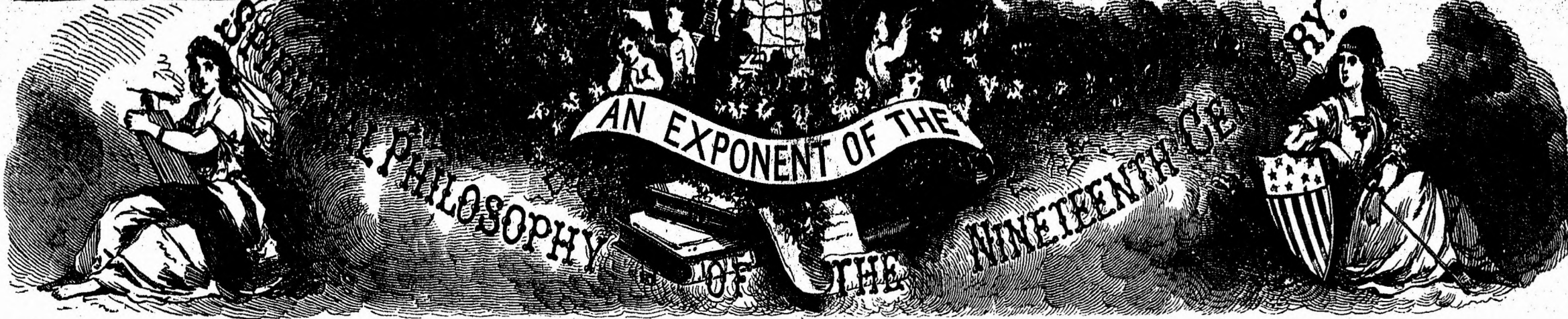


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 19.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL.

My church has no walls, and its ceiling  
Is boundless and sunlit and blue;  
Its floor is soft green starred with flowers,  
Its pews are cool, leaf shaded bowers,  
Its font hly-cups filled with dew.

From numberless pulpits the preachers  
Are teaching grand truths night and day,  
Their innocent faces upraising  
In worship, prayer, singing and praising  
In nature's own wonderful way.

Come hither, all weary-worn pilgrims,  
And drink in the beauty around;  
The grandeur and out of door glory  
Revealing life's unending story  
From sky, ocean, air, wood and ground.

No jealousy, hate or contention  
Dwells here, nor pride, envy or show;  
But a spirit expressing through lowly  
And varied forms, something so holy—  
The soul of religion below.

Away from the world and its clamor,  
Clasped close to the earth's fragrant breast,  
There is rest, content, harmonious union,  
And a silent and sacred communion  
With God and His handiwork blest.

And heaven seems so near with its angels—  
Our dear ones in garments of white—  
I catch a fond whisper of greeting,  
And dream of the happy love-meeting  
That will be in the city of light.

GENA SMITH FAIRFIELD.

Rockland, Me.

## Curious Phenomena in France.

BY QUESTOR VITE, PARIS.

A summary was recently given in these columns of the pseudo-mystical phenomena appearing spontaneously in France at present. A series of hauntings and knockings have also appeared in different places, which are ascribed to demoniacal sources by the ecclesiastics of the Société des Etudes Psychiques, and which various authorities on occultism and psychism are puzzling themselves to explain.

Last June an independent voice began threatening the inhabitants of a cottage at Valence-en-Brie. It first spoke in the cellar to the children of the occupier. It then expressed threatening language to their mother, an invalid confined to bed in her room. Then the windows and a mirror were smashed by the invisible power, furniture was knocked about, etc.

M. Gaston Mery,\* who has constituted himself a public inquisitor in such matters, went down. The village priest interrogated, did not think that there was any diabolic influence at work. The mayor could give no explanation. The doctor was equally prudent. The Abbé Schnebelin had found that the stones thrown were magnetic; they deviated the needle of a galvanometer. He considered that the phenomena were produced by some man, by the use of the black art.

The well-known occultist, Papus, then went down and directed a magical attack against the influence. When the spot from whence the voice issued was pierced with a pointed steel weapon, a shower of sparks issued from it. A rag which the spook had used to frighten the children with, and was imbued with the magnetism of the unseen influence, was then burned, when the voice shouted with pain (from repercussion?) and asked for forgiveness. The son of the occupier had previously discharged a gun at the place whence the voice issued. Twice a cry of pain had followed the shot, from an invisible source. The hauntings ceased after this vigorous onslaught till September, when they began again.

M. Stanislas de Guaita, another occultist, compares the circumstances with a case of sorcery which occurred at Cideville, in 1851, where the hauntings and persecution of a priest were supposed to have been traced to the black craft of a shepherd, Thorel, who was found afterwards to have been wounded physically by the repercussion of the magical exorcism practiced against his shade, though bodily he was not present.

It is true that Dowd, the well-known authority on Rosicrucianism, says that vampires (incubi and succubi) are projections from living people, and it is well known that the doubles of many people travel while their bodies are asleep or entranced. It is claimed by some people that they are conscious of the experiences attained through their doubles. There is no doubt that many strange and uncanny things occur by these means. The writer has been told of extraordinary circumstances so resulting (especially in America). It is indeed probable that some of the hells which Swedenborg described were so constituted, and that such experiences were the only reality in the witches' sabbaths. There is also no doubt that some occult schools claim to teach the power of volitional projection and conscious action through the double, and that, while the method is the same, the only difference between the black art and the white consists in the motive and purpose as to whether selfish gratification or unselfish knowledge is sought.

But in the special circumstances described as occurring at Valence-en-Brie, it must be noticed that when the invalid woman was removed to another house, the independent voice accompanied her. Consequently it is to be inferred that unconsciously to herself, she is the medium or battery providing the force used as nexus, or connecting link between the physical and psychical worlds.

It is now becoming recognized that mediumistic phenomena imply action through the ve-

hicle of exteriorized human magnetism (called also sensibility, vitality, od, astral principle, etc.). Papus noticed that a prolonged continuation of the phenomena was accompanied by the enfeebling of the invalid. It is, therefore, probable that the operator is some unprogressed discarnate human being, still so little removed from matter as to be able to use the astral effluvia of the invalid woman as connecting link through which to act. It is further evident that the woman's astral radiation must be of a consonant quality, which permits of such approach. M. G. Mery, however, prefers to infer that the action is that of a human sorcerer, and even expresses the expectation of tracing him. If he succeeds, it will constitute valuable evidence for future guidance. It is to be regretted that he did not obtain the assistance of a clairvoyant, or "lucida" somnambule, when he went down to investigate the position.

A case is reported in *The Theosophist* of haunting at Nîmes, in which a woman has been cut, as if by invisible knives. Col. Olcott attributes this action to fire elementals. Another authority in the same school, Mr. Leadbeater, has informed us that elementals are thoughts. Of course he cannot mean thereby the ideas or reflections in man's mind, generated by sense impressions; nor can he mean the representation of such past experiences which constitute imagination. He must mean units of being; of vital consciousness, evolving into form (the thoughts of dual being and not of divided being). But such units are not self-conscious, and consequently cannot act as determining operators. Therefore, without intending any disrespect, it is evident that Col. Olcott's theory is nonsense, as only self-conscious beings, i. e., selves, can act as determining operators. As to whether the action in this case would come within the implication of human sorcery, as suggested by Papus and Stanislas de Guaita, or not, it is impossible to estimate from the meagre details given.

A series of knockings and scratchings have occurred at the house of Mr. F. Place Pelletan at Agen, always in the presence of his two young nieces. The mayor, Mr. Thomas, is a Spiritualist. He requested the influence to reply to questions by the means of raps, and learned in this way that the influence professed to emanate from the father of the children.

Similar phenomena have appeared at Yzeures, also in the presence of a young girl, Renée Sabourault, and when the girl removed to Poitiers, the rappings followed her, showing that she is a medium. Quite a number of scientific amateurs have investigated the phenomena, lawyers, doctors, reporters, etc., without being able to trace the source of or to account for the noises. During the last investigations made, the girl and the chair in which she was sitting were levitated about a foot above the floor during fifteen seconds, and that about a dozen times while entranced (as reported in the *Matin*). The family are at a loss to account for the occurrences, and much desire their cessation. They have therefore sent the girl to live at their doctor's house.

It is evident that these noises and levitations are of a similar character to those which occurred in the presence of Eusapia Paladino, where the astral operator was seen and described by a clairvoyant, and where the astral operator stated that he acted through the vehicle of the medium's exteriorized vitality. The magnetizer, Lafontaine, produced several cases of levitation by the use of this radiation. Charpignon, also. M. de Rochas has reported other cases. Prof. Boirac has recently produced similar phenomena.

The raps are also produced by the use of this fluid, as was illustrated in the presence of Eusapia. A disturbance in the static polarization of the objects acted upon is apparently entailed by the human magnetic radiation, which in itself carries polarity, as has been experimentally demonstrated. One of the leading electricians on the Continent states that noises could be produced in a bar of iron by the disturbance of its polarity by means of an electric current. Reiss tried to construct a system of musical telegraphy on this principle about 1860.

The mystical apparitions of the Virgin continue to occur at Tilly and are complicated now by a rain of luminous, silvery sparks which appear around the vision but which dissolve ere touching the ground. Gustave Mery went down to the anniversary service held on March 18 under the patronage of the bishop of Bayeux. The Vatican has requested the bishop to supply full particulars of the occurrences. Unfortunately it will be the Cardinal Parocchi who will have charge of this matter at Rome, apparently. This is the leading authority who supported Leo Taxil in his self-confessed imposture with regard to Diana Vaughan and devil worship. To judge from that precedent we cannot expect much light from that quarter.

The Turkish consul in Paris, Rachid Mowtan, went to Tilly and saw the vision. The Virgin caused Louise Polinière to turn three times toward the consul in reply to his mental prayer. He also saw the rain of silver sparks. The consul gave an account of his experience to the Paris Société des Etudes Psychiques.

Marie Martel and Louise Polinière continue to see the vision of the Virgin, with four angels kneeling at her feet. They have also had a vision of a church, which will be erected there at some future time. Other people have also had this vision. Mery publishes a sketch made from the descriptions of the several lucidas who have seen it.

With regard to these strange phenomena it

must be remembered that Reichenbach and Dr. Bué, also Dr. Charazain, affirmed that the earth radiates magnetic effluvia of a character similar to those radiated by man. Denton has described this fact in his "Soul of Things." Keely confirms it again in his "Magnetic Outreach." It may be that at the place where these apparitions occur, near the elm tree, these magnetic radiations are exceptionally strong, from some subterranean cause, and that the discarnate operators are enabled to use these magnetic or astral effluvia as the vehicle or background, or hexus, in which to reflect the images they wish to present to the clairvoyants.

## The Things that are Thought.

BY P. F. DE GOURNAY.

That "man is a thinking animal" is controverted by the more generalizing saying that all animals think; yet the former is perhaps the more correct idea, and when Descartes exclaimed, "I think, therefore I am!" and made that uncontested truth the first principle of the philosophy by which he demonstrated the existence of God and an immortal soul, he realized that in the divine attribute to think consisted man's true superiority to the rest of animal creation. We can judge of an animal's thinking faculty only by observation, and the most careful observer will find that that faculty is restricted to the needs of that particular animal.

Nature has endowed every living thing with a mind suited to the life-mission of that thing—the flowerer at our feet has a mind, though we don't know it and would not call it so—instant is a more convenient word. In the lower orders of the brute creation it is little more than the instinct which teaches the plant how to live; the animal learns instinctively to seek its sustenance, to shelter and protect its body, to propagate its species. As we pass on to the higher orders instinct becomes more deserving of the name *mind*, especially in those animals which man has made his servants or his companions. These exhibit, in a more or less marked degree, the human feelings of love and hatred, of gratitude, men and reasoning, to a certain extent, are manifested by our dumb friends. Whether these faculties were latent in the animal and developed through domestication by man, is an open question. Domestication is to the animal what civilization is to the savage. These faculties may also be merely artificial, and imposed by man's superior intellectuality. At all events, it is only in man that the *spiritual mind* will be found, a soul-faculty delegated by the divine wisdom.

By reason of his dual nature man may be said to have two minds; the material or instinctive mind was first developed in the early stage of his earth life, when, a beast, he lived among the beasts. There was in his brute companions no moral power, no force of example, nothing to influence the unfoldment of his latent higher mental faculties; but man had a glorious inheritance, the god-like power of unlimited thought, the seal of his immortal origin, which proclaimed him king, and the earth his dominion. This power, at first a mere germ in the untutored soul, grew and unfolded under the vitalizing rays of divine love, until it has attained its present prodigious unfoldment. The thoughts evolved from the spiritual mind are the manifestations of the soul.

To invent, to create intangible things out of impalpable matter, is a divine attribute. God works not with material hands. He is the mind of the universe that embraces immensity. He *thinks*, and worlds are. It is our spiritual mind which reveals our sonship. Through the workings of that mind we grasped the truth of God's Fatherhood. It is the aspirations of that mind that reached out to the recognition of the soul. Only a spiritual mind could conceive the thought of love, charity, justice, abstract virtues, and make them the basis of a social and moral code. The rankest materialist cannot deny the power of those virtues; he recognizes them, makes them his rules of conduct—man-made rules—yet he cannot give them figure or form, cannot trace their origin, any more than we can describe and locate the soul, which he denies because invisible and intangible.

It is from our lower or animal mind that are evolved selfishness, hatred, greed—shadows of the bright virtues, rising like a miasma from the stagnant pool of our material organism to befog our judgment. But when the light from above penetrates into the chambers of our brain and melts the fog, how grand the scope, how magnificent the horizons revealed of that glorious realm opened to our thought, which it may explore at will, making new conquests, gathering imperishable treasures.

The achievements of mechanical skill are but thoughts materialized, for we cannot make anything to which our thought has not first given form; the mind conceives, and the hands, obeying the will, execute. This cooperation is a necessity of our physical organism; when, released from the incumbrance of the flesh, we soar, free spirits, in the ethereal regions, we shall think into existence whatever we need. Even now our thoughts are helping build our spirit-homes.

As man's nature is dual, so is the nature of his thought, for thoughts are things, yet immortal. "Perish the thought" is a senseless exclamation: thoughts do not die, any more than the soul dies. They are never lost; though the thinker gives them away, they are still his; it is but the replica he gives; the original remains. This law, paradoxical as it

seems, cannot be too closely observed. If our thoughts be good, they leave a sweet peace in the mind, as the jar that contained attar of roses retains forever its delicate fragrance; they go but to return in the guise of blessings, unrecognized perhaps; but the same obtains for evil thoughts, they leave the mind perturbed, and, though they may strike the goal, it is to rebound with increased violence and poison the aura of the thinker.

Ah, that we were always wise in the exercise of this power to make thought! Some will say: "How can I help thinking, when the thought, good or bad, comes to me unsoicited?" This is an error. An evil thought may be suggested, either by the influence of another—mortal or spirit—or by our lower mind, but the suggestion is never more than an undeveloped germ which we may crush and cast out or cultivate until its strong roots take hold and its deadly blossoms mature; it is as a soft lump of clay, which might be thrown out to dry and crumble, and which our complacency molds into some hideous shape and stamps with our indelible trade mark.

If men's evil thoughts could all be read, the reason for the misery and crime that curse this fair world would be glaringly apparent, and the legislator would understand why his code is powerless, for it lacks the one law that can control thought—the law of love.

But all is not evil that grows in that vast realm—the human mind. What beauty, what grandeur, what noble aspirations, what dreams of altruistic love and true charity would delight our eyes if the secret thoughts of many—often the most obscure and unnoticed—were read! These unspoken, unwritten thoughts—are they lost to the world they might bless? They are not lost. Some may have been still-born and could not be developed, the overworked thinker lacking the leisure; others have attained perfection; their radiance is reflected on the brow of the thinker, but he had not the opportunity—the means, perhaps—to give out his thought; or, too shy, too modest, he undervalues the gems born of his brain; but since thoughts do not perish, they have not been conceived in vain; they will fulfill their mission.

For such thoughts, impersonal in their object—the dreams of altruism, the intuitive revelations of spiritual truths—there is a reservoir in the spheres of inspiration, from which others, more favored, will draw and achieve what the original thinker thought. And he, the dreamer, will not be without his recompense, for the good of his thought remains to bless him. His desire to benefit mankind, though thwarted by untoward circumstances, is recorded in the eternal book of life.

## The Political Outlook.

PART III.

BY THOMAS H. B. COTTON.

### THE IMPENDING CONFLICT

May be termed the war between formality on the one hand, and informality on the other; between that form of law now found in printed books on library shelves on the one hand, and that law which existed before these printed laws were made—and a long time before. The printed law which once defended the slavery of the black race in the United States, to-day binds the shackles with a stronger grip about the helpless white man. This implement of power, the printed law, is thus applied with increasing violence to justice from day to day, and from year to year.

In the days of '36 the new Republican party had a mission. That mission was to free the black slave. It was successful, but at what a cost! To-day, the unknown party yet to be has a mission. That mission is to free the white slave. It will be successful. What will be the cost? What power shall effect it? Shall it be revolution? Happy for the world if that revolution shall be bloodless! Shall it come by violence? Then the war of '61 will be as nothing in comparison!

Shall I appeal to the millionaire in the name of consistency? Then let me first say that if all the gold of all the world were placed in one end of the balance, and the wealth of meaning attaching to this little word of four syllables, in the other end, this wealth of meaning would outweigh all the gold, a thousand fold! Consistency deals alike with the atom and the universe; both material and spiritual; both substance and idea—it there be indeed a distinction of meaning in these two terms. But I have been told, and that upon good authority, that "thought is substance." If this be true, it is indeed a wonderful revelation; for as the needle may pierce the hand with possible benefit, but perhaps with much more probable injury, so thought does pierce the human soul, and if accepted becomes part and parcel thereof. In view of this fact how significant at all times is silence! Ah! in an hour like this how like the voice of the Infinite is solemn silence; until the thought has been most thoroughly weighed in the balance of reflection; until the judgment has been most thoroughly convinced that the utterance of the thought will be indeed as the proverb has it, "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." As truth is at once the center and the measure of Infinite Energy, so consistency is the great solar magnet of every grand and worthy system of action or union of effort.

We must look facts in the face though the heavens fall. The great Ship of State is being lashed to the very verge of destruction by the waves of disaster, wrecking the lives of millions of the best men and women of this country. With millions, yea, billions of wealth hoarded in vaults, and millions of tons of prod-

uce of all kinds stored away to rot, while millions of the best people on earth are in a starving condition, we may cry, "Peace! Peace!" but there is no peace. There can be none until there is a change. The great question now is shall that change itself be peaceful?

I hold to the belief that in the development of the individual, of the nation, of the race, much more depends on the words used and the meanings attaching to them than is generally supposed. Especially is this true of the watchwords used in particular crises. Where would this nation have been to-day, had it not been for the magic power of the twin watchwords "Liberty" and "Independence," in the days of the bloody revolution of 1776? What could possibly have prevented the dismemberment of our beloved land, had it not been for that child of destiny, seated on the throne of power, who scarcely whispered the word "Union," the echo of which reverberated from one end of the continent to the other, in the dark and gloomy days of '61? What will be the destiny of the mighty revolution which every earnest man to-day expects and which it is the prayer of every great and philanthropic soul throughout the civilized world, ascending as the voice of one man, that it may be as bloodless as it is inevitable—what, I say, will be the destiny of this mighty revolution unless we hasten to adopt that watchword of supreme potency—cooperation? Shall we stop to define the term? Cooperation is union of effort, resulting in the equilibrium of economic forces. Of course there is counterfeit cooperation, just as there is counterfeit consistency, which is inconsistency; and counterfeit truth, which is falsehood. Counterfeit cooperation is union of effort *destroying* the equilibrium of economic forces.

