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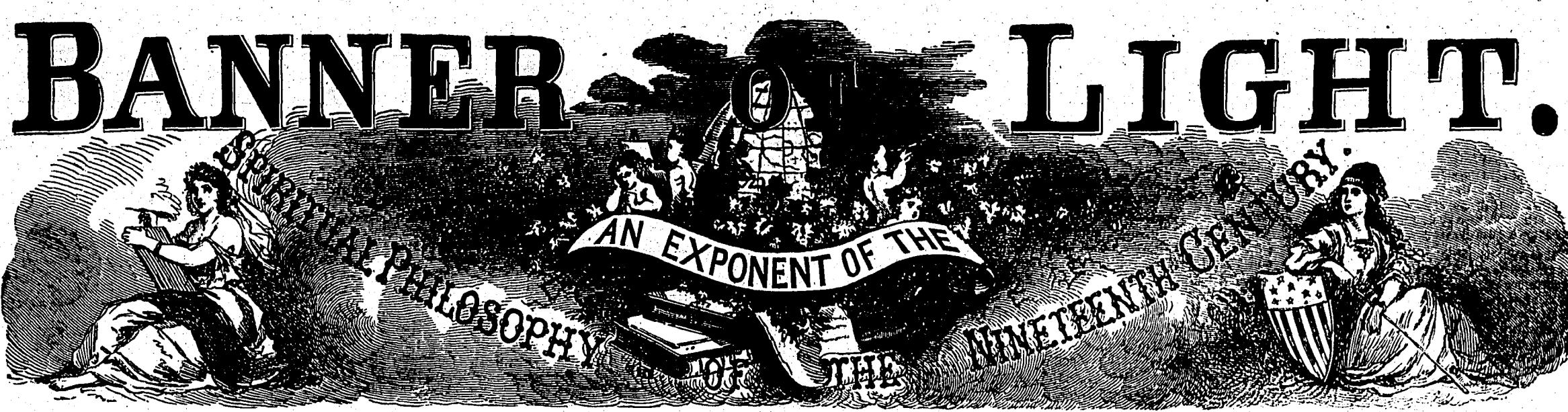
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The Rostrum.

SPIRIT MATERIALIZATION.

An Address by
MRS. F. O. HYZER,
Delivered at Everett Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y.,
June 12th, 1880.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

Permit me to present the subject of Spirit Materialization in its universal sense, ere I attempt an analysis of its special characteristics. It is now more than twenty-five years since I first began to have a reasonable appreciation of the privilege of direct communion with the dwellers in what we call the spirit-world. From that day to this I have been a tireless, eager student of the religion, the poetry, the principles and the phenomena of spirit materialization. I was not converted by man or angel to Modern Spiritualism, any more than I was converted from the state of a babe to that of a woman. I unfolded from unseen, spiritual causes, or germinal conditions, into seen and substantial, or ponderable results. I, the eternal individual or personality, moving on in the infinite systems of God's life, in preserving and perpetuating myself, have, I find, been materializing and de-materializing as continually and persistently as has the Being whom we call God, and as long a time as that Being has possessed self-existence. I de-materialized the babe to become the child of larger growth, and de-materialized the child of larger growth for womanly development. Looking around me, above me, and beneath me, reading the great book of Nature's living, breathing revelations, as well as the books of the most learned and experienced of men of both ancient and modern time, I have found that all we call progression, evolution, or reformation, is only one continuous and unbroken process of Spirit Materialization and De-materialization.

The thought that glows within my brain to-day is only the fuller materializing of what, from its greater rarity, or spirituality, was but emotion yesterday. When I stood healed and clothed in "blessed, vigorous health in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," having been raised by the inspiring power of God's guardian angels from a physical prostration that had borne me down to the very shores of the dark river called Death, my organization had only become materialized; the sweet, vague, mystic, enchanting dreams, or idealities, that had foreshadowed themselves in my life from my cradle, and in their processes of gestating physical embodiment, had so de-materialized my grosser conditions of form as to prostrate me with what we call disease; but which, like all corresponding states that we call by that name, was only a phenomenon of "de-materialization." Sickened was not healed. My real self, the spirit immortal, was moving into outer conditions; matter, or ponderable substance, was in travail. Spirit had its birth (as it always does, successfully, whenever we know it or not), and I, in being "born again," was said to have been healed. I could have no relapse. I was unfolded. Never, in the highest, grandest, most thrilling inspiration that has ever stirred my soul or illumined my mind since the hour in which I became conscious of communion with angels, or with the loved ones "gone before," have I failed to realize that my inspiration was a materialization, or appreciable embodiment of the sweet, poetical, God-forming emotions and faintly embryoid thought-forms of my earliest memories of being. As a child, the trees were my intelligent companions; old gray rocks, on which I sat to plait wild-flowers and grasses into crowns, talked with me with patronizing gravity, as age to childhood; the brooks sang with me to whatever key of whatever melody I sang; the birds understood me, and would have builded nests in my hair if I could have been persuaded to sit still for their structural necessities; the air-whispered love to me in zephyrs, and reproved me in its swifter, sterner motion; the rain I called the tears of sorrowing spirits, and frosts and chilling tempests, driving blasts and falling snows, corresponded to all I knew of the disappointments, resentments, strifes and derangements of my human world. I held conscious, constant communion with a personal intelligence whom I called God. I never once thought that it would be beneath the Being who had taken the trouble to "make" me, to hold conversation with me. I thought He, of all living persons, was the one to appeal to in all my troubles and to thank for all my blessings; and no human theory to the contrary ever had any influence over my convictions.

When in later years I came to realize that this intelligence, which I had so long thought to be a personal God, was my own dear guardian father, who, on leaving the earth form while I was a child of ten years, at once became my guardian teacher, not only to aid and educate me, but that through my perfectly-adapted organization he could thus continue to move on in earthly experiences, and come more fully en rapport with the dear family circle who mourned and missed his presence as that of the truest of husbands and the fondest of fathers, I did not feel at all removed from intercourse with God; I only saw, in a new light, the system of his communion with the children of earth, and gladly, gratefully accepted my precious father as the minister of his incomparable care and love. As I have recognized also, through my ripening intellect, somewhat of the processes of earth's development, I have found nothing in the keen analysis or the profound demonstrations of science and philosophy to disenchanted me of my spirit-communion with the beautiful, conscious, sentient planet, which folds me on her bosom.

Thus my whole thought-life has been a natural correspondence to these principles and these phenomena of spirit and matter called "spirit materializations." I have never attended one séance for "materialization" with any particular personal interest—from the fact of being in hourly communion with spirit-friends and teachers, through inspiration and seership, having also seen in the laws of spirit and matter that sooner or later the invisible must inevitably become visible, since all nature confirms the enunciation of our dear brother and fellow-seer of Nazareth, that "There is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed"—but because persons of high respectability and purity of character, as well as of clear intellects and cool judgments, have, in bearing testimony to these phenomena, desired that I should prepare myself, by also witnessing them, to add my assurances to theirs before a sneering, persecuting denial of their occurrence.

At Alton, N. Y., at Harrisburg, Pa., at Astoria, the latest materializing-Mecca sought by eager pilgrim feet, I have received (to me) wholly undeniable evidence that our departed friends and other spirits interested in the development of the principles of inter-spherical communion, have gained such control of ponderable substance as to enable them to become visible and tangible to our normal senses. I do not presume upon a definition of the ways and means or the *modus operandi* of their embodiment. At Alton, the medium in the cabinet was an entire stranger to me, and I was an entire stranger to every person present, except my sister, who accompanied me. A lamp in the room, placed close by the door of the cabinet, threw into the circle a light by which I could have read manuscript, and before me appeared the form of a beautiful boy, my nephew, who thirty years ago, at the age of four years, left the outer form. His face was exceedingly lovely, and so striking in its beauty that one who had once seen it would not be likely to forget it. I exclaimed, "This is our Charlie!" He smiled and bowed, and then continued to reply intelligently and correctly by gestures to all the questions I put to him. I then said to my guardian father, who stood by me in the spirit-plane, "Why does Charlie retain his earth appearance, being now more than thirty years of age?" He replied, "Did he stand before you as he appears in spirit-life, you would not recognize him. He finds his earthly imagery in your mental retentiveness, treasured up as a book, or picture, or any other keepsake, and he materializes from that model." He remained perhaps ten minutes, after which many other forms appeared, as plainly identified as he, by others present, as their friends. At length a female form presented itself, and in answer to our inquiries, claimed to be my mother, who passed from earth fifteen years ago. Although her height and size and general appearance corresponded perfectly with the form of my mother, having something resembling a pointed paper cap covering the head and upper portion of the face, (as they informed us to shield their faces from the de-materializing effects of the light,) I could not assure myself of her identity, and so my sister and myself admitted to each other. In a moment, as though in response to our remarks, she raised her hand—the hand which in earth-life had become so deformed with paralysis as to have brought the middle joints of the fingers down upon the wrist—a position reached only through the intensest torture, prolonged for three years. As she reached to us this distorted hand, we exclaimed in one breath, "Oh, that is indeed mother's hand!" She bowed, and then again held it toward us. We then said: "Mother's hand is not deformed in spirit-life, is it?" She instantly extended it again, in a fair and beautiful outline.

Now I must acknowledge this personality to have been my mother, or that of some one who, having seen her, knew how to personate her. No one but my sister and myself within that house, that circle or that part of the State had ever seen her, therefore I feel sure enough for me, that the spirit personated was my mother. If it was my mother, why should I have been surprised? All the prophecies of all the poets and seers of all past ages have pointed directly to this beautiful revelation of spiritual power over matter; while our every-day experiences are their sweet and silent fulfillments. I can take the form of a lily bulb, and placing it in the dark cabinet of earth and abiding by requisite conditions for its re-materialization, it will in due time come before me clothed in raiment lovelier than painter ever revealed, than any artist ever wove or wrought. I am told that the materializing from sunbeam and soil and dew and air of the spirit of the lily, is by no means analogous to the phenomenon of a hu-

man spirit drawing material with which it claims to array itself in a moment of time; but I cannot see that there is greater difference in time between the occurrence of these phenomena than that found in relation to the conveying of thoughts by the slow locomotion of a pair of yoked oxen, as we once were glad to convey them over the land, and the present method of sending them by lightning. I derive no special satisfaction from the fact that the most learned of earth knows no more than the most ignorant why law is law. No one can tell by what processes or from what causes the lily derives its separate personality, or why the rose is fragrant while many other flowers of equal beauty are not. Why does the spirit of one bulb require twice the time to dress itself in outer raiment that another does with the same apparent conditions? Why does one exhale fragrance and break the sunlight on its robes to our admiring vision, as another one does not?

Until I can answer one of the alphabetical questions pertaining to the phenomena of earthly materialization occurring under my eyes daily for half a century—and not under my eyes alone, but of all which open to the light of common day—the much-abused yet much-used word, "impossible," will weigh very little with my mind in relation to any phase or form or claim for spirit materialization. When, as at Astoria last night, in the home of a gentleman and lady whose relation to these materializing phenomena produced in their parlors admits of no question of integrity and sincerity, the form of my sister's departed husband came before me so strongly identified that my sister and myself both instantly recognize him, converse with him—we in words and he by gestures—expressing ourselves to each other for the space of several minutes, I can no more doubt the evidence of my senses regarding his materialization than I can in their relation to the lily or the rose; and as for explanation of the law and conditions through which the one is accomplished, I know as much as I do of the processes through which the other puts on and takes off its representative substances.

When as at Astoria the beautiful, spirit-daughters of Mr. H. H. and C. H. H. stand smiling upon me waving around them by the graceful motion of their lily hands yard upon yard of starry gossamer fabric, I do not marvel at the seeming miracle more than I have marvelled at the phenomenon of an old brown bare tree re-decking itself in the royal splendors of foliage, that the greatest artist of earth wins his laurels by best imitating. A skeptic has said to me to-day, "In the growth of vegetation no advantage can be taken of us by vulgar rogues and tricking money-catchers, as in our circles for spirit materialization." I think the correspondence in phenomena strikingly marked at this point of comparison. Who has ever found around any dark circle, or cabinet materializations or materializing circle, a more persistent trickster, or a more villainously self-aggrandizing traitor than the potato-bug, or weevil? [Applause.] Shall we give up the harvest to such meddlers, or study and practice the best methods of defending that which we so justly covet?

I have been asked to-day, since coming into this hall, if I believe that I saw at Astoria the form of Jesus of Nazareth, as it has been reported that he there appeared before me? To this question I answer, I have yet no satisfactory reason given me why he should not have thus appeared; and since a spirit claiming to be him did there stand before me, I will tell you why I am pleased to accept the statement as true. In the first place, I as much believe in the written history of the man, Jesus of Nazareth, as in that of Plato or Socrates; while the argument that if his history is true, he must now be far too highly developed to have any interest in us poor belated, ignorant, carnal mortals, and that he would by that very height of unfoldment have lost the power to clothe himself in our gross matter and breathe our impure airs again, even if our lower spirit-friends can do so, is an argument wholly opposed to my spiritual experiences.

