

and conditioned will be an inhumanity—an irregularity—a thing of evil. "The sweet bells are jangled, harsh and out of tune." It is tied, by reason of its deformity, to the lower order of things, and thus handicapped, cannot rise to the higher order of grandeur above.

Thus in the "beginning," in the establishment of the fundamental principles of action was also established the fundamental rules of advancement, and, while we realize that good and evil were thus made consequent upon fundamental law, we also cannot fail to see that they are but grades of condition of progression and advancement, and that it is but a question of evolutionary time, when all life shall have passed on up these evolutionary steps—when every demand shall have been satisfied and neutralized—when all evil shall be advanced to goodness, and all perfected and harmonized life shall have become prepared to plume its pinions for the sunlit heights above and beyond.

Thus was necessarily established all that is fundamental of what we call good and evil—the shade and sunshine of ever progressive life—the joys and sorrows of time—protecting love and murderous hate—the balmy breath of summer and the bleak storm of winter—the smiling fields of peace and plenty—the desolate plains of famine and war.

While, therefore, man was brought forth upon a field of action, growth and development, in which were and are the conditions and foods of good and evil, he had within himself the power of election, by which the evil could be rejected and the good received.

In a proper understanding and use of this power of selecting and rejecting lies the whole philosophy of life and right living. Learned ignorance may tell you that the consequences of these selections and rejections may be escaped by mischievous interposition; it is a fatal error: as you have builded your house so must you occupy it.

The sculptor who builds for Truth strives to illustrate his highest ideal conception. As clay after clay is added, inspiration guides the hand, giving touches and revealing unexpected lines of beauty, and the original ideal is gradually replaced by something higher, or, rather, as he advances, his ideal recedes before him, gradually growing into something purer, nobler and higher than he had at first deemed possible. When at last his work is done he stands enraptured; it is all and more than hope ever revealed to him.

So it is with that man who rightly builds for Time and Eternity. Evolved from the womb of Nature, man finds himself thrown helpless upon her bosom; but upon his infant years falls the protecting light of cherishing love, beneath whose nourishing beams the individualizing mind unfolds to receive the truths that are needful for his earthly guidance. He listens, and before his mind appears an Ideal Man, and the purpose becomes fixed to mold his life according to the perfect lines his conception has placed before him. He pursues his ideal through youth, manhood's prime and the silvered years of age—through all vicissitudes—joys and sorrows, victories and defeats—and as he advances, more and more exalted has his ideal grown, until at last he beholds an image worthy of a niche in the castellated halls of his Father's house in heaven.

To reach this exalted ultimate man must remember that, practically, he is of the earth earthy; that as the twig is bent so will the tree be inclined; that as an earthly being man is made up of matter of greater or lesser perfection and goodness; that every unsatisfied condition adds to the measure of his imperfection; that these material substances form the earthly mold by which the spiritual being is shaped for eternity; that as he builds his earthly tabernacle so he builds his spiritual soul, and that both are a matter of growth and development, and contain within themselves the records of their strivings.

The riches of the universe are at his command from which to choose that which is best for physical and spiritual needs, and so perfect is the equilibrium on the earth-plane between things material and things spiritual, that there is no conflict of needs; that which is best for the material is also best for the spiritual, and that which is best for the spiritual is also best for the material, since the perfect growth and development of the one depend upon the perfect growth and development of the other—a co-relation of needs being a fundamental law. The rightful supply to these material and spiritual needs constitutes man's highest duty to himself and calls for the exercise of an enlightened self-interest.

The man who has thus been mindful of his highest duty to himself, yet never trespassing upon the rights of another, is prepared to enjoy the highest riches of the "Eternal Home."

But what shall we say of the man who, with no conception in his mind, no ideal of beauty that he would transmute to the marble, grasps his mallet and chisel and blindly chips away, bringing forth the outlines of an uncouth image, neither fish nor fowl, beast nor man, but a rude conglomeration of angularities and irregularities? What can be done with such an image? Place it in the temple in a niche opposite our lovely statue, and make the imperfections of the one more apparent by contrast with the perfection of the other? No. Such an image shall have no abiding place in the Temple of Light; it must remain in the hands of the modeler until Truth's ideal lines are revealed to him, every angularity is cut away, and it stands forth at last a thing of beauty and joy forever.

So it is with that man who with no ideal whereby to build up his material and spiritual being. He is full of all deformities and monstrosities, a chaos of irregularities and inharmonies, and unsatisfied and imperfectly developed conditions. Is such an one to be ushered into high heaven to shock its refined sensibilities of all that is beautiful and true? Could such a discordant being breathe in an atmosphere of perfect purity?

In the days of our bewildered youth we were taught to implicitly believe that man was primarily created a perfect being, and that the one all-important thing to do to secure a position near the Throne of God, was that he should die repentant and prayerful, making the death a man dies, and not the life he lives, his highest passport.

The Great Builder of the world toiled on through the darkness, the chaos and the fires of millions of years before he beheld the realization of His Ideal Hope. But he toiled for a purpose. And man is here on the globe's surface for a purpose, and he is a toiler for a purpose. It is not the death a man dies that makes him a hero, but rather the life he lives. Neither is it the birth of a child of a man that is to fix his status in the world to come, but the life he lives.

How exalted the duties, then, that fall to every individual! With what ceaseless vigilance should we seek those paths which lead to the highest material and spiritual good! With what abhorrence should we shun and avoid those which lead to evil! It is facts (light) and not myths (*ignis fatuus*) that man needs for his guidance in a world that has grown and developed from something, and where man himself came from no mythical Adam, but is a result of growth and development, and where all things are as so many marks of degrees of progression of things, governed by fundamental law.

As we have seen, in the nature of things, that good and evil are natural results under a fundamental law, so we, also, cannot fail to see that the natural ultimate increase is in favor of good; in fact, that all true progression takes from the scale containing the unredeemed (evil) and carries to the scale containing the redeemed (good); that "though the mills of the gods grind slow, they grind exceedingly sure and exceedingly fine"; that even in the span of our own brief life we have seen this mighty work advancing on tireless wheels, and are thus made to know that it will continue to go on until the last atom gives up its imprisoned life to a world of light above.

"I will redeem" is the promise that is to be fulfilled. As this was the promise of the Father so should it also be the promise of the child.

"I will redeem," is a promise that every individual owes to his immortal soul. "Redemption" is the word of hope which breaks with resurrection power upon the dull cold ear of death itself. The despairing, the broken, the crushed—even they who lie beneath the pall of a hopeless life—may find the redeeming power, and be freed forever from the burden under which they lie.

Redeem the time! That is, work out your own salvation while here in the body, while you are yet on the primal field of growth and development. "Sow your seed in the seed-time, and reap in the harvest-time."

