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LOOKING GOD IN THE FACE. THE STORY OF THE POOR.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,

BY MARY T. LONGLEY, M. D.,

Author of "Outside the Gates," "Nameless," "When the Morning Comes," "Only a Step," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE SLUMS.

Afar from the haunts of men, far, far beyond the track of suns and stars, out in the universe of space, beyond all constellations and systems of worlds, shines an eternal radiance of splendor, the like of which none but the Infinite eye hath ever seen. Around this Central Sun of Light and Force myriads of tiny stars—offshoots from the great Light—which is the supreme power of the universe—dance and play. These myriads of points of light have no individual consciousness, no intelligent activity, and yet they are imbued with the potential force of all active consciousness and of all intelligent personality, for they are parts of the great Supernal, which is the central sun of all systems and powers.

Sometimes some of these points of light wander away from their birthplace—wander far out from the atmosphere of light and warmth from whence they sprang, over trackless spaces and through immeasurable distances, impelled forward by the potential forces within, or attracted by an unknown but resistless power that leads them on, until they find lodgment upon some planet of the mighty universe where human life maintains.

Once—and but a score of years ago—a tiny spark from the great Central Light, oh! such a tiny spark, that had shone as a little star, dancing and playing in the eternal radiance, wandered from the glory of its birth—down, down through the interstellar spaces, through rifts of clouds and amid contending currents of atmospheric force it passed, unconscious of its destiny, insensible to the potencies and possibilities of its being—down, down, lonely and alone it drifted, swept on by the irresistible power of magnetic impulse and attraction, until at length, spent with its journey and lonely in its flight—but fadless in its light as a spark from the Infinite Sun—it paused in a narrow path upon the planet Earth.

Sometimes the tiny stars that wander from their home of light around the Central Sun reach homes of plenty and harmony and joy on earth where they are welcomed with Love's caresses, and sheathed in tender blooms of precious worth until they become expanded into conscious living souls; but no such good fortune awaited the tiny spark that wandered but a score of years ago across the silent distances of space, all lonely and alone.

Ah! how the little light came floating, floating down, down over the streets of a great city in America, over the busy market streets, over the aristocratic portion of the metropolis, over the pleasant homes where comfort and peace abide. No one noticed the little star; no one opened arms and heart to take it in. It was a point of light from the Infinite Sun of all glory and power, but no one knew or cared. On, on it floated down to the alleys and the dens where poverty and sin and squalor and woe abide; down, down, drawn by a resistless force into the alley slum, through the doorway of a den where beauty never came, and into the cot where lay a sleeping woman, but herself a child, reckless, and yet so comely in her degradation and shame.

It was such a pretty star—so pretty and so tiny, too—and oh! how it tried to shine through the darkness, as it nestled down under the heart of the sleeping woman, who had drawn it in.

By-and-by the woman moaned and stirred, then opened her eyes and arose to go forth in search of daily bread. She was alone in her woe, alone with the shadow of sin and want and degradation wrapped around her like a cloud. She did not know what a wonderful thing had happened since last she laid her head upon its shock of straw—did not know that a starbeam of glory from the Infinite Light had wandered to her breast and found a lodgment there—and so she went out into the glare of day, poor, comely Alice, to be hunted down by the bitterness of want and sin, to be reviled by "God-fearing" people, and scorned by dames of high degree.

And yet, the sin of poor sixteen-year-old Alice, who had been an outcast from her birth, whose whole life had been one of suffering and shame spent in the slums of ignorance and want—had been the yielding of her starving soul to what she believed to be love's embrace, not for gold or fine garments, but for the smile of one who had sought her for an hour and then cast her, like a broken lily, by. And he—the betrayer, son of a wealthy sire, abandoned to his desires—shared not in the miseries or the consequences of the sin, but went his way with careless ease, while proud society's dames, who smiled upon him, gazed upon poor Alice with the glance of scorn, not knowing that had their place been exchanged for hers, with all its conditions of ignorance and want, their's would have been the greater fall, while she, with their opportunities in life, would have arisen like a star.

But the days passed on, weeks came and went, and the tiny spark, safe hidden beneath the woman's heart, grew and expanded into a living germ—grew and flamed as a point of infinite light that illuminated its nest, and warmed the elements of matter surrounding it until they clothed it with a living form.

And all the while poor Alice, in the slums, tolling, begging, sinning for her daily bread, felt the bitterness of fate that would not let her die.

But there came a day when Alice could not go out to seek for bread—could not leave her pallet of straw, an hour when, after many throes of agony and woe, there came drifting into the world within that mother's tired arms a tiny mite of humanity, pale and feeble, with wailing cry, just that little star that had wandered lonely and alone from the great central sun of light, but which had now become clothed upon with human woes.

Squalid women of the slums, whose hearts were soft and pitiful, welcomed the little stranger and attended to its needs. In a few days Alice was about again, with her baby at her breast. She called it *Mabel*, and did her best to make its life a sunny one; but no sun shine, such as the favored children of fortune know, ever comes to the slums.

How the poor mother managed to live, only the compassionate angels know. For ten years she drifted about with her child, getting their bread as best she could, sleeping in the den of iniquity that gave them shelter, knowing nothing of man's humanity save as it was shown her by kindly creatures whose lot was as wretched as her own, knowing nothing of heaven only as the flowers in the park or the stately homes of the rich that she passed in the streets suggested a celestial life to her mind—knowing nothing of God, in whose image, the preachers had said, she was made.

During this decade of years Mabel had grown into a pretty girl with large, dark eyes, comely features and curling black hair, lithe and straight in figure, and with a nameless grace that sometimes is given to the children of the very poor as well as to those of the very rich.

From her mother Mabel had learned of the bitterness of life, had listened to the story of shame, had learned of her own ignoble heritage. Sadness had cast its veil over the child in her earliest years; for her there was no home but the streets, and after her mother died, as she did when her daughter was but ten years old, Mabel became a wanderer, often eating but the crust that had been dropped by some over-fed child, and sleeping in boxes and doorways, wherever she could find a place to creep—a homeless, friendless babe.

Yet—she was the offspring of God, a spark from the Infinite Light, a beautiful star that had wandered from the eternal radiance of causation into the filth and darkness of a city's slums on earth.

So the years passed, and when but a girl of seventeen, Mabel, who had been buffeted about by the cruel blasts of fate, she who had sinned and suffered, found that she, too, like her mother before, was about to give birth to an immortal soul. Stung by the knowledge of what her own life had been, and determined that no child of hers should live to pass through a like experience of woe, the poor girl bided her time, and when the dear little babe that had lain beneath her breast so long emerged from its nest into the light of day, she, in the frenzy of her despair, crept to the water's brink and hurled the precious star that had wandered from the glory world to this, and which had lain in her arms a few hours as a living babe, far out into the deep.

But she paid the price; for, to her, life had no allurements, and in a moment more she had taken the fatal leap into the water's depths, striking her head against the piles as she went down beneath the waves that closed above it and gave no sign.

Only a life or two from the slums had gone out. No one would question or complain about her fate. There are so many human lives down in the depths of misery and sin, one more or less is of no consequence. Society cannot be troubled with the cry of the desolate in the abyss of poverty and crime; she closes her ears to the wall of babes and the sigh of bleeding hearts. Broken lives are of no moment to her. She passes on serene and proud, smiling at Dives in his velvet robes, and frowning at Lazarus who lies begging at the gates of plenty, vainly praying for the crumbs that dogs refuse.

CHAPTER II.

TWIN FLOWERS OF BLOSSOM LANE.

The city of C—is like one of many such in this great country. Its area covers many miles of territory; its streets, many of them, are broad and of great length. Aristocracy flourishes upon the one side within its precincts, Plebeianism languishes upon the other;

the one rolls along in its velvet lined, richly-cushioned coaches, and all the world is made easy to its passage by the magic touch of its gold. The other stalks gloomily abroad, wrapped in the rags of penury and want, and the world scoffs at its demand for bread, and gives it a stone in reply.

C—is a goodly city, for it has many churches which are scattered throughout its various quarters, from the modest little chapel of the humble worshippers of the Nazarene to the spacious structure of tinted walls and lofty spires of the modern devotee who counts his cash in millions, and satisfies his conscience by donating a few thousands to the "service of the Lord."

In the fashionable section of the city many handsome churches open their doors to the public day and evening, but only the favored few who dress in costly robes dare to enter, for the masses who toil in pain and poverty never stand upon the marble steps; they know only too well that should they dare to do so the stare of autocracy and the sneer of *hauteur* would frown them away, chilled to the very soul.

And yet more than one of these lofty spires has been reared upon the ill-gotten gains of the wealthy liquor dealers and saloon keepers, who have attained their height upon the bleeding backs and desolated homes of human beings; by the offerings of millionaires who have grown rich by exacting the pound of flesh from writhing fellow-creatures; by the contributions of those whose coffers are filled at the price of human peace and comfort and welfare in the sweat-shops of alley and lane; and these same beautiful structures are maintained, while their idolized preachers are supported by the extortionate rents exacted from the very poor who live in worthless tenements in the vilest section of the city, that are owned by the church societies. Yet C—is a goodly city, and while misery and shame stalk abroad gaunt and hungry, mighty organs peal and swell, and many prayers ascend from churchly walls.

Down in the lowest, vilest quarter of this city of many homes, many of the characters of our story will be found. They are not high-bred, graceful dames of polished mien and lofty lineage, nor lordly men of cultivated tastes and chivalrous mannerism. Yet each is an offshoot from the Divine life of the universe, a star from the Central Light which no man can name; and even in the dens of poverty and sin one may come across gentle hearts and natures that need only the touch of circumstance to call their kindness into life.

Blossom Lane is perhaps the darkest and dirtiest alley in all the slums; mayhap that is why it has received the euphonious appellation by which it is known, as never a flower of any kind could bloom in such a spot, and not even a self-respecting weed could be found at root amid its debris and slime. And yet human beings gather there in twos and threes, sometimes more, in each room of the great tenement houses that are unfit for habitation, and whose rent goes to pay the salaries of high-toned preachers and aristocratic choirs in the further quarter of the town.

Blossom Lane now and then is surprised when a golden star from heaven drops into its squalor and filth, and blooms into a tiny human flower. Such a wonder happens now and then; and just at the time of our writing Blossom Lane is the abode of two such dainty human beings as ought to find a home in some lovely nook of Nature's own choosing in park or country dell.

They have pretty names, too, have Grace and Rosy Lee, and they are as sweet of face and as graceful of figure as one would expect girls with such names to be. Yet they are of common mold, if one can judge of lineage in gazing upon the burly form of the father, who has driven an express team for some wealthy corporation by day, and spends a good part of his time and his earnings in the dram shop at night, and in looking into the eyes of the faded, worn-out, plain-featured mother, whose speech betrays her illiteracy and plebeian birth.

They had not always lived in Blossom Lane and been obliged to stumble over dirty, squabbling children and piles of rubbish in striving to reach the two apartments they called home. The alley opens from a broader street, more respectable and less hemmed in from the light of heaven, and upon this, which may as well be called Congress street, the girls had first seen the world.

Dissipation on the part of the father, until he had lost his situation and could find no other, with other causes known only to the very poor, had reduced the family to its present condition, and even now this miserable shelter and the homely fare they were content to eat would be denied them but for the pittance earned by the fifteen-year-old twins, who worked in a button factory from day to day.

Oh, such beautiful girls as they were!—the one with shining, dark tresses, that tumbled in rich profusion over brow and neck, with creamy skin and sioe-black eyes, a veritable rose in the human garden of flowers, as sweet and pretty as the blossom whose name she bore; the other, Grace, with sunny hair and violet eyes, modest and pretty as a wood blossom; and yet these two were children of the slums.

Surely any but an evil heart that knew of their environments would ache to take them from the slime and gloom of their narrow haunts, to dress them in pretty robes, coil their silken curls around gentle fingers, and drop them tenderly into some dainty home

(Continued on seventh page.)



MAUDE L. VON FREITAG.

MAUDE L. VON FREITAG was born in Wisconsin Oct. 29, 1876, of strictly Orthodox parents. She was brought up in the church and strongly urged to follow its teachings. But at the early age of nine the Orthodox religion failed to be entirely satisfactory to her. She struggled hard against the doubts which crept into her mind, regarding them as the work of the evil one. Later she became identified with religious work. Her parents moved from Wisconsin to Minnesota in the Red River Valley, where their home became the religious center for miles around.

From Minnesota they went to Spokane Falls, Wash., and later to San Francisco, Cal. She was at this time between ten and eleven years old. She often heard voices, and was in the habit of consulting one presence whom she called an angel, and who was to her a real yet intangible presence. This angel or spirit always warned her in time of danger, and gave needful advice on many occasions. She did not try to account for its presence, as it seemed perfectly natural. Afterward the spirit was discovered to be that of Lena Rivers, her guardian angel, who has been with her from birth.

In San Francisco, at the home of Mr. Slater, she attended her first spiritual séance, supposing it to be merely a class for experience in hypnotism. Some of the doctrines of Spiritualism were taught her here, where she first saw a medium under control. She had only attended a few times, however, before her family moved to San Diego. She did not dare to mention her spiritualistic experience to her mother, Mrs. Anna B. Gates, she being bitterly opposed to Spiritualism in every form. She stored it away in her mind, and thought of it continually. While in San Diego she worked in church circles, teaching a class in Sunday-school, assisting in mission work, and was also a member of the Y. W. C. T. U. She also attended school here. It was here, while at school, that her attention was one day attracted by the words written upon the blackboard in heavy white letters, "*Wilkie Collins is dead.*"

Subsequent information proved that the spirit of Wilkie Collins had left the body exactly fifteen minutes before the words appeared upon the blackboard. This well-known man and author has been one of her principal controls ever since. In 1891 they removed to National City, where Mrs. Freitag's home now is. Here she found a spiritual society whose meetings she ran away from home to attend. Here, also, she was first controlled by the spirit of Lena Rivers.

Her development from this time on was very rapid until it was stopped by her mother, who declared she would rather see her child dead than identified in any way with Spiritualists.

She forbade her attendance at the meetings, or association with what she called the workings of the devil. Mrs. Freitag tried hard to obey, but would find herself taken to circles against her will. On one occasion, while attending a prayer meeting, she was influenced by a spirit, and taken from the church to a circle at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Morrill. The spirits declared they would develop her as a medium, despite all opposition.

It was about this time that the bright little spirit of a child, who called herself Goldie, was brought to her, and has remained with her ever since. She is an exceedingly intelligent and witty little spirit, and has become a general favorite wherever Mrs. Freitag goes.

About this time she began to develop as a public speaker, controlled by spirits who gave utterance to many wise sayings far beyond her youthful years.

It was also at this time she met her future husband, Otto R. von Freitag, an enterprising young business man, who was also a Spiritualist. Their friendship rapidly developed into something warmer and more lasting, and on May 15, 1892, they were married, with the consent of her mother, who knew but little of Mr. Freitag's religious belief. To her husband Mrs. Freitag owes a great deal of her spiritual success, as he upheld, sustained and encouraged her in every way possible. In August, 1895, Mr. and Mrs. Freitag attended the spiritualistic camp meeting at Santa Monica. Here she attracted considerable attention by her mediumship. In September she came to Los Angeles and attended the Spiritual Congress, afterward holding meetings in the Los Angeles Theatre, with large audiences in attendance. About this time she succeeded in converting her mother to Spiritualism, and she is now as ardent a Spiritualist as she was formerly a church member.

On July 5, 1896, she received the wonderful gift which is now making her famous, that of the power to read correctly the contents of securely folded slips of paper, to give full names of spirit-friends and other startling proofs of immortality. She is called the ballot medium, and since receiving that phase, up to the present time has not made one single mistake. Her work as yet has been confined chiefly to the Pacific Coast. She has appeared before the State Convention, held meetings under the auspices of the State Board, and, under strictly test conditions, for the California Branch of the Society of Psychical Research.

Mrs. Freitag's principal guides are Wilkie Collins and Dr. J. Bradley Smith. Mr. and Mrs. Freitag have one child, a boy four years old, who is also very mediumistic, and may be heard from later on.

National City, Cal.

If you have not something within you which is more and better to your apprehension than anything outside of you can be, something which is yourself as a man, and not simply added to yourself as a man, it is a pity that you were ever born.—President Dwight.

"When persons undertake to watch others and judge of their motive, they should take a different standard from the one they usually carry inside of themselves. The Divine in Nature is the true standard."

Scholars should stay up in the light more, even though the sun be warm. They are confined too much in the study. They learn too much from books and not enough from experience. They rely too much on what a thing is said to be instead of what it is.—Gov. Black.

Men will rise higher, grow faster, and be truer, as they observe the universal notifications of the Divine Mind. There is not an atom in all the universe that is not constantly warned, when out of place.—Brown.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LOVE.

Dedicated to A. L. P.

BY DEAN CLARKE.

Love is the font whence all life starts,
The source of human souls;
"God loves," 'tis said, "from whole to parts,"
And thus all life controls.

Love is the prize all mortals crave,
And ever strive to win;
The healing balm all souls to save
From tendencies to sin.

Love is the soul's uplifting force
Toward all that is divine;
Of virtues all it is the source
That in our being shine.

Love is the anchor of the soul,
That steadfast holds the mind,
Which wayward passion can control,
And hearts together bind.

Love is the deepest fount of bliss
Whence earthly pleasures spring,
The well-spring of true happiness,
Which hath no hidden sting.

Love is the greatest boon of life,
The richest gem of earth;
The best reward of all our strife,
The pearl of greatest worth.

Love is the choicest gift of Heaven
That mortals ever know,
And when from heart to heart 'tis given,
"We have a Heaven below."

Love is the soul's eternal prize;
That never knows decay;
To realms on high it doth arise,
And dwell with it for aye!

Lake Pleasant, Aug. 12, 1897.

Spiritual Education.

BY J. O. DARRETT.

I wish to lay before the Spiritualists of the nation a matter of great interest to our common Cause.

The spiritual movement has now evolved to that point where its revelations from the angel-world must, from the very necessity of the situation, be built up by a system of spiritual education, through the instrumentality of the organized work of the National Spiritualists' Association.

With immeasurable joy can we hail the initial of this educative work at Mantua, Ohio. Should it succeed there, as the augurs fore-shadow, like institutions will be established in other States, each having, no doubt, special departments in the spiritual curriculum. We cannot move too soon in any State where the discipline involved is so much needed.

By spiritual education I mean to include in a particular sense the delicate laws of mediumship by which we hold communication with spirits ascended from earth planes. Strictly speaking, but few of our media in any part of the country are scholars. Right here is strong proof that the spiritual movement is angel-born and angel-guided. They of the spirit-world who have had special charge of this movement, selected for discipleship such persons as were not mentally warped and damaged by the popular creeds and class-laws and customs. In this respect it parallels primitive Christianity, but on a larger scale.

The Nazarene went outside of the Sanhedrims and other lordly departments of government for his disciples appointed for apostleship. They were unlearned in fashionable ethics, unbiased by kingly associations; they were poor men, earning an honest living at some industrial occupation, mainly fishing for the market. That spiritual reformer exhibited his psychic wisdom in making poor people, and even little children and socially abused women, the exponents of the gospel which he brought from heaven. It is nothing to deplore, but to credit with hope, when the mediums of our country and other enlightened countries have, from spiritual and constitutional necessity, been called and chosen for phenomenal, and even instructive agencies, from out the by-ways and hedges of social life.