The spiritual philosophy, as taught me for the last twenty-seven years in one unbroken chain of harmonial logic, has been directed in quite a contrary line from the sequences of this argument. It has led me to see that the more spiritual we become in relation to ourselves, the more easily we can overcome the gross conditions surrounding us, and the more powerful we grow in our influence over others. It has caused me to become more attracted to earth, and to be not only more willing but far better able to help others bear their heavy burdens than I ever was before; hence I should suppose that the Nazarene would be able to control the material conditions of earth to-day better than my nephew Charlie, or than even my mother or brother; and as for his attraction to me, I have the self-respect and self-appreciation to believe that he would be as likely to love me as I to love him. His name has been written on my brain and embalmed in my heart from the earliest days of my childhood, and when I came to study the philosophy of life, and ceased to adore him as God, I loved him still more tenderly as a beautiful spirit of love, a faithful teacher, a wondrous healer and the most loyal of friends to humanity. I have seen a spirit claiming to be him in my super-normal vision, and so accustomed have I become to silent and tender communion with him through this form of seership, I was not at all surprised to see him externally at Astoria. Like my beautiful Charlie, he probably found his image as I have conceived it in my ideal, and corresponded to it in his attempts at personation. If any one feels the chill of a holy horror creeping over him in view of my irreverence and presumption in

daring to suppose the son of Mary should visit me, I would ask him, if he be a theological Christian, how he expects Jesus is going to get near enough to us, in the smoke and flame of that expected judgment day, to single us out and receive or condemn us, if he cannot come quietly and calmly into the family circle of those who hold his name among their holiest ideals, and who welcome him with tearful mother-love and with hearts overflowing with gratitude for the evidences of the imperishable truths of immortality, in defence of which he was extended upon the cross? I would reply to the philosophical objector who says to me to-day: "Why, the very fact of his calling himself Jesus, shows me that it was not he who appeared to your circle. Highly unfolded spirits are more modest regarding great names": that I do not see that it follows, because a poor untruthful spirit should misname himself Confucius or Pythagoras, by way of recommendation (perhaps not having yet been long enough away from his earthly associations to forget that in our present mortal development the same practice obtains, not only in the market and on change, but in the pulpit and at the altar), that a spirit so highly unfolded as perhaps to attach still less importance to his name than even the most advanced of earth do, should give his name simply and truly when asked for it. Of all spirits above I should expect an expression of simple Truth from one who died to vindicate her cause on earth. True philosophy keeps between extremes; careful at all times, in plucking up the tares, not to trample on the wheat.

I have been asked also, by way of argument in relation to this question, "What would you think if you should yet find that every one of the mediums in whose presence these phenomena which you have described occurred were the veriest impostors?" I will tell you what I should say, and what I should think and feel as well. Should I yet be forced, by evidence unquestionable, to acknowledge every one of these mediums referred to the veriest tricksters that ever came before the public with their pockets stuffed with masks, whiskers, tinsel, Oriental (?) drapery and tissue paper, in the name of spirit materialization, in view of what I know and what I believe, I should say, I think it a great pity that any mortal should so prostitute his spiritual gifts or abilities, but that I could not be sufficiently thankful to my angel friends for their generosity toward me in making so much allowance for the gross and untruthful nature of their mediumistic channels as to overcome their repugnance to such low association to such a wonderful degree in my behalf, although I should most cordially excuse them if, in view of this untruthfulness and grossness, they should decline all further encouragement of the mediumistic talents of the impostors until, in their repentance and efforts to reform, they proved themselves ready for the uplifting association with angels of truth and purity.

I have, as briefly as possible, given you my convictions, as well as the facts relating to your question; but I cannot dismiss the subject of materialization without calling your attention to what I deem its most important relation to our interests both as mortals and immortals to-day. The fact, were it demonstrated beyond the possibility of question to every intelligent person on earth, derives its importance from the mighty truths to which it leads. The fact that my spirit-father can control my organization, or that my spirit-mother can organize a form in which to appear outwardly before me, is the world's fact as well as mine. My personal pleasure in relation to that fact is of slight importance compared with the immortal interests of humanity which are embodied in its revelation. Fastened, as we are, by the laws of our identity to ponderable matter, what question can embody greater consequences to us than that involving our power as immortal spirits to direct and control such matter? In these tangible materializations of spirit I see the fulfilling of prophecies given me by my angel teachers more than twenty years ago. From the first lessons they gave me in relation to my own being and its destiny as an immortal spirit, I drew the beautiful and glorious foreshadowing of my power yet to have perfect rule over my own body. To keep it young and strong and beautiful, and free from every pain, to actualize in flesh every light and shade of my spiritual ideal, revealed itself as not only a possibility but a necessity of my future unfoldment; but when, for the encouragement of others, I ventured to hint at my precious discovery, I was smiled upon most patronizingly as a feeder on moon-beams, and counseled softly to ent ment, take more exercise in the open air, and consult some good healing medium regarding the circulation of my blood and the character of my digestion. But I have kept quietly though gratefully on in my work of gathering and wreathing my transcendental thought-flowers, waking my soul-lyre to the rhythm of worlds and the harmony of the ages, practicing my own theories first and teaching them afterward, and assured of eternal identity, seeing no excuse for doing my work in such haste as to do it badly, while every breeze has borne to me the delightful assurance that the most learned, and earnest, and scientifically enlightened minds on both sides of the Atlantic, were uncompromisingly and persistently at work finishing off ponderable baskets for me to drop my garlands and fruits of inspirational prophecies and theories in. I have long felt that I could afford to spread all my ideal sails to the breath of transcendent inspiration, lingering at pleasure in any sunny bay or harbor, by any floral isle or fairy grotto, by mountains of chrysolite, or out in the deep still mirror-seas of the "Summer-Land," so long as I held fast and sure as ballast the profoundest scholarship of the world, the fullest

and completest demonstrations of science known to man either in ancient or modern time.

One need not be disturbed or pained by being thought demented by those who have the misfortune to give birth to judgment prematurely. Truth can afford those little windfalls of false-fruitage from the tree of human thought. Results have proven that Franklin could well wait upon her power of self-vindication when he went forth to ask a séance with the thunder-cloud and returned from communion with the living God in "the burning bush," grasping in his hand the signet of His omnipresent and omnipotent love and care for humanity. The consequences to flow to earth's children from that one spark of electric flame have yet been but dimly foreshadowed, wonderful as has already been its harvest of beauty and utility to our age. Let us question Truth very reverently, with a desire for instruction, and not egotistically, with a view to the overthrowing of another's convictions or beliefs. The embryotic "chryps" with which my mind hedged itself about regarding the earliest claims of Modern Spiritualism, will remain in my memory while it retains identity as reminders of the stultifying, blinding influences of *Prejudice* over the human mind. Let us also remember that a little knowledge fully ripened into wisdom, is of far greater value to ourselves and the world than great accumulations of learning pressed down and preserved for dictatorial authority, until its possessor loses all desire for more light, and fossilizes to egotism, as the miser perishes with famine sitting on his chest of golden coin.

The marvel of my own self-perpetuity cannot, to my mind, be surpassed by any phenomena that appeal to the world's intelligence to-day. What are we all but breathing miracles of law? But how can I sit in judgment upon Infinitude, not being infinite? In view, even from my rudimentary standpoint, of Nature's divine revelations, my lips have become sealed to the word "impossible." How can I name correctly the shadow, till I have seen its substance? I must know the possibilities of God before I can define their negations. I cannot even be astonished, or see wondrous unlikeliness in the theory of "de-materialization," while I do not yet understand how a piece of bread or an apple upon my table to-day, having been taken into my digestive laboratory, becomes a form of Thought to-morrow so vitalized and potent a character as to invoke the tear, provoke the smile, awaken the antagonism, or bring to full harmony with itself the thousands of minds who never have yet so much as questioned one principle of its organization. I shall not deny the theory of our prior existence until some mind in earth or heaven can give me a better solution of the question of my identity and its origin than his who only leads me to the near and diminutive gateway of *protoplasm* and then pompously stalks off, supposing that because he has reached the terminus of his present aspirations and explorations he has come to the end of his and my eternal life. To prove all things is the highest, noblest work of the intellect; to hold fast that which is good, the divinest prerogative of the soul. In behalf of our true and honest mediums for communion with those unexplored realms by which we are surrounded, as islands by their seas, I am glad to see the vigorous awakening to fearless criticism of their claims on the part of those of "our own household of faith." We should not leave such investigation to the enemies of the Truth we seek to serve.

I do not echo the sentiments of those who say, "We will defend all mediums because of the persecutions brought upon them by the world." In my view, any one who demands the confidence of the public without yielding that public all reasonable opportunity for testing the genuineness of the article advertised nullifies his own claim by such withholding. I do not believe, as many do, that the cause of truth is better vindicated by allowing a thousand impostors to go unexposed than that one innocent person should be wrongly judged. All heaven is arrayed on the side of innocence, and when all earth will also be but a question of time. Innocence in the line of conduct, chambers of God's unerring justice ever vindicates herself; but down in the mists of earth the doubting, hoping, fearful, eager inquirer for the direct road to the beautiful temples of communion with the dear "gone before"—for the telegraphic offices on the "higher" route to the Summer-Land should be as far as possible, protected from aught that would lead him astray.

Here I rest for to-day this great question of spirit materialization, feeling fully confident that to-morrow I shall approximate a still higher and deeper appreciation of its exhaustless principles, and feeling also equally sure that on this occasion I owe the power of drawing even as much as I have upon their immortal fountains of inspiration to the truth-loving and intellectual character of my audience.

WE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

We must be born again, again, and yet again. Birth is the ceaseless breathing of the life of God; seedling and flower and fruitage, in one endless chain. From every star in heaven down to the dew-kissed sod, through, breathe and formulate by an unerring law. As pulses in the spirit, soul, and heart and brain Of the Omnipotence from whose life we draw: Not deeming that we're born, with every breath, again.

We must be born again! Each atom of the rock, Each reproduced form in the archangel's thought—No matter what time or what convulsive shock Of restorative law to this high sphere 'tis brought: Mutation solves the problems of the Over-Soul. Through victory and joy, defeat, despair and pain. These being noblest parts of "one stupendous whole." With every breath of God, "we must be born again."

Again, and yet again, as long as life hath been. Each thing that lives in God itself hath re-conceived; Through reproducing power on higher planes existing. Nor hath eternal Love or Wisdom thus been grieved, 'Tis but a truth of nature, proven eversmore. In every form of life, to him who seeks the soul. While musty ancient writings we've been turning o'er To find if God hath said, "We must be born again."

Yet Truth uplifts her banner to the morning sky. Placing this brief inscription over him and me: "Man being one with God, since God can never die, His soul no more than God's can ever cease to be. Our fear of death is shadow to our love of life. And when we've found its use, no terror will remain; Concerning the great question men can hold no strife. Since all, from least to greatest, "must be born again,"

* Subject selected by the audience.

For the Banner of Light,
AUGUST.

Farewell, farewell; thou hast faint summer's breath,
Faded and gone! The lucid from thy wings
Alone is left of thy untimely death.
The robin quiet and gray no longer sings—
The meadow lark has ceased her piping gay;
A mellow glow is in the ambient air,
And naught remains of this last summer day.
Except the faint perfume of flowerets fair,
And whispering leaves—a bee's low droning lay,
A smoky haze—a lurid sunset ray.
Ay, fare thee well, thou gentle dying queen!
I see advancing o'er the woods and fields
The royal banner of a vanguard train,
With "King September" grav'n on burnished shields.
Poor silent one! amid thy rustling crown
Plumed heads will bow in majesty sublime,
While lance and spear, yet ere the coming morn
Thou wilt be vanquished by the King of Time.
Above thy silent head the dreary winds will blow,
While in the dun grass insects murmur low.
Fold thy sad hands above thy gentle breast,
Thou sinless daughter of the fleeting year;
From thy requited labors thou shalt rest;
Yet Earth will mourn thy loss with many a tear,
For thou the poor hast blest in many ways—
With golden harvests and with plenty's store,
With balmy air and bright unclouded days;
But now farewell, thy reign, alas! is o'er;
Sady we'll dream above thy lonely bed
Of hopes that have, like thee, forever fled.

L. E. W.

Written for the Banner of Light.

A DIVINITY-SHAPED END. IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCES MR. SHADOWS, ALSO JOHN PIPER, JR.—TWO BIRDS, NOT OF A FEATHER, BUT WHO FLOCK TOGETHER.

"Each heart has its haunted chamber,
Where the silent midnight falls;
On the floor are its secret footsteps,
There are whispers about the walls."

