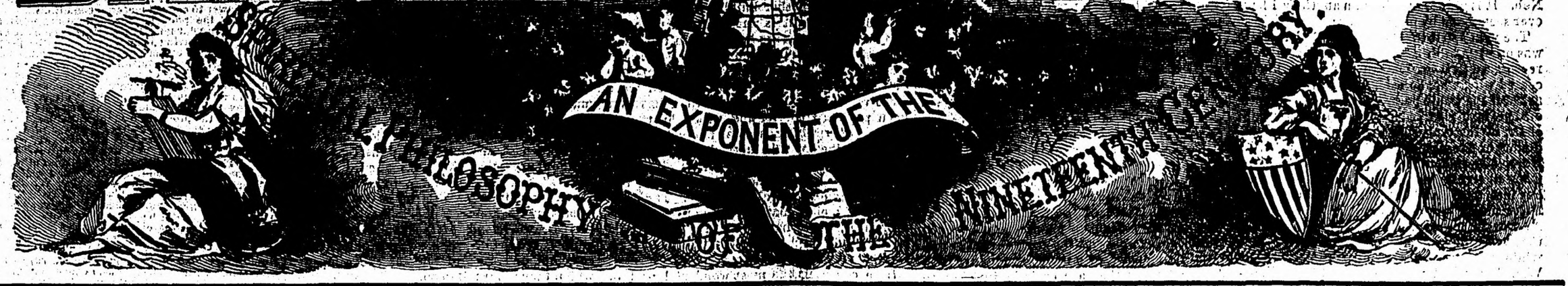
BANNER OF LIGHT.



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The Spiritual Rostrum.

Nature's Voice of Hope.

A Lecture given through the Inspiration of

MRS. E. L. WATSON,

At Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, Cal.

[Reported for the Banner of Light by G. H. Hawes.]

"And God said: Let there be light, and there was light"; and the light was hope, and the hope was life, and life was the expression of the progressive law underlying all things.

The old myth which represented the earth as a conscious being, the mighty rivers her arteries through which coursed the blood of life, the steaming volcanoes the nostrils representing her breath, probably arose from the analogy which exists between the life of the planet and the life of man.

We can but observe with curious interest the fact that everywhere is manifest a struggle toward something different from what now is: a climbing of all the natural forces from the lower strata up to the higher conditions. The impulse ever is to leap forward, and everywhere is the rhythmic play of this progressive law.

Nature suffers no absolute discouragement. She is never quite nonplussed at any emergency; she finds herself prepared with healing balm, with helps, with agencies by which may be converted into good what was apparent evil; and throughout the whole realm of the material universe is heard this song of hope. Here it is faint and low and almost inarticulate, and there it leaps in thunder tones through the living thoughts of man.

I lean my ear to this moist spot upon the mountain-side and I hear the low ticking of invisible waters, and I listen to the message. It is a voice of hope. It says unto me: "Though now concealed from the light and hidden under rock and soil, though now removed by thousands of leagues from the object of my longing, still there is that in me—as small and insignificant and powerless as I seem—which will impel me, and by virtue of which I shall be enabled to accrue unto myself the power by which at last this longing shall be satisfied; and though now invisible drops, by-and-by I shall leap forth a laughing fountain. Though then I may be imprisoned by rocky barriers I shall swell and swell, until, overleaping them, I shall laugh in a still stronger current down the side of the mountain. And I shall draw unto me other streams and other drops, until at last, spanning the space so great and overleaping every obstacle, this hope, now so small but powerful, that throbs in every crystal globule in my bosom, shall leap with laughter and song and exultation into the bosom of the distant sea."

I gaze upon Mount Vesuvius, and I behold tongues of fire leaping down her sides and gathering in their way villages peopled with human lives—vineyards purpling under the beams of the sun; I see here these streams of fire making fearful wounds upon the green bosom of the mountain, and I say unto myself there is a destructive and pitiless force in nature which has no good for its purpose or outcome. But I wait for a century, I wait for a thousand years, and the fire is cooled; that stream of lava is converted into soil again, and by-and-by the cottages creep upward along what was once the mountain of fire; vines begin to grow again, and now there are harvests ripening once more in the summer sun.

And just in proportion as the fires extended in this outburst of the volcano is there vegetable and animal life added to the planet; just in proportion as that which before was death, are now beautiful manifestations of life. For thus is the very fiery heart of the planet cooled; thus are the forces of destruction converted into forces of life by which the beautiful forms are upbuilded, and which form, at last, the grand architecture of the world in which we live.

Thus everywhere in nature do I see on the part of these apparently inanimate and unconscious things the same striving which is manifest in the life of man. And through all these revolutions of space and time, and of matter and spirit, I hear this voice of hope springing up, until at last it becomes in the ears of my spirit an eternal anthem of light, never to leave me again in the darkness and silence of despair.

Nature never yields to utter discouragement; in the wake of the whirlwind she sends her angels of reconstruction, as along the stream of lava she sets to work her invisible architects or divine alchemists to convert this stream of death into a blooming path of life.

Take a walk with me into some noble forest where trees that have stood for a thousand years pierce the clear air far above our heads. Here before us lies prostrate one of these magnificent trees, and we say, "Alas! alas! even here do we see the angel of decay at work; even here destruction is going on." But look a little deeper into the mystery, into the miracle that is being performed. This death of the tree, this decay, is but a slow fire, and if we put on our spiritual lens and add it to the power of the physical eye, we will see that every fibre of this great monarch of the forest is thrilling and quivering under visible touches of an alchemist who never makes a mistake. But if we will watch long enough—for a century it may be—we will see the apparent decay progressing so far that at last every fibre of this majestic form is dissolved into invisible elements. But the work is not finished; all around us there are organic forms that are steadily drinking in the very elixir of life which is being propagated in the decay of this grand structure.

Death? no, but life still manifest here—for every atom is in motion. You know science as yet has never been able to discover an atom; an atom is only something supposable, but as yet unknown. I mean the atomic theory, the idea of these original primal atoms, is still an idea, but undemonstrable by any instrumentality now known to man.

But here in this atomic realm, here in the molecular structure of this tree is going on not only decay, but really the process of rebuilding, reconstruction, by dissolving into elements that give life to other organizations. This grand structure is being resurrected—resurrected in the fronds and ferns nodding in the breeze, in the forget-me-nots that bloom close at hand, in the lily a hundred miles away; for, borne on invisible wings, the elements are lodged in the heart of the rose and lily, to be by-and-by, perhaps, inhaled by the ecstatic soul of man as his spirit is bathed in the blossoming life of the vegetable kingdom.

To the superficial observer of this decay and death nature seems to be defeated, while, in fact, nature is simply at work in more mysterious ways to again upbuild, to reinstate herself, and in every way to augment her power of life, her love of beauty.

And so hope sings to me when I lay my ear close to the great heart of this dying monster that for a thousand years has lifted its arms heavenward and fingered the harp of the breezes. Even this great heart breathes to me a word of hope and says, if I listen closely, "Oh! man, learn a lesson of life and hope even in my apparent humiliation and death; for what appears to you as decay is in reality a refining process by which the elements of which I am composed shall be converted into new engines of power in the world. Nature gave me in the boon of my long life much joy; I reveled in the sunshine and the clear air; I sheltered the tiny vines at my feet, and shed leaves for all, and enriched the mother from which I sprang; I laid up treasures for all, and even now in my death do I behold the resurrection of other forms of beauty."

Oh! Nature's voice of hope is heard here in the chamber of vegetable death—here in the apparent defeat of a magnificent career; heard here in the low whispers of the dying tree.

There are spirit eyes that can penetrate to the glowing fire that burns in these decaying woods. This fire that is consuming this formation, though it is so slow as not to be observed by you, is still existing there; and when sufficient time has elapsed it will demonstrate to you that there was as much life and activity in the disintegration of these particles which make the structure of the tree, as when in its plant-life, in its baby-existence, it began to gather to itself from the air, the earth beneath, from the heavens overhead, these elements which were concentered in its life, and gave such a manifestation of these processes by which the invisible became visible in this world. And thus nature made herself a symbol for the thought of man.

There is nowhere in nature any proof whatsoever of total depravity, for total want of good purpose; no total want of use in any design of nature expressed anywhere. In other words, there is not anywhere in the illimitable realm of space a place assigned to eternal death, to eternal torture or depravity, since this precludes the possibility of a change for good. This is sufficient evidence that superstitious fear will at last be slain; that hope lives in the forms of matter and shines through every thought of man.

I had a vision, and I saw going forth up and down the world two angels—one of darkness and one of light. One stood over the cradle of new-born babes and exhaled poisonous miasms all around, so that when these little beings grew to conscious life they felt this presence in the air, and trembled with a nameless fear. And the angel of darkness walked beside strong men, and with a touch of its invisible finger laid a spell upon them which was like that of heavy chains, and they stood aghast in the thought of life, and the dread of death. And this angel of darkness saw science struggling with her herbs and balms; with the stars and the sun in her hand, striving to bring to humanity blessed messages of power and of truth, of wonder and of glory. And this angel of darkness laid her finger invisible upon the lips of science, and said: "Be still!" And she pierced the eyes of science that would penetrate the starry spaces, and said: "Thou shalt not see!"

This angel of darkness filled the hearts of men with the love of war and hatred for one another, and they went forth from happy homes clothed in shining and steely armor, and armed with swords and spears and other instruments of destruction. And lo! the earth was bathed in blood! And I saw under the influence of this angel of darkness brave men languishing in lonely and darkened prison cells; I saw men in dungeons stretched upon the cruel rack, nailed upon the ignominious cross, kneeling in abject fear, clutching at straws to save them, as men that are drowning.

And the angel of darkness went before and hedged up the way of truth, and she declared unto men there is a principle of evil against which all men must forevermore contend, by the power of which many millions are already lost. And the name of this angel of darkness was Superstitious Fear. It had builded altars upon which were laid victims reeking in their own blood; it had torn from the milky bosoms of mothers tender babes, and it had stifled hopes innumerable in the hearts of men.

But following in the footsteps of this angel of darkness was the angel of light; and evermore I saw this angel of light striving to heal the wounds that the angel of darkness had made. The angel of darkness had sprung from chaotic conditions; the angel of light was truly "an angel of the Lord." This angel brought to us beautiful lessons of nature. She said unto man: "These forms of beauty are for thee; oh! learn their sacred lessons: lift thy face to the stars and see that the power that rules thy little earth holds these also in their place. Behold the order that is about thee!" See here in the bosom of the earth her innumerable forms; fossil remains, by which—if we read them aright—we shall learn that there was action even here, millions of years ago, through this law of progress, which is the law of life. And even as in all this life below there was not a form too small, too simple, to grow to higher conditions, so, oh! man, take to thy heart this lesson of the progressive law, and know that there is no state of mental wretchedness, there is no moral obliquity that is so dark but may be touched by this law."

This angel of light unsealed the eyes of consciousness, and lo! men saw how in the vegetable kingdom God worked as in the heart of man; and that here, too, he had his altar of fire; here he had his offering of life, beautiful and sweet, and free from innocent blood.