Whence date the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism? In a king's palace? In the mansion of a monopolist? In a popular church, where the prayer of the pharisee is heard again—"God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are"? No. It was in a humble cottage, out from the city of Rochester, at Hydesville, N. Y. Were they society people living in that obscure home? No, they had no time to prate to the fashions. Were the Fox girls college learned? No, but they had good common sense, that graduates do not always possess. They were socially unsophisticated and physically uncontaminated. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," and by such came the raps that signed the identity and immediate presence of spirit-friends departed, raps which within fifty years have evolved into other gifts of the spirit, that have resurrected humanity to a new dispensation of love and thought.

This historic fact, paralleled by all heaven-appointed reforms threading the ages, is recalled to show that, aside from quality of mediumship, the spiritual movement comes without our bidding and operates to ends of success, despite its abuses. What have the unmoneyed, unfashionable, unscholarly oracular representatives of the movement gained? They certainly have not gained credit enough in society to escape persecution and a fight with "the beasts of Ephesus"—beasts of great men and proud women who do not allow the hems of their garments to touch a medium, lest aura of the gods will set them in the glare of truth hurtful to their social caste.

Is this all our media have gained? No. They have already gained for humanity the initial of the republic of heaven on earth, and that is way beyond all measure, and glory enough for one generation of spiritual apostles.

This review of the situation suggests the question whether a scholastic education will not largely neutralize the mediumistic developments and evidences? Will it not tend to divert the occult to scientific materialism, dulling the light that has opened to view "the Way, the Truth and the Life"? The caution of the Jewish apostle is applicable: "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy." There is no room for the "spoil," if we make the spiritual cardinal; if we make material science the projection and embodiment of the spiritual, if, more essentially, the leaders in the spiritual education are so thoroughly imbued with heavenly light, all material things in their thoughts and instructions are symbols and types of what is in the heavens of angels perfected by the discipline we need and seek. It does not follow that he or she who is learned in the mysteries of soul and by scientific enlightenment is able to elucidate them practically, is less spiritually-minded; nay, but immeasurably better qualified to lead the masses on lines of investigation and experience

inductive to that gradation of character which constitutes a heavenly life here and hereafter. There is a scholarship, dotting all the ages, golden to-day as anciently, when high attainments in mental ethics, in the sciences and arts, flash with light so clean, all mere stolidism and sophistry burn away, as alloy in the gold on which the fire of truth is burning. To such scholarship are Spiritualists now invited. The age in which we live demands it. It is our prerogative, our most solemn duty, to go forward and possess the vantage-ground. The apocalyptic angel calls us: "Come up hither." Not go up, but come up, clothed in the white robes of spiritual scholarship, endowed with a mediumship pure as the azure whose clouds of evaporations from troubled souls, troubled because of the inward cleansing of wisdom, are tinged with "the silver lining" of hope. Come up to spiritual scholarship is the angel-call. Scholarship with evidences of the immortal sciences and arts made plainer, refined from all thought and word vulgarisms, free from warring jealousies and strifes for "the best seats in the synagogues." Come up into self-discipline of the endowed gifts of the spirit, where the very rappings are musicalized to the listening soul, where even bodily eyes can be made clairvoyant, and bodily ears catch the voices of angel guards; where artists paint the scenes of the spirit-world; where photography images spirit forms; where poetry rings louder and sweeter the gospel of reformation by regeneration; where logic is eloquent for the utterance of truth in the language of the angels inspiring it; where our theoretical recognition of the brotherhood of man is reduced to practice in a form of government that represents the people for the people.

The all-important question to solve is *when* and *where* and *how* we can safely and successfully begin this radically spiritual reconstruction. Begin when? *Now.* Where begin? In every State in the Union. Begin how? This is not so easily answered. Let us be deliberate in our resolves, and take no backward steps. If, after the matter is talked up, and agreement as to the necessity of such education is arrived at, let a committee be judiciously selected, representing different localities, consisting of men and women of ability and influence, with duties assigned them to devise and initially execute the educating movement.

The Human Double Mesmerically Exteriorized.

BY QUESTOR VITÆ.

The aura of some sensitives can be exteriorized, M. de Rochas has found, when supplemented by magnetization by an operator. This aura carries the sensibility of the subject. The body becomes insensible, and may be pinched or pricked without her knowledge. Her sensibility is then found to be exteriorized in circumferential zones around her body, at a distance of a few inches. If pinches are made therein, the subject (though blindfolded) feels them. If this aura, or sensibility, or magnetism, is condensed into a tumbler of water, and the glass taken into another room, and the water then pinched, the sensation reacts in the subject.

This exteriorized aura also carries dynamic energy, as has been shown experimentally in Professor Crookes's experiments with Home, in the phenomena of levitation produced without contact through Eusapia. It has been shown by Dr. Baraduc's biometer; by the phenomena of attraction and repulsion of subjects illustrated by Professor Boviac and Dr. Moutin. M. de Rochas found that when the magnetizing process was pushed beyond a certain point, this exteriorized vital emanation condensed into two poles, one at each side of the subject, the right hand one being seen as red by clairvoyants and the left as blue. These fluid pillars then assumed a phantomic form, and subsequently united, constituting a vital double, carrying feeling and intelligence, and with the power of traversing solid walls and rising in space, and there entering into relation with spiritual beings; its experiences being transmitted to its organism through a conducting magnetic circuit. The subject, when awakened, does not, however, remember the experiences so acquired; they constitute a secondary or subconscious memory, as similarly occurs in mediums.

In experimenting further, M. de Rochas found that the double, once completely exteriorized, could be divided into two—into a blue and a red double; that is, that its constituent elements could be separated. It was found that the blue double carried the subject's sensibility, while the red carried her volition and desires, which implies that the blue element of the aura is negative, recipient, while the red is positive, propulsive. These two probably actuate the sensor and motor nervous systems respectively. These definitions confirm the descriptions already given of the colors and qualities of the human aura by the sensitives of Dr. Luys, who pointed out that magnets also radiated an aura which was blue at the negative pole, red at the positive. In this they confirmed the descriptions given by Reichenbach.

After thus analyzing the constituents of the double and its process of formation, M. de Rochas ordered it to ascend in space and describe its experiences. The subject stated that the lower atmosphere was dark, obscure, and occupied by mischievous beings who tried to seize her double. Some of these had no human form; others had horns and claws. The operator was able to protect his subject from their attacks and drive them away. Further up, in more luminous atmospheres, the beings had transparent, luminous forms, with human faces. They had all lived on the earth, the subject affirmed; she recognized one of them. Still higher up the beings had a cometary form—brilliant spheres with a luminous flowing appendage. She also recognized one of these, but dare not try to speak to her, feeling her own inferiority too much.

These experiments are most valuable as illustrating the similar process by which the doubles of human sensitives are intruded into spirit-spheres, which evidently implies a process of magnetization by spirit-operators. The process by which spirit-forms are projected to our plane must also be similar, as there can be only one law-process of this character. The vitality of human beings is now known to radiate forth from their organisms, constituting what is called their aura, magnetism, psychic fluid, astral principle, etc., by different schools. It has been described by sensitives as above. It is this emanation which constitutes the magnetizer's fluid which impresses the thought-photographs of Dr. Baraduc, Luys,

Darget, Adams, etc. It is this emanation which constitutes the basis of magic and sorcery. It was also shown at the Cholera-Yusac séances with Eusapia to be the medium used by the astral control "John King" in the production both of dynamic phenomena and of astral forms and of materialized hands, etc.

But many people only radiate this aura in limited quantity, as is shown from the fact that many cannot magnetize subjects or impress images on photographic plates. In order to exteriorize this vital fluid and constitute thought-transference, and still more so with regard to the double, the normal vitality of the person must be supplemented by passes, i. e., by additional vital aura, either by a human mesmerist, as in the above experiment, or by an invisible spirit, as in the case of mediums.

In both cases the consciousness of the subject operated on than functions in a secondary, sub-conscious mode, and the memories do not emerge into that of the normal, waking self. This law must also apply, in prior order, with regard to similar projections from disincarnate selves in higher states, to this plane.

These experiments practically illustrate that there is an element in man which thinks and feels, that can detach itself from his body even while here, and rise into spirit-spheres temporarily. It is evident that this principle, which can thus live, act and feel apart from the body, may continue to do so permanently at the death of the body.

Mind over Mind.

BY HENRY SCHARFFETTER.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

While not a regular subscriber to your valuable paper, I feel as if I must avail myself of your kind offer to open your columns to the expression of thoughts, called forth by the article "Hypnotism," of issue August 21.

The subject matter is of such immense range that it seems difficult to present it in the shape of an essay in such a manner as to bring out some of its valuable and important lessons, that humanity must learn sooner or later.

Comparatively few persons realize that all human entities live in a realm of Mind that continually acts and reacts upon human consciousness, in obedience to the law of Force that reigns supreme in the subtle realm of Thought or Mind production.

These subtler forces (thoughts), emanating continually from the minds of all the human race that this planet has ever produced, make up that vast realm in which we all live and have our being.

All thoughts produced are of human origin; theories to the contrary are speculative, hence useless for consideration. Thoughts do not float around and control mediums at hazard, or create fanciful pictures to adorn our spirit-homes, but they obey the great law of Force, and, if not specially directed, reach some receptive mind, and produce an effect of whatever nature it may be.

Hence it must appear obvious that we not only become the attractive centres of such thoughts as vibrate in unison with our own, but also become responsible for all thoughts generated by us. They invariably reach some human mind; and when we shall have entered into the higher life, we will be confronted by the effects of our thoughts upon others.

The effects of Mind over Mind are little realized at the present time; it may be safe to state that one-half of the human race is being continually hypnotized by the other half, whether it knows it or not.

The psychological effect of spirits upon mortals, and vice versa, is a lesson in itself.

The great religions of today represent the psychological effects of centuries, and their zealous supporters worship in ignorance and superstition, not aware of the hypnotic influence that is continually being brought to bear upon them by spirits who still live in mental darkness and close to the earth. Nations are being swayed hither and thither by the waves of psychological power that involves them in strife and warfare; national wrongs committed centuries ago are bearing their fruits in modern times.

Mediumship is subject to the same law of Mind over Mind. The law of Force will act, and a sensitive must learn to protect himself from the influx of thoughts generated by spirits or mortals.

My experience teaches me to advise all sensitives to undergo a thorough and merciless self-examination, criticising their every thought and act, and sincerely aspiring for that which is good and uplifting. Sensitives must, if they wish to become attractive centres for good and wise spirits, discard all habits that have a tendency to attract earth-bound spirits.

The higher phases of mediumship are not developed in the seance-room; they can only be attained by a steady and healthy growth of the medium's spiritual nature as it passes through the refining process of earth-life's experiences.

Self-conquest is the greatest victory to be won, and it will open the gates to the influx of wise and loving spirits who are now spreading a psychological mantle for good all over this earth, and thus preparing the condition for the influx of higher and purer thought.

Baltimore, Md.

Lake Sunapee Camp, Blodgett's Landing, N. H.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Our Camp-Meeting for 1897 closed Aug. 22, after quite a successful season. Most of our lectures have been of a high order, and our financial condition, while not as satisfactory as we could wish, is nevertheless in such shape that all bills will be settled in full.

Dr. Wm. A. Hale lectured Thursday, Friday and Saturday, and closed the session with two lectures Sunday. Little Edna Corinne Chamberlain gave a recitation previous to the afternoon lecture. The Society gave her a benefit on Friday evening, at which one hundred and forty-three tickets were sold.

At the annual business meeting of the Association, held on Wednesday, the following officers for 1898 were elected: President, Wm. A. Hale, M. D., Boston; Vice-President and Secretary, W. H. Wilkins, Fitchburg, Vt.; Treasurer, Ella M. Martin, Windsor, Vt.; Business Committee, Ella M. Martin, Geo. W. Blodgett, David Thayer; Auditors, Jay Chaspeel, C. E. Gore.

Mrs. Addie M. Stevens, who has served us as President, was elected, but resigned, much to the regret of many.

W. H. WILKINS, Sec'y.

For Over Fifty Years.

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

Descartes' Philosophy.

BY GEORGE A. BACON.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The following communication from Spirit René Descartes came into my possession through the relationship of fraternal correspondence, and as it is of a thoughtfully provocative character, I have deemed it wise to turn it over to the considerate readers of THE BANNER.

This eminent French philosopher, who heads the materialistic and speculative school of philosophy of the seventeenth century, was born in 1596, and died in 1650. He early gave evidence of being an original and vigorous thinker in several branches of science—notably metaphysics, chemistry, mathematics and astronomy. His works announced important discoveries in algebra and geometry. On leaving college before he was twenty, his first step was to renounce all his books, to efface from his mind all scholastic dogmas and prejudices, and then to admit nothing that could not bear the test of reason and experiment—a position far more difficult to maintain at that time than it would be to-day.

The historian Hallam says: "One man, the pride of France and wonder of his contemporaries, was destined to flash light upon the labors of the analyst, and point out what those symbols, so darkly and painfully traced, might represent and explain. The theory developed by Descartes displays a most consummate felicity of genius."

In 1641 he published, in Latin, his great metaphysical work "Meditations de Prima Philosophia," the speculations of which gave a wonderful impulse to philosophical inquiry in his own and succeeding times. They manifest an original, daring and independent genius, endowed with great force and subtlety of thought. It is said that he performed the same service in the philosophy of mind that Bacon performed in natural science. Taking his departure from universal doubt, he found the basis of all positive knowledge in self-consciousness, expressed by the syllogism, "Cogito; ergo sum," "I think; therefore I exist." His bold innovations and brilliant paradoxes excited much hostility as well as admiration. His book, however, was condemned at Rome, and he once suffered persecution as an atheist. In 1644 he published "Principles of Philosophy," in which he propounds his theory of the world and the doctrine of Vortices.

There are doubtless many who will not accept Descartes' definitions and statements, as expressed by and through this representative, because of their supposed antagonism to what they understand to be a correct exposition of the spiritual philosophy. It is, however, always easier to deny than to successfully reply; but I leave with the intelligent reader this philosopher's exposition concerning Nature, and that which is to follow on Spirit, in fullest confidence that he will give to each hospitable welcome.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 14, 1897.

WHAT IS NATURE?

By Spirit René Descartes, Through the Organism of Dr. George S. Nelson.

Nature is everything that exists—from the lowest to the highest development. Nature and her works are developed in infinite space. Infinite space is the grand laboratory of life and all that life produces. As there is nothing outside of infinite space, there is nothing supernatural. Everything belongs to nature.

Infinite space is one of the conditions of nature; an immensity of room for all of the conditions and principles of nature to act or develop in. Infinite space is only room, and nothing more—the boundless condition of nature, with no beginning or end. Infinite space cannot move—no place to which or in which it can move. It is the great positive condition of nature, infinite in its nature, and dimensionless.

It is a condition of nature, and for it to be a condition of nature it must have its opposite condition, for nature is not simply one thing, as will be shown; therefore, every condition, every principle and thing in nature, must also have its opposite. From these opposites all things are developed. Infinite space being a condition of nature, there must be an opposite to make it a condition. Infinite space is not substance, neither is it matter; it is only room for the conditions of nature to exist in, which could not exist unless there was a place or condition for existence. As there is no room for any, so no God is found in nature, only such as man has developed in his theories.

All space is pervaded with a condition of nature that is the opposite to the infinite condition of space. Infinite space, as has been said, is a condition of nature, and is only the vastness of room. This vastness of room is filled with a condition of nature that is known to exist, called substance, a substance that is like space, infinite as is the condition it is in, and which is dimensionless and motionless when in this condition, like space itself. It has the nature of infinite space, and still it is found to be an opposite, for space is only room, and this so-called substance is within this room. One condition makes the other.

There would not be such a condition of nature as light if there were not darkness—its opposite; nor heat without cold, nor sound without silence. Every condition of nature must have its opposite. There must be an opposite to this condition of nature called infinite space, which condition is termed infinite substance—from which condition of nature all material developments are produced; all dimensions, all motions, all acts of nature—in fact, everything in nature is developed from these two conditions of nature—infinite space and infinite substance within it.

Space is not dimensionized; all within it is; everything but space is dimensioned. Space, being dimensionless, can not move, and substance partakes of that nature. Yet there is motion in the works of nature. What was it that developed motion? To have something in motion there must be room, and dimension to move in this room. Where did dimension come from? From that condition of nature known as infinite substance. Analysis shows that motion was an original component part of matter, one of the primal conditions of nature, forming the trinity of nature—the three great material developing conditions—infinite space, infinite substance and infinite motion, the working condition and principle of nature. These must have ever existed; no time when they were not.

In nature there is ever action and reaction, as well as so-called inertia; and nature will ever pass from one of these conditions to the other. If there was inertia, there must be its opposite motion. Infinite space was a condition of inertia and motion combined—the nature of inertia and motion, inaction and action, according to the condition it is in. Time changes it from one to the other. Substance cannot be dormant forever, neither can it be active forever; it must have its periods of rest. It is a positive and a negative condition of nature—therefore changeable. Infinite space is a positive condition, and never changes. Substance is a positive and negative, and is ever changing. Infinite space is limitless in its expansion; substance has its limits of expansion, and when it reaches its limits a reaction takes place, for the principle of motion asserts its sway, and changes its expansion to contraction. Motion is a condition of nature, self-existing, like infinite space and its substance.

"The effort should be to excel one's self, not others."

"Painting the Dead."

The above is the heading of an item in the *Ave Maria* of Oct. 12, 1895. The item reads: "Bacoli, a Genoese painter who flourished in the seventeenth century, had a very peculiar talent for producing the exact resemblance of deceased persons whom he had never seen. He first drew a face at random; then altering it in every feature, by the advice and under the inspection of those who had known the deceased, he improved it to a striking likeness."

There follows no editorial from the *Ave Maria* saying this case was in any way the work of the devil. But if Bacoli had been a modern Spiritualist, would the *Ave Maria* have any hesitancy whatever in calling his painting the dead the work of the devil? I think not.

Why this distinction? Why speak of one case of painting the dead as praiseworthy and of another as the work of the devil?

Will some BANNER OF LIGHT reader give us a short sketch of this Bacoli? I find no mention of him in Zell's Cyclopaedia—the only book of reference I have access to at present.

In another *Ave Maria*, of Nov. 30, '95, is an article: "Our Lady's Sanctuary in Mexico," in which reference is made to a spirit picture of the Mother of Christ, called "Our Lady of Gaudalupé." It is the most sweet and really beautiful painting of the Virgin that is in existence, in my estimation, and yet it is openly admitted in the article as a spirit-picture! It is undoubtedly a credit to the spirit or spirits who painted it. And I should say blasphemy for any one to call it the work of the devil; if it is, then I say "more power to him," and more spirit-pictures to us.

The article says: "It was on the coarse cloak of a poor Indian that Our Lady of Gaudalupé suffered her image to be miraculously limned by a flash of celestial light. One day an Indian, Juan Diego, of the village of Gaudalupé, while climbing the hill of Tonantzintine, on his way to consult a physician about a dying child, lifted his sorrow-drooped head suddenly to behold, standing upon a cushion of soft white clouds, a 'Beautiful Lady.'"

Falling upon his knees, he gazed in awe while she commanded him to seek at once the Bishop of Mexico, and bid him build a church upon that spot. Walking as in a trance, Diego turned back and delivered his message. "My child," said the Bishop, "thou hast dreamed, and not yet awakened."

