unbalanced curiosity? Certainly, as I look back along my path, I see many facts which have a direct bearing upon this question, but which I never classified, never ever marshalled, only looked at as marvels, inexplicable and unrelated, with no orderly bearing upon a question that concerns every human being.

"So far I had written," said she, "when it befell me to be tented in that valley of shadows. My experience there I am sure that you, dear neighbors and all friends, will be glad to learn, chiefly because it was experience, a little also because perhaps it was mine.

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

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

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

"Once I asked: 'Am I supposed to be alive still?'
"This question I did not afterward remember until it was repeated to me. Then I remembered not the question but the circumstances that led to it. So many friends were around me who had gone out of this world that it suddenly occurred to me whether I myself might not be already gone, and I was about to ask, 'Am I dead or alive?' But I thought if it should turn out that I was still alive the question might sound rather harsh, and I deliberately softened it to, 'Am I supposed to be living still?'

"To myself it seemed as if my spirit were partially detached from my body—not absolutely freed from it, but floating about, receiving impressions with great readiness, but not with entire accuracy, as if the spirit were made to receive impressions through the bodily organs, and without them could not rely implicitly upon its own observations. Many foolish things I undoubtedly said, but many I distinctly remember to have refrained from saying because I knew they were foolish.

"In 1859 I was taken ill, and no one thought I could recover. I turned my head on one side of the bed. I saw a man, a stranger with a heavenly face, looking at me. I said, 'What do you wish?' He answered, 'I have come to take you to a spirit life for treatment.' I said, 'How will you take me?' 'Just as you are, on your bed.' I said I was willing to go. Instantly the cloth about my bed was changed to the most beautiful textures. The material seemed to be inland; it had all the brilliancy of

gems. As we swept through space the light which met my eyes warmed me. I seemed to float in it. I said to my guide, 'Whence comes this light?' He answered, 'From the throne of God.' I said, 'Let me stay in it. It gives me strength.' Many hands of spirits passed by. I recognized one of their number. His name was G. T. I said I wished to speak to that young man, to tell him about his family. The man who walked at T's side looked up at me and shook his head in the negative; the man who was G's guide I have never seen in earth-life. When I afterward described him I was told it was G's father.

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

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

Philosophizing, Miss Dodge said: "The natural body gathered from our planet and its atmosphere serves the spirit for a while, and when it is worn out returns again to become a part of the planet whence it was organized, and the spirit served along by its spiritual body can be seen no more by planetary eyes. But we must remember that by them it never was seen—not even his closest friend has a man ever seen. Side by side through childhood and manhood we live with our dear ones and know their voices, laughter, footsteps afar off. Then comes the dread day of silence. The lips that were swift to the eyes that smiled, the feet that were swift to do good, all remain. Everything that was as still there. Only that is gone which is always invisible—the spirit which vivified and controlled, which made character and constancy, which sequestered in sacredness the earthly body, which gave to us a mortal love and bequeathed to us immortal longing. That dear spirit the Christian imagination follows and invests with a spiritual body, which it declares, but does not define or attempt to analyze. Paul's imaginary interlocutor asks with vivid insistence: 'How are the dead raised up? With what body do they come?'

In this last experience we note this: the "stranger" says, "I have come to take you to spirit-life for treatment." "Instantly the cloth about my bed was changed to the most beautiful textures," etc. No doubt most of the sensitives of the last forty years or more have had similar experiences. Achaia W. Sprague narrated to me her wonderful recovery from a long and hopeless illness, in which the spirit-world revealed itself as ready to aid the suffering in every possible way.

How thankful should we be that when the world turns a deaf ear to our testimony because we bear unjustly a name of reproach, that it will hear other voices proclaiming the glad tidings: "Out of the mouth of many witnesses is truth made manifest."

People with hair that is continually falling out, or those that are bald, can stop the falling, and get a good growth of hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

September Magazines.

THE ARENA.—The current number continues the valuable educational work of that able magazine on the great issue confronting the American people to-day, namely, the adjustment of the future currency of the nation. "Free Silver" is discussed by William P. St. John, M. A., treasurer of the National Democratic party, in an article on "Free Silver and Prosperity." Hon. W. J. Bryan writes on "The Currency Question." This is a paper contributed to the *Arena* in February, 1895, and is considered a prophetic utterance in regard to the present financial crisis. There are also strong editorials on the gold trust and the people. "Social and Economic Questions" are discussed by Rev. W. B. Williams in a paper on the "Evils of Land Monopoly"; Charles W. Bowne, on "The Initiative and Referendum"; Charles H. Chapman, on "The Right of Woman to the Ballot," and by other able writers. The useful instalment of the serial entitled "Between Two Worlds," by Mrs. Calvin Kreyer Relfsnyder, is given, and the serial by Will Allen Dromgoole, "The Valley Path," is concluded. "Book Reviews" and "Notes by the Editor" are full of interesting reading. The *Arena* Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

THE HUMANITARIAN has an interesting account of an interview with the Countess of Meath, by Sarah A. Tooley, entitled "Social Philanthropy." Mrs. Aubrey Richardson contributes an article on "Ancestral Butterflies." Sir Douglas Galton, K. C. B., writes of "The Children of the State." Mrs. Clara Jerrold, Edward Carpenter, C. W. Heckethorn, Rev. Dr. Harder, M. A., LL. D., and W. Kingsley Tarpey contribute to the interest of this number, and, with "Notes and Comments," "Review," and "Open Column," make a very readable issue. Victoria Woodhull-Martineau, Editor, Brentano's, 31 Union Square, New York.