The angel of light said unto me: "Reading aright this lesson of the natural world, you shall take great comfort, for lo! do you not see that everywhere is manifest the presence of the Comforter? Do you not see that in the decadence of these simple forms there was the preparation for the higher? Do you not see that in the despair of disappointed hopes there sprang more vital power which at last gave voice, which at last ripened to fuller expression that which was inherent and latent? Do you not see that ever in the wake of the angel of death follows the angel of light?" And the angel of light was Natural Hope, and hope such as we see expressed in the life of nature all around us. Hope, such as is, in truth, nature's promise to her own; hope, which is indeed divine prophecy to the heart of man; hope, which is the well-spring of all sincere and noble action; hope, which is the nectar upon which love feeds; hope, which is the angel of man's deliverance forevermore.

And listening to this voice of hope which speaks to me from the burning mountain, which thunders its message in mine ears in the voice of the tempest; this voice of hope which sings to me in the throbbing waves of the sea; which swells up into mine eyes from the rippling depths of silvery streams; which whispers in the leaf-tongues of the forest, and throbs at the very heart and center of all things, fills me with wonder and with joy. For lo! I see all things that live, tend to the glorifying, to the upbuilding of the spiritual nature of man. I see that all the material universe is formed of and is crowded with symbols of the undying spirit, and every one of these symbols is radiant with promise unto me.

I see in the history of man that wherever there has sprung a need, it has suggested the possibility—nay, the actuality—of a supply also existing close at hand. I see that wherever poison springs, that there is an antidote; that wherever organic life exists, there is a refining process through which there is evolved the higher spiritual forces.

And thus by reading this book of nature, which is the only infallible book of which I know, my heart is filled with hope for man. For if this spirit of nature, this law of progress threads its way through the cocoon into the realm and habitation of the chrysalis; if upon this law is strung, like pearls upon a silvery thread, all organization, all manifestation of life below me, and that in *my* life is the expression of all this other life, see what suggestions of possibilities, of latent powers, of victories that yet wait for my powers to unfold.

And listening to this voice of natural hope I am led to believe—nay, I am at once convicted of the thought, the hope, the knowledge, that in all the ways of life, in the nature and history of all men, in the revolutions of thought and spiritual power, there is everywhere manifest this same law which suggests through the changes and above all the mutations of time, the fact that hope, which is a quenchless fire in the heart of man, is God's promise to the soul of man; that God doth not mock his children, and that there is no life so low, no form of thought so dull, so meagre in its possession of the life divine as to be beyond the pale of this progressive law.

This silvery stream which sings to me of Nature's hope, quenches the fires of the hell which superstition built for the fear and the torture of man. It moreover plucks from our heart this palsying fear, this soul-destroying thought that there is anywhere a human soul beyond the reach of righteousness, beyond the reach of the angels of redemption, beyond the ministrations of this angel of hope.

These lessons which come to me in the voice of the stream, of the earthquake, of the volcano, of the mighty convulsions of spiritual nature, in the history of the nations, in the rise and fall of monarchies; this voice coming to me from all quarters of the globe, from all the disappointments of life, declares unto me that the angel of darkness which we name "Superstitious Fear" is a lying angel not to be believed; and shall no longer rob men of life's treasures, but shall at last die the death, while all blessed hope, all sacred promise, all divine aspirations survive and grow.

Oh! who can measure the happiness of that soul, who, in view of all the agonies that humanity has suffered, in view of the degradation which now is plainly to be seen about us, in view of the moral blindness which is manifest, of the losses, of the wrecks of time, of all the destruction, of the apparent decay, of even moral death, knows that there is veiled from our eyes, but still at work—potent and never dying—this angel of life and redemption. That at last, even as the scar upon the mountain-side disappears under leafing vines and ripening fruits, and the imprisoned rill at last finds freedom and absorption in the swelling bosom of the sea; even as in the decaying monarch of the forest nectars of life are distilled, and everywhere the breath of death kindles new fires of life, so in the moral nature of man scars shall be wreathed with blossoming virtues, heartaches shall be exchanged for moral strength, low-breathed prayers bring angel answers from opening heavens, giving assurance that even beyond the tomb our darlings live resurrected by love. The tomb, where is hushed the music of voices that made the joy of life, shall burst asunder and reveal itself as a wondrous laboratory in which mighty transformations were made, wherein the angel of resurrection was busy—ay, tireless in her efforts to break the chains of mortality and let the bird of Paradise go free and sing forevermore. Ay, hope that bursts in human song, and imprints her poems on immortal pages! Hope that strikes the atmosphere with rhythmic measures even this moment! Hope that bends above our heroic dead! Hope that leans its ear close against the stone at the door of the sepulchre and hears the angel inside singing: "A soul is free; hope shall live forevermore."

Where now is the seal of death? Where now is the scene of moral decay? Where now superstitious fear has laid her palsied touch, at last shall be felt the quickening presence of this power of hope, the voice of universal progressive law. Where now the cypress grows, by-and-by shall wave the tree of life! Where now the carrion invites the vultures, moss roses and living grasses shall spring!

So in the heart of man, Nature's voice of hope, louder, more voluminous, and still more tender, overwhelms at last the mutterings of superstitious fear, at last overcomes man's greatest enemy, and setting free the springs of life we work with a will for all noble purposes. Men with hope in their hearts, and with confidence in the supremacy of the good, and in the final victory of right, can accomplish miracles in this world of ours.

Let the poor missionary who now pours his sense of dread and threatenings into the ears of the heathen, bear with him Nature's voice of hope which declares that no brain is so stupid but that it may sometime be quickened with thoughts of life to come; that no heart is so barren but in it lies the pearl of great price to be revealed to the light, and lo! the work of the missionaries will not forge chains over the brains of men, but set every spirit free, and plant the seeds of virtue in convortive soil.

You know that in your institutions for the imbecile and idiotic, it has been demonstrated that even the idiot, the child who has never had a conscious thought or given manifestation of the real soul life, may be so trained as to be self-helpful; that they may be actually aroused in the idiotic mind principles of progressive life and hope.

Take from this fact the evidence that nature ever mends her broken china, and in this blessed way her broken spirits may be cemented by this kiss of hope. Take this voice of hope that comes even from the poor imbecile when under the tender training of a benevolent heart, as a promise most blessed to every soul that lives.

Then shall your works of charity, your schools for the cultivation of the young, your institutions of mercy, all your labors throb and grow with the true life, in which there is felt no touch of palsying fear, but everywhere these shining, shimmering garments of the angel of hope leave in their wake a song that is like unto the songs of angels, and the burden of which is: At last the angel of darkness shall be converted, and light shall glow in dark places; redemption is possible to all, and God within his arms of infinite love holds in an eternal embrace all things that are.

BENEDICTION.

Now may the life of an undying hope light you on your journey, until at last the gates beautiful open and the welcome of the dear ones comes ringing over the way. And when home at last, may we feel that hope shall still illumine the way; and we shall watch for those yet to come. So day by day, now and forevermore, may the tender inspiration of this shining light of these broad sweeping wings of hope, bear us onward and upward to all victory and joy.

Spiritual Phenomena.

THE SPIRITUALISTIC EXPERIENCES OF PROF. J. W. CADWELL, MESMERIST.

NUMBER SEVENTEEN.

Prepared expressly for the Banner of Light.

About the first of September, 1883, I received an invitation from Col. D. M. Fox, President of "The Iowa Conference of Spiritualists," to attend its first Camp-Meeting to be held near the city of Clinton, Iowa. His note contained a liberal offer for a course of experimental lectures on mesmerism, which I accepted. I had already been announced for two or more at the Onset Bay Camp-Meeting, for which place I started at once.

Leaving Boston, Mass., on the early Sunday morning train, I arrived at that beautiful camping grounds in time to hear the opening lecture of the season, given that forenoon by J. Frank Baxter. He also occupied the platform at the close of the afternoon lecture, and gave a number of tests of spirit identity. I know, by many experiments I have performed with mesmeric subjects, that I can make intelligent impressions on sensitive people under proper conditions. About two years since, while in an upper room at the residence of L. L. Whitlock, editor of *Facts*, at 9 Vinton street, Providence, R. I., I caused the granddaughter of his housekeeper to come to his room from the basement—three flights of stairs—within two minutes after he requested me to do so. I performed many other experiments in the presence of Mr. W. and his personal friends, with several other sensitives, furnishing an abundance of proof that a mind or spirit in the body can cause its power and presence to be felt by others' minds. I have done the same thing elsewhere hundreds of times during my public lectures, and in private houses also. I refer to the experiments performed in the presence of Mr. Whitlock, as he is well known to many of the readers of the *Banner of Light*. The point I wish to make is, that if a mind or spirit in the body can make its presence felt as I have related, that mind or spirit may do the same, after it has left the mortal form. Not all spirits in the body possess this power; or if they do, do not know how to use it: and the same may hold true with the disembodied. Some of my spirit friends may be able to impress Mr. Baxter or other test mediums; while those who are even more anxious to do so, may not be able. I think this a reasonable answer to an oft-repeated question—"Why don't my friends come back and give me some proof of their continued existence?"

A few moments before Mr. Baxter commenced giving his tests that afternoon, while sitting on the platform, conversing with Dr. Storer and other friends, I felt the presence of two spirits in a most positive manner, who had often materialized at the séances of Mrs. Ross in Providence, of which I shall have something to say in the near future that I trust will be of interest to my readers. Mr. Baxter's first test was a description of those two identical spirits. When he had fully described them he said: "One tells me that her name is Emma, and that she is the daughter of Mr. Cadwell, the mesmerist. The other gives the name of Rena, and says that Prof. Cadwell will recognize her, as she has come with Emma many times before." Mr. Baxter described another spirit who came with Rena, and gave his name; and though I could not recognize him, Dr. Storer did, as her step-father, whom I had never known previous to his entrance into that once unknown state of existence. I felt the power and presence of those two spirits as positively as any of my mesmeric subjects do mine. Whether Mr. Baxter felt their influence sufficiently to describe them, or saw them with clairvoyant vision, I do not know. I am of the opinion, from personal observation, that he is able to see spirits while giving some tests, and only feels the influence of others. Many of the mediums that have given public and private tests in my presence could see spirits; while others appeared to be fully entranced by the spirit who testified concerning him or herself, or for those who were not able to control the physical organism of the medium.

I remained at Onset Bay only eight days, during which time I gave four experimental lectures on mesmerism to large and enthusiastic audiences. Every day while there, with only one exception, I had a class for development. By mesmerizing those who were not known to be susceptible to spirit-influence, I aided the unseen intelligences to entrance or control many who became good mediums.

On Saturday afternoon Bro. Whitlock presided over one of his interesting Fact Meetings, and before its close an intelligent-looking lady came on the platform to give her experience. She said that during the height of the severe thunder-storm of the previous night a lady, who was occupying another room in the cottage, and to whom she had never spoken, rapped at her door and asked permission to come in, as she was badly frightened at the storm.

The speaker said she (the speaker) was a widow, and that when her husband died he left his property in a very unsettled condition, and of which her midnight visitor could have known nothing. The lady was almost immediately entranced by the spirit of her deceased husband; and while the storm was raging wildly around the dwelling she received full and complete instructions from him through that unconscious lady's lips, concerning every separate piece of property; and, holding up a handful of sheets of foolscap, she said, "I have it all here written out in full by his dictation." In conclusion she said that when the stranger came out of the trance she was surprised to find that the storm was over, and remembered nothing that had transpired since coming into the room. She further stated that the lady had never been entranced or known that she was a medium until mesmerized two days previously by Prof. Cadwell. I sat listening attentively to her interesting remarks, not knowing till the closing sentence of the part I had played in this spiritual drama on the busy stage of mortal life.