It is the counterfeit cooperation which dominates the world to-day, resulting in abundant fruitage of widespread disaster and suffering, so often alluded to in this letter. The awful work of unequal distribution of the products of labor, the dreadful destruction of the equilibrium of economic forces.

When and how shall the change come? Millionaires! for your own sakes I appeal to you. Let this stupendous question ring in your ears night and day: "When and how shall the change come?" The answer is to be found in the words preceding. They are plain enough in themselves, provided we start right. Legislators! In the name of humanity I appeal to you. Apply the rule of Davy Crockett once for all. Start now with the abiding purpose unalterably fixed to provide laws looking directly and definitely to the essential benefit of the man without money, in the best sense of that word benefit. Proceed along this line, and by degrees, yet swiftly, it will dawn upon your minds that the wealth that outweighs gold is of infinitely more consequence in this world than yellow dust. The gratitude welling up in the hearts of four millions of slaves—not all of them black—when released from bondage, going up to the great heart of Abraham Lincoln, was in itself almost enough to compensate his spirit in laying down the life of his mortal body: how much more the gratitude of half a billion people, of all colors, of all nationalities, ringing in the ears of great souls whose acts may thus prove that life for life has not been all in vain; to wit, the lawmakers of the near future, if they but do their duty!

Consistency cries out to-day for men to be placed in charge of the affairs of State who have the courage to face the situation with all the attendant horrible deformity; to grapple with the gigantic evils staring us in the face, and with the determination firm as the everlasting hills never to yield one inch of ground in this warfare of justice until the goal is reached, and victory shall perch upon the banner of truth, and freedom's smile shall beam from the eye of every man and woman in the civilized world. These are to be the men who will be an honor to themselves and their country, shining stars in the firmament of our redeemed existence, jewels in the bright crown of our rejoicing.

Santa Barbara, Cal.

## A Metaphysical Smudge.

When the mosquitoes and gnats are troublesome I make a smudge of chips and leaves, and sit enveloped in the drapery of the smoke. That is an airy armor which is proof against all insect weapons. They cannot face that vapor, but content themselves with sounding their trumpet valiantly from afar. So delicate and intangible often are our defenses against our enemies. Who knows what pestiferous people are kept at a respectful distance by a certain atmosphere of reserve with which the sensitive man envelops himself? When I hear the buzz and hum of some human insect who is approaching to sting and bite me with gossip and nonsense, I make a smudge of dignified silence, and surrounded by that as by an invisible vapor, I sit secure against attack. He may buzz from afar, but he cannot reach my ear with his little bill.

But it is not alone enemies that are kept away by these vapors of thought with which we consciously or unconsciously surround ourselves. I doubt not the angels of heaven are kept away from us by the atmosphere of earthliness which most of us generate out of our life, and thus surround ourselves with. They cannot come near us because of the thick smoke of selfishness and materiality. If we would but refine our atmosphere, and make it pure by thought and aspiration, like the rosy air of morning, fragrant with love and adoration, we might be visited by holy ones of the higher life, whose presence would comfort and strengthen us in hours of sadness or gloom. We cannot expect angels to push their way into the heavy atmosphere of a merely animal life. Let us make our life spiritual, and surround ourselves with an atmosphere of light, and angels shall often visit us.—Solon Lauer, in *Purdy's Monthly*.

\*Maison Hantée; G. Mery, Dentu, Paris. La Maison Hantée de Valence, Papus, Channel, Paris. Echo du Merveilleux, Paris.



Written for the Banner of Light.

## Forty Years Ago.

BY M. EARL DUNHAM.

Mrs. Chapman was a kind-hearted, motherly old lady, whose personal qualities were in advance of her religious belief. In doctrinal faith she held firmly to the teaching of the Westminster Catechism, including unconditional election, preterition, and the final perseverance of the saints. The sovereignty of God was one of her strong points; and as God was the Sovereign of all things, with the absolute right to execute his own pleasure, and as he declared the execution of vengeance upon all unrighteousness, she firmly believed that accident, disease and premature death were special inflictions of divine vengeance, or special judgments of retribution—when they fell upon the ungodly; for she had a different explanation of these things when they fell to allotment of the saints. To the saints, according to her belief, accident and disease were mere chastisements for the saints' good, while death was a happy release from evil to come; but for the wicked there were no such mollifying considerations. Arbitrary inflictions, with no connection between cause and effect save that of arbitrary punishment, were, in her opinion, the ways in which God manifested his displeasure against evil-doers.

And so it happened, one Sunday, as she came home from church she met a Miss Bliss with a basket of strawberries in her hand. The old lady's suspicions were at once aroused, and she inquired, rather sternly, "Where did you get your strawberries?"

"In Mr. Jones' meadow," Miss Bliss replied, with a twinkle in her eye, for she knew what would be forthcoming.

"Did you pick them to-day?"

"I did."

"Don't you know it is Sunday?"

"Oh! yes; I know it's Sunday, and I know, too, that I could go strawberrying better to-day than on any other day in the week; for I have more leisure."

"But think of the wickedness of it," said the old lady very solemnly.

"Oh! well," responded Miss Bliss, "I don't suppose it was just the proper thing to do; but the day is fine, the strawberries are in the flush of ripeness, and, as I had the leisure, I took the chances."

"What! The chances of God's displeasure! The chances of some awful judgment!"

"Well, don't you see that I have already taken the chances—if there are any such chances? 'What can't be cured must be endured.' The deed has been done, and can't be recalled. Won't you have some of the strawberries?" and Miss Bliss held them out temptingly.

"I have some of the strawberries! I make myself partaker of the guilt!" and the old lady straightened up in righteous indignation.

"Oh! the strawberries are all right, Mrs. Chapman, if they were picked on Sunday. The curse—if any curse is to follow—will fall on me and not on the berries."

"How dare you make light of such a serious matter!" exclaimed the old lady, in utter amazement.

"Oh! I dare," replied Miss Bliss, indifferently.

"I fear, I fear—I greatly fear," said Mrs. Chapman, as she turned her steps homeward, shaking her gray head ominously.

Miss Bliss stood looking at the retreating figure, with a smile, for a moment, and then wended her way homeward in full content with herself.

Two days after this occurrence Miss Bliss was out riding, driving a spirited horse. From some unknown cause the horse became frightened, ran away, threw Miss Bliss out of the carriage, wrecked the carriage, and was finally caught by some neighboring farm-hands. Immediately news of the accident began circulation by means of neighborhood gossip. As it circulated, it grew in the seriousness of its statement. At first it only affirmed that Miss Bliss was injured; then that she was seriously injured; next that she was fatally injured; and when it reached Mrs. Chapman, it positively stated that Miss Bliss had been killed outright.

Mrs. Chapman was more than ordinarily shocked at hearing such news. She recalled the incident of the preceding Sunday, and was profoundly moved at the to her—signal manifestation of divine judgment. She thrilled through every fibre of her being. She sank trembling into her chair, as if she had been smitten of the Almighty. In anguish of soul she faltered out:

"It's just as I feared—but I didn't think the blow would fall so soon! What a judgment! What a judgment!"

Then she sat moaning for a time, rocking her body back and forth, evidently in great distress of mind over this problem of providence:

"Oh, it's awful—awful," she exclaimed, "for a soul to be swept into eternity so unprepared! Why did not the merciful Lord bear with her longer, and give her more time for repentance!" And then, falling back upon the support of her theological faith, she added, in a quieter tone: "But the Lord knows what is best, and does what is right. It is ours to bow submissively, unmurmuringly, to the dispensations of His providence." And there she rested, naturally kind and tender of heart, but shaped by the cast-iron mold of old-school theology.

Mrs. Chapman waited for the announcement of the funeral, and debated in her own mind whether it would be right for her to attend. Ordinarily she attended all funerals in the neighborhood; but this was a peculiar case, inasmuch as she herself personally had been a witness of the impiety for which the deceased had been punished. Would it be pleasing in the sight of God for her to pay such respect to the remains of one He had so signally marked with his displeasure? Would it not appear as if she took the part of the transgressor, instead of standing firmly in approval of God's sovereignty? The question was a deep and perplexing one. She could not solve it satisfactorily in her own mind. Her heart went out in sympathy with the afflicted parents; she knew they would be overwhelmed with grief. Gladly would she extend to them any consolation within her power, but—ah! there was the point: Would it be dishonoring God as the righteous Judge? She prayed for enlightenment, but no clear light came. She could only watch and wait. And she did watch and wait all day long and through a sleepless night.

Quite early, on the following morning, Miss Bliss rode up to Mrs. Chapman's door and

cheerily called out: "Good morning, Mrs. Chapman."

Mrs. Chapman heard the call, came to the door and stood speechless in amazement, yet saying to herself: "Is that Miss Bliss? Was she not killed yesterday? Is she alive? Or is this her ghost already beginning its wanderings in restless agony?" Cold chills struck to the marrow of her bones; an uncanny feeling crept all over her; the very air seemed suddenly to grow murky; in self-defense she tried to repeat the Lord's prayer, but her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth; a voice within seemed to cry: "Flee, flee to your closet—flee or you are lost"; and she tried to flee, but could not; her feet seemed riveted to the floor; every nerve within her was atremble, and she would have fallen in fright if Miss Bliss's cheerful voice had not rung out again: "Good morning, Mrs. Chapman. It's a beautiful morning."

Mrs. Chapman heard the cheery tone and felt its assuring influence. There was nothing ghostly about it. Before her was Miss Bliss, the very personification of life, smiling pleasantly and greeting her with all the animated, hearty cheer of other days. Was Miss Bliss, then, really alive! The old lady was still in doubt, and her appearance revealed her bewilderment.

"Aren't you well this morning, Mrs. Chapman?"

The old lady stared at her for a moment, and then tremblingly asked: "Ain't you dead?"

"On the contrary, I'm quite alive."

"Wasn't you killed yesterday?"

"Oh, no; not killed; only a little too hastily unloaded, that's all."

"I heard you were killed," persisted the old lady in a half-dazed way.

"So did others, as I have learned on my way here this morning; but it's a mistake. I was thrown out of my carriage by a runaway horse, but not seriously injured—for which, I trust, I am truly thankful."

"You may well be thankful," replied Mrs. Chapman, reassured. "I greatly feared the Lord had cut you off in the midst of your transgressions. It is a terrible thing to go into the presence of God under the ban of his wrath. And now that he has spared you a little longer, granting you space for repentance, I do hope you will improve the opportunity."

"Thanks, Mrs. Chapman, thanks for your interest in my spiritual welfare; but really I am here this morning on other business. The sewing society is to meet at our house on Friday afternoon, and mother sent me over to specially invite you to be present."

Mrs. Chapman instantly brightened up and was herself again. Sewing societies were her delight; they were better than newspapers, for they furnished all the neighborhood gossip free and washed it down with a cup of tea; hence she responded eagerly, with a hearty gladness: "I'll come! oh, yes, I'll come—without fail." She forgot all about Providence, and proposed to go anyhow. Indeed, in her calendar, Providence was not put down as having anything to do with sewing societies.

Mrs. Chapman was an honest, earnest, trusting soul, believing in the teachings of her church implicitly, and accepting the statement of its creed unquestioningly. She had no conception of God as a loving Father, tenderly watching over all of his earthly children—more tenderly than any human mother watches over her babe—but thought him to be an avenging fate, letting fly thunderbolts and arbitrary vengeance upon the transgressor of the law of the church. Thousands have been like her in the past, some are like her in the present; but may the number of them rapidly decrease in the future! The day of better thoughts of God has dawned, but it slowly climbs up the broad heaven of truth. The original thinkers, as yet, are comparatively few; the blind followers of the past are many. Here and there one in the church can give an intelligent reason for "the hope within them"; the mass are content to know that the creed to which they attach their faith is covered with the moss of centuries. But, thank God! the race is toiling upward, though slowly, toward the sunlit summit of truth; some have neared the top, and caught something of its radiance; more are reaching high enough to learn that God is a loving Father, extending a helpful hand to the erring, and blending all good agencies of the seen and of the unseen, in the flesh and out of the flesh, to lead all men out of the bondage of transgression and the night of death, into the glorified manhood of eternal blessedness.

Whitesboro, N. Y.

## Vibrations of Odors.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

As I sit this morning within range of the fragrance of the wild grapevine bloom, I can but wonder how it touches my senses; whether I am ennobled as well as pleased by its effect. We have been taught many things of late of the effect of vibrations of light and of color; but, as far as I know, little has been said of the subtle effects of fragrance on the brain or physical system.

A wise teacher of Oriental philosophy says: "The flower that blooms in beauty, breathing forth to the air its fragrance, which is at once grateful to the senses and stimulating to the nerves, is an emblem of nature's faultless mediumship to man. The flower is a medium for the transmission to the human body of those finer essences, and of their spiritual portion to the soul; for the aroma of flowers is spiritualized to such a degree as to act upon the life-currents of the system, imparting to the spiritual body a nutriment of the finest quality that physical substance can afford."

This opens for us a great field of thought. All the forces of the body, connecting themselves as they do with the external organs, are so many avenues to the soul, and we live and move continually in close connection with nature and her manifestations. The Oriental Philosophy assigns different colors to the organs of sense. Thus the nose is yellow, and its vibratory action ranges through the scale of color pertaining to the yellow. All colors tend to keep the body healthy. Now it is not impossible to suppose that those odors are agreeable that awaken harmonious vibrations, and it may be that to different odors may be ascribed different colors. But these abstract conjectures are of little avail at present; but it is, to say the least, interesting to believe that odors are uplifting to the inner man, and are the means, in a degree, of soul vigor.

The thought that through the innumerable motions of all natural objects we are tuned, as it were, to nature, gives us a higher sense of our oneness with the Divine Life. We are con-

tinually being acted on, through the senses, by the universe. The higher or lower manifestation of such action must depend upon the condition of our own spirits, as they are tuned to the key of the higher or lower vibrations.

Solence is fast obtaining a footing in the higher realm of thought-forces, and we may soon expect an accurate measurement of the vibrations of thought. Why not also of odors? Sound has long since been analyzed and its vibrations numbered, and light also, and we have philosophers ready to teach us of the physical and mental effects of both sound and light. A poetical sense of the effect of the grapevine bloom is given in these lines:

"Your wondrous scent is borne to me  
On wafting gusts of June's soft wind,  
Holding all richness for its own—  
The sweetness of all flowers combined.  
So jealous of your gifts you are,  
I hang above your modest bloom,  
And press it in my hand, to find  
The tiny flowers yield no perfume.  
I turn to go, and lo! a breeze  
Your odor rich with sweets has brought,  
Calling me back, to praise again  
Your blossoms, delicately wrought."

Written for the Banner of Light.  
MIDNIGHT IN SAHARA.

BY PAUL AVENEL.

Alone in the desert at midnight,  
Alone with the sand and the sky;  
Alone with the records of ages—  
Those phantoms that never will die.  
Alone where the past and the future  
Unite in a vortex of years;  
Alone in the "Land of the Lotus,"  
Alone with its monarchs and seers.  
Far, far, through the mystical silence,  
A rhythm of eloquence floats—  
The breath of an awe-stirring vastness—  
In measureless, murmurous notes.  
The disc of the moon in the distance,  
Serenely in her majesty old,  
Is flooding the breast of Sahara  
With ambient billows of gold.  
A hush like the spell of transience,  
Is rolling its dirges sublime,  
Out, out through the oncoming eras  
In resonant echo to time.  
The shimmering Nile in the moonlight  
Is winding through rushes afar,  
As it wound when the splendor of Egypt  
Illumed the world like a star.  
Solemnity broods in the stillness;  
The sphinx looms colossal and grim,  
A sentinel guarding the silence  
With mystery hoary and dim:  
An image of being immortal,  
An effigy chilled in stone,  
Unchallenged its reign in Sahara,  
Preempt on antiquity's throne;  
Unchanged and unchanging its vigil,  
Unblemished its archaic fame;  
The ebb and the flow of creation  
Have left it forever the same:  
A halo of myth consecrates it,  
A sanctity crowns it supreme;  
The moods of the world drift about it  
Like a phantasmagorical dream.  
The moon, waxing low in her transit,  
Is weaving soft vapors of haze  
In folds of diaphanous vagueness  
To veil that weird form from my gaze.  
The solitude deepens around me,  
The hush of the night grows intense;  
It throbs through the slumbering darkness,  
And thrills me with eerie suspense.  
Apathetic the dim dusky shadows  
Trail over the azure expanse;  
As shades from the tombs of tradition,  
These hosts of the midnight advance.  
A nebula rises to southward—  
A nebula glowing with red;  
It soars to the dome of the zenith  
And crowns the great pyramid's head.  
A moment it hovers translucent,  
Suspended like scintillant flame,  
Then bursts in a glittering shower  
To deluge the pyramid's frame:  
Like snow on the breast of a mountain,  
In glistening crystals it falls,  
Transforming each historic terrace  
And gliding their time-honored walls;  
It kindles a luminous pathway  
Far out to the ocean's black rim,  
And peoples the waste of Sahara  
With phantoms illusive and dim:  
A city grows out of the silence;  
A temple is reared in a night  
Whose minarets glimmer like beacons,  
Reflecting that mystical light.  
I see through the spectral quiescence,  
The walls of a battlement rise,  
With sentinels pacing the ramparts  
Beneath the soft orient skies:  
I see lofty summits of verdure,  
A cataract gleaming with foam;  
I hear the dull roar of a torrent  
Entombed in its cavernous home:  
I see through a vista of visions,  
Magnificent acres unroll  
The wealth of their meadows and vineyards,  
Where nature reverses her scroll.  
Enchantment broods over Sahara,  
Her desolate billows of sand  
Are changed by the magic of mirage  
To rich and luxuriant land.  
The sheik has abandoned his worship,  
The tents of his nomadic clan  
Migrate to the depths of a future  
Remote from the knowledge of man:  
A caravan melts in the distance,  
A palacer absorbs it from sight;  
It winds like a prismatic serpent  
To blazon the shield of the night.  
Antiquity opens her volume—  
A volume for ages unread—  
And writes in oracular language  
The record of centuries dead.  
The sages and seers of tradition  
Descend from their mythical rest,  
To trace on the air of the desert  
The story inhumed in her breast.  
The graves of the prophets have opened;  
The vaults have surrendered their trust;  
The catacombs give up their heroes;  
The crypt has refashioned its dust:  
The ghosts of dead monarchs are marshalled  
In soul-thrilling pageantry old,  
To guard the proud caste of Sahara,  
And read what the midnight has told.  
As shadows are scattered by sunrise,  
As vapors are banished by light,  
The torch is extinguished by Cheops,  
And I left alone with the night.

Most of the business houses in Mexico are closed for an hour and a half in the middle of the day.

## Have you Smoked too Much?

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.  
It will relieve the depression caused thereby; quiet the nerves and induce refreshing sleep.

