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BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1901.

SQ.OO Fer Arren,

NO. 23

BOAN ALALAY DE.

The visit and search efficients and the property of the prope

were papers touched with are: packages of old letters, some bearing a foreign stamp. She reverently turned them over till her eyes fas-tened upon one package tied with a violet ribbon. This she opened, and there fell into her lap one curiously folded and scaled. It bore evidence of being a legal paper, and Maric carefully examined it. It was the miss-ing document. Tenderly she replaced each letter and package and turned the key in the desk.

letter and package and turned the key in the desk.

I followed Marie down stairs and into her room. Once again she turned to me, and throwing her arms around me, exclaimed:

"Molly, those whom we have been taught to believe are dead are not dead! They live to help us, if we will be helped by them, and this is my proof of it. Here is the will which gives to me my home; and these cousins, who have been pressing for what they called their rights will now be the recipients of my bounty."

"Oh, Marie!" I whispered, "is this true? Can it be so?"

"Did you not see, Melly, the meeting in the grove?"

"On, Marie: I waspered, is this time."
Can it be so?"

"Did you not see, Melly, the meeting in the grove?"

"Yes, Marie, dear; but what did it mean?"

"Did I not tell you that twive before my thoughts shaped themselves into realities? Twice before has this same gentle spirit come to me to guide and comfort me; and tonight, Molly, dear, you have been witness of the result. It will not be believed by the family; and why seek to have them believe it? The result is the same. And now, dear, tomorrow will mark the turning-point in my life. God grant that I may be worthy of it all."

The clock was striking a late hour when we separated—Marie to think over the result of her interview in the grove, while I was left to wonder more and more at the remarkable events of the past few hours.

The next day found Marie ready to act. She first broke the news of the finding of the will to her cousins, and then it was mutually agreed that a consultation should be held with the old attorney, when I remembered to have heard sigh deeply the last time he had conversed with Marie.

Strangely enough no questions were asked as to the "idle cariosity" which led Marie into the attic at that late hour at night to look over the contents of the old desk, and Marie wisely concluded to keep the secret with me.

The old judge assumed the manners of a youth so far as his age would allow, and fairly laughed with delight, for Marie had been an object of solicitation since the sudden death of the father, and the earlier death of the mother, through whom, two generations removed, came the large estate.

The neglected old mansion was soon stored, the lake and the grove received especial attention, and were often visited by Molly and myself. The cousins were now sharers of her bounty, but there was enough for all, and for many a poor sufferer who came to her door, or was sought out by the benevolent-minded Marie.

Beautiful Cassadaga.

Beautiful Cassadaga.

Our references to this charming resort have called many expressions of interest from Spiritualists and investigaters, and we hope that many of them will feel impelled to make the camp a visit. Had not time and space been limited, we should have extended our sketch somewhat, and given more of the personal history of individuals connected with the camp. The work of Hon. O. P. Kellagg, the first chairman of the meetings should have received special mention. He filled this important post with credit to himself and honor to the camp for six seasons. He made an enviable record, and ensounced himself in the loving memories of many hundreds of people. His wittleisms, pathos, and eloquence pleased, thrilled and inspired all who came within the charmed circle of his induence.

quence pleased, thrilled and inspired all who came within the charmed circle of his influence.

Of the present workers there, none have labored more faithfully for the good of the camp and the progress of Spiritualism than D. B. Merritt of Linden, N. Y., who for twelve years has been a member of the Board of Trustees. Mr. Merritt has had an unselfish wish constantly in his heart to do good work for Spiritualism. No duty has he ever been known to shirk, and every patrend of the camp has found him a genial friend and trustworthy adviser. He has been honored by his townsmen at home, and during the second Cleveland administration, he held the position of postmaster. He has seen honored by and a tree friend to Spiritualism.

Hon. Arthur B. Gaston, another member of the Board, is also a devoted friend of Cassadaga. A Spiritualist from conviction bour of years of careful study and research, he has a reason for the faith that is in him, and the ability to defend his principles on all occasions. He has a kind word for all comees, and is never too busy to lead a hand to those in need. He is bonored and respected wherever he is known, and is the present treasurer of the city of Meadville, Penn., where he resides. Meadville is politically opposed

to him by a large majority, yet he found no difficulty in defeating his popular Regublican opposent at the last city election. His brother, Hon. A. Gaston, the President of Camp Cassadaga, served two te as Mayor of Meadville, and has recently ed a term of service in the lower house of sarress.

Mrs. Minnle L. McRevert is another loyal friend to Cassadaga and is earnestly desirous of promoting its welfare. She is the daughter of the Hon. A. B. Caldwell, who, while in the form, was ever a stanch supporter of the Camp. Mrs. McKeever is interested for her own sake as well as for her beloved father's, in the prosperity of the Camp and labors with real as well as singleness of heart, to further its growth. She is always ready and willing to do her part of the work, and is always among the first to render financial aid to every worthy purpose.

and is always among the first to render financial aid to every worthy purpose.

Major M. H. Rouse, T. J. Skidmore, the venerable Treasurer of the Camp, F. G. Neelin and Presidient Gaston were all mentioned in our Cassadaga edition. With such an earnest corps of officers Cassadaga cannot fail to prosper. It has a glorfore past, and will have a brilliant future, if its managers continue their efforts to present the truth in all its beauty to the people who assemble there. Cassadaga can be improved in many ways, but these improvements can only be made possible by the co-operation of all interested visitors in the work of reform. The list of Cassadaga's friends is a long one, and we have not all of the memes at hand. Hon, E. W. Bond was a faithful worker there for many years, also Hon, H. W. Richardson, J. W. Dounhs, Mrs. A. L. Pettingill, Dr. E. O. Hyde and many others. They still retain their interest in progressive Spiritualism, and are earnestly striving to establish its claims before the world. Dr. Hyde is a faithful student of Occultism in all forms, and believes that all systems should be carefully studied ere they are accepted or rejected. What time he has outside of his profession, he devotes to the study of the higher thought, and his well trained mind is stored with information of the highest value. His skill as a physician is everywhere recognized, while his opposition to sham and practuse is as earnest as is his devotion to the truth.

The name of Mrs. A. L. Pettingill has been frequently mentioned in connection with Cassadaga Camp. This generous hearted with the movement at Lily Dule, and has spared neither time, labor nor money to make this camp attractive in artistic design, as well as in spiritual light. She purchased the Alden property outside of the grounds, refitted and turnished the hotel on the same, and named it "The Leelyn." This hostelry has become deservedly popular, and ranks high for its excellent table service and comportable rooms. Mrs. Pettingilly which aims has been to advance the in

is a temptation to extend these inems of personal reference to some length, but our time is short, and we know that the Banner's space is limited, so we must desist, and give way to the regular news of the camp, which is daily growing in interest and popularity.

Evangel.

[For Cassadaga news, pecial correspondent

We are all and everything is ours. No one can take it from us if we but keep our eyes fixed on that Star of Hope which solmes for everybody.

It is not the word, but the thought thought may not even "see a letter, wor page." The completed man sees beyond the real and beholds the inside life of the Roser.

Use is one thing, and understanding is ther; God had need of irrational animal make use of appearances, but of us to un-tand the use of appearance—Bactottes

When will talkers refrain from each age og! When linerous refrain from and h

"If you make your life a success, you afford to let the dogs back as you go by:

AN ASPIRATION.

I used to sit and listen to the birds when I was small and I wondered why in flying not one of them would

Shakespeare's brain, which years afterwards he proseded in his Essays." etc., etc.

More recently, Prof. John Piske has claborately re-schood these views, that Bascon read the plays with great interest and culied from them his "elegancies," with no stinted hand, adding thereto many other statements that are as far from established verity as the poles are apart.

To show how one-sided these quoted extracts will demonstrate.

In the British Museum, forming part of the Harlein Callection, there are some fitty quarter pages in MSS, in Baro's handwriting, called the "Promise of Formulates and Elegancies." They are to sky different languages, and appear to be pearly gathered languages, and appear to be pearly gathered languages, and appear to be pearly gathered and hough many were collected year earlier. They conside theigh of wise and witty sayings, proverbe, quotations from the Bible, sentences and verses from the Bible, sentences and verses from the pets, lines proverbes, quotations from the Bible, sentences and verses from the pets, lines proverbes, quotations from the Bible, sentences and verses from the pets, lines proverbes, quotations from the Bible, sentences and verses from the pets, lines proverbes, quotations from the coughts, quaint terms of expressions, etc., easily capable of expansion or turned into various forms of Illustration, as occasion might require. Evidently they were gathered and arranged with a view of enriching one's vocabulary.

Through various turns of expression, these selected proverbs, metaphors, notes, hinz, etc., appear, or are referred or alluded to in the plays, in several thousand instances. Of the two hundred English proverbs in the collection, three-fourths are found directly quoted in the plays, and hardly one is to be found in Bacon's Essays. Of the 225 Erasmus notes, all but seven are reproduced in the plays, while not haif a dozen are alluded to in any of Bacon's prose works.

Here is another fact: In Bacon's Advancement of Learning alone, there are more than five hundred qu

earlier author filched and appropriated from the later one. This, however, is only a modest sample of Shakespearea "folly." "No play by Shakespeare was published before 1297 and none bore his name on title-page till 1298." Sidney Lee's Life of Shakespeare, p. 50. Bacon's Essays were first published in 1297. "because," he says, "many of them had stolen abroad in writing." So much for the canard that Bacon sucked from Shakespeare's brain, etc.

throws up his hands, and exclaims, "The tresurrection!" "I wish your lordship a good Easter," says the Spanish Lew, Gondomar, all about to cross the Channel. "I wish you a good Pass-over," replies Bacon. There is no better fest in all Shakespeare. In fact, Bacon's harmor was absolutely predominant in his intellectual makeup.

In view of the emphatic testimony of his contemporaries, and the testimony of the best and most competent of modern critics as to Bacon's sense of humor, how absurd for Prof. Fiske to deny to him the possession either of the humorous or the poetic element! Why not, with equal justice, deny him the possession of any or all his splendld faculties? When Bacon's distinguished associates openly testify as to his prevailing trait, his penchant for humor; and when such literary judges as Lord Macaulay, who had no love for Bacon, concele him to be the wittest among the witty, this ill-tempered, dogmatic judgment of Prof. Fiske, too manifestly the offspring of literary pride and superstition, appears child-ish. Sach'is the irony of literary consistency, that often where culture abounds, where largest toleration and broadmindedness are expected, prejudice the most irrational and dogmatism impervious to argument are strangely found. Coming from one, however, whose own writings have never indicated an approximate possession of any humorous instinct, it may charitably be set down as one of his deficiencies.

And weader with a moint results in that as a surface of the country of the state in the fact in the policy of the country of the state in the fact in the policy of the country of the fact in the fac

nificancy of imagery."—Chambers Oye. of Eng. Lit.

Camplell says of Bacon: "Few poets deal in finer imagery.". his prose is poetry."

"He belongs to the realm of the imagination. Ills writings have the gravity of prose with the fervor and vividness of poetry."—Prot. Alfred H. Welsh.

"It is as an inspired seer, one of the greatest men of letters and the prose-poet of modern science, that I reverence Lord Bacon."—Sir Alex. Grant. Bart.

"The great glory of literature in this island during the reign of James was my Lord Bacon."—Hume.

"His mode of thought is by symbols, not by analysis... and to make the resemblance complete, he expresses them by poetleal figures... almost in sibylline verses."—Hist. of Eng. Lit.

"Rarement il resiste a l'envie d'etre poete."—De Maistre.

"It was the study of his life-time to restrain his imagination."—Spedding.

The value of this disinterested judgment from such a gathering of independent mentalities—which could be indefinitely extended—is not to be computed. Dissentients, weighted chiefly with their prejudice, affect not the balance. But what is it to be a poet? We are dealing with the subject in no narrow sense, but with those essentials that constitute real poetry from an enlarged view point—elevated thought, brilliant imagination, condensed wisdom, intuitive perception, bright fancies, happy conceits, etc. Whenever these appear, interpreting in measured form, idealizing in metrical rhythm or cadenced prose, you have the creator—the poet.

There are poets and poets—and versifiers. The latter, however, are not necessarily poets. We have those to whom versification is as easy as eating, but unfortunately they give us only versification. This neither feeds nor strengthens us. As with confections, a little is sufficient.

Bacon's creative power, or faculty of invention (which Dr. Johnson, corroborating Dryden, says is the essence of poetry), his happy use of figures, the result of his imagination, with the interpretative power which belongs to the poet, were his distinguishing ch

To indicate to the general reader something of Bacon's knowledge of dramatic poetry, its nature, scope and service, we beg to submit, in briefest form, a few Baconian reflections, taken promiscuously from his Description of the Intellectual Globe, De Augmentis, and the Advancement of Learning. "We adopt," he says, "that division of buman learning which is correlative to the three faculties of the intellect, History, Poesy and Philosophy: history has reference to memory; poesy to imagination; philosophy to reason." By poesy, in this connection, is meant feigned history. Of Poesy, again, he makes three divisions: "Narrative, Representative or Dramatic, and Allusive. Representative poetry

MARK CHESTER.

BY CABLYLE PETERSILEA.

CHAPTER I. ALONE, YET NOT ALONE.

It was New Year's eve. The bright golden sun of Southern California was rapidly sinking toward the horizon. The sky was clear and cloudless—too cloudless, in fact, to snit the ranchmen and fruit-growers of this semi-tropical land which was parched and arid, thirsting for the cloud and the rain which would not

The waters of the Pacific lay clear and placid; but very few people were straying upon the beach at this season, especially at this time of day. Although the afternoon has been sunny, and comparatively warm, yet all Californians knew that the instant the last rays of the sun disappeared, the night would be clear and very cold.

within the limitless universe? If so, where, oh, where, of the sum disappeared, the night would be clear and very cold.