Sorely grieved, the Indian again toiled up the hill, to find the glorious apparition still throne upon its arid height, angel attended. On hearing the report of Diego's ill success, Our Lady pressed her right foot on the earth, and thence gushed forth a cool stream, in which she bade him lave his hands and return once more to the Bishop, at the same time adding, "Give thyself no fear for thy child's life. On thy return she will run to meet thee—cured."

This second interview so moved the Bishop that he commanded Diego to bring back some visible token, despatching two men to follow and watch his every movement. Arriving at the hill, however, a mist obscured the watchers' eyes, and, when it dissolved, the Indian stood before them, his arms filled with beautiful flowers, which he declared he had plucked, at Our Lady's behest, from the bosom of the barren rock. It was while in the act of delivering these miraculous blossoms to the still-doubting Bishop that a greater miracle was accomplished.

A flash of supernatural light revealed to the prelate a picture of the "Beautiful Lady" herself sketched upon the mantle of Diego. Falling in veneration before it, the Bishop forthwith vowed his life to the fulfillment of Our Lady's mandate. The precious cloak was placed in his oratory, and the erection of the church begun.

This picture is wrought upon a coarse, textile fabric, good in artistic effect, and, though three hundred and fifty years old, retaining its original freshness of color and strength of outline. An examination of the garment shows no difference in fashion or material from the cloaks or blankets usually worn by Indians of Diego's days and nation; but no test to which the painting has ever been submitted can reveal by what medium celestial artist-hands transferred the holy outlines to such seemingly unworthy canvas. It is not distemper, water-color nor oil!

Now, here are spirit-flowers, and a spirit-picture without the faintest hint that the Devil was in any way connected with them; why, then, in our day must anything and everything of the kind be spoken of as the work of the Devil? If his Satanic majesty is the monster he has been painted, poor fellow! he must be painfully aware of the element in such good works as painting good pictures and producing beautiful flowers! Successful spirit-painting would be one of the most convincing tests that could be given investigators, and to believers one of the most comforting. M. B.

In Memoriam.

From Manchester, N. H., Aug. 18, Mrs. FRANCES KIDDER, wife of Col. J. S. Kidder, in her 80th year.

The funeral services were conducted by Mr. John William Fletcher of New York City, and they were of a most impressive and eloquent character. He said, in substance:

"Nearly eighty years ago a babe opened its wondering eyes upon the mysteries of life, passed on to childhood, to womanhood, wifehood and motherhood, and has now entered angelhood, loved, cherished, and respected all the many years of her life. She lies there now before you with a smile of peace upon her face that shows that the shadows of this world are replaced by the beauties of the life eternal, into which she has now entered."

"Whatever our theological belief, whether we accept one or all or none, that are extant, there is a plane of common sympathy upon which we all stand which makes us brothers and sisters, despite our various opinions. Sorrow and joy, happiness and pain, light and shadow, are common to all, and when death, the one great tragedy of the earth, enters our midst, we forget everything save the one who has gone and those who are left. This dear friend and sister, as she laid away one by one those she cherished in the years ago, was brought face to face with that question which sooner or later comes to every human heart."

"Where are they? Have they gone to the long, eternal sleep, or have they only passed on to the fulfillment of heaven's mighty plan?"

"And through Spiritualism she was enabled to solve the problem. As there are so many of you here who know nothing of Spiritualism, it would perhaps be well to briefly define it."

"Life is but the outward expression of the internal spirit; the body is but the house in which the spirit lives. Experiences, happy and sad, come to strengthen that spirit for the life that is beyond, and death—never the enemy, always the friend—at last comes to separate the spirit from its earthly environment and lift it into the higher estate, where mediumship is the open door through which ascended spirits return to the earth to watch over, guide, direct and console those who are left behind."

"Such was the belief, ay, the knowledge of our friend, whose life was cheered again and again by this sweet communion from the higher life."

"During the past two or three years her hands have been heavy and her mind weary with living, and this change which has come upon her was most welcome to every way. Very soon you will lay these remains quietly away amidst the bloom of summer and the fast ripening fruits of the autumn, and turn back to your life to take up its broken threads again. May you be strengthened and comforted by the knowledge that she has awakened to never and brighter scenes, that while she has left you she has found those dear ones that responded to the call 'come up higher,' and will await your coming, and from time to time her angel feet will cross the threshold of this home, where for over sixty years she was the inspiration, the thought and the centre."

"The entire arrangements were very carefully and successfully carried out by Mr. George Rumrill, a friend of the family, and beautiful flowers and the association of old-time friends marked the passing of this life from a world of care to the Summer-Land, where rest and peace abide. While the funeral was private, it was at the same time attended by a large concourse of relatives and friends, who expressed themselves as deeply interested in the exercises."

Do you Feel Irritable?

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It makes a refreshing, cooling beverage, and is an invigorating tonic, soothing to the nerves.

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.

TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

A HEART SONG.

One year in Heaven, my angel-mother,
One year we've missed you from our earth;
One year of joy for you, undimmed by sorrow,
One year, sweet mother, since thy angel birth.

One year ago to-day, my sainted mother,
Thy spirit left that darling house of clay,
And fled through space, to rest with angel spirits,
And left me, weeping, on my lonely way.

Now thy loved form beneath the ground is lying,
The form that ever was to me so dear;
I know thy spirit is happy with the angels,
And often comes my lonely heart to cheer.

How many years thy faithful love watched o'er me!
Bore my burdens and shielded me from pain;
Loved me in my weakness, pardoned all my errors,
Oh! my childhood's mother, shall I see thee not again?

Yes, I shall meet thee, when the angels call me
From this lonely world to dwell with them above,
And one of the pleasures of a life in Heaven
Will be to bask once more in thy mother-love.

Hast found thy loved ones, who before thee
Passed through the river and up the "shining shore"?
And art thou so happy in their presence
That thou canst not hear me call thee o'er and o'er?

Hast thou any tasks, my angel mother,
In that world of light, of endless day?
Thou who wast so busy in our little household,
Doing deeds of kindness falling in thy way?

Are thy dear little hands forever resting?
Hands ever willing to work deeds of love—
Are thy sweet eyes forever feasting
On angel-spirits which these moves?

How many years, my angel-mother,
Ere I shall see thy loving face again?
How many days ere you and I can hand-clasp
Amid the angels which through the Heavenly Plain?

SUNIE MAR.

Written for the Lyceum and Home Department.

Fables After Aesop.

BY SYLVANUS LYON.

THE WIND-FLOWER AND ADDER-TOOTH'S LAMENT; OR, HUMILITY REWARDED.

"Ah! woe is mine, how sad my fate! Low-born, unknown. Oh! why is it my unhappy lot to bloom and die neglected in this cold, damp swamp?"

Thus in early springtime, as the cold winds sighed so mournfully through the leafless trees, and the tender grasses feared to shoot forth, a lone Adder's-Tooth* lamented, dwelling near the brooklet in the damp, swampy plot of the Den.

"Ah! no, not so, cousin mine," sweetly smiled a fair little Anemone (or Wind-Flower) modestly blooming near. "Tis true we are not rare exotics, or even common house-plants; yet we flower first after the snows of old winter, and some one may love us if we only catch the early sunbeams and grow beautiful with spring showers; all is well if we only will it so, and beauty and good are God's gifts to all lots."

And as if to prove these loving words, just then little Harry and Madeleine came merrily tripping from the Den, exclaiming joyfully: "Oh! see here—what a treasure! such sweet, beautiful wild-flowers, which papa's friend loves so dearly and will joyfully receive."

A beautiful bouquet was quickly gathered for "little bright eyes and smiling faces," dwellers in the far-off city, where no spring flowers grow.

And thus it came to pass that these little wild blossoms graced the parlor of the proud city mansion, to be admired by fashion, wit and wisdom.

MORAL.

Modesty is the sweetness of beauty. Humility quietly adorns, like some holy talisman; and at last, in the Summer-Land, each sigh of love or thought of good will surely be blessed and rewarded forever.

*Adder's-Tooth—an early spring wild-flower.

Take a Holiday.

BY HELENA H. THOMAS.

This means you, heart-burdened, brain-distracted, body-wearied housewife and mother; so do not fling this message aside with an impatient "Don't talk to me of holidays! Mine is a treadmill, workaday life; others can throw aside home cares for days and weeks, and then return with a new lease of life, but there is no respite for me!"

So, until recently, said a weary friend; but listen to a bit of her experience, and you will understand why she now thinks differently. The one of whom I write is a semi-invalid, but from force of will accomplishes more than many robust women. But one sultry August day she found herself, to use her own words, "a nervous wreck, from an overdose of company."

Said company came by installments, which dated back to the first peep of the robin and continued until my friend said, laughingly: "I felt like substituting 'deliver me from my friends' instead of 'enemies,' in my daily supplications. I was so wearied in brain as well as body that I longed to run away from home and loved ones. But at first that seemed impossible, as only two days were mine, between the going of friends and the coming of others. The morning of the second day, however, found me desperate; and at the breakfast table I ventured, 'I'm going to run away to-day—from everybody!'"

"All right, it will do you good to get off alone," said the one opposite me; at which he proceeded with a will to prepare a most bountiful lunch. When I exclaimed at his lavishness, with the remark, "I don't know what it is to be hungry these days," that man coolly said, "O, you'll be hungry when we get off by ourselves."

"Then I saw that he had failed to appreciate my need, or selfishness, if you choose to call it so. And he looked as if he suspected my mind was leaving me when at last it was made clear that 'everybody' included my best friend. But he wisely let me have my own way, and a little later saw me to the electric cars, which carried me outside the city limits to a park little frequented. Here I hastened to find a most secluded spot, and there, shut in with God and nature, my rest began.

"For a time 'nothing expected of me for a whole day' lulled me to sweet forgetfulness of all but the joy I felt in being restfully alone;

then an unwonted feeling of hunger reminded me of the half-forgotten lunch-basket, and I smiled to think that the lunch prepared for two was to be eaten by one, and that I was the lucky eater thereof. After I had eaten a meal that surprised myself, I again enjoyed the rare privilege of perfect rest, until, to my surprise, 'away from everybody' had lost its charm. And yet, as the afternoon drew to a close, to my still greater surprise, I found myself rested, though and through. The home, which a few hours ago looked hateful, seemed attractively dear; so much so that I found myself running to catch the first car.

"Only one holiday! yet it so refreshed both mind and body that I cheerfully and gladly took up the burdens of life again, when without it I seemed on the eve of nervous prostration."

"Why, how well you look to-day!" said I to a frail little mother, recently, who at a former interview seemed on the point of breaking down; "what have you been doing to yourself?"

"Why, I've been having an outing," said she, with a roguish laugh.

"Why? When? Where? Did you take them all with you?" exclaimed I, in one breath, as I looked about on her little brood of four, the eldest of them being but six.

"Took it yesterday," she said. "I got where I must have a change or go mad, it seemed to me. You know how I love my babies when I am myself, but I have been losing so much sleep of late my nerves were all unstrung; so much so, that yesterday morning I was almost desperate."

"So at lunch time I said in a tone which surprised the one spoken to, 'John, you must let the books take care of themselves this afternoon; I want you to take the children in charge.' Well, if it hadn't seemed to me a 'rest' or 'my life,' I should have roared to see how he looked when he really understood my meaning."

"Expect me to take charge of those four children, a whole afternoon!" he said, with the most martyr-like air.

"But telling him he would have a sick or insane wife on his hands if he refused, he took up the baby, while I made ready to start. Where I was going, I neither knew nor cared. To get beyond the sound of 'mamma' and the crying of babies was my only wish."

"Water always fascinates me, and so, half-unconsciously, I found myself at the lake shore. To tell the truth, my first impulse was to bury my aching body and half-distracted brain beneath its silvery depths; but after throwing my weary frame on its banks, and closing my eyes and listening to, I know not how long, the roar and lash of the lake, I grew strangely calm."

"Then, above the wild, lulling music, I seemed to hear the word 'mamma' spoken in the sweet, alluring tones I knew so well; then, merged into my real self, I sprang to my feet and turned my face homeward, with all a loving mother's eagerness."

"How long do you suppose I had been gone? Just two hours; yet, as I eagerly caught the crying baby from my husband's arms, he said: 'It was pretty tough on me, but I am willing to try it again, for really you look ten years younger for this little rest!'"

Weary mother and housewife, whatever the season of the year, when the daily routine of life seems too heavy to be borne, take a holiday, be it only "one day" or "two hours."

Christian Work.

THE FARM BOY'S SONG.

Pulling the weeds from the garden,
Driving the cows home at night,
Dropping the corn in the Springtime,
Nailing a pale on tight;
Hunting for eggs in the barnyard,
Looking for turkeys astray,
Carrying hunch to the reapers,
Tossing the new-mown hay;
Riding the horses to water,
Feeding the chickens and cows,
Throwing the hay to the mangers,
Down from the fragrant mows;
White-washing corn-cribs and fences,
Gathering fruit from the trees,
Covering the flowers in Autumn,
For fear of an early frost;
Pumping the clear, cold water,
Chopping an arm-load of wood—
These are the farm boy's gymnastics,
They're cheap, but none the less good!

—Selected.

The Samaritan.

There was an excitement in the tenement when Mikey moved in, for he brought a yellow dog that annoyed the people on his floor.

The dog was of no special kind, except, perhaps, the lucky-dog variety; but his master loved him, although he defied classification.

He was a commonplace dog, with the commonplace name of Jim. He had little originality and not a spark of genius; in short, he was a plain, every-day fellow.

He annoyed the people on his floor simply because he was a dog; and their affections were centered in the fairest specimen of cat-hood in the alley—a dainty, Persian puss, whose early days had been spent basking among flowers in the land of Omar Khayyam. She was an aristocrat *au bout des griffes*, and quite intolerant of Jim's mongrel ways. Amasia, for so she was called, had come to this country with a nautical character nearly allied to her present owner's. The nautical relative often called when in town, and created quite a sensation in the alley; for he wore two ear-rings, and a sailor is only entitled to one.

The canine and feline neighbors were not friendly. When Jim wished to go down stairs, Amasia would mount guard on the top step, and refuse to let him pass. When Jim, being once down, desired to return, Amasia would block the way, and impede his progress. Often a passage of arms was the result. Jim had enough of the gentleman in him (a King Charles strain: how blood will tell!) not to fight a lady; but Amasia gave no quarter: she was Oriental.

Mikey and Tom, sons of two mighty houses of Hibernia, were forced daily to run to the landing and separate the combatants.

It was unreasonable, according to Tom, for Mikey not to admit that his dog caused the trouble. Tom was "pig-headed," said Mikey, not to acknowledge that it was the fault of his cat.

Thus matters stood for nearly a year. Jim bore many a scar inflicted by the beautiful Amasia, who looked so white and gentle, as she drowsed upon the window-sill, that no one in the world would have believed her capable of malice.

It was winter, cold, bleak and drear. Jim was jogging home in the chill of a dull afternoon. Snow, mud and slush—that grimy compound that makes the wake of a great city's traffic—blocked the streets. People hurried up and down, reviling the weather. Jim was hungry, tired and a little out of sorts. Presently a shout of fiendish glee rent the icy air; and down the street, pell mell, sped a troop of lusty, red-cheeked boys, in eager pursuit of a cat. A volley of snowballs, sharp sticks and bits of ice—a very artillery of youth's invention—went whizzing through the air.

And the victim? Poor Amasia, lame, bleeding, and "besprent with mire," who would have recognized in you the sleek darling of the kitchen?

"Catch her, boys! Catch her!" cried one of her tormentors, as he flung a heavy missile. Amasia, faint with fright, looked wildly for some way of escape; but there was no retreat. The boys were close upon her; and she paused, dazed and exhausted, as a milk-cart came rum-

bling down the street. Then the boys saw Jim. "Sloak 'im!" they screamed, still pelting the unfortunate cat. "Sloak 'im!"

With one bound Jim reached the centre of the street in time to drag the helpless Amasia from beneath the cart-wheels. Taking her by the neck, as he had seen a cat carry her kitten, he leaped past the astonished boys, and ran until he gained the alley.

They found him licking her wounds, and trying to soothe her in his poor, clumsy way. He was tender, even if he was stupid.

Years have come and gone. Both are now quite old, but the friendship then begun has never waned.

Their owners dwell in unity: peace reigns on the top floor of the tenement.

As for Jim and Amasia, you may see them sunning themselves in the alley any warm spring day, when the hand-organ season has set in and the vendors are calling, "Strawberries!"—Ruth Lawrence, in *Our Animal Friends*.

To the Officers, Members and Friends of the Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1:

Notice is hereby given that the Lyceum will open in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont street, Sunday, Sept. 12, at 10:30 A. M. We desire to see the same success of last year continued and improved until we shall find our large list of members doubled many times.

The first association meeting will be held at the residence of Dr. Hale, the President, 232 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Monday evening, Sept. 20. A large attendance is desired. Important business is to be transacted. Let us rally valiantly to the good work.

WILLIAM A. HALE, M. D.,
Pres. C. P. L. A.
Boston, Mass., Aug. 25, 1897.

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

"Creeds and Deeds."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In a recent number of the BANNER OF LIGHT I find a criticism of my talk upon "Creeds and Deeds" at the Casagada Camp, from the pen of a prominent old-time worker in our ranks.

I am a trifle surprised at the article. Not surprised that I should receive criticism, as I know myself to be far from perfection, but surprised that any worker on our platform for so long a time as my critic should take exceptions to a thing that is known to all Spiritualists.

My plea, in this, as in all other work on the platform, is for some practical work to be done by the Spiritualists. I am in favor of doing all things that will tend toward the moral, intellectual and spiritual development of mankind. But is there a need for a practical work in connection with Spiritualism? That is the question of the hour. Never before in the history of our movement have the eyes of the world been turned upon us as they are at present. Never before have we stirred our opponents to such a pitch as they are stirred at the present time.

Do these "young speakers," with their ideas of "a new departure" in Spiritualism, touch anything that is not true? What do they think?

I quote: "They think the time has come when Spiritualists should cease to worship spirits and obey their direction with slavish trust; and speakers should teach them to use their reason and maintain their individuality."

Is there anything wrong with the above? If I permit a spirit to dictate to me just what I shall do, where do I differ from the Orthodox, who take the Bible for everything they do? Where is the dividing line between an infallible pope, an infallible prophet, an infallible Bible, an infallible God and an infallible Spirit? One is equally absurd as the other.

I did not advocate doing away with the advice of our spirit-friends, but I did say that I thought when people had to ask the spirits whenever they wanted to turn around, it was wrong. I know of a case where one of our workers went to a camp meeting. He looked at rooms that were satisfactory, price, location, etc. He asked if he might have them, and was told to come around at noon and he would be informed. He went. As he neared the door (a screen-door) he found them holding a circle inside, and as he went up the steps the question was asked: "Can I let Mr. — have the rooms?" He did not hear the reply, but was informed that he might have them. He asked the person if it was necessary to ask the spirits before letting rooms, and was informed that in their case it was.

If it is not time for a new departure there, when will the time come? Yes, new departures, new ideas, and practical demonstrations of those ideas are necessary. Perhaps the "young speakers" have got them—perhaps not. Anyway, they are getting nearly all of the prominent positions in connection with Spiritualism, which is pretty positive evidence that the people are in favor of these "new ideas" and "new departures."

The great trouble is that we have been talking them for years, and what has resulted? Certainly very little in a practical line. Nearly fifty years of preaching, and not an educational institution to show for it! Nearly fifty years, and not a home where aged and indigent Spiritualists and mediums can find a place to lay their heads!