While at Onset Bay that week I made the acquaintance of Mr. Bond of Providence, R. I. He introduced himself by saying that he had often heard of me, and asked if I had ever attended either Mrs. Ross's or Mrs. Allen's séances in that city. I told him I had, and was fully convinced of the genuineness of the manifestations of both of those mediums. I shall be able to give my experience with Mr. Bond more satisfactorily by first relating a part of that I had with Mrs. Allen, leaving that with Mrs. Ross for a future number.

While in Providence, some two years ago, I called on Mrs. Allen, at the request of William Foster, jr., who is well known to many of the readers of the *Banner of Light* as an earnest, intelligent Spiritualist. Mrs. Allen became entranced before I left the house, and I received a number of remarkable tests from my spirit-friends. Becoming interested, I concluded to attend one or more of her séances for full form materialization.

The cabinet of Mrs. Allen is in one of the front corners of the front parlor, with Washington street on one side and an alley or pathway on the other, making it impossible for any confederate to gain admission unobserved, unless through the floor; and permission was given me to examine the carpet, and the floor above and below. I attended four or five of Mrs. Allen's séances, and I know that only herself entered the cabinet, which consisted of two curtains across one corner of the parlor, with the plastered walls behind them. During one of those séances, a girl, apparently about fifteen years of age, came out of the cabinet, and a gentleman well known as one of the most successful manufacturers of that city, asked if she would put on a pair of slippers which he had brought for her, he having measured one of her feet on a previous occasion for the purpose of comparing the size with those of the medium. Thinking that this would be a good opportunity for me to learn something about it, I at once asked the girl if she would allow my wife and I to put them on for her. She willingly consented, and after my wife put one off those slippers on one of the girl's feet, I put the other one on the other. I asked my wife to clasp her hand tightly around the heel and pull off the slipper and replace it, that she might feel the heel of the girl slip out and into the slipper again. We both did so, and became fully satisfied of the solidity and size of the feet. With the childish and merry laugh of a school-girl ringing from her lips, she kicked off both slippers and put her feet back into them several times. It was not Mrs. Allen, but a live girl not half the size of the medium. She came out as far as the middle of the parlor and danced as gracefully as any one I ever saw. After she retired to the cabinet, a form full six inches taller than her, came out, and the room was sufficiently light for me to recognize this lady as Lizzie Hatch, whom I had often seen materialized at the séances of Mrs. Ross, of which I shall write hereafter.

After the girl had disappeared, I picked up the slippers which she had left on the carpet and was examining them as Miss Hatch stepped out of the cabinet. At my request she came and sat down in a vacant chair beside my wife, and gave us permission to put the slippers on her feet, which we did, though with considerable difficulty, as the feet were larger than the girl's. By request I stood up beside her to compare our height, and she was a full inch taller than myself. She showed us her hands, and arms bare above the elbows, and then commenced a series of graceful movements with her hands, in which there was at first nothing visible. Soon, however, there appeared to be a small shred of gauze, which constantly increased in size until it was about one yard in length and one-third of a yard in width. This she presented to me, and bowing to the audience, disappeared within the cabinet. I have it yet, and have tried since then to find something like it, but have not been able, though

calling for the finest fabric in more than a hundred stores, from Boston, Mass., to Omaha, Neb. It is a finer article than anything I have ever seen made by mortal hands.

The next spirit that materialized that night was unmistakably a Scotch woman, and at once recognized by a Scotchman present as his deceased wife, who, he said, died in Scotland. I asked if she would permit us to put the slippers on her feet also. She sat down in a vacant chair, saying that we might try, but expressing doubts of our ability of doing so, as she always wore, she said, a number seven shoe. Mrs. Cadwell and myself made one effort, and found her feet to be at least three sizes too large. After the séance we tried to put them on Mrs. Allen's feet, by permission, but could not, as they were the right size for a number five shoe, while the slippers were only number three. Wm. Foster and many other well-known citizens of Providence were present, and will corroborate all I have stated.

As Mr. Bond introduced himself to me at Onset Bay, I remembered having read in *Facts Magazine* only a few days previous to that time, of a Mrs. Bond who had materialized at Mrs. Allen's séance with one of her lower limbs missing below the knee. Mr. Bond assured me that the statement was true in every particular, and that he fully recognized her as his wife, who had been, as the world calls it, dead for some months. The day after seeing Mr. Bond, I called on Mr. and Mrs. Bliss. Mrs. B. said to me that as she had been over-taxed of late, and as there was to be a crowded séance that night, she wished I would stay and occupy a seat close to one side of the cabinet door, opposite Mr. Bliss, as my magnetism assisted the spirits.

The front of the cabinet was two curtains coming together at the centre of the doorway, at which place the forms usually emerge. When the séance was nearly over, the curtain was pulled away from the side close to me, revealing a lady, about forty years of age, leaning against the door-casing. She motioned to some one to come forward, and a gentleman on the back seat responded. As he came up she placed one hand in his proffered arm, and the other on my head, and gave two or three short, quick hops on one foot.

All the forms that had previously appeared had been nicely dressed, mostly in the purest white. This one, however, had on only a lady's nightdress, the lower part of which was wrapped tightly around her lower limbs, or what there was of them, for one was positively missing from below the knee. Mrs. Maggie Folsom [now Mrs. Butler] was sitting nearly behind me some eight feet away, and turning toward her, I exclaimed, "For heaven's sake, look; here is a spirit with only one leg."

I had forgotten about Mr. Bond and the materialization of his wife at Mrs. Allen's séance until I heard him speak, as he informed the company that the lady by his side was unmistakably his wife. As this was a very remarkable case, I asked him to state briefly the particulars of her materializing in Providence. He said that on that occasion a number of persons felt of the end of the limb, and if any desired, they could do so now. There were at least forty ladies and gentlemen present, among whom was Prof. Worthen, the State geologist, of Illinois, and his wife. It was so evident to all present that she had but one foot and ankle, that no one accepted the invitation to come forward. Mr. Bond stated that after going back into Mrs. Allen's cabinet, she returned with both limbs as perfect as before one of them, while in earth-life, had been amputated. I will not attempt now to describe any of the other spirits who materialized that night, to the number of over forty, most of whom were fully recognized by husbands, wives, brothers, sisters and acquaintances.

I attended a number of other séances at Onset Bay, each worthy of more than a passing notice, but have only space to mention one given by the Berry sisters, whose séances I had previously attended in company with the editor of the *Banner of Light*, in Boston. On this occasion a spirit materialized, and taking a pencil, wrote with his own hand: "Well, old friend C., I am here. Waters cannot drown, nor waves overwhelm me. Wilder."

Those who have read my previous numbers, will remember my experience at the first private séance I ever had with Horatio and Mary Eddy, now Mrs. Huntoon, some fifteen years ago, in their early home in Chittenden, Vt. At that time George Wilder came and materialized enough to say that he was the one of whom I purchased the watch I then had in my pocket, and which I still carry with me: he said also that he had been carried over the dam at Holyoke, Mass., a few hours previous to that time, and drowned. The Eddys had no means of knowing that I bought the watch of Wilder. I had not heard of his death, and the Eddys declared they had never heard his name before. About two years ago I called on Mrs. Julia Crafts Smith on Tremont street, Boston, on business for a friend. There was stopping with her then a young lady by the name of Mrs. Anna Eldridge, who became entranced while I was there, and taking that watch from my vest pocket, said, "George is here, and says he put that up for four dollars, before he was carried over Holyoke dam. And Henry is here also, and tells me that he was starved to death in Andersonville prison."

Those two spirits materialized at the first private séance I ever attended at the old homestead of the Eddys in Chittenden, Vt., at which time Henry informed me of his death by starvation in that rebel prison, which statement I subsequently found to be correct. How could Mrs. Eldridge have known of them if they were not there? She gave me many proofs of the continued existence of other spirit-friends, and for nearly an hour was entranced by Rena, whom Mr. Baxter described as the spirit who had come to me many times before. After the entrancement I remarked that I was rather late for the séance of Mrs. James A. Bliss, which I was to attend that evening. Mrs. Eldridge expressed a wish to attend one of Mrs. B.'s séances, and as she would take no pay for the sitting, I invited her to accompany me.

During the evening Mr. Bliss remarked that one of the spirits who had materialized acted like a crazy person; and pointing to a man who sat close to me, he said: "I think the spirit wants you to come to the cabinet." The man responded, but did not recognize the face. Mrs. Eldridge said that her husband was crazy when he died. Being invited to the cabinet, and fearing to go, I encouraged her by going first. She was assured by the spirit that he came back in that way for a more satisfactory recognition.

Bidding a host of friends at Onset Bay a hasty good-by, I took the train for Lake Pleasant, where I tarried only one day, and then hurried on to the camp-meeting at Clinton, Iowa. I gave half-a-dozen mesmeric entertainments there to large and enthusiastic audiences, and developed several good mediums. Since then I have arranged at least six lectures per week, and visited many of the large cities of Iowa, Missouri, Eastern Kansas and Nebraska, too busy or too tired to continue my series of "Experiences" in the *Banner*, as I often wished to.

I have met scores of the readers of that paper in these far-away States who have expressed great pleasure at having perused the articles in which I have given to the world, in my plain, simple language, my personal experiences with the denizens of that unseen (?) country from which it has been said too often that "no traveler returns." During the past few weeks I have been deeply impressed—more than ever before—with the great fact that material things exist, of a more solid nature than flesh and bones, that are entirely invisible to human sight. If this be true, may not spiritual beings, as material to themselves as we are to our own senses, exist all around us, enjoying our society or weeping at our follies, without our knowing of their presence until our sense of sight is quickened, or, in Bible language, in the story of Balaam, our eyes are opened?

But few of the readers of the *Banner* are aware of the extent of mineral or coal deposits west of the Mississippi River. I have been in the principal cities of south-western Missouri and south-eastern Kansas during the last two months, and have been astounded at the immense quantities of coal, lead and zinc which exist in that part of the world. I was assured by well-informed men that in one county alone in Missouri there was known to be coal enough to supply the United States for nearly a thousand years. Think of the quantity in two beds or layers, of four and seven feet in thickness, thirty-six miles square, besides millions of tons in other counties! The manager of the Opera House in Girard, Kansas, says that the coal in that county is inexhaustible.

I gave six lectures in the Joplin, Mo., Opera House, commencing March 31st, to increasing audiences every night. The city of Joplin is in the south-west corner of Missouri, and has a population of about four thousand. While there, I visited the lead and zinc mines; and the principal buildings where the ores are converted into pure lead and zinc. The "Pacific Mine" is now doing the largest business of any in that place. One of the proprietors told me one day that they raised from that mine weekly sixty-five thousand pounds of lead ore and over fifty tons of zinc, and that several other mines within a few miles were doing nearly as well. The lead ore is worth forty dollars a ton, leaving a clear profit to the miners of twenty-eight dollars per ton over the cost of pumping the water from the mine, and royalty to the owners of the land. The zinc ore is now worth twenty dollars per ton, or about fifteen over the royalty and cost of pumping the water, which is used in washing the ore and preparing it for smelting. I spent some time in the Pacific Mine at the depth of about fifty feet below the surface of the ground. The workmen who had attended my mesmeric entertainments vied with each other in presenting me with choice specimens of lead and zinc ore, and of both curiously interblended with quartz, sulphur, and other substances.