## Letter from Dr. Willis.

ON "ORDINATION" AND THE SETTLEMENT OF SPEAKERS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light.

I have been trying ever since I read the leading article in your issue of May 15 to write and express my cordial assent to its every statement; but I have been very much in the condition of the old darkey who, when his minister upbraided him for neglect of duty, exclaimed: "De factam, Brudder Jones, de spirit am jest as willin' as can be, but de flesh am pow'ful weak."

I have thought much upon this matter of ordination, and had arrived at much the same conclusions expressed in the article above referred to. It certainly opens a wide door to serious abuses, and should not be rashly entered upon by either our State or local associations. There should be some well defined system formulated with wisdom and judgment for its government, and candidates for its privileges should be required to possess certain reasonable mental and moral qualifications for the office they seek, and to pledge themselves to conform to certain reasonable rules and regulations, or the entire thing abandoned.

I do not believe in privileged classes or in titles used to designate them. The whole thing is contrary to the spirit of our institutions. It has no place in a true democracy. It belongs to monarchy, with its union of Church and State, its civil and ecclesiastical aristocracy, its lords, dukes and barons, its arch-bishops, bishops and very reverend clergy.

I have deprecated the growing tendency among our speakers to use the title "Reverend" and "Pastor." I do not believe in them. I long ago discarded the title Rev., although by virtue of my theological education and my ordination and installation by "The First Independent Congregation" of Coldwater, Mich., to whom I ministered for five years, followed by a two-years' settlement in New York City, and three years in Willimantic, Conn., I am just as much entitled to use it as a prefix to my name as is any clergyman in the country. During these ten years I could legitimately claim the half-fare privilege accorded by the railway corporations to all settled preachers. But through the years of my itinerancy I never felt that I had any right to make such a claim.

With you, I fall entirely to see why this distinction should be made in behalf of the clergy. Why not with just as much propriety extend the privilege to the medical profession? If it could be taken from the privileged classes, the clergy and members of legislatures, and bestowed upon poor working men and women, especially upon the latter who do men's work upon half pay, that would be true beneficence.

But before leaving this matter of ordination I wish to speak of the attitude of the National Association toward it. While it is very true that it ordains no one to the ministry of Spiritualism, is it not equally true that by devoting an entire chapter of its By Laws, comprising Seven Sections formulating rules and regulations for the government of State Associations, the "ordaining ministers, lecturers or teachers of the good news and philosophy of Spiritualism," it throws the weight of its influence in favor of ordination?

Witness Article XI. of the "Constitution and By-Laws of the National Spiritualists' Association of the United States of America." And now a few words in regard to the settlement of speakers. This is a subject I am deeply interested in. I have long lamented the waste of time, energy and means enforced by the system of itinerancy that has been so long in vogue among us.

Forty years ago I began my public work for Spiritualism as a settled speaker. I remained five years with one society in Coldwater, Mich. I then went to New York City for two years, and from thence to Willimantic, Ct., for three years. Then I had ten years of continuous settled work. Then I commenced itinerating, and was all over the country, east, west, north and south. My engagements were from one or two Sundays to two months at a place. The average was one month.

This gave me a fine opportunity for comparing the workings of the two systems. After ten years' experience as a settled speaker, and three times that as an itinerant, I think that my testimony on the merits of the two systems is, to say the least, worthy of consideration, and these are the conclusions that I long since arrived at:

First, under the system of itinerancy the permanent material growth of a society is impossible. The audiences fluctuate with the fluctuating speakers, and very soon the habit is formed by many of remaining at home, or going elsewhere when a speaker is employed who does not come up to their standard, or meet their individual requirements. I believe this to be the fruitful cause of the difficulty the most of our societies have in maintaining their meetings. All sorts of devices have to be resorted to for attracting congregations, and for meeting the running expenses.

Second, itinerancy is equally unfavorable to the permanent spiritual growth of a society. Indeed, I am prepared to say that permanent spiritual growth is impossible under it. All growth, whether physical, mental, moral or spiritual, is controlled by fixed laws, and just to the extent that these laws are violated is growth interfered with, or rendered impossible. Of these laws none are more important than those that ensure order, system, persistency in a given direction. I believe the system of itinerancy to be wholly unfavorable to the workings of these laws.

Third, from long-continued and close observations of the workings of this system, I believe it to be absolutely demoralizing in its effects upon our speakers, in that it so largely interferes with their home-life, practically breaking it up. If the home be, as is claimed, the most sacred and most important of our institutions, then whatever has a tendency to break it up or interfere with its highest, most harmonious development, can but be classed as an evil.

My own home life and home happiness has been sadly interfered with under this system, and I know it must be the experience of every lecturer who has to knock about from Dan to Beersheba for from seven to nine months of the year, debared by the question of finance from even the occasional visit home of a day or two between Sundays, that might otherwise be snatched.

I have thus hinted at only a few of the objections to this system that have long existed in my mind. There are many others of equal weight, but these amply serve my present purpose, which is simply to awaken thought upon the subject.

As I look back through the long vista of years upon my public work for Spiritualism, the brightest spots by far that my mental vision rests upon are Coldwater, New York City and Willimantic. I look back with more satisfaction by far upon those ten years of settled work than I do upon the whole thirty years of my itinerancy.

In Coldwater, I commenced with a mere handful of people, my first audiences numbering about twenty. This was in October. We held our meetings in a large hall, seating more than any church in the place. By the middle of January, following, the six "evangelical" churches of the place awoke to the consciousness that "Crippen's Hall" was filled with as fine an audience as could be gathered in the city.

We organized there the first Spiritualists' Sunday school in the country. This was two or three years before the first Lyceum was organized by A. J. Davis in New York City. It was organized first on the plan of the Orthodox Sunday schools; that is, with a superintendent, a corps of teachers, and classes. After about a year's experiment in this direction, we found it did not work. The children lost all interest in it; it was difficult to find teachers who could interest them; the superintendent became discouraged, and teachers and children began to drop out.

At this juncture Mrs. Willis stepped in, at

the urgent request of the superintendent, and assumed the entire management. She divided the children into groups, each group to choose a leader from its own members, who should serve in that capacity for one month. Each group had from her its lesson and motto for the week, and every Sunday she devoted a few minutes personally to each group, and then made an address to the entire school.

This, with music, singing and a few simple exercises, constituted the program. The result was that the children became exceedingly interested, the parents and friends began to drop in, and soon we had nearly the whole society in regular attendance.

This was a lovely part of our work, and bore rich fruit in after years. Indeed, we have not yet wholly ceased to hear of its good results. Those children have become men and women, and many of them are performing their part in life nobly and well, and have not ceased to cherish in grateful remembrance the Coldwater Sunday School, and the loving teacher whose inspired words awoke within their young hearts noble aspirations for the good and true.

This work went on for five years. The Society grew and prospered unprecedentedly. They built me a beautiful brick chapel, and then the civil war broke out. Many of our leading men of means went to the early battlefields and perished thereon. All interest was absorbed by the terrible crisis that had arisen in our National affairs, and our Society had to go under, like so many others. But in those few years results were achieved in that community lasting in their effects, and impossible of achievement under the more or less disorderly methods attending the system of itinerancy.

Not the least beautiful and satisfying feature of settled work is, the lecturer has an opportunity to grow into the hearts of his people, to become one with them, as he can by no possibility do if he is but a few Sundays in a place. In this way he has it in his power, if he lies within his possibilities, to become a social center, and do as important and useful a work in this direction as he can do upon the rostrum.

In New York City my work was brief, but it was very satisfactory to me, and it led up to the organization of "The First Society of Spiritualists."

By virtue of my ordination in Coldwater after the primitive method of the early Congregationalists, by a simple and beautiful service, during which each recorded member of the Society extended to me the right hand of fellowship, I stood before the law entitled to all the privileges claimed by any sectarian clergyman in that State, and my transference to other fields of settled labor, where the same laws prevailed, did not invalidate those privileges. Among them was the legal right to perform the marriage ceremony.

The first public spiritualistic marriage ceremony in this country was performed by myself in Dodworth's Hall, in New York City, in the presence of a large and brilliant audience, at the close of one of my lectures in 1862.

My settled labors in New York City, first in Hope Chapel, then in Ebbitt, afterward Republican Hall, were full of satisfaction to myself, and to all concerned, and many friendships were formed that have lasted through all the years since.

So with my labors in Willimantic, Ct. The three years that I was there the signs of steady progress and growth were encouragingly manifest.

I have felt deeply upon this subject for a long time, and when you assured me, at the Syracuse Convention, that many of our speakers were awaking to a sense of its importance, my heart took courage. As Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, I was instrumental in drafting one bearing forcibly upon it, and I was disappointed that there was no time for the full and free discussion of it before the Convention adjourned.

I wish that this inadequate presentation of it in your columns might be instrumental in drawing out further testimony from those of experience with both systems. I am sure that Mrs. Richmond and Mrs. Brigham could both give valuable testimony upon the matter.

I wish to emphasize the fact that I have no axe to grind in what I have said. I am not a candidate for a settlement, and all that I have here presented has been prompted by my deep heart interest in the truest "welfare of our Cause."

The one wish of my heart in relation to Spiritualism is that before I go to the spirit-world I may have the satisfaction, the immense comfort of seeing it take a position that can command at least the respect and confidence of the world, and be recognized as a true reformatory power whose every tendency is to inspire us with nobler sentiments, stimulate us to nobler action, and help us to live nobler lives.

FRANK L. H. WILLIS.

## Central New York Camp.

Program of the Central New York Spiritual Association, Freeville, from July 24 to Aug. 8 inclusive: July 24, E. J. Bowtell, Conference; 25, E. J. Bowtell, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Frank T. Ripley, platform tests; 26, Conference, E. J. Bowtell; 27, Mrs. S. A. Walters, Frank T. Ripley, with tests; 28, Temperance Day, Conference, Rev. J. C. Hogan; 29, Rev. J. M. Scott, Lyman C. Howe, platform tests, Frank T. Ripley; 30, Frank T. Ripley, Mrs. S. A. Walters; 31, Mrs. S. Augusta Armstrong, Lyman C. Howe, platform tests, Frank T. Ripley; Aug. 1, Frank T. Ripley, with tests, Lyman C. Howe; 2, Conference, to be supplied; 3, W. Wines Sargent, Mrs. S. A. Walters; 4, Womans' Day, Conference, Dr. F. L. H. Willis; 5, Mrs. S. Augusta Armstrong, W. Wines Sargent, platform tests, Frank T. Ripley; 6, Frank T. Ripley, Mrs. Marian Carpenter, with tests by herself; 7, W. Wines Sargent, Mrs. C. M. Nickerson, platform tests, Frank T. Ripley; 8, Mrs. Marian Carpenter, with tests by herself, Mrs. C. M. Nickerson, platform tests, Frank T. Ripley.

## For Over Fifty Years.

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

## Passed to Spirit-Life.

From her earth-home in East Watertown, Mass., June 23, MISS GRACE S. ATWOOD, aged 90 years and 2 months.  
Miss Atwood was a firm Spiritualist for many years, and lived her religion in her every day life. Every one who knew her has a kind word to say of the spirit now released from its earthly bondage. She will be remembered by the good she has done.  
Her funeral services were held on the 25th ult., Mrs. N. J. Willis of Cambridge officiating.  
From Northfield Falls, Vt., Jan. 25, 1897, A. S. CROSS, aged 68 years.  
Mr. Cross was a faithful husband and noble father. He leaves a wife, two sons and one daughter, to mourn his loss, and they await a reunion in the bright beyond. The Methodist church was filled with neighbors and friends, who gathered to pay their last tribute of respect and listen to the words of comfort spoken by the writer.  
From Barre, Vt., Feb. 22, 1897, LEWIS EMERSON, aged 51 years.  
Mr. Emerson had been a sufferer for many years, and all felt it was a blessing when all was over. He leaves two brothers. The funeral was attended by the writer.  
From Williamstown, Vt., March 19, 1897, MRS. HATTIE LITTLE CUTTS, aged 82 years.  
Mrs. Cutts was a beautiful wife and mother. She leaves a husband and three children, and a large circle of relatives to mourn the loss of this young and noble life. The Universalist church was crowded to its utmost with neighbors and friends. The floral tributes were many.  
The funeral oration was delivered by the Universalist clergyman (who had been a neighbor and friend from early childhood), assisted by the writer. LUCIUS COLBURN.  
From Manchester Depot, Vt., May 14, 1897, MRS. EUNICE H. SWALLOW, aged 65 years 5 months and 4 days.  
Mrs. Swallow had been a Spiritualist for many years, which had helped to carry her through her many sorrows, as nearly all her relatives had passed to the higher life. She was the mother of the well-known Spiritualist speaker, Lucius Colburn, who has cared for her for many years, and was with her during her last painful illness.  
The funeral was largely attended from her late residence. Beautiful flowers from neighbors and friends covered the casket.  
Mrs. Sarah A. Wiley of Rockingham delivered a beautiful address, which was listened to with deep interest, and brought comfort to the mourning and to those who had lost dear friends. JESSIE P. BLACKBURN.

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



# 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 the Lyceum and Home Department.

### MOTHER WON'T SMILE.

I am quite a big girl,  
And like my own way;  
Well—most all the time—  
When at work or at play;  
But whenever I get it,  
And keep it awhile,  
I feel kind of lonesome—  
For mother won't smile.  
I am such a big girl,  
You never would guess  
I'd tease a small boy  
Who says "yeth" for "yes,"  
And stammers and blushes  
(His name's Johnny Lyle),  
'Tis fun—ill I notice  
That mother won't smile.  
Such a very large girl,  
Doesn't think it is nice  
To "listen to reason"  
And take good advice;  
But when I just say so  
With real queenly style,  
My crown is a dunce-cap—  
For mother won't smile.

A big girl like me  
Likes a big kind of fun,  
And can't stop to ask  
How far she may run?  
But when I go wrong,  
An inch or a mile,  
It's awful sad fun—  
For mother won't smile.

Orange, Mass.

S. D.

### A Graceful Act.

A pretty woman, well dressed, is a delight to all eyes, and when we discover by some little act that underneath the soft frou-frou of lace is a heart filled with courtesy and tenderness toward God's lowly creatures, we can but be glad that the world's conventionalism and coldness have left untouched some of the Master's fairest flowers.

A little scene was enacted upon the street-car a few days ago, which, while a small thing in itself, left a ray of sunshine that will linger for many days in the minds of some that witnessed it.

Not an unoccupied seat remained in the car, and when an old woman entered, black, poorly but cleanly dressed, it was evident that she would have to stand, at two-thirds of the passengers were men, busily engaged in reading or absorbed in conversation.

There sat near the front a pretty, young girl, whose every detail of dress and manner denoted wealth and culture, and upon seeing the feeble old figure sway from side to side with the movement of the car, she quietly arose, and, taking hold of the thin arm, sat the old creature down in her seat.

Instantly men from all sides bobbed up and proffered their places to the young woman, but she politely and firmly refused.

Then all grew interested in the old woman's talk. "Lor, honey, I 'se so bery much obleeged to yo'. I 'se mos' ded, I 'se dun walked mos' fo' miles dis mornin' to get sum madder 'un my lil' Sammy, an' dese here old laigs ob mine is mos' dun all deys gwine to do, but lil' Sammy is bery sick, an' lor, how I do lub dat chile. I hates to tuk yo' seat, honey, but," murmured the quivering old lips, "yo' sho'ly don' no how tie'd I is, and," glancing up into the bright face above her, "yo' is de vey puttiest"—the bell rang, the car stopped, and this girl, who had offered a "cup of cold water" to one of His creatures, disappeared, leaving behind her a sense of something distinctly sweet and ennobling, and to every man in the car a wholesome feeling of shame.

### Self-Reliance.

Henry Ward Beecher used to tell this story of the way in which his teacher of mathematics taught him to depend upon himself:

"I was sent to the blackboard, and went, uncertain, full of whimpering. 'That lesson must be learned,' said my teacher, in a very quiet tone, but with a terrible intensity. All explanations and excuses he trod under foot with utter scornfulness. 'I want that problem; I don't want any reasons why you haven't it,' he would say. 'I did study two hours.'"

"That is studying to me; I want the lesson. You need not study it at all, or you may study it ten hours, just to suit yourself. I want the lesson."

"It was tough for a green boy, but it seasoned me. In less than a month I had the most intense sense of intellectual independence and courage to defend my recitations."

"One day his cold, calm voice fell upon me in the midst of a demonstration. 'No.' 'I hesitated, and then went back to the beginning, and on reaching the same point again, 'No!' uttered in a tone of conviction, barred my progress."

"The next—and I sat down in red confusion. 'He, too, was stopped with 'No!' but went right on, finished, and, as he sat down, was rewarded with 'Very well.'"

"Why, whimpered I, 'I recited it just as he did, and you said 'No!'"

"Why didn't you say 'Yes,' and stick to it? It is not enough to know your lesson; you must know that you know it. You have learned nothing until you are sure. If all the world says 'No,' your business is to say 'Yes,' and prove it."—*Ram's Horn.*

### Saving Power of Marriage.

I have noticed that a married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and self-respect kept alive by finding that, although abroad be darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect—to fall to ruins, like some deserted mansions, for want of inhabitants. I have often had occasion to mark the fortitude with which women sustain the almost overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character that at times it approaches sublimity.—*Washington Irving.*

### Wheelbarrow Folk.

There are a good many children, and some grown people, who go like a wheelbarrow—that is, they go just as far as you push them, and when you stop, they stop. You tell them to do a thing, and they do it, and that is all they will do. If you want a thing done, you must tell them to do it again. If you want it done forty times, you must tell them forty times to do it.

There are other people who, when you set them going, can keep on themselves. They

have some "go" in them. If you tell them to-day that you want a thing done, to-morrow you will find the same thing done without telling them. If you complain that a thing has been neglected this week, next week they will see that it is not neglected.

There is a great deal of difference in the value of these two kinds of people, because the wheelbarrow kind of folks need somebody to run them, just as much as a machine needs somebody to attend it. They only go while you watch them and push them; so, if you have one such person at work, you must employ another one to watch him and keep him going; but if you have one of the other kind at work, he will watch himself, do his work, and make you no trouble about it.

It is very important for all boys and girls to decide which class they will belong to, whether they will be folk that go as far as they are pushed and then stop, or whether they can be depended upon to keep in motion after they are once started. Boys or girls who must be told what to do, and watched while they do it, are not worth their salt; but if a person can do a thing with once telling, and continue doing it without further care, such a person is worth more than gold.—*Zion's Watchman.*

### "Beyond Mother."

We were pained, recently, to hear a discouraged and dejected mother say of her daughter: "I can't do a thing with Janet any more. She's grown beyond me, and she doesn't care in the least for anything I say."

Now, there can be no sadder commentary on the life of any young girl than to have it said truthfully of her that she has grown so far "beyond mother" that she is indifferent to that mother's opinions and wishes.

No dutiful, loving child ever grows thus far "beyond mother." There is in our acquaintance a woman of nearly seventy, living with her mother, who is approaching ninety, but this white-haired daughter has never grown "beyond mother" in filial devotion and respect. She is sweetly tender and thoughtful of her old parent, and although the mother through pain has grown somewhat exacting, the daughter, as far as is consistent, gives her obedience.