These lines are quoted not for any bearing they have on the subject to be hereinafter presented, for they have none, but Mr. Shadows was cogitating, and had been for quite a while, ever since the gentleman had left him, nearly an hour before, and it was the subject-matter of that interview that had induced the cogitation. The gentleman referred to, in putting his papers back into his side-pocket had omitted the newspaper envelope, and that remained on the table, and on it happened to be these lines, and they caught the eye of Mr. Shadows. If the paper had been an inch smaller these lines would not have been on it, or printed here. As has been said, they are not relevant to the subject, but they express the state of Mr. Shadows's mind, and so may not be wholly a superfluity, unless Mr. Shadows is a superfluity; and yet this narrative would be incomplete without using this gentleman both as an introduction and as a setting, and also very briefly the subject and manner of his cogitation.

Although the weird lines referred to hint as much, it may be well to say that this gentleman with a shadowy name had an inner and an outer life, as many others have and many of them do not know it. Shadows knew it, and he enjoyed the one as much as he did the other; when the outer life was stormy he went in out of the storm and lived his inner one. There was no storm on the occasion that now introduces him to the reader; it was very serene out of doors, morally speaking, but he had turned in nevertheless. When in these usually and the outer door closed, he was a philosopher—some might say he was a castle-builder also. On this occasion he was listening to the silent utterances of his soul, just as if there were friends in council whispering to him: Perhaps they were—the lines quoted say so; if one had read his thoughts then the text would be—"come like shadows, so depart."

The gentleman referred to as having just left him, left sunshine behind him; the report was a cheering one, and one such as made angels rejoice: the bitter morsel in this gentleman's mouth and in some other mouths (Mr. Shadows's mouth not included) had, like the little book in the apocalypse, become sweet in his belly, and in other bellies also. It was a rare affair in human life, and it pleased Mr. Shadows, so that there was unusual lustre in his inner life that extended even outwardly, and illumined the darker world in which we all usually live, move and have our being.

John Piper, Jr., was the name of the gentleman mentioned as just having had an interview with Mr. Shadows of an agreeable character; he was not "John, John, the piper's son" of the song, who "stole a pig and ran," but he was a Piper's son nevertheless, as may naturally be inferred; and the larceny in connection, if it could be called one, was far more atrocious; but as "all's well that ends well," this theft in its wholeness was a credit instead of a debit in the divine record, and may be said, using Bible language, "to have saved his soul from death and hid a multitude of sins." Though far from being an attractive feature in this picture, John Piper was quite an essential one, and therefore must be introduced with considerable elaboration, so as to bring him into the proper bold relief. He was bold enough, as will be seen when the reader has made his acquaintance, but by being tolerably elaborate now at his introduction, it will be so much work done, and when in the course of the story he is referred to again, he will be seen in his wholeness without much circumlocution of words, which, the reader need not be informed, is more likely to deaden than enliven the more attractive parts of the narrative. Leaving, therefore, Mr. Shadows cogitating in the quiet apartments of his inner life, we will go back a few years and make the reader acquainted with some of Mr. Piper's antecedent life.

A man knowing John Piper, Jr., and who happened to be walking down the northerly side of State street, and casting his eye at the entrance leading into the old Boston Bank, and seeing him shaking hands very cordially with the venerable Peter C. Brooks, and hearing him say, while performing this shaking ceremony, "How is His Excellency to-day?" would be reminded of the proverb, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Mr. Piper knew, as most every one did, by sight, this aged millionaire of the early part of this century, and knew also that he was the father-in-law of the orator, and then Governor, Edward Everett, who at that time was sick, and that was known, for the Governor was a distinguished public character. The venerable gentleman did not know Mr. Piper by sight, or by name, but that was John's way, and sometimes with strangers of less social altitude this confidence, or what is sometimes called cheek, had led to pecuniary benefit in the shape of a commission; sometimes, however, as the under-graduate would say, he got "set on" for such presumption, but even then it was ignorance and bliss; you could not hurt his feelings in that way, he had n't any; and

though a man of good impulses, he was not a man of good manners. It is not probable, however, that the Brooks family were in any way contaminated by the patrician thus colliding with one of the multitude, and this incident is only noted as part of the delineation of this man's character.

John Piper, Jr., was in profession a broker, and was broken also, and for the fiftieth time, more or less; was always breaking; in fact, financially speaking, no one could remember the time when he was whole, and it might be said that he was not only a broker, but a fracture. Mr. Piper was a man of good figure and generally wore good clothes; that does not cost much, however, unless one pays his bills. He was not handsome or plessolessing; his conversation in social as well as business life ran mostly on the state of the stock market, and there he was not always wise—the state of his exchequer show that.

It has been said that Deity shows his estimate of wealth by our seeing the mean people he gives the most of it to. If Mr. Piper had happened to be thus in divine favor, he would have been one of the exceptions to the rule, for whatever else one could say of him, meanness was not one of his traits; if he had a dollar he was always ready to divide it with any one needing it. The great trouble with him was, he seldom had any dollars to divide. An incident occurred once that is worth relating, both in itself and as showing the man's nature, reminding one of Don Quixote de Bazan. The session of the stock exchange was over, and as usual, many of the members lingered there, when some one made the startling announcement that Joe Chace (a well-known member of former days) was sick and very poor, and living in Portland in great distress. On the impulse of the moment they started a subscription, some putting down one dollar, some two, and one generous man, five. John Piper, taking up the paper and casting his eye down the list of some twenty names, said, looking at the most successful banker and broker of that day, "Mr. Thayer, I don't see your name down here for anything." "Nor I yours," said Thayer, "but I will subscribe as much as you will." Piper at once took the paper, put down his name for fifty dollars, and paid the money on the spot. There was no help for it, and Thayer, a little nettled, had to do the same. The banker never forgave Piper for this coup d'état; but it was enjoyed very much, for Thayer was able, and not distinguished as a giver; and the result was, the Portland man had an unexpected lift that did him good. Every one knew this would be hard for Piper; but later in the day a few who enjoyed the joke quietly pooled up enough to make him whole.

It is desirable for the reader, as has already been said, to have some acquaintance with Mr. Piper's characteristics, and what has been said will do that without going into all the details of his life. He was now a man in his thirties, and had been some four or five years. He essayed to be a ladies' man, and had had his blue eyes on the refuse spinners pretty constantly; that is, on those who had out-stayed their period of freshness without mating; but to win him they must have a little money in their own right. There were times of depression in the stock market, and particularly in him, or his affairs, when a very small sum would cover a multitude of undesirable points, and he quite often came very near mating. The trouble was, Mr. Piper had no sentiment, hence no fascination. He could talk, but tired his fair friends, and was sooner or later considered a bore. He had had, off and on, short courtships, or they might be called flirtations; but they came to nothing, and finally the girls generally avoided his pointed attentions, for fear of being in the wake of others' leavings. It began to look as if, to accomplish anything, he would have to leave and try his luck among strangers. Not that the mated life was essential to his happiness; in fact, there was an inner repugnance to it; for he had the same tastes for beauty and freshness that he had when he was twenty-five (almost everyone has); but, being thirty-five, and not a success either in person or pocket, he had no chance of fitting his fancy. Mating, therefore, with him meant fortune, more or less, and nothing else; and the prospects in that point of view had been growing less and less, until they seemed, in a consummating sense, almost hopeless.

Since a short, tender hour or two some seven or eight months before, which, as usual, had ended, as others had, in a slip between the cup and lip, he had had a long solstice in his affectional nature. He seemed to be waiting for something to turn up. He had waited in this way a good part of a year; and, though years seem very short with adults, they are made up of very precious moments when on the shady side of thirty-five. But at the close of this solstitial period in Mr. Piper's affections something did turn up; but its narration will be reserved for another chapter.

"College of the Soul."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Prof. Buchanan, in his religious lecture recently published in the *Banner of Light*, prophesies that we shall have a "College of the Soul" established in due time. This is but another name for the "School of the Prophets," supported by the ancient Hebrews during those years of spiritual outpouring. What can be more needed in the world to-day than a polytechnic school, applying all the sciences to spiritual growth of character, for the practical exaltation of the man and woman, for fitness in the life that now is and that which is to come? Surely the education of our media in the laws and uses of their profession—in short, the education of our children in those laws and the sequential spiritual virtues, has moral claims paramount to all other considerations, for all others here center and blend for the blossoming of our loves and hopes into immortality. Such a school, wisely conducted in the strictest order and purity of life, would be a power and a light most potent for good.

Can such an institution be endowed by us? "Where there's a will there's a way." We can safely estimate that there are fifty thousand earnest Spiritualists in the United States. If each of these donate to a properly-appointed committee, on an average, one dollar, we have \$50,000. If say, two hundred men and women give the proceeds of a week's sabbath, amounting to \$5,000 each, we have \$1,000,000. If one hundred speakers give the proceeds of one lecture, \$10, we have another \$1,000. If fifty book owners will donate \$20 each from sales, we have another \$1,000. If a convention be called for the purpose, and efficient agents be employed to canvass the entire country, the balance, amounting to \$100,000, can be raised. That will do for a beginning. Of course it all hinges on the *if*. But why not agitate the feasibility of the undertaking? Maybe the "College of the Soul" will be built ere we of to-day "pass over." That would be a good legacy for us all to leave to our successors.

J. O. BARRETT.

In Germany a theological professor will preach to the students on Sunday morning, and give a grand ball at his house in the evening. It is no uncommon thing for a man in that country to attend church on a Sunday morning, play croquet in the afternoon, and attend a theatre in the evening.—*Rev. S. J. Barrows in the Christian Union.*

The Reviewer.

A New Book from the Pen of Dr. Peebles, entitled, "Immortality, and our Employment Hereafter; with a Hundred Spirit's Say of Their Dwelling-Places."

To the "making of books," said some one, "there is no end"; and there never will be while the earth is peopled with thinking, reasoning and reading beings. It is not the pulpit, but the daily journal, the weekly, the quarterly and the book that stirs, educates and gives direction to public opinion in these waning years of the nineteenth century.

The elegantly-bound volume titled as above, dedicated to the Doctor's wife, Mrs. Mary M. Peebles, and nearly as large as "The Seers of the Ages" or "Travels Around the World," contains some of the spiritual grain harvested by Dr. Peebles during his extensive travels in foreign lands. It is decidedly a spiritual book, alive with spiritual communications obtained in Brahmanical, Buddhist and Mohammedan, as well as Christian countries. In it are messages and answers to questions through Lambelle, Woodforde, Wallis, Theobald, Fletcher, Morse, Walker, Young and others in England—through Maxwell, Dunn, Richmond, Maynard, Pierce, Colville, Allard, Bothrick, King, Mansfield, Taylor of Alabama, Watson, Thayer, Rathburn, Champion, Wirt, Kiddle's children, and many other mediums in this country.

The following extracts, taken almost at random from one or more of the twenty-one chapters, will give some conception of the interesting and important matter constituting this book:

"There is no conflict between science and religion, since they present two aspects of the same cosmic one-treating of the quality of being, the other treating of its quantitative distribution. The real conflict is between science and sectarian theology; and the chasm deepens. The mere scientist, ever cold and semi-blind, sees but half the universe—the material side—the shell. With this he experiments. And the little knowledge he thus obtains rests, after all, upon faith—in his five senses, and faith in the precision of his investigations."—*Chap. I, page 14.*

"The pains, spasms and seeming anguish of the dying are only the efforts of the chained and imprisoned spirit to break away from its earthly coffin—the human body. It is beautiful to bury this casket in morning-time, just as the sun tips with gold the hills and the mountains. And it is in good keeping with the genius of the spiritual philosophy to put the loved one's chair at the table still, and also fragrant blossoms. The angels love flowers—white roses and white lilies, because they symbolize purity and holiness of life."—*Page 34.*

"Physical deformities do not pertain to the spirit. The outwardly ugly are often beautiful within—and beautiful because their spiritual natures have subsisted upon purity, love and truth. Many who are crooked and deformed in limb, and who have uncomely bodies, have interior spiritual bodies of exquisite beauty and manliness. Good deeds brighten and beautify. To distribute and confer blessings upon others gives sweetness and serenity to the spiritual features."—*Page 50.*

"All moral acts pertain to the mental and spiritual nature, and not to the body, except mediately. The amputated foot does not kick. It is not the fleshly hand that steals. No corpse trends on forbidden ground. The hand, the foot, the body—these are only the implements for conscious intelligence to operate through. Without this intelligence and moral perception of law, man is little more than a passive machine. The body, then, is not a constituent of physical elements, it can know nothing of moral or immoral acts."

There are pseudo-philosophers who with great confidence assure us that there is no moral evil in the universe—only a graded or lower degree of good. But is a positive lie a lower degree of truth? Malice a lower degree of mercy? and burning lust a lower degree of chastity? To enunciate is to reveal the terrible hideousness of such reasoning. Good and evil are moral conditions, each real and positive, according as it becomes the leading force in purpose or quality of character. And the higher the moral altitude attained, the more exquisitely keen are the soul's distinctions between good and evil."—*Page 67.*

In shape and appearance, spiritual vestures commonly correspond to the spirit's taste and custom when upon earth. The Quaker wears of first the plain dress; the Roman, the toga; the Oriental, the graceful robe. But in externality of texture, garments correspond to the moral status of individuals.