It is no far off Recording Angel who keeps your life record; but every act and atom makes its record upon your spirit, from the cradle to the grave, to be carried with you into the life eternal. Then make haste to redeem the time. All that is possible of good for any is summed up in those golden words. They comprise in their limits the whole duty and hope of man.

But, says some, catching himself, "If all life is to be redeemed sooner or later, what is the use of individual effort? Why not let it easy and float with the tide?" Such an interrogatory implies an entire misconception of the fundamental premises.

If a man's status in the higher life is fixed by birth and death, then it matters little how his earthly pilgrimage is made; but if his status in the higher life depends upon the status of his earthly life, then the manner and conduct of the earthly life is a matter of transcendent importance. Seeds are sown that are destined to bear fruit in the bright gardens of eternity. Beyond the border line of earth-life no soul will occupy a position to which it is not entitled, and which has not been reached by honorable means.

"Go, and sin no more," was the advice of the Great Teacher of Judea, and it was given as the rule by which man might redeem the time.

There are, therefore, in this earth-life two things of paramount importance to every human being, namely, his physical and spiritual growth and development, and the character thereof. The advancement and perfection of these calls for the display of the highest individual and political economy.

We may, by the aid of microscopic amplification, ascertain the primary laws of atomic and molecular life, and their rules of advancement by transmutation, and it may be possible to detect the imperfect molecule, and bring into confluence with it that which is needful for its perfect symmetry and proportion; but a man's imperfections and inharmonies must of necessity be studied from an entirely different standpoint and by entirely different methods.

An atom is a simple unit of life and matter. Man is a grand complex unity, whose component substances have passed through the crucibles of the ages, from the simplest to the most complex forms of condition; and you cannot place him under microscopic tests and discover the millions of imperfect molecules in his physical being, and supply mechanically his various needs, and thus perfect the individualization. There is a life-presence at the very surface that forbids physical internal examination. We are forced to regard man in his entirety as a unit, a world within himself, and treat him as such. A thought-atom of the universe, he thus himself upon the earth-plane, and equally with all entitled to its bounties; nay, he equals with all is entitled to a just supply of his inevitable needs. This supply involves all the struggles of life and battles for possession. These consequent needs gave him certain inalienable rights, and among them, liberty to pursue his highest individual interest. Self-preservation became a primal law of necessity, and man began as the defender of his individuality and his individual rights, acting as judge, juror and executioner of all that concerned him. His individual and political economy was a simple unit.

Upon this *Eocene* status there followed the more complex *Miocene* status, in which the rights of defence were delegated to a chosen disinterested few, with a view of better defending the weak against the unjust aggressions of the strong. This departure from a simple to a complex social system was the advancement of man from the so-called savage state to the first census of civilization. Scarcely as it may seem, with this multiplication of safeguards for a people under the forms of civilization's code, also came an increase of dangers to the individual, and the struggle and the conflict for self-preservation and advancement is as inevitable to the civilized man as willow to the simple barbarian.

Such being the facts, it becomes of the first importance that he who would reach the highest status must keep pace with the foremost spirit of the age in which he lives. And woe to him who plays the laggard or who stumbles and falls, for in a moment the ever-advancing wheels will be upon him and his earthly field must remain unharvested.

Man's life is as a tree, which may be made to bear good or imperfect fruit; and, as the status of the tree depends upon the soil upon which it has grown, so the status of the man depends upon the material by which he has been nurtured. And even as the tree should be carefully nurtured and pruned, so should a man be watchful of himself and keep free from all parasites and inharmonies. He should beware of hatred, envy, avarice and intemperance, and cultivate forbearance, charity, hope and love.

Hatred is a destroying fury that never sleeps; it tortures the body, ulcerates the soul and brings moral and physical ruin. Envy excites to malice and blinds its victim in self-created torment. Avarice brings enmities, jealousies, despair, and numberless ills, dwarfing and rotting the substance of the life of the man. Intemperance enervates mind and body and saps the substance of body and soul.

All these destroying elements should be pitilessly lopped off from the growing tree of life, as so many parasites and dead limbs, that either suck up the sweet sap so needful to growth and development, or weigh us down with a death-weight burden.

On the other hand, love should be accepted as the great universal conductor to health and happiness, forming as it does, when attended by the safe-guards of virtue and lawful operation, the sweetest charm of life and the brightest hope of eternity.

The highest earthly food of the soul is hope, and it forms the source of all genuine happiness and becomes the guiding star to a home in heaven.

Charity gives us peace with all and calms the troubled soul.

It is an old but profitable tale that is told of a king who gave his court-jester a fool's cap with the injunction to wear it until he met a greater fool. In time the king stekened and lay close unto death's door, when he summoned his jester to his bedside, telling him that he was about to set out on a long journey for which he had made no preparation, and asked his poor fool if his wit had no remedy for such a strait.

"What," says the fool, "do you tell me you are about to set out upon a long journey for which you have made no preparation?"

"Yes."

"And your Majesty has long known that, sooner or later, he would have this journey before him to be undertaken?"

"Alas! yes."

"Your Majesty, take the fool's cap which I was bidden to wear until I met a greater fool than I."

Sooner or later this mystic journey, the due preparation for which is the labor of a lifetime, looms up before each and every one of us. When the messenger has come, then must we go. No time then for the long neglected preparations. The hour for the unveiling of the statue has arrived. Will it be a work of grace and undying beauty, or an uncouth object? Shall the celestial journey be entered upon with the proud consciousness of a hero returned from victorious fields, or staggering under the weight of deformities of the most repulsive character? Can Heaven be enjoyed without due preparation for it? No man can live this earthly life, and build himself up, or allow himself to be builded up, of all material and spiritual irregularities and monstrosities—full of hatred, envy and malice, and guilty of crimes against himself and against society, and then, by prayer, meditation, or some other equally fabulous spiritual sleight-of-hand transportation, by some unseen harlequin, be lifted into the highest realm of heavenly enjoyment. It was, and is, against the Archetypal Plan that the pure essence of life and soul should be returned to the heavens individualized into monsters of deformity. Perfection and purification is the price of a home in the Eternal Kingdom. Between the Father and his children the element of justice is as unswerving as the fundamental law that governs the stars. It would be neither justice nor mercy to admit a deformed soul into heaven, where its own deformities would become painful by reason of the surrounding perfections. No saintly soul can be by a murderer's hand consigned to a world of eternal torment, and he, the red-handed one, be by prayer purged into Heaven. Justice, and not mercy, is the law. Mercy is but another word for injustice in its finalities.