Nearly fifty years of preaching and theorizing, and so-called Spiritualists are complaining, and will not join hands with the National Spiritualists' Association because they have to pay twenty-five cents annual dues! Fifty years of communing with the angel world, thanking God that our loved ones are coming to us through the blessed channel of mediumship, and let laws remain on our statute books making every medium a criminal! Fifty years of consolation and freedom from superstitious dogma, and only between thirty and forty Children's Lyceums in the entire United States, while the children of ninety-five per cent. of the Spiritualists are attending orthodox Sunday-schools! Fifty years of lectures from inspired lips, yet in seven years' travels over the country I have spoken in but two buildings owned by Spiritualist societies! Nearly fifty years of experience in the publication of Spiritualist papers, and to-day not to exceed twenty-five thousand people are bona fide subscribers to a Spiritualist paper!

Yes, good-brother, there is need of a new departure, and if the "old speakers" will, do not give it, the "young speakers" will. The new speakers do not desire to have themselves set up and worshiped. They do not want to be canonized, but they do want the privilege of giving their ideas on these subjects as the older ones do, and claim that right.

I repeat what I said regarding practical reforms. I think it is time we took up some of them. I have traveled over the country, attended nearly all of the principal camps, and I have been in but one hall where a lecture was delivered upon the subject of temperance. But I did not say I delivered it "against the protests of the official board of the Society." I did say that "members of the board objected." But the lecture was delivered after consultation with the President, and with the full cooperation of several members of the board.

I think the time has come for Spiritualists to come down from the heights of metaphysical dreams and transcendental hallucinations to walk the earth with other ordinary mortals. To organize within our ranks temperance societies, societies for the intellectual development of our young people; to form literary associations and classes where people can be taught by whatever power comes that is, able to teach, be it either mortal or spirit; to formulate a code of ethics and enforce its observance upon those whom we present to the people as lights in this line of work, and to establish a system of education for those who are to be our leaders—if this is spiritualistic heresy, Mr. Editor and Spiritualists, count me as a heretic and turn me out of fellowship with you.

I am heretic enough to believe that if the Spiritualists will get enough money together to help the Veteran Spiritualists' Union put

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their Home at Waverley, Mass., in shape to accommodate such people as one whom we are caring for at this camp, and many others I know of, they will be doing more practical good than they will ever accomplish arguing the difference between "purity and perfection," as was done in our thought exchange for two evenings. But, of course, as I was told at the time, "I am too practical." Yes, thank God! or whoever is responsible for it, I am practical. I hope never to lose sight of the practical side for one minute, and, along with many others in our ranks, I hope practical work will be accomplished.

W. H. BACH.

Lily Dale, Aug. 13, 1897.

It Reads Like Romance.

Down in Tennessee there is a village called Ruskin. Where this village stands the virgin forest stood in unbroken grandeur two years ago. Now there is a population of two hundred and fourteen, the largest printing-office in the State (outside of Nashville), and stores, factories and other useful institutions, including a graded school, a library and theatre, but not a saloon or a church.

Ruskin is a communistic colony. Each of the sixty heads of families put five hundred dollars into a common fund. With part of this tract of fifteen hundred acres of land was bought, and with the balance and by the work of the colonists all the improvements have been made. These colonists are testing the theory of human brotherhood and voluntary cooperation.

The New York Herald says that "these men and women, drawn together from different parts of the country—but nearly all of them farmers, mechanics or common laborers—have supported themselves and doubled their capital during the past year, and that the enterprise is no longer an experiment."

This community is an absolute democracy in its government, and an absolute brotherhood and sisterhood in its social and economic life. Each one is expected to serve the community to the best of his or her ability, and all share equally the results of the common labor of all. Those who enter this commonwealth can leave all fear of want of a living behind them. They are assured food, clothes and shelter, and all the comforts of home, and society and education for their children.

Each family lives in a separate house, but the cooking and eating are all done in the common hotel, and all the washing is done in a common laundry.

The majority are agnostics, but there are a few Methodists and also a few Spiritualists. Religion is not discussed, and it is understood that no church will ever be built in Ruskin, or any sort of religious meetings held there except in the homes of those who believe in such services. The colony was organized to establish a heaven on earth, and they agree in the opinion that to succeed in doing that the Catholic priest and Protestant preacher must be kept out. That is as much as to say that the priest and preacher would introduce an element of hell into their heaven, if permitted to enter it; and that is as much as to say that neither the priest nor preacher is a disciple of Jesus Christ, for he was a socialistic communist whose chief aim in life was to establish the kingdom of heaven on earth.

T. A. BLAND.

Endorsed.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have greatly enjoyed the firm stand you have taken since assuming your editorial duties, as well as your utterances along the same line before taking that position; and I wish to send you a word of commendation for the staunch integrity of purpose and fearless adherence to the ethics, ay, demands, of the glorious Cause for which THE BANNER stands.

In unequivocal language you have laid the axe straight at the root of the dangerous and parasitical excrescences which are becoming painfully manifest among the societies and individuals constituting the body politic of the Spiritualists of this country in the shape of worldliness, love of show, of authority and of gain, and of a bickering and censorious spirit sadly at variance with the humility, unselfishness and fraternity which should distinguish our people as it does our philosophy, and which is an aspersion to the sacred name of Spiritualism.

I will mention no names, as I wish to avoid all personality; but in one of the largest of our New England cities, and also in one of the largest Camp Meetings in this State, this unfraternal, dogmatic and autocratic spirit rules supreme, the question of which shall be the greatest rising superior to the vital issues of spiritual enlightenment and mutual need and uplifting.

Selfishness and love of authority! These are, and have been through all history, the foes to all progress, to all liberty and to all fraternity, and it is a menace to our growth, stability, and prosperity, crowding out like noxious weeds the gentle spirit of love and humanity, without which the presentation of our philosophy, through the medium of press, lectures or the individual, will be as sounding brass; the same husk, shell, and empty hypocrisy of mere externalities that distinguishes ecclesiasticism, and with the same results.

Press on! It is a crying need that you are meeting, and you are lifting THE BANNER to an exposition of that higher selfhood, and universal generosity and fraternity, which shall kindle anew on neglected altars the flame of that love and spirituality which is the richest incense of the soul, the illuminant of thought, and the precursor of the highest inspiration.

FRATERNALLY,
E. H. HASTINGS.

New shoes can be worn with as much ease as old ones if they are stuffed to the shape of the foot with cloth or paper, and patiently sponged with hot water. Or, if they pinch in some particular spot, a cloth wet with hot water and laid across the place will cause immediate and lasting relief.

"Many strong men are not scholars, even as many scholars are weak men."

Visisection.

BY A. MORRIS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I am much interested in anti-visisection, and have with pleasure read in your paper the allusions to this form of prevention of cruelty to animals. As my name does not appear on the membership list of any of the Anti-Visisection Societies of this (or any other) country, it may be unwise for me to speak of myself as an anti-visisectionist; but, at least, I am willing to break a lance in this deserving cause. Among the numerous quotations from the Bible, in support of both sides of this vexed question, it has not been my fortune to meet with any reference to the action of King Solomon in regard to the child that each of two women claimed as her son. Whether we look upon Solomon as described in the Bible—"The wisdom of God was in him;" or by the poet—"The wisest man the warl' e'er saw, He dearly lov'd the lasses, Oh!"

it seems universally conceded that he was wise. With all due respect to the modern scientists, we may assert that King Solomon was as wise as any of them. But who among our noble and essentially philanthropic scientists would have taken such action in a kindred case? Had two women come to a scientist, quarreling over the possession of a child, how would he have decided it? Perhaps he would have made a "broth culture" of the milk of each, and inoculated the baby with it for a week, "turn about" to see how he would thrive. Whatever he did, we feel sure that his wisdom would have been tempered with mercy and love of his fellow human beings. He might daily make such experiments on living animals that the mere shock to their systems would cause death; but this in no way could be expected to harden or brutalize him in his dealings with mankind. He could not for a moment bring himself to do violence to his feelings as to hold a sword over a helpless infant, as though he intended to slay it. His action, whatever it was, would be humane and "up-to-date," and we may rely upon him for hitting on something that would have thrown Solomon far in the shade.

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A new collection of Words and Music for the Choir, Congregation, and Social Circle. Combining "Golden Melodies" and "Spiritual Echoes," with the addition of thirty pages of New Music. By E. W. TUCKER.

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Ready to go,	Shall we know each other there?	Sweet hour of prayer,	Sweet meeting there,	Sweet reflections,	Sow in the morn thy seed,	Silence,	Silence hold,	She has crossed the river,	Summer days are coming,	The "I'll be home" home,	There's a land of fadeless beauty,	They're calling us over the river,	They love us arise,	Tending nearer home,	Trust in God,	The land of rest,	Toleration enough,	The cry of the spirit,	The silent cry,	The river of time,	The angels are coming,	The Lyceum,	They are coming,	The happy time to come,	The heart and hand-by-day,	The other side,	The Eden above,	The region of light,	The gleeful shore,	The harvest,	Time is bearing us on,	The happy spirit-land,	The land and love,	The Eden above,	The angel ferry,	Voices from the better land,	We shall meet on the bright,	Welcome angels,	When shall we meet again?	We welcome them here,	We'll meet them by-and-by,	Where shadows fall not, etc.	We'll anchor in the harbor,	We'll gather at the portal,	We shall know each other there,	We'll dwell beyond them all,	We're journeying on,	What must it be to be there?	Where we'll weary nevermore,	Whisper us of spirit-life,	Waiting at the spirit,												

CHANTS.
Come to me,
How long?
I have reared a castle often,
Invocation chant.

In this book are combined "Golden Melodies" and "Spiritual Echoes," with the addition of about thirty pages of NEW MUSIC, set to original and select words, making in all a book of one hundred and twenty pages, while the price is little above that of either of the above-named books. The author has tried to comply with the wishes of friends by writing easy and pleasing pieces, that all may be enabled to sing them without difficulty.

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

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, SEPTEMBER 4, 1897.

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TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

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

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.

Labor Day.

Monday, Sept. 6th, being a legal holiday, the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT will be closed throughout the day. Our patrons will kindly govern themselves accordingly.

A New Volume.

With the present issue we open Vol. 82 of the BANNER OF LIGHT. It is our purpose to fill the pages of that volume with the richest and best thought that can be obtained from both sides of life, and to raise the standard of THE BANNER higher than ever before. Contributions from the most eminent writers in the ranks of Spiritualism are on file, awaiting publication. Dr. J. M. Peebles, Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan (the eminent anthropologist), Charles Dawbarn, Lyman C. Howe, Giles B. Stebbins, W. E. Coleman and others of equal rank and merit will speak to the spiritualistic public through our columns.

Next week we shall present the first installment of a very scholarly article from the pen of Rev. T. Ernest Allen. It will be completed in number four of the present volume, and then issued in pamphlet form as a missionary tract. When it has been read in full, a frank, impersonal discussion of points made by Mr. Allen will be welcomed. All articles will be selected with care, and pains taken to eliminate all sensational and questionable matter.

We introduce a new serial story in this issue from the facile pen of Mrs. M. T. Longley of California. Her productions are always valuable, and her present offering is her very best in that line.

The current issue is of especial value to all Spiritualists. The camp reports give a faithful history of our movement at these famous mecca of Spiritualism, and prove that our Cause is moving on to a sure victory. J. O. Barrett pleads eloquently and earnestly for "Spiritual Education"; Henry Schaffetter gives a few thoughts on "Hypnotism"; A. Morris speaks against "Vivisection"; George A. Bacon discourses learnedly upon the "Philosophy of Descartes"; while Mrs. R. S. Lillie, E. H. Hastings, T. A. Bland and Mrs. Maude L. von Freitag, the Spirit Messages, Lyceum Department, Answers to Questions, and Editorials, all fill niches in the columns of THE BANNER with spiritual food of various kinds for our readers. The present issue is a good missionary sheet, and we trust that our friends will see to it that extra copies are ordered in large numbers for distribution among the liberal-minded. We ask our patrons to cooperate with us in our endeavor to secure a wide circulation for THE BANNER, with the assurance that the most progressive thought along religious, social, ethical and other reformatory lines shall henceforth grace its columns. Sustain THE BANNER, and it will sustain you.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie will return to California early in October, and will resume work in Scottish Hall, San Francisco, in connection with Mrs. J. J. Whitney, one of the most gifted and reliable mediums in the United States. These talented ladies cannot fail to be eminently successful in their work, and the friends in San Francisco are to be congratulated upon having such able and efficient representatives of Spiritualism before the public in their city. Mrs. Lillie and Mrs. Whitney have THE BANNER's best wishes for a prosperous and successful season.

Hell and Damnation.

The ethics of every-day life seems to have changed from what it was in former years. People in the olden time did certain things from a sense of religious duty, fearing eternal torture in a lake of fire and brimstone as a penalty, if they failed to render just service and to discharge every duty laid upon them. Puritan life in New England was austere, and left its impress deeply engraved upon the consciences of the people. It helped in many ways to mold and shape the character of the American people in the time of the Revolution and early part of the present century. The establishment of the public school, and its subsequent growth, are largely due to the influence of Puritan New England.

But, in a religious sense, the early Puritans were very fanatical. They were sincere in their beliefs, but carried them far beyond the pale of reason. The old "Blue Laws" show the extent to which religious bigotry could be carried in the name of a God whom they feared would condemn them to hell and eternal damnation for the most trivial offenses in their every day lives. Sunday was a day to be dreaded by the young, and piously observed by those of mature years. On the going down of the sun on Saturday night it became a sin to smile, or to speak a word in any other than a most sepulchral religious tone of voice. No one could venture abroad on Sunday, unless he purposed attending church, or was directed upon some urgent errand of mercy. The mere exchange of loving greetings by friends, even by husband and wife, were deemed sinful. So it was with many other affairs that enter into the daily experiences of life.

The preacher, fired with more zeal than reason, and more religion than sense, painted direful pictures of a lurid hell, and depicted in most dramatic language the exquisite tortures of the damned. He took great delight in reminding people of the day of death, and we can almost imagine him quoting the wrathful passages from the Bible, and reciting Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom," with as much gusto as the average Spiritualist speaker of to-day reads one of Lizzie Doten's masterpieces. The outgrowth of this teaching was a code of ethics based upon compulsion; rewards and punishments were held up to view, the former to be striven for, and the latter escaped from through some special profession of faith. An honest born, of fear, a virtue born of terror, and an unnatural character, were the direct outcome of such teachings. Such austerity of manner and pitiless beliefs could have but one result, viz., a revolt against every form of religious worship, and a swing of the mental pendulum far to the other extreme of unbelief.

This change was evolutionary to a certain extent, yet sufficiently sudden to affect the ethics of the American people very materially. They found they could enjoy certain privileges without being annihilated or put to torture by an angry God. What formerly seemed wrong, was now enjoyed as a matter of right. Of course, many mistook their newly acquired liberty for license, and not a few errors were committed in consequence. Yet the people as a whole became happier, brighter, better, more intellectually progressive under the new thought than they were under the old. What was lost in minor ethical relationships, was more than made up in the happiness that ensued as the people were released from theological bondage, hence the new time is hailed as the harbinger of freedom.

The ethics of to-day should teach right living and right doing with no uncertain sound. Theoretically it does so, but people fail to apply it as they should, hence the ethic is lost upon the race. In place of fire, brimstone, and eternal torture as the inspiration to a righteous earth-life, there should be the voice of conscience, and the pleading angel of Right whose words should lay stress upon every moral action for the sake of right, upon every honest intent for the same reason, upon every virtue for the sake of virtue, and upon good deeds for the sake of doing good. The world has failed to realize the importance of such emphasis, and is suffering in consequence of man's failure.

Spiritualists are especially reprehensible in this respect. When they were church members their purses were opened at every call, hoping thereby to purchase immunity from hell and damnation. As Spiritualists, they have closed their pocket-books with a snap, and cheered on the worker who was giving his very life for their sakes, with empty words. It would seem to many that a little brimstone should be dealt out to such as these in order that they might be led to do their duty. We do not ask any one to do right through fear, but we do have a right to ask him to help others out of the tortures of want and poverty, out of the hell of religious and spiritual darkness, out of the damnation of social and moral ills, through a religion founded upon demonstration, whose cardinal doctrine is Love. If they would escape the hell of remorse, and the damnation of fearful mistakes, then we suggest that all Spiritualists begin here and now to take an interest in and to heartily support the spiritual movement.

Its objects are worthy ones, and the message of Spiritualism should go to every human being. A little more enthusiasm, a little more backbone, a little more self-assertion, a little less selfishness, a little less laziness, a little less of the don't-care spirit on the part of Spiritualists, and the flames of hell, the mutterings of the damned, and the dismal conditions of earth-life, will forever disappear. It is time they should go, but go they will not if our ablest workers are starved out of the field, driven out by unholly competition, or reduced to submission by selfishness of their associates. Modern hell and modern damnation cannot be destroyed until Spiritualism is given a full opportunity to do its glorious work of freeing and redeeming the race.

Spiritualists of the world, it rests with you to say how and when this work may be accomplished. Let us rally to the support of our Spiritualism as loyal defenders of the truth, and the victory is ours. Fill the treasury of Spiritualism with the coin of the realm, that the good work may be done here, and the reward will come in the richer coin of the spirit to bless us forevermore.

A prominent revivalist was sentenced to jail in Trenton, N. J., recently for intoxication and larceny. He was highly recommended and was a good Christian, yet had his faults. If he were a Spiritualist the Orthodox press would gloat over his downfall most exultingly. As it is, however, it is passed over in profound silence. Verily it does make a difference whose or is gored.

The National Association.

The claims of this most worthy organization have been presented to the people so often through the press and from the platform that it seems almost superfluous to offer anything further in regard to it. Yet some misconceptions concerning it and its work have arisen in the minds of many of the ablest workers on the platform as well as among the laity, so that it is necessary to offer some explanations, for the good of all concerned. THE BANNER is an earnest supporter of the National Association, for several reasons:

First, because it is a business organization, and does not seek to define Spiritualism for any one individual, let alone the masses. It has never adopted a creed, nor even put forth a formal declaration of purposes. This proves that the National Spiritualists' Association acts only in a secular sense, never as an ecclesiastical body. Business methods can be utilized even by Spiritualists while they dwell upon the earth, because a business basis is what is demanded in all cooperative work. The National Spiritualists' Association does not claim anything beyond the grand principle of cooperation, and seeks to put it into practice.

Second, the National Spiritualists' Association attempts no censorship of press or platform. There is no hierarchy, from whose dictum there is no appeal, but it is the servant of the people, and stands ready to carry out the wishes of the people. It has never attempted to keep any one speaker off from the platform of Spiritualism because of an unfriendly attitude toward itself, but has, through its officers, always gladly recommended all loyal workers, without regard to their individual opinions concerning organization. This catholicity of spirit is commendable, because it indicates that the trustees of the National Spiritualists' Association recognize its true mission, and have not made use of it for personal or selfish ends. This, we trust, they will never do.

Third, the National Spiritualists' Association welcomes honest criticism, free from the element of personality. It wishes to serve the highest aims and ends in Spiritualism, and seeks guidance from the combined wisdom of the brightest minds in our ranks. It therefore holds that no one man or woman is infallible in his judgments, and that mistakes are liable to be made even by the best-intentioned people on the earth. It sets up no Pope to tyrannize over the people, nor are they asked to worship at the shrine of any one person. It seeks to honestly state the principles of organization, and to so exemplify them as to prove their true worth to the Cause. It has never wished (and we do not believe it ever will) to have any one summarily removed from the platform of Spiritualism because he or she did not believe in organization. It has rather sought to do equal and exact justice to all, even when some of the workers have been cruelly unjust in their indiscriminate attacks upon the officers of the Association.