RECEIVED: The *Quiver*, The Cassell Publishing Co., 31 E. Seventeenth street (Union Square), New York; The *New St. Louis*, Advance Book Co., Publishers, 2819 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

Throat Comfort.

Best at night; freedom from dryness, and all tickling sensations may be secured by a small dose of Adams' Botanic Cough Balsam. Public speakers, singers, and professional men, find it of great use. Sweet and pleasant to the taste. Sold everywhere.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From his home, 140 Pleasant street, Worcester, Mass., Sept. 12, SOLOMON W. NELSON, aged 63 years 6 months and 29 days.

For a great many years Mr. Nelson had been an earnest and devout Spiritualist. Once convinced of the fact of spirit communication, he was anxious that his many friends should share it with him, and with this object in view, many seances were held at his home. He was highly respected by all who knew him, and will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends.

The funeral services were conducted by the writer. GEO. A. FULLER, M. D.

42 Alcatraz Avenue, Worcester, Mass.

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

Pilosophy.

Of making many pills there is no end. Every pill-maker says: "Try my pill," as if he were offering you a good pill! The wise man finds a bon bon! and sticks to it. Also, the wise man who has once tried them never forsakes

..Ayer's Cathartic Pills..

Banner Correspondence.

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

Massachusetts.

ONSET.—Franklin Smith writes: "In spite of the inclement weather quite a number of summer residents still remain at Onset, who will continue here until the Wigwag Festival, the first of which occurred on the 19th and 20th. Lectures have been given by Dr. Bland and Prof. Kenyon.

Spiritual societies who desire to give their audiences food for thought on the great problems of life and being, which have so mystified the human mind in all the past, would do well to avail themselves of Prof. Kenyon's philosophical and scientific inspirations."

BOSTON.—Seymour Van Brocklin writes: "For nearly half a century Spiritualists have had this grand evidence of a future life in their possession, and yet nothing has been done to establish a school or college where those who have strong evidences of medial powers, and limited education, can secure opportunities for thorough development under the best possible conditions and an education which will place them before the world as fitting representatives of this great truth.

Would it not be better for those who claim to be Spiritualists, who have been seeking the spirit-world so assiduously for the advancement of their material interests, to turn their attention to this important subject, and give the same amount of time, zeal and means to secure results which would place the name Spiritualism before the world where it would command respect?

There is a great amount of talk about protecting mediums which results only in high-sounding promises, yet nothing is done to educate mediums to protect themselves. The argument so often advanced, that our spirit-guides will protect us, no matter what we have to face, we know from actual experience to be a fact, yet an intelligent understanding of a condition to be met by the medium only aids our spirit-guides to secure the results desired.

We hope the day is not far distant when those who have the means will recognize the necessity of concerted action for the founding of a university for the education of mediums who are ready to serve."

Minnesota.

MINNEAPOLIS.—Alice K. Simmons writes: "I have been an investigator of Spiritualism for some time, and I have never found anything so instructive and satisfying as the system of inspirational development given through the guides of J. C. F. Grumblin of Geneseo, Ill.

The teachings are something out of the usual order. I have taken both Psychometry and Clairvoyance, and the experiments I had were looked forward to with great pleasure.

I have never yet been disappointed with an experiment; have been able to read rocks, twigs, names; have seen faces and landscapes; heard voices, and learned to perceive and protect myself as an individual spirit, and to be of service to others. Through me, and through those beautiful guides have never been deceived.

I sat in circles for two years with but very little satisfaction.

I am very enthusiastic over true Spiritualism, but with the fraud and evil attending this beautiful religion, it takes courage to work in the Cause.

I sincerely recommend Mr. Grumblin as an intelligent, pure-minded teacher, and I earnestly hope that all who may avail themselves of his teachings will meet with the success that I have. May those gifts given to us from the divine be used for the uplifting of humanity, and then Spiritualism will blossom forth as the rose, sending its fragrance and love to the hearts of all, and convincing the most skeptical of its truths."

Maryland.

BALTIMORE.—Alfred Dietz writes: "A highly interesting service took place here at the 'Mystic Circle of Light,' 707 West Lexington street, on Tuesday, at 8 P. M. The occasion was the christening of the baby of Dr. and Mrs. B. S. S. of Denver, Col. The cosy little hall was decorated nicely with a few potted plants, while in the centre of the rostrum rested the christening-urn, filled with beautiful white flowers. The hall was filled to its full seating capacity.

Mrs. Mary Crall of Philadelphia, Pa., the well-known gifted platform medium, officiated on this occasion. The baptismal service was brief, simple and very pretty, and was conducted in true spiritual style.

Among those present were Dr. and Mrs. Bissell, Mr. and Mrs. Crall, Mrs. White, Dr. Miller, Mrs. Georgetown, Dr. Gannaway and many others. The Mystic Circle of Light, School of Philosophy and Scientific Psychic Research, is conducted by Prof. George W. Gannaway. It was started about a year ago, and already its reputation for investigation of truth and the simplicity of teaching has reached all parts of the country.