The first garments worn in spirit-life are gifts of love. It is so with infants on earth; but reaching their full stature, each and all provide their own clothing. In the higher heavens, robes and angel vestures are woven by will power through skillful hands, and woven almost in the twinkling of an eye. It may almost be said that glistening robes of glory come to angels as leaves come to the trees in spring-time, or as gorgeous colors come to evening clouds. As the raiments of the heavenly inhabitants correspond in quality to their interior states, they change according to their unfoldment, and also with their rank and position. The robes of the archangels are so bright that they literally flame in matchless splendor!"—*Page 64.*

"The scenery and surroundings here are too glorious for delineation. No poet can describe them, no artist paint them upon canvas. The rays of light seem to descend from the great central sun of the universe. The atmosphere is warm, mellow and golden. Breathing is living. All is calm and peaceful. The clothing of the spirits is ethereal and shining in their whiteness. The dreams of paradise are here more than realized. Humility is the gem, truth the pearl sought for, love the law obeyed, and wisdom the purpose of the soul's perpetual search. Everything moves in perfect harmony, because near the great Ruling Spirit of the universe."—*Page 77—11th Sphere.*

"Our little ones, whose infantile bodies we laid away under the turf where the wild-brir twines and spring flowers bloom, are with us still. Guardian angels bring them to us. They look into our faces. They listen to our language, and in a measure we are their educators still. Do we not love them; and is not that love mutual? Do we not desire to meet and be with them when the good angel of death beckons us to the thither side of Jordan's peaceful river? Then must we be just and kind, mainly and spiritual."—*Page 83.*

"I have seen in the lower spheres of darkness clusters, societies, and cities of moral degradation, in the streets of which undeveloped spirits were engaged in disputations, quarrels, enmities and pitiful ravings. They delighted to annoy and torture each other—delighted to live, in a measure, their earthly lives over again, and to influence gamblers in their dens, inebriates in their wretched retreats, and debauchees in their houses of crime. These scenes make angels weep."—*Page 91.*

"Q.—Are perverse and wicked spirits ever arbitrarily chained or confined for a season?"

"A.—They certainly are, and especially so in the lower spheres. And then they occasionally break away from their surroundings, to follow, haunt and obsess mortals, sometimes producing sickness and power to make ill. All power, reduced or traced to its original source, is spirit-power. Low and wicked spirits, as you term them, are frequently guarded by the strong magnetic will of persons in spirit-life superior to them, to prevent their doing wrong to others. Human beings are coming to us continually from the earth-life so freighted with revenge, hatred, malice, and all the bitter passions of humanity, that it is absolutely necessary, on the part of the higher intelligences, to arbitrarily restrain them, because they are totally inexperienced, and in and of themselves not capable of guiding their actions to any good result."—*Page 95.*

"Q.—Povhattan, tell me what you are doing these days, and describe to me your spirit-home."

"A.—Indian has not been visiting, has not been idle, has not been talking pale-faces talk too much. I have been away toward the sunset, where the red man is on the war-path—have been there to counsel peace; have been there to receive the spirits of red men killed by the pale-faces, and to keep them from returning to injure those who injured them."

"Q.—Will not our armies in the West soon conquer all the Indian tribes?"

"A.—Never! Indians are never conquered when they fight for the right—when they fight for their lands, for their homes, and for the graves of their fathers. No; they will be exterminated, but conquered—never! Indians are not afraid to die—they are not children; they do not whine when shot down by white men, for they know they go to the hunting-grounds of their fathers."

"Q.—Povhattan, describe your spirit-home."

"The sun was to us a symbol of the Great Spirit. We follow the setting sun. The sun is the Indian; the moon is the squaw; the stars are their children; and the fixed stars the warriors. We continue to be Indians in the spirit-world. We mingle with white spirits, and many of our blankets and robes are whiter than theirs. I was a chief on earth, and I took my hate of the white man with me to spirit-life. I would not see him for a long, long time. But once I went with an old and brighter Indian spirit than I was, where there was a peace council, where there were white men in it; one of these, William Penn, in shining dress, and a sunshine face, came to me with a white-plume in his hand. He said he loved the Indian, and he put his lips on my forehead. I turned round and wept, for I was too proud to have him see my tears. Loved this white spirit—he made my heart soft. I love all the pale-faced spirits, now, and that is why I come to do them good. . . . But you ask about my spirit-home, and the way I go to get there. I go almost as quick as you think—and go first to a big forest of stately trees, the homes of beavers and squirrels and birds."—*Page 104.*

Then follows a minute description of this Indian spirit's home, occupying almost two pages.

"The Spirit City of Strife is justly named *Horror's Camp*! Traveling on our winding way, over some barren hills, whose frowning summits intercept the light from brighter scenes, is *Horror's Camp*! Its dwellers are numerous, and principally those who have died in drunken fits, or have come to these shores in some other vehicle of crime and sin. . . .

It is really touching—enough to melt the heart of the stoutest, to observe their furrowed brows, glaring eyes, straggling hair, and bony, shrunken frames, half covered in scarlet garments. We observe that some of them gaze intently upon the dark and dismal walls, without removing their eyes from the serpent-charmed spot. The scenes of their past lives are, in their most disgusting features, floating before their vision, and playing upon the walls. They are horrified at the memory and sight of their own misdeeds."—*Chap. XVII, page 118.*

"Q.—When we enter spirit-life, is not our spirit heir the same it would have been if left to grow its natural length?"

"A.—Yes, if so desired."

"Q.—Why not lengthen or shorten the spiritual body at will as well as the life?"

"A.—The life is a vegetable life attached to the human body. It has nothing in it but vegetable, and that vegetable is to a certain extent under the control of the will."

"Q.—Can spirits dispose at will of their spiritual being?"

"A.—They can by uprooting it, as certain Indian tribes on earth do."

"Q.—Should a man, looking from your standpoint, always live up to his ideal in act, thought and work of life?"

"A.—He most certainly should, especially where moral duty is involved. If he does not, there will come a time when he will regret lost opportunities. Perfection of character is attained by continually striving to realize one's ideal."

"Q.—If I should do that I would let my hair grow full length; I should put on the half-robe of the Brahman; I should wear on my feet a coat of sandals; I should travel and dispose of books and pamphlets and papers, and lecture without money and without price, simply saying, Put clothes on my back and food into my mouth. This is my ideal, and yet if I were to do it they would put me into a lunatic asylum. What shall I do about it?"

The spirit's answer to this last question is intensely interesting.

The following is from a spirit entrancing Mr. Marchant, of Cape Town, South Africa:

"Q.—What is to be the future of Africa in the world's history?"

"A.—This is a momentous subject, demanding careful consideration. The history of this country, with her lost arts, was long since buried in forgetfulness. In remote antiquity, hidden under the dust of ages, Central Africa was the garden of the world. The Sanscrit language, the pride of ancient India, was begotten and saw its palmist days near the fountains of the Nile. Why, then, has the lion so long borne the curse of degradation? Why should the dark stain remain upon one of the fairest portions of God's universe? Why such a long night after such a glorious noonday? After the night cometh the morning. Ethiopia shall yet again stretch forth her hands to God. The baptism of fire is now upon her. After the clangor of wars and warfare comes peace and prosperity. . . . Ancient America was the Alpha of earth's humanity, Asia the Beta, while to Europe has been allotted the work of scourging and purification. But, in the dawning cycle, to Africa shall be given the full unfolding of that flower whose grateful fragrance shall fill the whole earth, and whose mellifluous melodies shall add to the harmonies."

Over earthy cities are spiritual cities, and yet the great multitude of spirits are not in one place, but many places corresponding to spheres and states. They are divided by purposes, languages, dress, and tribal prejudices; but gradually approach through effort, reconciliations, and the law of progress."

Mortals entering spirit-life are but little more than children. When I became exhausted or weary I was conducted to the temple of repose—a peculiarly constructed temple, fresh and full of magnetic life. The flowers and balsam-like trees around it seemed to shed a healing, strengthening balm. After these resting places I was generally invited to the temple of prayer, where everything seemed rapt and softened by the spirit of devotion. . . . At times I visited schools of art, of music, of mechanical inventions, and of medicine, the latter interesting me intensely."

The man you call Edison is the best medium for a given purpose on your earth. . . . A delegate goes frequently from our circle to all countries, and to many of the circle-spheres in spirit-life. He delights in being a sort of a traveling messenger. He assures us that there are people on the islands of the open Polar sea."

—*Chap. XVIII, p. 206.*

While in Madras, India, Dr. Peebles formed the acquaintance of a Hindu Sivaite—a Gurnah—who, after offering prayers and burning incense, fell into his death-trance:

"Can you speak English?" inquired Mr. Peebles.

He answered promptly in the affirmative, but added: "I prefer another language; you have an interpreter."

I then asked him many important questions, the nature of which will be readily understood by the answers.

How long in spirit-life? Time, what is it?

"Why ask? Time should be measured by aims and holy acts performed. Why do men remain so long but children in wisdom?"

My name, you would not know its import should I give it. In this land, where you now walk a stranger, and where I had a birth, names originally meant something; but in the west, among English-speaking people, they imply nothing of qualities or purposes. You may call me Mystic. I dwell in the infinitudes. Judge me by what I teach."

He did not die, but swooned into another cyclic mode of life. There was gladness among friends at my coming. I was fully myself at once, and oh, how delightful to breathe!

Consciousness knows God, as the eye knows light; as the senses sense appearances. Your earth is the shadow-land of phenomena; ours is the real land of permanence."

"Which is first, the musician or the harp? the im-posing palace, or the architect? the earthly body, or the soul? The truth upon this subject, as taught in our spiritual heaven, is this: The soul, allied to God, is the conscious intelligence, the enthroned life; and as such it builds its earthly habitation. It can live without it, for it existed prior to it. It entered into it at will, and can leave it, when rightly conditioned, previous to the complete separation and transition."

"You ask, do you, what mortals most need to fit them for divine abodes?"

"More trust in God, more faith in prayer, more true culture, more self-sacrifice, more humility, more meekness, more meditation, and a deeper conviction of sin!"

"Are not the angels of God pure?" then must you become pure before you can associate with them.

"Are not the angels honest and just?" then must you be just to become their companions."

"Are not the angels truthful and calm?" then must you be such before you can stand in their midst."

"Are not the angels those who have 'overcome'?" then must you overcome the passions and the pride of life ere you can with them eat of the tree of life."

"Are not the angels serene, pure-minded and holy?" then must you become pure and loving and holy before you can enter the "holies of holies" and abide with angels of God."—*Page 232.*

This volume, largely corroborating the teachings in Dr. Crowell's late work, is crowded with fresh and highly interesting matter concerning the details and general sweep of life in the world of spirits. It is now ready for sale by the publishers, Colby & Rich, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

Annual Convention of Spiritualists and Liberalists of South-western Michigan.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Thinking that many of your readers would be interested to hear of the progress of liberal thought in South-western Michigan, I send you an outline sketch of one of the best spiritual gatherings ever held in that portion of the State. It was the Annual Convention of the Spiritualists and Liberalists of Van Buren and adjoining counties, held on Saturday and Sunday, August 1st and 2nd, 1880, in the apple orchard grove of Robert Nesbitt. Some who came on Saturday brought their tents and other paraphernalia for camp life, and the faces of all gave evidence that they had met for a good social time, as well as earnest work. . . . The convention was called to order by the President, L. S. Burdick, when Mrs. E. C. Woodruff of South Haven spoke one hour on "The Moral Order of the Universe." . . . Adjourned till half past six, when A. B. Spilney of Detroit spoke on "Intuition and Science as Educators from the Primitive." . . . At an early hour on Sunday morning the people from the surrounding country began to gather in great numbers. . . . long before eight or nine hundred had assembled in the beautiful shade of an old farm-orchard. . . . Convention was called to order at half-past 8. . . . After an hour's conference, Mrs. Woodruff occupied the remainder of the morning, her subject being, "What are your Basic Ideas?"—the Dignity and Supremacy of the Human Mind."

At two o'clock the Convention elected officers, as follows: for President, L. S. Burdick, of Texas; for Vice-President, Mrs. Elvira Childrester, of Bangor; for Secretary, E. L. Warner, of Paw Paw, and for Treasurer, Mrs. Hoxha A. Shaffer, of South Haven. Dr. Spilney then spoke in reply to the interrogatory, "Will you have Rationalism or Superstition?" It would be futile to attempt to give a faint outline of the inspired oratory that came from the lips of the speakers at each session, and I can only say to those who are conversant with them, that the associations present united with the unseen forces to place them in the most receptive condition as instruments to be used upon by the invisibles. A choir was selected from the audience that rendered fine vocal music, and an amateur brass band did themselves much credit in playing instrumental music, which was appreciated by all present."