Redondo beach was nearly deserted: two or three small fishing boats were being drawn ashered inland, a couple of long "yellow-tails" dangling from each hand.

The sun, by this time, had disappeared, and the cold, uncomfortable night was fast approaching; the twilght clean solitary figure is sitting motionless on that far-out beach, the very last beach toward the south. It would seem that this person, where he may be a sound the cold, the very last beach toward the south. It would seem that this person, where he may be a sound to the very last beach toward the south. It would seem that this person, where he may be, whise to exact observation. As he cannot see us, however, we will observe him as closely as possible.

It grows darker and darker each moment, and now he is swallowed up within the darkness and becomes invisible, not to us, however: we can see, and hear, and understand. Is he a tramp that he does not seek home and warmth on this chill New Year's ever If se scarcely looks like a vagaboad. He is a young man—not over one and tweety at the most—with a fine, intelligent face, high, bread herow, large, dark biles voice, his hardy subsets the cold and dark. He shivers as the chilly air penetrates to the very marrow of his bones. He looks slightly dejected, still there is a brave, determined air about him that is treestithle: we find ourselves in love with him at once. Petting his hand into his pocket he draws forth an old, obsolete colone mill. Sanpping it lightly thot the air with his thumb and fager, he mutters:

"This mite constitutes all the wealth I have in this world—a present from Santa Claus ten years ago-found it among other toys in my stocking.—was sare, at that time, it was good old Santa Claus himself who filed my Christians stocking with fifty is to the fat file. The constitute all the world him, trying to make your boy happy. How will I remember, after pulling out all the tox

should not get round in time. I fear; but this mill shall yet prove a fortune to you. All you have to do, when you desire anything while you live, is to take this little tools from your pocket, where I laope you will always keep it and, while gazing upon it intently, repeat to yourself this formula or prayer. "Dear mother: wherever you may be, within the limitess universe, come to your bey! I need your live, your help. In the name of Snath later your live, your help. In the name of Snath later your live, your help. In the name of Snath later your live, your help. In the name of Snath later your live, your help. In the name of Snath later your live, your look. It was not your later always and your your look. It was not your later always and you have been there in a mortal form that later your later your later than the later of the your later and you have your later and your later and you have your later and you have your later and you have you have been attered you later and you have your later and you have y

"AN' WHAR DID YE CUM FRUM?"

The young wanderer started. Had he fallen asleep and dreamed of his mother? Perhaps; he could not tell. He replaced the coin in his pocket.

Directly in front of where he sat, a solitary boat was rising and falling with the stubborn shore waves; constantly beaten back by them, still advancing nearer and yet nearer with each incoming wave. At last it grated on the sands. A sturdy fisherman leaped out and seizing the boat, tried with all his strength to force her high and dry beyond the reach of the waves.

The young man gazed at him for a moment, abstractedly. The lusty fisherman perceiving the solitary form seated on the bench, called in stentorian tones:

"Hullo, thar! Can yer help a feller a little? Molly's a stubborn critter when she's a mind ter be. She's like some hosses, bound ter her her own way."

The young man hastened to the side of the fisherman.

"Molly jest loves them waves, she does. Stubborn ole gal! She hates the sands like place. Here, you jest catch her by the head here, an' hold her steady like, an' I'll jest run around ter the starn, an' push. Here, take holt o' this rope here in her nose, an' hold on like Jehn, for she'll try hard ter git away, yew bet!"

The young man did as directed, and held on "like Jehn, for she'll try hard ter git away, yew bet!"

The young man did as directed, and held on "like Jehn, for the boat was heavy and the waves quite powerful. The fisherman was bare-headed; his brown lega and feet bare to the knees. He rushed into the breakers, which dashed about him to his waist, and with his brawny arms he pushed with all his might at the stem of the boat, the young man, at the same time, putting forth his utimest strength at the bow; and, while doing so, his eyes caught the name "Molly" which was staring at him blackly. With many twists, gratings, creakings, and heavy greanings, together with backward flings, rearings and forward pitches, Molly

was at length conquered and landed high and dry on the sands, very unwillingly on her part, and more unwilling still were the roaring, ardent waves that desired to retain her within their rollicking embrace.

"Thar, my beauty!" exclaimed the fisherman, "thar ye air, at last, safe an' sound, high an' dry. But yer a kicker, my bonnie belle, an' a high kicker at that. Wall, now fur the speckled beauties. Why, some o' them's ns long as yer arm an' longer. A hundred yaller-tails, if thar's one; some rock-cod an' croakers thrown in, an' two or three fat halibut. Jerusalem! though, but I'm tired. Ben out sence the dawn, pard. It must be nine o' the clock, sure; an' I'm dead beat. Sun's jest burned me up all day, an' now it's a reg'ar Klondike, yew bet! "Jewhicker! alut it cold though? Say, pard, can ye help me fur awhile? Or air ye too much of a dandy? Yer purty strong though fur a b'ardless boy. Ye pulled at Molly right smart."

"I should be very glad to help you," answered the young man, "and I hope you will find that I am no dandy."

"No?" cried the stalwart fisherman. "How do ye happen ter hev on a biled shirt, wedge toes, razor collar, an' top coat as nearly trails on ther ground, then?"

And the long-legged, bare-armed, hatless fisherman quared himself, with dripping arms akimbo, eyeing each article of the young traveler's attire with scornful lip.
"I landed from the five o'clock boat," replied our hero,

squared himself, with dripping arms akimbo, eyeing each article of the young traveler's attire with sconful lip.

"I landed from the five o'clock boat," replied our hero, "and have not yet changed my dress."

"Wall, now, of yer s'goin' tew help me, ye'll hev ter take off thet that toagery. Guess yer up at the hotel thar, aint yer? Wish thar wus somebody else round 'at I could git. But nary a critter's about. Say now-ye'll hev time ter run up an' change them that cloes, an' while yer gons I'll light a little fire yere an' git dried up some'ut, an' eat a bite. Tell yer, pard, haint stopped ter eat a bit sence mornin'. Guess a cup o' hot coffee 'll not go amiss. What yer say, now'll yer dew it?" seeing the young stranger hesitated.

"I am not staying at the hotel."

"Wall, never mind whar yer a stayin'; can't be fur off, else yer'd not be a settia' moonin' on thet thar bench, in the cold. What's ther marter with yer? Air le love-selk? Jest ther kind o' feller as gits spoony; soft-like an' pale-like. Haint cut away frum apronstrings yit, hev yer?"

A sob rose in the youth's throat, but he swallowed it.

"Cum, hurry up, now, ef yer a goin' ter help me! Go

it.
"Cum, hurry up, now, ef yer a goin' ter help me! Go long an' git off thet thar toggery; an' miad now, put on an old flanul shirt, ef yer hev one, sum trouses as yer don't keer about, an' an' ole par o' thick shoes. It'll take both on us 'till midnight ter take keer o' them purty beauties."

It'll take both on us 'till midnight ter take keer o' them purty beauties."

"I cannot change my dress," said the young man, "for this, which I wear, is all I have in the world."

"Wall, th're purty good clo'es; but, why in thunder don't yer hev a change of 'um? Tew clean fish fur a man, while yer dressed like a dude, without nary a change o' rags! Wall, all right, pard; as long as yer'll help me perhaps we'll make shift. So, now then, I'll make a fire an' git on ther coffee-klitle. You jest take this ere canteen an' run up ter thet thar well, yender, an' fill it with water, while I git sum sticks an' seawed together an' light the blaze."

(To be continued).

, (To be continu

A kind word is the cup of water that prevents the earth dronths from shriveling some beautiful soul growth, and liberating it from its prison-house of clay, sending it heavenward to distill its fragrance—its own awakened word—into infinity of being.—E. D. Casterline, in Mind.

is tistible history, an image of actions as if they were present, as history is of actions in nature that is past. . . As statues and pictures are dumb histories, so histories are speaking pictures. . . Bince true history wearles the mind with common events, poetry refreshes it by reciting things unexpected and various. Be that this poetry conduces not only to delight, but to magnanimity and morality. History treads upon the earth and performs the office of a guide rather than a light. Foesy is, as it were, the dream of Knowledge. . . Dramatic poesy, which takes the theatre for the world, is of excellent use, if it be same. For the discipline as well as the corruption of the theatre may be very great. . . The minds of mea, when assembled together, are more open to affections, passions, corruptions and customs, we are beholden to poets more than to the philosophers' works," etc., etc.

Supplementing these general statements (fragments radely wrested from their setting) as to the relative value and use of dramatic poetry as means of instruction, showing by illustrative examples of actual types and models, how to demonstrate and illustrate what is to be taught or delivered when the secrets and mysteries of religion, policy, or philosophy are involved in fables or parables,—he further gives details how these representations are to be made most effective, showing familiarity with all branches of the subject. In short, as a late English writer truly states, "Bacon, in the Advancement of theatrical representations and of plays as a means for inculcating morals and politicy and for teaching history."

Furthermore, this much is known, that he was engaged in the preparing and the writing of Devices and Masques—virtually plays—at the Christmas Revels, by the gentlemen of Gray's Inn (Bacon's Inn) as early as 1857, before Shakespeare had found foothold in London. The plity on that occasion, the tragedy of the "Misfortunes of Arthur." which was presented before Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich, by Francis Bacon and his triends,

Pan-American Visitors can secure choice rooms in advance by ad-dressing C. Hagon, D. S., Morgan Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

Onset Wigwam.

The Wigwam opened Jüly 15 for the season of 1901 under very favorable conditions. The president, May C. Weston, presided and made interesting remarks which were listened to with marked attention. The morning session was devoted to bealing as usual. The afternoon was devoted to tests and speaking. The president velcomed all to the Wigwam. Drs. Herriet and J. A. Pefleging made interesting remarks, and some fine tests were given by Mrs. S. M. Whitwell, Mrs. Millen and Carrie Tabor. The meetings are largely attended, and although this is only the first week, the Wigwam is not large enough to accommodate all that would like to attend.

C. D. Fuller, Secretary.

C. D. Fuller, Secretary,

For Over Fifty Years.

Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been for children teething. It soothes the softens the gums, alians all pain, cures colle, and is the best remedy for Diar-t. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Niantic, Conn.

July 14.—We were favored with Miss Lizzle Harlow as our speaker, who gave us some thoughts on "The Brotherhood of Man," which seems to be the theme of the hour. Her forenoon and afternoon addresses were well received. Of course we have some critics among us as what camp has not, and at the conference in the evening Mr. Whiting of New Haven took up some points in her discover the track of truth. I will just mention one. We have been taught in the past, that thoughts are things, she said: "They are not things, but by the potentiality of thought things are produced," or something to that purport, etc.

Mr. Bowtelle told some of his experiences and others spoke, which made it seem like times of the past.

A few circles are being held.

I hear Mr. R. R. Callender is with us and a pleasant time was had at Miss E. Ripley's Saturday evening, several mediums present and many tests given.

Mrs. C. Case is stopping at Miss Ripley's (medium) for a few days.

The restaurant is in charge of Mr. Johnson and wife of New Haven, who will serve the public.

The restaurant is some the public.

The cottages are opening up daily, and while we meet many old familiar faces, we find many new ones amongst us, and were it not for this great absorbing question of finnnee we would fancy this the Heaven of rest so long looked for by earth's sages.

July 22.—Mrs. Carrie E. Twing has come and gone, but she has left a pleasant memory to remain with the camp like a benediction of love and peace. There is but one Carrie in the world.

Our Sunday service of music was charmingly rendered by Mrs. I. A. Buntin of Hartford from J. V. Lougley's selections; Miss. Allce Healy presided at the organ. Mr. F. A. Wiggins of Boston is our next speaker.

M. A. Fogg.

Island Lake, Mich

Harmony, health, happiness and intellectual and psychic feasts prevail at Island Lake Camp. Rev. B. F. Austin delivered two helpful addresses on Sanday the Its inst, while Mrs. M. LeGrange and Mrs. F. V. Jackson conducted the message departments very successfully. A new and commodious steamer was dedicated on that day and christened the James H. White in honor of the Association's Prezident, who has long been a burden bearer for the cause of Truth.

Mrz. M. B. Root of Bay City and Dr. Emma N. Warne of Chicago will occupy the platform on Sunday the 25th inst.

Observer.

Read "Two Thousand Years in Celestial Life." Price \$1.25. Astro Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

Notice.

Spiritualists are invited to an outing at Salem Willows, Aug. 7, under auspices of Stoneham Society. Wear badges or knot of yellow ribbon that we may know you are a Spiritualist. If Aug. 7 is stormy come the first fair day following.

Onset Letter.

Sunday, July 21, was a beautiful day at Onset. A large audience gathered to enjoy a fine concert by the band at \$2.0 a. m. At 10.30 a. m. Dr. Fuller introduced Mrs. 10.30 a. m. 10.30 a.

thought knows no high or low, rich or poor. The illumination of the thoughts burn brighter today.

"I believe it is our duty to take our Spiritualism with us always; wherever we go we should live our Spiritualism. So we will be armed and equipped for the next train. May loving angels still bless us in our efforts to climinate human suffering." The meeting was closed with music by Mr. Maxham and a benediction by Mrs. Byrnes.