When we find a girl out of her teens who says that she "doesn't care what mother thinks," we look upon her as one in danger of suffering moral shipwreck.

There are certain obligations toward parents that if a child never outgrows if it lives aright. If you care to know what these are, make a study of these words: "Honor thy father and thy mother."—*Young People's Weekly.*

### Do n'ts for Shoes.

1. Don't ever wear a shoe that will not allow the great toe to lie in a straight line.
2. Never wear a shoe with a sole narrower than the outline of the foot traced with a pencil close under the rounding edge.
3. Never wear a shoe that pinches the heel.
4. Never wear a shoe or boot so large in the heel that the foot is not kept in place.
5. Never wear a shoe or boot tight anywhere.
6. Never wear a shoe or boot that has depressions in any part of the sole to drop any joint or bearing below the level plane.
7. Never wear a shoe with a sole turning up very much at the toes, as this causes the cords of the upper part of the foot to contract.
8. Never wear a shoe that presses up into the hollow of the foot.
9. Never have the top of the boots tight, as it interferes with the action of the calf muscles, makes one walk badly, and spoils the shape of the ankle.
10. Never come from high heels to low heels at one jump.

### Her Home.

A dove had a nest in a pepper-tree near the warehouse on a California ranch. A fire broke out in the warehouse, and the pepper-tree caught fire. The flames drove the dove from her nest to a neighboring tree. Here she sat all the time the fire lasted, cooing in the saddest tones. When the fire was under control, the dove was seen circling high in the air above the pepper tree. She came nearer and nearer. The waves of heat rose all about the dove, but she would rise a little higher, and then again drop toward her nest. It was not burned, though the trunk and limbs of the tree were charred, the leaves burned off. At last the dove braved the heat, and flew down and settled on her nest. All the time her mate waited and called anxiously, but the little mother dove paid no attention. The heat-waves rose about her as she alighted in her nest, but she cooed contentedly as she settled on the eggs.—*The Outlook.*

### WATCH YOUR WORDS.

Keep watch on your words, my children,  
For words are wonderful things;  
They are sweet, like the bees' fresh honey,  
Like bees, they have terrible stings;  
They can bless like the warm, glad sunshine,  
And brighten the lonely life;  
They can cut in the strife of anger  
Like an open two-edged knife.  
Let them pass through your lips unchallenged,  
If their errand is true and kind;  
If they come to support the weary,  
To comfort and help the blind;  
If a bitter, revengeful spirit  
Prompt the words, let them be unsaid;  
They may dash through the brain like lightning,  
Or fall on the heart like lead.—*Selected.*

### Second Annual Picnic of the Boston Spiritual Lyceum.

The delightful weather and large gathering made the Second Annual Picnic of the Boston Spiritual Lyceum a grand success in every way. It seemed to be a union picnic, as so many representatives from other societies were present. There were present some of the officers and members of The Boston Spiritual Lyceum, The Helping Hand Society, The First Spiritual Ladies' Aid Society, The Veteran Spiritualists' Union, The New England Spiritualist Camp Meeting Association, The Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists, and The Boston Spiritual Lyceum, altogether making a jolly party.

Dr. U. K. Mayo was a boy again, and enjoyed a ride on the flying horses, and a shoot on the chutes. Special electric cars of the L. and B. R. R. left Cornhill at 9:30 sharp, with as happy a party as ever left Boston. The ride through Chestnutwood, Chelsea, Revere, Lynn and Salem to the Willows was enjoyed by all. The party arrived at the Willows at 11:45, and all were ready for their fish dinner, after which small parties were made up, and at 1 o'clock the flying horses, shooting the chutes, swings and boating. Several joined the party in the afternoon, coming on their wheels. At 4:45 the party were gathered together, and a large group picture was taken.

At 5 o'clock all started for home, and arrived in Boston at 7:20 P. M., saying they were glad they went. The undersigned has received a sample of the picture taken, and is ready to fill any order sent to him. The picture is 10x12, and costs but 50 cents.

J. B. HATCH, JR., Con. B. S. L.

### A Letter from Mr. Bach.

I wish to congratulate the editor of THE BANNER upon the very able editorials in THE BANNER of June 20, and make a few remarks concerning one of them.

The editor publishes an account, by an unnamed writer, detailing an experience while trying to get a speaker to conduct her husband's funeral, that throws considerable discredit upon the speakers of the State of New York and some in Boston. It seems to me that there are two sides to this question.

Under the present order of things it is a necessity for our speakers to travel, and many who have permanent addresses do not get to those places once a year. I am one of them. I have a permanent address, but I have not been at that permanent address more than a week at a time for the past six years. Now I will leave it to the judgment of the readers of THE BANNER if I am to blame if a person sends a telegram to me at that place, and I am not there, and the telegram fails to reach me or bring any response. I may never receive it.

I think the criticism of the writer (not the editor) is hardly just, as I know that there are good and reliable workers in the State of New York who go out to funerals under all kinds of conditions, and I do not believe that if they had been reached they would have declined the offer when "reasonable compensation and expenses were offered." There were good and sufficient reasons for it, of that I am certain.

There is no question that a general organization on a more extended basis would aid this, and yet there is a New York State Association, and I have not the least doubt that had a telegram been sent to Frank Walker, its President, a speaker could have readily been found.

Now, Mr. Editor, what good does it do for a speaker to keep his changes of address before the people? You know that not to exceed one in fifty of the Spiritualists of the United States is a subscriber to a Spiritualist paper. Furthermore, the great majority pay no attention to those matters. I will submit it to you if my name is not in some of the papers nearly every week of the year, with my address and where located, yet I receive many letters asking if the writers can see me if they visit St. Paul, Minn.

While I am on this subject, I wish to touch upon another point in connection with complaints that are continually being made. People write to our public workers, asking questions, and complain that they receive no reply. These letters usually call for information for personal benefit that would take hours to give, and in nine cases out of ten, not even a postage stamp is enclosed. I received one a few days ago, asking me to give all the information I could about the use of hypnosis in connection with the development of mediumship.

It would require one or two hours' writing to give an outline that would be safe to put out. Not even return postage was enclosed. I will now ask these complainers a question: If the information was not worth the return postage for the writer to receive, was it worth it to me for the privilege of giving it? One postage stamp is a small item, but when these letters are items of daily occurrence, it counts up to a considerable in the course of a year, both in time and money.

I have had some experience with funerals myself. Some of them would make very interesting reading, and possibly would make the side of the speakers look better. I will detail one of them:

I was called to conduct a funeral service by a stranger to me. I went, although it was a great inconvenience to me to do so. I traveled forty-three miles on the railroad, fifteen miles by carriage, and twenty-eight miles on a bicycle. I received for my services the magnificent sum of TWO DOLLARS, out of which I paid my expenses. No, not out of which I paid my expenses, but which HELPED to pay them. I made the rest up myself. Therefore I PAID FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF CONDUCTING THE SERVICES. I have conducted many funeral services, and with the exception of three occasions, I was not even offered anything. By conversations with our prominent workers, I find this to be the general experience. But I have yet to find the first one who has declined to go when it was possible.

It has become a great fad with some people to write articles to the Spiritualist papers accusing the public workers in Spiritualism with all kinds of misdeeds and shortcomings, with working altogether for the "almighty dollar," and so on. If these writers will just consider for a moment that the public workers of Spiritualism are like all other human beings, that the butcher, baker, grocer, railroad company and clothier charge them just as much for their necessities as they do other people, and act accordingly, they will receive better service, and will be shown a more generous side of the public workers' nature.

W. H. BACH.

### Origin of the "Sweet By-and-By."

BY J. O. BARRETT.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

You ask me to write up what I reported last winter, at our great union convention in Minneapolis, respecting the origin of the "Sweet By-and-By." I told it as told me by a lady friend, now in the spirit-world, who like myself personally knew the parties concerned. I have since made inquiry by letters as to the present post-office address of the author of the poem, to learn more definite particulars, if need be, but have failed to trace him.

J. P. Webster, of Elkhorn, Wis., now a resident of the spirit-world, was one of the most popular music composers in the country, and his songs and hymns are sung near and afar, and grow brighter for the using. He was very liberal-minded, and drank deep of the spiritual rills, being by instinct a sincere believer in the ministry of angels, by which he obtained his higher inspirations, gushing to his soul from the immortal sources. He was frequently solicited by the officials of different orthodox churches to adapt melodies to special hymnal selections, conspicuous among which were those containing rhythmic words of doleful sentiment about the "Fall of Man," "The Devil," "Hell," "Damnation of the Wicked," and the like. Though offered satisfactory compensation for his professional services, he sternly refused to set music to such hymns, stating "There is nothing in them worth singing about."

Finding it impossible to use him for orthodox, conceding his ability at antagonism to the "tenets of faith," and therefore "a peril to precious souls hellward bound under his leadership," the church officials clubbed together to silence him by a crush. Theirs was the prayer of the clergy in Boston over the case of Theodore Parker: "If he has sinned away the day of grace, O Lord, take him out of the way, for thou knowest we cannot put him down while he has so many following him to hell." The arrows of persecution fell thick and fast. As they pierced and tore his inner life, so spiritually childlike, he was "the strong agony and tears" in the Gethsemane where he had met the angels of song.

During one of his despairing moments Dr. Bennett, his true friend and hearty endorser of his "free religion," called to see him, when Mr. Webster gave vent to his accumulating sorrows. Impulsively the doctor said: "Oh, well, Mr. Webster, it will be all right in the sweet by-and-by."

The doctor had frequently composed poems for Mr. W., who in turn always attached the soul-counterpart of the words till they verily pulsed with song.

"Why, Webster!" he exclaimed, pausing, listening, as the inspired poet sometimes does, "who knows? Oh, yes, there's a new song for us, 'The Sweet By-and-By.'" He stepped to the table, and in a few minutes the poem was complete, just as sung near and afar, because the angel touch always lingers. As quickly written, so as quickly came the melody, "The Sweet By-and-By," that has enchanted the world to think and love higher and holier than ever before.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

### A Congress of Religions.

To Meet at Delhi in India, and All Religions of the World to be Represented.

A call has gone forth for a great Congress of Religions, in which every nation of the earth shall be represented, to meet at Delhi in 1898, and discuss the question of the true way of salvation according to the teachings of wise men of every race.

The call emanates from a Hindoo of illustrious descent, Maulana Syed Nusrat Ali Shah, the editor and proprietor of the *Moslem Chronicle*, a Delhi paper that is printed in both native and foreign languages, and has a wide circulation in India. In the office of the paper there are no less than three hundred varieties of type, representing the printed characters of almost every known tongue in the civilized world, and the call for the great religious congress has been printed in various languages and scattered broadcast over the face of the earth.

The call has been sent to every minister and priest of any prominence in America. Many have replied that they will be there.

The object of the congress is explained by the call to be:

1. To bring together the eminent and leading representatives of all religions of the world with a view to enabling them to expound the tenets of their respective creeds.
2. To give the representatives an opportunity of acquainting themselves with the main principles of every religion, and thereby enabling them to judge how far each religion is based on true and unimpeachable principles.
3. To ascertain what practical, social and moral effects each religion has produced upon the community professing it.
4. To set forth how far the doctrines of each religion are in conformity with reason, science and the laws of nature.
5. To trace the origin of each religion and to scrutinize the system followed in the preservation of its traditions.
6. To show, in an exhaustive manner, the various religious teachings common to each religion.
7. To enable the representatives of the various religions to draw conclusions as to the merits or demerits of the various religions, not in an antagonistic, but in a truth-seeking spirit.

### Query.

BY JULIA A. BUNKER.

In the BANNER OF LIGHT, June 26, is an article headed "Theosophy," from the pen of Mrs. Besant. The article is clever and very interesting—a plausible scheme for eliminating the dross from the human ego, and purifying it to the point of self-flushed lawlessness, that pinnacle of ethical culture where man is permitted to shake the dust of mother earth from off his celestial feet and wing his way to glory.

But how would this scheme of successive reincarnations of man upon earth—as the means of purification and the only road to perfection—work? What would be the remedy, should some mundane cataclysm destroy the human race—blot it from off the earth? Could the spirit or spirits change its mode of action? If so, how and in what way—where would be found a vehicle for reincarnation of the unregenerate and belated exanimate entity?

I am a Spiritualist, and try to live the philosophy of Spiritualism, but reincarnation is not agreeable to me. There are spheres enough, and an eternity in which to develop a spiritual nature, and ways enough in which to justify the inequalities of human life, without the tiresome repetitions of earth experiences.

After all, earth life is about the same, whether viewed from the hovel or the palace. *Lakeview, N. J.*

### Temple Heights Spiritual Camp-Ground.

Is situated in Northport, Me., seven miles below Belfast, two and one-half miles below M. E. camp-ground, on the west side of Penobscot Bay. It is one of the most beautiful locations in eastern Maine. Every one who goes there is delighted with the view and everything connected.

A place better adapted to their wants than Temple Heights, Me. There is a wharf connected with the ground, where river steamers land, and a pure spring of cold water with just mineral enough to make it a healthful beverage.

The people who attend our meetings are always orderly without police force. Our meeting will begin Aug. 14, holding over two Sundays. We have some of the best speakers engaged for the session. F. A. Wiggin, Moses Hull, and Mattie E. Hull are some of the speakers to be there.

We give out a cordial invitation to all speakers, mediums and every one who wishes to attend our meetings. We will try and meet them with a greeting that will make them feel they are welcome. *J. P. S.*

THE SPITTER SPOTTED.—Spitting promiscuously is a filthy habit. It reveals to a horrible extent in the United States. It is no uncommon thing to see exhibited in public places in that country notices to the effect that "Men are requested not to spit, gentlemen won't." So serious a nuisance has it become that the Indiana State Board of Health has just issued a circular letter to all railroad trains, asking them to have ejected from their trains every man who persists in spitting on the floor after he has been warned not to do so.

The Board explains that the spittle contains the germs of grippe, nasal catarrh and various other diseases. It also declares that "spitting is a nasty and unnecessary habit," and explains that the Board of Health will pass a rule against spitting, which will have all the force of law, if the railroads will post it up and endeavor to enforce it. Such a reform as the Indiana health officers have undertaken is needed in many another place.—*The Phenological Magazine.*

### Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten-fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is entirely harmless, and is placed directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle. June 19.

THE RELIGION OF SPIRITUALISM: ITS Phenomena and Philosophy. By SAMUEL WATSON, author of "The Clock Struck One, Two and Three," thirty-five years a Methodist minister.

This book will prove an invaluable work, not only to Spiritualists, but to those who are not having witnessed the phenomena, have no information of the facts which form the immutable foundation on which Spiritualism is based, and is a belief that a knowledge of the reality of a future life is entirely within the grasp of the human mind, and that those who attach to the faith and forms of the Church incline them to have nothing to do with the subject upon which it treats.

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It is the only work ever published giving full instructions how to mesmerize, and the connection this science has with Spiritualism. This entry also contains Prof. Cadwell's Modern Spiritualism, a belief in the Bible, and makes a book of 23 pages, paper covers. Price 60 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

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### King Solomon's Treasure.

A Sure, Safe, Gentle, Permanent and Harmless Restorative of Youthful Power and virility in old or young of either sex. Purely vegetable. No minerals.

It has long been asserted by scientific men that the Ancients must have known of some combination of substances from Nature's laboratory that would renew the most potent of the forces of human life in both male and female, and that to the use of such substances was due their extreme longevity and inexhaustible reproductive power. Recent discoveries of Egyptologists have brought to light the fact that Pharaoh of the 21st Dynasty gave to King Solomon, whose principal wife was his (Pharaoh's) daughter, among thousands of other gifts, a formula for just this purpose, that had evidently been known to the wise men of Egypt for untold ages. The best translation that can be made of the Egyptian hieroglyphics representing its name is "Long Life and Strength," but it was known by the Hebrews as "King Solomon's Treasure," but its composition was kept a strict secret. Josephus records the fact that a box of it was given by King Solomon to the Queen of Sheba, at the end of her visit to him at Jerusalem, and she carried away a box of it to her own country, where it was recognized and kindly recompensed for his aid in building the Temple. Cleopatra also knew of it through her Egyptian ancestry, and owed to its use her marvelous power to charm and enthrall her many royal lovers.

King Solomon was one of the wisest men in the world. He lived to the ripe old age of 84. He had 700 wives and 300 female slaves, and retained his buoyant strength and powers of youth to the end of his life. He knew nothing of poisons, nervous prostration, or breaking down and wasting away, or any of the modern results of over mental work or over indulgence.

King Solomon's Treasure is absolutely harmless, mild and gentle, but absolutely sure in its action and effect. It is composed of rare, costly, but harmless vegetable nerve tonics, so minerals, and will in every case, when taken according to directions, give strength and develop wherever needed, and bring back to the tired and faded, and prematurely old of either sex, all that makes life most lovely, all that makes a perfect man a God—a perfect woman a goddess.

Now, Brother, that which gave King Solomon his wonderful mental and physical strength; that which the Widow's Son asked and received for his dead son, and which the Madam or Miss, that which enabled the Queen of Sheba, Cleopatra, Sappho, Nicon d'Euclos, Catherine of Russia, and many other women of history to attract and hold the love of men—to keep young and beautiful, loving and lovable for generations, is offered you.

A trial package will be sent you for \$1, or a full-sized package, six times as large, for \$5, securely packed, and post-paid to any P. O. address in the world upon receipt of notice. We live in an age of humbug, but this is no humbug. We could give the names of thousands of the best known men and women of the time who are our constant patrons, and who know the value of this tonic, were we not sure in honor and delicacy not to do so.

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Notation is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return cancelled articles.

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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1897.

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

We trust that Spiritualists everywhere will cooperate heartily with us in the step which has been taken, and that regular subscribers for THE BANNER will make an effort to increase its circulation. If every one now on our subscription books would make it his or her business to obtain one new subscriber to this paper for 1897, the heretofore high standard of THE BANNER could easily be maintained, the value of its contents and the practicality materially enhanced, and the Cause which this paper has so long defended and upheld greatly strengthened.

## Infant Baptism.

The rite of baptism has long been considered to be one of the tenets of the Christian Church, and has been followed with pious regularity for many centuries. The outside world has felt that baptism was a harmless amusement, if nothing more, for their church friends, and have looked upon it as being the exclusive property of the church. The heretics, as well as the elect, have seen men and women immersed, sprinkled and sealed with a watery cross, while they (the victims) were under the spell of religious enthusiasm. The mild waves of sunny June, the chilly waters of autumn and the ice-fettered streams of winter have been joyously entered by the converted ones, feeling that the rite of baptism relieved them of the burden of sin.

Closely allied to the baptism of adults was the baptism of infants. This practice was heartlessly cruel, yet was strictly adhered to by pious parents, under the fear that their darling would go to hell if it chanced to pass away unbaptized. We have seen the little ones writhe in agony, and heard their plaintive wails when the icy water was sharply flung in their faces, or they were plunged into some tub or tank prepared to receive them. It did the little ones no good, and always endangered their health. It simply satisfied the fears of the parents, who were slaves to a pitiless creed, and bound by the iron bands of a terrible theology. The idea of the theologians that

"Hell is crammed  
With infants damned  
Without a day of grace,"

controlled the people most effectually. They were inoculated with the germs of theology to such an extent they became, as it were, religiously diseased.