For these especial reasons, and there are many others equally cogent that we might offer, we affirm our belief in the absolute necessity and positive utility of the National Spiritualists' Association. So long as it stands for principle as against personal aggrandizement and capricious fault-finding, it will have THE BANNER's hearty support. When ecclesiastical tyranny, or individual selfishness, or hope of preferment for the few as against the interests of the many, dominate its policy, THE BANNER will not hesitate to lead in an attack upon its unwarranted course. We do not believe that time will ever come. Therefore we shall stand by the National Spiritualists' Association, and its present straightforward principles of honesty and integrity, with pen and purse, and ask every reader of THE BANNER to loyally support an institution through which the rights of the Spiritualists can best be maintained and defended in this country.

E. W. and Mrs. M. H. Wallis.

THE BANNER takes great pleasure in announcing to the Spiritualists of America that Mr. and Mrs. Wallis will arrive in the United States about the 18th of this month. Mr. Wallis is the efficient editor of *The Two Worlds*, Manchester, England, and President of the British National Association of Spiritualists. *The Two Worlds* is one of the foremost reform journals in Spiritualism, and is a most worthy exponent of its principles. As President of the British National Association, Mr. Wallis represents a very large constituency, and we bespeak for him a royal welcome at the hands of our American brethren.

Mr. Wallis ranks high as a speaker on the spiritualistic rostrum in Great Britain, and purposes doing some work in that line while in America. Engagements can be made with him through correspondence, in care of this office. His wife, Mrs. M. H. Wallis, is an excellent clairvoyant, whose powers have elicited the warmest commendation from leading Spiritualists on both continents. It is probable that she will accompany her husband on his lecture tour, and give such exhibitions of her mediumship as the public may desire. Mr. and Mrs. Wallis come to us highly recommended by J. J. Morse, Dr. J. M. Peebles, and other eminent Spiritualists, which fact, in connection with their work as recorded by the English Spiritualist press, assures our American Spiritualist societies that they can make no mistake in securing the services of these able and worthy representatives of our Cause. THE BANNER gives them the right hand of fellowship, and bids them a hearty welcome to America.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

This gifted lady has accepted a call for one season from the Spiritualists of Washington, D. C., and will begin her work there about the first of October. The formal announcement of the trustees of the Washington Spiritualist Society appears in another column of this issue, setting forth their reasons for the settlement of a permanent speaker, in the person of Mrs. Richmond. That they have made an excellent choice goes without question, when the work performed by her for forty-five years is taken into consideration. She has endeavored to keep pace with the times, and has often been in advance of the reform work of the day.

She leaves her society in Chicago after a continuous service of twenty-two years. Strong indeed are the ties that have bound her to her Chicago friends, as well as them to her. She has been their friend, their counsellor and confidante through more than two decades of years, hence it is not strange that she has become in fact a veritable part of their lives. They are deeply pained to lose their leader, and their regrets are audible on all sides. Yet

they realize that the change would not have been made had there not been good and sufficient reasons for the same, emphasized from the spirit helpers whose willing servant she has been for so many years. Their regrets will be mitigated by the thought that her sphere of usefulness has been enlarged, and that her presence at the capital of the nation is needed at the present hour for a purpose that will be manifest hereafter.

Mrs. Richmond is well equipped for her Washington work. Her intimate knowledge of the phenomena, philosophy and religion of Spiritualism, her interest in political and social reforms, in the progress of the Cause in all directions, and the welfare of the National Association, especially fit her for the honorable position to which she has been called. Settled speakers mean permanency and healthy growth for Spiritualism. We commend the Washington Spiritualists upon the advanced step they have taken, and trust that all Spiritualist societies in the land will follow their example as soon as they are able to do so.

Chicago's loss is Washington's gain. We sympathize with our Chicago friends in the loss of their beloved leader and teacher, and trust that they will not allow the work she has begun there to die for want of support, now that she is to go to a new field of labor. To lose the vantage gained through twenty-two years of faithful service would be a serious reflection upon the love the friends in Chicago have for Spiritualism and for Mrs. Richmond. It is probable that the work in Chicago will go on as usual, and that good results will be shown therefrom at the close of the current year.

THE BANNER extends greetings to Mrs. Richmond as she enters upon her work in Washington, and wishes her a full measure of success.

The Nashville, Tenn., Mass Meeting.

This important gathering will convene September 23, and continue in session four days. It is expected that eminent speakers, among whom may be mentioned Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, Lyman C. Howe, Hon. L. V. Moulton, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Mrs. Loé F. Prior, Mrs. May S. Pepper, and others of equal merit, will appear on the platform. It is hoped that large and enthusiastic audiences will greet the speakers on all days, and much good be wrought for Spiritualism. This meeting will enable the visitors to see Tennessee's Centennial Exposition now in session, and aid the Cause at the same time. Information can be obtained by writing Col. C. H. Stockell, 602½ Church street, or Mrs. Loé F. Prior, No. 407 North Summer street, Nashville, Tenn. In regard to hotels, boarding-houses, etc. With such an array of talent the meeting should attract thousands of Spiritualists to Nashville on that occasion.

The Maine State Convention.

News from Maine in regard to the Convention comes in very slowly. Interest is being awakened throughout the State, and a good attendance is now assured. Augusta seems to be the favorite point for the Convention, and it will probably be held there. We urge our friends in Maine to attend the Convention en masse. They will never regret it, for the presence of eminent speakers and mediums will be sufficient to guarantee them a good time, let alone the business and social interests of the Convention. Now is the time to act, and the Maine Spiritualists should be true to the motto of their State. "Dirigo" means the Spiritualists as well as other denominations in the "Pine Tree State." They should figuratively take the Convention city by storm, by appearing there by thousands when the Convention assembles. No Spiritualist can afford to miss this great Convention.

Don't forget the National Spiritualists' Convention in Washington, D. C., Oct. 19, 20 and 21. Low rates have been obtained from all points east of the Mississippi and north of the Potomac rivers. This should ensure a large attendance of delegates and visitors at this important gathering. Our New England readers will do well to remember that a grand excursion from the New England States will go on to the Convention. The tickets will include board at the Ebbitt House, and first-class service both ways. Now is the time to plan to go to Washington. Write J. B. Hatch, Jr., 74 Sydney street, Boston, the efficient manager of the excursion, for full information, and don't forget to tell him you are going to the Convention. New England should go on one hundred strong this year. There is no reason why a representation of one hundred persons cannot unite forces for a grand descent upon Washington. Send Mr. Hatch your own name, and induce your friends to do likewise.

President Borda of Uruguay was assassinated last week by an officer named Avelino Arredondo, who was immediately arrested for his crime. This is the third attempt upon the President's life, and it proved successful. It is significant that it follows closely upon the assassination of Canovas of Spain, and gives rise to the thought that there may be something in the rumor that there is a general plot on foot against the lives of all rulers. President Faure of France has been threatened, and so have many other statesmen. It behooves the authorities to be on their guard to protect the lives of the human beings thus marked for slaughter by a secret gang of ruffians. President Borda is reported to have been a wise ruler, as was Carnot of France, hence it is not so much the man as it is any form of government whatever against which these anarchists are warring. We have them in this country, and they should be watched lest they slay our wisest and best men.

Prince Luigi of Savoy has succeeded in scaling Mt. St. Elias, one of the loftiest peaks in North America. It is situated on the border between Alaska and British America, and it took a specially appointed commission to decide that the peak belonged to the United States. Prince Luigi has ascertained that St. Elias is 18,120 feet in height, and that it is not, as hitherto supposed, an extinct volcano. Science has gleaned several interesting facts from the work accomplished by the Prince and his associates.

Mrs. Jennie Hagan-Jackson finished her camp work for the season at Maple Dell, O., having previously visited Lookout Mountain, Tenn., Ocean Grove, Harwich, Mass., Onset Bay, Hopkinton, Mass., and Lily Dale, N. Y. She is desirous of meeting all her New England friends during her stay in the month of September.

John C. A. Rowland, Lawyer and Physician, Passes Away.

Dr. John C. A. Rowland, a notice of whose death recently appeared in *The Star*, was one of Washington's oldest and best-known citizens. He was born in Chester county, Pa., in 1823. He graduated as a physician, and practiced in his native State and the adjacent State of Delaware for several years; but his health becoming impaired, he gave up his practice. Having in his youth become proficient in shorthand, he came to Washington in 1853 and became an assistant of Dennis Murphy in reporting the debates of the Senate.

When Jeremiah S. Black of Pennsylvania became United States Attorney-General, he appointed Mr. Rowland his private secretary, a position which he continued to hold under Attorneys General Bates, Stanbury and Speed. Meanwhile he studied and graduated in law. For a number of years he was connected with the city government, with Matthew G. Emery, John C. McKelden and others, as a member of the City Court. His last official duties were performed as private secretary to Joseph N. Mims, chief of the Bureau of Statistics.

Upon Cleveland's first election as President, Mr. Nims lost his place, and Dr. Rowland retired to private life. After the death of his wife, in 1882, he made his home with his married daughter. As age advanced, he gradually became feeble, and passed away Sunday evening last, Aug. 15, at her residence, No. 600 Sixth street, N. W.

In accordance with his express request, his remains were cremated Tuesday, and the ashes deposited in the grave of his wife, at Glenwood. He leaves surviving him one son, John C. Rowland, and one daughter, Laura, wife of Attorney W. J. Johnston.—*Washington, D. C., Star.*

Dr. Rowland was at the head of the Spiritualist Society in Washington for many years, and did much to further the interests of the Cause in that city. He was a regular attendant at the meetings of the First Association of Spiritualists, and enjoyed them to the uttermost. He knew many of the leading statesmen of the reconstruction period intimately, and was aware of their interest and belief in Spiritualism. Dr. Rowland was true to his Spiritualism to the last, and never faltered in his devotion to the truth, as he perceived it. He will be missed in the mortal form, but his spiritual presence will ever be in the midst of those who knew him best and loved him most.

Señorita Cisneros.

The arrest and imprisonment of Señorita Evangelina Cossio Cisneros, the Cuban patriot maiden, has awakened a storm of indignant protest throughout the United States. The Spanish minister at Washington claims that she lured a Spanish officer to her home, and then tried to assassinate him. The Cubans claim that Señorita Cisneros was insulted by the officer, who, finding his advances repulsed with scorn, caused her arbitrary arrest. She has not yet been tried, but should she be found guilty her punishment will be most severe. Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Mrs. John A. Logan, and many other distinguished American ladies, have interested themselves in the case. They have petitioned the Queen of Spain to interpose her authority at the proper time, and to restore the Señorita Cisneros to freedom. Spanish bigotry and intolerance may resent the efforts of these American ladies, and lead to even greater cruelty than would have been meted out to her had no protest been uttered. It is probable that such will be the result. If it is, then Spain will be obliged to face the whole American nation, and answer for the blood of the devoted Cuban girl, who, in defending her honor, lost her liberty and her life at the hands of her inhuman conquerors. The Señorita's life may give freedom to Cuba by causing the United States government to do its duty, that it has so long willfully and persistently neglected to do.

It is now reported on what seems to be good authority that the Klondike gold fields are located on British soil. The 141st meridian is the boundary between Alaska and the British possessions, and Klondike appears to be some thirty-five miles east of the border. This fact will not deter the gold hunters from flocking to Klondike, but it may have much to do with their findings after they get there. If intrinsic values in money could be abolished, the gamblers in gold and silver would, like Othello, find their occupations gone. Then the plundering of the people by the few would be obviated. Klondike may yet teach the gold-loving Americans some useful lessons in political and economic science.

Gov. Taylor of Tenn. recently granted a thirty days' respite to Harvey De Berry, a condemned murderer, at the request of an influential Memphis gentleman, who interceded at the last moment because of a very vivid dream in regard to the matter, in which De Berry's innocence was asserted again and again. It is probable that evidence of the prisoner's innocence will be discovered during this respite upon which he may be set at liberty. At any rate he owes thirty days of life to a dream, and it is hoped that his dream of freedom, if innocent, may not go by contraries.

Read the subscription-list to the Babe Will Defense Fund, and see if your name appears there. If not, then send in your dollars at once, for the case will soon be tried in the Washington courts, and your individual rights are involved in the decision that must be made. Let us make the Defense Fund one thousand dollars before the next issue of THE BANNER appears. Who will be the first to give one hundred dollars for this most worthy cause? Send in your dollars, halves and dimes for the good of Spiritualism.

The appeal for James G. Clark, published in another column, should find a ready response from every Spiritualist in the land. He is one of our own, a true Spiritualist, and the greatest American poet now in the form. His books should be purchased by thousands, and a lift over the present trouble thus be given the "Poet of the People." Read the appeal, and then send on your orders at once.

Our thanks are hereby extended to Hon. Frank J. Cannon, United States Senator from Utah, for valuable public documents. Every farmer in this country should read the symposium of speeches by Senators Cannon, Tillman, Butler and Allen, delivered by them in the United States Senate June 9, 1897. Information of great value can be obtained from their perusal.

As will be seen by a letter from Mr. Moses Hull in this issue, he will be on the floor of the Anti-Spiritualistic Convention, pencil in hand, taking notes of the work there transpiring. That he will do his work well goes without question. The money for the expenses of the trip was raised in a very short time at Onset.

Babe Will.

Amount sent in for defense of Babe Will:	
Previously acknowledged.....	\$164.90
Henry Hunt, Wilkesbarre, Pa.....	1.00
A. A. Kimball, Northampton, Mass.....	1.00
Ellen U. Hamman, Norfolk, Ct.....	1.00
Mrs. L. J. Bennett, Irvington, N. J.....	1.00
Mrs. A. A. Roberts.....	1.00
Mrs. D. E. Packard, Onset, Mass.....	5.00
Mrs. O. W. Sargent, Brockton, Mass.....	1.00
Freeman Nickerson, Fall River, Mass.....	1.00
Isabel S. Leonard, Foxboro, Mass.....	1.00
A. Friend.....	2.00
Mrs. R. B. Lamplugh, Foxboro, Mass.....	1.00
Mrs. M. B. Tibbitts, Natick, Mass.....	1.00
Mrs. M. A. Chandler, Onset, Mass.....	1.00
Mrs. C. P. Pratt, Boston.....	5.00
Madame Helena, Hartford, Ct.....	1.00
R. Barstow, Newton Centre, Mass.....	1.00
Mrs. Barstow.....	1.00
G. R. Watson, Nesquehoning, Pa.....	1.00
Mrs. L. A. Smith, Barnstable, Mass.....	5.00
Ralph Ray, Fall River, Mass.....	1.00
N. L. Fowler, Vineland, N. J.....	1.00
N. U. Lyon, Fall River, Mass.....	1.00
John Garside, Foxboro.....	1.00
G. W. Kates, Philadelphia, Pa.....	1.00
G. H. Williams, Susquehanna, Pa.....	1.00
C. Reed, Hartford, Ct.....	25
E. S. D......	1.00
Mrs. E. J. Houghton, Little Falls, N. Y.....	1.00
Verona Park collection.....	3.03
Mrs. C. J. Teas, Newark, N. J.....	5.00
Wm. P. Appleby, Hempstead, N. Y.....	1.00
W. W. Hawkins, Lima, Ohio.....	1.00
Mrs. W. Pinn, Providence, R. I.....	50
A Sympathizer.....	1.00
A Friend.....	1.00
Total.....	\$220.18

The notorious Madame Diss Debar is again exploited by the secular press before the public. She is reported to be the high priestess of spookdom and painter of spirit-pictures. Our readers will do well to note the fact that Diss Debar is in no way connected with Spiritualism. She belongs to no society of Spiritualists, and is not recognized in any way as a Spiritualist medium.

The report from Cassadaga Camp, the supplementary report from Lake Pleasant, together with reports from several local societies, did not reach us in time for use in the current issue. The Cassadaga and Lake Pleasant reports will appear next week.

Moses Hull, Fred P. Evans, Geo. A. Bacon, Mrs. S. J. Blanchard, Wm. Brodie and Dr. W. E. Morris were welcome guests at THE BANNER office during the past week.

Mrs. S. A. Twiss, 53 West Forrest street, Lowell, Mass., has our sincere thanks for a box of choice flowers for our free circle-room.

The Anti-Spiritualistic Convention. Hold! Hold!

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
For the first time in my life I have too much money. A miracle has occurred. It is less than a week since I made an appeal to the Spiritualists of America to send a David to meet the Anti-Spiritualistic Goliaths. I asked for seventy-five dollars. Over one hundred dollars are already in my possession. I shall start next Sunday night to beard the hungry lions in their den.

The campers at Onset read the notice in the BANNER OF LIGHT, and in less than two hours, in fact before I knew that any effort was being made, the whole amount was raised. Onset felt that it wanted a representative of Spiritualism on the ground to take the "fery darts" of the enemy. When I reached Etna, Me., this (Monday) morning, I found about thirty dollars awaiting me here.

Now I write to stop the inflow of money; please do not send any more. All the money received above what will be needed for the purposes mentioned in my former letter will be returned, or disposed of as those who sent it shall direct.

If a suggestion is needed in that direction, I will say I know of no place where money is more needed, or where it will be more worthily bestowed, than in the Spiritualist Workers' Training School. [A portion of it might go to James G. Clark, to the benefit of all parties concerned.—Ed.]

Permit me to add that I will be ready to go from Anderson, Ind., after the Convention, to any place where I may be needed for the remainder of September and for October. Address Anderson, Ind. **Moses Hull.**

James G. Clark.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
It is without hesitancy I write you in behalf of James G. Clark, one of the most earnest workers Spiritualism ever had, who is now ill, and has been for eight months. His means are nearly exhausted, and I am sure if the lovers of liberty can be apprized of the fact, and given a hint of how to help him, that help will be forthcoming.

Will you please state this fact in your paper, and ask your readers to send one dollar each to James G. Clark, 154 E. Colorado street, Pasadena, California, for a copy of his "Poetry and Song," and thus create a revenue to meet his contingencies without obliging him to be come dependent on charity? Our reform workers lay down their very lives, and we must endeavor to sustain them when helpless. This grand worker's face is still wreathed with the smile of hope, as he listens for the swaying of the "gates of the future," that will usher in the new time he is praying for.

Respectfully yours,
CORA A. MORSE, M. D.
San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 24, 1897.

Special for Chicago Readers.

W. J. Colville writes: On Sunday next, Sept. 5, also on Sundays, Sept. 12, 19 and 26, I will lecture morning and evening in Handel Hall, 40 Randolph street, Chicago.

The subjects on Sunday next, Sept. 5, will be: 11 A. M., "Our Possibilities"; 8 P. M., "The Great Awakening in Great Britain." Seats free. Collections.

I will also deliver two special courses of lectures (twelve lectures each), commencing Saturday, Sept. 4, at 2:30 P. M., in Handel Hall, continuing Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at the same place and time. The evening course will be on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7:30 P. M.

All letters, etc., during September should be addressed, care Mrs. F. M. Harley, 87 Washington street, Chicago.