At one o'clock the band gave another concert. At 2 o'clock a large audlence gathered to listen to the speaker of the afternoon. Mr. A. P. Blinn, Seey, of the New England Camp Meeting Association, held at Lake Pleasant. After a song by Mr. Maxham Mr. Blian was introduced and said:

"Mr. President and coworkers, for the benefit of those that expect an invocation at the opening of the meeting I will sag it is almost impossible for me to give an invocation in words. I wish I could express the prayer that I feel in my soul, so I will recite be poem entitled 'The Two Halos,'" After another song Mr. Blian took for his subject "In our Father's House there are many Mansions," His lecture was practically a biblical lecture. He also quoted E. Sargeat, Minot J. Savage and Col. Ingersoll. He said in part:

"Before Modern Spiritualism claimed the boughts of the world Materialism and

another song Mr. Blian took for his subject to use Fathers' House there are many mansions." His lecture was practically a biblical lecture. He also quoted E. Sarent, Minot J. Savage and Col. Ingersoil. He said in part:

"Before Modern Spiritualism claimed the thoughts of the world Materialism and Christism were the beliefs. The Materialism believed that when man died that was the better that when man died that was the better there were the beliefs. The Materialism believed that when man died that was the better because he believed in a Christian hell where the spirit remained utall it heard the trumpet call, and then went to be judged. This was the teaching fifty years ago. But Spiritualism came and knocked the broth out of the Christian hell and the bottom out of the Christian hell and the bottom out of the Christian hell and the broth of heaven."

"There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body. The Bible did not make the church, as the church as a hook. If we study it as we abound it will easible us to become better.

"We are bound so closely together that we can't go low or high but what others will go with us. Why are there among the Spiritual body? What kind of an answer do you will be the was within us is the infinite spirit; the animal man is still progressing. Main and in Rotton and talk to Chicago. The monker of the week of the case of the case of the case of the case of the spirit body. Botton and talk to Chicago. The monker of the case of

able concert.

The boat from New Bedford came loaded.
President Symonds of the V. S. V was among the visitors.

The speakers, Sunday, July 21, were one of the oldest workers in the field, in the morning, and one of the youngest workers in the afternoon.

afternoon.
Saturday, July 27, was State day.
Don't forget to subscribe for the Banner of
Light before leaving the camp. Weather
fine.

A Forthcoming Book by W. J. Colville.

With the kind permission of the Banner of Light, I desire to inform my numerous triends in America that during my residence in Australia I have been at work upon a novel founded upon actual fact, now nearly ready for publication, entitled "The Garden of Eden," so named because I have founded the good doctor in the story upon Dr. George Dutton of Chicago, from whose splendid standard educational treatise "Etiopathy, or the Way of Life." I have freely quoted. Dr. Dutton very kindly furnished me with advance sheats of his work, several of which I used in reviewing the book subsequent to its appearance; others I have embodied in my own new literary venture.

This story deals with various matters directly pertaining to spiritual philosophy, and I have carefully collected a number of authentic telepathic and kindred incidents and also introduced some remarkable spirit-communications. The seene is laid in Australia and New Zealand, and also introduced as often as possible exact quotations from acholars of ripe experience who have been for many years investigating the mysteries of the volume. When published, the price of the volume of some followed to the published, the price of the volume of some followed to the process of the consent of some followed to the process of the published, the price of the volume of some followed to the published, the price of the volume of some followed to the published, the price of the volume of some followed to the price of the volume of some followed to the process of the published, the price of the volume of some followed to the price of the volume of some followed the published.

lavestigating the mysteries of the unseen universe.

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I confidently expect that—every friend of mine in America will desire a copy of this new work, which will be published directly one thousand advanced subscriptions are received.

W. J. Colville.

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FAAn excellent cabinet photo. of "The Poughkeepsic Seer" (A. J. Davis) for sale at this office. Price 35 cents.

Col. Olcott Tells of the Miracles of Mme. Blavatsky.

Theosophist Says, Among Other Things tha Spiritualists Have Not Been Advancing.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

A few minutes after learning that Colonel Olcott was in town, I began to be sensible of an agreeable flowing out of influence from his direction, and within half an hour I had reached his hotel, and was walking down the corridor to his rooms. I had never seen him, and had but vague notions as to his personal appearance, which notions, such as they were, turned out to be quite incorrect. The colonel is a man of powerful physique, weighs probably 200 pounds, and stands within an inch or so of six feet. His head is large and finely built; his white hair and full beard have the aspect which we are used to term patriarchal; his features are strikingly handsome. In the mass he recalls Walt Whitman, but his face has more delicacy of expression, while fully the equal of Whitman's in power.

Power shows all through him, physical, mental and psychic. Wholesomeness, health and geniality radiate from him. His viocie is mellow, but strong, and his speccal is swift, fluent and, withal, terse.

HE'S LIKELY TO BE A YOUTH AGAIN

HE'S LIKELY TO BE A YOUTH AGAIN

Her's Likely To Be A Youth-Again

Her's likely To Be A Youth-Again

Her's is a man in full possession of all his faculties in their best estate, and with an informal simplicity of bearing which is charming. His nose is a broad apulline; his eyes are blue, beneath thick, white brows, between the brows, above the root of the nose, there is that wide triangular space which I have always noted in persons of psychie faculty. He was nearsighted in his youth, and does not now wear glasses. At the age of 69 he has the vigor, bodily and intellectual, of a man thirty years his junior, and he called my attention to the fact that his hair at the temples had begun to revert to its original dark color. It seems likely that in a dozen years more the colonel may have an outward aspect conforming to his inward youthfuless.

He greeted me cordially, and, with a massive grasp of his strong right hand. We had come near meeting at his home in Madras, India, three or four years ago, but for eacult reasons, perhaps, the event had been deferted till now. He is here in North America but for a few days, but he expressed the hope that he may be able to make us another visit two years hence.

Meanwhile he has planned an immense work in India, not on theosophical lines merely, but in the way of benefiting the native races. There is in him a rare combination of spiritual and practical ability, and he resembles not in the least the conventional idea of a theosophical expert. All is bluff, hearty, sincere and outspoken with him, nod a better subject for interviewing I have never had the fortune to encounter.

All was clad in a soft white shirt, without

tion to his prepared mind. That is the method—the mahntmax do not lead, they follow; or, as one might put it, they know whether the proper soil for their ideas exists, and plant them there. Edison told me that he would never be content until he had telegraphed by brain power."

CURIOSITY ABOUT MR. TESLA.

CURIOSITY ABOUT MR. TESLA.

I told the Colonel that Tesla's method of working out his inventions or discoveries was similar to the mahatmays; he had informed me, at our last meeting, that he elaborated all his processes and creations in the abstract, and often carried them for a long time in his mind before linearnating them. He knew, before he had so much as pat pen to paper to draught his design, exactly what his machine, when complete, would accomplish.

"Does he know about theosophy?" the Colonel inquired. I could not tell him; but I opined that he was in a condition to apprehend quickly whatever might be suggested to him on those lines.

The Colonel now began to give me anecdotes filustrative of occult phenomena. He was at no time in Boston, with Madame Blavatsky, looking for a medium to be employed in some research, and happened upon a lady whose specialty was the production of flowers by occult means; the flowers themselves being actual flowers, already existing, but brought to the sitters in the seance by spiritual means.

"We would form a circle round the table, holding handa," he said, "after the doors and windows had been closed, so that no one could get in, and the medium herself was a placed as to make tricks on her part impossible. After a while we would feel a cool air breathing into the room, and soon after, on turning on the light, we would ind the table heaped up with beautiful fresh flowers, just arthered. If any member of the circle wished for a particular flower, it would be brought to him; a man with us, a Seot, wanted some of his native heather, and a great bunch of it was brought to him, with the fresh earth clinging to its roots, as it had been torn up."

ringing to its roots, as it had been torn up."

"And now here is a pretty example of magic," continued the Colonel, producing a heavy gold ring, with three small diamonds set in a triangle in it. "We had been trying for a flower scanee, only three of ox, including the medium, being present. The usual phenomena did not appear, and I thought the scance was a failure, and was going to turn on the gas, when I felt something cool and moist on the back of my hand; when the light was turned on there was a beautiful moss rose, partly opened.

"After we had admired it, the medium took it in her hand and smelled it; she then passed it to a lady present, looking fixedly at it meanwhile. The lady, on taking it, said: 'Why, how heavy it is; see, it is all bent over to one side.' I then took it and was also struck by its weight, and I pulled the petals apart to find the cause and this ring fell out on the carpet."

The Colonel, sniting the action to the word, let the ring drop to the floor.

"But that isn't all," he added, picking it up. "Some days after the ring was shown to Madame Blavatsky; she took it in her hands for a moment, and on handing it back to me I noticed a sparkle on it, coming upon it as I looked, and in a moment there were the three diamonds an you see them now."

I took the ring and examined it; there were the three tiny diamonds, and on the inside of the ring was the regular hall-mark.

"How came that there?" I asked.

"Oh, it's a real ring, no doubt," the Colonel replied. "The things produced in this way are generally real things, not creations of occult power."

I to occurred to me that in that case the ring must have belonged to somebody, either a purchaser or the manufacturer, and it would be interesting to know whether any compensation was made for its abstraction in such a case and what the owner thought of the transaction, But I omitted to put the query to the Colonel, who was already speaking of something else.

MADAME BLAVATSKY A FROTOGRAPHER.

MADAME BLAVATSKY A PHOTOGRAPHER W
Madame Blavatsky, he said, was able to produce pictures by simply laying her hand on a piece of paper.

"We have been tsiking for ages," he said, "of the iden of the picture or other work of art existing in the mind of the artist before he executes it in visible form. A friend of mine asked Madame Blavatsky for a portrait of a certain mahatma. She went to the tiny writing table, took up a sheet of writing paper, tore off a side of it, and laid, it on the table, putting over it a piece of blotting paper. In a moment she lifted her hand, and handed the paper to my friend. On it was a portrait of the mahatma. I afterwands showed it to a very distinguished artist" the told me his name, but I have forgotten it) "and he said that it was a wonderful work of art, and that only two artists, one of whom was Michael Angelo, were capable of producing it." "Then," said I, "it was not a good likeness merely, but had artist two snot a good likeness merely, but had artistle merit as well?"

"The highest merit," assented the colonel, and yet Madame Blavatsky never preemed to be an artist. And another ancedote of her powers which he told me showed that she could reproduce only what was in her mind or memory. There was need at the dimer table one day of a pair of sugar tongs.

CALIS HER "THE OLD LADY."

CALLS HER "THE OLD LADY."

"The old lady," said the Colonel (he habitually referred to Madame by that title), "put down her hand; and brought it up acain understanding the colonel with a pair of sugar tongs. But the point is That they were such a pair of sugar tongs as never was seen before or since. Madame had no knowledge of domestic matters. She once wanted to boll an egg, and put the egg on the hot coals of the fire. She had not known anything of the construction of a sugar tongs and this affair was a hybrid between a sugar tongs and a pickle fork. There had been the idea in her mind (on the sugar tongs and this affair was a hybrid between a sugar tongs and a pickle fork. There had been the idea in her mind (on the sugar tongs and a pickle fork. There had been the idea in her mind (on the sugar tongs and a pickle fork. There had been the idea in her mind (on the sugar tongs and a pickle fork. There had been the idea in her mind (on the sugar tongs and a pickle fork. There had been the idea in her mind (on the sugar tongs and a pickle fork. There had been the idea in her mind (on the sugar tongs and a pickle fork. There had been the idea in her mind (on the sugar tongs and a pickle fork. There had been the idea in her mind (on the sugar tongs and a pickle fork. There had been the idea in her mind (on the sugar tongs and a pickle fork. There had been the idea in her mind (on the sugar tongs and a pickle fork. There had been the idea in her mind (on the sugar tongs and a pickle fork. There had been the idea in her mind (on the sugar tongs and a pickle fork. There had been the idea in her mind (on the sugar tongs and a pickle fork. There had been the idea in her mind (on the sugar tongs and a pickle fork. There had been the idea in her mind (on the sugar tongs and a pickle fork. There had been the construction of a sugar tongs and a pickle fork. There had been the construction of a sugar tongs and a pickle fork. The had been the sugar tongs and a pickle fork. There had not had the sugar tongs and a pickle fork. There had not had the suga

HERE IS MATTER FOR THOUGHT

MERE IS MATTER FOR THOUGHT.

After a day or two the picture faded off the paper, until mething but the name at the bottom remained. (I should have said that in addition to the portrait on the paper there were around it a number of little grinning circs' faces, and over its head a hand, pointing downwards.) Madame was requested to restore the portrait, which she did by bringher hand upon it; and it is still in the Colonel's possession unaltered after many years.

"Does it look like a photograph?" I saked. The Colonel said "No."

There is matter for thought in these stories.

Madame was there, and "What would a to have?" she knowled. He mother as think he would like a whistle, though under the circumstances, she did not we an Aladdia's pulses, I causet imagine, ame had a booch of keys on a ring a

an Aladdin's paises, I cannot imagine. Madanae had a bonch of keys on a ring at her girdle.

"Oh, he can have a whistle," she replied; and forthwith hegan to loosen two of her keys from the ring. As abe took then off, she twisted them over each other, and handed them to the mother; but they were now no longer keys—they were a nice steel whistle.

"They were made of the keys, you know," remarked the Colonel, "and the old lady had to have two others made for her tranks."

"Did Madame approve of Spiritualism." I naked.

"She didn't think that Spiritualists were doing much good," he amwered; "but she was interested in some of the spiritualistic principles. But the Spiritualists have not advanced, they have been marking time ever since the cult was started."

"Do you hear from Madame nowadays?" I wanted to know.

OLD LADY NON COMMUNICATIVE.

OLD LADY BON COMMUNICATIVE.

"Oh, no!" said the Colone!" she has better things to do than to come back here. Before she died we agreed together that whatever story might hereafter be circulated to the effect that she was communicating, should have no truth in it."

The Colonel then began to talk about the general objects of his present mission; but these may better be found in the literature furnished by his agents to the press, and from the several lectures which he is to deliver. At this stage, another newspaper man was announced, and I rose to take my leave; was said good-bye with a regret which was, I will allow myself the pleasure of beliering, mutual.

said good-bye with a regret which was, I will allow myself the pleasure of bellering, mutual.