Of late, there have been alarming symptoms that this disease has attacked the Spiritualists. Universalists and Unitarians failed to ward it off, and for a long time it seemed as if the Spiritualists would not succumb to its enervating influence. But mild forms of this disease have appeared sporadically in various sections of the country among the Spiritualists; we hear of "baptizing with flowers," of placing wreaths and chaplets upon the children's heads, of sprinkling an infant, of sealing the little one to Spiritualism by dipping the hand in water and laying the wet hand upon the child's head. These sporadic attacks are attracting attention, and people are asking if there is danger of this disease becoming epidemic in our ranks.

This disease, in its mild or incipient form, can be cured. The parties afflicted by it need a tonic of a mild kind, and we respectfully suggest the invigorating tonic of education. If too far advanced, then a moderate admixture of common sense and reason will surely effect a cure. If the disease has become chronic, then an inspirational lesson upon infant baptism, from Spirits Ed. S. Wheeler, William Denton, S. J. Finney, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Achsa W. Sprague and Mrs. A. M. Spence will be a sure cure. These recipes are offered in the kindest spirit possible by THE BANNER, and without any ill-will whatever toward those who believe in baptism either as a saving or spiritual rite. We recognize honest differences of opinion, hence speak only for ourselves.

THE BANNER has no fear of this affection becoming contagious, therefore feels that it will soon die out for the want of material. Spiritualism came to emancipate mankind from every religious fear, and to give to the

world a rational, scientific religion. Forms and ceremonies as such are neither rational nor scientific, and the rite of baptism, being a church ceremonial, is certainly no part of such a religion as above mentioned. Spiritualism illumines the intellect of man, and enables him to enjoy the free use of his reason. With Reason upon the throne as the ruler of his thought, man will soon spurn all empty forms and ceremonies, and grasp eagerly the higher truths of the spirit. Women need this illumination of the intellect, in order that they may be enabled to drop their worship of the empty shells of theology. They cling to the pomp and show of church forms far more than do the men of the present day. This is because of the mental bondage in which women have been held for centuries. Spiritualism will be their emancipator, and its leadership will soon cause them to drop this remnant of churchianity known as infant baptism. THE BANNER feels that the sooner this rite is abandoned the better it will be for Spiritualism.

## Truth and Error.

One of the strangest anomalies in this life is the zeal with which seemingly intelligent people rush to give comfort to some condemned murderer or vicious criminal as soon as he is behind prison walls. Food, flowers and little luxuries are taken to his cell by sympathetic women and sentimental young ladies, that the criminal's prison life may not be so dark and dreary as it would be otherwise. The law of kindness is a divine principle in human nature, and its expression does much to restore confidence in the sincerity and honesty of human beings. But it can be carried too far by certain classes of individuals, whose romantic natures mistake mere sentiment for kindness. Crime and virtue have nothing in common. A person may unwittingly be led into crime, or may succumb to a momentary temptation to do wrong. Such ones can be reclaimed by the application of kindly sympathy in a practical way.

The sad fact remains, however, that these temporarily misguided beings are not the ones who receive the favors at the hands of the mawkish sentimentalists, who only delight in seeking those criminals whose misdeeds have startled and shocked the nation. Whatever may be the opinions of the masses in regard to the Haymarket Square tragedy in Chicago, the action of a certain young lady in connection with one of the condemned anarchists clearly illustrates the principle under discussion. Truth and righteousness appear commonplace to such natures, while vice and error seem to fascinate them. There is too much truth in the poet's words:

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;  
But, seen too oft, familiar to the face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

These words apply to some Spiritualists with peculiar force at the present time. Instead of seeking for truth through the open channels of righteousness, they prefer to dwell by the murky waters of deceit and falsehood. They cry out against every exposure of fraud, and demand protection for every fakir and mountebank who has brought Spiritualism into disrepute. They even go so far as to say that a truth given by a fakir is just as valuable and influential as it would be if it came from the most gifted speaker on the rostrum. On the same principle, an eloquent sermon by a condemned murderer, replete with ethical and religious truths, would be as valuable as one delivered by Minot J. Savage, Heber Newton, Lyman Abbott and Alfred Russel Wallace.

No twisting of logic can ever make wrong right, nor error truth. The highest ethics commands men to be kind to the wrong-doers, and to educate them into ways of righteousness. They cannot be induced to change their lives by following the methods now in vogue. To call a criminal a good fellow, to promise to do all in one's power for him, to say that he should be pardoned, never brings one regret for an evil deed. The mawkish sentimentalism of some Spiritualists in their treatment of frauds is in point here. It is an insult to ask a pure and lofty spirit to visit the earth through the mediumship of one without principle and utterly devoid of a consciousness of right.

Defaulters, petty thieves, those who obtain money under false pretenses, the fraud who dupes by confederates, the blue book test mediums, may have a legitimate place in the mediumship of Spiritualism, while socialists and scandal-mongers may be the highest representatives to be found upon its platforms. Some there are who claim this to be the case. THE BANNER, however, feels that a pure stream of water can never come through a muddy channel, neither can the crystal waters of spiritual truth reach the earth through an unclean channel. It is no part of THE BANNER'S ethics to sit in condemnation upon any human being. It will extend a helping hand to every repentant sinner, but it cannot conscientiously excuse vice and crime on the ground that they are parts of Spiritualism, therefore necessary to its growth. Truth, Love and Purity will help to redeem the race, but they never flourish where the rank weeds of Vice, Crime and other immoral diseases predominate. Let us uproot the latter that the former may thrive in the gardens of our souls.

## Theosophy.

Peterson's Magazine for April contains a very interesting article from the pen of Will M. Clemens upon the above subject. He traces the history of occult lore from the days of Pot Amun, an Egyptian priest, in the reign of the earlier Ptolemies, down to the present time. Before Pot Amun the mystical doctrine was only known to the priesthood. It entered the highest spiritual thought of Greece, and can be traced in the writings of Paracelsus and Jacob Boehme. The Neo-Platonists, the Gnostics and the mystics of the middle ages gave this fascinating doctrine no little attention.

Modern Theosophy is but twenty-two years old, and the first society was founded in the parlors of Henry J. Newton in New York City, in the spring of 1875. Col. H. S. Olcott, a former Spiritualist, speaker and writer, was elected President; William C. Judge, Secretary; Henry J. Newton, Treasurer. Mrs. Newton has the original articles of agreement of this first Theosophical Society now in her possession, and it is from her that we learned many interesting facts not stated by Mr. Clemens in his exceedingly able article. It seems that a certain amount of work was undertaken by this Society, and a series of meetings held by it. The leading spirit of the movement was Madame Blavatsky, and she was assisted by two or three eminent occultists from other lands. These people claimed to work for the

love of the cause, and not for money, but unfortunately for them, Mr. Newton kept the canceled checks that he had paid them for their services, hence proof is at hand that they did not despise "filthy lucre."

"The growth of Modern Theosophy," says Mr. Clemens, "is remarkable. In 1876 only one society was in existence; in 1880 there were eleven; in 1885, one hundred and twenty-one; in 1890, two hundred and forty-one. There are no less than eighty-five branches in the United States alone, and over three hundred throughout the world. There are one hundred and thirty in India, forty or more in Europe, twenty in Ceylon, several in Australia, and others in Japan and elsewhere. The membership in this country alone is placed as high as five hundred thousand."

These figures are of more than ordinary interest to Spiritualists, as they show what business-like methods will accomplish when applied to organic effort. Modern Spiritualism has fifty years of history; it has less than seven hundred local societies in this country; they are much weaker in membership and in finances than are the Theosophical Societies, with less than half as many years of history behind them. "When people do things decently and in order, they always command respect, and hold an advanced position in the thought of the world. If Spiritualism is to be of any service to humanity, Spiritualists will have to cease their petty quarrels, and work harmoniously together for a common cause." These ringing words of Hon. L. V. Moulton should be heeded by all true Spiritualists. The growth of Theosophy is a sign-post warning the Spiritualists to unite their forces for practical purposes, and for the bringing in of the kingdom of heaven on earth.

## Approved.

The following letter from a prominent business man, who is a logical Spiritualist, is an earnest that THE BANNER'S position is endorsed by the progressive people in our ranks. This letter is but one of many expressions of approval thus far received, and we take pleasure in presenting it to our readers. We are gratified to note the fact that THE BANNER'S position is so cordially approved by the intelligent Spiritualists of the land:

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have just read and re-read the editorial "Our Position," in THE BANNER of June 26, and I cannot call to my mind any article coming to my notice, in my experience of twenty years, that has given me so much pleasure as that article. Oh! how I hope and pray that the managers of the best paper in the universe (to me) may live long to enforce this statement.

When I have weekly looked over the advertisements in THE BANNER, of parties representing themselves as mediums, and, knowing by experience how degrading they are and have been, my blood has nearly run cold in my veins, to even think that men and women can so degrade themselves to stoop to such low grades of deception.

Several years since my wife accompanied me to a séance of the kind mentioned, and the manifestation presented to her on this her first (and last) experience, was such that upon reaching home she retired with almost a broken heart, and remained in tears all that night long, and in the morning she said: "If that is spirit return, I do not wish any more of it," and I am constantly reminded of this experience when I earnestly want her by my side, to enjoy the public meetings which I attend from time to time, and enjoy so much.

Stand up to all that article says, and a large part will be gained to Spiritualism. What we want is purity if our Cause is to prosper. I felt impressed to give you these few words, expressive of my mind, and trust that you will accept the spirit they are offered in, and that we may all work our best to the upbuilding of that Cause we so truly love.

Very truly yours, VERITAS.

The Boston secular press, notably the Boston Herald, comments most favorably upon THE BANNER's leader of June 26, entitled "Our Position." The Herald re-publishes it in full, with words of approval. Other Boston papers have done likewise. We are positive that our position will meet the cordial approval of all honest Spiritualists, and, now that the secular press has kindly placed our views before the general public, the world at large will see that the Spiritualists are doing a little house-cleaning on their own hook. This fact will raise the standard of Spiritualism throughout the land, and give a feeling of confidence to all sincere investigators. "Fiat justitia ruat cælum."

Poetry is religion breathed into words. When those words are full of love and tenderness for humanity, the poetry of the overreaching heavens, uttered by the arisen hosts of angels, will again be known to men, and a happier, holier day be ushered in for all mankind. A religion devoid of sentiment, reason, tenderness or intellectuality fails to meet the requirements of human nature, hence is of no value to the world. Spiritualism should be the outpouring of the poetic impulses of the soul in noble aspirations, in good deeds to our fellowmen, and in pure lives, that the religion of humanity may prove to us the brotherhood of the race.

There is yet time for all loyal Spiritualists to send in their dollars for the defense of the Babe will. It is an important case, and it stands the Spiritualists of the United States in hand to vigorously defend this document. It will cost fifteen hundred dollars to make this defense. Are there not fifteen hundred true Spiritualists in this country? It will be a disgrace to Spiritualism to have this case go by default, solely for lack of funds for a legitimate defense. Send in your dollars at once to Francis B. Woodbury, Secretary of the National Spiritualists' Association, Washington, D. C.

It is gratifying to know the Spiritualists of Maine are arousing themselves to the importance of organizing a strong State Association in that State. The National Spiritualists' Association agent reports much interest all over the State, and the only question now is as to the place where the Convention shall be held. Augusta seems to be a natural favorite to many, and it would seem to an outsider that it, being the Capital of the State, was preeminently the place where the State Association should be formed.

The Arena for July is full of good things, and should be read by all Spiritualists who are interested in the cause of human progress. One article is of especial interest, as it is from the pen of the honored Vice-President of the National Spiritualists' Association, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, in reference to her psychical experiences while in the trance state. The topic is timely, and The Arena is to be congratulated for placing this instructive article before its readers.

## "The Better Way."

We are in receipt of a little story in pamphlet form entitled "The Better Way," written by Hannah M. L. Shepard-Wolff, widow of the late John B. Wolff, of Washington, D. C.

It is interesting, and we've written, and we feel will have a spiritualizing influence upon all who read it. One of its characters is made to state: "The birth of Desire is the earnest of its fulfillment, and the surest and best way to attain a real self-control, and answer to our supreme Desire," is found in the "Prayer of Silence."

The pamphlet is published by the author, whose address is 1917 Vermont Avenue, Washington, D. C. Price 25 cents.

## "The Organ in the Corner."

Mr. A. J. Maxham is to sing Dr. Hidden's beautiful song, "The Organ in the Corner," on Sunday, July 18, and it will also be played as a concert selection by the Bridge-water band. During the day Mr. Maxham will also sing Dr. Hidden's waltz song, "I'll Sing Again Down by the Sea," the band soloists uniting in the chorus, and the instrumentalists playing the accompaniment. At Lake Pleasant, Aug. 1, the Ladies' Schubert Quartet will sing "The Organ in the Corner," and it will be played there the same day by the Pittsburgh Military band. THE BANNER is prepared to supply Dr. Hidden's songs to all who wish them.

Rev. T. Ernest Allen of West Dedham, Mass., one of the leading lights in the Unitarian Church of to-day, recently delivered a very able address before a conference of ministers of his denomination. It was a bold, fearless statement of facts from the standpoint of personal experience, on the part of the speaker, in mediumship and with mediums. It is reported that he gave his remarkable address as a medium, and verily "bearded the lion in his den." It was the act of a brave man, and no doubt he will now be branded as a heretic by the self-satisfied worldly and intellectually wise ones in the Unitarian ranks. Mr. Allen should be applauded for his independence, and given a cordial welcome upon the platform of Spiritualism, where he surely belongs.

THE BANNER is indebted to the Light of Truth Publishing Company, Columbus, O., for a copy of an excellent magazine, entitled Spiritual Scraps. It deals with the psychical experiences and verifications of some of the eminent scientists of the world, among whom may be mentioned Lodge, Crookes, Wallace and James. Judge Dailey, Dr. Willis, B. F. Underwood and Rev. A. J. Weaver are also called in to testify to the truthfulness of the spiritual messages. This magazine is intensely interesting to all lovers of truth, as its facts furnish the Spiritualists some formidable weapons of defense whenever their faith is attacked by Christian or skeptic.

We request our readers to note the article in another column entitled "The Origin of 'The Sweet By-and-By,'" by J. O. Barrett. It is a pleasant thought to many Spiritualists that this charming production was solely due to spirit-power. Dr. Bennett, the author of the words, and J. P. Webster, the composer of the music, were both Spiritualists, and were not ashamed of the faith that was in them. Our orthodox friends little realize that they owe this sweet song and music to Spiritualism. So it is with many of the best things now in use in the churches.

The Babe will must soon be tested in Court, and its defense fund is not yet full. Cannot fifteen hundred Spiritualists be found in the United States who are willing to give one dollar each for so noble a purpose? It means the salvation of an estate of eight thousand dollars to the cause of Spiritualism. Who will help in the good work? Send all contributions to Francis B. Woodbury, Secretary National Spiritualists' Association, Washington, D. C.

The Rhode Island State Convention, held June 30, was adjourned to meet again in Providence in October. The inclement weather kept many interested parties away from the meeting, hence it was deemed wise to postpone formal organization until autumn. Mr. Dorr of Pawtucket, Mr. Stafford and Mrs. Bruce of Woonsocket were appointed a committee to assist the State agent in working up a large and enthusiastic convention in October.

Our thanks are due Miss Lucy M. Pomeroy, Sterling, Mass., for copies of The Indian Helper and The Red Man, papers published in the interests of the Indian School at Carlisle, Pa. Dr. Carlos Montezuma is probably the most eminent graduate of Carlisle. His history was published in THE BANNER of Jan. 10, 1891, and an interesting letter concerning him from the pen of Miss Pomeroy will be found in another column of this issue.

The Blackpool, Eng., Echo and Fylde Journal of May 29 gives a brief, yet comprehensive and impartial, review of a lecture by Mr. J. J. Morse of London, on a previous evening. Mr. Morse's subject was "Spiritualism and Common Sense." He closed his eloquent lecture in the following words: "Spiritualism has knocked the bottom out of hell, and given the devil a perpetual holiday."

The Two Worlds, Manchester, England, comes to hand regularly each week, replete with high spiritual thoughts and able dissertations from prominent writers upon the science, philosophy and religion of Spiritualism. It is one of our most valued exchanges, and we give Bro. Wallis a hearty "Good Speed" in his noble efforts to upbuild the cause of Spiritualism in the United Kingdom.

Don't forget that "God's Poor Fund" is yet open for your subscriptions. THE BANNER will gladly aid in the good work of assisting the worthy poor, if means can be obtained for the purpose. This fund is a sacred trust, and THE BANNER asks the cooperation of all humanitarians.

Dr. M. Cora Bland has taken Central Cottage, West Central Avenue and 9th street, Onset, for the season, where she will continue her successful treatment of those who are too fat, by the use of Dr. Snyder's remedies.

Attention is called to the advertisement of O. W. F. Snyder, M. D., headed, "Fat Folks Reduced," in another column.

"The conscience of every man recognizes courage as the foundation of manliness, and manliness as the perfection of human character."

## The Authors of the Golden Rule.

The New York Tribune has a department in which its readers ask and its editor answers questions. In the issue for June 23 a reader asks whether the Golden Rule had been expressed before Jesus gave it, and the editor gives the following reply:

Yes; this sublime sentiment has been expressed before and after Christ by many Jews and heathens. Thus Diogenes Laertius relates that Aristotle (died 322 B. C.), being asked how we ought to conduct ourselves toward our friends, answered: "As we would wish they would carry themselves toward us." Isocrates, who lived four hundred years before the publication of the Gospel, said: "We must not do to others that which would cause anger if it were done to ourselves." Rabbi Hillel (who lived from 70 B. C. till 10 A. D.) said to a heathen who wished to become a Jew: "What I hateful to myself thou shalt not do to thy neighbor. This is the whole law, and the rest is commentary." (Talmud Shabbath, fol. 3, col. 1.) Krishna: "Cease to do evil; aim to do well; love your enemies; it is the law of love that virtue is the only thing that has strength." Buddha: "As even at the risk of her own life a mother watches over her child, her only child, so I bid him (the Buddhist) exert good will without measure toward all beings." Lao-tze, the predecessor of Confucius: "Rejoice at the success of others and sympathize with their reverses, even as though you were in their place." Confucius: "Tse Kung asked, saying, 'Is there one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life?' The Master said: 'Is not reciprocity such a word? What you do not want done to yourself, do not to others'; or, as in the 'Conversations' (book xv, c. 23), where it appears condensed like a telegram: 'Ki su pok uk uk si ung, i. e., 'Self what not wish, not to man.' Seneca: 'Do not to your neighbor what you would not have your neighbor do unto you.' (c. 94.) Socrates: 'Act toward others as you would have others act toward you; forgive your enemies; do good for evil,' etc. In the apocryphal book of Tobit, which is assumed to have existed before the beginning of the Christian era, we read this maxim in the negative form: 'Do that to no man which thou hatest' (ch. iv, 13), and in Ecclesiastes xxi: 15, we read: 'Judge of the disposition of thy neighbor by thyself.'