In the imperfection of our earthly understanding we may exalt most unworthy individuals to the highest positions in a community, or in a nation; but in the Courts of the Most High a soul must grow up to the

position of exaltation before it can enjoy or fulfill one. All the world's great workers and thinkers were men who by industry, self-culture, rigid doing and wisely directed effort, grew to their positions. No special favoritism ever placed over the brow of those that dome of brilliant thought which served to illuminate, with an angelic light, the ages in which he lived, and shed a lustre over the sidewalks of Time. By self-culture it grew into a brilliant light that shall beam in Heaven when the light of stars has faded from the sky.

In this earth-life the wolf may wear the sheep's clothing, and hypocrisy and fraud have their brief day of seeming success; tyranny may set his cloven foot upon all that is beautiful and true; hate, envy and malice may be covered by the thin disguise of seeming good; but across the border line of earthly conditions all disguises must fall, and each and every individuality will be revealed in its true character and in its true light.

How appalling must be that moment when the disenchanted soul stands on the border line of the Eternal World and essays to reach the golden heights of Light and Love above and beyond, only to find that the Sins of Time weigh him down like lead, and that the great work of preparation for the higher life must be begun at that border land. He realizes at last that the world who would soar looks upward. Alas! he has been more than a prowling beast. Before him rise the golden heights which he would ascend, gemmed with the bright faces of angelic beings. He looks at them, but the very light is painful to his eyes and fills his soul with a horror of himself. All his life long had been a life of hatred, envy, jealousy and revenge. In deep dark dens his slimy path had been laid, and the food of life had been digested in bitterness. At his feet, leading away into the depths of darkness and solitude, his sullen eyes behold the familiar paths of his unredeemed earth-life along which he crawls to hide amid howling beasts and hissing serpents. But that one gleam of Heaven hath awakened the aspiring soul, and he hates these low conditions now, and begins, at last, the long neglected work of emancipation and redemption.

But when the harmonious individuality—the child of Purity and perfect unfoldment—stands on that border line of life, how different to him does it all seem! To his eye, which does not fear to look upon the light, all is lovely. The delicate flower, the graceful tree, the undulating hills—all show unto him the enduring love which brought them forth. He turns toward Heaven as to his longed-for home. Angelic hosts smile down upon him, and the heavens resound with notes of welcome.

He beholds with untroubled joy the completion of the arch over the span of earthly life. He has voyaged from the Orient to the Occident, and seen the horizon and surrounding of mortal dawn and mortal sundown. As there was wisdom and purpose in the "beginning," so is there wisdom and purpose in the ultimations. These things he gratefully desires that all men should know, that they, too, may see that even on earth there is a most exalted path that he may tread, and that this path leads to the highest walks in the life beyond.

We have seen life and matter and soul diffused and chaotic, flowing down into the crucible of earth and time, and life and soul, individualized and redeemed, seeking its eternal home, there to be decorated forever with heaven's choicest garlands of light and love.

That these sublime glories may be reached by all, even from the earth-plane, a nobler and broader philosophy of life must be taught unto men. We do not deny any truth that has been taught by science or revelation. All have been needed, stepping-stones to the Man who stands upon the dust of his dead self long ere his body falls into the grave. The religions of other ages are the mouldering dust-heaps of to-day, the crumbling ruins upon which the great church of a divine humanity is being reared for all the future.

With a growing apprehension of these great truths, and the consequent enlarging hopes and possibilities of the human race, we should seek for higher wisdom in the guidance of growth, development and individualization. Every man should feel that within himself a new being is to be wrought out in the time to come. The effort will bring hope and joy and the strength to succeed. Evil habits, cruel hatreds, frivolous pursuits, hopeless sorrows, the entire slavery of selfishness, all may be sloughed off and burned with the dead past, and we be made ready to receive the new heart of life in the future. The elated before us is ever a virgin page, and we may write upon it, even though it be an empty tablet, the most glorious and ever-improving record, the history of our deliverance.

Such is the nature and character of our earthly self and earthly life that amendment is the only and true watchword of the future. It is not a mausoleum in which to hide the ashes of a misspent life, but a new being to be bulged up in the time to come. The strength to win victories where there has been nothing but defeat is to be found in new alliances, and not in morbid wallowings over a misspent past.

To look onward and upward means something more than a mere reversal of the inward and backward look of a selfish life. To look onward is not alone or chiefly to forecast the future, but to catch glimpses of the brightness beyond and fill our hearts with heavenly hope.

To look upward is not so much to take observations of our course, to cheer ourselves with the light that falls through the rifted clouds, or to steady our brains already dizzy with the tumults about us, as to seek for the angelic hand of help which the bound love draws to us, and which are our best alliance amid the perils we must encounter.

LOWEST ON THE LIST.

The cold, wet day—the windy street—
The open gates of Trinity—
Whom the College follows greet
With such rude mirth and mockery?
Poor Oliver! we know thy face,
So shy, so plain, so void of grace.

"Last on the list"—through taunts and sneers
He struggles to his garret room,
And for an hour his lonely tears
Give his poor walls a deeper gloom.
Then smiles return—this cheerful lad
The "knack of hoping" always had.

He took his flute, and of his woe
He made the sweetest strain;
"I am so dull and plain and slow,
No honors I may hope to gain;
No skill have I in anything,
Who blows the saddest wind I sing."

And so the cheerful, kindly heart
Spoke to the world in native tongue;
Soft smiles and tears from thousands start,
Sweet tenderly who could do thee wrong?
By all the hand that gave him name,
Is spoken tenderly by fame.

Now, if through Dublin you should stray,
Stop at the gates of Trinity;
There a grand statue stands to-day
To that poor lad, who wearily
Passed through the gates of scorn and drudge,
"Last on the list"—as men could judge.

And if through London, do not fail
The Temple's solemn yard to seek;
Brave knights lie there in carven mail,
Who never feared a lance to break
With mortal man—that mighty lie
Who fought and bled for Palestine.

They are forgotten, and none know
Their names or deeds—those Templars brave—
But ask a ten-year-old lad, "Where blow
The grasses over God's death's grave?"
This singer more than nobles dare,
And he will say, "I know it. Here!"

"Last on the list"—but time is just;
And in life's trial gold is gold,
Who goes to the field and to the dust,
His songs live on, his tales are told.
Highest in many a heart sits he
Who lowest stood in Trinity.