During October I will speak in Boston.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian 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.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Appleton Hall, 24 Appleton Street.—Fame Memorial Society, side entrance. The Gospel of Spirit Return Society, 11 A. M., 2 P. M., 7 P. M., 9 P. M., 11 P. M. Sunday, Sept. 4, and Monday, Sept. 5, and Tuesday, Sept. 6, and Wednesday, Sept. 7, and Thursday, Sept. 8, and Friday, Sept. 9, and Saturday, Sept. 10, and Sunday, Sept. 11, and Monday, Sept. 12, and Tuesday, Sept. 13, and Wednesday, Sept. 14, and Thursday, Sept. 15, and Friday, Sept. 16, and Saturday, Sept. 17, and Sunday, Sept. 18, and Monday, Sept. 19, and Tuesday, Sept. 20, and Wednesday, Sept. 21, and Thursday, Sept. 22, and Friday, Sept. 23, and Saturday, Sept. 24, and Sunday, Sept. 25, and Monday, Sept. 26, and Tuesday, Sept. 27, and Wednesday, Sept. 28, and Thursday, Sept. 29, and Friday, Sept. 30, and Saturday, Sept. 31, and Sunday, Oct. 1, and Monday, Oct. 2, and Tuesday, Oct. 3, and Wednesday, Oct. 4, and Thursday, Oct. 5, and Friday, Oct. 6, and Saturday, Oct. 7, and Sunday, Oct. 8, and Monday, Oct. 9, and Tuesday, Oct. 10, and Wednesday, Oct. 11, and Thursday, Oct. 12, and Friday, Oct. 13, and Saturday, Oct. 14, and Sunday, Oct. 15, and Monday, Oct. 16, and Tuesday, Oct. 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SPRIT Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in its development 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 July 23, 1897.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh, Divine Spirit, again do we place ourselves in harmony with thy guidance. We feel pleased to have the privilege once more of meeting in our circle-room, and opening the gateway of heaven, so that the voices of the so-called dead can demonstrate the continuation of life after throwing off the mortal body. We thank thee for quickening the brain of the mortal so that it can progress and act independent of all criticism. Father of the universe, we see thine own work through the mysterious laws of nature that are manifested and have been magnified in so many ways.

We thank thee this morning that we are permitted to meet and to mingle soul with soul and heart with heart, in harmony and in love, for without harmony, without love, there is nothing. We love to carry glad tidings of immortal joy into the hearts and homes of the mortals, to strengthen, help and assist them in their work. Help the individual spirits that desire to control our organism this morning to send forth their love in words of encouragement. We thank thee again for the constant, watchful care manifested in thy law, whereby the spirit can watch over the earth-life. We know that through time and eternity thy law will be the same, and life will be everlasting. Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Simon Chaffee.

Good morning, my friend. I feel pleased this morning for the privilege of controlling the brain of this medium to identify myself as one who has had the experience of passing through that change called death. I felt when I was in earth-life that all changes were beneficial, and that when we had gone over ourselves we could talk better about the spirit and know more about it. I was interested in Spiritualism some years prior to my going out of the body; but I often criticised the spirit as it was manifesting through the various instruments, because it gave such vague and uncertain accounts. Why, it seemed to me for a long time that the spirit might make itself more tangible if it was really a fact, and hence it took me years to thoroughly bring myself to a full conviction that it was a reality. I liked the philosophy, and I used to enjoy hearing a medium talk; I always felt thankful for any little crumb that might fall from a friend's table.

When the physical was weak—for I suffered many years from asthma—a spirit came and proved its identity to me; for I had many friends in the spirit-world who had gone on before me. That fact convinced me that we would meet again. I have many with me, as the most of my own are in spirit-life now; but I wish to reach friends in Minnesota, especially in Lincoln, where I passed from the body, and where those live who will be interested to know that I am still progressing. I can get around easier now than I did when I had the old physical body to contend with, and I wish those who will remember me in Lincoln to know all this. I was interested in Spiritualism there and in the advancement of humanity all around. I am glad to see the progress that has been made since I went away. I have not been out of the body so very long—I think four or five years. I feel there is so much to be done.

I took this privilege this morning because your BANNER to me was my bible, and I got a great deal of comfort and consolation from the ideas that were expressed therein, and I think that others may feel the same; so just say this morning that you have got with you Simon Chaffee, and my home will be recognized in Lincoln, Minn.

I will also be remembered in Vermont many years ago, as that was my birthplace; but I shall be remembered more in the West than in the East, as I spent most of my life there. Blue Earth County was where I lived, and I think they will remember me there.

Thank you very much. I appreciate this, and I will now bid you good-by.

Richard S. Cooke.

Well, I should like to just say that my name is Richard S. Cooke, and I think I will be remembered as old Grandpa Cooke in Oregon. I feel this morning that some may say, you have got out of all your environments of life, and are getting into spiritual spheres where there are blessings and comfort, why do you come back to remind us of the past? I felt that I would like to come in contact with my daughters and others that I have left in earth-life, and especially those who were so kind to me in my last hours.

I was pretty well along in years, living my threescore-and-ten, and over, and I felt the time had come when I could not escape the change we call death; but when the time came I was not disappointed, neither was I afraid, because the beautiful companion of my earth-life, who had passed on before, had kept watch over me and assisted me until the time came when we could meet again in that beautiful land of spirit; and I wish to say to all that I am especially interested in the progress of Spiritualism, for to me it is one of the most beautiful religions of the world, and I don't know anything that gives the mortal soul more comfort than to be conscious that those they have laid aside are waiting and watching for them.

I see my daughter has not been very well of late, physically and mentally, through some circumstances that surround her in earth-life, that have not been very pleasant, and I thought, when I approached your BANNER circle (for I am a regular attendant here), that I would try to send her a message, that some little word might be dropped from the lips of those who have not gone and left them.

None of my friends believe in Spiritualism, but they watch for your paper and read the communications, and wonder why father and mother or some one doesn't come through THE BANNER, and I thought I would like to prove to them that after a while we have an opportunity of controlling a medium, using her brain and doing what we can. I sense this morning, as I take control of the medium, the past conditions, and it looks to me as if, when I see everything so familiar, I were back in the old body.

Just say I send blessings to all, and wish them to realize we are assisting them. Thank you. That will do this morning, Mr. Chairman, and I am more than satisfied with the conditions you have given me. My home was in McMinnville, Ore., and I will be remembered in Michigan and California also, where I have resided during my earthly pilgrimage.

Mabel Edna Bigelow.

Well, I would like to come in a few moments, as the time has been given me, and although I have been out of the body some time, I was only a young lady, as the world calls it, when I was carried to spirit-life. I was not quite nineteen years old, yet I was conscious of how sweet spirit-life was, and often through my own eyes I could observe the spirits around my friends.

I wish to say to the mortal, or to my dear loved ones at home, that I have watched and cared for and helped you as much as I could, and I have stayed around many times when I could not make myself strong enough for you to sense me. I have manifested in many ways, and I thought this morning that this was a splendid opportunity, and it is so seldom that we have these chances that I would embrace it, and send a message through your paper to the dear ones in earth-life, for I shall be well remembered right here in Massachusetts, for I have many friends here.

I don't feel like sending a long communication, for I think the one I intend this to reach will know it, as I have promised to send a few words, and this will be satisfactory. The good Chairman on the spirit-side said that I might improve the time now, and I have tried to the best of my ability. Just say, my friend, that Mabel Edna Bigelow is here, and my home in Leicester, Mass. I wish my friends in Nebraska to know also I have not forgotten them.

Henry Mitchell.

Well, friend, I thought I would come in this morning, as it seems so quiet and so harmonious with you here. When we look around in spirit and see so many beautiful things, and then are brought back by our love, or impressions, to the earth ones, and see them struggling with the environments of life, with no one to assist them, it makes us almost sad. While I did not enjoy much of my earth-life (for I had a very frail physical), I had a very strong spiritual, and the spiritual helped me so much that I tried to do the best I could under the circumstances. I wish to say to the dear ones in earth that I have stayed by you, and heard you as you mourned the departure of the worn-out body.

I wish the mortal friends could comprehend the beauty that surrounds me, and that awaits them in spirit life, for I don't think they would feel so bad about my going away. I know my friends believe in Spiritualism, and I know that at times I can make them feel my presence; but I thought that if I could return and send a letter through your general post office of THE BANNER, and they could get it, I would be pleased, because they are looking for the news all the time from their boy, and I felt it would perhaps strengthen them and give me more power to come closer to them, for I know they depend a good deal on me. I was only a young man, thirty-six years old, but I seemed to feel older, because I was so weak and exhausted; now I feel strong and vigorous, and the things I could not accomplish in earth-life I have accomplished this morning in spirit.

Just say that Henry Mitchell is here, and my home is in West Groton, Mass., where I think I am not forgotten; in fact I know I am not, and I hope that those whom I love will reply to it, so as to give me more strength and encouragement to get closer to them.

Mary Agnew.

Well, I am here, and it is quite an exertion to get control this morning, for it is not so easy to govern another's brain as some think it is. I have waited so long, thinking that every week I would be able to come; but the weeks have gone, the months and years, and I have been unable to manifest through your circle; yet I was so anxious that I felt like saying: "I nothing ventured, nothing won," and here I am. I see many of my old friends and associates that have become interested in Spiritualism since I passed out of the body, and my heart rejoices for the many doors that are open to us now. I feel a little bit strange in this atmosphere, so far as location is concerned, but as far as THE BANNER goes I do not feel strange.

I want to say to my dear loved ones, especially my own family that I have left still struggling with the conditions of earth-life, that out of darkness cometh light, and that when they see the darkest cloud and do not know which way to turn, don't stand still; for when you are moving onward and upward the spirit will be able to assist you and help you, and you will find it has been well and all things will work together for good. I will be known in Vincennes, Indiana.

I have not been able to do all I would like to in spirit, just the same as when I was in the mortal life. I love to work and assist others, and I loved to feel I was doing my duty and in doing that I did the best I knew how; and just say that Mary Agnew is here this morning, and I should say to them all: Press onward and upward, for the battle of life is not won, but in the near future they will see their reward. I wish to be remembered to all our spiritualistic friends and co-workers, and tell them I am still in the battle and in the fight for progress and truth. Thank you.

Lucy N. S. Farley.

I, too, would like to come in this morning and send forth a few words of encouragement and cheer to those yet in earth-life, for we

speak of communicating with our friends, of assisting them; but how little use the assistance is if the friends do not know it. Although I passed out quickly with what your doctors called pneumonia, I know that I had lived out my allotted time, and passed through my various trials in life, for we all have trials, and we all have sunshine; but no one knows when the shadow or sunshine is coming except the spirit of the individual, and I see it is so this morning, as I wish to approach my brother John, who lives in Worcester, Mass. That is where I shall be remembered, for I was interested in Spiritualism and in the Spiritualist Society there. I loved to talk and communicate with the friends who were gone, and I now return to communicate with those in earth-life. I wish that I could make myself felt and better understood, but one cannot do more than he is able to do.

When we say we are all well we mean, also, we are all here, for that covers a great deal of ground, and I think, too, it is many times understood; but you might say that my husband is with me this morning, and so are my children.

I wish to say that Lucy N. S. Farley is here, and will be best known in Worcester, Mass. You might say that Grandma and Grandpa Bancroft are with me this morning, so that they will know we are all together. Thank you, Mr. Chairman. I hope that the spirits of the mortal world will assist you and bless you in your work, for truly it is a blessing to mankind to have the privilege of talking sometimes and convincing your friends of what the spirit does.

Messages to be Published.

July 30.—Mary Cadwell; George Burnside; Mary A. Gregory; Capt. Frank Rollins; Fannie McIntyre; George E. Williams.
Aug. 6.—Mrs. Emma Wilson; Alma A. Hinman; Elizabeth W. Burns; Lizzie M. Blood; William S. Baxter; John H. Maynard.
Aug. 13.—Mary H. Hooker; Elizabeth Winger; Catherine W. Lewis; Louis P. De Turk; F. D. Cowper; Lovana P. Chase.
Aug. 20.—Dr. Arphax Farnsworth; Philo Appala; Nancy P. Potter; Maria Adams Green; Benjamin T. Martin; James G. Abbott.
Aug. 27.—Frederick H. Piper; Mrs. Freeman H. Tuttle; Ida Packard Sharpe; Alden Allen; B. F. Porter; Annie J. Woods.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

Ques.—[By Martha Joslyn, Liverpool, England.] By what means, if there are any, may sincere, honest persons, without known mediumistic gifts, attain to continual helpful spirit intercourse?

Ans.—It is extremely probable that many persons who are in the class referred to, are already in the enjoyment of constant helpful spiritual communion, though they are not externally conscious of it. Those who really desire divine guidance always receive aid from spiritual sources and through spiritual channels, though they may not know whence the enlightenment comes which they unquestionably receive. Results are after all the important things, so that if you get that of which you most stand in need, you are benefited by spiritual action, though you may not have been able to intellectually describe its operation. There are no hard and fast lines to be laid down concerning methods for consciously enjoying spiritual intercourse further than the always essential requisite of mental tranquillity or repose. Rest is not idleness on any plane, but it is freedom from all anxiety as to results. Where there is agitation or perturbation in the mental sphere, it is as though a mirror were blurred and all reflections therein became distorted in consequence. Passivity is not inaction, but it is inward repose. Doing necessary work is no hindrance to spiritual receptivity, provided the work is done joyfully and quietly, accompanied with the assurance that it is the best thing to do for the time being. It would be absurd to say that you become inwardly illumined because you engage in a certain kind of outward occupation, but it is the height of wisdom to affirm that the spiritual guidance you need most will reach you while you are engaged in your duties, which you have learned to rename privileges as soon as you have discovered that they are means of grace as well as channels of usefulness.

Developing circles of a stereotyped pattern are not always possible, but whenever two or more genial friends are conscious of deriving benefit by sitting together, it is useful to sit together at such times as you feel specially moved to do so. And not only is actual local sitting together advantageous when you are truly harmonious in thought, but so great are the possibilities of kindred spirits aiding each other by mutual aspiration and expectation, that though many miles of distance may separate their bodies, they can feel each other's spiritual presence when one in one place and one in another is awaiting spiritual influx. It is always desirable to have a definite object in view when you seek counsel from the unseen, but it is not well to expect or desire something of which you are not certain as to its rectitude. It is always wise to desire wisdom and to contemplate the highest of which you conceive, but it is not always wise to determine upon a certain phase of mediumship and demand that and nothing else. Do not imagine that all messages coming to or through you will prove infallible; remember you are dealing with what deserves careful investigation, but not necessarily with absolute wisdom in all things. Spiritual gifts develop themselves when they are invited to do so, and were it not for unnatural repression spiritual communications would be realized by a very large percentage of people everywhere. The best course is always to steer clear of both extremes; nei-

ther seek to force nor to repress, but expect to receive whatever will prove best for you. Let anything come that chooses to come by way of a revelation, but weigh everything carefully after it has come. Learn to think naturally of surrounding spiritual intelligences, and as you do so you will find yourself possessed of power to acknowledge spiritual presences normally. All excitement and frivolity, as well as fear, are detrimental to progress.

Q.—[By Mrs. Harriet Lemoine, Southport, Eng.] Five years ago a strange incident happened. My mother died in Hamburg of the cholera, and on the same day, at the same hour, I was teaching in a school in London, when I saw distinctly my mother standing beside me. Can you explain what it was I saw?

A.—The question of this correspondent is by no means so difficult to answer as it might at first appear. Without discussing the theory of the human double, it is quite feasible to admit that in any great crisis in the life of one or both, where two persons are closely and most affectionately related, the one to whom a great event is happening will often unconsciously appear to the other; and as the event of physical dissolution is not only momentous, but is in itself a radical snapping of the chain which binds an entity to the physical side of things, it is quite natural that the mother should seek to acquaint her daughter immediately with the news of her transition. Such occurrences are by no means rare, and were it not for the foolish skepticism and denial which lead a majority of otherwise intelligent people to rudely dismiss such experiences as the one our present questioner has recounted, it would be found that not only in the hour of physical dissolution, but whenever a great crisis is reached in any life, some particularly near and dear friend becomes conscious of another's presence. What can be more likely than that a mother's thought should fly swiftly to a daughter in another land, and as intense thought is always sufficient to carry the freed spirit into the presence of the object of such thought in the spirit-world, actual appearances are results of intense thought. The foregoing statement opens, we know, a vast field for inquiry as to the law of spiritual locomotion or transportation; and though an answer to a single question cannot possibly be rendered exhaustive on such a theme, it is not difficult for the reader to perceive that the fact we are seeking to convey is that those who are really in loving sympathy with each other in thought do actually present themselves to those who are the special objects of their concern and regard. As to the projection of the double of a person in health and strength, that is quite possible, even without the knowledge of the one who does it, as our knowledge of what we do by no means covers the ground of our actual accomplishments. Close affection and intense thought directed toward a person, place or object, will often suffice to induce the apparition of one who is intently thinking toward a given point and wishing he could be there, even though he is not acquainted with the fact of astral or auric projection. All striking psychic experiences should be chronicled and published.

Written for the Banner of Light.

UNSEEN HANDS.

Bless the sweet hands, kind and tender,
Unseen hands from realms above,
Reaching down to guard and guide us,
Messengers of light and love.

Speed the day when man shall listen
To each word from spirit-lands;
When his faith and life shall open
Wide the door to unseen hands;

When with love all universal,
Hearts unselfish, thoughts all pure,
They shall walk with us more closely,
Unseen loved ones, gone before.

Unseen hands! They teach love's lesson;
Let us learn it while we may,
Till its pure and sweet emotion
Rules our spirit every day;
Till affection, all fraternal,
Blends us closer with its bands,
And we know each other better
Through the power of unseen hands.

Warwick, Mass. EVERETT HASTINGS.

Letter from Mrs. R. S. Lillie.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Although we have left California and are again in our summer home at Cassadaga Camp, there are things regarding our stay in that beautiful land of which I wish yet to write. While in San Francisco it was our privilege to be domiciled in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Whitney. Mrs. Whitney's work as a medium and her genial spirit have endeared her to many in the East who I am sure would like to hear of her, as she is at home.

San Francisco is similar to Boston in its modes of living for those who make up the floating population. There are the grand hotels, aside from these the family and rooming hotels. Hotel Stockton, of 218 Stockton street, the home of the Whitney's, is one of the best and most homelike of the latter class. There for four months we were at home, and were made to feel at home by the free and generous spirit which characterizes both host and hostess. Mrs. Whitney's work as a medium engrosses her entire time and attention, and a suite of beautiful and artistically furnished apartments were devoted to this and to their home within a home. A housekeeper, two Chinamen (the best of servants), Tim and Wing, with little Fannie, the pet of the household, constituted the family.

Mr. Whitney is an enthusiastic lover of California, and whatever the state of the weather might be during the rainy season (the winter) his face would glow as he would say: "Well, while we are having this, what do you suppose they are having in the East?" And sure enough, Californians have a just right to be proud of their glorious climate. He is also a lover of fine horses, and keeps a horse fleet of foot for the pleasure, exercise and health to be derived from driving in the open air. Both Mr. and Mrs. Whitney enjoy in the fullest sense of the word bicycle riding, and are expertly on the wheel. Every morning regularly they are up as early as half-past five or six, and with a cup of coffee, served in their rooms, are away to the park, where the wheeling is perfect. An hour or two of exercise, then home to breakfast, and at nine o'clock ready to receive those who call for spiritual counsel. If rainy weather prevents wheeling, a ride in the carriage takes the place of it, for Mrs. Whitney feels that one or the other is a positive necessity as a preparation for the close confinement in her work as a medium for spirit-communion.