## Medicine up to Date.

The following from Puck is a capital take-off on the modern doctor and his extremely scientific method of applying the allopathic doctrine that the way to cure one disease is to create another disease:

"First they pumped him full of virus from some mediocre cow.  
Least the smallpox might assail him, and leave pit-marks on his brow.  
Then one day a bull dog bit him—he was gunning down at Quogue—  
And they filled his veins in Paris with an extract of mad dog;  
Then he caught tuberculosis, so they took him to Berlin.  
And injected half a gallon of bacilli into him;  
Well, his friends were all delighted at the quickness of the cure.  
Till he caught the typhoid fever, and speedy death was sure;  
Then the doctors with some sewage did inoculate a hen.  
And injected half its gastric juice into his abdomen;  
But soon as he recovered, as of course he did,  
There came upon him a rattlesnake and bit his thumb in two.  
Once again his veins were opened to receive about a gill  
Of some serpentine solution with the venom in it still;  
To prepare him for a voyage in an Atlantic sea,  
New blood was pumped into him from a leprosy old Chinese;  
Soon his appetite had vanished, and he could not eat at all.  
So the virus of dyspepsia was injected in the fall;  
But his blood was so diluted by the remedies he'd taken,  
One day he laid him down and died, and never did awaken;  
With the Brown-Séquard elixir though they tried resuscitation,  
He never showed a symptom of reviving animation;  
Yet his doctor still could save him (be persistently maintains),  
If he only could inject a little life into his veins."

The following letter speaks for itself:

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
At the earnest request of many prominent Spiritualists and lovers of truth, I write you in reference to a man and woman who go by the name of Sawkins, and are now trying to make money by giving a very poor counterfeit of phenomena and calling it an exposé of Spiritualism. They claim to expose every phase, and advertise the names of prominent mediums before the public, such as Anna Eva Fay, Baldwin, John Slater, Campbell, brothers and others. The following copy of document from the Chief of Police of Kansas City, Mo., is now in our possession:

(Copy.)  
Office of Chief of Police, Kansas City, Mo., June 18, 1897.  
CHAS. CAMPBELL, Esq., Lily Dale, N. Y.  
Dear Sir:—In reply to your letter in reference to Sawkins and wife, will say they worked about twenty people in this city, were arrested, made to return the money, and were given twenty-four hours to leave the city. I enclose pictures; have not heard of them since they left.  
Yours truly,  
T. N. WALLIS, Chief of Police.  
This is not the only letter we have in proof of the working of these people in various schemes to defraud. Spiritualists and others will do well to beware of these people, who have plausible tongues. They claim to be English sometimes, sometimes Australians. One of their schemes is to tell face washes amongst druggists and milliners. They are now working in the West, and stand at nothing to obtain money.  
Yours truly,  
CHARLES A. S. CAMPBELL.  
Lily Dale, N. Y., June 22, 1897.

## Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Mrs. Florence White will be in Boston until July 20.  
Miss F. H. Wood in continuing her work for the benefit of humanity, will make engagements for inspirational speaking. Parties desiring her services can address her at 255 Pleasant street, Brockton, Mass. Money no object.  
Mrs. Richmond left Chicago Wednesday, June 30, for Minneapolis, Minn., to attend the Northwestern Camp-Meeting, where she will remain until July 16; July 17 and 18 she will be in attendance at the camp-meeting at Peoria, Ill.; Freerville, N. Y., July 25; Cassadaga, N. Y., from July 27 to Aug. 5; Vicksburg, Mich., Aug. 12 to Aug. 16; other places in August to be announced; Sept. 12 she goes to Tonka, Kan., and Sept. 20 to Nashville, Tenn., where she will remain the rest of the month, attending the great Spiritualists' Convention which is to be held there at that time.  
Lyman C. Howe is engaged from July 25 to Aug. 2, at Freerville, N. Y.; Aug. 4 and 5, Sylvan Beach, Oneida Lake; Aug. 7 and 8, Lake Brady, Ohio; Aug. 12 to 20, Cassadaga, N. Y.; October, last four Sundays at Pittsburg, Pa.; December, Buffalo. He is free for November and all time after December, also for one Sunday of October.  
Mattie E. and Moses Hull were compelled to leave the Spiritualists' Training School, Mantua, Ohio, a few days before the term closed, in order to meet their appointment with the Camp-Meeting management in Winfield, Kan. They commence their labors the 10th inst., and remain over the next Sundays. They go from there to Topeka, their engagement with the Topeka Spiritualists covers three days—the 27th, 28th and 29th inst. From there they go to the Clinton (Ia.) camp; will remain until the 11th of August. Mrs. Hull goes from Clinton to Temple Heights, Mo., and remains until the 26th. Mr. Hull goes to Grand Lodge, Mich., from Clinton, and follows Mrs. Hull at Temple Heights.  
Dr. C. W. Hildeau, of Newburyport, Mass., begins his camp engagements at Onset on Sunday, July 13, remaining there five days. He will be at Lake Pleasant from August 1 to 14, and Queen City Park from August 15 to 21. He will lecture before the Providence Spiritualist Association, Providence, R. I., October 17 and 24, and will accept engagements for the winter season within easy distance of Boston.

The Pittsburgh R. R. new Montreal Line is via the west shore of Lake Champlain, and through the foot hills of the Adirondacks. Stop-overs will be permitted, and an American Lake route of instruction tickets at any point in this summer-land.



## NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

"To thine own self be true: and it must follow, as the day the night, thou canst not then be false to any man."

I find that the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Since trifles make the sum of human things, and half our misery from our foibles springs, since life's best joys consist in peace and ease, and few can save or serve, but all may please, let the ungentle spirit learn from thence, a small unkindness is a great offense.—*H. More.*

"Immortality poisons happiness, darkens hopes, brings torment and despair."

If the child naturally confesses its little joys and sorrows to the ever ready and intelligent sympathy of the mother, if it grows up in the habit of turning to this warm and helpful influence, the youth will come as naturally with his experiences and plans to the parent as did the little child.—*Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell.*

If children were well born into an atmosphere of blended love and wisdom, and could have six years of proper surroundings and wise culture, nine-tenths of the reformations and doctors' bills now in vogue would be unnecessary. Education begins before birth, and emerges reformation into formation.—*Brown.*

"My dear, I think you are a trifle too particular." "Why?" "In putting wire screens over the doors and windows, so our flies cannot get out and associate with the neighbors' flies."—*Chicago Record.*

"Robbing Peter to pay Paul" is said to have originated in an act of the church government of England in 1550. At that time the Cathedral of St. Paul, in London, being out of repair and no funds available, a portion of the income of Westminster, which was consecrated to St. Peter, was diverted to the repair of St. Paul's.—*Boston Ideas.*

"An untamed swallow which had its nest in a farm near Chelwynd, in Shropshire, was caught and taken in a cage to London, where it was released. It returned to its nest in eighty minutes, having accomplished a distance of one hundred and forty five miles at the rate of nearly two miles a minute."

Every noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven forever in the work of the world.—*Ruskin.*

Life is a mission. Every other definition of life is false, and leads all who accept it astray. Religion, science, philosophy, though still at variance upon many points—all agree in this, that every existence is an aim.—*Mazzini.*

In an Edinburgh school, recently, an inspector, wishing to test the knowledge of a class in fractions, asked one boy whether he would take the sixth or seventh of an orange if he had his choice. The boy promptly replied that he should prefer one-seventh. At this the professor explained at length to the class that the boy who would choose one-seventh, because it appeared to be larger, was very foolish. Just then a hand was raised, and a piping voice said, "But please, sir, my brother disna like oranges!"—*Exchange.*

"He who comprehendeth the boundaries of his own ignorance, and strives daily to remove them, is truly wise."

Who gives a trifle meanly is meaner than the trifle.—*Lavater.*

Don't love a man who always kicks, no matter what you do—who kicks with most prodigious ease the whole long season through; who kicks if anything goes wrong or kicks if all is right; who kicks because he likes to kick, and kicks with all his might. We know some awful kickers on this wicked mundane sphere, who came on earth by accident, and kick because they're here; they make them selves uncomfortable and others very sick; they drive themselves to suicide, and still they always kick. We know a man who kicks all the blessed, liveliest day, and if there's naught to kick about, he just kicks anyway. At times when things are going right and other men would smile, he kicks on general principles, and kicketh all the while.—*Dispatch.*

How many women are born too finely organized in sense and soul for the highway they must walk with feet unshod!—*Holmes.*

"Gold aluminum is a new substance for table utensils. It is a solid metal, having no plating to wear off, and is of uniform color throughout. Another advantage on its side is that it will bear all sorts of hard usage."

"Stick to your home paper if you want to reap the largest benefits. It is the home paper that looks after your personal welfare and the general good of the community. Outside papers may boast of superior facilities for news-gathering, but it is the home paper that keeps the interest in home affairs. The average newspaper man gives away more than all his neighbors put together, and what makes his gifts so valuable is that he gives them in a manner that could be obtained in no other way. Every place should take a pride in having a good paper, and to that end should never be stinting in its patronage of the local paper."

"Scorn not thy neighbor's burden as a trifle till thou hast tried to bear it."

"A man hurts himself more in his wife's estimation by being brutal to other people than he does by being brutal to her."

"THOUGH THE WORLD BLAME THEE," thou art not to blame; Though the world praise thee, hearken not at all. In thine own heart is the reward or shame, In thine own heart the victory or the fall. What others think of thee stay not to ask— Rather than please the many, serve the few; Knowing that life's most glorious reward task Is never quite too hard for thee to do.—*Arthur L. Salmon.*

Modern societies are advancing toward morality, and, proportionately, receding from religion.—*Paul Bert.*

"A man or woman out of temper is like an instrument out of tune."

He—"Dearest girl, the tire of my heart has been punctured by the tacks of your charms. Be mine, and let us ride tandem through life." She—"How sweet and strange! You have scorched your way to my affections, and I cannot back-pedal against your attractions. I surrender the handle-bar of my life to your hands, and am sure you will steer our united lives wisely."—*Philadelphia Record.*

"Nothing is more pitiful than a life spent in thinking of nothing but self, even in thinking of nothing but one's own soul."

"In Greece, teachers contribute five per cent. on the salaries, and the State finds the remainder, in order to superannuate teachers after twenty one years of service, regardless of age."

## HALL'S Vegetable HAIR RENEWER.

The best hair grower, color restorer, dandruff eradicator, scalp cleanser, falling hair and baldness preventer and curer known to science. A fine hair dressing. Physicians recommend it.

## Opening Day at Onset.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

"The spiritual world is an overflowing fountain, and human souls are its reservoirs." Sunday, July 4, was the opening day of the camp-meeting at Onset. A goodly number assembled at the auditorium in the morning to hear the lecture by Mrs. C. Fannie Allen. The celebrated Bridgewater band, R. H. Ferguson leader, gave the opening concert at 9 A. M., and at 10:30 Dr. George A. Fuller, who is to preside this season, made a few brief remarks of greeting and congratulation applicable to the occasion. Brother Maxham, Onset's favorite singer, came up looking fresh and cheery, as if it were but yesterday that he had left us. Many familiar faces were in their accustomed places, which caused it to appear almost impossible that a cold winter had intervened since the last gathering, but "tempus fugit." Alas for the trials, the sickness, sorrow and sad partings from loved ones since last season, whose familiar voices will never again greet us in the body.

The exercises of the day were of a patriotic, as well as spiritual nature. Mrs. C. Fannie Allen read a poem entitled "Freedom's Flag," Mr. Maxham sang "The Sword of Bunker Hill." Mrs. Allen's remarks were, from subjects given by the audience. "The Day and the Hour," "The Fourth of July," "Buddha," "The World my Country," "Priestcraft," "Liberty," "The Day we Celebrate," "Tuition," and for poem "The Blue and the Gray." Mrs. Allen's remarks were made with a great deal of energy and patriotism, and of one deeply interested in the cause of humanity. Among other things she said: With glad, true hearts to-day we open wide love's door to catch the thought of inspiration that comes by intuition for a patriotic as well as spiritualistic expression. It is through the teachings of every-day life that we find our knowledge that leads to the Great Beyond. This is the hour and day that we remember the sacrifices of the past, and we want to make a prediction that when we become more free we shall celebrate it as sincerely on Sunday as on a week day. Crucifixion must come to every one who steps in advance of the time. Each expression is but the unseen thought of the multitude. Lincoln's act was but the expression coming to the surface of what was in the brains and hearts of the people. Prof. Emerson of Boston, instead of teaching children what to say and how to say it, taught them how to use the body, how every joint and muscle must come under control, then the mind acts, and becomes free.

We are still slaves to public opinion, to others' ideas, of what others will say, slaves to our grandfathers' ideas and customs; but they stepped forward and built better than they knew, and it is only of late that the United States has come to understand this; when our tuition has taught us that man was not born and fell, or woman born on that thanksgiving occasion of a spare rib, but that they have been moving side by side, and slowly coming up from time to time to a perfect recognition, we can see the great dawn breaking; the rainbow of promise is brightening, and we are growing toward freedom. The sin of priestcraft has been the sin of ignorance. They say the body is nothing, the soul everything; but I say to-day, the body is everything, and we want to make the most of it.

We have said "Our Father, who art in heaven," etc.; but we should say, "Our brother, who art on earth," and treat him accordingly. What of Robert Dale Owen, William Lloyd Garrison and others who worked for humanity—are they here? Your mother and my mother, your boy and my boy—can they come here and help us? What, then, of our daily deeds—are they not most important? We have had more liberty than justice, but we cannot truly have one without the other.

We can all have education, but we haven't got it. We say "Hurrah for the Fourth of July," and we think we have independence, but our children are walking the streets half clothed and hungry. We haven't got liberty, we are not free till children of the slums have clothes and education; but we are going to report progress, for we are progressing. There are only two good people in the world to-day: one is dead, and the other can't be found. So we are glad to-day we are progressing. There are ten millions of Spiritualists to-day in the world, and we are glad, but we are not free till that Spiritualism takes hold of us and makes us better men and women. In the church they can attend the funeral of a poor woman and say it is God's will, and God has called her home after she has made shirts for twenty-five cents a dozen until the spirit could no longer stay in the body, and it is all right and God's work. Manhood and womanhood come first in the spirit of righteousness. An old man was found weeping because somebody had told a story about him, and he said, I would not cry, I have heard a great deal worse stories about you; but, said he, this one is true. It is the truth that hurts, the truth that makes us free. It is harder to be a Buddhist than a Christian, for Buddha gave eight steps of morality to follow, but to be a Christian you have only to believe.

Just as long as there is a system in the United States whereby we do not have enough to eat, we are not free. Every star and stripe represents on some New England fireside, some dear boy who went out and died, and we saw him no more, and so you and I must learn patriotism, not in fireworks, but by truth, and go forth and do battle. When they came rushing up day after day to go, they were not asked whether they were Catholics or Protestants or heathen, and so let us not ask to day, for we are all brothers and sisters. Extend the hand of help, the heart of sympathy, and work side by side in the cause of humanity.

"The Beyond" a poem by Eliza Wheeler Wilcox, was sung by Mr. Maxham. "America" by the congregation, and the benediction, given by Mrs. Allen, closed the morning exercises.

The following "Greeting to Onset" was composed and sung by Mr. Maxham at the opening service:

Again with our hearts filled with joy and devotion,  
We greet all our friends who are now gathered here;  
As white sails are borne on the waves of the ocean,  
Our thoughts have been waited to Onset so dear.

REFRAIN.  
None other like Onset has charms so entrancing,  
Unequaled in beauty, this gem by the sea;  
Thy groves breathing perfume, thy merry waves  
Thy dancing.

With gladness our hearts turn, fair Onset, to thee  
Responsive as flowers to the dewdrops' oblations,  
As constant as stars to the mariner's view,  
Our hearts shall respond with their fond ministrations.

As here at old Onset our vows we renew.  
Our pleasure to-day has a chance of sorrow,  
For many have passed from this circle below;  
Yet partings will be but as now to the morrow,  
For oft they'll return to their loved ones, we know.

Afternoon service held in the Temple. Band concert at 1 o'clock, followed immediately by tests from Mrs. C. Fannie Allen and Mrs. May S. Pepper. Lecture by Prof. Kenyon at 3:25, on "The Origin of American Independence and the Junius Letters." There are few Americans who know that we are indebted to Thomas Paine for our American Independence. Then followed a eulogy on Thomas Paine. Prof. Kenyon's lecture was an able and historical retrospection of the past, both instructive and entertaining. At 4:30 o'clock the band concert was held in the grove.

Mrs. Georgie Hughes is at Association cottage No. 6; Fannie Stratton at her tent on Highland Avenue; Dr. Fred Crockett, Association cottage No. 7; George Porter, magnetic healer, on Park street; Mr. George Trask and Mrs. Trask on Waban Place and Park Avenue; Mrs. Fay at her home on Pleasant Avenue; Madam Haven at King cottage, on Fifth street; Prof. Tatlow, who has bought the cottage corner Tenth street and Highland Avenue, is now costily settled in his new home; Dr. Gibbons, Sunbeam cottage; Madam Cahoon, Association cottage No. 16; Mrs. Battles, of Brockton, an invalid of four years past, Association cottage No. 22; Dr. C. D. Fuller at his tent on Park street; Hattie Chase, Association cottage No. 1; Mrs. M. E. Klineham, Highland Avenue and Park street.

Mrs. Flora Cabell, who came early to rest and recuperate from her late affliction, is pleasantly located at Union Villa, and is already looking much improved.

The old pump, in front of Headquarters, so

familiar to many, has been thoroughly cleaned out, and the gutter concreted to keep out all surface water, which has lately made it so objectionable. Man and beast can now slake their thirst and feel refreshed.

The Wigwag meetings for free healing and tests will open the 15th, and continue eight weeks.

July 5. This is the day when the patriotic small boy regrets the loss of one or more of his fingers. The deafening noise of firearms of every description reminds us unmistakably of "the day we celebrate."

AUGUSTA FRANCES TRIPP.

## Camp Progress, Mowerland Park, Upper Swampscott.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Sunday, July 4, at Camp Progress was beautiful, indeed. The sun shone in all its glory, and our glorious Independence Day was remembered. Many patriotic remarks were made, alluding to the day and its purposes, by those who took part in the exercises. About twelve hundred were present, and all seemed happy and were very much pleased to think they had spent a day so profitably.

The meeting at 11 o'clock began with singing by Messrs. Pierce and Abbott of Boston; remarks by Messrs. Pierce and Abbott, Boston; remarks, Messrs. Rounsaville, Estes and Captain Balcomb of Lynn; singing, Messrs. Pierce and Abbott of Boston; remarks, Jennie K. D. Conant of Boston.

Afternoon session, 2 P. M.—Singing, "America," by the audience; invocation, Jennie K. D. Conant of Boston; singing, "Lead Me Gently, Father," Amanda Bailey and quartet; reading, J. Frank Baxter of Chelsea; song and chorus, "One Thousand Years, My Old Columbia," Mr. Pierce and the audience; eloquent and beautiful remarks, J. Frank Baxter of Chelsea, also wonderful spirit-delineations; song, "Sweet Voices from the Spirit-land," Mrs. Hattie C. Mason of Boston; song, "The Sword of Bunker Hill," Messrs. Abbott and Pierce of Boston; fine remarks by Miss Lucy Barriquet of Boston; song, "Sweet Chiming Bells," Miss Bailey and quartet; remarks, Mr. Abbott of Boston; singing, "My Heavenly Home," Miss Bailey and quartet; remarks, Mrs. Hattie C. Mason of Boston; remarks, J. Frank Baxter of Chelsea; song, J. Frank Baxter; remarks, President L. D. Milliken of Lynn.