If I visit India again, I am authorized to make my headquarters at the Colonel's lovely residence in Madras, photographs of which he showed me. And if he first returns here, I shall surely give him a cordial welcome. Without pretending to pass any opinion on the philosophy of which he is the most eminent Known exponent. I feel sure that he will never have any other influence upon the world than a beneficial one, and that if there were more men like him the world would be prosperous in a far higher and more desirable sense than it is.—The North American.

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The Foundation of Spiritualism.

The Foundation of Spiritualism.

A valued friend asks the question, "Is Mediumship the foundation of Spiritualism?" and evidently expects an affirmative response. No doubt the majority of Spiritualists would at once say "yes" to that question, and seek to rule out all discussion upon it thereafter. We do not presume to question the honesty or the integrity of the brethren who would thus express themselves, but we do believe them to be mistaken. Spiritualism is far more than mediumship, and its foundation rests upon a much more stable basis. Spiritualism is the philosophy of life, and the unfoldment of wisdom, while its foundation rests upon the eternal verities of spirit. In fine, Spirit is the foundation of Spiritualism, upon which the grand superstructure rests. The spirit-world and the Infinite Intelligence of the universe are involved in Spirit, and are behind the movement some mortals love to call Spiritualism.

Mediumship is the means used by the denizant of the spirit-world to interpret Spiritualism.

of the universe are involved in Spirit, and are behind the movement some mortals love to call Spiritualism.

Mediumship is the means used by the denizens of the spirit-world to interpret Spiritualism in itself, but is rather a part of its working machinery. Mediumship is the channel through which spirit prevelations are made known to mankind, yet those revelations were not created by the mediums, nor were they given because of them. Spiritual truth is eternal in its nature, hence is the same from acon to acon throughout all of the Eternities. Revelations of truth are flashed into the finite minds of the mediums by wise spirits in the higher spheres. Their mortal instruments neither create it nor to they have a private means by which wisdam can be given to the race, and should, therefore, be carefully cherished. We are not arguing against the mediums nor mediumship, but are merely protesting that the instrument is not greater than the power it serves, and by which it was produced.

If every medium on earth were to be suddenly taken away from mortal life, Spiritualism would still exist, and would easily find intense by which it would make itself known. With mediumship, which of itself is transitory in its nature, as the foundation of Spiritualism, there would be no security for it as life's philosophy and as wisdom's exponent. Epirit changes not, neither does Soul lose its knowledge. The phenomena of Nature act as interpreters of Spirit, even as do the mediums who seek to exploit the so-called mental phenomena undo the world. He who knows Nature is acquainted with Spiritualism, for the wooders upon which he gazes are but the expressions of Spirit, which is the foundation of still things. The vertices of Spirit are Truth, Immortality, Eternal Progression and Spirit-

Communion. With these builded into the formulation of its temple, Spiritualism has a basis that cannot be destroyed. Fart in order that light may all every nook and cramy of that temple, windows are necessary; mediumship is to mea the window through which illumination is flashed into the interior of the building, but is not the all of the temple itself. Windows are frequite, and have to be carefully guarded in all buildings, especially in those homes where unruly children dwell. The windows in the temple of Spiritualism are certainly no exceptions to the rule. We need them; we must carefully guard them; we must so place them in the walls of our temple as to make them the best possible reflectors of wisdom's superior light. Let us cherish our mediums, and give them the best development possible that they may be strong enough to endure all tests and wise enough to interpret all lessons of the spirit. To do this we must cease to make them the all of Spiritualism, but rather give them their own honored place.

The Fosburgh Case.

The Fosburgh Case.

The Fosburgh Case.

The famous Fosburgh murder trial in Pittsfield, Mass., is now at an end. It has resulted in the triumphant acquittal of the accused brother, and the veriliet meets with the hearity approval of at least nine out of every ten persons who have followed the case. The murder in itself was a most terrible tragedy. But the arrest of the brother of the murdered girl for the crime was the refinement of cruelty. It would seem as if the police, unable to trace the real murderer, had sought to obscure their blunders by casting the oddium of the crime upon the girl's brother. The case against the accused was a veritable rope of sand, and the evidence was too trivial to warrant its introduction in court. The words and work of Judge Stevens, the presiding justice, meet with the hearty approval of all. But who can, or will compensate the sorrowing family and the unjustly accused brother for the added suffering this miserable farce has caused them? The accused has been compelled to defend himself at his own expense against a baseless charge, and has no redress whatever. This may be law, but it most certainly is not justice. In this case, and all others like it, the State should be compelled to compensate the innocent victim of official blunderings for his mental agony, as well as for his expenses in defending himself. Today an innocent man may be sent to prison for a term of years, and be proved innocent after half or all of his sentence has expired. He has no redress for his sufferings, for his loss of liberty, for the deprivation of his income, nor for the lajury done him by others. If the Fosburgh case aerves to quicken the public conscience in any one or all of these directions, the agony it has caused to the accused and his grief stricken family will not have been in vain. The question is, will it do it?

E. Bach.

Our special correspondent from Cassadaga Camp reports the sudden and altogether unexpected transition of this able worker for our Cause from the earth-home of his son, W. H. Bach, Editor of the Sunflower. Mr. Bach, Sr., resided for many years in Aberdeen, So. Dakota, where he carried on extensive business operations. He was a man of sterling integrity and was everywhere held in the highest esteem for those essential moral qualities that make up a noble man. Born in Germany, educated for the Catholic priesthood, his progressive mind could not brook the political restraints of his native land, nor could he be fettered by the dogmas of the Church. He came to America in search of larger political and religious liberty, and found both. He became a thorough American in thought and feeling, and entered heart and soul into everything that would promote the welfare of his adopted country. From the dogmas of the Church, be turned to philosophical materialism, taking the position of an Agnostic with regard to all religious questions. But a rationalist like Mr. Bach could not long remain content with a gospel or philosophy of mere negation, hence he was ied in due time to make a careful study of Spiritualism. His investigations resulted in the discovery of mediumship in his own family circle, and led to the conversion of his entire household band to Spiritualism. He boldly took up the weapons of defense in behalf of the new dispensation, and many able articles from his facile pen found their way into the columns of the Spiritualist papers, as well as into secolar Journals that were liberal enough to admit arguments in refutation of their attacks upon Spiritualism. He boldly took up the weapons of defense in behalf of the new dispensation, and many able articles from his facile pen found their way into the columns of the Spiritualist papers, as well as into secolar Journals that were liberal enough to admit arguments in refutation of their attacks upon Spiritualism. He never mistook inference for eridnee, but his papers, as

for many years, and the sorrow of his fan is ours at this time of parting. We home our arisen brother for his steadfast devot to the truth, and for his thoughtful line in the progress of Spiritualism. He earned his freedom from bodily suffering, we congratulate him upon the spiritual that is now his. Our sincere sympathy is tended to all of his family in this sad hay the loving angels bring them the so cains sunshine and heartfelt foy over the knowledge of his new-found happiness peaceful rest. E. Bach has made this we better from his having lived in it, and higher life is now richer because of his trance therein.

Dr. E. A. Pratt.

Dr. E. A. Pratt.

It is with deep regret that we learn of the removal of this noble hearted worker for humanity from the city of Boston. He is to make his earthly home in South Attleboro, Mass, during the years he is to remain in the form, where he will carry on his good work of healing suffering humanity we hope for a full score of years. Dr. Pratt is one of the most reliable clairvoyants and medical psychies it has ever been our good fortune to meet. His guides in spirit are highly cultured, and it is a pleasure to listen to their words of wisdom through his lips. He has been true to their trust in him through his whole life, and they have rewarded him by making him a very successful healer. His friends on earth are legion and no one is more sincerely loved for his noble, unselfish work than is Dr. E. A. Pratt. We wish him health and prosperity in his new home. Boston's loss is So. Attleboro's gain, and we know the friends there will greatly rejoice at his coming among them.

Wills

Rich men make wills and lawyers break them. That is their business. The richer the decedent the greater the pickings for those who succeed in smashing his last will and testament. Moral—Make your will and see that it is executed before death overtakes you. If you have anything to give, give it while the gratitude of your beneficiaries may cause your heart to thrill. If you expect the encomlums of those you love get them while you live here, and if you want to plant flowers in the hearts of your friends do it now. The eternal Now is all you have anyway.—Light of Truth.

now. The eternal Now is all you have anyway.—Light of Truth.

We most heartily commend these carnest words of our esteemed contemporary to every Spiritualist in the world. If you wish to aid the Cause you love, do it while you are in the form, and then you can be assured that your wishes are carried out to the letter. Wills are now the lawyer's best cases, and are made only to be broken. A Spiritualist stands little chance before the average court of today. Religious prejudice and sectarian bigotry will prevail over justice and right. A case is on trial even now in which it is alleged that the testator was of unsound mind because he desired that his body should be cremated, the ashes acattered to the four winds of heaven, and no religious services held over his remainst! He bequeathed one-third of his estate to Spiritualism, one-third to Free Thought, and one-third to his relatives. Because of his liberal, spiritualistic and reformatory views, his relatives consider him unfit to make a will, and considerately go before the court asking that they be given the entire estate. We hope the will may be sustained, and the wishes of the arisen philanthropist carried out. If his most direct heirs are in need, there is no doubt that the spiritualistic body he has remembered will see to it that justice is done them. But apart from this, the contest is another warning to Spiritualists to give what they have to give to the Cause while they are in the form. Live men are more certain to win their way than are spirits in one of the modern courts.

Another Spiritualist Temple.

Another Spiritualist Temple.

Good news reaches us from Columbus, Ohio, through the mediumship of our esteemed contemporary, "The Light of Truth." It is to the effect that the First Spiritualist Church of that city now has, or soon will have, a home of its own. One of the philanthropic Spiritualists of Columbus has purchased the Westminster Presbyterian Church for eight thousand dollars, and will present it to the Spiritualists of the society named out of pure love for the Cause. The dedicatory services will take place in September, on which occasion an elaborate program will be presented. Nothing tends to insure the permanency of a local society more than having a home of its own. The Spiritualists of Columbus have always been noted for their devotion to their religion, and now that they have a church home, Spiritualism will surely flourish as does the green bay tree under the most favorable conditions. We trust that the splendid example of Mr. Barkus will be emulated by other Spiritualists of large means in all places where local societies now exist, or can be organized. We cannot but feel that the result in Columbus is largely due to the altrulate principles of progressive Spiritualism. They have found lodgment in good soil, taken firm root, and have brought forth good froit. Living and dying for others constitute the true life.

Have You

purchased a copy of that unique work by Corrilla Banister, "I'm a Brick?" If you have not done so, now is your time. It is rich la wit, humor, satire and pathos, and should be read by every Liberalist, Spiritualist, Theosophist and Metaphysician on both continents. Send in your orders. It is only one dollar per volume, and it should have a wide reading. You need the book.

- A man who has justice in him will deal justly. Such a man does not inquire of the law without, but of the law within.—Ex.

The American Secular Unio

This organization seems to have no end of trouble in its ranks just at present. The resignation of Dr. Wilson, its President, caused the office to devolve upon Mrs. Josephine K. Henry of Versailles, Kr., the First Vice-President. It now appears that she resigned the Vice-Presidency at the same time Dr. Wilson resigned as President, but did not succeed in making her resignation known. She now resigns the Presidency, and steps down and out. This throws the office of President upon the shoulders of Editor Macdonald, of the Truth-Seeker, the second Vice-President. There is no doubt of the fitness of Mr. Macdonald for his responsible office. He is a brave, sincere and thoroughly capable man, and we predict that he will worthly and honorably discharge the duties pertaining to his office. We also believe that if he puts as much energy into his official work as he does into his splendid paper, the Union will enjoy a first class "boom" during his administration. We congratulate him upon his promotion, and wish him every success in his noble work of promoting the interests of the Cause of Free Thought. It is to be restretted that differences have arisen among the workers in the Union, but we hope that Editor Macdonald will pour oil on the troubled waters and thereby restore harmony.

Our Children's Number.

Our Children's Number.

For several weeks we have stated that the Issue of August 10 would be a special number for the children. We take this occasion to announce that the date will be August 17, rather than August 10, as we cannot prepare the special articles that we wish to appear in connection with the "Banner's bables" before that time. We ask our friends to take notice of this change and order extra copies accordingly. The Banner of Light of Aug. 17 will be one of the very best numbers ever issued from our office. It will contain a goodly number of cuts of the "wee Spiritualists" who have come to earth during the past two years, as well as one of Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, the popular Circle Medium of the Banner, whose likeness has never before been presented to our readers. The sketches and pictures, with other reading matter, will make that issue of the Banner one of great value. We ask our friends to send in their orders for extras at the earliest possible moment so that we may determine the size of the didion. Those who have ordered extra copies of the Banner of Aug. 10 will receive that of Aug. 17, unless we are notified to the contrary. Send in your orders. Single copies only five cents each. Don't delay.

The Spiritual Review.

The subject matter of this excellent magazine grows better and better with each succeeding issue. Bro. J. J. Morse, its progressive editor, is the "right man in the right place," and right royally does he serve the patrons of his journal. He is devoted to the truth for the truth's own sake, and is faithfully endeavoring to make Spiritualism the leading ethical and religious cult of the realm. With such men as he is at the front, Spiritualism cannot be otherwise than prosperous in the United Kingdom. He has called around him a very able corps of contributors, in the United Kingdom. He has called around him a very able corps of contributors, all of whom seem to be imbued with the able editor's fearless and progressive spirit. It is a genuine pleasure to us to commend "The Spiritual Review" to the thoughtful attention of the reading Spiritualists of the world. It should be in every home, and we trust that it will be, for its subscription price is within the reach of those of even moderate means.

An Important Question.