And when I come to speak of the hospitality of Mr. Nesbitt and his amiable wife, who, as a hostess, I feel myself incompetent to do it justice; for one must be a recipient thereof to fully comprehend what the term "hospitality" in this connection means. I can only say that they opened their hearts, their homes and barns and the contents of them to over one hundred guests, who lodged on the premises on Saturday night and took breakfast at their table on Sunday morning. . . . I can pay Mr. Nesbitt no better tribute than to remark that he is a man of strong convictions, one who will give all he has for the right, tating his life in his hands and risking everything for his family and friends. He was one of the pioneers of Van Buren Co., purchasing a large tract of densely wooded forest, several hundred acres of which he has made to "bud and blossom as the rose" and still owns it. . . . of the primeval forest in its primitive condition, heavily wooded with valuable timber. A national flag was floating from a pole about thirty feet high, which was suggestive of the mental liberty for which we are so earnestly contending."

The Association has had an existence since 1869, passing through the alternate lights and shades incident to the progress of free thought during that period, and has been maintained only by the persistent efforts of a few determined workers, some of whom have removed from the country, while many have passed to the other life, whose memory still lives, and "their works do follow them." The first organization of the Van Buren County Circle, so called, was by the personal effort of S. F. Bred, now in California. At the time when Col. D. M. Fox was organizing the State, and each county had an organization auxiliary to the State Association."

Owing to the want of a financial basis, and the fact that a few became overworked, the county societies became disorganized, and the best workers from adjoining counties sought a union with us, until now we have the strongest band of harmonious workers in the State. The contributions for the support of this Society have been voluntary, and the struggle has been intense to keep the vital spark from entirely dying out; but we advertised well and took an admission fee of ten cents at the gate on Sundays, and find the Society has a balance on hand of \$69.44, thus placing us above the fear of financial failure for the present year."

The Convention adjourned about four o'clock, and all went away happy and satisfied."

E. L. WARNER, Secretary.
Paw Paw, Mich., Aug. 13th, 1880.

A New Speaker.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

We have a new speaker in the field who is to take, I think, very high rank. It is Miss Downer, of Baldwinville, N. Y. To no little personal beauty, agreeable manners and charming enthusiasm, she adds intellectual culture, and a native eloquence which she is said to have inherited from her talented father. The excellence of her spiritual nature, however, we may trace to maternal tenderness and fostering care, for from her childhood she has been subject to conditions we call trances, when the beautiful scenes of the higher spheres were woven in imperishable colors into her young memory."

This young lady, with a few others who, with evident angel help, were enabled to brave the persecutions of the Church, the contumely of former associates, and the slanderous insinuations of Christian bigots, stands out now prominently as a morning star heralding the great light she seems mounting up the eastern horizon. But she requires our aid and encouragement. Her delicate feet know as yet little of the rough paths of this cold world. Tenderly fostered in a quiet village, she can have but a slight conception of what is to be encountered in the turmoil and strife that seem inseparable from mundane affairs. What, then, is our duty? To

In **g**o to grasp fresh inspiration every hour, in the light of the living present, and to augment whatsoever store of wisdom mankind have accumulated up to the present time, by the direct inspiration of the Holy Spirit of Delty enshrined in all things; we would behold the parent soul in every creature that blooms, as well as in every star that shines upon the earth as high; we would see in every flock of birds, as in every sunbeam; most of all we would discern thy presence and power in the hearts of thy children as an ever-abiding influence that, in the spiritual world, pervades all things, and in the material world, pervades all things, and in the divine shield that surrounds us at all times, the divine pre-**s**iding influence which, pervading every pure and earnest heart, lifts it up into higher and brighter states of being. May we realize the presence of thine angels, at this hour; may their beautiful forms be beheld by the spiritual eyes of the pure in heart; may their lovely unclouded faces; may their loving words be heard, until none who have long strained their eyes and ears to catch some faint echoes from the spirit-land shall be left to gaze in vain upon the empty air. May the angels be an answer to the cry of every soul in the form of spiritual benediction, may those unperevered by mortal eye and unheard by the ear of flesh yet be palpably made manifest to the spiritual eye, and may the return of the day of Pentecost be refreshed with the spirit and led into nobler fields of life. We would praise thee evermore by the efforts we make to increase the knowledge of thyself, and to glorify thee in mankind as thy brethren, as thy children; thus in the bonds of love may we be united, here and in heavenly spheres, throughout eternity.

[illegible]

The Messages published under the above heading tell of spirits who have been characterized by their earth-life to that extent—whether for good or evil—consequence of their own actions. They are now in a more developed state, eventually progress to a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by any person or persons, without first ascertaining their reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive no more.

It is our earnest desire that those who may recognize the messages of their spirit-friends will verify them by informing us of the fact for publication.

It is our desire that you will understand that this gives no private test séances at any time; neither does it receive visitors on Tuesdays.

For all communications to this department, in order to ensure prompt attention, should in every instance be addressed to Colly & Rich,

LEWIS B. WILSON, *Chairman.*

[The following message—given June 23th—is published in advance at the request of friends.]

My name is John Waterhouse. I am from San Francisco. I have traveled this way partly in search of information, and partly to greet a great crowd of friends. I will speak in this way, to see if I could turn some of my friends and acquaintances into a new life. They are somewhat buried in worldly affairs, many of them; that is, they are looking after the loaves and fishes, and letting the good things upon the spiritual side slip by unnoticed. I would have them turn away from this, and seemed my duty to touch them upon the shoulder and awaken them to the reality of life, as I see it. I don't know as they will feel gratified at this, but it seems to me these particular friends of mine, whom I associated with many years ago, it seems to me that they have escaped each of the golden lure—as much as necessary to mortal existence—and it is time they stepped out of the material arena, of the place where they are now, and sought to understand something concerning the other side of life. Well, be that as it may, I shall never forget this word of mine, and I will say to you, my friend, Charles Feinley, My dear fellow, I do wish you would look into this thing, and try and discover if your old friend is not living. I am sometimes at your elbow: I would assure you that I have looked over your affairs and those of our friends many times, and I am satisfied. I would like to see you in a good, sound condition: you need not fret and worry, and spend your hours in the tread-mill of a business life, because you have sufficient to carry you through, and the less you have when you come over to me the better off you will be, provided you can get it at all. I will say to you, my friend, one. My friend whom I called by name, has

[To the Chairman:] sister, huh? I love a power. [The Chairman hands her a flower.] Oh Aunt! I don't know what the flowers are. I don't know what brought me here; I guess it is that old gentleman, [referring to a spirit]. I lived in Boston. I live in Boston now, I guess. I am most seven years old, now Aunt I a big boy? I wanted to be a man awfully, I will, some day, won't I? I don't seem to grow much, now. I think old man said I grow as fast as I want to. I named Jimmie Hogan-- was James F. Hogan, but I am Jimmie Hogan, Aunt? It was cold weather when they put me in the box; there was n't any roses growing in the yards, at all. [To the reporter:] Are you writing what I say? You might as well say I can talk yet,

Well, it is beautiful to find the flowers blooming along the wayside everywhere, lavishly spread by the hand of God to give joy and delight to all his creatures; so, I find, has he spread abroad his light of truth, his words of wisdom, to give knowledge and strength to every soul. I did not comprehend this fully when I was in the mortal; I did not realize fully the beneficence of God's love, although I felt that he had spread abroad a power for every soul to reach up into the light if it would.

God made them so sweet and fragrant to beautify the life of man and to put thoughts of purity into his heart. I am a stranger to these things, sir, but for all that, like many others, I am anxiously hoping to reach the dear friends I left in the form, and to send to them some little token of my existence and of my power to return and manifest to them. When in private I can do so, because I have been with them

been so much opposition, coupled with timidity, I have refrained from doing so. Now, I hope my friends will at least strive to be receptive to this, and allow not only myself but also my friends to be free to express our own and the evidence of the immortality of the soul. I am from Milwaukee, Wisconsin. I have friends there who cannot fail to receive my message—not because they read your paper, but because they have relatives who do, and these relatives have been able to receive the message. There is nothing of interest in it. They know who I am, and they will be sure to do so this time. I wish my friends to remain passive, and to become satisfied in regard to myself. I am perfectly satisfied with what has been said, and I am not at all disturbed by what is said away. I am more than satisfied with my new life. It unfolds to me every day some new beauty; some new token of the Father's divine love; so I am rejoiced that I passed away as I did, out of the gloom and sorrow of material life into the light of the spiritual life. I am very anxious that William (he will know) shall visit a medium somewhere and hear me speak to him concerning my last hours. He knows that I desired to say something to him, but was too weak to give expression to my thoughts, and he tried to tell me that would not be the best thing to do. He has never been satisfied as yet with those words.

he will find me a good medium, a writing or speaking medium whom I can control, I am persuaded can give him those words which will comfort his wife. I will give him the words which will give him satisfaction, as they are concerning a matter that has troubled him somewhat. I believe this is all I have to say in a public way. I thank you, sir, very much for the privilege. My name is Harriet Dodge.

John G. Wyman.

[The spirit looks around as if scanning the premises.] [To the Chairman:] Excuse me, sir, but I like to see what sort of a place I have got into. Well, it looks pretty good here, and what is better, it feels good; so I am bound to feel satisfied. When I travel tridents to a distant country, and leave those behind him, I am anxious for his welfare, who are desirous to hear of his arrival at that place, and how it is with him, they are always glad to receive a word from him, if merely a telegram, announcing his safe arrival, and his satisfaction—otherwise with the place. I feel that in this situation, today, I have found a new country. But a short time since I, too, was in the body, interested in material affairs and taking my place among my fellow creatures. Now, I find myself a resident of another country, I may say, and I feel that it might please my friends to hear of my arrival in this little telegram, stating that I have arrived safe in this wonderful land of spirits. So far, I am pleased and gratified with my surroundings. True, I have seen a great deal that is astonishing to me, and there is much that I cannot as yet account for. But I am satisfied that I am in a new life; true, there is much more yet to be realized.

possessed concerning the immortality of the soul and its future; yet now, returning here in company with humble ones, little children and others, the poor red men, standing here proudly by my side, I realize, in never before, that the bounty of God's tender mercies for his children and the provisions he has made for their future well-being, it may seem strange to my old friends that I have returned here at this place to speak and it may seem strange that I should have identified myself with this movement, with this religion; yet, now that I have entered into the light, now that I have been for years progressing in another sphere of being, gaining such pearls of knowledge and wisdom, rather than to return and turn my back upon this people, I feel that I should, surely in time, should return and say unto my friends, You possess not the whole of the truth: there are gems and pearls by the wayside which you pass by and discard; there are teachings all abroad that might illuminate you, if you would, and you have been turning aside here and there, striving to walk that straight path which leadeth to life, unmindful of many beautiful blossoms that spring up by the way which you might pluck which might be to you a great and lasting blessing; so, I feel, my friends, that I have progressed to another life, and I have returned to this place to say to you, I bless each one of you, not with the blessing of olden time, but with the blessing of love and sympathy, with the blessing of those angel hosts who attend me in my journey, and I bless of our divine Father, who guards and guide, how lowly and weak or how degraded they may be, yet doth his fatherly kindness enfold them now, and shall eventually draw them upward into his perfect sphere of tenderness.

upon every one of you. I am with you, striving to give you some higher knowledge of immortality. I am with you, striving to give you some may live in communion, daily, with God's holy angels, knowing that in the future we shall meet upon another shore, where we shall go over the old ground, and give forth a new song of rejoicing for the perfect life that shall be yours. My companions have joined me, and my heavenly home is in the heart of each of my own I return here, to send out her love and sympathy to those dear ones who remain, because she did not feel to speak here herself, and yet was exceedingly anxious to give forth her words of affection, and she felt that it might be best to leave her to me. I am glad to say that you should know that we live and can watch over them, with love and tenderest blessings. To all our friends, in Newtonville—Remember, I am I, God himself is wise and just; he cannot do so, he can never err. However shadowed and small around the world, he is the Father of all things well, and you will find yourself stepping higher and higher, further heavenward, until you are in the possession of that perfect peace which the world can neither give nor take away from my friends. I am glad to say that you, stranger to you all, I give you a spirit's blessing, together with his gratitude for this open door way through which God's angels may return and speak, through which his ignorant, undeveloped souls may return and gain some new experience.

souls from on high who assemble here, some new light, some new strength and knowledge I am the Rev. Samuel Tupper.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.
June 22.—Lyman Beecher; David Handy; George Rath

REPLIES TO QUESTIONS,
GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
W. J. COLVILLE,
AT THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLIC FREE-CIRCLE ROOM

INVOCATION.
Eternal Spirit of Light and Love, we would lay upon the altar of thy truth the offerings of our sincere devotion; we would bring unto thee the flowers of earnest resolves, the seeds of virtuous purposes; we would bring unto thee whatsoever thou hast conferred upon us, every talent, every power, every faculty, all that constitutes our conscious existence; and, as we bring unto thee these gifts that thou hast so freely bestowed upon us, we would offer them unto thy truth, by service untroubled.