In a late issue of the *Lewiston Journal* the Rev. J. Benson Hamilton complains that little did he in the suburbs of Lewiston on Sunday last, he was "mowing machine cutting hay." He then exclaims: "Little wonder the army worm is hunting the hay fields of New England!" If the reverend gentleman actually saw a mowing machine cutting hay on the Sabbath it was his duty as a minister of the gospel to have gone to the field and demonstrated with said mowing machine. Doubtless the machine would have reformed, and, if asked, would have then and there, promised never again to cut hay on the Sabbath. The mowing machine that is hard-hearted and sinful enough to withstand the eloquent appeal of the Rev. J. Benson Hamilton must indeed be a tough one.—*Boston Post.*

The Gates Ajar.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Something over ten years ago was published a little book bearing the above title and written by Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps which has brought comfort and consolation to many a sorrowing heart that has not as yet been baptized into the new faith. The book has been part of John the Baptist, prelude to an acquaintance with the facts and philosophy of Modern Spiritualism, and as such we hail it with joy and gladness. As the soul is prepared for new light and new truths, the angel-world drop here and there a seed which, when watered by a true, earnest and loving faith, returneth an hundred fold. In sickness and sorrow, when on the bed of anguish, how many souls have cried out for more light, more knowledge, and how many such prayers have been answered by the loving presence and the touch of the loved ones gone before.

In our city for fourteen years has lain, in one position, in extreme anguish and pain, Miss Mollie Fancher, and how many a lesson has been taught unconsciously at her bedside! Those who have been blessed by her friendship have truly caught glimpses of that world of life and beauty where all sorrow and pain is turned to joy and gladness. Recently it has been my privilege to enter this sanctuary of patient waiting for the angel of death to come and bid the spirit ascend to that other home "where the loving live and the living love." I am often asked: "Do you know Miss Fancher?" Are the facts as stated? And, if so, what methods are used to prolong life? I am glad to say that I have met Miss Fancher several times, and each succeeding visit convinces me more and more that the "gates are ajar," and through their open portals the "angels of God" daily minister unto her, sustaining physical life by the power of spirit over matter.

But I am asked, "How do spirits feed her?" In reply let me say: "Precisely as Jesus fed the multitude with the loaves and fishes—not by a miracle, not by the suspension of natural law, but by the power of one spirit over another." Miss Fancher is clairaudient and clairvoyant. Her angel-mother, who passed to the spirit-world when Miss Mollie was but six years old, is ever by her bedside. She sees her, talks with her, and not only her, but the spirits of friends who may come to see her.

On Sunday, April 18th, I called upon Miss Fancher with Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, of Baltimore, who was filling a lecture engagement in Brooklyn, and who was our guest at the time. On that pleasant Sabbath morning we visited her home, and, on explaining our mission we were invited to the room where Miss Fancher had lain for fourteen years in one position—for nine years without sight, and mostly with the use of but one hand during all the time. It is with feelings of deep reverence that we pass into the room, and we feel like taking off our sandals, for we "tread on holy ground," and the spiritual and magnetic forces, so tangibly felt, again remind us that the gates are ajar, and we are about to get glimpses of another and a better life—one revealing to us an unbounded faith in God's love, and one showing to us that the kingdom of heaven has come to that darkened chamber where lessons of faith and patience are brought day by day to those who may have been admitted to her presence.

And is this fair face with its curling, crisp hair the patient sufferer of so many years?—this pure, angelic face so full of the light and joy of the eternal life! We are welcomed cordially, and the bright, intelligent answers to our questions and a deep insight into spiritual matters show to us that sorrow, pain and suffering have only aided the soul to pass into a realm of perennial peace. Soon Mrs. Hyzer feels the presence of the mother who has watched over her suffering child, and she sees her and describes her so accurately that both Miss Fancher and her aunt exclaim, "It is Mollie's mother," and the words of sweet consolation breathed through the inspired lips of Mrs. Hyzer come like a healing balm to them both. Turning to Miss Fancher, she says, "I see her weaving a wreath of lilies and pansies which she places on your brow," and as she said this she was influenced to improvise the following sweet poem:

TO MOLLIE FROM HER ANGEL MOTHER.
Sweet child, a mother's tender hand
Culleth fresh flowers in angel-land,
Exhaling fragrance pure and rare,
To twine amid thy tresses fair.
She watcheth o'er thee day by day,
To soothe thy heart, and sweep away
With love, that cannot fail or die,
The valley-mists that round thee lie.

Although thy life is full of pain,
No grief or anguish hath been vain;
Though on thy pale and youthful brow
Is placed the bitter thorn-wreath now,
The ills of immortal love
Thy mother brings thee from above;
Profuse of thy future bliss,
Sealing the promise with her kiss.

Then weep not, darling! God is true;
His angel-bands shall guide you through
Earth's shadow-plane to that bright shore
Where loved and living part no more.

When the close of the fourth verse was given she bent over and imprinted a kiss on the cheek of the suffering one, and the tears rolled out of her sightless eyes—not of sorrow, but of joy and gladness that her mother was thus able to control Mrs. Hyzer and to demonstrate her visible presence. Mrs. Hyzer requested that she might take with her to her distant home a lock of her hair, so that by this symbol a chain of sympathy might unite the mother and daughter and inspired teacher in a trinity of love. With grateful hearts we clasped the hand of the invalid and gave her our good-bye blessings, and reverentially we passed from this inner sanctuary out into the active and busy world; but the peace, the loving, trusting patience, the unquestioning faith in the ministry of angels and the new strength given us to strive more earnestly for the gifts of the spirit will abide with us forever. May the memories of that sweet, angelic face and the lessons taught us in our realizing that the gates are ajar be incentives to a holier consecration and a sublimer realization of the glories of our faith.

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"VISIONS OF THE BEYOND," is the pleasing title of a neat volume of 186 pages. The title is pleasing because whatever calls our attention to the better life beyond pleases the soul. The volume is a revelation of the life beyond the grave, through the mediumistic power of Mrs. Anna D. Loucks; edited by Bro. H. Snow, a Spiritualist of twenty-five years' standing, one who should be well able to know that which he says. The introductory handles Spiritualism without gloves, showing the uses and abuses of circles, the tendencies of the movement, and many other interesting facts pertaining to the spiritual religion. It gives a glimpse into the future home, to which we are all going. For sale by Herman Snow, San Francisco, Cal.—*Light for All.*

Northern Wisconsin Spiritual Conference, held in Ormo, June 18th, 19th and 20th, 1880.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

The Convention was called to order Friday evening by Dr. J. C. Phillips, in absence of the officers, J. O. Barrett being called upon for a special request by his happiest manner, speaking for three-quarters of an hour, touching on nearly all the reforms of the day. Adjourned to meet Saturday morning.

Saturday morning, at 9:30 o'clock, meeting was called to order by Vice-President, Mrs. S. E. Bishop. Forenoon occupied by Bro. Barrett and Sister Bishop. Session closed with song, entitled, "Gone Through the Beautiful Gates," by Misses Cora and Vinnie Phillips. At 2:30 p. m. meeting called to order. Afternoon spent very profitably, the speakers going over quite a large reform field.