Can any one of our readers furnish us a copy of the work containing a full acount of the trial of William Mumler, the spirit photographer, whose work so astonished the skeptics of thirty-five years ago? It is now out of print, and as it contains the records of a trial where Spiritualism and mediumship were given courteous consideration, as well as judicial recognition, it becomes a work of Interest in regard to precedent in law, in connection with the cases now pending against mediums in various sections of this nation. We would be pleased to purchase a copy of this work upon reasonable terms. Kindly address the Editor with regard to the matter, stating price.

The Royal Blue Line

The Royal Blue Line
will carry the New England and Middle Atlantic States excursionists to the Ninth National Convention of the National Spiritualists Association in Washington, D. C. All
Spiritualists who wish to have a pleasant outing in good company and to enjoy the exercises of a great National Convention, should
plan to take this trip. The entire expense of
the trip is only \$27.50, covering fully eight
days' time. It is cheaper than staying at
home. Read the litnerary published in another column of this issue, and then write the
manager, J. B. Hatch, Jr., for full particulars
of the trip. #His address is 74 Sydney St.,
Boston, Mass.

Onset Camp
is now at its full tide, and is presenting some of the finest intellectual viands to the people assembled there that were ever spread before a summer assembly. Its platform talent ranks with the best, and the scholarly presentations of the philosophy cannot fail to instruct the assembled multitudes in the truths of Spiritualism. Its location makes it a most delightful spot for those who wish to combine pleasure with spiritual instruction, as it furnishes excellent bathing facilities, good fighing grounds, charming sails, and delightful drivés. We trust that our readers will remember this up to date camp in planning their vacations.

" History of Medicine."

We are in receipt of an exhaustive work bearing the above caption, from the pen of that able and fearless writer, Alexander Wilder, M. D. It is written in Dr. Wilder's usual lucid style, and is replete with valuable information for all truth seekers, and conscientious students. We shall present a fitting review of this excellent work in the near future in the columns of the Banner of Light. In the meantime, we trust that all Spiritualists and Liberalists will at once order copies of the book. It is well worth reading and deserves a place in every library in the land.

A Valuable Library.

The large and valuable library of the late Rev. E. Case of Townshend, Vt., containing numerous scientific, philosophical and religious works, is for sale. He was a judge of good literature, and selected his books with great care. His volumes on Spiritualism and Occultism are the very best that have ever been written, and are all as good as new. His daughters desire to dispose of all of these books together with his theologial and scientific works, as well as books of reference. This is a rare chance to obtain the best books on these subjects at a very low figure. We should be pleased to hear from lovers of good reading with regard to this sale.

The Boston and Albany Line

is the most direct route to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, and to Camp Cassadaga, at Lily Dale, N. Y., the great Mecca of the Spiritualists of the lake region, and of the nation. Try it and see for yourselves.

EFHave you read Dr. Alexander Wilder's splendid work, "The History of Medicine?" If not, you should secure a copy at once. It contains a digest of the medical laws in all States in the Union, and will, therefore, be of great value to all so-called irregular practitioners of medicine. It is for sale at this office at the low price of \$2.75 per volume. Send in your orders and induce your triends to do likewise.

La From 96 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade to exactly one-half of that figure in seven hours time, is an experience that we do not care to repeat too often. Yet it was ours on Wednesday, of last week. A roaring fire, closed windows, and people clad in winter garments for the twenty-fourth day of July is rather a peculiar, not to say extraordinary phenomenon. When Pluto and Boreas join forces no man is safe—he must roast or freeze.

LaTFrom the columns of our esteemed con-temporary, The Iteligio-Philosophical Journal, we learn that Dr. Dean Clarke is now in San Francisco, where he has been most gladly welcomed by his many friends. Dr. Clarke is a vigorous writer, a clear thinker, and all-round philosopher. He has been a welcome contributor to the columns of the Banner of Light, and will be remembered with much pleasure as its protem editor last autumn. We wish our good friend a pleasant and profitable visit among our brethren on the Pacific Coast. Pacific Coast.

ETDid you like the Banner's Cassadaga edition? It so, why not call the attention of your friends to it and order some extra copies for free distribution in your community? We have a few copies of this most excellent issue yet on hand and will gladly mail them to any address on receipt of order containing the cash price of five cents per copy. It is an excellent missionary paper, and we hope it will have a wide circulation. Send in a liberal order and thus help the good Cause.

Lot Horses in all large cities have been wearing straw hats with cool, wet sponges in them, during the past month of grilling weather through which this country has passed. Every humane man and worm will heartily applaud this reform and work faithfully to secure its establishment everywhere. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is to be congratulated upon its good work in this direction.

LETApropos of kindness to horses, we venture to ask why it would not be in order to do something for the suffering children in the fetid tenements of our great cities? It is true that horses have a commercial value, hence are of more importance to some men than are the lives of dozens of children. Why wouldn't it be well to expend some of the money that is wasted by our Government in the armaments of war, in the purchase of ice for the poor sufferers, and in fresh air excursions for those who never see a blade of green grass? Is not a human soul of equal worth the life of a toiling horse? Spiritualism says yes, commercialism says no.

LETThe Monitor, a wide awake journal of Denton, Texas, in its Issue of July 13, contains an interesting account of the doings of an alleged ghost in the city cemetery. The ghost is said to wish to impart valuable information with regard to money to one of the citizens of Denton, but thus far no one has been found with sufficient courage to question the apparition. Money revealing ghosts and hobgoblins have no place in the economy of true Spiritualism, and this affair in Denton is only another instance where fear and credulity have united to bring the gospel of the angels into disrepute. True Spiritualism lays all ghosts of fancy and superstition, and has no interest in such sensationalism as is manifest in this case.

Ocean Grove, Harwichport, Mass.

Wednesday p. m., July 17, lecture by S. L. cal, subject, "Education," treated from the illowing standpoints, viz.: Physical, mental, cial, economical, financial and spiritual ed-

collowing standpoints, viz.! Physical, meutal, coisi, economical, financial and spiritual edecation.

Thursday a. m., 18th, conference; evening, secture by C. Fannie Allyn, subjects, "Aspiration," "Was the World Made in Seven Daysr" "Womm's Mission." "Back of us see an infinite past, and before us for the future. Our aspirations in the past have aspired to ake life. Aspiration among Spiritualists has aused a revision of the Bible. The aspiration of John Murray led him to America to reach universal salvation. Spiritualists spire to better the condition of the whole uman race."

aspire to better the condition of the whole human race."

In the evening the young people held their annual entertainment and sale of fancy articles; cake and ice cream were served. There is quite a company of young people, willing workers in connection with the campmeeting. During the past year they enlarged the Circle House, which makes it more commodious and more comfortable, and they deserve circlif for what they have done.

Saturday, July 20, lecture in the afternoon by H. rison D. Barrett, president of the National Association, subject, "Co-operation."

National Association, subject, "Co-operation."

Sunday a. m., July 21, platform occupied by Mrs. May Pepper. "The Bible stands more for Spiritualism than for any other religion. Abraham and Moses were mediums. Jesus taught Spiritualism. Moses was the first slate writing medium. Why should we discard the Bible when it embraces so much Spiritualism? There is Spiritualism in the Catholic and Methodist churches."

Mrs. Pepper supplemented the lecture with tests, every one of which we think was recognized. In the afternoon the platform was occupied by H. D. Barrett. His subject was "The New Dispensation." Mr. Barrett gave a good lecture to a large and attentive audience. Mrs. Pepper followed with tests, and every test was recognized. The correctness of her tests and delineations is wonderful.

S. L. Beal.

Unity Camp.

Sunday was "National Association Day" at this camp, which is in a fine location in Saugus Centre, Mass., at the junction of Denver and Central streets. The auditorium is a natural amphitheatre in the midst of a beautiful pine grove on high ground, five minutes walk from steam or electric cars. Although the early part of the day was cloudy, with frequent showers, at 11 o'clock when the conference meeting opened, the seats were well filled and delegations from far and near were constantly arriving, which swelled the numbers during the noon hours. The conference at 11 o'clock opened with song service led by Charles Butler, Miss Laura Metzger presiding at the organ. Interesting remarks were made by Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Albert Lewis and remarks and tests by Miss Lizzle Ewer of Exeter, N. E. Mr. Willard gave several interesting experiences with which the session closed. The intervening time was spent in social circles and at the refreshment cafes, where most excellent fish and clam chowders, ice cream, sandwiches, tea and coffee were served by an efficient corps of walgers, who were kept especially busy all day long.

At 1.30, Dr. Alex Gaird called the meeting to order and in a very pleasing manner introduced Harrison D. Barrett, president of the National Spiritualists' Association, who took charge of the meeting, which opened with congregational singing. President Barrett very feelingly introduced J. S. Scarlett of Cambridgeport, as an able and devoted friend of Spiritualism and able exponent of its philosophy and phenomena, who in opening his address defined the position of Modern Spiritualism in comparison with other religions of the world, stating that whatever the position, truth is unconquerable and trusting and hoping that the day is not far distant when all truth under whatever head should be appeared to the impatance of united concerted co-operation to place the work and workers before the world in such a way that there will be mistake as to the meaning and effect of such a grand and glorious resu

Its urged the necessity of identification with the work of local, State and National organizations.

Trestent Harrett, in a highly complimentry manner introduced Mr. Chas. LeGrand, the well-known healer and vocalist, who was applauded on his coming the front and same very effectively. The Stranger's Story, when the state of the rest and same very effectively, and the front and same very effectively. The Stranger's Story, when the state of the stranger's story and the state of the s

NUSC.

Mrs. Dr. Caird of Lynn, was here intro-ced and gave several fine demonstrations of r wonderful psychic powers. This closed a session. An intermission of an hour was ten for perfeshments. From 3 to 4, Thomas' thestra of ten pieces rendered the following rellent program of instrumental selections; of, Wm. Thomas, leader.

which was highly appreciated and liberally

applauded.

Tring's splendid work "Liketh". This bring chart porms owhich the history of the fire point of the propagation of the interests of the propagation of the interests of the propagation of the p

at length upon the necessity of working from the primary elements of mediumship to the speaker and medium for demonstrations of the practical application of the science in which we find the opportunity of proving to the world that which we profess. Mr. Barrest closed and rounds of applause from the vast andience. Mr. Chas. Ledfrand followed, single by request, "The Signal Bells at Sea," accompanied by Mr. Chas. Walker of Salem Mr. Thomas Cross then spoke upon the work of the Federation in England and the possibilities that may be reached by earnest, persistent effort for the emancipation of the human race from the religous bonds that now hold them, expressing the intense desire to impress the world with the importance of the education of the children, quoting from the best writers of the times, showing the trend of thought of the literary world. Miss Lizzle Ewer, of Exeter, N. H., followed with spirit messages, giving full names and communications which were remarkably correct. The president read a telegram announcing the serious lilness of Mrs. May S. Pepper. The day's exercises closed with singing of "Sweet Bye and Bre," and benediction by Mr. Thomas Cross.

The large 'uddence remained until dark, loth to leave. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the N. S. A. Day was a great success and the grand, whole-souled reception given President Barrett and his collengues on this occasion may well make them feel proud of the effort of Unity Camp on behalf of the N. S. A.

Another grove mecting was held in Robertson's grove near Otranto, Iowa, Sunday, July 21. The day was excessively hot, but the grove was pleasant and a col spring of water added much to confort. People came by teams from as far as twenty miles. Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kates were our speakers and mediums. They have stirred this section until the people are carnestly seeking the truths of Spiritualism. We have great hope and encouragement for progress, and trust to have an organization here and a circuit of meetings in this section. The lectures by Mr. and Mrs. Kates are eloquent and logical. The spirit descriptions by Mrs. Kates are convincing.—Field.

Address G. W. Kates and wife during August at the following camps: Island Lake, Mich. (Brighton P. O.) August 3 to 9; Grand Ledge, Mich., 10 to 16; Haslett Park, Mich., 17 to 23; Maple Dell, Mantus Station, Ohlo, August 24 to September 2.

Mrs. M. A. Bonney, 780 Shawmut Avenue, Roxbury, holds weekly circles each Thursday at 2.29 and 7.30 p. m. Would like to make platform engagements for the coming season.

Mrs. Carrie M. Sawyer and daughter, Mrs. Carnaghan, have returned from a very successful trip to Cassadaga Camp and the PanAmerican Exposition. They are now at their home in Boston.

Edgar W. Emerson will be at Chesterf. Camp, Indiana, from Ang. 3 to 19 inclusive; Temple Heights Camp, Maine, Aug. 22 to 25 inclusive. Has a few open dates for the coming season. Address 136 Bridge St., Manchester, N. H.

Arthur S. Howe and Mrs. Gilliand-Howe of Boston, Mass., have filled the following engagements in Cleveland, Ohio. Grocers' Exchange Hall, May 26, June 2 and 9; Progressive Thought Society, afternoons of July 7, 14, 21, 25; the First German Spiritualist Society, July 14, 7.30 p. m. They will be in Chicago, Ill., August 4, and will serve Southern California Camp, Los Angeles, Cal.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington Street, Boston, M. Adeline Wilkinson, onductor. Services were held July 21, at 11 a. m., 3 and 7.45 p. m. Meetings were well attended although the weather was ext

Excursion to Washington, D. C.

Excursion to Washington, D. C.