After the ore is raised to the surface—by horse-power—it is washed in the water that is pumped from the mine. The large lumps, some of which weigh many pounds, are picked out, and if found to be either all lead or zinc, are wheeled off in barrows to separate piles, and those composed of both lead and zinc are broken up with hammers, requiring only a few blows to crumble a wheelbarrow load into small particles. The separating of the lead and zinc I at first thought would be a difficult undertaking. To do this, they have a box about six feet square nearly filled with water. In this box there is a smaller one with a sieve bottom, suspended from the short end of a twenty foot lever, the far end of which is held down by a pin in a post. The small box is filled by shoveling into it the crumbled ore. A workman then takes hold of the further end of the lever, pulls out the pin, letting the box of ore settle below the surface of the water in the large box. By giving his end of the lever a few quick motions, he raises and lowers the mineral in the water an inch or more, which causes the heaviest to settle to the bottom and the lightest to rise to the top. As the soil is lighter than the ore, it is shoveled off and thrown away. Below the soil there is a mixture of zinc and gravel, which is thrown back to the place from which it was taken in the wash trough. About six inches of brown, gravelly looking stuff is then shoveled out, which is the zinc ore. Two or three inches of a mixture of zinc and lead is then taken out and thrown back to the wash trough, and about six inches in depth of lead ore is found at the bottom of the box or "jig," which is shoveled out. That thrown back into the wash trough with other ore is shoveled into the jig, and the same process repeated.

The zinc ore is taken to the zinc works and ground, by being run through close-set rollers. It is carried by machinery into a large, shallow furnace, where, to the depth of about eight to twelve inches, it is exposed to a heat sufficient to vaporize and consume the sulphur, which comprises about one-tenth of the bulk when taken from the mine. Retorts, made of fire-brick, ground and molded to the proper form, are filled with the purified ore in another furnace, and subjected to an intense heat that changes it into a vapor, which finally condenses into the common zinc metal. It is drawn out into ladles and poured into molds to cool off, and be shipped to market.

The lead ore, called mineral, is taken to the smelting furnace in the westerly part of the city, where it is run through rollers and then melted in a large furnace, and run off into molds containing about sixty pounds each.

It had been suspected for many years that much valuable matter escaped in vapor and smoke. Quite recently a process was discovered to save that which was previously lost, by changing the vapor and smoke into vast quantities of the purest and most valuable white lead to be found in any country.

The smoke from the chimney of the furnace in which the ore is melted is connected with a large iron pipe some three to four feet in diameter and about three hundred feet in length, connected with a steam fan. The further end of the pipe terminates in a large brick building, where the smoke is discharged into a number of large woolen sacks; the lower ends are connected with sheet-iron tanks, about ten feet square at the top and funnel-shaped at the bottom.

The smoke condenses in the sacks and adheres to the sides, from which it is shaken two or three times a day by a few light blows of a rattan or cane, and settles into the tanks. A workman draws out a slide at the lower end once a day, allowing the accumulation to fall to the ground. It is shoveled into wheelbarrows and taken to another building, where, with a quantity of coke, it is put into a furnace and subjected to an intense heat. From the lower part of the furnace a liquid mass comes out which of itself forms two separate streams, one of them being, as a workman informed me, a more valuable quality of lead than has ever been produced before, and which, by the old process of smelting, was entirely lost. The metal obtained by this method, I was assured, actually pays the running expenses of the entire establishment, amounting to about two hundred and forty dollars a day. The other stream of molten matter coming from the furnace is of a glassy nature, and I am told could be utilized in the manufacture of a cheap glass ware, if they had room to spare.

Here comes in the most wonderful part of the entire process: The smoke from this furnace is conducted by a flue into a large iron pipe of about the size of the one first described, but having several curves for purposes I could not quite understand, unless for obtaining the requisite length in a shorter distance. The smoke from the last-mentioned pipe is conducted to another large building and discharged into about two hundred sacks, each twelve to fifteen inches in diameter, and fifteen feet or more in length, the lower ends of which are connected with bins. The smoke condenses in the sacks as common smoke from a wood fire does in flues where soot accumulates. A workman shakes the sacks several times a day by giving them light blows with a cane, or in any other way he pleases, and the accumulated matter falls into bins, the purest white lead on earth. It is shoveled into barrels, and loaded into cars on the track beside the building, and sent to market.

Those who have never heard of this process before, will be slow to believe that six tons of pure white lead is made from nothing but smoke in one establishment every twenty-four hours. The owner was a poor man four years ago, who, I was informed, is now a millionaire, having accumulated by this simple discovery a million and a half dollars in the last four years.

I presume that many of your readers will doubt the truthfulness of my statements; but if they will send a stamped, addressed envelope, to the South-west Lead and Zinc Company, Joplin, Mo., the agent will corroborate all I have written on this subject in this communication. The most important point I wish to make, however, is this:

If matter as solid as lead can exist in an invisible state in such quantities, why may not a material being stand by me, as possibly there does now, invisible to all, save those who are possessed of clairvoyant sight.

Disconnect the flue of the furnace, with the pipe first-mentioned, and six tons of pure white lead, worth here five cents a pound, or six hundred dollars, and two hundred and forty dollars' worth of common lead, and large quantities of slag that, as before remarked, could be made into cheap glassware, would go off into the atmosphere from one chimney in Joplin every twenty-four hours! Millions of people will not believe that spirits exist, simply because they cannot see them. I believe that Paul was right when he said in his Epistle to the Corinthians, that some have the gift of discerning spirits; but strange as it may seem, the churchmen who say you must believe their Bible or be damned, call me by such names as Heretic and Infidel because I believe it.

Mediumship of Mrs. James A. Bliss.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Though aware of the difficulty you have to find room in your columns for the many accounts sent you descriptive of constantly occurring spirit phenomena, I venture to send you a few words in reference to Mrs. James A. Bliss, and of what I know of that lady as a medium for the production of what are termed materialized spirit-forms. I have attended many of her séances, but I will not trespass upon your space to the extent that would be required to describe a fractional part of the many tests and wonderful things I have seen through her mediumship; but a single one of my recent experiences may be briefly told in this connection: A few weeks since, while at one of her séances, I was called to the cabinet by my dear wife, a denizen of the spirit-world, whom I fully recognized, as I had many times under like circumstances before, and warmly greeted her, while at the same moment just back of her stood Capt. Hodges, the controlling spirit of Mrs. Bliss's séances, in full military dress. Later, while "Billy," a cabinet spirit, was saluting the company, and shaking hands with several, "Lucille," another cabinet spirit, parted the curtains and while in plain view said to him, "Come back." "Billy" at once turned in the direction of the voice, and replied, "Please don't be in a hurry; wait a little."

"Lucille" seemed to possess great materializing ability that evening, for at the close of the séance, when Mrs. Bliss, as is customary with her, entranced by her Indian guide, "Little Wolf," emerged from the cabinet, she passed directly by "Lucille," who was standing plainly in view at the opening of the curtains, the dress of the medium sweeping against that of the spirit.

Thirty-one spirits appeared that evening, and there were many touching scenes as one and another recognized their returning friends from beyond the gates, demonstrating beyond the possibility of a doubt the fact of immortality and the nearness of the spirit-world to this. Several of the spirits sang, and the sweet tones of their voices few who heard can soon forget; they will linger in the chambers of their memory while life on earth shall last.

One interesting peculiarity of Mrs. B.'s séances is the number and diversity of appearance and characteristics of those who are denominated "cabinet spirits," in itself a convincing proof of the genuineness of her mediumship: *Capt. Hodges*, a firm, erect figure, whose every motion is made with military precision; *Alice*, a tall, queenly-appearing form, who often stands midway between the company and the cabinet and in a clear, fine soprano voice pours forth her joyousness in song; *Billy*, a short, active youth, always ready with his words of wit or wisdom, as those who address him may seem to require; *Lucille*, a blithe, graceful young lady, of charming manners, who frequently seats herself at an instrument and plays an accompaniment to the song she sings; *Helen*, sister of Lucille, shorter in stature, who sings alto with remarkable clearness; another spirit, a mere child, who, standing between the curtains, sings in her childish way, "Sweet Beulah Land"; *Blue Feather*, a slight Indian maid, whose quaint manner, quick, sharp repartee and ludicrous comments upon herself and some one or more of the circle, often convulse her auditors with laughter; *Little Wolf*, a perfect Indian brave, strong as a giant and true as steel in his guardianship of the medium; *Mrs. McCarthy*, an Irish lady, whose "God bless you!" is repeated, near a score of times, with an exuberance of manner and a "brogue" that plainly mark her nationality; these, so different in size, form, voice, manner and abilities, each exhibiting his and her special individuality under all conditions and at all times, furnish illustrations of spirit-life that constantly interest and instruct.

The purpose of these so-called "cabinet spirits" is, as I understand, to assist spirits who are not familiar with the *modus operandi* of making themselves visible to mortals. While the personal friends of those in the circle are making ready to appear, these cabinet spirits come out and seek to interest the company, which they never fail to do.

In closing I would remark that I am confident any one attending a series of Mrs. Bliss's séances, with the right feeling and motive, will have his highest expectations met and be convinced that even now the resurrection morn has come indeed. "Seek, and ye shall find; knock [in the right spirit], and it shall be opened unto you," and face to face you can stand with the dear departed who have crossed the "shining river."

E. W. SMITH.

Boston, Mass.

KING PHILIP.

Delivered at Onset Bay Camp-Ground,

BY JOSEPH D. STILES.

Two centuries away have passed
Since my immortal lot was cast
In Hunting-Grounds beyond the grave—
The roll of time's relentless wave.
In spirit do I press once more
The sands of life's wave-beaten shore,
And haunt with joy that none can tell,
The spots King Philip loved so well.

The same fair sky of azure spreads
Its gorgeous mantle o'er your heads,
That covered the material brow
Of him who speaks to mortals now;
The same star-lamps of heaven still light
The dusky countenance of night;
While o'er the great and wondrous whole
Presides the same Eternal Soul.

But ah! how changed is Nature's face!
How changed her symmetry and grace!
The forests wear a silent gloom,
The silence of the dreaded tomb;
The trees that heavenward proudly reared
Their giant heads have disappeared,
Or vanished, like affrighted ghosts,
Before the white man's conquering hosts.

Oh! where the grounds the red man trod,
And rendered homage to his God,
The Spirit who controls and guides
The raging winds and fickle tides?
Oh! where the young and stalwart forms,
That breasted and defied the storms,
And rode triumphant o'er the waves,
Ere white man hounded them like slaves?

Responses from the sombre past]
Crowd mem'ry's chambers thick and fast;
The echoes of their feet once more
Resound along Atlantic's shore.
Invisible to human eye,
Their weird canoes float noiseless by;
Their muffled, cleaving oar, no ear,
Save by an inner sense, can hear.

They studied Nature's Book of Books—
They read her texts in birds and brooks;
In furious gale, in grateful shower,
In lofty tree, in lowly flower,
In nodding grass, in murm'ring rill,
In vernal glade, in tow'ring hill
They read the sermons of the love
Of Him who rules and reigns above.