Evening.—President Lockwood having arrived, called the meeting to order. Arrangements previously made for the President to address the Convention, he took for his subject, "Photography," showing how many of the so-called spirit-photographs were produced. The subject was ably handled. The record of his speaking on the subject was the fact of Mrs. Bishop having with her a photograph of herself, taken in Chicago, there being on the plate some four or five partially-brought-out faces. Amongst the number was an unmistakable face of a person recently deceased, and a member of our Spiritual Society. Every one who saw it recognized it immediately. Meeting closed with instrumental music by Mrs. Lockwood. Sunday morning, at 9:30 o'clock, meeting called by an attentive audience to listen to J. O. Barrett. Our brother should be kept at work, as he has grown more positive and aggressive, which was needed to make him more of a success. His lecture abounded in fine thoughts. Adjourned for dinner.

Meeting called to order by the President at 2:30 p. m., when he continued his appeal for money to meet the expenses of the meeting, and also to fulfil paying debt on hall—which was responded to beyond his expectations. Mrs. Bishop then took the rostrum and gave one of her soul-stirring lectures on spiritual matters. She has been in the field for nearly thirty years, and is to day more zealous, if possible, than ever. She is to go to Colorado soon, and if any societies along the route from Chicago to Colorado wish to have one of the ablest speakers in the Spiritualistic field, they can address her until July 15th, at Eagleville, Ashland Co., Ohio. The Secretary having received a letter Friday evening, announcing the serious illness of Bro. E. V. Wilson, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously passed:

Whereas, Our brother, E. V. Wilson, was engaged as the regular speaker of the Wisconsin Association of Spiritualists, but has failed to be here on account of a prostrating sickness, to the great disappointment of the people;

Resolved, That we extend to our esteemed brother our generous sympathy in the remembrance of the work he has so faithfully discharged, and that we endeavor in solving the seed of truth broadcast for others to cultivate and reap; and that we will, if possible, send him our warm heart as a soothing balm to his suffering, hoping and praying in the spirit that by angel help the tender care of earthly friends, he may be spared to us for the good that he has so much to do.

Resolved, That if in the order of events and conditions he is to cross the river at this time, we will, in the name of the Lord, bid him a "good-bye," with a cheer for a happy meeting with the ministering angels, whose bidding he has obeyed and that we will welcome him to our spiritual home in the far West, that our hearts shall go with her in her journey, and that we will, in the name of the Lord, bid him a "good-bye," with a cheer for a happy meeting with the ministering angels, whose bidding he has obeyed and that we will welcome him to our spiritual home in the far West, that our hearts shall go with her in her journey, and that we will, in the name of the Lord, bid him a "good-bye," with a cheer for a happy meeting with the ministering angels, whose bidding he has obeyed and that we will welcome him to our spiritual home in the far West, that our hearts shall go with her in her journey, and that we will, in the name of the Lord, bid him a "good-bye," with a cheer for a happy 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LETTER AND POEM FROM MRS. E. L. WATSON.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

For four years I have not put pen to paper for the purpose of appearing in print. My entire time has been so fully occupied with public and private duties—writing left out—and so many able pens were playing like golden shuttles among the shining threads of truth, that I have felt no disposition to thrust my unskilled labor into notice.

Nor do I now come with anything more worthy than an improvised poem delivered at the close of my lecture at Cassadaga, N. Y., on the occasion of the dedication of the new campground of the Chautauqua Spiritualists. I have been so urgently requested by a large number of persons present to furnish the Banner of Light with a copy of the poem, that I have ventured to do so, hoping you may deem it worthy of a place in your valuable columns.

If it would not be trespassing, I would like to give greetings to my friends, far and near, among whom I am glad I can count many persons of all religious denominations, to whom I have ministered as a teacher of the Spiritual Philosophy for the last four eventful years. My rapidly declining health has compelled me to recall my Eastern engagements, and to remove to California, there to remain an indefinite period of time. I hope a season of absolute rest may so completely restore my strength, that if the need is great and the angels still honor me with their holy attendance, I may return to the work of liberating souls and healing human sorrow.

I shall always remember with gratitude and love the many noble men and women who have cheered and encouraged my timid soul in its onward course, and am thankful for the unfailing appreciation which I have enjoyed wherever I have been called to work. The intense look of interest upon a thousand faces; the quick-welling tears of sympathy; the hearty response to bold ideas, and not least to me, the unselfish friendship of my sister-women, all will ever remain a holy picture in the mystic realm of blessed memory.

The dear old Banner will be like the face of a friend while I sojourn in the Golden State, for one can scarcely go amiss of it, and I like to encourage its sale at the news-stand. May the good-angels continue to be our standard bearers in the brave battle for spiritual freedom, and at last plant it in every valley of superstition, and upon the highest hill-top of heavenly truth.

Cordially yours, ELIZABETH L. WATSON.

Titusville, Pa.

A POEM

Delivered at the Dedication of the new Camp-ground at Cassadaga, N. Y., June 15th.

BY MRS. E. L. WATSON.

Nature's God hath many shrines—

Verdant valleys, mighty mountains,

Singing, sighing, swaying pines,

Placid lakes and sparkling fountains;

Primal forests, vast and dim,

With their countless aisles and arches,

Through which pours the splendid hymn

Of old Time's eternal marches.

Oh, how sweet these temples are,

Free from sacrificial crosses,

And no blot of blood to mar

Floors of tasseled mosses!

And if we would dedicate

New Publications.

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Mrs. S. A. BROWN, St. Johnsbury, Conn., Vi.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1880.

Camp-Meetings.

Lake Pleasant.

This famous camp-meeting resort is already a scene of busy activity. A large number of people have taken up their abode in the hotel, cottages and tents, preparatory to the formal commencement of the meeting on August 1st.

The writer has furnished for the readers of the *Banner of Light* a detailed statement of facts relative to the forthcoming convention. However, as interrogations are constantly being made regarding the machinery of the meeting, a brief recapitulation at this date will be eminently proper.

No Camp-Meeting in the country has better railroad facilities for securing the attendance of large audiences. The connecting railroad lines are numerous. The new hotel will be one of the leading features this season. Mr. Barnard has already rented a large number of his elegant rooms. Application should be made to H. L. Barnard, Greenfield, Mass.

RAILROAD ITEMS.

This is an important topic to visitors from a distance. Reader, cut out the following railroad notes for future reference.

The writer has been astounded to hear people, whom he supposed, as a matter of course, read the *Banner of Light*, ask questions on the point of lines of travel and fare, which had already been answered in this correspondence. Moral: Read the *Banner of Light*, if you want to know what is going on.

Parties on the line of the Central Vermont and Passumpsic roads should buy tickets to Bellows Falls, and there purchase Camp-Meeting tickets to Lake Pleasant, which will be good to return to Bellows Falls. The Secretary at the Lake will furnish *Inter-Railroad checks* for all tickets beyond Bellows Falls.