Via Royal Blue Line, on the occasion of the Ninth Annual Convention, National Spiritualists' Association of the U. S. A. and Canada, October, 1901. Sunday, Oct. 11, leave Hoston at 6 p. m., from South Station via Fall River Line for New York; stateroom assigned. Monday, Oct. 14, arrive New York at 7 a. m.; transfer to depot Royal Blue Line, Jersey City; breakfast in depot restaurant; leave Jersey City at \$12 a. m. in special vestbuled Blue Line coaches, reaching Washington at 1.40 p. m.; transfer to Willard's Hotel. Tuesday, Oct. 15, Wednesday, Oct. 16, Thursday, Oct. 18, Wednesday, Oct. 16, Thursday, Oct. 19, leave Washington via Royal Blue Line at 8.30 a. m.; lunch served on train, reaching New York at 1.45 p. m.; transfer to, Fall River Line Pier; leave New York via Fall River Line at 6 p. m.; supper on boat, and stateroom assigned. Sunday, Oct. 20, arrive Fall River 5.30 a. m., connecting with 6.40 a. m. train reaching Boston at 8 a. m. \$275.00 covers all expenses from Boston for the round rip. Important—Register your names early, in order that desirable accommodation may be engaged for you. Tickets may be purchased at any time, and full refund will be made should anything prevent their being used. For tickets or further information apply to J. B. Hatch, Jr., 74 Sydney Efreet, Boston, or to Jos. P. Targari, N. E. P. A. Royal Blue Jine, 211 Washington Street, Boston.

Special Notice.

All Spiritualists should remember that each new yearly subscriber to the Banner of Light receives a copy of Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing's spiendid work ""Liabeth." This offer holds good for only a short time, heace orders should be sent in at once. Two dollars will give you "'Liabeth" and the oldest and best spiritualistic paper in the world for one year.

The Secretaries of any party in interest connected with the different Spiritual Societies of the State of Obio are requested to favor the subscriber with the name of your society, its Secretary or any brother or sister with whom the writer can communicate. Also send such data in connection with your society that may be of interest for a statistical report for the benefit of our Cause in General. The purpose of this solicitation is, we want to be one of the forty-five States of this glorious Union that will make a proportionate better showing at the taking of the next U. S. of A. census than 45,000 confessed Spiritualists. It is ridiculous for a moment to consider that such is a true statement as to the numerical strength of the devotees enrolled under our benner; this meagre number is salely accounted for through the mental weakness of the majority of its adherents, who represent to have positive evidence of their existence beyond this "vale of tears," and claim to have proof that individual immortality has been proven beyond the shadow of a doubt. Come brothers and sisters, let us show for our Cause: "That in our proper motion we ascend up to our native seat; descent and fall to us is adverse."

Fraternally submitted,

Fraternally submitted,
John C. Hemmeter,
See'y O. S. S. A.
2 So. Water St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Lake Pleasant.

The New England Spiritualists' Campmeeting Association marked its twenty-eighth annual convocation July 2s. Considering the weather, which was not favorable, the attendance was exceedingly good. President Abram H. Dailey delivered the address of welcome at 10.39 a. m., after which he ably discoursed "Religion the Old and the New." The afternoon address was given by Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn of Stoneham, who took her subject for lecture and poem from the audience. The subjects given were, "Harmony" and "Is Man a Mortal Being?" Mrs. Allyn lectured July 20 and 31 afternoons. The music was furnished by Georgie Chipman Merchant and Helen McDonald, who made their first appearance, July 2s. The ladies are accomplished musicians and a treat in this line is assured.—II. S. Streeter.

Excursion to Buffalo.

The Boston & Albany Railroad has an-nounced very low excursion rates to Buffalo on account of the Pan-American Exposition. Address A. S. Hanson, G. P. A., Boston, for rate-circular and Pan-American Folder.

If there were no one to drink alcoholic drinks there would be no one to sell them. This is clear. But why a man should work and grow ten bushels of potatoes, eart them miles and sell them for tweaty-five cents a bushel, spend the money for whiskey, get drunk and lay is lockup to sober—this is not so clear. One would naturally think this dose would never be repeated.—Ex.

Have you read that mystical essay "THE ASTRAL OCCUPANT?"

Every student of advanced thought should order it Sent to any aderess for two ic. stamps. C. H. Mackay. Ed. the OHACLE, Bridgton, Maine.

SALESMEN, well acquainted, wanted all addes or gentlemen according in stores or elsewhere laddes or gentlemen. O over the state. Those working in stores or elsewhere, laddes or gentlemen, are lavited to investigate the most profitable proposition offered. \$10 a day early made. Address C. O. O. Co., S. Columbian Building, San Francisco, California.

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DESPAIR NOT, THERE IS STILL HOPE FOr YOU.

No matter what the disease is, or how despondent you may feel because you have told there is no help for you, there is still hope. Hasterie of weates unfating from treat poeuliar to their set have been cured by Dr. Pebler institute, aft r tely had been told there was in for them unless an operation was reserved to. The same may be said of men who are debitiment in the same in the said of men who are debitiment in the same in the said of men who are debitiment in the same in the said of men who are debitiment in the same in the said of men who are debitiment in the same in the said of men who are debitiment in the said of men who are debitiment in the said of men who are debitiment in the said of men who are debitiment.

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Angels, Archangels and Spirits.
Character, The Flower of the Soul-Causation.
Death.
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Freedom and Self Government. Healing. Influence of Mental States. Karma.

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SUMMER HOMES FOR SPIRITUALISTS,

At Bay View Park,

PORT JEFFERSON, L. I., -

The Bay View Park Spiritual Camp Meeting Association, (Icoroporaled), will hold annual sessions on these grounds berinning Aug. I, 1901. We have up-these grounds berinning Aug. I, 1901. We have up-and at reasonable prices. Nearly 2000 feet of exactlent beach, natural growt, boating, Sabine, bashing-Land locked bay. No Maiarta. No Mosquitoes. For prospectus, maps and all particulars.

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insed Life and Progression is Spirit World. Told in Epices

SPIRIT Message Department.

MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

be following communications are given by
Soule while under the control of her own
les, or that of the individual spirits seekreach their friends on earth. The mesare reported stenographically by a
ial representative of the Banner of Light,
are given in the presence of other memof The Banner staff,
less Circles are not public. ag to

To Our Beaders.

earnestly request our patrons to verify communications as they know to be upon fact as soon-as they appear in columns. This is not so much for the it of the management of the Banner of as it is for the good of the reading. C. Truth is treth, and will bear its own at whenever it is made known to the

weight whenever it is made anown world.

Fig. 11 is cause of Truth, will you kindly assist us is finding those to whom the following messages are addressed? Many of them are not Spiritualists, or subscribers of the Baaner of Light, hence we ask each of you to become a missionary for your particular.

Report of Seance held July 3, 1901, S. H. 54.

Oh spirit of infinite love, we come this morning with aspiration after all that is best and wisest and sweetest in life and we reach for some expression from out thy life to guide and direct us. So often we stumble and struggle and fall, so often we are held with hardly courage enough to rise again; we can but pray for strength for light to see the way. Today we would put aside all thought of self, all desire for the small things of life, put away our fret, our worry and our care, and throw ourselves into the great sea of truth and bathe and be blessed and come out a blessing to all others. Oh make us so loving and good that we may be strong and true to those less fortunate than ourselves. Help us not only to see the light but to be the light and to go forward steadily always leading, inspiring, and helping those who are still in the darkness. Our especial mission at this time is to give strength to those seeking souls who desire above all else to express their love, to give helr word, their evidence of the reality of life, and we would put our miss about them and strengthen and help them. May their expression be no feeble one; may it come strong and may the heart for which it is intended be opened to receive and understand.

MESSAGES.

Harry Meader.

The spirit of a boy about fourteen years old comes to me. He is not very pretty, but he has a real good, honest face. His hair is almost auburn and his face is fair with quite a few freekles on it. His mouth is full and strong looking and he doesn't look very delicate, but still he doesn't look like an out-door boy, seems more as though he studied too hard and stayed in the house too much and that is what took him to the spirit. The first thing he says is, "If I could only go where I want to it would relieve me a great deal because I have such a burden on me. I want so much to get to my mother and father. My name is Harry Meader and I came from Lockport, R. L. I. want my mother, Jennie, to know that I know how she cries and I can't stand it. It makes me unhappy. Everybody here tries to take me away. They tell me not to stay, not to watch her crying, but I can't stand it. It seems to me that I have to stay and try to soothe her. I wish she would come over here. If I only had her over here I am sure we would both be happy, but I can't take her and I can't leave her and so I just try to send this word to her. Tell her I have seen Emma and that Emma is pretty well but can't write to her because of the condition that exists. I can't say any more. My head is spinning like a top and the old dizzy condition comes over me. I wish I could say more, but this is all. Goodbye." Harry Meader.

Henrietta Dalton.

Henrietia Dalton.

The next spirit that comes is an old lady about sixty-five years old. She has black eyes and a round full face and such a sweet manner. She is short and stout. Her hair is white and she is just as particular about it as she can be. She brushes herself a little and fixes her hair to be sure that she is all right before she comes in here. She says, "Bless me, I didn't know that every move I made could be seen by the people who are not in the spirit land. I had an idea that we lived apart from you people but I see that you are watching me, so I will be careful what I do. My name is Henrietta Dalton and I used to live in Montgomery, Vt. I lived in that vicinity all my life and I never had the least inclination to make any investigation of Spiritualism. It was further from my thought when I came over here. I thought that if I did my work as best I could and served my Lord and neighbors that I would probably be well taken care of when I lett my earthly tenement of clay, but when I came over here I couldn't seem to find that I had passed through any very great change. I was not shocked but I kept looking for some other condition to come as though I had to go a step further and then I would find what I had expected. Instead of that, my friends began to walk around me. Enoch came to me and when he came and put his hand in mise and said, 'Here we are together,' I can tell you I felt queer. I began to ask what it all meant, if this was all that there was to death,—and he said, 'You are certainly dead as far as your body is coaccarsed, but very much alive to conditions here,' so I have come to add this testimony to whatever else has been given. Seems kind of like an old fashiozed prayer meeting where the thing would not be quite complete until all had their say and the others listened to the expression of their belief in a certain condition, so I give my testimony that life is real to me. My friends can take it for what it is

worth as coming from me and they know very well that I said nothing that I didn't believe and I. wouldn't tell a wrong story naw, and if I am safe and can send word to them the chances are that they will be safe too."

Charles Bean to Mary Brackett.

New I see a man who is very tail and thin. He has gray sidewhiskers, gray hale and a large, firm mouth, prominent nose, and good strong eyes. He is rather a striking looking man. He was a lawyer when he was in earth life for he walks over to me with that air of being in a court room as if he had something to say, and says, "My name is Charles Bean and I came-from Portland, Me. I have been considering this matter a good while. Whether I considered a truth or not does not make any difference to the truth, but I couldn't speak for a truth until I became convinced that it was such, and now that the conviction is upon me, I have an earnest desire to work. I am not simply content to give my message through you people, or return to my friends, I would like to take hold and work for the Cause. I am not alone in this ambition. I have found many men, who like me had to be convinced that they were dealing with a great truth, and now feel that they would be glad to carry forth the word to those less fortunate than we. It is but natural that I should feel my greatest interest in Maine because I lived there. I shall find a way to express myself clearly and explicitly, but I want to say this for the encouragement of the Maine people, that the truth cannot go down. That those who carry the banner in my native city will have their hands upheld and will be strengthened and encourage togo on. I'd like to sead word to Mary Brackett that I will work on as long as ahe will and will give her any power that is possible for her to receive. God bless you people for your effort, not only you who are gathered here in this little circle, but the company which you represent,—the people who are so loyal in speaking for what is given to them every day and everywhere. I thank you for your patience for I know I am slow. Good-bye." (Speaks very slowly and deliberately.)

Edith Chamberlin

Edith Chamberlin.

I see the spirit of a lady who looks to be about twenty-eight years old. She is very fair, with blue eyes, light, light hair, and a round face with delicate features. She looks just like a little piece of sea-shell as she holds her face up here to me and she is dainty and slight, just as fragile as a shell would be. She says, "Oh do help me to get to my people because I too am one of the anxious ones. I should think you would be tired hearing us all say that we are so anxious to get back, but it is really true. We come in great companies, each one seemingly more axious than the other to speak to his friends. My name is Edith Chamberlin and I lived in Ottawa, Kansasa. I want to say to Fred, whose name is like mine, that I have been with him. It was a jolly company that I used to have about me and we were all so happy, seemed as though never a shadow and never a cloud came to us. My mother has been so disheartened for the last six months that I felt I must make an effort to get to her and cheer her up. My father is with me and he says, "Tell mam that I come to her. I know the step she premeditates, but she is to take it slowly, not to try to decide too quickly nor go into any matter hastily. I have seen what they have done to the store and while I think it is a big improvement, I am so giad they were able to do it.' I am just as fond of my music as I was when I was in earth life and have a greater opportunity to bear than I ever did before. Thank you."

Busic Arnold.

The next one I see is a woman about fifty years old. She is a bustler and comes in here bristling with business. She is quite stout and quick as a diash. She says. "Come, come, come, I am not going to take too much time but I am just going to space what I have to say and have it over with. My name is Susic Arnold and I came from Bangor. I have, oh, quantities of people down there, more there than anywhere else in the world. I want to go to Bert. I want Bert to know that I don't like what he has been doing. It is of no use to make light of everything that is done just because you love people, and I don't like a bit what has been going, on. If I had my way I would have things changed. It would be better for him and better for everybody about. I would like to say a word to Nellie. If I could say to her what I feel I think I could make her understand that there is no need of her being kept back as she is. I think if you would say to Thomas that I have found his mother and that her head is better, he will understand. She had such trouble with it before she came that it was dreadful for everybody about, but she is as well as any of us now."

George Leland.