The cricket's chirp, the lightning's flash,
Th' responding thunder's awful crash,
The moaning sea, the tempest wild,
The shadows dark, the sunshine mild,
The raging winds, the ocean's roll
Were voices to the red man's soul
Of Him who from chaotic night
Awoke a slumb'ring earth to light!

As up and down yon waves of blue
The anglers do their sports pursue,
Ah! little think they by their sides
Are hov'ring near unnumbered guides:
Once proud possessors of the soil
Now marked by white man's fruitful toil
In spirit do they come again
To haunt each river, glade and glen.

Two hundred years have rushed along!
Atlantic sings the same old song,
As when its shores King Philip trod,
At peace with man, at rest with God.
And as it winds upon its way,
From morn to eve, from eve to day,
It kisses e'er the green-clad bed
Where sleeps in death King Philip's head.

No more upon the trail he goes
To seek the death of vengeful foes;
His belt no longer bears the stain
Of blood of victims he has slain;
The arrow, tomahawk, and bow,
Rest with him in the grave below:
Their work of woe and death is o'er,
There let them slumber evermore.

King Philip and his tribe have found
At last a happy Hunting-Ground;
No pale-faced warrior can despoil
Their title to its sacred soil.
Unchecked its holy glades they roam,
And undisturbed, find there a home;
No power can e'er their tribes disband,
For God, the Father, owns the land.

Before the same Great Power they bend,
Praise the same Father, God and Friend!
Together chant the same sweet song,
Whose glad refrain is: "Death to wrong!"
They skip along the starry floor,
By angry passions stirred no more;
Their lives are blent in unison,
Their mission, work, and purpose one.

Pale-faces: May we hand and heart
Unite in doing well the part
That Heaven has to our trust assigned,
In elevating all mankind;
That when you turn the river's bend
Your souls in triumph may ascend
The steeps of yon Celestial Land
To clasp King Philip by the hand.

An Appeal to Spiritualists.

Written by Mrs. K. R. Stiles, under the inspiration of her spirit-guides.

The time for your annual Convocations is fast approaching, and we who are more deeply interested in the cause which brings you together than mortals possibly can be, send out at this time, through the hand of one of our chosen instruments, an earnest appeal for your coöperation with us, in our endeavors to make the Convocations of this year truly spiritual; that they may thereby be memorable for the great work done in the interest of science and for the advancement of humanity.

Never was there a time when such wondrous possibilities were so near the grasp of the people of earth-life as at the present. The spirit-world comes to you laden with rich gifts, and all we ask of you, dear friends, is that you reach out your hands and receive these tokens of our love and of our power.

Through the evolutionary processes of Nature, we, who have lain aside the mantle of flesh, have been developed to a more perfect understanding of her laws, and we are anxious to impart to the people of earth knowledge which shall enable them to have a better comprehension of their relation as spirits embodied in physical forms, to the world of matter in which they live.

To the accomplishment of this [illegible] themselves together for the production of spiritual phenomena, which shall not only be "proof palpable" of the immortality of man, but which shall also prove man's power to control material conditions.

Many of the phenomena which we are desirous of producing in your midst the coming season are entirely new, never having been witnessed by the people of earth. These phenomena can only be produced under the most favorable conditions. The coming together of so large a body of people whose perceptions of spiritual laws have been somewhat quickened, brings great focalization of power; and in proportion to the harmony that exists among you, can this power be utilized for the production of phenomena. Therefore is it that we send out at this time our plea for harmony. Banish as far as may be, from your platforms and séance-rooms, all subjects of a controversial tendency. Strive for an amicable adjustment of whatever differences of opinion may there exist among you. Remember that as no two faces wear the same expression, so by the same law is it impossible for the thoughts of different individuals to run at all times in parallel lines. Let it be your aim to make the atmosphere about you one of purity and of love, that the pure and loving ones who stand waiting to pour you out a blessing such as you shall hardly have room to receive, may be able to come in closer *rapport* than ever before with the people who convene at the various camp-meetings during the coming months.

Onward! onward! is our cry.
To what has been turn not back;
We are coming to supply
Whatsoe'er your souls do lack.

Onward! onward! friends of earth;
On! until your souls are free;
On! to things of greater worth;
On! to Truth and Victory.

Faint not, pause not by the way,
With us onward press for Right.
Onward! for the coming day
Shines with lustre far more bright.

ONSET MEDITATIONS.

BY SHADOWS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It was four o'clock Sunday afternoon, July 13th. The sun was shining brightly, and had been for the three or four past hours, though the morning had been a little moist—not, however, enough to keep the population housed—but now it was bright and sunny. I was seated on the Bluff looking bayward and enjoying the picture. I felt as if Voltaire and Goethe and Thomas Jefferson and Charles Darwin were all sitting on the seat with me; from the discourse that afternoon, they had been as spirits on the platform—at least it pleases me to think so—and had followed me to this Bluff and were enjoying the sights of the bay with me. In my meditations it did not occur to me why they should have left the land of Beulah, the land of light and beauty, even to enjoy this sight which for the moment seemed to be my attraction. I felt very contented, reverential and happy, and something must have made me so. So let me feel as if I was stating a truth, for it certainly is within the bounds of possibility that I was in good spirit company.

The steamboat is just leaving the wharf for New Bedford with its human freight, and the wharf is full of people seeing the departure. It is a pretty sight: boats floating on the bay, islands and inlets here and there, the steamboat slowly and prettily sailing out, and now lost behind Wicket's Island, and when seen again is miles away and homeward bound. The people on the wharf, seemingly thousands, now begin to move landward and scatter themselves over the domain, filling the Bluff, promenading on walks or sitting on the piazzas of the tasty little cottages that cover the locality.

Every season this place shows progress; more cottages being built, halls, skating-rinks, hotels—so many of the latter now no one need complain of any want of accommodation. One of the striking improvements to be noticed is the tasty new building for the Association's headquarters, handy and picturesque. The cupola—some might call it the attic—is the President's (H. B. Storer) headquarters. Well, he is an aspiring man, and an upper story is more his place than earthly or basement quarters would be. These headquarters, connecting with the rear of the auditorium, constitute one of the handiest and most conspicuous objects on the place. Another thing to notice is the number of new walks, both plank and asphalt. They are both an attraction and a convenience.

During the opening Sunday G. A. Fuller talked eloquently of science and the gospel, and J. Clegg Wright kept every one intent on his masterly address on the influence of Modern Spiritualism on modern thought. He is a very remarkable medium, and when under influence he is a spiritual study. I certainly felt larger for listening to him, and his happy way of illustrating his thought with Voltaire and Goethe and Thomas Jefferson and Charles Darwin somewhat psychologized me, making me feel as if, after he had done with them, they had come with me to this breezy seat on the Bluff. I hope, however, I have not hurt their feelings by anything I have written, and will only say I am willing to be forgiven.

I am glad the Spiritualists own this place, which is growing so fast; and every time I go there, season after season, I feel satisfied it is bound to be a popular and populous place to spend the warm weeks of summer. It seems to me as if the managers felt as if they had a good thing and were bound to keep it so. It is not a long distance from the "Hub," only two hours; so one, like this writer, fond of his home, can leave of a Sunday morning and have a good long day at Onset, and then get home in the evening; but the way to enjoy Onset is to have your cottage and stay there as many do.

I notice many if not most of the prominent mediums are resting at this camp this season. Mr. and Mrs. Bliss are there, so are the Berry Sisters, and seem to be very happy; Mrs. Stoddard Gray, also Mr. Hough; so are Mr. and Mrs. Caffray of New York, and many others.

Boston, Mass.

The greatest man is he who chooses right with the most invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptation from without and within; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is the calmest in the storm, and the most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue and on God is most unfaltering.

A New York car-driver when he wants to clear the track shouts, "Hi, there, hi." A Chicago driver strikes his bell and shouts, "Shake 'em up there, will you?" A Boston driver says, "Deviate from the direct line those equine appendages; accelerate, accelerate, lively, now."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Passed to Spirit-Life:

From Madison, Neb., June 28th, 1884, Mr. Ira Wiley, aged 80 years 2 months and 28 days.

Mr. Wiley has been a Spiritualist for thirty years, and a reader of the *Banner of Light* most of the time. He suffered a long while, but waited patiently for the angel to come and escort him home. The writer visited him during his sickness, and he requested him to say to friends that "he had found Spiritualism a grand religion to live by and a glorious religion to die by." Thus he passed away, knowing whither he was going. It was Mr. Wiley's request that a notice of his death be published in the *Banner*.

E. F. PHINEY.

From his home in South Middleboro', Mass., July 9th, of consumption, Allen Chamberlain, aged 57 years.

He was a firm Spiritualist, patient and willing to go. He leaves a faithful wife, brothers and many friends. The funeral service commenced at 11 A. M. at the former residence, and after brief exercises the body was followed by a large procession six miles to South Carver, and the services were continued in the Union Church. The choir sang three beautiful songs, and a discourse of about thirty minutes in length was delivered, based on manifestations recorded in the 16th chapter of St. Mark, as compared with the death and resurrection of to-day. At the conclusion the poem, "We are Coming Home," was read. This service was concluded with [illegible] Godsey, of Marshfield.

[illegible]

COMPANIONS ON THE ROAD.

Life's milestones marking year on year,
Pass ever swifter as we near
The final goal, the silent end
To which our fated footsteps tend.
A year once seemed a century,
Now like a day it hurries by,
And doubts and fears our hearts oppress,
And all the day is weariness.

Ah me! how glad and gay we were,
Youth's sap in all our veins astir,
When long ago, with spirits high,
A happy, careless company,
We started forth, when everything
Wore the green glory of the spring,
And all the fair wide world was ours,
To gather as we would its flowers!

Then, Life almost eternal seemed,
And death a dream so vaguely dreamed,
That in the distance scarce it threw
A cloud-shade on the mountain blue,
That rose before us soft and fair,
Clothed in ideal hues of air,
To which we meant, in after time,
Strong in our manhood's strength, to climb.

How all has changed! Years have gone by,
And of that joyous company
With whom our youth first journeyed on,
Who—who are left! Alas, not one!
Love earliest loitered on the way;
Then turned his face and slipped away;
And after him, with footsteps light,
The fatal Graces took their flight,
And all the careless joys, that lent
Their revelry and merriment,
Grew silenter, and, ere we knew,
Had smiled their last, and said "adieu."

Hope, faltering then with doubtful mind,
Began to turn and look behind,
And we, half questioning, were fain
To follow with her back again;
But fate still urged us on our way,
And would not let us pause or stay.
Then to our side, with plaintive eye,
In place of Hope came Memory,
And murmured of the Past, and told
Dear stories of the days of old,
Until its very dross seemed gold,
And Friendship took the place of Love.

Banner Correspondence.

Vermont.