(In regard to the formation of a Children's Progressive Lyceum, we intend to have our first meeting next Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock, and all those who have children are cordially invited to bring them and assist us in this one of the most important branches in the promotion and advancement of Modern Spiritualism. Come one, come all; do not fail to be present.)

Singing, Mrs. Hattie C. Mason of Boston, "Only a Thin Veil Between Us"; tests, Jennie K. D. Conant of Boston. Meeting closed with singing by the quartet.

Sunday, July 18, we have set apart as Veterans' Day; first time it has been noticed at this camp. There will be a large delegation from Boston and vicinity; there will also be a great many mediums present. Mr. Harrison D. Barrett, President of the National Spiritualists' Association, will deliver an address appropriate to the occasion, in which he will speak of the needs of the Home, and we hope to meet with a flattering response financially, and also that all will give freely to this most worthy object, the only one of the kind at the present time in the United States. Spiritualists and all those friendly to the cause of Spiritualism, put your shoulder to the wheel and give this Home a good start, and others will follow.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale and subscriptions taken; annually, \$2.00; semi-annually, \$1.00; quarterly, 50 cents.

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

## Eighteenth Annual Spiritualist Camp-Meeting.

At Lake Sunapee, Blodgett's Landing, N. H., Sunday, July 25, and ending Sunday, Aug. 22.

Lake Sunapee.—To those who have visited Sunapee, words of description are useless. To those who have never trod its shores, all such words are incompetent to do this sheet of water justice. In many respects this lake is without a parallel among New Hampshire's varied resorts for summer outing. Its situation is at once beautiful, healthful and inspiring. Upon its waters, along its shores, the artist, the scientist, the sportsman, the seeker for rest and the seeker for pleasure may alike attain their several ends with unalloyed enjoyment.

It is still thus far unspoiled by the artificial modes and manners of life of more pretentious watering-places. Blodgett's Landing is on the east shore, in the township of Newbury, four miles from Lake Sunapee Station on the Concord and Claremont Division of the Boston and Maine Railroad, thirty-four miles from Concord, and twenty miles from Claremont on the Connecticut River.

The camp grounds border on a beautiful bay of the lake, the soil is dry, and the air pure and invigorating. No fog, no malaria, no mosquitoes. There are plenty of excellent row-boats on the lake, and numerous small steamers which can be chartered at reasonable rates. The lake abounds with numerous varieties of fish, including bass, salmon, and several kinds of trout. No place can be found where so much enjoyment is offered for so moderate expenditure of money.

Skeptics, materialists, agnostics and persons of all religious persuasions are invited to come, earnestly investigate, and listen to the teachings to be here given. A belief in ancient superstition may be supplanted by a knowledge of future life.

List of Lecturers and Mediums: Sunday, July 25, 28, 29, 30, 31, and Aug. 1, Mrs. Juliette Yeaw, tests by Mrs. Cunningham; July 27 and Aug. 3, excursion on steamer *Wenonah*; 4, Mrs. Sarah A. Wiley; 5, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twine; 6, Mrs. S. A. Wiley, tests by Mrs. Twine; 7, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twine; 8, Mrs. Wiley and Mrs. Twine; 10, 11, Ladies' Aid Fair; 12, 13, 14, Mrs. Kate R. Stiles; 15, Mrs. Kate R. Stiles and Wm. A. Hale, M. D.; 17, excursion on steamer *Wenonah*; 18, Wm. A. Hale, M. D., Annual Meeting of Association; 19, 20, 21, 22, Wm. A. Hale, M. D.

## Lake Brady Camp.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The sixth annual session of Lake Brady Spiritualist Encampment was opened here Sunday morning, in the presence of a large audience, chiefly from Cleveland and other surrounding towns.

D. A. Herrick of Akron presided, and Moses Hull was the speaker. Mr. Hull drew his arguments for Spiritualism entirely from six texts in the Bible, which command that all witches, necromancers, enchantresses, wizards, those who "peep and mutter" and deal with "familiar spirits," be stoned to death.

The Bible would not make a law against what could not be done. No sensible lawmaker would. There is no law to prevent a man from visiting the moon, simply because it cannot be done. The law against necromancy (necro, meaning dead, and mancy, converse) proves by the Bible communion with the dead.

Mr. Hull continued the discourse in the afternoon. Mrs. M. J. Crilly of Allegheny, Pa., followed Mr. Hull with platform tests after both discourses.

The Woman's Lake Brady Association re-organized Monday with a full working force. The treasury contains over a hundred dollars, the result of last year's effort, and the work of preparing for a fair on the 5th of July has been taken up with much enthusiasm.

The following mediums are now on the grounds: Mrs. J. Donovan, independent stage-writer; D. A. Herrick and Charles Barnes,

trumpet and physical manifestations: Mrs. Dr. Pierce, healing and test medium; Mr. M. H. Henry, spirit telegrapher; Mr. Fred Taber, materialization; Mrs. Carrie A. Nick, trance and test medium.

We note a number of improvements since last year. A beautiful cottage, just completed, is the property of Mr. George Pierce of Alliance, built for the summer home of his widowed mother.

A Lyceum has just been organized under the conductorship of Mrs. M. and Miss Mabel McCaslin.

Mrs. M. McCASLIN, Official Reporter.

The Fitchburg R. R. new line to Montreal is via historic Fort Ticonderoga and the beautiful western Lake Champlain. See that your institute of instruction tickets read via this route. One way fare for the round trip.

## Mediumship.

BY RICHARD FISCHER.

L. W. Van Dyke of California, in an article entitled "Helpful Hints," makes some very pertinent and important remarks on that side of development for mediumship which is, I am sorry to say, too much neglected by the Spiritualists in general. He says:

"There are two kinds of mediumship, the passive or negative mediumship, which allows outside intelligences full control of mind and body of the medium, and the active or positive mediumship, which remains 'uncontrolled' by outside influences, except those high beings who render aid by simple impression. The first phase of mediumship is the most common in use to-day; it is the most dangerous, especially to the beginner, and more so in dark circles. I know this view will be opposed by many, but I speak from experience. Such mediums become, in most cases, willless for lack of their own will, and another consequence is often the loss of all spirituality and soul-growth. Such mediums are apt to become simple instruments in the hands of powers and forces of whom they know but little, sometimes for the good, more often for the bad."

"On the contrary, these mediums who, by their will, gradually overcome all the lower tendencies and animal inclinations, thereby spiritualizing themselves and clarifying the veil which separates this world and the other; these mediums by simply developing their own forces—which, by the way, are given to every human being—attain the power to see and understand all forces, beings and objects in that other world. In this state communion with the spirit world may be had at will and without danger of obsession, for by the use of your own positive force these lower spirits can be controlled at all times. To develop this force or soul-power, you must fix your mind on one point to be gained at the time, then work unceasingly with the will to succeed; you will certainly be rewarded; practice your 'I will' and 'I won't,' and let it mean just what it says. Doubt and worry will then leave you, and your growth will be hastened."

"But do not forget your health, which must be good, as one of the first conditions for the work; every function must be in a normal state; all your desires, appetites, passions and emotions must be under the control of your will; you must conquer self; to do it is not to kill your desires, but to simply bring them under control of your will."

"After this has been accomplished, then take up the cultivation of the mind, and exercise in the concentration of thought which will give you power to draw knowledge from the great storehouse of nature at any time and on any subject you may desire to be informed. Thus you will get absolute knowledge on any fact, principle or law in nature, without depending on the opinion or dictation of any one or any spirit (and Truth, that power or first cause, which is the source of all law or nature, will then be recognized by you—a most wonderful experience.—R. F.] To get full control of your physical desires, a few days of fasting will aid you, also, avoiding meat and tea and coffee for awhile, thereby you will spiritualize your material desires."

"On the mental plane, think only good, pure and charitable thoughts, and banish all selfishness from you in every and any shape; envy, jealousy and malice will then also leave you. Take some subject and concentrate your mind on it; if it wanders, take it up again until you can hold it; study all its bearings thoroughly, to the exclusion of every other subject, and you will be astonished at the result. Only a little time is required for such training."

"Don't worry if psychic unfoldment is slow; remember all things of value do not come at once; they are slow of growth. After psychic growth has been attained, do not stop there, but push right on into spiritual unfoldment—for psychic is not spiritual. For comparison, take a rose-bush as a symbol: The body of the bush corresponds to our body, the leaves to the psychic unfoldment, while the flower represents the spiritual fruition. The body was given to you to get your earth experience, to unfold and develop your own self, so see to it that no spirit robs you of your opportunity to exercise your rights and duties of your individuality, even for the shortest time. You can aid spirits as well as men without giving up your body to some one else's control."

Think it over. In conclusion, I will say that many use the word *spiritual or spirituality* without fully understanding the meaning of the word; they talk about it, they theorize on it, but few realize that it is a power, an energy which can be felt, and that, after having been felt, the world is as an open book to the one who is possessed by this power, which is a principle, conferring knowledge onto the one in whom it has incarnated. It cannot be given away, it cannot be told to some other man, it cannot be taught; it must be lived and, when lived, the "know thyself" will be accomplished, which is power itself—the "pearl of great price." Such knowledge cannot be bought; the way to it can only be "pointed out," but the one who "seeks" must travel over the path himself; this knowledge is priceless, and, while the lesson may sometimes be painful, the crown of knowledge at the other end is the certain reward of the seeker, giving him also contentment—heaven. And the way to get this prize is simple enough: *An unselfish life and the Golden Rule.* Such a man becomes spiritualized, a state which is not even attempted by the average spiritualist, for the distinction must be clearly drawn between a *Spiritist* and a *Spiritualist*; the first is a man, to use Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond's illustration, who has come out of the cellar and is living in the upper rooms of the house, but has yet the cellar clothes on; the *Spiritualist* is the one who has also changed his clothing to suit the beautiful surroundings. Since we call ourselves *Spiritualists*, let us also try to be such, so as not to belie the name.—*The Dawning Light.*

Mrs. Cora T. Lindley, Dayton, O., in speaking of the teachings of J. C. F. Grunzie, says: "The Lessons on Psychology have been interesting, and have given me a clearer idea of my own powers and possibilities. I wish that every one could take the course." See Mr. Grunzie's announcement on another page.

No better relation than a prudent and faithful friend.—*Franklin.*

Round trip tickets to Montreal and return account of the meeting of the American Institute of Instruction, will be on sale July 5 to 8 inclusive, via the Fitchburg R. R., at rate of only one fare for the round trip.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

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

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

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

## Spiritualist Camp-Meetings for 1897.

The reader will find a partial list of the localities and time of seasons where these Conventions are to be held.

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

Canadago Lake Free Association, Lily Dale, N. Y.—Opens July 16; closes Aug. 29.

Onset Bay, Mass.—July 4th to Aug. 29th.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.—July 25th to Aug. 29th.

Green City Park, Burlington, Vt.—Opens July 25th, closes Aug. 31st.

Mowerland Park, Camp Progress, Upper Swampscott, Mass.—Commences June 6th, for the season.

Northwestern Camp, Merriam Park, Minneapolis, Minn.—June 27th to July 25th.

Lake Minnetonka, Minn.—July 1st to July 25th.

Chesterfield, Ind.—Opens July 22d, closes Aug. 16th.

Sunapee Lake, N. H.—Commences July 25th, closes Aug. 22d.

Clear Lake, near Peterboro, Ont.—June 1st to Sept. 1st.

Madison, Me.—Sept. 3d to Sept. 12th.

Maple Dell Park, Mantua station, O.—July 18th to Aug. 22d.

New Era Camp (twenty miles south of Portland, Ore.)—Opens July 9th, closes Aug. 1st.

Cape Cod Camp-Meeting, Ocean Grove, Harwich Port, Mass.—Commences July 18th, closes Aug. 1st.

Illinois Spiritualist Camp-Meeting, begins at Peoria Fair and Driving Park, July 15, closes Sept. 1st.

Onondaga Lake Camp, Sylvan Beach, N. Y.—Opens July 25th, closes Aug. 6th.

Devil's Lake, Mich.—July 10th to 26th.

Mount Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa.—Aug. 1 to 29 inclusive.

Grand Ledge, Mich., Riverside Park, July 25 to Aug. 22.

Lake Brady, Ohio, June 27 to Aug. 29 inclusive.

Nanticoke Camp (Nanticoke, Conn.), commences June 28 to Sept. 8 inclusive.

Lookout Mountain, Chattanooga, Tennessee.—July 4 to July 18.

Summerland Camp, Cal.—July 18 to Aug. 8.

Island Lake Camp, Mich.—July 29 to Aug. 31.

Marshalltown, Iowa, Camp.—Aug. 21 to Sept. 20.

Elk Grove, Kansas, Camp.—July 10 to 26 inclusive.

Verona Park Camp, Aug. 7 to 23.



## SPRIT Message Department.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

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

### SPRIT-MESSAGES.

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Séance held May 28, 1897.

**Spirit Invocation.**  
All Power, all Good, we come simply in supplication to thy great divine spirit of love and divinity. We desire strength, and seek diligently for knowledge, and we ask thy assistance this morning to open up our brain and quicken our spirit so that we may find true rest for the soul. We ask this morning that thou wilt give unto us higher powers that we may comprehend things with more ease and realize thy great workings.

Oh! we have come into the circle-room this morning seeking and asking for the best light and knowledge that we can shed abroad in this dark world of superstition, that the light of progress may penetrate and stand advanced in all things. We ask also that strength may be given to the instrument, that the spirit may manifest intelligently, and may the truth of immortality be proven, also that it may stir up the minds of those for whom it is intended to strengthen and bring them closer to thy divine side.

Guide us this morning, lead us and direct us, and we know thy name shall reign supreme through all eternity. Amen.

### INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

#### Daniel Shaw.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. Well, it seems we are approaching our memorial services, and it seems the boys in blue have organized, and take part in the memorial conditions of those that are gone. It brings us sometimes back to our earthly scenes, and the interest we took in dedicating and decorating the graves, and it seems easy for them to decorate the outer mould, and many times water it with tears of their own heart, and yet how many go through mortal in the matter of form merely as it were a custom, as a habit and as a duty, and yet there are those that go there because they can be comforted.

It is in honor of those soldiers that went to support and save the country, that died for what they believed was right, but there are many of the fathers and mothers and friends that have passed to the higher life, that have left their family unprotected, and with few friends to support them, who feel that their duty lies with them in spirit to return and try and wipe the tears of disappointment away, and bring more consolation to the heart, and that is my mission this morning. Times oftentimes change, and the thoughts of the mortal change, yet to those that have been dearly loved they are still missed, and I should like to reach those this morning that I was strongly attached to in earth life, especially my own family, because although I have been out of the body quite a long while, and while I had an interest in all progress, I was not what they would call a Spiritualist, but I believed in doing right as far as I knew how. I have often wished that I could make my friends understand that I was around them, and that I was trying to assist them in many ways, and I was interested in the army boys. I was interested in many different organizations, and I feel that associations and comradeship are beautiful, yet those that are under obligations to us come nearer to us still, and I have been awakened to a consciousness lately that my daughter Emma has been trying to investigate Spiritualism. Some one has told her she is mediumistic, and her curiosity is aroused, and she oftentimes wishes that I could come to her, and I should say, "I do come to you many times," but I would like also to make mother understand it, for I see whereby her physical body is not as strong as it has been, and I would like her to realize the time is not far distant when we will be together, and there will be no separation, and we will understand each other better. I feel that I would like to say so much, but cannot through this public press, but I do thank God that there is one place we can come in without any feeling as to belief or as to who we are, and send forth our messages of love, because truly there are many received that give great consolation, even though not acknowledged, and I wish to say to all, be true, and seek for yourself, and God will show you the way.

You can put me down as Daniel Shaw, and my home in Hartford, Ct., although my daughter is here in Boston, and mother is here. We have also a son in the Western States that they do not understand much about; but just say that Frank is all right.

#### Mabel Morrison.

I want to come in just a minute, my friend, for I would like to send out a letter this morning to just say to mamma and papa that we are all well in the spirit, and we are trying to make you well in earth life. I want them to know that although they seemed to have laid the body away they did not lay their little girl away, for I feel as much at home with mamma in the spirit as I did with her in the earth-life. I passed away with diphtheria, and it made me very sick, and I did not know much when I passed out of the body, that is, I was not conscious. I passed away before I knew what had happened, but I was received in spirit by many of the loved ones that told me they would take good care of me until mamma came. I have been very contented, and I have got my little brother Henry with me, and I have Emma; she has come since I passed away, but the three of us are all with

Grandma Mitchell and grandpa and Aunt Louise, and I want mamma to feel that we are with her. Sometimes she does think we are, but she is not one of those people that says she is a Spiritualist, for she goes to church; but she feels away down in her heart that the spirit does come back and it gives the earthly friends happiness; and as she said Jesus did, and she don't see why we cannot, I want to tell her that we can; when she feels bad she always wishes she was with her darlings in spirit, and I want her to know we are with her in all her troubles and trials, and we are trying to bring sunshine and happiness to her, and want her to become more conscious of us and she will soon feel better. Grandma thought it would make her feel better if I spoke instead of the rest, and my name is Mabel Morrison, and mamma's is Kate and father's is John. My father used to live in this big Boston town, but he now lives in a New York place, and that is where Emma passed away; but I passed away in Boston, and I feel that I have got some distant relatives that take your paper, and I have come thinking they will help me to reach mamma all right.

#### Arthur Hodges.

Well, Mr. Chairman, I am glad that I have had the privilege this morning of making use of the physical brain of this medium, but what has caused me to return is the many, many times when I come in contact with the earthly attractions that I can hear many asking and questioning why they have not heard from me, as I was a hard worker in the field of Spiritualism, also an instrument for the spirits to manifest through in their peculiar ways. We oftentimes question in the mortal, why do not the spirit manifest with more distinctness? why, when the spirit returns through one instrument, why cannot it demonstrate itself as accurately as it can through another? And I would like to say to the many inquirers, that there is no one that can explain so thoroughly as the one that is trying to manifest. We think it is an easy thing while we are in the earth-life for the spirit to control certain mediums, and work with a great deal of ease and comfort; but I would say, that where some are attracted perhaps by the medium's own peculiar make up, we are oftentimes attracted through other sources. There are many ways that the spirit is attracted to the individual, and as they have just been closing all their public meetings here in Boston (I shall be better known in Boston and Lynn than anywhere else, although I am known in many, many places), they will call to the memory of many the co-workers who have helped to stir up the great well of progress, and how many times we are seen and felt, and yet are not capable of making demonstrations.

I wish to say to all co-workers, to all humanity, that I have not lost my interest in progress, I have not lost my interest in the work, but if I could return to earth-life and take upon me once more the flesh, not that I desire to, but if I could, I should work my mediumship not only in other directions, but perhaps where I might comprehend more as they operate the brain. Those that were closest to me, those that understood me best, those that watched over me and cared for me as no one else could do, will understand why I speak as I do, for we all know there are many instruments, ones that would be a hurt to the Cause and a hurt to the work, that are governed too much by the material conditions, and feel they are controlled more by the needs of the body than the needs of the spirit; but I wish to say to them, since I passed from the mortal form and have been liberated from the environments of the physical body, I can look back and see many, many conditions, that if I had understood them from the spirit-side, I perhaps might have done more; but I did not know, hence I have no reason to complain, but I am sorry. I will say to all, Seek more to know your own spirit, seek deeper into your own oddities and peculiarities, and you will know why certain spirits manifest through you when others cannot come near you.