Public sances are given by prominent mediums every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday; private tuition and discussions in philosophy, under the direction of Prof. Gannaway, are given every Tuesday and Thursday."

Illinois.

CHICAGO.—Sig. Everett (monochord soloist) writes: "It is his desire to bring to the notice of readers of THE BANNER the work and personality of Prof. H. W. Abbott, the East Indian adept, whose lectures on the Occult, Magnetism, Hypnotism and kindred sciences, are interesting, rare and cultured audiences in this city.

He has performed wonderful work as an adept; psychic in nearly all the principal European cities and in India, and has but lately left San Francisco, Cal., in which city he has received the most flattering testimonials of his occult powers."

Prof. Abbott can be engaged to lecture in Boston or other Eastern cities, treat the sick and demonstrate his powers of Hypnotism, Magnetism and Occultism, before any scientific faculty who may wish to test his skill. For terms, address Prof. H. W. Abbott, 301 Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Ohio.

MASSILLON.—E. J. Bowtell writes: "The Spiritual and Religious Association of this city, organized in the spring of the present year, has since been holding meetings in the houses of friends. On the evening of Saturday, Sept. 12, it was my privilege to deliver the first Spiritualist lecture which has been given here, as I am informed, for several years. Considering that the evening was one on which many were engaged in business, the attendance was satisfactory. Those present gave every evidence of being sincere and earnest in the good work. The subject, 'What is Spiritualism?' suggested by the President, Mr. A. Y. Gordon, was one in which the audience displayed great interest. Other meetings were held and lectures given on the two following evenings, Sept. 13 and 14."

New York.

ROCHESTER.—S. H. Barnsdale writes: "The Rochester Spiritualist Society has had excellent meetings thus far this season. Sunday, Sept. 6, G. W. Kates and wife lectured for us. Mrs. Kates giving tests at both meetings—also at a Wednesday evening meeting, and giving universal satisfaction. The audience was enthusiastic, and on Sunday evening crowded the hall to the door. Sept. 13 Mrs. Mary C. Lyman of Chicago gave us a feast of fat things. She is a strong and noble worker. Mrs. M. B. Bingham of 10 S. 5th street, Rochester, another sensible and well-balanced worker, is expected to take her old place on our platform. Will any speaker who is about to pass through Rochester please communicate with the writer at 25 Swan street?"

Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA.—A correspondent makes the following announcement: "We have changed our name, have a National Association Charter, and have applied for a State Charter under our new name, which is The Philadelphia Spiritualists' Society. Officers: President, Thomas M. Locke; First Vice-President, Samuel S. Wheeler; Second Vice-President, Charles Hammar; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Thomas M. Locke; Historian, Mary R. Galloway. Board: Mrs. J. Hinds, Mrs. Marie Wheeler, Mr. A. D. Field, Mrs. Bell Merrill, Mr. E. H. B. Chew, Mr. Charles G. Forster, Mr. W. Oliver, Mr. George Roscoe."

Recalled Stormy Times.

"Well, that looks natural," said the old soldier, looking at a can of condensed milk on the breakfast table in place of ordinary milk that failed on account of the storm. "It's the Gall Borden Eagle Brand we used during the war."

Druggist (awakened at 2 A.M.)—"What do you wish?"

"Voice (at the door)—"If you'll let me look in your directory to see how to address this letter, I'll buy the postage stamp of you."—New York Weekly.

For Over Fifty Years

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

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Mar. 14. cow261

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Henry Lacroix.

(Continued from first page.)

to me in every way possible. I wanted to die when he passed away, and so it was with his sister, Marie-Louise, when she also left me. Those two children I loved so dearly! I used to call them my beloved, in my mind, which made the others jealous, as I learned later on, in Philadelphia, through Henry, who requested me directly not to call them so any more.

"The elementary table-tipping was soon laid aside by me, and the circle which I controlled, as soon as Dr. Hare invented the alphabetical dial, I made one, and it worked well indeed. That new method was a relief to the spirits and to us. But then I was easily impressed or inspired, and was made to go through several phases of mediumship. As a healer I had remarkable powers, and could cure often even without touching. While in New York about that time, walking one evening on Broadway, I was thinking to myself how quickly I was being developed, when an audible voice from the pit of my stomach answered me in French, 'We never knock in vain at the Divine Door!' and the giver was Voltaire. The next day, in the afternoon, while going to Judge Edmonds's house, under a hot sun, I got under the shade of a tree and was thinking that there was a difference between that shade and that of a rock, when immediately another audible voice said to me, 'The mineral is the male and the vegetable the female servants of man!' 'How poetic and true,' I answered. 'Pray who are you?' 'Dr. Rush,' came the answer. At Judge Edmonds's I was always a welcome guest, and got some remarkable tests through Miss Laura, who was often influenced to speak in many foreign tongues which were quite unknown to her. There were many good mediums then in New York, whom I tested frequently. There was Miss Irish, Conklin, Dr. Redman, Mrs. Kellogg, the mother of the prima donna, Mrs. Brown, Rollin Squire, D. D. Home, Mrs. French, Dr. Mansfield, the spirit 'Postmaster,' Emma Hardinge, etc.