PROCTORSVILLE.—Mrs. Luther O. Weeks writes: "Previous to our late successful Mass Convention at the Wilder House, Plymouth Union, Vt., our little community of Spiritualists on 'Twenty-Mile Stream' had been strengthened and refreshed by a visit from our dear sister and medium, Mrs. S. A. Jesmer of Amsden, Vt. This lady is well known to very many as a healer, psychometrist and test medium. She is the widow of a soldier, feeble in health, but strong in her desire to render assistance in all ways in her power to mortals and to the angel world, and grandly does she succeed. Her tests are wonderful, her reading the characters of persons by their letters or by articles belonging to them is surprising and is proof of spirit-agency. She gives names of spirits with great clearness and accuracy. A friend of ours, a member of the church, and who knew nothing of Spiritualism, beyond supposing it to be a delusion and a snare of the evil one, was with us a few days in March, 1883. During the time he was here we told him much of our faith, also read him many a choice liberalism from Ingersoll and Kersey Graves. He admitted the philosophy was beautiful, and he *wished it were true*, but knew it was not, because the Word of God must be infallible! and our honest friend in the goodness of his heart besought us to go in the only safe way, for if we *should* be mistaken then all would be right. I told him if his God were half as merciful and good as *he* was, he would surely condemn no one to endless torture. We never saw him again. He wrote he was coming to visit us in March this year, but February 10th (dear Mrs. Kenyon's spirit-birthday), he passed from earth. Mrs. Jesmer was here in May. She had given us many tests, and I bethought me of a letter from the gentleman's wife, writing us of her husband's death. I had hardly brought it into the room when she was entranced and exclaimed, 'Who is Charlie Taylor? He comes to you, thanking you for all the words of enlightenment you gave him.'

The spirit controlled her for half an hour, telling us of the beautiful heaven he had found; of his entrance to spirit-life; of the entrancing strains of music that filled his soul with joy unspeakable and greeted his enraptured ear. 'Sunlight,' the little control of Mrs. J., said he was a beautiful spirit, so pure and good, and worthy a dwelling with the bright angels. She told us of his earth occupation, and gave many other tests. It was most convincing, especially as no one in this vicinity had heard of his passing over. I, wishing a test, had not mentioned it. Never since the days when our sainted sister, Mrs. Nellie J. Kenyon, gave us to drink from living waters, have we had better tests than through Mrs. Jesmer. And, too, our darling Nellie comes to us so easily through her organism. Hours I sat and communed with the dear ones passed from sight, and so real seemed their presence, that I wondered why I might not see them, even through my own tear-dimmed vision. In my heart I thanked that grand speaker, Mrs. Fanny Davis Smith, for her eloquent tribute to the worth and life-work of our beloved sister, Mrs. Kenyon, at our late Convention, and I know that Mrs. K.'s many friends were glad to see her dear pictured face among the flowers which adorned the speaker's desk, showing that she is held in grateful remembrance.

Heaven bless the good and true mediums! It would be a lonely world without their hands to hold the beautiful gates ajar through which the angel visitants can descend to come and console and bless the weary ones of earth. Our little semi-monthly circles are fed through the organism of Mrs. O. I. Spaulding. Long may she be able to give words of greeting and affection from the spirits so kindly and well. Filled with humility herself, she feels that her efforts are very feeble indeed, but her friends can well appreciate them. My uncle, an old gentleman recently visiting us, after a half hour's converse with spirit-friends through Mrs. Spaulding, said he had been richly repaid for the forty mile journey over the mountains, and that the communion held with his dear ones was a *reality* to him. Although struggling with physical weakness and poor health she is yet willing to help all in her power in the glorious work, and we feel that she by her loving acts of sympathy and kindness is building better than she can think, a beautiful home beyond the tide. Long may she be spared to us. We selfishly desire the bright lights to burn on, till the whole world shall be enlightened."

Connecticut.

NEW HAVEN.—Mary H. Mosher, Secretary of the Society of Spiritualists in this city, writes: "In the Banner Message Department, June 28th, appeared a communication from BURRITT MANVILLE of New Haven. It was acknowledged by those who were personally acquainted with him to be a truthful communication, and characteristic of him. It formed a basis for remarks for conference and lecture.

The question was asked by a gentleman in the audience, why Burritt Manville, who knew nothing of Spiritualism, could go to Boston, find his way to the *Banner of Light* office, and send a message to his friends from thence, instead of manifesting in New Haven.

Mrs. Dr. Wright, the President, gave a satisfactory answer to the question, in a very able and interesting lecture on Mediumship and the laws that govern it, after which Spirit George Beckwith took control, and said it was through his influence that Spirit Burritt Manville came and gave the communication. He also said that it had been read by those connected with Mr. Manville in business, and it had set some to thinking.

We know that the Banner Message Department is doing a great work. It is reaching many homes and hearts that we do not hear from, but we know the harvest will be a hundred fold. I have one more instance to relate to show the great good it is doing:

Some dear friends of mine residing in Lynn, Mass., lost a dear little daughter. The mother was almost unconsolable at her loss; she had been deeply afflicted the past year, thinking, perhaps, she would be called to part from her husband, but the death-angel that had hovered so long over the household took the little blossom instead, and the husband seemed to regain his health. The trials the mother had passed through had left her in a very nervous condition. She found it impossible to sleep, for in the silent hours of night she missed her babe more than ever. Medicine was of no avail.

One night she asked for the *Banner of Light*. They gave it to her; she turned to the 'Message Department' and read some of the communications, then folded it in her arms, and quietly *went to sleep*. Those messages not only brought peace and consolation to the mother's heart, but came with healing on their wings. They seemed to bring her little babe nearer to her, and night after night she followed this course, till health was restored. She told me the 'Department' was her Bible. It was indeed the gospel of truth to her worn and tired spirit.

I wish to chronicle the coming of Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, who lectured for us May 22d and 23d to large and deeply interested audiences. We shall try to have her with us again in the fall, and we would say to all who have the opportunity: 'Go and hear her.'"

NEW HAVEN.—R. P. Goodsell writes: "In reviewing the refusal of Dewitt Talmage to accept the invitation kindly proffered by Mrs. Williams to investigate as a seeker after truth on the mortal plane, and witness for himself the phenomena which support the Spiritual Philosophy, it appears strange that he should have felt obliged to offer such reasons as he did why he would not thus investigate. To any person of just discrimination and candor of expression it would hardly be expected that the 'mailmox and the plague' should be introduced to the inquirer's notice as illustrative of his (his readers') views. It seems that he could write quite equally nearly on the Scripture question. The world then [illegible] with us, they are sturdy and they are [illegible] believe the tangible facts offered to be presented to prove the truth of Spiritualism to his mind reminded him of his knowledge of those diseases, which, he knew, to be destructive of human life. To follow out his hypothesis, he should be able to show from the history of Spiritualism in the last thirty-six years that it has destroyed even one human life. Why, then, did he introduce such a comparison and illustration? Spiritualism offers first, its statements; second, its proofs; and by these proofs are the truths of its statements substantiated. Mr. T.'s denials will avail him nothing. His testimony is merely negative. He claims to know that certain mediums could tilt the table and make raps. We call upon him to explain these phenomena without attributing them to disembodied spirits, or by his silence acknowledge himself unable to do so."

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.—Walter M. Gaines, who had not, until the occasion of which he writes, seen any of the phenomena of Spiritualism, after describing the preliminary dark séance of DeWitt C. Hough, during which he was unqualifiedly convinced of the genuineness of the manifestations, says: "The gas was turned on, rather dim, but strong enough to distinctly see everything and every person in the room. In a few seconds the curtains of the cabinet were pushed aside and there stood a lovely form, clothed in white, and wearing a peculiar headdress. With others I approached the ethereal-looking being, stood less than an arm's length from her, and noticed particularly the small wrist, tapering arm and fingers, and the symmetry of her form. Her features were exquisite. Immediately after I took my seat another form appeared, also a female, and was recognized by a lady in the circle as her daughter. The spirit came out of the cabinet and stood by the medium's mother. Mrs. Gray, who, it was said, supplied strength for the spirit to retain visible form. The lady who gave the recognition then approached the spirit, and mother and daughter engaged in conversation.

After this form went into the cabinet we all saw something moving or rather flickering on the carpet near Mrs. Gray's feet. Mrs. Gray stood between us and the cabinet, and this object was on the carpet between us and Mrs. Gray and consequently very near those forming the circle. It looked like a little luminous cloud, as near as I can describe it. It kept increasing in size until we could see the dim outlines of a human form that eventually developed into a beautiful female who tripped lightly round the room, touching some of those in the circle and taking a seat with us. She soon went back to Mrs. Gray, however, and stood there. Then she commenced to dematerialize. The lower portions of her dress and person became very dim, or, rather, seemed to melt away, while the upper parts approached and seemed to rest on the carpet. This continued slowly until the form had entirely vanished. After this a majestic-looking figure, much taller than the first, materialized in sight of us all. This form, tall and stately, claimed to be Joan of Arc. A French flag was handed her, which she waved with seeming delight. She then commenced to melt away, as did the first, still holding the flag, and continued to do so until she had entirely disappeared. The flag lay motionless on the carpet, when a hand and arm materialized, took hold of it, and then the whole form materialized almost instantly. She stood there a little while and then started for the cabinet, but dissolved before she could reach it.

A very sprightly spirit, 'Star Eye,' materialized for us several times, in full view of all, and it looked very mysterious to see her gradually envelope herself in a gossamer-like fabric that looked like a bridal veil. Many other spirits materialized. Frequently female forms were instantly followed by male forms. After the séance was over I closely examined the part of the floor where the spirits materialized. There was nothing there but the unbroken carpet."

Nebraska.

LINCOLN.—C. M. Aley writes, July 7th: "We have met with many remarkable experiences in our investigations of Spiritualism, but we remember nothing more marvelous and calculated to impress the mind of the intervention of our spirit-friends in our affairs, of their frequently aiding to save us from injury, and even death, than the following. Being personally acquainted with the party whose name I shall use in this narrative, and knowing him to be the soul of truthfulness and honor, I can vouch for the facts being in every respect literally true.

In the spring of 1882, while engaged in office work in the general offices of the D. & R. G. Railway, at Colorado Springs, Col., Mrs. Stearns, a lady well known in the West as a medium and lecturer on Spiritualism, visited the town and delivered lectures, subsequently favoring a number of people with private sittings. Among these was my most intimate friend, S. A. McClure. He had mining property near Leadville, which he spent the summer season developing. I should also say of McClure that he was and is very mediumistic. During his sitting with Mrs. Stearns, after she had described his mining camp, a hundred and fifty miles away, (as he told me afterward with as much accuracy as he could have done himself) she told him that during the summer, while in the mountains, he would have a narrow escape for his life, and referred to a high, jutting point of rock near his camp, which he said he had often noticed and thought dangerous, as likely to break loose and crash down the mountain side. This the medium informed him would occur, and that he would be placed in great danger, as he would be passing the point below, but that he would be warned in time to avoid it. When McClure told me of this statement of the medium I was incredulous, naturally, but made a special request that should it really happen he would let me know at once. Some two months after that McClure went to his mines, and in July I returned East, stopping in Southern Kansas—all the time maintaining a correspondence with my friend, but can say that this prediction, or a thought of its fulfillment, was not mentioned, so far as I now remember, after we separated last, and it had partially faded from my memory. In this frame of mind it is natural that I should be startled to read in the first lines of a letter from McClure in the latter part of July these words: 'Mrs. Stearns's prediction has come true.' He wrote that as he was passing below this point on the trail, the rock broke off and came crashing down, but that he heard a voice speak right out, warning him, as audibly as he ever heard a voice, and thus saving him from harm, perhaps death. This fact I can substantiate as strongly as reliable human testimony possibly can; and in the presence of even one *such* fact, what can the scientists, the materialists, or the sneering theologians say?"