Chambers Falls. Ten or more persons from any station on the road can get reduced fare by applying to the general ticket agent of the road.

The Central Vermont River Road, Springfield and Northfield, N.H., New London, Southern and Connecticut Central Railroad will sell tickets from all their stations for fare one way. To this will be added a percentage, which will be paid to the agent at the destination of the ticket. There will also be a charge for baggage, on certain days on all the roads, at much less than half fare, which will be daily available.

Tickets on the New London Northern Road must be exchanged at the Lake on the day of issue, for a return ticket, which will be good until September 15th. Tickets will be on sale from July 15th to September 15th, on all the roads.

Reduced fare from Lowell, over the Stony Brook Road, since last year.

Boston, Haverhill and Gardner Road will reduce fare same as last year.

New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, via Troy & Boston Railroad (Hudson Tunnel route), will reduce fare as follows: From Buffalo to Lake Pleasant and return, \$2.00; Rochester, \$1.00; Syracuse, \$1.00; Utica, \$1.00; Albany, \$1.00.

Trains making direct connections have as follows: Boston special, leave Buffalo at 8 A.M.; Rochester, 7:45 A.M.; Syracuse, 7:15 A.M.; Utica, 6:45 A.M.; Albany, 6:15 A.M. Arrive at Lake Pleasant at 2:30 P.M.; Rochester, 2:45 P.M.; Syracuse, 3:15 P.M.; Utica, 3:45 P.M.; Albany, 4:15 P.M. Arrive at Lake Pleasant at 2:30 P.M.

Trains from New York to the Lake and return, \$1.50, via New York and Troy City Lines. Steamers: Saratoga and City of Troy. Leave New York (except Saturdays) at 8 A.M. For New York, leave Lake Pleasant at 7:30 A.M. For New York, leave Lake Pleasant at 7:30 A.M. For New York, leave Lake Pleasant at 7:30 A.M.

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NOTES.

Mrs. E. McNeil of 642 N. 10th street, Philadelphia, Pa., will visit Lake Pleasant. She is spoken of as an excellent medium.

Laura Kendrick made many warm friends at Neshaun Falls. She is a speaker of unquestionable ability.

Creedmore Park.

The audiences at this place on July 18th were large. Nettie Pease Fox delivered some very able addresses during her engagement. She is a lecturer of much power, and the eulogistic notices which have appeared in the spiritual press relative to her work are merited.

Mrs. Severance, of Milwaukee, an able and practical speaker, has met with success—her discourses being well received. Mrs. Samuels, of St. Louis, and other speakers and mediums were present. Mr. Bliss, the manager, is earnest and enthusiastic, and has spared no pains to make the meetings a success.

CEPHAS.

Notes from Onset Bay Camp.

(By our Special Reporter.)

The wonderful facility of improvisation that characterizes the mediumship of Miss Jennie H. Hagan, of Vermont, combined with the charming simplicity and sincerity of her spirit, has made her presence at Onset a benediction to the camp. She has won unanimous appreciation by her readiness to contribute to the pleasure and profit of our meeting, by improvising poems upon subjects presented from the audience. Whatever the subjects, grave or gay, simple or profound, she never fails to interpret them in fluent verse, with wit and wisdom combined, in a manner that compels astonishment and delight. Her addresses, also upon suggested subjects, are given with equal readiness, and present the practical applications of Spiritualism in a manner that appeals to the common sense of the people. Wherever she may go, she is worthy of acceptance as a teacher of the principles, and as illustrating a beautiful phenomenal phase of the great spiritual movement.

The tests given by Mrs. Emma Weston, of East Boston, from the public platform, have all been of a convincing character, especially to the citizens of this vicinity, nearly all the names of spirits present and the relatives alluded to by them being former residents of adjoining towns. The manner in which the names and facts connected with the persons spoken of are given, goes very far toward compelling conviction in the minds of skeptics.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes has come and gone, leaving her message of consecration to lofty ideals of character to be illustrated in daily life as the outcome of the New Religion, interpreted by Spiritualism. Her two addresses were most favorably received.

Many weather has interfered with the published programme somewhat, the afternoon meeting on Tuesday being adjourned to the Pavilion, which was unexpectedly filled. By vote, Dr. Storor was requested to postpone his lecture to a more favorable day, and the meeting assumed a spontaneous character, with the most satisfactory results. After orchestral music, Miss Hagan rendered two poems upon subjects presented, one of which particularly, "The Real and Ideal Life," was philosophically and poetically a gem. Dr. Storor then suggesting that spontaneous meetings of this character often proved more interesting than formal addresses, and that nothing had so much contributed to the advance of Spiritualism as its phenomena, asked that Miss Hagan would attempt to describe the origin, progress and peculiarities of her mediumship.

This she did in a manner that touched the audience and commended the spiritual guidance to which she has been subject to the grateful recognition and confidence even of strangers to Spiritualism.

Mrs. A. P. Brown followed with a vigorous address, and by request Mrs. Byrnes gave some parting words, expressing her feelings in regard to the cordial reception she had met at Onset, and her renewed consecration as a public teacher of Spiritualism. Then followed a poem of farewell to Mrs. Byrnes, by Miss Hagan, in which the purest sentiments and loftiest ideals of human life were blended with prayers for the personal success of the subject of the poem.

This meeting was so hallowed by a high spiritual influx that another conference at the grand stand was organized on Wednesday, Dr. H. G. White being called to preside in the absence of Dr. Storor. This meeting was addressed by Dr. Abby E. Cutter, I. P. Greenleaf, Mrs. A. P. Brown and others, and was very interesting. Still another important meeting was convened on Saturday afternoon, Mrs. H. Hagan, a medium of Providence, R. I., taking charge. This was a feast indeed. Mrs. H. Hagan, a powerful medium from Rockland, Me., and others whose names were not recorded, taking voluntary part. A free spirit prevailed, and the experiences narrated were of the highest interest.

Dances are held four evenings in the week, and are always well attended. There was fun at the tub-race on Saturday evening, several hundred campers gathering on and around the wharf to see the upsets of the venture. One of the Burgess brothers, boatmen, bore off the honors, paddling off to sea and back again in his tub without disaster.

The clam-bake and yacht excursion down the harbor proposed for the whole camp failed gloriously on account of the rain; but "Cephus" went, and Bro. Geo. H. Coer, of the West, who is now glad that glams don't grow on the prairie. Better luck next time!

The morning address on Thursday, by Mrs. A. P. Brown, was a contrast of the new and old religion, practical, sensible, eloquent and truthful, pleasing all. Mr. Geo. H. Coer, of Minnesota, is on a visit to eastern camp-meetings, and he expresses admiration for Onset, the meetings, and the welcome he has received. Invited to speak on Friday P. M., he gave an interesting personal experience of his birth into Spiritualism, and a taste of his quality as a philosophic reasoner. He is engaged for the Harwich Camp-Meeting.