Now I see the spirit of a man about twenty-five years old. He is tall, thin, and light His eyes are blue and his hair brown and he has a light mustache. His hands are long and slim and he has a kind of graceful way and is dressed very well indeed, seems to have been very particular about himself. He speaks very well, too, has the most beautiful voice and can sing like a bird. He comes over to me and says, "My name is George Leland and I lived in Hartford, Coan, and I sang a great deal, I came suddenly over here, had not the slightest idea that death was hanging over me. That morning when I left the house, I expected to return at noon. Instead, I never went back again. It was a dreadful shock to my friends, more so to them than to me. It was all so quickly over with me that I did not realize that I had been shot or burt, but to them the sight and the constant going on without me was something dreadful to bear. I knew everything that was done and said. I knew when Walter went into the house. I knew

what he said and how he tried to tell it is a way that would not disturb them and yet would give the news. I saw Minnle when she fainted and I was conscious of what they did with me. I steed like one in a dream, it didn't seem to affect me much. I saw it all and knew it, yet didn't seem to realize what it all meant, and expected every minute to wake and find myself with them. My father has helped me more than anybody else and while he comes with me today, I give this word back that it is easy for me to see, easy for me to understand the conditions, but it is not easy for me to stay unrecognized. Do please open the door in the home. Have a circle, ask some medium to come there. Do something that will give me a chance to speak the word I want to. I would be very much happler and I am sure you would if you would ealy just make it easy for us to come."

Buth Stevens.

The next spirit is a woman past the middle life. She looks as though she had suffered everything before she went to the spirit. She is thin as she can be. Her hair is black and her eyes are black, too, and she is about the medium height. She keeps syringing her hands and says, "I find myself thking on the old condition of pain as I try to come so I will just try to send the message, not try to give it personally. My name is Ruth Stevens and I lived in Columbus, Ohio. I was sick so long that instead of being sorry to die, I was glad. I think everybody must have been glad to see me out of my suffering. My life was glad to see me out of my suffering. My life was just caten away bit by bit and every minute was one of toriere. I don't like to think of it and I oaly send this as identification. I want to get to Lucy because she has such a horror of having this same thing happen to her. It can't; I will do anything I can to save her and if she will keep it out of her mind I am sure it won't happen. Mother comes with me and says to tell her that if she will just go out and stop dwelling on it, she thinks she will be better. Tell Bennie that I am all right. I don't blame anybody, have no thought of anything except to be reunited. I am sorry that they made such a fuss to put expensive things over my grave. It doesn't mean anything to me. I would much rather have a flower in the home than all the costly marbles in the graveyard. My dearest love to all my friends and bless you all for helping me."

Verification.

Dear Mrs. Soule

Dear Mrs. Soule,

I see in the Banner of July 13 a message
from Fred Dyer. I do not know him, but I
do know it came in answer to a request of
mine, so hasten to thank you and the controlling spirit. I know full well what he meant.
Love to Sunbeam.

Lizzie H. Rolling.

Globe, Maine.

Thank you so much and Sunbeam sends love and says she will try and find you in your home and become acquainted with you.

M. M. S.

Letter from Abby A. Judson

NUMBER ONE BUNDRED AND EIGHTY FIVE

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

"He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything," said the practical Samuel Johnson. This thought connects itself in my mind with the first nursing that Florence Nightingale ever did.

One morning on a walk she saw a large dog that had been severely wounded. His master had applied to a doctor, and did not feel like doing much of anything for the animal. The latent nursing instinct of the little girl was aroused, and she asked the doctor what tought to be done. He explained to her how to wash the wound, and to apply fomentations with hot water. The child made it her business to attend to this treatment faithfully and constantly, and was rewarded by

how to wash the wound, and to apply fomentations with hot water. The child made it her business to attend to this treatment faithfully and constantly, and was rewarded by the complete restoration of the dog.

In this way did Florence enter on a career that made her one of the most famous and self-denying nurses that the world has ever seen. She began by nursing a poor wounded dog on the hillside, and at the zenith of her career-led an army of fitty nurses to the Crimea, who relieved from terrible suffering and death thousands of soldiers who were wounded and starving in the trenches of Sebastopol.

She won a name of glory, but such a reward was never sought by her. She began by doing a small deed of kindness that no one else thought of doing. In process of time, she added more and more to those for whom she cared, and many a suffering soldier watched for the ray of her night-lamp when she made her quiet rounds, and blest her unawares. With her, it was work first, and no thought of what the world might say, while women of a different calibre take up nursing with the design of making a good livelihood, and if they long for fame, dream of being a Florence Nightingale before fairly starting on their career. It is not the reputation that one may obtain that counts. It is the work itself, undertaken with the simple object of reliaring pain or doing one's duty that enriches the soul.

Some who teach will not do it unless they have a high salary, and can do their work supplied with every modern appliance of library and laboratory. But one who teaches for its own sake is willing to work for smaller pay, if she can only instil knowledge and the germs of good into the minds and hearts of the young. Such teachers are born to be good ones, and embrace the simplest opportunities to do the work they love.

I believe it was Garfield who said that he would rather sit and study on a log with Mark Hopkins by the earle of it, than study in a famous and well-endowed university with some one else. It is not the parapheraalia that ma

to those who learn that makes one succeed as a teacher. It would be better to be one of a desen pupils located in some remote farmhouse with Mary Lyon or Lydia Maria Child than to pay \$1200 a year at Ogoots with its palatial home and its superb surroundings. "The life is more than meat."

"Do noble things, not dream them, all day long," was written by a wise poet in the album of a young girl. But in doing them, it is not necessary to think whether they are noble or not. It is only necessary to think whether the things we do are right and useful, and to do them carefully and thoroughly.

You may be washing the dinner dishes. When done with them, clean and rinse the sink, rinse the dish-cloth in plenty of clean water, and hang it where it will be aired, and be sure to brush up every particle of food from the floor. So doing, only pure, clean smells are perceived, and the dreaded, persevering and prollife water-bug will not think it worth its while to take up its abode with you. A very lovely woman is Mrs. Satton, the glitted author of "Light on the Hidden Way," She was brought up a Hicksite Quaker and is the wife of a Unitarian minister. I visited them twice in Athol, Masa, some years ago, and it seemed like a glimpse into some ideal region. The quiet simplicity of her bearing and dress, and her exquisite tenderness to her invalid little daughter whom she was then holding from the freedom of the "piritual body" for which the tiny sufferer planed, made an ineffaceable impression on my mind. She is an inspired speaker and writer, and when her husband is ill or absent, she takes his place in the pulpit to the great acceptance of the parish. place in the pulpit to the great acceptance of

place in the pulpit to the great acceptance of the parish.

In her little book alluded to above she relates the following incident, prefacing the statement that she sees and talks with the dear departed as freely at times as if they were still denizens of the mortal plane.

When she was about ten years old she was setting her room in order one Saturday morning, and being in haste to get out, had swept around the rug, and dusted in like manner. As she started to go, she saw her father standing on the rug, looking down on it intently. Raising his solemn eyes to hers, he told her to lift one end of it. She could never forget her mortification, or his charge to remember that no act or thought is hidden, and that every slighted duty is a sin against the ideal life.

What a sweet and comforting thought that

member that no act or thought is hidden, and that every slighted duty is a sin against the ideal life. What a sweet and comforting thought that we may even here, hemmed in by the clay, live the ideal life! And what is an ideal life? It is one conformed to the perfect image that arises in our miad. This image is not one that is imparted to us by some fellow mortal or spirit. It has always existed within us, and when it arises to us it is not a new creation, but only comes to the surface from the undiscovered depths of our own inner nature. It rises to our present perception as the water lily rises from the undiscovered depths of the lake. The plant and its roots are there, and when the appropriate conditions take place, the beautiful head of the flower rises and floats upon the surface in its exquisite ivory and gold. It is not a new creation. It existed long before, and its germ was in the seed from which the plant sprung. So it is with all our ideas, and among the rest is that of the ideal life. And when once perceived, it becomes our dearest joy to conform ourselves to its wonderful beauty.

These ideas are in themselves of exceeding value, but the chief grandeur that attaches to them lies in the fact of their origin. We did not invent them nor make them. They are innate with us, and this is because they are a part of the infinite source from which we sprang. They thus become the main link between us and God. Because the over-soul possessed them through all eternity, then all its sons and daughters possess them too, and they will arise to our perception in all their beauty sometime—there, if not here.

In this sublime fact lies the earnest of our own immortality. Because God is forevermore, so have we, and so shall we, live forevermore, Each individual soul descends into matter, and then it begins its ascent towards its primal source.

"So, the soul that's born of God Pants to view his glorious face,

evermore. Each individual soul descends into matter, and then it begins its ascent towards its primal source.

"Ro, the soul that's born of God Pants to view his glorious faces Upward tends to his abode To rest in his embrace."

We fancy that the poet who wrote those lines thought that it was souls who had been "born again," according to the old theological notions, who would ascend this sublime pathway. A larger, and therefore a truer view, is that all souls are born of God, and for purposes of individualization make their descent once for all into matter, and then with one effort after another, and clinging to the cords by which divine love holds them forever in its own, they ascend with ever increasing joy towards their source.

Some of our readers may think these views too ideal. They are indeed ideal, and that very fact shows that they are true. They belong to spiritual existence, and not to the shadow world of materiality where we are placed, not for the purpose of letting the material conditions as stepping stones on which we tread our ascending pathway. And having once used these stepping stones on which we tread our ascending pathway. And having once used these stepping stones, we are not obliged to come this way and use them over again. If any souls have so abused their privileges for advancement while in material conditions that they have no consclousness at all on leaving the fleshly body they might make the descent again. In such a case, they would make it because they had to, by pure gravitation. But souls who have the slightiest spiritual consclousness, on finding themselves freed from the old fleshly body, will surely never return to tread the mortal pathway again. Spiritual consclousness is not a thing to be deadened and forsporten by those who have a spark of it. Instead of descending again into matter, they will in accordance with the law of progression, enter upon still more spiritual conditions, and this process who have a spark of it. Instead of descending the flaw of progression, enter up

of material existence is a morial body will seem like a dream.

It is pitiful to see morials still in the clay demand from long-progressed spirits, who approach the earth temporarily, for the sole purpose of teaching spiritual things, to identify themselves by giving the forgotten name they were known by on earth, or the date of the year they began to breathe.

Long after the time of Christ, monks adapted the events that occurred before that time to their way of reckoning, and settled how many years they happened B. C. It would be unreasonable to ask Socrates, or Zoroaster the date of their birth B. C., or to ask Socrates what became of that old garment he used to wear both summer and winter.

When such noble souls come to me, I would be ashamed to ask them to identify themselves by the relics of a long-forgotten past. Let them rather hold out a ray of some spiritual truth of which I can get a glimpse while here below, and say to me ever, "Child, look to the light."

Yours for humanity and spirituality,

Abby A. Judson,

Arlington, N. J., July 17, 1901.

"Be Good."

BY AUGUSTA ADAMS.

How sounding little are the words! I am wind aplay the harp of God. What more are you?

If I in struggle of myself see not the mountains of your height, should you cry down your ladder my littleness to bequeath me shape like you are known?

I am told through ways that sound me on and goodness is not written to proclaim it forth. My shape is spelled unto your eye through body you but feebly guess, and I to tell you true my greatness should mount the soul of all myself to stamp its measure on your own.

forth. My shape is spelled unto your eye through body you but feebly guess, and I to tell you true my greatness should mount the soul of all myself to stamp its measure on your own.

Think you I grieve through spell of years to be begoodled by your cry? Think you the far eternities will serve me table with no food while you go feasting? Your hand is hold for that God gives, and so I catch his presence through hold you ne'er may guess.

I am seated in a car where wisdom shines her sun as I go riding on, and you in great balloon of all yourself may cry the stars a nearness, still we are told with presence whose shape is never found in words where weight doth balance good or bad.

My soul is souled in ways you ne'er may guess, and I am standing on these shores of pain to watch it forth to gods who haunt me with their presence.

"Be good" doth stand upon the lips as candy sweet to name a soul above a soul. What more can any soul be named than soul? Then should you haunt me with your words well meant, perhaps, but sounding illy told?

I am drowned in waves of passion or I am stood above the wrecks that sound their own death knell. But know you not that soula leap on through vast eternities to birth themselves where they are told?

I may go vibrating through the years my weakness, but taste you not the lessons learned where I am poised? See you not my hell and guess you not my heaven that souls itself athrough my darkness? Think you I pain myself forever to beget, myself withnught but makes me seeming weakness?

Your march across the continents of Time is marked with flags a telling plains of utter weariness and valleys of all dead despair, Then sing to me your love, naught else. Tell me not your goodness nor preach to me my badness. I am sinner sold to all myself and I do pay the price. My hells will ripen onward to my heavens, and you on ground of earthly goodness will fatten from that fruit, but poise me a no'er-do-well who vibrates passion as my birth. But you in all your cleanliness of smirking sound go taunting

tempest.

I fly where you but creep, for though the years may speak me not a throne I am Lazarus of old attuned anew, for all your goodness stamps you not a wisdom like my unvirtued virtue.

unvirtued virtue.

Now, this is dream whereof I speak, but dreams in dreamland of the soul will rise themselves a mighty truth—when jars of Time are rinsed with waters pure to cleanse their foulness.

themselves a mighty truth—when Jars of Time are rinsed with waters pure to cleanse their foulness.

"Be Good." I heed it not.

You mouth a littlest word and I do catch a littler meaning.

I am not a one to stand at any door a-creeping up the door-latch to try my entrance. You open wide, you open true or else I go not in. Now shouting of your kingdom within my land may have a pleasant sound, yet do I hate the sky that shows it forth. I cannot match your weight to make a case o'erfraught with seeming wisdom, but I can smile my love to fellow-mortal who stands in furrow or his plough a-ringing death a knell when he doth smile me back without a word of goodness.

I can heart myself to homesick ones who crave through all their hells a little heaven where they may know some kindaess without goodness of the owner advertised thereon. So bars a-put across my soul to hold me down to body false, are told through all my dreaming, but sing me not your sorry "Be Good."

I haunt myself with goodness which speaks where words are not, and you may go a-haunting other realms with—make of that you tell as goodness.

I will dream me through the sleep that rakens when I soul myself where goodness Il is known, and all noy deathy will ripes on a fields where you can never flower your lit-s blossom named "Be Good."