Massachusetts.

ONSET BAY.—W. L. Jack, M.D., writes: "Quite a number of beautiful cottages are upon the camping-grounds of Onset, and the hotels well kept. The Glen Cove is a fine House, and Hotel Onset, for comfort, fine views, excellent accommodations and good cooking, cannot be excelled. The landlords, Messrs. Neal and Dunham, are always on the alert in providing for the comfort of all who patronize their delightful home. Among the guests of the hotel are Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Hare of Philadelphia, son of Prof. Robert Hare, and Mr. John Davis of Bradford, Mass., the stanch friend of the *Banner of Light*, and a lifelong Spiritualist. We met our mutual friends here, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Lyman, who have come to spend a few days; also A. S. Hayward, who, with his smiling face and pleasant atmosphere, is peacefully enjoying himself in this delightful place. I find the *Banner of Light* is eagerly sought for and read by the residents."

Vermont State Convention.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Vermont State Spiritualist Association held its Quarterly Convention in J. H. Brown's Hall, Barton Landing, Vt., Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 20th, 21st and 22d. The large and pleasant hall had been beautifully and tastily decorated by the ladies of the place with evergreens and hanging baskets and plants and beautiful and costly pictures. Upon the platform, between the Secretary's table and the speaker's desk, was a mammoth bouquet composed of a great variety of flowers, which filled the hall with their perfume.

Friday Morning.—The meeting was called to order by the President, Mr. Alonzo Hubbard of Tyson Furnace, at 11 o'clock A. M., and we listened to a song by the Glee Club of Duxbury, "There's a Good Time Coming," (and it came) followed by a beautiful invocation by Mrs. Abbie Crossett of Duxbury. After another song by the Glee Club, an informal conference was held and continued until dinner time. The opening remarks of the President were appropriate, timely and good, referring to the purpose of our meeting together, to our welcome here by friends, and the beautiful decoration of the hall by the ladies, surpassing in beauty and loveliness anything that had before greeted us. Mrs. Crossett, being called, gave a very acceptable poetical address, short but good, which called forth earnest remarks by Dr. Gould of West Randolph, upon the purpose, principles, uses and influences of Spiritualism, assuring us that this Convention will prove a grand success. Remarks by Mr. Albee of Barton Landing; song by the Glee Club, "I Hear Sweet Angel-Voices." The President remarked that the multitude of invisible witnesses around us help to make up a larger audience than we suppose we have, and referred to the excellent manifestations at the Ludlow Convention. Dr. Gould urged all to take part in the exercises. The Secretary saw and described two spirits, one standing, the other sitting beside gentlemen in the audience, both of whom were recognized. Song by the Glee Club, "Live for an Object." Benediction by Mrs. Abbie Crossett.

Friday Afternoon.—Song by the Glee Club. Conference of one hour. Dr. Gould said that from the seemingly few meetings held here and there, a superficial or opposing individual might think there was very little being done in our cause. He then gave an account of the number of meetings and conventions held in the State, including our grand camp-meeting, showing that a good work is being done. Judge Crossett of Duxbury, followed with an account of what they were doing in his section. His remarks were gladly received. Sabin Scott, of Eden Mills, made some good, encouraging remarks, also W. B. Parish, upon "The Origin of Ideas and Inventions," which called out some vigorous remarks from Dr. Gould upon the same subject. Bro. Scott spoke of a New Hampshire Convention himself and wife had attended, the account of which was very interesting. George A. Fuller, of Massachusetts, being called upon, said he agreed with what Bros. Parish and Gould had said [illegible] reasons for so doing. Bro. Scott again arose and made some good remarks, as he always does. Song by Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Davis, of Duxbury, "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" Address by Mrs. Abbie Crossett, who said there has ever been a huge stumbling-block in the human pathway, and that was death. Mankind have ever been seeking a solution of the problem it involved, and to learn something of a life beyond the grave. The discourse was an excellent one. After a song by the choir and benediction by Mrs. Crossett, the meeting adjourned.

Friday Evening.—A song was given by the Glee Club, after which was held a conference of one hour. Dr. James V. Mansfield of New York being called upon, made some brief but very interesting remarks relative to his mediumship and experiences, adding that he thought an ounce of *facts* were worth a pound of philosophy. He related an anecdote of an old gentleman, who, with his wife, had made an agreement that the one who passed away first should come back, if possible, and communicate with the other. The wife went first, and at the third trial succeeded in communicating through Dr. Mansfield. The man came five hundred miles to get his message, which was just what she had promised to give. He took it, highly pleased, and passed into the street, but returned and asked the Doctor if he was a Christian, and not getting a fully satisfactory answer, tore the message in pieces and threw it away. So much for Christian bigotry. Another man, a prominent merchant, and deacon of a church, called and wished to communicate with a certain man. The Doctor says there is a lady here who wishes to, and did write out a message. The man said he did not come there to communicate with a woman, it was a man he wished to hear from. The Doctor replied, "I cannot help it, she has written out this message." The man said, "I don't want it. I did not come here to communicate with her," and in a passion started into the street, but soon returned, and said he wanted that message. Dr. Mansfield said, "You can't have it; you did not want to communicate with this woman, but I will read it to you." The message commenced by saying, "My dear husband, I have no ill-will against you. I can forgive you and the woman you are living with, for murdering me, but live and try and be a better man," and more to the same effect which I cannot report. The man raised his hands, while the tears were streaming from his eyes, and said, "My God! what shall I do? What shall I do?" And entreating the Doctor not to expose him and never mention it, took the message, and went his way a wiser, if not a better man. So we learn by Spiritualism that our works follow us.

A good invocation was given by Lucius Colburn, of Bennington. Dr. Baker of Boston being called, came forward and said, "I came to Vermont to learn something of Spiritualism. I don't know of anybody, save the Infinite, that can teach it, except those that have learned it; the starting-point is the Eternal Spirit," and much more that was interesting and instructive. After singing by the choir a lecture was given by Geo. A. Fuller of Massachusetts, which was bold, brave, grand and eloquent from first to last, and was listened to with close attention by an appreciative audience, closing with an excellent poem. After singing by the Glee Club, "We are Waiting," and benediction by Bro. Fuller, the meeting adjourned.

Saturday Morning—Opened with a song by the Glee Club, and a conference of one hour, during which excellent remarks were made by Dr. Geo. Dutton of Boston, who said if Spiritualism means anything it means everything. It is the inner light, the all-absorbing thought in nature. And what is nature? Nature is God. The term God is derived from *good*. God will be brought down to a practical certainty. I pray with my feet because I can pray faster and better than I can on my knees. Dr. Baker of Boston followed with some excellent and able remarks relative to God, what he is and where he is, claiming him to be the author and controller of millions of worlds around us. Bro. Scott of Eden Mills arose and asked if there was more than *one* world—giving as his opinion that there is but one: that what we look upon as many are but parts of one world.

A song by the choir, "We shall know each other there," then a lecture by Mrs. Manchester of West Randolph, prefaced with an excellent invocation. What good there was of old-time is now, and out of the vast wealth of the past comes to us as an endowment. We boast largely of liberty, but are we free? We dare not to ourselves be true, and if we cannot be true to ourselves and to others, how can we be true to God? This was a very able and eloquent lecture, and closed with a song improvised upon a subject given by the audience.

Saturday Afternoon.—Dr. Geo. Dutton was granted one half hour to talk upon the subject of anatomy, and upon a work on the same he was preparing for publication. Brief remarks were made by Bro. Fuller and Dr. Gould. Song by the Glee Club. Conference of one hour. By request, Mr. Geo. Bush of Barton Landing read three companion poems (original) entitled Materialism, Christianity and Spiritualism. They were well rendered, and very appropriate for the occasion. A resolution was passed by an unanimous vote making Dr. J. V. Mansfield an honorary member of our Association. Then came a beautiful song by the Glee Club, "Forgive and Forget," a favorite one with Bro. Stiles's Indian controls. Invocation by Bro. J. D. Stiles of Boston, followed by a lecture by the same, prefaced with a poem. Subject of lecture, "The Religion of Spiritualism." It was able and eloquent. Following the lecture were given names of forty-nine spirits, and many particulars of the life and death of each, nearly all of whom were recognized by persons in the audience. After singing by the Glee Club, an adjournment was had until 7:30 o'clock.

Saturday Evening—Opened with an improvised song by Mrs. Lizzie Manchester, West Randolph, upon "Mother and Home," the subject having been given by the audience. The evening was mostly devoted to a test-séance by Bro. J. D. Stiles, whose control commenced by saying, "I have not come here to have a long-faced prayer-meeting, but to do you good, to tell you of your loved ones beyond the gates of death." He then gave a poem, after which one hundred and fourteen tests of spirit-presences, giving names, dates, places of residence, sometimes who their neighbors were, manner of their deaths, etc. Most of them were recognized. These tests were interspersed with singing by the Glee Club, as called upon by the control from time to time.

Sunday Morning.—Conference was participated in by several. Mr. Albee gave expression to some good thoughts. Dr. Gould spoke earnestly in favor of female suffrage, saying we never had and never should have one half of a just government until woman had the vote, which remark brought forth applause from the audience. He was followed by President Hubbard, who presented the claims of our camp meeting at Queen City Park, and the claims of Spiritualism, speaking nobly and earnestly. Dr. Baker, of Boston, followed in a very acceptable manner. Dr. Gould gave some encouraging words which closed the conference hour.

Song by the Glee Club, "Keep the Old Friends with the New." Invocation by Mrs. Abbie Crossett, who then gave us a very able and eloquent address, saying, "You are living in a marked age—living in an age of great, earnest thoughts and noble actions." This was one of Mrs. C.'s best efforts, and was listened to with marked attention throughout, closing with a beautiful improvised poem. Song by the choir, "I am Waiting, Only Waiting." Then followed one of the ablest and most eloquent addresses of the Convention, by Mrs. Lizzie Manchester, under control of Thomas Paine, who was seen by two or three clairvoyants in the audience. The speaker said, "Spiritualism is the embodiment of all that we possess or know. The best we can do is to think God's thoughts." As the lecture proceeded, wave after wave of spiritual influence and eloquence seemed to roll over the platform, almost entrancing others as well as the speaker. It was a grand influx from the celestial spheres. Song by Glee Club, "I'm nearer my home in heaven today than ever I've been before."

Sunday Afternoon.—After singing, and an invocation by George A. Fuller, a test séance was given by Joseph D. Stiles. It commenced with a poetical invocation, followed by a humorous description of himself and his conditions. Then came delineations of about forty spirits. Mrs. Lillie Turner sung "I have no Mother Now;" then forty more names of spirits were given, with particulars of their deaths, where they lived, etc., with poem, "God Claims All the Children." The choir sung "Shall We Know Each Other There?" Then more tests were given, until one hundred and fifty-six spirits had reported, many giving quite a history of themselves, and others only their names and places of residence. Nearly all were recognized. After singing, a lecture was given by George A. Fuller, who said, Reputation is what other people say or think about us, character is what God and the angels know of us. He then made a critical comparison between Old Theology and Modern Spiritualism, and was attentively listened to by a deeply interested audience. Singing by the choir.