I wish to say to Charlie, my own bosom friend and brother, my companion and my preserver, that I am satisfied as far as the earth-life's conditions are concerned, but I do wish that I could draw still closer to you, for I see you as I never saw you before, I understand you as I never did before, and I feel that there was no one who understood you as I did; but I see also that you look back and notice the years and the advancement; but be a man, be strong, hold to your manhood, do not destroy the faculties that life and nature have given you by being too easily influenced by the mortal and not the spirit.

I wish also to send words of encouragement, but I must not take up too much time this morning, but I say to them all, I have been well pleased at my reception in spirit-life, and just say that you will hear from me more often when I get hold of a channel that I can hold any way tangibly so as to prove my identity, for I have malice toward none, but I wish to have the line that I was so closely connected with followed out, that the work will not be neglected because some one has been called home. I wish to be remembered, especially to those that have been so kind to my memory in Lynn, and say I have come as requested.

I will come again when I can, and it is not necessary for anything more than to say that Arthur Hodges was here this morning, in his feeble way trying to make himself known through this instrument. I am very thankful for the privilege and for the assistance of the spirit and the mortal, and I will now bid you adieu.

#### Frances Kenyon.

Well, my name is Frances Kenyon, and I was only a little girl when I went to spirit-life; but I am a young lady now. I have been gone a long time. When I passed from earth-life to spirit my papa lived in Philadelphia, Pa., but he has moved around a great deal since, and the family have all got scattered. My mamma is with me in spirit-life, but my papa is yet in earth-life. Well, I would like to come in contact with him, for he is quite interested in Spiritualism, and he sometimes takes your paper and he sometimes reads your books on Spiritualism and spirit-return. He says, when he takes your paper and sees the messages, that he don't see why the folks don't come to see him, for he has got so many over here, and so the good Chairman said this morning I might come in a little while and help to convince him that we can come when we have an opportunity; but I want to say the reason we don't come more is that there are so many, many spirits that are just as anxious to come back as we are, and we have to wait for our turn so as

to get the opportunity, and mamma and papa think that the mortal folks ought to have more than one post-office or two. It seems if they would open more of them we could come all the more, and that is why some go to mediums, because they think they can get what they want; but it is not that, friends, because when it comes through the paper it don't cost you anything, and that is why they think that we ought to come all the more; and then when we do come, they say the medium knows all about it. So it is hard sometimes for us to tell the mortal just what is best, and then for them to believe it.

I was not a Spiritualist in earth-life, and did not know the laws of control, and that is why it is so hard for me to come here to my friends and make them feel for a certainty it is me.

I do wish papa would be a little more easy, and not worry and fret. I know he don't get all the things he would like in this world, and I don't think anybody does; but I think if he would trust the spirits they could help him more. My father's name is William, and he, I think, will understand why I come.

You might say, Mr. Chairman, I had quite a tragical death, because I died suddenly; I got burned, and died from falling into a hot water tub. Mother wanted me to speak of this, because it was so long ago that he cannot say this medium knew anything about it, because he went to see a medium not a great while ago, and after he came out, and we tried to help him, he was not satisfied because she did not give mamma's name, and uncle William's and grandma's and mine—all of them—and so I thought if I would tell him through the paper he could see there must be something in it, and that is why I want to come in and say that there is something in it. My papa's name is Samuel, and if he don't take notice of this message, then I will let him grow, and when he grows big enough he will understand that the spirit is not so far away from him as he thinks. Mamma's name is Helen.

That will do this morning, Mr. Chairman. I think his eyes will stick out when he sees this.

#### Minnie Gardner.

Well, Mr. Chairman, I would like to trouble you this morning in sending a few words through your valuable paper, because it is like scattering seeds on the broad span of life when we come here week after week, and each one has the privilege of sending forth whatever thoughts they see fit, and they are thrown broadcast on this great earthly sphere. It seems truly a blessing to be remembered, because it is like the sun that shines on the just and the unjust. It seems a blessing to those who deserve it and those who don't deserve it; but I wish this morning to return to the dear ones of my home and the ones I loved, and although I have not been out of the body so very long, I feel that I would like to reach them and say, "I am still with you, I am still trying to assist you, each one in your own way, for every one must carry out his or her own disposition, each one must understand for his or her own self."

My family is somewhat divided as far as religious ideas are concerned, and yet, dear loved ones, when you understand the true idea of Christianity there is no difference; but I know that there are some who think that there is nothing like the Baptist belief, while others are interested in Spiritualism; and I wish to meet with them all, for if we do our own work correctly, and live up to the life that God has given us, we shall all be happy in the life beyond; but there are many things that I cannot speak of here in public, and I thought if I could send a few words merely to rouse the brain and mind of those who have become interested, for I know that those who have an interest will understand it and will be thoroughly satisfied.

I want Henry to know that I am with him; that I am assisting him; that mother has not left him, and I am glad to see him interested in the great work, and I am glad to see his companion, also, interested. I see others who are interested, but have not the moral courage to stand up and acknowledge it. We must acknowledge our life, so that others may see the good work and glorify the good angels who brought it. My husband is with me this morning in spirit, and we unite with many more, for we have many on the spirit-side who had gone before, and we have united. You can put me down as Minnie Gardner, and my husband's name was Josiah. I wish to be remembered in connection with Salem and Peabody, for I will be remembered there.

#### Mary A. Richardson.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. I would like to say a few words this morning to encourage the dear companion that I have left in earth-life, one that has struggled many years for the uplifting and benefit of life, and I feel I have many friends yet left, and many in spirit also, but to the dear boy and companion I left in earth-life would say, I have still an interest, because I see how they need encouragement, for I find the physical body not so well as it has been, and I find that years are rolling on, and time generally tells on the physical after a while. I am also pleased with the surroundings and conditions and what is done, and I wish I could keep the outer stronger than I have been able to do, to help the physical and make him feel stronger.

I was familiar with Spiritualism when I was in the body, and I have learned while in spirit-life to become very much interested in humanity, because our progress in spirit is mainly by where we gain our strength to administer unto others, and I see where changes will soon enter again in my own family. I feel that I would like to sustain them, and say to them that all things work together for good, and I wish to be remembered by my friends I feel I have got both in Boston and Charlestown, and I shall be remembered in New York and many different places, where I have friends and ones that I hold dear to memory.

My husband is now in New Hampshire, and I see he is not very well, and I want to encourage him. I want to say to him: "Thank God for the kindness and the many privileges you have had in earth-life, and that I have been able to demonstrate spirit-power through you, and I wish to say it is well with you," although sometimes he says his power is not as strong as it used to be, but the power is as strong; and I would say that it is not long before he will exchange his garment for one in spirit that will be more fitting for him, and when his work is done, his home will be prepared, and we shall all meet again and understand the great problem of life.

I wish to speak of many things, but I do not desire to in public; but if I have an opportunity to speak to him in private, there are things I will reveal, and, if he holds himself

in condition, perhaps I can make him understand, as my husband is very strong mediumistically, and you can just say that I send forth love and encouragement, good wishes and cheerful thoughts to all that are interested in life and humanity, and say that Mary A. Richardson has been here this morning, and my home was in Charlestown, Mass., and I think they will understand the communication. My daughter joins in sending this communication with me.

#### Messages to be Published.

June 4.—Louis H. Hobbs; Lucinda Thayer; Julia E. Holmer; Nancy C. Stearns; Flora Schooley; Lizzie Ryder. June 11.—William S. Watt; Charles W. Johnston; Maggie Dooley; Susan L. Atkins; Mrs. Thomas Tow; Mary A. Stowe. June 18.—Mary C. Fletcher; Mary Ann Marshall; Capt. William Perry; Joseph P. Brown; Jessie Palmer; Benjamin F. Seabrook. June 25.—Barling Haskell; Mary Simmons Yezzy; George F. Dunbar; Mary P. Gay; One of the Universal Brotherhood; Susan Allen. July 2.—Abbie Fitch; William P. Bennett; Lucian L. Summers; Sarah E. Wilbur; Laura Eldred; Charles Sinclair.

#### SPRIT INVOCATION.

"Oh! Lord of Life, oh! King of Love,  
Oh! God, supreme and grand,  
Who rules by law, below, above,  
Who reigns o'er sea and land!  
We recognize thy holy power,  
We bow before thy will—  
We know thy wisdom every hour  
Brings good from seeming ill.  
No mysteries thy tones rehearse,  
For knowledge can unbar  
The secrets of thy universe  
From earth to distant star.  
And man to thee for light may turn  
Who seeks to know thy laws,  
For beacon-lights of progress burn  
In truth's most holy cause.  
So do we turn to thee to-day,  
And ask for heavenly bread;  
For guidance in our pilgrim way,  
To be by angels led;  
That we may falter not nor fall  
While seeking for the right;  
For, oh! thy goodness over all  
Sheds its most radiant light,  
And we may walk with angels when  
Our souls are linked to thine again."

#### Spirit Messages.

BY ISADORE PLAQUET.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A spiritualistic paper not having a "Spirit-Message Department," headed by some spirit invocation to the divine source of all things, is like a mutilated body, without head, heart and blood, or a fountain without water, whose source is dried. Such Spiritualism can't live long on spirituality, and soon becomes an automaton, a dry stump, a veritable mass of dried bones. Of course, human beings are naturally lovers of nice pictures, but some want a supply of spiritual food for their thirsty, hungry, tired, worn-out souls, passing through the vicissitudes of this life. How often, I (a poor laborer), when in the evening on my return home from my long day's work, tired and cast down in soul and body, take up my paper and eagerly read the "spirit invocation," which answers so well to the greatest need of the poor soul, and then, turning to the "spirit-messages," I read them individually, or to the family circle, before retiring at night, thus being better prepared, not only to commune with the dear spirits in our sleep, but meet them in our approaching disembodied state, which may happen this very night.

As to the long, learned, doctrinal, scientific articles, novels and long reports, etc., I don't condemn them; they are good for those who have the time to read them. The laborer has not the time nor the disposition to read them. He lives as a tenant in a poor cabin or shanty, in some dirty, dark alley, or in some stony, sandy flat, where he burns in summer and freezes in winter, a victim of the rain, freshet and flood in spring and fall. There he and his family have to cook, eat and sleep, often in one room, presided over by a weakened, sick, complaining, grumbling mother, and sick, not half supplied, crying children—the hell on earth, if there be one.

The masses are not learned—how could they be learned under the yoke of all kind of slavery for thousands of years? But they are endowed with the greatest gift—simple common sense. They can't say and write much, but they can think. I want to be understood.

My "class" is very large; I am one of the "masses." I am not a "fault-finder," nor even a critic: I have enough with myself and miseries!

I am not against any paper. I like all of the spiritual papers, and those I have not distributed, given away or mailed to some friends I have on hand yet, some having been kept for the quarter of a century that I have had my eyes open to the grand truth of "spirit-return," and I am happy to re-read them again and again. It is my delight and refreshment in my moments of lassitude to do this, especially since most of the spirit messages have been removed from nearly all of the spiritualistic papers of to-day. Images, pictures, figures, portraits, paintings, etc., must be natural and older than the idea and invention of writing. I like them, as most all of mankind do. It is a great pleasure to me to see "how they look"—those great workers in the cause of Humanity, of whom I have heard but have never seen.

But I want also the messages of spirits, no matter if it is the spirit of some uneducated, unlearned, plain, simple rustic, or miner who was killed in a mine—some time ago; or of a brakeman who has been killed under the wheels of his train; or of a wood-chopper killed by a falling tree; or of some soldiers, acquaintances and friends, who, in both hemispheres, fell on the field of battle; or of those friends who perished in the shipwreck of the Schille; or of a beloved father, mother, husband, wife, brother, sister, friend, passed to the "beyond," or of a weeping, desolate mother's darling, untimely taken and passed "behind the veil."

I can sympathize with the sorrowing mothers. My own mother, now in the sphere of souls, lost one of her darlings at the early age of three years. I saw her shedding tears every day during the year following. If she had known what we know to-day—that her darling was near her and trying to dry those tears! But, knowing no better, she was desolate and unconsoled, hence prevented the action of the "sweet soul" so very near to her.

"Sweet souls around us, watch us still,  
Press nearer to our side;  
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,  
With gentle helpings glide."

Let death between us be as naught,  
A dried and vaulted stream;  
Your joy be the reality,  
Our suffering life the dream."

No matter what the language, style or expression of those departed spirits may be; if they are like themselves, when with us, it is a great proof of their genuineness, and I say give us more of them—all you can!

"How sweet it were, if without feeble right,  
Or dying of the thread, beautiful sight,  
An angel came to us and we could bear  
To see him issue from the silent air!  
At evening, in our room, and bend on ours  
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers  
News of dear friends, and children who have never  
Been dead indeed—as we shall know forever.  
Alas! we think not that we daily see  
About our hearths angels that are to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air—  
A child, a friend, a wife, whose soft heart sings  
In unison with ours, breathing its future wings."  
Walla Walla, Wash., March, 1897.

We call the attention of the readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT to the long advertisement of the Mason Chemical Co. in this issue. It will interest very many who need what they advertise.

## Vermont State Spiritualist Convention.

Held June 18, 19, 20, 1897, in Harmonious Hall, Ludlow, Vt.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Friday, 2 o'clock P. M., President E. A. Smith presiding, brief addresses by Newman Weeks of Rutland; E. B. Holden, of North Clarendon; Dr. Chapman, of Greenfield, Mass.; President Smith, A. F. Hubbard, Mrs. Abbie W. Crossett, Mrs. Sarah A. Wiley, of Rockingham, and Mrs. Shaw, of Ludlow.

Friday, 7:30, evening, met agreeable to adjournment, President Smith in the chair. Miss Ada Smith of Cuttingsville sang a very fine solo. Dr. Smith made interesting remarks, followed by D. P. Wilder, one of the Veteran Spiritualists of Vermont, A. F. Hubbard, Dr. Chapman, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes of Boston, Newman Weeks, Abbie W. Crossett. Closed with a fine duet by Mr. and Mrs. John Ballard of Ludlow.

Saturday morning, 10 o'clock, A. F. Hubbard, Vice-President, presiding, opened in conference. Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes of Boston was the first speaker. Newman Weeks read a very interesting poem. Mrs. Warner of Ludlow related experiences in healing, and evidences of spirit-communication, which were listened to with great interest by the audience, followed by A. F. Hubbard; Mrs. Ballard sang a fine solo; Mrs. Sarah A. Wiley gave an invocation, after which Mrs. Abbie W. Crossett delivered the regular lecture of the morning, Subject, "Glimpses of Life Here and Hereafter." After singing adjourned.

Saturday, 2 P. M., President Smith presiding, Conference was participated in by Dr. E. A. Smith, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, A. F. Hubbard, Subject, "Prayer." It was a very interesting session. After singing, Mrs. Sarah A. Wiley gave a fine lecture, subject, "The Superior Advantage Spiritualism Gives to the World." Session closed with singing by Mrs. Ballard and Miss Smith.

Saturday evening, 7:30, President Smith in the chair. After singing by the choir, Dr. Smith and Mrs. Sarah Wiley entertained the audience with brief remarks; a professor of music, whose name we failed to get, sang a fine solo in a masterly manner, after which Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes delivered a grand lecture to a large and appreciative audience. Closed with singing by the choir. Adjourned till 10 A. M. Sunday.

Sunday morning, 10 A. M., President Smith in the chair. Conference hour occupied by Newman Weeks, George Whitney of Williston, Dr. Chapman, Mrs. Byrnes and Dr. Smith; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Ballard finely sang the beautiful song, "My Mother's Hands"; A. F. Hubbard gave the regular lecture, subject, "Spiritualism a Natural Religion." Closed with a choice song by Miss Ada Smith.

Sunday, 2 P. M., Mrs. Sarah A. Wiley, Vice-President, presiding. Conference was very interesting. Several speakers instructed the large audience for an hour, after which the quartet finely rendered a selection, and Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes gave an excellent lecture. Session closed with singing. Adjourned till 7:30, evening.

Sunday evening, 7:30, President Smith presiding. The closing session was very enjoyable. Mr. Weeks read a poem, and Mr. Ralf of Windsor gave his experience in mediumship; the choir rendered excellent music; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes gave a brief address, followed by Mrs. Sarah A. Wiley; the closing address was given by Mrs. Abbie W. Crossett. Feelings of regret were expressed by many of the people, as well as officers of the Association, at the absence of Dr. Mills, who was advertised to be present as test medium.

The usual vote of thanks was extended to all who had in any way contributed toward the success of the Convention, especially to the singers and to the people of Ludlow for the cordial and liberal way they entertained the Convention. JANUS CROSSETT, Sec'y.

#### Dr. Carlos Montezuma.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Knowing that THE BANNER has always been a friend to the Indian, and trusting it is equally so under the present management, would say, if you care to turn back the files of your paper to Jan. 10, 1891, you will find the history of Dr. Carlos Montezuma, a full-blood Apache Indian, as written by himself, and kindly published at our request; and even before that he was given a "God-speed, Carlos," when it was learned he had bravely "put out his shingle" in the city of Chicago just after receiving his diploma from the Chicago Medical College, in 1889.

Some of your readers may recall Dr. Montezuma's history, and wish to know if he is still a progressive Indian. Indeed he is, and will be so long as health and strength are given him. "Onward and Upward" will always be his motto.

A short time after he first began practice, he received, unsolicited, an offer of a position in the Indian service, and, from a desire to help his people, decided to accept it. His last government position was at the Carlisle Indian School, Pa., where he became a member of the County Medical Society, and was considered skillful both as physician and surgeon, and a man worthy of the highest respect.

After six years of practice in the Indian service, he took a post-graduate course in New York City, and, resigning from government service, is again practicing his profession independently in the great city of Chicago.

He has an ambition to prove that an Indian—and an Apache at that (of whom you know it has been said, "They could not be civilized")—under favorable conditions can successfully compete with his white brothers, deeming that the confidence such proof would give might be of the greatest advantage to his people, and, from what we learn of him, doubt not his noble ambition is being crowned with success.

At the time his history was sent, his photograph, taken probably about the time he graduated, was also sent. Perhaps it may be in your office now. We have been given prints and papers for distribution, and some may be acceptable to you. If you find time to read the students' essays, we think you will decide that Captain Pratt and his co-workers are to be congratulated on their success in educating the Indian. Several of their former pupils are now in college, and doing well.

Sterling, Mass. LUCY M. POMEROY.

#### July Magazines.

RECEIVED: The Houskeeper, Minneapolis, Minn.; Home Journal, Boston, Mass.; Miscellaneous Notes and Queries, published by S. C. & L. M. Gould; The Phenological Journal, Fowler & Wells Co., 27 East Twenty-first street, New York; Woman's Home Companion, Mast, Crowell & Kirkpatrick; The Ladies' Home Journal, the Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

#### To the Liberal-Minded.

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

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