Q.UES.—Is it reasonable to suppose there is a limit to the work of an Infinite Being? Or, otherwise speaking, are there *bounds* to the greatness of His power?

ANS.—If you use the word *Infinite* (which means boundless, if words have any meaning at all), you must intend to convey the idea that there are no bounds to the universe; or else, if you mean that there are bounds, you must signify without bounds. No finite spirit, no disembodied soul—and we would add no highest archangel—has ever come to the limit of what there is for him to discover, and, therefore, he cannot be said to have reached the Infinite Mind) occupies a position which entitles him to set bounds to anything. He may tell you of what he knows, he may speak concerning his experiences; but beyond his experiences he cannot go. He cannot tell you what have related their experiences to him; there will always be the infinite ocean of being; there more you traverse, the more you will discover there is yet to be traversed. Such questions as “What is the limit of the power of the disembodied mortals, who influence this or any other instrument, to know every thing concerning the universe?” It is boundless and limitless.

Q.—Is it possible for persons in the form to visit the homes which are to be theirs in spirit-life, and retain the remembrance of it when they return to their ordinary life?

A.—Certainly it is, if conditions are favor-

if it is adapted to your wants; if the surroundings and the company there are in harmony with your nature, then, if your spirit has an opportunity to traverse space at all, your spirit would naturally be attracted to your home now being made ready, by the existence of sympathy, to receive it, and would bind the embodied being as firmly as the ether binds the embodied

your spiritual kindred, of those united to you in the bonds of a relationship which leaves the ties of earthly consanguinity far behind; therefore when you are in sleep, in reverie, in an exalted condition of mind; when your spiritual faculties are on the alert, you are able to visit

what you have seen there always when you awake in the morning, simply because the conditions that surround you oftentimes make it impossible for the spirit-brain to convey the impression upon the outer brain, which is employed during the waking hours, and deals with reason rather than with intuition.

A.—Certainly the present translation and form of the prophecy may have had an authorship with the gentleman you name, at the date which the *Boston Herald* has assigned. We are

in England. He made a prediction with reference to certain events which afterwards transpired, and gave his final prophecy concerning the duration of the present dispensation as the coming end of the world, in 1891. Mother Ship-ton has also a personal existence: we have met her at Mr. Ship-ton's house.

don, who has given sittings at the Spiritual Institution, No. 15 Southampton Row, London, Eng. That medium is perfectly reliable, and has given tests of the most satisfactory nature both to Spiritualists and skeptics, and is undoubtedly under the influence of Mother Ship-ton. The gentleman referred to by the *Herald*

Q.—[By C. Napa, Cal.] In the *Banner of Nov*
1st, 1879, under the head of "Replies to Ques-
tions," I find the following: "During that year
1882, the present day of the year."

these "civilized nations will commence their sway." Again, in regard to the effect of the perihellion of the planets upon persons in whom the vital forces are weak, it is said: "Persons possessed of weakly frames, who are under the guidance of powerful spirits, will experience

A.—We allude to the present order of things when we speak of the present systems of religious thought, the present general aspects of so-

all portions of the civilized world to-day. That great changes must inevitably tend to a greater crisis, no one who is familiar with the present political and social aspects of Europe can doubt. That a great change is impending no one familiar with the agitation in the religious world can fail to see. The present religious situation

form. What with the strikes in England, with the agitation in Germany, with the republican progress in France, together with the general agitation all over the civilized world in matters political and ecclesiastical, it is evident that steps are being taken by those out of the form, a

exists, as the civilization of Greece and Rome have been and no longer are, so will the governments of Europe, in their present form cease to be. It is not for us to state that the will be entirely swept away suddenly next year. Not by any means. But the first visible

things, will be plainly discernible, and the time is doubtless near for preparation to be made for entering into a new dispensation. Those who do not accept the light that comes to them in the present age, but cling like barnacles to the rock of old ideas, must necessarily be outside the new spiritual kingdom. The year will

rested in material life, as the objective material is but the outgrowth of a preceding spiritual reality. The new dispensation will bear the same relation to the Christian that the Christian did to the Jewish. The new era will bear the same relation to monarchy that the republic bears to the monarchy.

the day and Sunday, Sept. 17th, 18th and 19th. Among the speakers who are to be present are Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Mrs. Nellie J. Kenyon, Mrs. S. A. Wiley, Mrs. Emma L. Russell, Mrs. Mary A. Adams, A. B. Stearns, George A. Briggs, Jr., of Dover, Mass., Henry B. Alton of Andover, Mass., Mrs. M. S. Townsend-Wood of West Newton, Mass., making an array of talent which cannot fail of ensuring a successful Convention.

All friends are cordially invited, and they can be assured that at a three days' sojourn with Col. Bailey at the foot of Mt. Mansfield will prove both pleasant and profitable.

W. H. WILKINS, Secretary.
South Woodstock, Vt., Aug. 16th, 1880.

Liberal League.
The fourth annual Congress of the National Liberal League will be held at a hall to be hereafter designated in the city of Chicago, Ill., on the 17th, 18th and 19th of September next. All charter and life-members of the National Liberal League, the President and Secretary of each local auxiliary, and three delegates from the same, are entitled to seats and votes in the Congress, and all annual members of the National League are entitled to seats, but not votes.

ELIZABH WRIGHT, President,
Boston, Mass., Aug. 9th, 1880.

The Yearly Meeting of Spiritualists and Progressive Friends will be held in Porter's Grove, Euclid, O., ten miles east of Cleveland, on the last Sabbath of August—the 11th—commencing at 11 o'clock A. M. The Grove is near to and between the Cleveland, Palmyraville and Ashland, and Lake Shore Railroad. Trains every hour. Superior-street cars connect with Railroad. Come. *Per Order Com.*

Collins Station, Erie Co., N. Y., twenty miles south of Buffalo, on the B. & S. W. Ry., on the 3d, 4th and 5th of September, 1880, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. Good speakers and music will be in attendance. There will be a fee of 5 cents for all persons over 12 years of age taken at the gate to defray expenses.

Per order of Com.

four and a half miles Northwest of Antwerp, O., commencing Aug. 27th and closing Aug. 29th, 1890. A. B. French, of Clyde, Ohio, and other good speakers, will be present and address the people.

A. J. CHAMPION, *Secretary.*

Spiritual Meeting.

yman C. Howe, of Fredonia, and Hon. O. H. P. Kinney, of Waverly, N. Y., will be the speakers for that occasion.
S. A. TALLMADGE.

Spiritualist Camp-Meeting,
at Hayden's Grove, Madison, Me., commencing on Sept. 1, 1891, at 10 A. M. Mrs. Bradbury, Mr. and Mrs. Went-

Grove Meeting.
There will be a Spiritual Grove Meeting at Weston, Lawrence Co., Michigan, on the 4th and 5th of September, 1899. It are cordially invited to attend. J. D. HAGAMAN.
Weston, Mich.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—*The Brooklyn Spiritual Conference* meets at Everett Hall, 398 Fulton street, Saturday evenings, at 7½ o'clock.

Conference Meetings are held in Fraternity Hall, corner ulton street and Galatin Place, every Friday evening, at 4 o'clock. Seats free, and everybody welcomed.

BEVERLY, MASS.—*The Spiritualists* hold meetings every Sunday at Bell's Hall, at 2½ and 7½ P. M. Gustavus

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—The First Religious Society of progressive Spiritualists meets in Halle's Hall, 333 Superior street, at 10½ A. M. and 7¼ P. M. Thomas Lees, President; M. H. Lees, Corresponding Secretary, 105 Cross st. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same hall at 12¼ P. M. N. B. Dixon, Conductor; Sara A. Sage, guardian. To all of which the public are cordially invited.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—The First Society of Truth-seekers meets for religious service at 86½ East Market street, every Sunday at 2½ and 7½ P. M. J. H. Buell, President; D. Buell, Secretary.

LEONMINSTER, MASS.—Meetings are held every other Sunday in Allen's Hall, at 2 and 6½ o'clock P. M. Mrs. Fannie Wilder, President of Spiritualist Union.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists holds meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 5 West 33d street, at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. J. A. Cozino, Secretary, 36 West 48th street. Children's Progressive Lyceum, meetings at 2 P. M. Sholem Dargham, Conductor; W.

The Second Society of Spiritualists holds meetings every Sunday morning at 104, and evening at 734, in the beautiful Masonic Temple, (seating capacity 1000,) corner 23d Street and 6th avenue, Alfred Weidon, President; Alex. J. Davis, Secretary; E. P. Cooley, Treasurer, 256 West 16th Street.

A Spiritualist Experience, Conference and Mediums'

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritual Fraternity meets in Rossini Hall every Sunday for conference and lectures, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/4 P. M. W. E. Smith, President; H. C. Berry, Vice President; Miss L. M. Eaton, Secretary; F. W. Hatch,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The Second Association of Spiritualists holds conferences every Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, and circles in the evening, at Thompson-street church, below Front. James Marlor, President; Chas. W. Ford, Secretary.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Services are held every Sunday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. L. Gardner (Mrs. Cornelia Gardner), 63 Jones street.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—A circle of the national circle in two

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—The First Spiritual Conference Society holds a conference and séance every Sunday at 3 P. M.; at Ikora Hall, No. 737 Mission street, above Third. Also meetings for lectures and séances in the evening. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same hall at 10 A. M.

SANTA BARBARA, CAL.—Spiritual Meetings are held every Sunday at Crane's Hall. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at same hall at 1 P. M. Conference meetings every Sunday at same hall at 10 A. M.

SALEM, MASS.—Conference or lectures every Sunday at Pratt's Hall, corner of Essex and Liberty streets, at 3 and 7 P. M. S. G. Hooper, President.

VINELAND, N. J.—Meetings are held every Sunday morning and evening. John Gage, President; Mrs. Ellen Dickinson and Susan P. Fowler, Vice Presidents; Dr. D. W. Allen, Corresponding Secretary. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 1 1/2 P. M. Dr. D. W. Allen, Corresponding Secretary.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1880.

Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting.

This busy little city among the pines is the scene of constant and varied attractions. The great congregation of Sunday dispersed in an orderly manner, and left the campers to enjoy a quiet Sunday evening. The addresses of the day were discussed, private séances were held and fraternal calls were made among the occupants of the Camp.

Following is the record of the week ending Aug. 24:

MONDAY.

The following officers and board of directors were elected for the ensuing year: Vice Presidents, Mrs. M. A. Lyman, of Springfield, M. V. Lincoln, of Boston, and John T. Arnold, of North Adams; Secretary, John Harvey Smith, of Springfield; Treasurer, T. T. Greenwood; Directors, Dr. Joseph Beals, Harvey Lyman, M. H. Fletcher, D. B. Gerry, A. Bullens, W. H. Gilmore, W. F. D. Perkins and A. T. Pierce.

In the evening Lizzie J. Thompson of Boston gave a reading to a select and appreciative audience. Miss Thompson excels in character pieces, and is always listened to with pleasure.

TUESDAY.

Louis Hanson, of Troy, N. Y., delivered the regular address. He chose for his theme: "Christianity as a Force in Civilization." The speech was earnestly delivered, and showed wide reading and a retentive memory. He said, in substance: There are no vacant spaces in the human mind. Each nook and cranny is filled with some notion, some fiction or philosophy. To introduce the new, one must first destroy the old. Jesus, Luther, and all noble reformers had been obliged to do this. The first era of any great reform is an era of demolition. I attack the pretensions of Christianity relative to its claim of being the founder of civilization. The speaker defined the terms Christianity and civilization, and proceeded to analyze the three following propositions: (1) the civilization which Christianity found, (2) the civilization which Christianity produced, and (3) the civilization which came into being in spite of Christianity. These divisions were elaborated intelligently, and copiously illustrated by references numerous and in detail. Mr. Hanson was applauded at frequent intervals, and his address as a professional lecturer at Lake Pleasant was a success.

At 3:30 P. M., Judge H. Hagan's friends convened in the hall and were well entertained. Charles W. Sullivan, Capt. Brown, Mrs. Mason and daughter, Mr. Almon and Miss Ada Blanchard participated in the exercises. Miss Hagan improvised with her accustomed ability.

In the evening the Grattan Smith family held a concert, which was largely attended. The singers are Mr. A. C. Smith, Mrs. A. J. Smith, Estella, Gertrude and W. S. Smith. Their *Quintet* in New England is a marked success, and they have every reason to congratulate themselves over the victory they have secured. General in private life, they have made many friends who will gladly welcome them here again next year.

WEDNESDAY.

The Shakers were present in force, and conducted the exercises both morning and afternoon. Elder Evans, Eldess Doodie and other members of the party spoke. The singing was a novel portion of the exercises. Elder Evans is a radical speaker, and some of his remarks were loudly applauded. The audiences were very large during the day.