"From different high sources I was often told that my mission was of a spiritual kind, rather than material. I was called to act in the fluidic world, to sap the religious foundations which took an undue proportion and elevation, and limit the extravagances and ambition of the would-be divines who sought to dominate over weak or unenlightened spirits—in both spheres, or on earth as well—through their many means of inspiration and direct measures. For that purpose I was told, and I realized it as well, that I was empowered with an immense influence to that end over masses of spirits of all grades; that the lowest hordes were made to act under my control; that end; that my material conditions helped me much to exercise that away from them, much more than if I occupied spiritual conditions only. For years I was loath to credit those revelations. I thought that my self-esteem had a good deal to do in investing me in that garb of high command. I fought against it, but I had to acknowledge, when examining myself thoroughly, both spiritually and materially, that honor and ambition had no attraction whatever over me, as I invariably took no step in that direction to hoist myself on any pedestal. Philosophy has ever been my leading star in this existence and before also, as I found out when surveying my past. Beside, every one of us has in turn to occupy the highest positions. That view is logical and infallible, and it explains sufficiently the present case. It is those who have and are accustomed to it who do not care for it.

"Religions on the other side! some will say doubtfully. And why not, pray? Is not this material world a counterpart of the spirit-world? Logically so. The effect proceeds from the cause, and that contains all that is in the effect. So let there be no quibbling in that positive view, statement and conclusion. Modifications certainly exist, which render the other world superior to this, but substantially they are alike.

"My former existence on earth, about three hundred and fifty years before this era had been laid plain before me by different spirits of high grade who had known me then, as they said. I had been controlled one day to draw my own likeness of those days, and of one who had been my father then. My native country in that long syne was Turkestan, which, my advisers said, was then a Persian colony. I did not know it, but hunted it up and found it was true. The one who had been my father in those days came repeatedly to me and introduced me into the details of my former earthly existence and his own. He said we belonged to the Highland part of the country, and that I was his only child. Wealth, then, he said, consisted in herds of cattle—and he had many—so that I had been reared in comparative luxury. When the time came for me to go through a thorough course of instruction, he had sent me to Teheran, the capital of Persia, where I had devoted myself to study.

"I had been controlled to draw also a sketch of the Emperor of Persia, Darius II. (Ochus or Nothus), of that time, and that spirit informed me that he had known me intimately then, was much attached to me, and that before leaving his capital to go home he had appointed me Governor of my native country, as a mark of his high esteem for me.

"My ex-father said he hated on me, and added that when I got back home he thought he was going to be so happy by having me constantly near him; but he was destined to be deceived, as I was as much a rover then as I have been in this existence. I traveled much, he said, far and near, to give unto others what I had acquired. That was my decided proclivity, and it made him sorrowful."

Think of it! only \$5.00 to New York and return via the Fitchburg Railroad excursion of Oct. 1.

25th A movement was set on foot at the Camp Meeting at Dallas to have a Camp Meeting for Southwest Texas, to be held either at Austin or San Antonio. [The new Camp Meeting] will work in harmony with the State Association. It will be incorporated according to the laws of the State, and be held in the interest of Spiritualism and Free Thought. . . . The necessary steps will be taken at once to complete the organization of the Southwest Texas Spiritual Camp Meeting Association. —Bro. Newman, in his San Antonio (Tex.) Dawning Light.

A five dollar note does it! purchases a ticket for the Fitchburg Railroad New York excursion of Oct. 1.

RHODE ISLAND.

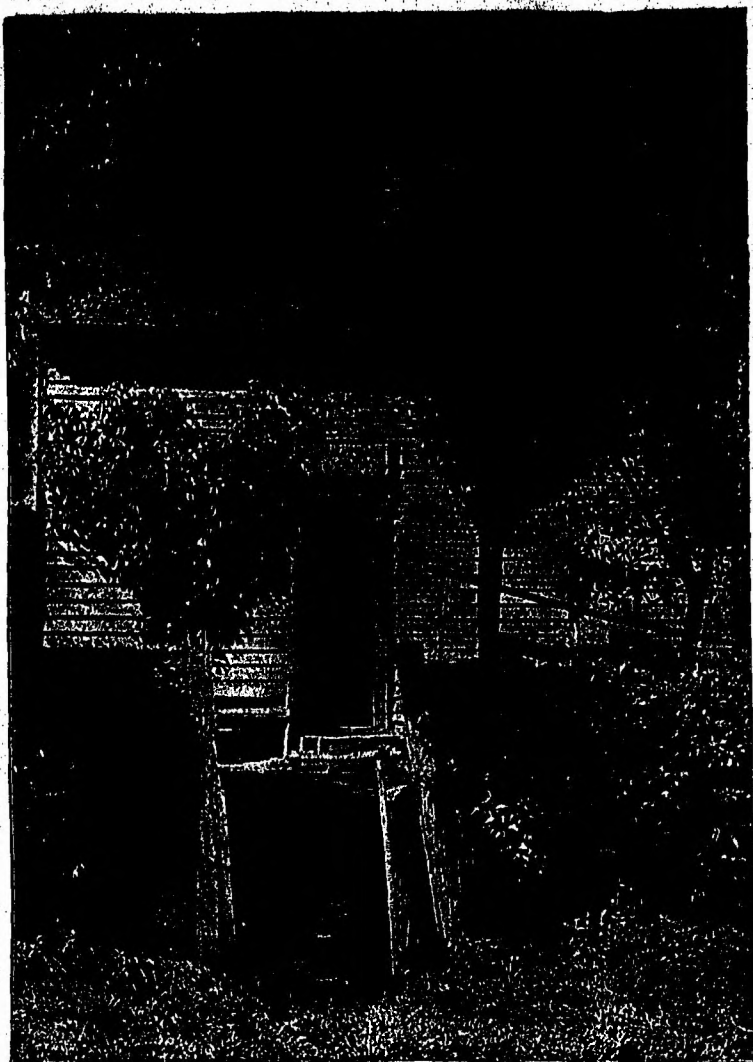
Providence.—Benj. F. Prouty writes: The Spiritualist Association held its meetings last afternoon and evening Sunday, Sept. 20, at Columbia Hall, No. 248 Weybosset street. It was a most charming day, and there was a large attendance to hear our speaker, Mrs. Helen L. Palmer-Resegue. The afternoon subject was: "To What Are We indebted for Our Civilization?" Evening: "Signs and Symbols of Religion." They were two grand lectures and were well received. Mrs. Resegue will be with us again next Sunday, Sept. 27; she goes to New York the month of October, and will be with us again the first Sunday in November.