Steele and Whitcomb bear off the palm as caterers. Under their new tent the boarders confess their improved appetites from seaside influences, and discuss the excellent quality and variety set before them with gusto.

The appearance of Cephus B. Lynn in Camp on Thursday aroused a new glow of enthusiasm, for all the people hereabouts became involuntary telegraph offices from which news of the life of his speaking flew rapidly. Of course he is a universal favorite, here and elsewhere. Personally magnetic, he combines in his addresses a comprehensive grasp of whatever subject he treats, great simplicity and clearness of statement, logical accuracy and most effective oratory. Skeptics, inquirers, opposers even, are compelled to acknowledge his fairness and liberality and the spell of his eloquence. Bigotry and narrow partisanship shrink away before the broad and generous spirit that recognizes the good in all theories and institutions, and the fidelity to human progress which demands that all errors and imperfections in them be remorselessly criticised and exposed. His first address on Thursday was an analysis of Spiritualism and its present attitude toward science and religion, and called together thus far the largest assembly of the meeting.

Sunday dawned in beauty, and Onset seemed the loveliest place on earth. Lodging rooms had been taxed to their utmost capacity, but all found a place of rest. All uncertainty about the weather being dismissed, early risers were abroad to enjoy the morning air and the lovely scenery. Yachts coming in every night were peacefully anchored upon the silvery mirror of the bay, and the white-capped yachtsmen were taking in the points of Onset, which is coming to be a favorite anchorage with them.

Sunday trains brought crowds from all along the line of railroad from Provincetown and Boston. The "Nelly" steamboat came in from New Bedford and another from Marion. Dr. Storor's office was besieged with anxious purchasers of the Sunday papers and the last issue of the *Banner of Light*. At 10:15 the great bell rang and the cottagers joined the assembling visitors at the beautiful auditorium. Robinson's orchestra gave several fine selections, and then Dr. Storor, the presiding officer, announced the unexpected presence of Mr. — of Wareham, teacher of music, who sang as a solo, in a magnificent voice, "The Sweet By-and-By." The Easton Quartette, led by Fred Thayer,

of Easton, Mass., had also volunteered, and sang with fine effect several spiritual songs.

The seats were filled, and when Mr. Lynn rose to address that hushed audience beneath the oak leaves, through which the sun was dimly shimmering, all felt that they were in Nature's temple and worshippers at her holy shrine. Felicitously alluding to his pleasure at meeting so large a company in this magnificent auditorium, from which all other camp-grounds should take a pattern; and the interest he had always felt in the development of this charming place, from its dedication service, in which he took a part; he passed on to inquire what this platform signified? What great purpose or tendency does it represent? His subject, as it developed, was a masterly analysis and presentation of "The Ministry of the Future."

It is not the purpose of your reporter to do more than sketch the general features of these meetings, hence no attempt at reporting addresses will be made. Suffice it to say the effort of Mr. Lynn was received with profound interest, and his friends declare that it was one of the most valuable addresses they have ever heard from him.

The afternoon services were entirely conducted by J. Frank Baxter, before even an increased audience, who became absorbed in the songs, lectures and tests, which occupied about two hours. Mr. Baxter addressed particularly inquirers concerning Spiritualism, reviewing its phenomenal history, and answering the popular and flippant objections to it. The tests were, as usual, recognized by acquaintances of the spirits whose names were given.

A pleasant service was that of Sunday evening at the grand stand. The occasion was a benefit to Miss Jennie H. Hagan, whose departure from the camp is at hand. Sitting upon the outer door platform of Dr. Storor's office, which is a popular resort for comfort and conversation combined, several gentlemen were talking over the advantage and pleasure to the camp derived from Miss Hagan's presence and cheerful readiness to lend her aid to the meetings as well as at private circles. A disposition at once was manifested to give her a substantial token of this appreciation. The Doctor was requested to draw up a paper, then and there, which is as follows:

The undersigned, highly appreciating the fidelity of Miss Jennie H. Hagan to the phenomenal gifts of the spirit with which she has been so richly endowed, as well as her personal character and influence, desire to contribute this spontaneous testimonial of their esteem, assuring her that wherever she may be called to perform her beneficent labor for human progress and happiness, our cordial sympathy will ever attend her.

Onset Bay Camp, July and August, 1880.

This paper was passed about, and thirty-one names with as many dollars subscribed to it. A collection was also received from the evening audience, which, added to the subscription, amounted to fifty-two dollars.

At the evening service slips of paper were passed among the audience, and subjects solicited for improvisation. Some twenty were received, sentimental and patriotic, spiritual and humorous, and Miss Hagan rendered, in matter and manner, their appropriate interpretations, both in inspiring, emotional, and multi-voiced verse.

The gentlemen composing the Easton Quartette added greatly to the pleasure of the occasion by their admirable singing and the truly wonderful whistling accompaniments to selections upon the guitar.

The money subscribed was an entire surprise to Miss Hagan, and as Dr. Storor presented it in the name of the donors, expressing the universal sentiment of the camp, she was sensibly affected, but most happily responded in verse.

A vote of thanks and an invitation to receive a benefit at the camp next Sunday evening was given to the "Quartette" and accepted.

Charles W. Sullivan, character artist, will give entertainments this week, probably at the Pavilion.

Henry Allen, the physical medium, will give circles for one week.

Local items and personal news of interest are to be found in the "Onset Bay Day," a sprightly little weeky quarto, published at Onset by Mrs. E. G. Brown during the camping season.

A regatta of yachts will take place in the Bay on Friday, July 30th. Excursion tickets to Onset will be needed. If good weather, a lively time may be expected.

H. B. S.

Shawshen Grove.

(Continued.)

Monday, July 19th, was devoted by the campers to the various amusements which the order of "Life in the Camp" (and cottages, too) made practicable. Many circles for tests were held in the evening by the mediums residing on the grounds.

Tuesday was put down on the list of arrangements as a picnic day, but the descending rain, accompanied at intervals by severe thunder and lightning, made the attendance fall far short of what was expected. The exercises in the afternoon consisted of a fine vocal selection by Mrs. Elliot, of Charlestown District (accompanied by the orchestra); the reading, by Mrs. Townsend-Wood, of the poem "God's Anvil," a song by Mr. Fred Heath, the blind medium; and an address by Mrs. Wood, which was attentively listened to; after which Mr. Heath sang another selection, and Mrs. Wood improvised a fine poem on the gifts of the afflicted musician. Dr. John H. Currier, of Boston, presided.