We had an opportunity on several occasions of witnessing very fine evidences of her power in that direction. Stepping up to a lady at Trestle Glen camp-ground, she gave among other remarkable tests the statement that she—this lady—was intending to go East, but must not, as serious sickness of a person associated with her would soon cause her to regret it if she did. The advice was heeded, and in a short time the prophecy was fulfilled. She is generous in the use of her gifts, and in the struggle with the new work at Oakland this season, her services were donated on each occasion that she served.

I am just now reminded that some weeks

before your work as editor of THE BANNER was announced to the public, Mrs. Whitney came into our room one morning, saying: "I dreamed last night of going into THE BANNER office in Boston, and Mr. Barrett was in the editorial office and chair! Would it be funny if my dream should come true?" The next BANNER was a disappointment, but after a short time came the verification of the dream. Dreams are strange things. I have had some interesting experiences in that line myself.

In conclusion, permit me to say that so much benefit to health was derived from our recent visit that we have decided to go again, and arrangements have been made whereby we shall work in connection with Mrs. Whitney during the entire season of 1897-98, at Scotts Hall, San Francisco. We shall leave Lily Dale immediately at the close of the meetings, early in September, beginning work there the first of October.

Fraternally, R. S. LILLIE.

The First Association of Spiritualists, Washington, D. C.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

To the First Association of Spiritualists, and Others:

In compliance with the report of the Committee to whom was referred the matter of employing a speaker for the ensuing year who should serve continuously during the season, the Board of Directors of the First Association of Spiritualists of the City of Washington, D. C., desire to state that at a regular meeting of the Board it was unanimously voted to adopt the recommendation of the Committee to engage a permanent speaker for the season of 1897-98.

Agreeably with this vote correspondence was opened with several prominent lecturers, among others with Miss Jennie Leys, F. A. Wiggin and Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

The reasons that led the Directors to adopt the change of having a continuous instead of temporary speakers, were such as to convince them that for this Society at the present time the change is as practicable as it is desirable. For upwards of twenty-five years, save occasional intervals, the policy of having speakers by the month has prevailed with indifferent success financially, and at times with unsatisfactory success morally and spiritually. It is now felt that the time is ripe to try the experiment of a permanent speaker, who shall stand to the Association in the relation of a pastor. While this will be disapproved by some, by many others it will be heartily approved. All the substantial and greater advantages are felt to be largely in favor of permanency rather than itinerancy; the beneficial effects being shared alike by speaker and people.

The Committee assume that at the present time the needs of our Association are not so much scholarly disquisitions on current themes calculated to stimulate the intellect, creating no particular incentive to moral activity, but rather the cultivation of our spiritual nature and the supplying of our social needs, strengthening the ties of human sympathy and friendship between all our people, so that instead of a straggling mass we shall become a compact body, standing by each other as real friends, and before the world as an organization possessing positive strength and power, and justly entitled to the considerations which such conditions command.

To carry out the recommendation of the Committee, an agreement has been mutually entered into whereby Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond ministers in spiritual matters to the First Association of Spiritualists of Washington, D. C., during the season of 1897-98, and it is hoped for a much longer time.

The Board of Directors feel assured that in making this engagement with Mrs. Richmond they have secured the services of one of the very best exponents of the spiritual philosophy now before the public. Indeed, that few are as well, while none are better equipped than she to direct in ways of right thinking, or to give to her audiences the fullest, best adapted and most desirable teachings relating to the higher life.

The policy of exacting an admission fee or door assessment is hereafter to be abolished, and voluntary monthly contributions (with such other collections as may be deemed necessary) from those interested in the maintenance of the meeting, will be resorted to.

In this connection the Directors look hopefully for a generous response from all the members of the Association especially, to renew their loyalty to the Cause of spiritual progress, and to all other believers in the doctrine of angel ministrations who have given assurance of their support to these public meetings.

F. A. WOOD, Pres.
J. V. MCINTYRE, V. Pres.
L. T. SQUIRE, Sec'y.
H. STEINBERG, Treas.
GEO. A. BACON.
M. D. HAMILTON.
T. D. HADDADWAY.
MISS MARY FLAGLER.
MRS. M. L. WILLIS.

Board of Directors.

American Scientific Association's Forty-Ninth Yearly Meeting at Detroit.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Over three hundred members of this Association met through all of last week at the new and beautiful High School building in this city. Its sections found ample rooms to discuss each by itself their chosen topics, and the large hall accommodated their general meetings.

They were hospitably entertained and well reported in the newspapers, and were men of goodly aspect, with a score of eminent women, whose addresses were considered among the best.

The sections on Zoology, Botany and Geology were practical and useful in their treatment of noxious plants and insects and of Forestry. On Mathematics, Chemistry, Engineering, Social Science, etc., the discussions were not only theoretic, but partook of the practical spirit of our day. Dealing with effects more than with causes, with matter, and but little with mind or spirit as invisible causes, as is the poor fashion of science, the week's work of this eminent body may be held as valuable, certainly as useful, although at times dry and dull from the absence of a spiritual element.

In the section on Anthropology there was no psychical discussion. A paper on "The Relation of Rate of Movement to Certain Mental and Physical Processes" was external in its view. Papers on "Old Mexican Skeletons," "Decorations of Ancient Leech," "Origin of Art in the Work of Prehistoric Man," etc., were at a safe distance from the rising thought of our day, which calls for strong and clear words on man as a spirit, served by a physical body here and by a spiritual body hereafter.

Our scientific meetings need an electric shock to stir them with new life. Some member, too strong and fearless to be silenced, must come in, as Prof. Crookes did among the scientists at London, and say: "After four years of careful investigation I know of man's future life and of spirit-presence." Some treated him well, some sneered, a few hissed. The hiss is the natural language of a goose, and a healthy bird of that style could have hissed louder and better than these poor scientists.

Such a man or woman will come into our American Scientific Association in a few years, not to be hissed, but to win the day, and by that winning the Association will find new life and deeper and more perfect methods.

The meeting adjourned to hold its half-century jubilee session in Boston next August. Yours truly, G. B. STEBBINS.

Aug. 13, 1897.

Looking God in the Face.

(Continued from first page.)

where only love and refinement would train their youthful minds. But, alas! the irony of fate has decreed that Grace and Rose—like Alice and Mabel of Chapter I.—shall grovel in the slums, with no compassionate hand to pluck them forth, with no protecting care to guide them to a better state. And no one dares to look God in the face, and demand why such as these have been cast in the filth, with no helping hand of rescue to give them aid.

"Rose," said Grace to her sister one day, "ain't you tired of this awful, awful way of living? Would'n't you like to have a pretty new dress just once, made in style, with a hat and red ribbons, instead of having to get what we can from the old-clo's shops? I tell you I would."

"Yes, Grace, I am sick of it, and I'm going to get out of it, too, some day, I can tell you. Marm can't live much longer this way—she don't eat nothing now, and she's 'till that white and scary-looking I just know she's 'most gone, and when—"

"Oh! Rose, poor marm! you don't want her to die, do you?" and the more delicate sister gasped as if in pain.

"No, I don't want her to die, and I'll be sorry to have her go; but we'll have to stand it, Sis, for she can't last long, I know; and then Dad will have her left for himself. I don't believe you will be soose enough to stay in this hole for him, and I know I won't."

"I don't know what I'll do when poor marm is gone; but what would you do, Rosie dear? Please tell me." And Grace, who was smaller and more petite than her sister, raised her poor little hard-worked hand in a caressing touch to the other's cheek.

"Oh! you'll see—just wait. Do you s'pose I don't know I'm good-looking, and can get along in the world without living like this? Didn't Dave Green tell me t'other day my eyes ought to buy me all the pretty things I want? Hum, I'll have them, too, or I'll know the reason why. And so you can see, Sis, if yer not a goose—"

"Dave Green! the boss's son? Don't have anything to say to him, Rosie; he means no good, I just know he don't!"

"Never you mind, Sis; I'll take care of myself, and him too. I'm going to be a lady some day, and get book-larnin', and all the other fine things, and I'll help you, when the time comes, to get all yer want."

The girls had emerged from their barren quarters by this time, and were hurrying to their day's work at Green's button factory, half a mile away. They had had but little breakfast—a dish of badly-cooked corn-mush, and for lunch at noon a slice of bread and a stale doughnut from the bake-shop around the corner would suffice. At night, another scanty, unwholesome meal of tea and bread would be theirs; and so on, from day to day, with but little variation in their life.

"Grace, let's go to the Salvation Army meeting to-night," Rose said, on their way home after the day's weary toil. "Nell Clyme is going, and some of the others. We'll have no end of fun."

"Oh, I don't like to go there, Rosie. They shout so when they sing and pray. It's so noisy; besides, marm will want us to stay with her."

"No, she won't; some of the folks in the house'll be in with her, and anyway she won't care. No matter if the praying folks do shout when they preach and sing; that's where the fun comes in. You'd better come along. It's enough sight better in their big hall, with the lights and the music and all the rest, than sitting in the dark, back room at home. Anyhow I'm going. Dave Green said he'd be there, and I promised him to go."

Poor Grace! In her inmost soul she felt the danger that threatened her sister. It was but little she knew of right and wrong save what her own intuitions taught, but she had learned in her short life that the weak are apt to become the prey of the strong; that beauty such as her sister's, when not protected by sheltering care, is likely to become a victim to the wiles and machinations of passion and sin, and in her own feeble manner she now tried to persuade Rose not to meet the son of her employer that evening, or at any time.

"He means you no good, Rose. He means you no good," she repeated over and over again; but all in vain; and as she could make no impression on the wayward girl, this loving sister consented to attend the meeting, hoping by her presence and influence to ward off any evil that might assail the one so dear to her heart.

The Salvation Army Corps held a rousing meeting that night; all the lads and lassies were out in full force. The wildest enthusiasm prevailed among them as one after another told his story and sang his song of rejoicing over the victory some one had gained over temptation and sin.

Grace listened to it all with a sincere desire to be taught. At first the noise disturbed her sensitive mind; but after a little while she became interested and then absorbed in the proceedings, unmindful of the whisperings and loud laughing of Rose and her shop friends, who were close at hand.

One lassie, a tall, rather gaunt, sturdy-looking woman, with dark hair and searching black eyes, held a peculiar fascination for our little girl. Hagah, they called her. She was but a private in the ranks, yet all listened to her with respect, and with something akin to awe, while she told her tales of the suffering she had found down in the slums, where the Lord had commanded her to go; told them with graphic power and thrilling intensity, that would have won her fame upon the dramatic stage; and when she appealed to the assembly to make contributions for the needs of the slums, many a hand went into a shabby pocket to draw out its last penny for the good work she wished to do.

Poor Gracie had no mite to give—not even one little penny to call her own; but somewhere in the folds of her old shawl pin was fastened that she valued highly. It was an old-fashioned trinket, that she had found in the street when a tiny child; a shining thing, with a red glass top, that she considered a gem; but it was all she had, and she valued it; and when the hat came around, with a little gasp at parting with her treasure, she dropped it in, holding the faded folds of her shawl together with one hand as she hurried past after her jostling companions, who knew nothing of the sacrifice she had made.

While each recital of Hagah's visits among the poor had appealed to the heart of this young girl, one more than all the rest thrilled her with keenest sympathy and pain. It was that of a

poor woman, who had wandered into the entry of a tenement house to die. Here she had been found by Hagah and cared for. She was a beautiful creature, with dark, curling hair, and large, mournful eyes. Her story was a common one of sin, betrayal and misery; a cast-off, without friends or home, who had fallen in the slums, and who would have died without a hand to close her eyes had not the Salvation Army lass come to her aid.

It seemed to Grace as if this was the story of one very near to her, of some one she loved; some one like Rose, for instance, who needed her help and was dying without a home; and she gasped for breath, while hurrying through the streets with her sister and her companions toward Blossom Lane.

[To be continued.]

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1897.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Monday, Aug. 23.—To-day the Veteran Spiritualists' Union held its annual midsummer meeting at this place. It occupied the Temple both morning and afternoon. Mrs. J. S. Soper, Assistant Editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and Clerk of the V. S. U., was present, and will probably send a good report of the meetings. The writer was called away to Springfield on business, hence it was impossible for him to be present at the meetings, which were very successful.

In the evening another grand success in the form of a benefit séance was attained by the mediums, headed by Mrs. May S. Pepper, assisted by Mrs. Dillingham Storrs, Mr. Edgar W. Emerson, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, Mrs. Dr. Caird and others.

Tuesday morning the conference was held in Association Hall, and was largely attended. In the afternoon Mr. J. Clegg Wright gave his last lecture for this season, and had an audience that completely filled the Temple. Pres. Daley was Chairman, and the Ladies' Schubert Quartet furnished music. The course of lectures just closed by Mr. Wright has been very successful, and the Board of Directors has voted to engage Mr. Wright for next season.

In the evening, despite the rain, a large dancing party—the last of the season under the auspices of the Camp-Meeting Association—gathered in the Temple. These parties have been a success.

Wednesday morning the conference was held in the Temple and was largely attended. The conferences this season have been enjoyed by all, and many good thoughts have been given. The debates have at all times been spirited and to the point. Vice President Buddington has had charge of all conferences held this season, and has suggested many subjects for discussion.

In justice to Mr. E. W. Gould I would like to correct an error that I made in sending in the report of last week's conference.

In that report I gave the credit to Mr. F. B. Woodbury as opening the Conference and propounding the subject for debate. It should have been given to Capt. E. W. Gould, who opened the meeting by reading an original article, afterward inviting Mr. Woodbury to the platform to speak upon the subject.

Wednesday afternoon the Temple was filled with a large audience that had gathered to listen to a lecture by that noble speaker and true medium, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, of Dorchester. Mrs. Byrnes has spoken at Lake Pleasant a good many times, and she has hosts of friends here. In fact, it would not seem natural if her name was not upon the program. She is an excellent speaker, and is never afraid to speak the truth. Mrs. T. U. Reynolds followed Mrs. Byrnes, giving many tests and delineations.

In the evening a large audience filled the Temple to enjoy the grand concert. The following artists took part: The Fitchburg Band; the Ladies' Schubert Quartet; Miss Helen Fanshawe, reader; Miss Jennie Harvey, pianist; Mr. H. Geoffries, clarinetist; Mr. T. Mauch, cornetist; Miss Helena Patz, violinist; Master Charlie Hatch, violinist; E. W. Hatch, reciter.

On Thursday a second concert was given in the Temple, and even a larger audience than that of Wednesday was in attendance. There was a change in the program. The following artists took part: The Ladies' Schubert Quartet; Miss Helen Fanshawe, reader; Miss Jennie Harvey, pianist; E. W. Hatch, reciter; J. Frank Baxter, baritone; Master Charlie Hatch, violinist; Miss Helena Patz, violinist; Master Almer Crozier, cornetist; Mr. S. H. Smith, harmonica; Mr. R. G. Restall, bagpipes; Little Gladys Atwood, Delsarte posing. The Boston Ladies' Schubert Quartet appeared for the first time at the lake in concert, and, as was expected, made a decided success. When it was announced that the ladies had been re-engaged for 1898, the Temple fairly trembled with applause, proving that they had made many friends at the lake. Lovers of good music should visit "the place next summer, if only to hear the singing."

The Fitchburg band has given the camp the best music that it ever had, not excepting the days of the Old Fitchburg band.

Miss Helen Fanshawe is a young elocutionist of Brooklyn, N. Y. She has a bright future before her. Mrs. Jennie Harvey is well known in Boston as a pianist and elocutionist.

Mr. H. Geoffries is the manager of the Fitchburg band, as well as clarinet soloist. His tone is perfect, and great credit is due to him for the very fine music that has been given here this summer. He has associated with him as leader and teacher Mr. Patz, and in that position Mr. Patz cannot be surpassed.

Mr. T. Mauch (who, by the way, was a pupil of Boston's favorite cornet soloist, Mr. Henry Brown), has won many friends here at the camp. His solos have been of the best, and he is always sure of an encore.

Miss Helena Patz and Master Charlie Hatch won merited applause for their finely executed violin solos. E. W. Hatch gave an original reading (a parody on the boat race), and gained such success that he was obliged to repeat on the second night; he also sang about his "Homeless Cats" (original), and Dr. C. W. Hidden's popular song, "The Organ in the Corner," the last selection he was accompanied by the Lake Pleasant orchestra. Mr. S. H. Smith and Mr. R. S. Restall were obliged to favor the audience with three selections before they would allow them to leave the stage. Little Gladys Atwood, age five years, made a complete success in Delsarte posing. She is a little gem.

Friday morning conference was held in the Temple, and was very quiet. The frauds among mediums was the subject. Some pretty sharp talk was had, many claiming that they believed fraud was practiced among some of our best-known mediums. The meeting adjourned to meet again Saturday morning, when the same subject was continued.

Thursday afternoon Mr. J. Frank Baxter occupied the platform. This is his twenty-second season at the lake. He is well known by a large audience, and after President Daley had introduced him he announced his subject as "Spiritualism as a Humanitarian Religion."

He reviewed Spiritualism in its latest revival, and, in running analogy, showed how in the establishment of the Spiritual Philosophy, as in the advent of Christianity, there was parallel history. As the analogy was so close and true, he asked, significantly, why the analogy was not likely to continue, notwithstanding all opposition, contention and deception, till Spiritualism shall become established as the great philosophical religion of the age.

This is a great time of analysis and inquiry. It is an era of much knowledge, even in spiritual things, as compared with the past.

He was reminded that certain Popes, clergy and theologians were to be considered the custodians of all spiritual knowledge attainable, as they had spent lifetimes of study, and, too, were endowed from on high, "called and ordained of God," to expound, and duty required all should inquire of them.

Mr. Baxter declared himself not remiss. He had done so, and the answers were un satisfactory. He was always told that the fear of the Lord was the beginning of wisdom, and before he could be made recipient to an understanding of spiritual things, he must first be brought to fear God. Here he was perplexed, because fear was never incorporated into his make-up. Besides, he saw, heard or knew of nothing to cause him to fear God, but everything to inspire love. Again, men in fear, under will-force, could be made to subscribe to anything. No; he would be cool and dispassionate to inquire from all sources, and with his mind and conscience he dared to question and to express his opinions. He had therefore dared to analyze mediumship and study Spiritualism. And many had so dared, and hence been successful in ascertaining that

Reports of Meetings, being of local interest only, should be made as brief as possible, that justice may be done the general reader.

We can hear at lawful times from those who have left their earthly abode to live in the spirit-world. They have learned more or less of the philosophy and law by which the existence evolves from this, and much that they can depend upon with regard to that existence hereafter, as well as the object of life here.

Mr. Baxter then interestingly dwelt upon what he deemed the first great duty the spirit-world imposes on man toward Spiritualism, viz., looking after the physical development, and securing those conditions around us for ourselves and others about us which shall bring the physical system up to a capacity for the mind best to enlarge, harmony best to obtain, and the spirit best to perfect. He said people really were not intended to sicken to the other life, but rather to ripen thereto.