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THE FOX COTTAGE, HYDESVILLE, N. Y.

At Hydeville.

BY G. W. KATES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Being in Rochester at work with the spiritual society, an overpowering desire to see the cottage at Hydeville where the "raps" were interpreted by the little Fox girls, and the intelligent communion with spirits startled the world, I inquired the location, and found it thirty miles away.

The cottage is near the New York Central Railroad station at Newark, N. Y., east of Rochester. Immediately west of the station look north, and the traveler who cannot stop off will see a little cottage painted light green, a small red barn being almost in front of it; two tall poplar trees are to the right of the door, and a noble maple to the left. The old house stands, with but little repairs, since the Fox family inhabited it. A new pump has been put into the well, and the blacksmith shop is gone. We found ingress through the rear, which is almost tumbling down. We found a goodly sized lower room, with a small bed-room, and a pantry to the right side as approach is made from the front, the house being a one and a half story structure; upstairs from the pantry we found an unceiled entrance room and a plastered room. The historic cellar is only a crude hole under the house. White-wash has been lately used on the plastered walls of the rooms, and the entrance room upstairs has crude prints pasted on the board sides, and, while apparently of later dates than when our friends inhabited there, yet indicating the same condition at the historic period.

The value of the cottage is evidently appreciated by its former and present owner, for over the front door for about ten years has been the following board sign, painted white, with black letters:

SPIRITUALISM ORIGINATED MAR. 31st, 1838, IN THIS HOUSE.

We were rejoiced to see this mark of esteem; and as we entered through the hedge opening voluntarily our hats were reverently removed, and we felt as if on sacred ground. May it so be held by untold generations!

Much to our astonishment we found only one or two Spiritualists in Rochester who had ever visited the cottage—and in that excellent city comparatively very few people interested in Spiritualism. And yet there the first public investigations were made. Mr. Clackner, a pioneer who had associated with the Fox family in Rochester, made his first visit to the cottage in our company. He took along a camera and some plates, and obtained several fine views of the cottage, with our party grouped about the door. We had a happy addition, accidentally made, by the presence of Mrs. Lyman, one of our good-working speakers and mediums, accompanied by Mr. and Miss Coolidge of Phelps,

Straws in the Wind; or, Spiritual Gleanings.

BY JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER.

(Special to Banner of Light.)

Once more the streets are crowded, and life flows along in much the same way as of old. The shops are putting on their best attire, the theatres are crowded to repletion, and everybody and everything seems to breathe of activity and work. The political situation is still, to a certain degree, problematical. Silver and gold are razed against each other, and arguments strong and heated are still in vogue; but New York discounts most things; it catches the reflection first, but reacts after the first shock, and the good common sense of the country generally asserts itself.

This is to be an especially spiritualistic letter, for the benefit of those who either reside in or are visiting New York and may desire to know what is really taking place. The First Society, which has held its meeting at Carnegie Hall for several seasons, will open this fall at the Berkeley Lyceum—one of the most charming and fashionable audience rooms in New York, and adapted for the purpose for which it has been secured almost more than any other place I know. It will hold about

four hundred people, is arranged like a Bijou Theatre, and the decorations and acoustic properties are simply perfect. The society is to be warmly congratulated on securing so delightful a place; and I prophesy the most unbounded success for the undertaking.

Mrs. M. E. Williams has been largely instrumental in securing the place. If there were only more mediums like Mrs. Williams, in her earnest and practical working for the Cause, much more would be accomplished than at present. Too many mediums work just for themselves alone, and forget that the movement of Spiritualism is greater than any worker—no matter how successful.

Mrs. Palmer Resegue, one of the very ablest and most forceful speakers I have ever listened to, and whose eloquent voice never pleads or argues in vain, will open the lecture course in October. Mrs. Palmer has been before the public for many years, and she changes not with time. At the Madison Square Convention last spring there was no speaker who presented more profound arguments or revealed a more matchless and masterful oratory than did she. So the First Society is all right. It will miss the old and respected President, H. J. Newton, Esq., who for so many years filled the place of office so acceptably; while Mrs. Newton, Mrs. Rathbun, Mrs. Lyman and many others, will each in her way fill the allotted part. There are to be no other lecturers that I know of.