The following is a digest of Elder Evans' address: "Liberalism—What is it? Victor Hugo would say, 'Liberalism is Voltaire—Is the French Revolution.' I would say, 'Liberalism is Thomas Paine and Victor Hugo.' With Voltaire, he says, on Voltaire's 'Century,' a new cycle begins.

"The eighteenth century proposes—the nineteenth brings to pass. Today we are in the nineteenth century. It is to say by a crime, to kill millions cannot be an exterminating circumstance. The Inquisition was murdered by the Church; War is murdered by the State. The most modern man or woman, homicide is homicide—blatant is blatant. In the sight of the eternal God the character of murder is not changed by putting on his head an Emperor's crown."

Constantine was great—a great murderer; a fit representative of Christianity, when it (the Sun) had become darkness, and of the State, when it had become blood. Voltaire, the infidel, confronted and confronted the monster—Church and State. As a second Jesus, the Prince of Peace, he said: Let us not have honor war. There is no bloody glory. No—It is not well to make corpses. "He that taketh the sword, shall perish by the sword," said Jesus the First. "Thou shalt not kill," said Jesus the Second. Council of him Voltaire whose life was useful to man. It came to an end a hundred years ago. His work is immortal.

As Spiritualists, let us ask ourselves, if those other mighty thinkers, auxiliaries of glorious Voltaire, Jean Jacques, Diderot, Montesquieu, shall not speak—utter forth: Stop shedding human blood. Enough, Priests and despots—enough!

"Let us proclaim the right of man to life—the right of conscience to freedom—the sovereignty of reason—the sacredness of labor—the blessedness of peace; and inasmuch as darkness issues from the depths, and thence, let light shine forth from the tombs—from the spirit-world."

The vision of John is a map, a chart of the history of the Church from the first to the second appearing. The primitive Christian Church was peace and good will to humanity. The Mosad law was cooperation. The present church was cooperation. The future church was holy and good. It taught abstract, absolute truth respecting physiology, health, property, the land and its products, and also of woman—the relation of the sexes.

In the wilderness for forty years—a whole generation—they lived on manna; did not kill, did not eat corpses as food. As a consequence it was declared as a church doctrine: "The Lord your God shall take care of you, and shall not take care of you." The land was held in common. An article of church faith was: "The land is mine, said the Lord." The people held only as tenants. Yet the most ungodly man or woman in Judea held an inheritance in the Land of Promise.

And another article of faith was the law of nature that pervades all ranks of being, except man—commerce of the sexes for offspring only—and no murders.

This was the law glorious in those fundamental principles of the human existence. Yet, as compared with the primitive church, it was no longer glorious, by reason of the glory that excelled in respect to all of these principles. The last Super—the sacrament, typical of the Land of Promise, the church, where Christ should come the second time to restore spiritism, Israel, the true Israel—daily bread, show-bread, should be the staff of life of the saints in the kingdom of heaven upon earth. In the present, instead of the God of the Jews—a bloody God—should be the Christ-Spirit, making peace by removing all the causes of war in the diet, in the property, in the sexual relations. The least in that kingdom would still be superior to John, the greatest born of woman under the Mosad law. As killing animals leads to murder, so does the possession of land and its products allowed under the law, feed and keep alive selfishness. Therefore they sold their individual, private possessions, and had all things common, none saying, "This is mine."

Communism was the law of Christianity. Health—a vegetarian diet—was a law; and inasmuch as the law of the sexes did not make the comers thereunto perfect, but condemned as sinful, the most perfect commerce of the sexes—perfect generation—they were proclaimed as the corner-stone of the Temple of God in the New Creation: A virgin life, common property, peace, under the sanctification of labor. He, or she, who will not work, neither shall he eat, nor shall he, or she, who would be great among you, let him or her be your servant. But now the question arises, What have we had under the name of Christian Church for the past 1800 years? Let us, for an answer, look to our Chart, the Revelation. Turning back to it, we see, very plainly, a serious article labelled Christianity has been falsified upon mankind.

Voltaire caused the torture of witnesses to be abolished. Monarchy was overthrown by the Revolution, never to recover its former power. Then came the American Revolution—Independence. Republican principles began to grow, being engrafted in the American Constitution. Already, in the separation of Church and State, much progress had been made. Trifling as it has been, it has been a great step. Slavery is abolished. Public lands are given away. Homesteads can be made inalienable. And soon women will be made citizens. This will prepare the way for the beating of swords into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks, for the abolition of all national wars, and a more perfect separation of Church and State than has existed.

Ann Lee and her companions founded, by the Spirit, the New Heavens—a New Spiritual Order. Voltaire, Thomas Paine and fellow infidels, founded, by the Spirit, the New Earth—a New Natural Order, wherein shall dwell righteous men.

This is the relation between Liberalism and American Shakerism.

The Kingdom of this world will become true Republics, and Shaker Societies will hold in check the principle of population.

CHARLES SULLIVAN'S

entertainment in the evening was very successful.

The hall was crowded, and Mr. Sullivan was in good "form." He was enthusiastically received. Prof. Tice, of Brooklyn, Capt. H. H. Brown, Jennie B. Hagan, Mr. and Mrs. J. William Fletcher and Mrs. Lovgren contributed to the excellence of the programme.

THURSDAY.

Rev. J. H. Harter, of New York, delivered the regular address of the forenoon session. His wife read a lengthy poem (original) on "True Religion." Mr. Harter then proceeded with his sermon. He said substantially:

"I was once a member of the Dutch Reformed Church; then I changed to the Methodist; then I moved forward to the Universalist—my last jump was into Spiritualism. I have no words of praise for Spiritualism. It is a glorious religion. I shall preach a sermon on 'Coming, Doing and Going.' The speaker moralized about our coming into this world, there was a work to do. Life involves responsibility. What noble task shall command our energies? Do unto others as you would have others do unto you—that is the sum and substance of religion. The work to be done is that of temperance in all things; the passions should be abolished; kindness should reign supreme. Death will soon come. How shall we prepare ourselves for the next life? By good deeds and tender care of those who are suffering."

Mr. Harter has a way of speaking peculiar to himself. He is the prince of story-tellers, and his address was frequently interspersed with laughter-provoking narratives, which illustrated some point he was emphasizing.

IN THE AFTERNOON

the regular address was prefaced by some remarks from that veteran Camp-Meeting-worker, Dr. A. H. Richardson, who was cordially welcomed by the audience. He said:

"I am not here to make a speech. My object is simply to extend a fraternal greeting to you. We have stood together in the past; our work has been crowned with success; the angels have had us in charge. We are journeying on to the better land. Our glorious religion is able to sustain us. I am glad to see that this camp-meeting flourishes. No jealousy exists relative to the success of this meeting. Go! the more the better."

The Doctor closed with an earnest plea for personal purity on the part of all who called themselves Spiritualists.

DR. H. H. STORER.

the well-known lecturer, who has officiated in such an acceptable manner at the Onset Bay meetings this summer, was next introduced by President Beals. As Dr. Storer advanced to the front of the platform a storm of applause greeted him. He spoke substantially as follows:

"I thank you, my dear friends, for your cordial greeting. I have just left Onset Bay, where we had the baptism of the Spirit. We all rejoice in your success here. May our meetings increase. One spirit animates us all; one impulse moves us on. Jealousy is unknown—out of place. It is a high honor to be an humble worker in this great movement. Our veteran workers leave us: E. V. Wilson has gone. Blessed thought, however, that our saluted and heroic leaders will be in sympathy with us. Let us give a testimonial to Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan and Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, the veteran camp-meeting founders of our cause. Let us all unite in saying: up; tears came to our eyes, and under the baptism of the Spirit we resolved to labor with untiring assiduity for the cause of Spiritualism."

THE REGULAR ADDRESS.

Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, of New York City, delivered the regular address. Her topic was, "One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism."

"We learn the real meaning of this text there is something new in it. It is something that will show the changes in the religious views of man. Old views of Deity were narrow. Jesus had a broad idea. How noble and grand are his ideas! Theology has obscured the light of Deity. The world is the result of God's creative energy is man. Under all the different beliefs there is a fundamental unity. Theodore Parker saw in every man a brother. The different faiths are new phases of the same truth. Progress obtains in each Church—Catholic, Jewish and Protestant. The new theory is being adopted quietly. With our fingers modern theologians incorporate the new faith into the old. Let us have God and love to man; that is the 'one faith.' What is the baptism? We have had the baptism of fire! We want the baptism of the Spirit. Then peace will come upon the earth, and we will be united. Our aim should be to develop a noble manhood and womanhood."

FRIDAY.

Rev. J. H. Harter, of New York, spoke in the forenoon, continuing his former address. He kept the audience in a roar of laughter. A collection was taken up for Mr. Harter's benefit.

THE REGULAR ADDRESS.

was delivered at 1:45 P. M., by Dr. Anna M. Middlebrook-Twiss, of Manchester, N. H. Her theme was "Fact and Philosophy." She spoke substantially as follows:

"We must remember that it is almost impossible to secure uniformity of belief. Individuals are differently organized. We must respect differences of opinion. The past is not to be discarded. The world has advanced from former conditions. To-day an earnest prayer is rising from the souls of thousands for an answer to the great problems of life. In Spiritualism the great fact of spirit communion is being recognized. The speaker argued that Nature prophesied of a future life. How lamentable if this life were all there is for us. Who will say that all the possibilities of our race are reached here? The world will affirm that they have been cramped; that adverse circumstances have crushed and warped their usefulness. Our necessities are not met. A Spiritualist teaches us of life beyond. It tells us that we must earn our salvation; that to gain lofty heights there, we must acquire spiritual excellence here. Work for this cause, friends."

SATURDAY.

Capt. H. H. Brown spoke by special request in the forenoon. In his preliminary remarks he stated that he fully appreciated the compliment of being invited to speak twice before such a representative body of Spiritualists.

The discourse was preceded by a song from Mrs. Mason and daughter and Chas. W. Sullivan. The singers were greeted with applause.

Capt. Brown's topic was "The Mission of America, or the Place of Spiritualism in History." He said, in effect:

"The material progress of our country since its settlement has been marked. Is this the work of Nature—to develop that which is conducive to meet man's physical wants? or is there a deeper purpose? He answered by saying: for purpose and design. There was an end to every individual and time and opportunity were hers only to develop that angel. To accomplish this, individuals and nations were created; and the world was made to be more. Therefore the law of natural selection came in—only the best of individuals, of nations, of civilizations survive; only the best goes 'marching on.' He then said that in the grand march of nations each one had crystallized around some great idea as its inspiration, and as long as it had to struggle for life under the inspiration of that idea the nation grew; but when prosperity brought it to rest, it died. The nation died, leaving to the world the development of its peculiar idea in each case.

He illustrated by Egypt, that developed grandeur, majesty and power, and was the center of the world; India, which worshipped the incomprehensible, the Infinite; Greece, which had Beauty as God; and Rome, which had Justice. Christianity had its principles of Love, and brought to the world the light of truth; scientific Europe worshipped the True as God.

Now America was colonized under strong religious impulses; the first demand was freedom to worship God, but the second was freedom for man to govern himself, and both of these were born of faith in man's tendency or tendency to the tendency and the idea of America including all the rest, adds its crowning glory—goodness.

The history of America divides itself naturally into three eras: (1) the era of the Pilgrims, and (2) the era of justice, represented by the thirty years' anti-slavery struggle. Goodness developed in the struggle for life. Brother-love formed the union of states and goodness gave the emancipation.

Goodness, virtue, were not intellectual; they were spiritual, and were to be developed by spiritual processes. The corruption, selfishness, the present curse of caste, would not be cured by our schools, for they leave out conscience in their curriculum. They must be spiritualized. That our schools were a universal school, he contended, was a failure. The same was true of the ballot. It was powerful for good or evil as the man behind was good or evil. We want moral men behind the ballot to have a moral government.

How was this goodness to be developed? Only by the growth of man's spiritual nature, and this can only be done by and through his affections. For this purpose the Dawning Light of Hydesville came, that through angel-love man might learn to love his neighbor better; and the mission of America ends, its prophecy of fulfillment through Modern Spiritualism."

IN THE AFTERNOON.

At 1:45 P. M., Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten delivered a very able address on "The New Bible." Mrs. Britten is a speaker of world-wide celebrity. Her discourses are grand and lucid expositions, delivered with dramatic fire, and reflect credit upon the cause of Spiritualism. She spoke substantially as follows:

"We are in the dead-end of the spiritual movement. It is not enough to look the part of a Spiritualist. We must have the phenomena. What is the title which binds us together? The knowledge of spirit-communion. Each system of religion is based on spiritual phenomena. In Spiritualism we have the facts of yesterday repeated to-day. Without the phenomena, we have no Spiritualism. Go through these grounds: 1. I see healers, state-writers—all the different media. These are our teachers, their self-sacrificing labors have placed a cause in its present position. Examine Spiritualism: we have first the message; the spirits agree on the question of punishment for sin. We want a new Bible. I have one for you: The Bible of Man! I will open five chapters of this new book: 1. Man, his Sensuous Nature; 2. Man's Affections; 3. The Moral Ideal; 4. The Intellectual Department; 5. Spirituality."