Modern Spiritualism, although fifty years or more old, is, after all, but dimly understood at best, and its practical teachings are but occasionally carried out. Mr. Baxter eloquently and truthfully showed it to be a great humanitarian philosophy, embodying emphatically a practical religion, based upon fact and reason, and free from all dogma, and calculated to alleviate the suffering condition of all classes of humanity who have any wise been made, or, today, are the slaves of fear, creeds, and theological nonsense. He was aware because of the blows Spiritualism, which is no respecter of error, deals at false dogmas and illogically false formulas of the church; the Christian masses assert it to be irreligious and blasphemous. But if theologians and Christians would look unprejudicially at Spiritualism, and fairly discriminate as they judge, they would find that although theology and dogmatic tenets may be demolished by its attacks, yet religion is ever untouched, for theology is one thing and religion another.

Mr. Baxter, in closing, made a plea that the Spiritualists would, because they could, as he had easily demonstrated, unfold a higher and more pertinent view of Spiritualism as a factor in reforms and religions, through its humanitarian and just bearings in life and influence. The mission of Spiritualism is to right all wrongs, to level all distinctions, and to make true manhood and womanhood the noblest aim of duty.

Following this lecture, Mr. Baxter gave his first séance at this camp-meeting this season. It was replete with evidence.

Friday P. M., Aug. 27.—On this occasion Mr. J. B. Hatch, Jr., presided. Mr. Baxter's subject was a consideration of Ingersoll's proposition, viz.: "Prove that man has a spirit, with body and parts the counterpart of the physical, only differing in that it is more refined and is invisible, and all of the spiritual philosophy will follow inevitably." Mr. Baxter considered this question somewhat scientifically; that is, he built up his argument based on facts and accepted theories of science and man wholly outside the facts and evidences of Spiritualism. Lack of space prevents even a partial synopsis of this lecture. It was a worthy effort, and was roundly applauded.

After this lecture, too, an hour was devoted to his mediumship. In fact, as is well known, Mr. Baxter follows his lectures generally with descriptive séances, and is rarely ever short of being most successful in describing and delineating spirits clearly recognized by their friends, acquaintances and relatives in the audiences. This he did after this lecture, giving many clear-cut and individually accepted tests. Mr. Baxter does not choose to have them called tests, but, as President Daley asked, "If not tests, what shall we call them?" HATCH.

Onset Notes.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

"In youth we often woo and wed an error, from which in after-life we try in vain to be divorced."

Monday, Aug. 23, was a cloudy day, heavy fog, with occasional showers throughout the morning. In the afternoon T. Ernest Allen lectured to an attentive audience in the Temple. His subject was, "The Measures which will help to make the Spiritualistic Movement capable of satisfying the highest needs of humanity." A full report of this lecture will be given in future issues of THE BANNER.

Tuesday the Children's Progressive Lyceum had a corn roast and picnic at Shell Point. Mrs. R. Walcott of Baltimore lectured in the afternoon.

Wednesday Moses Hull lectured, taking his text from Paul, "For we are also his offspring." Tests by May S. Pepper closed the afternoon services.

Wednesday evening, a dance in the Temple. Miss Laidlaw's entertainment in the Temple Tuesday evening was a great success. It was pronounced one of the best entertainments of the season. Miss Laidlaw is a general favorite here.

Thursday, Bro. Moses Hull gave us some "Bible lessons," as he termed them. He said: "Much fault is found with the mediums of today, and we will see by these Bible references how they compare with those of Bible times. First, it is said our mediums are an immoral class of people. In Isaiah xxi: 3, they are said to have made prophecies in a nude condition. No medium of to-day would think of doing such a thing for a moment. In Samuel, xix: 24, we are told the same. It is said our mediums use intoxicating drink. In Isaiah it is said they were swallowed up of wine. In Jeremiah xliii: 11, they are said to be profane; Lamentations iv: 21, the same; Hosea, iii, mediums were bought; Ezekiel, xli: Foolish prophets, that see nothing but divine lies, and lead my people astray; Jeremiah v: 31, Prophets prophesy falsely; Jeremiah vi: 13, From the least to the greatest is given to coyness; and from the prophet even unto the priest, every one dealt falsely. They say mediums deceive one another—Jeremiah xiv: 14; also xlii: 25: They prophesy a false vision and lies in my name. The word of the Lord is mentioned in over a thousand places, and it always means mediumship. Samuel, ninth and tenth chapters, Sam gave four tests and called them the word of God. The word of God always means prediction and mediumship—I Kings xlii. They tried to buy the prophets, just as they try to do to-day. In Jeremiah xxvii they were jealous of one another as now. Ezekiel xiv: 9: Deceitful prophets. Mediums, they say, work for money. So do the ministers. In Micah, i, the priests teach for hire, also in Samuel i: 7. In Jeremiah xxxi: 31, mediums were jealous of each other; II Kings, iii: 5, they required music to make their séances successful, just as they do to-day.

Jesus warned the people against false Christs. All ages of the world have had false mediums. In the interest of Spiritualism, good and pure, we should weed out false mediums. I do not call them Spiritualists at all. They follow in its footsteps, to prey upon the credulous. I hope the time will come when true mediumship will shine like the sun, and we shall behold the grandeur of true mediumship." Congregational singing and tests by Mrs. Pepper.

Friday—Seventy-five dollars were quickly raised here to-day to defray the expense of sending Moses Hull to the Anti-Spiritualist meeting in Anderson, Ind., Sept. 7, to take notes and make replies through the press. The Children's Progressive Lyceum has had a successful season under the management of Miss Danforth, and will be continued on Sunday through the winter, under the leadership of Miss Lewis of Onset.

President Whittemore has just closed an arrangement with Mr. A. J. Maxham, to sing for the entire camp season of 1898.

Saturday—Mr. W. J. Colville's subject for lecture this afternoon was "Foregleams of the Twentieth Century."

"The twentieth century, so near at hand, marks a new era in human progress. People maintain that we are on the verge of a great change. It depends entirely upon the point of view what that change is to be. There are all

sorts of prophecies and predictions in the world to-day. Whenever you speak good of others, you speak good for yourself; when you speak evil of others, you condemn yourself. Prophets are called from the houses of kings and from the great unwashed. Prophets are no brighter or dimmer because of their surroundings; therefore you may be a prophet in any surroundings. It is entirely beyond and superior to any man-made differences. People talk about one world at a time. It is humbug. Every leaf on every bough on every tree contradicts it. As long as we realize not our interdependence we shall always give vent to absurdities. You try to get along without the other world, and you are living in the cellars of this world. People walk looking down, and never see the stars. Wisdom always makes choice of the highest view. When you talk of spirits coming back you forget they have never gone away. We really are a great deal better than we know ourselves to be. The power vested in the individual goes for naught unless he acknowledges his own power. Believe in yourselves. If you took an interest in Spiritualism in your own home, you would form a nucleus where others would gather about you. Let your light shine. That which has been a comfort and consolation to you, don't be afraid to give to the world. Give the heavenly manna and the waters from the celestial spring, and when the twentieth century has fairly dawned, we shall see that the fifty years of chaotic order have developed to a grand victory. The twentieth century shall give to mankind evidences unprecedented in the world's career."

Sunday, Aug. 29.—A clear day and a large audience. A concert by the Bridgewater band opened the exercises of the day. Song by Prof. Peck, followed with Miss Merrill at the organ. Dr. Geo. A. Fuller introduced Moses Hull, who prefaced his remarks with reading Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poem, "The Beyond." His subject for discourse was "The Manifestations of the Old Prophets." It is impossible to do credit to this excellent sermon in the brief space allotted us. We only regret that Christians (so called) were not present to listen. Mrs. May S. Pepper gave some excellent tests that pleased and convinced all present of their truth and genuineness. Mrs. Pepper has had a very successful season here, and we understand has been engaged for the season of 1898.

Miss Merrill, our excellent little musician, has been always at her post, despite the weather—a faithful and brave little lady.

Band concert at noon. A great many people were in the ground to-day.

Afternoon services opened by singing "Anchored" and "Midnight Prayer" by Prof. Peck and Miss Merrill. W. J. Colville took for his text, "And Ye Shall See Greater Things than These."

In the evening Mr. Colville lectured in the Temple on "The Prayer Telephone."

Prof. Peck has been efficient in his adaptation and selection of songs and stanzas. All have assisted to make this the successful season which it has been pronounced by all to be, and the regular camp meeting of 1897 closes to-day.

The Harvest Moon Festival will take place the 18th and 19th of September, which ends the season's program.

Aug. 29, 1897. AUGUSTA FRANCES TRIPP.

Queen City Park.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Saturday, Aug. 21, a good audience assembled in the afternoon to hear Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes' second lecture, her subject being "The Needs of the Hour." She eloquently portrayed the various needs of suffering humanity, and pointed out some of the remedies therefor. She commands the strict attention of her hearers, and her lectures are very highly valued by all.

In the evening "Miss Johnson's" troupe of colored minstrels visited the camp and gave a concert, which was a very successful affair. Songs, choruses, dancing, impromptu jokes and local hits kept the audience highly amused and entertained. It was well attended. As an amateur performance, it was very good. All the artists were natives of Queen City Park, and each played his part very creditably.

Sunday morning Mrs. Byrnes gave her closing lecture for the season, and spoke beautifully for one hour on "The Future of Spiritualism." On all sides we hear words of praise of Mrs. Byrnes' efforts this season, and we hope we shall always be able to welcome her to Queen City Park and other places in Vermont, where she is so well and so favorably known. She left Monday morning for Lake Pleasant.

Mrs. H. Stuart-Richings spoke in the afternoon on "The Martyrs of the Ages"; a fine lecture, though on a different line of thought to those we have been listening to. It was well delivered.

Tuesday morning a conference was held in the Pavilion as usual. A pleasant hour was spent in interchange of thought. Mr. Maxham enlivens the conferences each morning with his fine singing.

Mrs. Richings lectured again in the afternoon, but as the day was exceedingly rainy, the audience was a small one.

We had a children's concert in the evening, under the direction of Miss Ethel Gould, and she certainly deserves great praise for the very efficient manner in which she drilled the children. Their pretty songs, recitations and tableaux gave great pleasure to the audience, and were well rendered. Miss Gould is an adept with children, and they all love her, and she takes great pains in teaching them.

Dr. Mills and his wife left us Wednesday morning. We part with them with extreme regret.

Our good friend, Mrs. J. S. Soper of the BANNER OF LIGHT, arrived on the ground, and was welcomed by all. She will remain until the close of the camp.

Mrs. Richings gave her closing lecture on Wednesday afternoon, and in the evening she gave a very fine entertainment. The program consisted of a talk on hypnotism, some psychometric readings, which were very good, and some dramatic recitations.

The 5 o'clock teas have been held each week, and have been a new and very taking feature in our camp this year. They are held by the members of the Ladies' Aid Society, and are exceedingly pleasant and profitable.

J. Clegg Wright arrived on the ground by the early train with a party from Lake Pleasant. He gave his first lecture Thursday afternoon. Mr. Wright always gives pleasure to a Queen City Park audience, and he is a welcome guest to our camp. His eloquence, broad range of thought, fine language and grand inspirations, feed the soul, and lift us up to higher ideals and greater conceptions of our responsibilities. He will remain with us till the meetings close. The Rev. J. J. Lewis of Chicago having kindly volunteered to give two evenings of his descriptive lectures with stereoscopic views, a large audience was in attendance to hear the first of the lectures on Thursday evening. It was exceedingly interesting, and the views of historic places in "old New England" were very fine. Mr. Lewis is now a citizen of Queen City Park, and greatly interested in its welfare. He is always willing to further its cause and make a success of such a lovely summer resort. Mr. Wright lectures again this Friday, afternoon.

Aug. 27.

Ohio.

DAYTON.—Franklin Thompson, Secretary of the Spiritualist Society, reports the following election of officers: President, W. V. Nium; Vice-President, S. Toman; Secretary, Franklin Thompson; Treasurer, E. Thompson. The Society meets every Sunday evening at Knights of Honor hall, 111 East Third street.

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MEETINGS IN BROOKLYN.

The Woman's Progressive Union holds meetings every Sunday afternoon at 2, and evening at 8 o'clock, 144 E. 10th St. Social meetings every Thursday at 8 o'clock; supper at 6, at the hall, Walsh's Academy, 423 Clinton Avenue, between Lexington Avenue and Quincy Street. Mrs. E. F. Morris, President.

The Progressive Spiritualist Association, Amphion Theatre Building, Bedford Avenue, opposite South 10th Street. Meetings Sunday evenings, 8 o'clock. Good speakers and mediums. Mrs. M. Evans, President.

The Advance Spiritualist Conference meets every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock, 144 E. 10th St. Good speakers and mediums always in attendance. Sewa free. All welcome. Herbert L. Whitney, Chairman; Mrs. Frances M. Holmes, Secy.

Fraternity Hall, 869 Bedford Avenue, near Myrtle Avenue.—Meetings Sunday at 2 P. M. 8 o'clock, 144 E. 10th St. Mrs. L. A. Olmstead, Medium. Speakers and lecturers regularly provided.

The Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation meets at 185 Madison Street on Wednesdays at 8 P. M. A. E. Daley, President. Mrs. F. M. Holmes, President.

The Fraternity of Divine Communion holds its meetings at Arlington Hall, corner of Gates and Nostrand Avenues, every Sunday at 7 1/2 P. M.

Spiritual Society of Associated Missionaries holds meetings every Sunday, 3 P. M.; at Arlington Hall, Gates Avenue, corner Nostrand Avenue. Thought, philosophy and fact from our leading volunteer workers. Mrs. Wines Sargent, Conductor.

Jackson Hall, 515 Fulton Street.—Mrs. L. A. Olmstead holds a Spiritual Class every Wednesday at 3 P. M. 680 Myrtle Avenue.—Mrs. B. R. Plum conducts a meeting every Sunday at 8 and 9 P. M.

BROOKLYN.—The Woman's Progressive Union will resume its work for the season of '97-'98 at the new hall, Walsh's Academy, 423 Clinton Avenue, between Lexington Avenue and Quincy Streets, on Sunday, Sept. 5, in the afternoon at 3, and in the evening at 8 o'clock. J. C. F. Grumblin will be the speaker for the first month, and will officiate at both sessions.

The blind medium, who has charmed the spiritual public with her sweet and sympathetic voice during the summer months, has been engaged by the Union to sing both in the afternoon and evening.

On Thursday, Sept. 2, our social meetings will be inaugurated for the season. Hitherto they have been Friday, but accommodations at the new hall necessitate making the change from Friday to Thursday. These meetings are intended for social purposes only, to bring together the different members of our Society, to introduce the new-comers to the older members, to encourage the young people not yet interested in spiritual work to become acquainted with our teachings, and if possible convince them that Spiritualists are equally as earnest and sincere in religious matters as our church-going friends.

Supper will be served at 6:30, after which a general good time will be had, with pleasant conversation, music, etc., winding up with a dance for the young people and refreshments for all.

During the coming season we have the promise of Mrs. Fannie K. Sieber's aid as a singer, together with other prominent musical talent who have expressed their intention of kindly assisting the Union in making the social meetings a still greater success.

Our Lyceum will also be rejuvenated, and we are looking forward with anxious anticipations to good results.

We cordially invite all our good friends and co-workers to visit us on coming to Brooklyn. Our reception as well as table committee will see they are not alone introduced to the different members, but also have an enjoyable time.

Let the good work go on; time is rolling swiftly by. Let us be earnest and conscientious in the duties placed upon our shoulders, so that when the time for us may come to step down and out our epitaph may be: Another faithful worker gone to her reward.

ELIZABETH F. KURTZ.

BROOKLYN.—W. J. Cushing writes: At the Sunday afternoon meeting at Arlington Hall, Mr. Sargent made the opening remarks upon "Fraternity and Cooperation."

He spoke of his lecturing tour in the central part of our State, and of the need of united work not only there, but among our own local meetings; and, further, that we should not be envious of other societies, not count their numbers from a selfish and egotistical desire to outdo each other, but work in harmony and union for the common good and elevation of the Cause.

Mr. Delere followed in a similar vein, and Mr. Chapman again favored us with line upon line and precept upon precept, calculated to stir up slumbering thought and energies to renewed efforts toward the true life and the building up of the angel within the individual.

Miss Terry spoke of her trip in company with Mrs. Ashley and our Chairman, of the kind reception met with, and the interest manifested in the test circles given, and of her desire to bring strangers into the meeting at this hall. She then closed the services with some few well presented tests, following remarks by Mrs. Ashley.

Mr. Sargent also met with satisfactory encouragement toward his issuing the New York Spiritualist Journal in the interest of the work in our State.

LYNN.—T. H. B. James writes: The Arthur Hodges First Spiritual Society had a large and appreciative audience Sunday evening. Misses Lena and Elsie Burns rendered instrumental and vocal selections. Prof. J. W. Kenyon of Waverly read a poem on "Coming and Keeping." He then gave a masterly address on "The Problem of Life and the Mysteries of Human Being," which was listened to with the closest attention, and received well-merited applause. At the close, Mrs. Kenyon gave well-chosen remarks on "The Influence of Thoughts," followed by many recognized tests and spirit messages.

Next Sunday, at 2:30, tests, healing the sick, and remarks by Mrs. J. W. Kenyon, Mrs. Alice M. Lefebvre, Mrs. Annie J. Brennan, Mrs. Murray Warren and others. At 7:30 Mrs. Kenyon will speak, followed by a test séance of an hour's duration.

Adirondacks News Item from General Passenger Department Fitchburg R. R.

During September a series of Physicians' excursions will be run over the Fitchburg Railroad to the Adirondacks, and no one not familiar with the beauties of that region should lose the opportunity of touring it at this time. The excursion will leave Boston Sept. 7 and 21, and be under the personal supervision of Dr. C. McV. Tobey, manager of the Adirondack Bureau of Information, Boston, who was a resident of the mountains for twenty-five years, and is thoroughly familiar with their beauties. All of the best section will be included in the tour, and the service will be first-class in every respect.

The Adirondacks combine all the picturesque features of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont in one grand panorama of mountain, lake and river, and the atmosphere is one constant, exhilarating tonic. The mountains, clothed in the autumnal foliage, will be a sight long to be remembered, and one never to be forgotten.

Physicians cannot afford to lose this opportunity, for these trips are educators, and with that idea in mind, both the hotels and railroads have arranged to perform the service at actual cost and to give the best they have.

The rates will be \$55.00 and \$40.00, according to tour selected, which amount includes all expenses. While designated "Physicians' Excursions," it should be understood that they are not restricted to that class, but are open to all who may desire to avail themselves of the cheapest and best Adirondack trip ever advertised.

For itinerary and information covering trip, application should be made to Dr. C. McV. Tobey, Manager Adirondack Bureau of Information, 220 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.

FLORIDA.

DELAND.—H. A. Boley writes: Our Society, since its organization last April, has had meetings regularly at the residence of some one of the members. At our meeting of the 15th three new members were added. Bro. W. W. Tatum is with us now, and we hold our meetings in the Court House. Yesterday, Aug. 22, was the first, and a respectful audience listened to Prof. Tatum on the "Good of Spiritualism to the World," who produced a good impression, and ended with tests.

Spiritualist Camp-Meetings for 1897.

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

Madison, Me.—Sept. 10 to Sept. 12th.

Niantic Camp (Niantic, Conn.), commences June 28—to Sept. 6 inclusive.

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

J. C. F. Grumblin in Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. C. F. Grumblin will begin the lecture season of the Woman's Progressive Union Sept. 5, at 3 and 8 P. M. He will hold his classes in development in the powers of psychometry, clairvoyance, inspiration and psychopathy, at Mr. W. J. C. Hall, School of Psychology on Franklin Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., beginning Sept. 6, at 2:30 and 8 P. M. Fee for the course will be three dollars.

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