Just now there is more than usual interest in mental mediumship, through the presence of Prof. J. G. Leonard, who is certainly attracting wide spread attention among the very best class of people. More far-reaching and general than even Chelso was during his noteworthy stay in town last spring, Prof. Leonard reminds me very much of the late Charles Foster, whose work in the cause of Spiritualism has never been fully recognized or properly chronicled. He is a man perhaps thirty-five years old, very fine looking, and possessed of a genial personality that wins you the moment you enter his presence. He is thoroughly in earnest, stands no nonsense, and if ever the master of the situation. His prices are large, but he is situated in close relation to Fifth Avenue, and is so generous and hospitable, and beyond it all does such remarkable work, that well, some things are cheap at any price. I seldom go to a medium myself, first, because if I am recognized, I seldom receive a séance; and second, because there are not many who have as yet passed out of the earlier phenomenal stage of their development. I was resolved that I would pay Prof. Leonard a visit before I should by any chance meet him in a social way. So I early called upon him after my arrival, in the late part of the afternoon. I am certain he did not know me, but if he had it would have made no difference as to what happened: I

took a seat in the beautiful apartment, (how much surroundings have to do with our own mental condition,) and he sat opposite me. The windows were open, and the echo of busy life came up from the street below.

"You are possessed of marked psychical powers yourself; shall I tell you about them?" were his first words.

"No, thanks," I replied; "I would much rather you would use the time in speaking of any of the invisible people you may be impressed with."

"Very well, sir," and a peculiar drawn look came over his really fine face, which seemed to age and change considerably. It seemed as if another face was just forcing itself through the features of the medium, and I thought instantly of who it might be: "You are still in the harness, I see, and are doing a good work. I am free from the old body, but still at work. You were always a good medium, but easily led away by your surroundings. I have much to say which will one day be given to the world. Don't work too hard; the angels will help you." Were the words that fell from the medium's lips in a slow, measured fashion. He then tapped me on the chest, saying, in a whisper: "Take those pictures out and lay them face downward on the table." I may remark here that I had taken several portraits of dear friends of mine, wondering if that would attract their spirits. I did as requested, and the medium said instantly, without seeing the faces of any of them: "A light is over this picture. It is a large man with white hair; he is standing there now." I turned the portrait over; it was that of Luther Colby; and oddly enough it was his face that I had thought of as the medium had passed through the physical change referred to. Much was said of a more or less relevant character that partly impressed me, and after a few moments I passed through the waiting rooms still crowded with expectant visitors and stepped back into the rush and crowd of the street, saying to myself, how much more one fact means than the mountains of theories that are masquerading under the name of theology.

Some will say, "Oh! you were a medium yourself, and that is the reason why you received the test."

"Possibly; but I am not a fool—that is, not quite;—and my experience is less remarkable, if anything, than that of many others that I have met during these few days I have been back to town."

I am glad to bear witness to the above, at any rate. I have since become a little acquainted with the Professor, and I see in him a wonderful instrument, whose equal in his respective line it will be difficult to find.

Mrs. White is to return to 214 West 43d street and take up her work there as a medium. Mrs. Dearborn is also soon to be back in town, and her success has been remarkable. She is a fine medium and a splendid woman. Mrs. Cadwell is holding materializing séances with surprising results.

Each has a sphere of work—one cannot do that of the other; so, then, let us feel that the success of one is really the success of all.

J. W. FLETCHER.

1554 Broadway, New York.

Written for the Banner of Light.

A TRIBUTE TO ONSET BAY.

BY MARIA J. OBER.

Oh! Onset Bay, fair Onset Bay,
The light and graceful white wings lay
Upon thy calm and placid breast,
While on thy shores and 'mong thy trees,
Whose leaves are whispering in the breeze,
The spirit of our God doth rest.

Oh! Onset Bay, bright Onset Bay,
Among thy trees we wend our way
To where the Wigwam stands,
Within whose consecrated walls
A gentle benediction falls
From out the spirit-land.

From 'mong thy scenes, oh! Onset Bay,
Two ransomed spirits wing their way,
Seeking their home above,
Breaking the ties that bind to earth,
Developing the second birth
Into the realms of love.

Thy memories, oh! Onset Bay,
With me forevermore shall stay
Until I, too, shall go;
Until I, too, shall reach that home
Beneath the everlasting dome,
Its mysteries to know.

Farewell to thee, oh! Onset Bay;
Upon thy shores I fain would stay,
By waves and winds caressed;
Learning of thee a lesson sweet
Of life and beauty most complete,
Yet feel it is not best.

Farewell to thee, oh! Onset Bay,
I must be up and far away,
My mission to fulfill,
Content to know from Beulah Land
The radiance of the spirit band
Will rest upon me still.

Onset Mass.

Harvest Moon Festival, Onset, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Harvest Moon Festival of '96, although not favored with the best of weather on Saturday, Sept. 19, proved an enjoyable event to all participants.

Mrs. E. B. Loring and assistants put forth their best efforts toward the success of the occasion, and many are the pleasing comments of the public at large.

The decorations of the Temple were neat and tasty. The drapey around the stage of red, white, blue and yellow bunting, was caught up by small flags, and festooned from the motto "Equality," above which was the motto, "Harvest Moon Festival."