The learned and eloquent lecturer elaborated each of these points in forcible language. She was attentively listened to and loudly applauded.

SUNDAY, AUG. 29.

There never was a fairer day than this. At an early hour crowds began to enter the camp-ground. The excursion trains were larger than ever before. It was an interesting sight to witness the arrival of the constantly incoming host. At 10:30 the Fitchburg Band began a very fine concert. The vast amphitheatre was well filled with an appreciative audience. Capt. Russell's musicians are effective ministers to the harmony of the camp.

At 10:30 o'clock A. M., President Beals introduced President Champion, of the Philadelphia Association of Spiritualists. Mr. Champion said, in effect:

"I have desired to be with you. It is seldom that our anticipations are realized; but I desire to say that I am more than satisfied with what I have seen here. You have a great and glorious meeting. I notice with pleasure the universal interest which is being manifested in Spiritualism. Our sheet anchor is demonstrated fact. We no longer dwell beside a wordless grave; the light of a demonstrated immortality has come to us."

THE REGULAR ADDRESS.

Ed. S. Wheeler, at 10:30 A. M., spoke to 6000 people on "The Man of the Future." He was attentively listened to. His references to his return to New England were pathetic. In opening his discourse he held that the doctrine of total depravity had been a curse to the race. Man was to be trusted. No narrow prejudice should warp our fraternal feelings. The race is as yet in its infancy. Slowly but surely the new is dawning. The ideal man has not yet lived in the flesh. Not Jesus, not Buddha, nor Mahomet. Humanity meant more than any individual.

The speaker proceeded to contrast past theological views of man with rational spiritualistic views, and closed with a fine original poem.

IN THE AFTERNOON

Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten was greeted by an increased audience, which she held spellbound, as in a stately and impressive manner she replied to Joseph Cook's recent charges imputed upon Spiritualists. This discourse will not be attempted to give a digest here. Suffice it to say that the eminent and able defender of Spiritualism, Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten, who honors any cause by her advocacy of it, subjected Joseph Cook to a searching criticism and answered in a lucid manner the current objections to Spiritualism. The lecturer was congratulated by hundreds at the conclusion of her address.

SUNDAY EVENING.

At 8 o'clock Jesse Sheppard, the musical medium, gave a concert in the hall. The tickets were limited to one hundred, and were largely sought after all day. Mr. Sheppard's performances are absolutely wonderful, and competent judges pronounce his instrumentalization and vocalization as something extraordinary.

NOTES.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield's cottage was dedicated Aug. 19th at 8 P. M. Rev. J. H. Harter, Dr. Storer, Jennie B. Hagan, Mrs. Juliet Severance, participated in the exercises. Dr. Fairfield responded in an appropriate speech.

Miss Ada Blanchard is a cultured elocutionist. Her readings are admirable, and her many friends agree that she ought to make a specialty of public reading.

"The Turkish Patrol" brought the Fitchburg Band an enthusiastic encore at the Lake.

The Grattan Smith family are earnest Spiritualists, who sing the gospel in which they believe. The verdict at the Lake is: No camp-meeting is a perfect success unless the Ohio singers are present to render the audiences enthusiastic under the sweet and thrilling harmonies of song. After their arrival at Lake Pleasant they sang at each service.

Prof. Caldwell's entertainment was well patronized. Dr. A. B. Smith and wife (formerly of Brooklyn), well-known Spiritualists, arrived at Lake Pleasant Aug. 19th.

Mr. Stevens and daughter, of Springfield, Mass., made their first visit to the camp Aug. 19th, and were delighted with the meeting.

Jennie Rhind held conferences in a large tent.

Dr. Ross, of Troy, N. Y., has been of invaluable use in arranging Western railroad matters.

Mrs. M. A. Howes, of Worcester, Mass., is a promising medium.

George H. (the Western lecturer) arrived at Lake Pleasant Aug. 21st. He was cordially welcomed by President Beals and other officials.

Philadelphia sent a large delegation, which arrived Aug. 20th. The following prominent Spiritualists composed the party: H. B. Champion, President of First Association of Spiritualists, of Philadelphia; Ed. S. Wheeler, B. F. Dubois, Mrs. Dr. R. C. Flowers, Mrs. E. McNeil, J. Hart Britton, J. Knight, Samuel Felton, W. M. Griffith and wife, Samuel Carman and wife.

Jennie Warren, a well known medium, is visiting Lake Pleasant.

Dr. B. W. Naxon and Lawyer Chapman, of Ballston Spa, N. Y., made a short visit to Lake Pleasant.

John Wetherbee came into the *Banner of Light* headquarters Saturday, Aug. 21st, and was the object of witty observations and congratulations from a large coterie of friends who were visiting the *Banner*'s scribe's tent.

Mrs. Ella J. Kendall, of Boston, the well-known medium, met a large circle of friends at the camp.

James A. Bliss, of Philadelphia, is a quiet observer of Camp affairs.

A well-merited compliment: Capt. Brown's invitation to deliver a second lecture at Lake Pleasant. His many friends made him a handsome present.

"Daisy Doll," the home of Mr. Young, of the Boston *Globe*, is a neat little cottage, commanding an admirable view of the Lake. Mr. Young and family enjoy their summer home.

Joseph Knox (of the Boston police) and family are enjoying a visit to Lake Pleasant.

Nellie L. Kenyon, of Woodstock, Vt., a well-known lecturer on Spiritualism, is an interested visitor at the camp.

The writer inadvertently omitted to state that Messrs. Bacon, Sullivan, Heath, Altemus and Jennie B. Hagan, participated at the exercises at Mrs. Cushman's testimonial in the hall at Lake Pleasant.

Mrs. Dr. W. Porter recognizes the communication from Dr. William Porter, Bridgeport, Conn., published in the *Banner of Light* of July 20—so she stated to the writer the other day at the camp.

Prof. Worthen, of Illinois, makes his second visit to camp this year.

North Carolina is well represented in the person of C. A. Frazier.

Dr. H. B. Storer felt happy at Lake Pleasant. He is held in affectionate and respectful esteem by a large and constantly growing circle of friends. No man has more power on the platform. The Doctor sends out a general and spiritual influence, and his addresses exhibit more than ordinary powers of spiritual insight and intellectual discrimination. Bro. Storer merits the title—which the writer now officially bestows upon him—of "Professor of Spiritual Metaphysics."

"Ichabod," a spirit control of the writing medium, Carrie Twining, gave an entertainment in the hall Saturday evening, Aug. 21st. The Smith family also contributed to the programme.

The conference on Saturday night (21st) was lively. Mr. George H. Geer made his debut as a speaker.

Messrs. Charles Rich, Fred Tuttle and Frank Whitaker of the *Banner of Light* establishment promanated the streets of the camp last Saturday evening. They pronounced the "illumination" excellent.

John Adams, Esq., Superintendent of the Fitchburg Railroad, visited Lake Pleasant for a few hours the other day.

Ed. Dwight, of Stafford, Conn., is a constant attendant at the different séances. He is enjoying the meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Severance, of Milwaukee, were greatly pleased with their sojourn at Lake Pleasant.

F. Crozier, the Lake Pleasant photographer, is a fine artist, and his work has given the utmost satisfaction.

Newman Weeks, of Vermont, a veteran Spiritualist, is an intelligent spectator of the proceedings at Lake Pleasant.

The Lake George Camp-Meeting Association will hold their first Camp-Meeting in Fort (Cage) Grove, at Lake George, N. Y., commencing Sept. 4th—closing Aug. 20th. One of the most prominent lecturers in the field will speak. The following speakers are expected: [see circular of Camp-meeting in another column.] Prof. S. B. Britton, Prof. J. R. Buchanan, Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, Prof. Wm. Denton, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, Rev. A. A. Wheelock, Fanny Davis Smith, Mrs. Manchester, Messrs. Brown, Storer, Wheeler, Peabody and Geer. The writer has been honored with an invitation to attend the meeting. Probably a majority of the above-named speakers will be present. The situation is pronounced as being delightful. Lake George is noted for its beauty. The route of travel is as follows: From Saratoga, N. Y., take the Delaware & Hudson Canal Co. Railroad to Glen's Falls; thence an hour's ride on a smooth plank road by easy Concord stages, leaving passengers at the camp-ground at any of the numerous hotels in the vicinity. Holden's Ballston Band will furnish music for concerts and dancing. For circulars send to Rev. A. A. Wheelock, General Superintendent and Secretary, Ballston Spa, N. Y.

Mrs. J. J. Clark, the well-known medium, has been giving good satisfaction to investigators at Lake Pleasant. She has received many callers at "Excelsior Cottage."

PROF. WILLIAM DENTON will speak Saturday, Aug. 28th, and on Sunday, the 29th, in company with the "FITCHBURG" and Dr. J. M. PEABODY.

No engagements for speakers for the meeting of 1881 have yet been made. The committee of speakers is as follows: John Harvey Smith, Miss M. H. Fletcher, and Mrs. E. P. Morrill.

James A. Bliss declares that Lake Pleasant takes first rank as a Camp-Meeting.

Henry Buddington and brother are deeply interested in the manifestations of the Eddy brothers. They affirm that the materializations are genuine, and that thousands are being converted to Spiritualism through such manifestations.

The new singing-book edited by Dr. J. M. Peabody is a gem, which should have a large sale among liberal and spiritual people. Colby & Rich are the publishers. Send for a copy; price twenty-five cents in boards, twenty cents in paper.

Dr. F. H. Lyons, of Philadelphia, is among the late arrivals.

The price of E. V. Wilson's book, "The Truth of Spiritualism," is \$1.50. Buy it, reader.

LATER—MONDAY, AUG. 23D.

At 1:30 P. M. a memorial service was held in honor of E. V. Wilson, the veteran lecturer, who passed to spirit-land Aug. 21st. The grand stand was beautifully decorated, and a very large audience convened to listen to the speeches.

President Beals said: We have met to hold a memorial service to our dear brother, E. V. Wilson, who has gone to the spirit-land. He was a brave and noble worker. Let us show our respect for him to-day.

Mr. Burnham's choir opened the service. Capt. H. B. Brown was the first speaker. He paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of Mr. Wilson. The departed veteran was an honest man. He was an untiring worker. The speaker was under obligations to Mr. Wilson for kindly words in the beginning of his (Brown's) ministry. Something should be done for Farmer Mary (Mr. Wilson's wife) and the children. A mortgage was held against the Illinois homestead; interest money was due, and arrangements could be effected by Spiritualist capitalists to change the mortgage for one bearing a lower rate of interest. Capt. Brown pledged eloquently for justice to Farmer Mary and the little ones, now that the powerful help of E. V. Wilson, in the form, could no longer be counted upon.

Ed. S. Wheeler followed in a touching speech, filled with reminiscences of personal relations with Mr. Wilson; he also made a very forcible plea for practical work in direction of liquidating the indebtedness upon the home of Mr. Wilson's family.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten made the closing speech, which was of great power. She asked the question, What does death do to us? and proceeded to argue that death transfused us; that the noble warrior in whose honor the meeting was held had been transfused since the episode of death, which was, in reality, his spiritual birth. The speaker in closing adverted to the question of assisting the wife and children of Bro. Wilson, and directed President Beals to put her name down as the first one to purchase E. V. Wilson's book: "The Truths of Spiritualism."

President Beals then asked for other names, and a large number of people responded. The indications are that something practical will be done in the line of assisting the dear ones who mourn the loss of a husband and father in the absence of E. V. Wilson.

Charles W. Sullivan, Mrs. Mason and daughter and the Grattan Smith family sang acceptably during the exercises.

Thus was Bro. Wilson affectionately and reverently remembered at Lake Pleasant, where he had labored so valiantly for the truth as he saw it. Dear spirit-brother, accept our love!

CEPHIAS.

Cape Cod Camp-Meeting.

[BY H. B. S.]

The charm of a delightful summer lingers in the groves and over the odorous fields basking in the sunlight. The air is vocal with the twitter of birds and hum of insects, and a morning walk over the hills and along the dykes, or the cranberry meadows, where the berries are just turning from white to red, seems a fit preparation for that natural worship which we hope to enjoy in larger measure by the aid of this Sunday's exercises at the camp. An infinite peace broods over the beautiful grove, where for a dozen years the Spiritualists of the Cape have held their annual meetings. The dead leaves have been swept away, the speakers' stand newly painted, and the seats, all comfortably backed, await the coming audience. After the deluging rain of Saturday, the sandy roads of the Cape are comparatively hard, and on foot and by vehicles of all sorts the good people stream toward the camp. Baggage is unloaded, and soon the semi-circle of cottages are occupied by their annual tenants, who greatly enjoy these social reunions under the trees.