An Interesting Incident.

At the V. S. U. Home, Waverley, occurred an interesting incident of human kindness.

On the western boundary of the estate belonging to the Home lies the Beaver Brook Reservation, where plenic parties often come for a day's outing from the city and surrounding towas. On this particular day, Wednesday, July 17, a section of the Tribe of Israel, numbering about seventeen, ranging all the way from three to ten years of age, came out from Boston to have an outing. They were placed in charge of a young woman from the Kindergarten school, and ahe felt proud of her little charges and her responsibility for them; but alas what unforeseen things will happen in a brief time!

This little band of Hebrew children came on the grounds at 11 a. m., happy and joyous; at 2.20 p. m. the sky became overcast; at 3 p. m. heavy peals of thunder, and then the downpour. There is no shelter in the reservation except under the trees. The young matron was afraid to take her little charges under the trees for fear the lightning might strike. She was in despair. Her little people by this time were wet to the skin and shivering with the cold, and she herself was much affected by the lightning and frighting peals of thunder.

Just at this trying moment, she turned her head in the direction of the Home and thought that she had discovered a shelter in an old building on the estate that is being demolished. She hurried her little wet flock through the fence to the old building and thought that she saw children running in and out of the house. She called to her husband, who is caretaker of the place, to go and see who were the children down in the old building.

The storm by this time was at its full height. The lightning, thunder and downpart

look in the children running in and out of the house. She called to her husband, who is caretaker of the place, to go and see who were the children down in the old building.

The storm by this time was at its full height. The lightning, thunder and downpour of rain struck terror to the hearts of the little tots. Mr. Sanderson came back to the house and reported that there was a party of children from the North Ead, Boston, for an outing on the Reservation.

The Matron then said, "Go bring them all up to the Home."

Mr. Sanderson said: "They are Jews or Italians and are not very nice."

His wife replied, "That makes no difference, they are God's children, and must be takec care of."

So in a few moments Mr. Sanderson came back; leading the procession of seventeen little half drowned tots into the kitchen. When they oung matron in charge of the children entered, she said to Mrs. Sanderson: "Madam, how can I thank you for your kindness? Look, see how the water is dripping on your floor from the dothes of my little ones! I feel ashamed. How can I bring them home on the cars like this cons! I feel ashamed. How can I bring them home on the cars like this worry about it are more on the cars like this constitution of the constant of what is to be done now."

In a new moments everything was under way, fire started in the range, lines strung across the kitchen to dry the clothes; the tots must be sufficient to a size, with variable odors, as the dering process advanced. The heat in the kitchen labo advanced, until the mercury reached the top of the glass and was fanning itself. Still the Matron of the Home stuck to her post. In due time the first tot came out on the verand, washed, dried and combed; then another and another, until all appeared taking, laughing, clapping little hands, and oh, so happy; and the young woman who had charge of the tots, how happy was she! There were no tears in her eyes now. Turning to the Matron of the Home, she said:

"Madam, I am grateful from my heart for the great kindness you have shown

will be worried about them on account of the storm."

The answer was just what I might have expected from the good Matron, though the part of the good Samaritan is so rarely acted in these days, where time and work and discomfort are involved. Without the remotest thought of reward did this good matron perform an act that calls forth the noblest spriags of the human heart. This love and consideration, this ever-enduring mother-love for children, even of a tribe not her own, make all such mothers saints in my eyes, and so, as the editor of the Hanner, too often, has to chronicle the evil deeds of spirits in the form, I thought that it might gladden his heart to hear, now and then, of a good spirit in the form. I do not know what the good matron of the Waverley Home would easy if this account should catch her eye, but all the same, I want to increase Class A with more candidates for admission. Class A is the class in which Abby Judson stands at the head, working out a noble life for humanity and spirituality.

J. H. L.

Passed to Higher Life.

Passed to Higher Life.

From his home in Newbury, Mass., on Wednesday, July 10, Moses A. Plummer, aged 84 years and 2 months. Mr. Plummer was a Spiritualist for more than forty years, and the oldest in that section. He was an honest man and a respected citizen. Ever ready to proclaim his opinions upon all subjects when occasion required. A short time before he passed out he told his wife that his boys, who had been many years in the spirit-life, came to him amid beautiful flowers, to take him to his future bome in the spirit-world, and exclaimed, "Do not hold me here, let me go! I want to meet my boys." Soon his wishes were fulfilled, for now he rests in that home which his long and useful life had earned.

ome which his long and useful life had arned.
The funeral was held at the First church in Newbury on Friday afternoon. There here present a very large number of friends and relatives. The writer read selections with the seriptures of ancient and modern mes, offered prayer, and also made an adverse. The Rev. O. S. Butler of Georgetown, a old neighbor and friend, also a pronounced pirtualist, followed with most appropriate marks and closed with prayer. The interent was made in the Oldtown Cemetery operations and the pall bearers were listed to the church, and the pall bearers were

Edward G. Pinnmer, Warren Piummer, John W. Allen and Capt. John C. Cheney. The aged wife has the sympathy of a lost of friends and the blessed knowledge of naged ministry to cheer and comfort her until her earth journey ended she will neet her hus-band and boys to part with them nevermore. Geo. A. Fuller, M. D. Onset, Mass., July 22, 1901.

Mrs. Susan Eastman Gansen passed away at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. R. J. Law, 19 18th street. Her beautiful spirit took its flight at 7.30 p. m., July 18th, Mrs. Dr. H. Wyant officiating at funeral exercises. Mrs. Gansen was for years a devout Spiritualist and one of the purest characters, fully living up to the knowledge of her belief. To know her was to love her. She was a shining light and an example of all that was lovable in the character of womanhood, a mother, friend and sister, to all, good. The early part of her life was speat in the east-early part of her life was speat of her life

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On the finite to present the finite of the f

Menday, July 22, a conterence was held in the Auditorium; these taking part were Mr. Seaultful boungst of flowers upon the standiavited use to the platform. We are all necessary to complete the great whele. I may not be a rose, perhain souly a thirty or print of the content o

subject, and though that subject, and though the subject and the subject as their orthodox brothers.

"Many spirits claim they have seen God. Many more claim there is no such being, and that He has never been seen. Undoubtedly both classes of spirits are correct, because they are influenced by their own environments.

"Spiritualism is more than a faith; it is a science. We can demonstrate it, and have presented many facts that cannot be refuted. Spiritualism places all forces within the law of nature, and all things are operated by natural law.

Mr. Blian spoke at length of the worship of the different gods and the creation of the same.

"The God within us is not contented with

of the different gods and the creation of the same.

"The God within us is not contented with what we have; it is crying out for something higher, and reforms in all paths of life are springing up. This God is the infinite intelligence within us reaching out for soul growth. If we become weak and refuse to use our talents we degrade ourselves and go backward. If we use our talents to our best understanding we go on to the higher life. Let us be true, be God-like. Pure thoughts, good deeds, good nets, are God-like." The meeting closed with singing by Mr. A. J. Maxham.

Mrs. Marietta Mason has closed a very successful class in Palmistry, and many have gained considerable knowledge from the same.

Rehearnals are in evidence for the opera, "Windham Frogs," to be given for the Woman's Congress, and much speculation is going on in regard to the "Frogs."

Two surprises during the week were the appearance of Mr. J. Frank Baxter of Chelsea, Mass., and Mr. J. Homer Altemus of Washington, D. C. All are enjoying themselves, and Onset is surely the coolest place in New England—Hatch.

TATE DAY.

Saturday, July 27, was State Day.* The

Saturday, July 27, was State Day. The platform was beautifully decorated with bunting, American flags, flowers and potted plants. Before the opening of the meeting.

more than at the present time, and the same mestime were very level held, spotteralised acceptance of the color of the col

A Correction.

and always has, then I am unable to find "The First Cause." Others may.

Our coin says "In God we trust," but I nodice the motto without the coin, is not accepted to pay bills with. I notice that it takes a prayer through the magnificent Bible of the newspapers to help the poor, with free lee, floating hospitals, baths, car rides, etc. I am told God gave the victory to Dewey, yet I wonder how God, and Dewey, would have got along without the "men behind the guns." David B. Page says:

"Man causes all man's wee,

Man is man's friend or foe,

His to say var or no,

His to say var or no,

His to say var or no,

His to quit making hell."

All humane advancement seems to me to be the advancement of knowledge. I am ready to believe in a God. I am at present finite, and cannot comprehend the Infainte. I notice some of those who do believe, can call all unbelievers names that are Christian, but not polite.

Brother Beal is not one of that kind. He is one of the most genial of presidents, broad and tolerant, kindly and thoughtful. He would not willingly wrong any soul, and his thoughts are on a high plane of spirituality. As I am not perfect, and I have not been educated in Brother Hull's school, I am not always able to convey thought, so that I can be understood. But believing it would be foolish to say there is not a God, as it would be unvise to say there is one, I felt obliged to write the say that the say that the say that the say the say that the say the say that the

Lily Dale, N. Y.

President Gaston and the entire C. L. F.
A. are to be congratulated upon the eminent success attending their efforts to establish ideal conditions at Lily Dale camp for the season of 1901, the past week having been one of uninterrupted profit and pleasure to the privileged audiences assembled daily at the auditorium.

The special Free Class Lectures, so ably conducted by Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood and Mr. J. Clegg Wright, bring out larger numbers at each session, and prophesy much for future progress in this direction.

Mrs. Mattie Hull and Rev. Moses Hull delighted Sunday's large audiences, July 21, morning and afternoon, respectively. The chorus rendered pleasing selections, and much interest was manifested in spirit messages given by Miss Margaret Gaule.

Monday, conference convened at 10.20 a. m. Afternoon class lecture by J. Clegg Wright, Tuesday afternoon at 2 p. m., Mr. Wright gave inspirational discourses and Prof. Lockwood occupied the rostrum Wednesday and Friday. Will C. Hodge addressed an interested audience Thursday.

Speakers for August are: Thos. Grimshaw, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Chicago, Ili.; Miss Lizzie Harlow, Heyden-ville, Mass.; J. Clegg Wright, Amelia, O.; Dr. Montague, Toronto, Can.; Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood, Chicago, Ili.; Hon. A. B. Richmond, Meadville, Pa.; Rev. B. F. Austin, Toronto, Can.; Rev. F. E. Masson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Gail Laughlin, New York City. Special exercises have been arranged for Labor Day, Hon. John J. Lentz, of Columbus, O., being engaged as speaker.

CANADIAN DAY.

The Dominion of Canada Spiritual Asso-

bus, O., being engaged as speaker.

CANADIAN DAY.

The Dominion of Canada Spiritual Association was inaugurated last season at Lily Dale camp ground; President, Rev. B. F. Austin. Toronto, Can.; membership fee one dollar annually. This year the management here has kindly set apart the 7th of August as "Canadian Day," and Dr. Montague, of Toronto, will be speaker. The Canadians are progressing, each season bringing larger numbers to edjoy the spiritual, mental and social privileges of this camp.

NOTES.

Toronto, will be speaker. The Canadians are progressing, each season bringing larger numbers to enjoy the spiritual, meatal and social privileges of this camp.

NoTES.

Tuesday evening, July 23, brought to a close the Hull-Jamieson debates. These carnest but friendly discussions have served to arouse increased interest in spiritualistic phenomena, pro and con, and a verbatim report of the same, to be published in September, may be profitably perused by all investigators.

The Children's Lyccum gave an entertainment Thursday evening, consisting of character sketches and musical selections. Mr. and Mrs. Hull, in humorous vein, added to the evening's enjoyment, and Mrs. Jhanke's recitations were a line feature of the program. Mr. Parker and Mrs. Bowen readered several of their inimitable songs, and Master Porter Moore sang sweetly.

"Forest Temple" grove meeting, for the development of young mediums, continues to grow in interest. All are made welcome and encouraged to speak. Mrs. A. Devereaux presides over these gatherings.

The "Willing Workers" held a five o'clock ten at the auditorium Wedneglay, July 24th. This auxiliary society, so recently organized by the ladies of Lily Dale, already reports a goodly sum in its treasury.

Rev. Moses Hull left here July 23, to labor in other fields. We regret the departure of this earnest and genial worker, who takes with him the best wishes of all for future success and happiness.

The popular semi-weekly dancing assemblies are enjoyed by both old and young.

"Our Boys" at the auditorium Thursday evening, August 1, produced by local talent under the direction of Miss Vera Phelps.

Metaphysical classes at Dr. Hyde's cottage opened this week.

Dr. Laura B. Brennon, of Washington, D. C., is located for the season at Lily Dale.

Mrs. G. C. Holland, of Ottawa, Can., a recent guest there, reploces in the possession of a spirit portrait of her deceased son, obtained during her stay here through the mediumship of the Bang slaters.

The "New Dispensation of Spiritual Truth" is s

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Reading the excellent report of Rev. S. I.
Beal, about Harwich camp, I am "moved to try and correct a misundertanding of my lecture. He says:

"She" (meaning C. F. Allyn) "leaves us to care for ourselves in a universe with no God."

The idea might be interpreted a little differently. He might has said:

"Leaves us to care for ourselves assisted by other souls (both sides of the Veil) in a universe where the God question is unanswered."

If there is a God. He, She, or It, must be infinite. As I am finite I cannot solve the infinite Past, as well as the infinite Future, one would have to be equal to, or superior to all this, with eternal Knowledge. I confess my ignorance. In notice that as fast as we understand the laws of life, we conquer ignorance, and rise to the possibilities within.

We may not be able to bid the rain to case, but we can earry an umbrella, after laverating it. I notice that prayers are always answered by human intervention. The most devout rely on knowledge before Faiths, So I am unable to find anything superior to the human soul, or outside of it. There may be, I do not know. If effect follows cause,

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