The stage was surrounded by a row of small evergreen trees, and the front bedecked with fruits, flowers, ribbons and potted plants in abundance. The drapey around the stage of red, white, blue and yellow bunting, was caught up by small flags, and festooned from the motto "Equality," above which was the motto, "Harvest Moon Festival."

The side walls of the Temple were hung with many large crayons and draped with bunting. Several large hanging clusters of flowers and green were hung from the ceiling between the chandeliers, with very pretty effect.

Dr. George A. Fuller, of Worcester, presided at the meetings, and those who took part were as follows: Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, Mrs. M. A. Chandler, Dr. T. A. Bland, Mrs. Ours Bland, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Joseph D. Stiles, Prof. and Mrs. Keaton, Charles W. Sullivan, Mrs. M. L. Wheeler-Brown, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Bliss, Poole's Orchestra, Concordia Quartet, Miss Alice Sinclair, Mr. Henry Tripp, Miss Lillian C. Hathaway, and others.

The meetings of both Saturday and Sunday passed without any inharmonious, and the dance Saturday evening was a pleasing event, the tempest, however, keeping many away.

ELLSWORTH.

The special train for the Fitchburg Railroad New York excursion leaves the Union Station, Boston, at 8:30 A. M., Oct. 1. Rate only \$5.00 for the round trip.

Camp Progress, Mowland Park, Upper Swampscott.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Sunday, Sept. 20, meeting opened with singing by the choir; remarks, L. D. Milliken; invocation, Mrs. H. A. Baker, Danvers; singing, quartet; remarks and tests, Dr. Hunt of Boston; singing, quartet; inspirational poem, Mrs. B. B. Robertson of Boston; song, Mrs. Smith of Salem; excellent remarks by Mrs. Abby N. Burnham of Malden, in her usual pleasing way; recitation by Edwin James of Salem; singing, quartet; remarks by Mr. Kelly of Lynn; address by Mrs. N. J. Willis of Cambridge; song, Amanda Bailey of Salem; solo by Mrs. Merrill of Lynn; reading by Mr. N. H. Chase of Salem; poem by Mrs. Brown of Boston; duet by Mrs. Hall and Miss Bailey; remarks by Mrs. H. A. Baker of Danvers, and Mrs. Pierce of Lynn.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale and subscriptions taken.

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

As next Sunday will be the last meeting at the grove this season, we hope to see all mediums that can conveniently come present, to assist in winding up the season of 1896 by making this one of the most interesting and effective of those held during the summer.

V. B. P.

Not only is Wheatlet pronounced the best cereal for breakfast made by competent judges of food preparations, but middle cakes made from it are said to literally "melt in one's mouth." It is also unequalled for muffins and puddings.

MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

The First Society of Spiritualists held its meetings at the Berkeley Lyceum, 110 West 43d street, between 4th and 5th Avenues, where the BANNER OF LIGHT can be had. Services Sunday 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. Afternoon meetings for ladies at 4 o'clock.

Meetings in Fitchburg, Mass.—The Fitchburg Spiritualist Society holds its meetings in the College of Music Hall, 110 North Square, every Friday evening at 8. Alford Andrews, President; Titus Morrill, Secretary.

First Society.—Mrs. Milton Rathbun, Corresponding Secretary, writes: Everything was in favor for our opening day for the season of '96-'97.

A new place of meeting, a justly noted speaker, fine music, appreciative audiences, our President with us, restored to fairly good health, good test mediums, and other interesting speakers for afternoon meeting—what more could we ask?

Prof. Wm. F. Peck delivered two able discourses. The one in the morning, "What Shall the Harvest Be?" was practical and soul-stirring.

At the afternoon meeting the hall, Berkeley Lyceum, was well filled and the program most interesting. Prof. Peck and Mrs. M. E. Wallace made short addresses. Mrs. M. E. Williams and Dr. Franks gave satisfactory tests. In the evening the lecture by Prof. Peck on "Spiritualism in the Coming Religion" was able, profound, and the audience listened attentively, following closely, and manifesting their sympathy and approval by hearty applause.

At all our meetings on Sunday Mr. Robert de Leon Myers and Mrs. Stone discoursed sweet music. Mr. Myers is a great favorite with our Society, and Mrs. Stone, who was a stranger to the evening, sang and played right into our hearts. We are glad to announce that Mr. Myers has been engaged to conduct the music for us.

In the evening Prof. Peck's niece, Miss Grace Hawthorn of St. Louis, who became so well and favorably known at Onset, favored us with a solo, which was well received.

It was so gratifying to see Mrs. Mary A. Newton, our President, at her post, which she fills with forceful, graceful dignity.

In the evening Mr. Miles M. Dawson (newly elected to our Board of Trustees) presided graciously.

We hope the friends will remember that we meet at the Berkeley Lyceum, 110 West 43d street, between 4th and 5th Avenues. Usual hours, 11 A. M. and 8 and 8 P. M.

At the afternoon meeting for phenomena Mrs. M. E. Williams will kindly assist us again next Sunday; other mediums will also be present and take part.

Mrs. Helen L. Palmer-Resegue will be with us in October, and we expect Mrs. May S. Pappas, the noted test medium, for at least a part of the month, and we trust for every Sunday during October.

The number of tickets for the Fitchburg Railroad \$5.00 New York excursion of Oct. 1 will positively be limited. Secure them at once.