On Sunday, July 25th, large numbers of visitors filled the various trains and debouched at last at the grounds, where their appearance was greeted by the management and campers with a hearty welcome. The day was fair, and the sentiment of determination to be present seemed to reign most unmistakably in the minds of all.

The space of time which remained between the arrival of the early trains and the morning exercises was filled in by the visitors in friendly calls upon acquaintances regularly residing in the camp, or in strolling around the grove—some also participating in the pleasant pursuit of gathering (by the aid of the boats) the rich and abundant harvest of pond lilies with which the sequestered bends of the river were white.

A band concert preceded the regular service in the morning. When the people had fully assembled at the speakers' stand, in obedience to the Chairman's bell, that official (Dr. John H. Currier, of Boston) called the meeting to order, and proceeded to announce the programme for the coming week. He also called attention to the objects of the present meeting and of the camp enterprise as well; and in connection with the subject of the necessity of effort on the part of all to advance a knowledge of the cause among the people, spoke of the claims of the *Banner of Light* upon the confidence and patronage of the Spiritualist public everywhere. Personally magnetic, he combined in his addresses a comprehensive grasp of whatever subject he treats, great simplicity and clearness of statement, logical accuracy and most effective oratory. Skeptics, inquirers, opposers even, are compelled to acknowledge his fairness and liberality and the spell of his eloquence. Bigotry and narrow partisanship shrink away before the broad and generous spirit that recognizes the good in all theories and institutions, and the fidelity to human progress which demands that all errors and imperfections in them be remorselessly criticised and exposed. His first address on Thursday was an analysis of Spiritualism and its present attitude toward science and religion, and called together thus far the largest assembly of the meeting.

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The speaker referred to the glorious work being done by Spiritualism in comforting the mourner and giving more hopeful views of life hereafter—a life which it demonstrated to exist for man, he communicated his belief in the varied phenomena of materialization as witnessed by him in presence of Dr. Shade and others; spoke of the cheering signs of the progress of the cause which he had everywhere met with in his world-wide journeyings; but also wished his hearers to remember that even the Orthodox Christians were adopting more expanded views, and if they (the Spiritualists) did not have a care he feared (judging from some practical examples he had met with among the clergy and laity, and which he cited) that the "evangelists" would surpass even the Spiritualists themselves in liberality of act and sentiment. He closed his address with a truly brilliant peroration, and took his seat amid the hearty and continued applause of an audience which had from first to last followed his utterances with marks of sincerest approval.

At the conclusion of Dr. Peebles's eloquent address, Mr. Fred Heath, the blind medium, of Charlestown District, sang "The Faded Coat of Blue," and "The Pilgrim" took occasion to endorse what had been said by Dr. Currier in reference to subscribing for the *Banner of Light*.

After a soulful benediction by Dr. Peebles, as a concluding exercise, the assembly dispersed for dinner. Some visited the dining hall; and the hospitalities of the camp were abundantly bestowed on many visitors by the denizens of the various tents along the line, or rather in the two lines—as by reason of the nature of the ground Shawshen Camp was arranged by its manager, Dr. A. H. Richardson, in upper and lower divisions.

In the afternoon, by special request of many present, Dr. Peebles described, as far as time would allow, his journeyings in foreign climes, and the lessons, religious and otherwise, which had impressed themselves on his mind while abroad. His remarks frequently called out the applause of his hearers. As in the morning, a band concert preceded the service, and the choir and Mr. Heath furnished vocal melody. Mrs. Stickney, of Groveland, also contributed a poem. The session for the day closed with another band concert, which was a good-by to much appreciated by the visitors who were about to turn their thoughts homeward. By 8 o'clock P. M. nearly all those from Boston, Lawrence, Lowell, etc., had taken their departure, though a few bound for Boston and way stations remained to take advantage of a "junction" train which left a little after 8 o'clock. To say that the day was thoroughly enjoyed by all who made the tour to the camp is but to record, as applying in a general way, a remark which the writer heard repeatedly made by individuals at every hand.

Monday morning, 26th, a band concert occurred; in the afternoon a conference meeting, opened by the Chairman, Dr. John H. Currier, who was followed by Mrs. Leslie, Miss Clous and Miss Wheeler as speakers—the service being varied by instrumental and vocal music by Mr. F. Heath. In the evening dancing was participated in at the pavilion.

On Tuesday, 27th, according to announcement, Henry C. Lull, of Boston, was to address the people in the afternoon; a like service was to be performed on the afternoon of Wednesday by Dr. John H. Currier, who acts as the regular presiding officer on the camp platform have won golden opinions from all at this place, forenoon and afternoon; and as this occasion will be his last appearance in the vicinity of Boston, during the present summer, those wishing to listen to his eloquent remarks will do well to remember the announcement.

Among the mediums now located at Shawshen may be noted Mrs. Townsend-Wood, Mrs. H. W. Gusham, Mrs. H. A. Whitler, Mrs. Leslie, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Woodman, Miss Clous and Mrs. Starbird.

Assemblies for dancing occur on every week evening, and on Tuesday and Friday afternoon. On Friday afternoon the speakers expected are Dr. Samuel Grover and John Wetherbee, Esq.

Saturday, July 31st, will be a grand day, concluding with a grand illumination and dance in the evening. Music throughout the day and evening by Elliot's Military Band.

The Editor-at-Large Project.

The purpose for which the Editor-at-Large project was inaugurated by a band of spirits, to which we have heretofore alluded, seems by many of our readers to be misunderstood, they supposing it to be a movement instituted for the benefit of the *Banner of Light*, when nothing could be further from the fact. The scheme emanated exclusively from the spirit-world workers—they feeling that the time had come when an experienced and competent person for the task should be selected to reply to the secular press writers against the spiritual philosophy in the columns of such journals of that character as would admit his articles among their contents. After mature reflection they named Prof. S. B. BRITTON as the man best qualified for this important work. We were requested to aid the Spirit Intelligences in so doing, to which we readily assented, not supposing for a single moment but that the representative Spiritualists in all parts of the country would see this matter in the same light we did and lend a helping hand.

Prof. Britton's work has, we repeat, no connection whatever with that of the *Banner of Light*. The special service in which he is engaged is described in the preceding paragraph; and the only articles (copied ones aside) which have appeared (or will appear) in our columns from him in his character of Editor-at-Large are such as have been prepared by him for the various secular or religious papers, and have been by them rejected.

The amount of funds previously acknowledged and placed to the credit of Dr. Britton, ending May 1st, 1880, is as follows:

E. Samson, Ypsilanti, Mich.	10.00
Edw. S. Varney, Lowell, Mass.	1.00
Laura M. DeLano, St. Peter, Minn.	5.00
G. D. New Britain, Conn.	1.00
Emily Edmunds, O. C.	1.00