Providence, R. I.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The People's Progressive Spiritualists' Association—in B. T. Hall, No. 728 Westminster street—resumed its meetings for 1896-'97 on Sunday evening, Sept. 6.

The speaker on that occasion was Mr. H. B. Omerod of Chicago, Ill., a very fine lecturer and test medium. He was most ably assisted by Mr. F. H. Roscoe, the celebrated lecturer and test medium of this city. Prof. H. S. Joshi presided at the piano, and answered for this season. There was a goodly attendance.

On Sunday, Sept. 6, we had as our guest Mrs. Grace Walker of the Women's Progressive Union of Brooklyn, N. Y.

On Sunday, Sept. 13, Mr. Omerod again lectured and gave many pronounced tests; and Mr. F. H. Roscoe most ably assisted.

On Sunday, Sept. 20, the evening was pleasant, and every seat was taken; and though our service was over two hours long, every one in the large audience remained until the benediction was pronounced.

The services commenced with a fine invocation by Mr. Omerod, after which Mr. F. H. Roscoe, our President, read most effectively the beautiful poem, "The End of the Way."

Miss Ollie Hunter, the sweet little singer and vocalist of our Association, sang most effectively two fine solos, after which, in trance, Mr. Omerod answered from twenty to twenty-five questions.

Rev. S. G. Brown, a Baptist minister for forty-five years, then made most interesting remarks relative to Spiritualism, at which time Mr. Omerod gave many marked and convincing tests.

On Sunday, Sept. 27, Mr. Omerod, Mr. Roscoe and Rev. Mr. Brown will again occupy our platform.

On Wednesday evening, Sept. 23, there is to be held at Mr. F. H. Roscoe's, No. 151 Broadway, a Grand Test Circle for the benefit of Rev. S. G. Brown.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is not a secret preparation. Any physician may have the formula on application. The secret of its success as a medicine lies in its extraordinary power to cleanse the blood of impurities and cure the most deep-seated cases of blood-disease.

MEETINGS IN BROOKLYN.

The Progressive Spiritualist Association, Amphion Theatre Building, Bedford Avenue, opposite South Tenth street. Meetings Sunday 8 o'clock. Good speakers and mediums. Mrs. M. Evans, President.

Spiritual Meetings are held in Dr. Blake's parlors, 104 Bedford Avenue (near DeKalb Avenue), every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

The Advance Spiritual Conference meets every Saturday evening in Single Tax Hall, 128 Bedford Avenue. Good speakers and mediums always in attendance. Free. All welcome. Herbert L. Whitney, Chairman; Emily B. Ruggles, Sec'y.

The Woman's Progressive Union holds meetings every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock, at 8 and 8 o'clock. Social meetings every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, at the hall, 327 Franklin Avenue, Small's Parlors, near Greene Avenue. Mrs. E. F. Kurth, President.

Fraternity Hall, 568 Bedford Avenue, near Myrtle Avenue. Meetings Sunday at 2 P. M. Mrs. T. A. Olmstead, Medium. Other mediums regularly provided.

Mediums' Progressive Meetings.—Sundays, 3 P. M., Arlington Lodge Room, Gates Avenue, corner Nostrand Avenue. Mrs. E. A. Cutting, Manager.

Jackson Hall, 515 Fulton Street.—Mrs. L. A. Olmstead holds a Spiritual Class every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

MEETINGS IN PHILADELPHIA.

The First Association of Spiritualists (founded 1832) meets at First Association Hall, 8th and Calowhill streets. President, Capt. F. A. Keffer; Vice-President, Mrs. M. E. Caldwell; Secretary, Frank H. Morrill. Services at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Lyceum at 2 1/2 P. M.

Spiritual Conference Association meets at the northeast corner of 8th and Spruce Garden streets every Sunday at 3 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Hon. Thomas M. Locke, Pres.

MEETINGS IN CHICAGO.

First Society of Spiritual Unity meets at Irwin Hall, corner of West Madison and South Paulina streets, entrance 107 South Paulina street. Services every Sunday 11 A. M., 1 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Mrs. Mary C. Lyman, speaker. Harmonical Circle, 111 South Paulina street, every Wednesday, 8 P. M.

First Society of Spiritualists meets at Rooley's Theatre, at 11 A. M. Speaker, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. Band of Harmonists. Thursday, 7 1/2 P. M., Orpheus Hall, Schellier Theatre.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Metescoris Hall, 24th Street, between E and F.—Every Sunday, 11 1/2 A. M., 7 1/2 P. M. M. C. Edison, Pres.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Spiritual Unity Society meets at Ethical Auditorium, 558 Jefferson street, every Sunday at 7 1/2 P. M., and Thursday at 8 P. M. J. C. Bigler, President.

Mediumship AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.

BY W. H. BACH.

This book is written for the express purpose of instructing mediums, and those who wish to develop mediumship, how to get to the source of the power, and to bring about the desired results. The methods required to bring about the different results are explained, with instructions for preparing any necessary devices.

It contains a résumé of the history of Mediumship, and the investigator who is seeking information concerning the different phases of Spirit Manifestations will find them very clearly defined in this work.

OBSESSION is treated in a practical way, and complete instructions are given for avoiding the influence of obsessing spirits and for breaking their control.

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