Sunday Evening.—A conference, which took the form of a Fact Meeting. Mrs. Abbie Crossett related an interesting incident relative to a beautiful girl who had passed away and soon returned and sent a message to her mother through the *Banner of Light*. Remarks by Alonzo Hubbard relating to a communication received by independent slate-writing; Dr. Gould related a fact in slate-writing; J. D. Powers gave facts in his experience; Dr. Baker followed with some good remarks; George W. Ripley stated some interesting facts and incidents; George A. Fuller spoke half an hour very acceptably to the audience, after which Mrs. Lillie Turner sung a beautiful song. Bro. J. D. Stiles being called, gave a poem and a short but excellent speech, followed by sixty-two more tests, most of which were recognized.

Resolutions were passed: and vote of thanks to the several railroads for their kind and generous consideration in granting free return checks over their roads and for other favors granted; to the proprietor of the Valley House, his family and assistants for the kind care and courteous attention with which they have favored us while we have sojourned among them; to the speakers for their able, eloquent, and instructive utterances; to the Glee Club for the beautiful and soul-elevating music with which they have blessed us, and to the friends of Barton Landing for their generous and untiring efforts in caring for the many who have come here, and in so beautifully decorating the hall, making it look like a paradise on earth. Adjourned to meet at Montpelier next October.

W. B. PARISH, *Secretary.*

Stowe, Vt., July 8th, 1884.

We should [illegible] to the mansions prepared for us above, where Morality is the measure, [illegible] Love the standard and God the inheritance of his people forever.—Sunday Teacher.

The Pacific Association of Spiritualists, (Of which organization J. M. Lauderback is President, Isaac Whealdon Vice-President, W. W. Ward Recording Secretary, P. A. Smith Corresponding Secretary, and E. Pagles Treasurer,) will hold its first annual convocation, beginning on Thursday, Sept. 4th, and closing on Monday, Sept. 15th, unless further continued at the option of the Association.

The Association has secured fifteen acres of land, situated three-fourths of a mile east of Ilwaco, W. T., on Baker's Bay, at the mouth of the Wallicut River. The location is in every way finely adapted to camp-meeting purposes.

Noted speakers and mediums will be present. For names see the *Oregonian* and Territorial papers for the week ending Aug. 16th.

There will be a lecture or address given each day of the meeting, at half-past ten o'clock A. M., and in the evening at seven o'clock. At half-past two o'clock each day there will be a platform discussion, for the free expression of thought, open to any one who may wish to participate. The very best of vocal and instrumental music will be furnished during the entire occasion.

While there is considerable hotel accommodation at Ilwaco, still the hotels will not by any means be able to provide for the many who will attend this meeting. Therefore those who come should be prepared to camp, remembering that Israel in tents was by far the healthiest and happiest people, and that "God's Temples" are unexcelled. Provisions, such as vegetables, fruits, meats, fish, shellfish, etc., will be delivered on the camp-grounds, so come and make this a *camp-meeting*, and supplies will be abundant.

The Association will adopt such rules for the government of the camp-grounds as may be deemed necessary, for sanitary measures and to maintain good order, and such rules will be strictly enforced. The camp-grounds will be opened to campers the Monday before the meeting begins. Lots will be leased to parties wishing to erect cottages on the grounds.

Those coming from the interior of Washington Territory or Oregon will leave Kalama or Portland per steamer, and land at the camp-grounds early in the evening of the same day. Reduced rates over the following lines of travel will be given to all those who come for the purpose of attending the meeting: Oregon and California Railroad, East and West Side Divisions; Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's lines of steamers; Columbia Transportation Company, and Ilwaco Steam Navigation Company. Those paying full fare one way, upon presentation of certificate will be returned at 80 per cent. off of regular fare. There is a daily mail to Ilwaco, and telegraph facilities at Fort Canby.

By order of the Executive Committee,
W. W. WARD,
D. MARKHAM,
A. W. EMBREE,
E. PAGLES,
S. EMBREE.

Camp-Meeting.

The Michigan Association of Spiritualists will hold its annual Camp-Meeting this year on the Fair Grounds at Lansing, Aug. 7th to 18th. These grounds are beautifully located, with a fine grove and every convenience necessary for camping and camp-meeting purposes. The buildings on the grounds will be thrown open for the accommodation of those who may desire.

Speakers engaged: A. B. French, Giles B. Stebbins, H. P. Fairfield, Mrs. L. A. Pearsall, J. H. Palmer, Mrs. Sarah Graves, Chas. A. Andrus. Others expected.

A. B. French will speak on Saturday and Sunday, the 9th and 10th.

Olie Childs Denslow, the inspirational singer and public test medium, will be present and take part in all the meetings. The Lapeer Choir will assist in furnishing music. Public tests will be given from the rostrum every day, including the fire test. Nearly all phases of mediumship will be represented on the grounds.

Parties wishing to rent tents will please address the Secretary at Lansing.

Hotel rates: Lansing House and Hudson House $1.50 per day; Chapman House $1.25 per day; Everett House and Commercial House, $1.00 per day. Arrangements have been made with Messrs. Porter & Goodrich, 'buss and hack line, for round-trip tickets from depôts to the grounds or hotels at 30 cents, including ordinary baggage; fare one way only, 20 cents; fare from hotels to camp-grounds, 10 cents. Dining rooms on the grounds; also lodgings for a limited number.

Railroads: The Michigan Central and D., L. and N. R. Rs. will sell round-trip tickets on Aug. 7th, 9th, 13th and 16th, good to return until 19th. The D., G. H. and M. R. R. will give return tickets over their road at 1 cent per mile on certificate of Secretary of Association. L. S. and M. S. R. R. round-trip tickets 1½ fare from 6th to 19th, Lansing Branch; at stations on main line same rates by application to Secretary. C. and G. T. Ry. is expected to give 1½ fare for round trip, but as yet has not reported rates.

No charge for tenting privileges. Accommodation and feed for horses may be had on the grounds. A small admission fee will be charged. Good music for dancing parties every evening except Sundays. A cordial invitation is extended to all. For special information, address Secretary.

J. P. WHITING, *President.*
DR. J. A. MARVIN, *Secretary.*
Address Lansing, Mich. (care Chapman House).

Four-Mile Lake Camp-Meeting.

The Spiritualists and Liberalists of Van Buren County and Southwestern Michigan will hold a five-days' Camp-Meeting on the boating-grounds at Four-Mile Lake, near Paw Paw, from July 31st to Aug. 4th, 1884.

Good speakers are expected, among whom are A. B. French of Clyde, O., and Mrs. S. H. Lake, late of California. Mrs. Olie Childs Denslow, of South Bend, Ind., will furnish music.

The beautiful grove being on high, rolling ground, with good wells of water, and boating and fishing facilities adjacent, is truly a desirable resort.

The grounds are accessible by narrow gauge railroad, which crosses its border and connects with the Michigan Central Railroad at Lawton and the West Michigan Railroad at Hartford.

A small admission fee will be charged, and special trains will run Sunday. L. S. BURDICK, *President.*
E. L. WARNER, *Secretary*, *Kalamazoo, Mich.*
Paw Paw, Mich.

Camp-Meeting in Kansas.

The Spiritualists of Northern Kansas will hold a Camp-Meeting in a beautiful grove in the Buffalo Valley, five miles west of Jamestown, on the C. B. K. P. R. R. By special arrangement, daily trains will be run between Jamestown and the camp-grounds. Round-trip tickets will be on sale at that office. This branch connects at Jamestown with the main line, running to all points east. A grocery store will be on the grounds. Meals will be furnished at 25 cents each. Good speakers and mediums will be present.

This will be a good place for tourists and seekers after recreation. The surrounding country is simply a Garden of Eden, affording the most beautiful sights. The friends will bring tents and bedding as far as possible. A large attendance and good time are anticipated. Good music will be secured. JACOB FULMER, *Cor. Sec.*
Jamestown, Cloud Co., Kan., July 5th, 1884.

Nemoka Camp-Meeting.

The Nemoka Camp-Meeting Society of Spiritualists will hold its second annual Camp-Meeting on the grounds at Pine Lake, Ingham Co., Mich., commencing Aug. 13th and closing Sept 21st. A full programme will be completed and issued with a list of speakers and mediums engaged for the occasion. We extend a cordial invitation to all the friends of progression to join us in making this meeting one of general interest and free discussion, and hope for the best results.

The arrangements for railway rates will be found in circulars which will be issued at an early date.

By order of the Executive Board.
MRS. M. J. MEAD, *Secretary.*

Meeting at Nemoka.

The Directors of the Michigan State Spiritual and Liberal Association, at a meeting held this date, decided to hold their summer meeting at Nemoka, near Lansing, convening July 25th, 1884, and closing Aug. 4th.

The most distinguished talent possible to procure will be present, and we hope that a large attendance may be secured during the session, as every possible means will be used to make the meeting one of instruction and pleasure. The Nemoka camping grounds (80 acres) are very pleasantly situated on the banks of Pine Lake, about two miles out of Lansing, on the Chicago and Grand Trunk Railroad. They are easy of access from all points, and furnish in many ways almost surpassing opportunities for pleasure-seekers. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

WM. R. ALGER, *Secretary.* W. CRONK, *President.*
Flint, Mich., May 24th, 1884.

The Somerset Spiritual Temple Association

Will commence its Annual Camp-Meeting at Hayden Lake, Madison Center, Somerset County, Me., Sept. 11th, continuing four days. Good speakers will be engaged. All friends are invited to come to the feast. Railroad reductions will be made to Skowhegan. Further notice will be given.

Per Order Com.

Mount Pleasant Park Camp-Meeting.

The Iowa Conference of Spiritualists will hold its three weeks' Camp-Meeting at Mount Pleasant Park, Clinton, Ia., commencing Aug. 30, 1884, and closing Aug. 20th. For further particulars and information, address the Secretary.

Clinton, Ia. D. SKINNER.

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☞ We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve manuscripts that are not used. When newspapers are forwarded which contain matter for our inspection, the sender will confer a favor by drawing a line around the article he desires specially to recommend for perusal.

Notices of Spiritualist Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Monday, as the BANNER OF LIGHT goes to press every Tuesday.

Banner of Light.

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☞ SPIRITUALISM is the Science and Philosophy of the Universe as viewed from the Spiritual Standpoint; and it is identical with Spirituality.—SPIRIT S. B. BRITTAN.

Beecher on the Body.

It is perfectly natural and to be expected that an individual who has had, in his earth-experience, the good fortune to be the tenant of a strong, healthful and serviceable body, should experience, as his days in the physical draw near their close, an instinctive unwillingness to surrender it to the work of disintegration: In such a mind (if unillumined by the revelations of Spiritualism) in the course of long years the idea comes to prevail that in some sense peculiar to itself his life (with its resultant individuality) cannot be dissevered from the bodily form in which it was originally cast. It almost goes without saying that Mr. Beecher is such an individual, possessed of just such a mind, and hence he is disinclined to favor the growing public sentiment that would supplant the custom of burial with that of cremation. In the latter case he seems to think that the body is instantaneously resolved into its original elements, and therefore lost for all resurrection purposes; while in the former he appears to cling to the old superstition in which he was bred, that there is to be a literal resurrection at some time, and it is best not to put any obstructions in the way of its fulfillment.

But if there is indeed to be such a resurrection, with the reünion of body and spirit, it ought to be evident that the same creative and renewing power which is able to bring it about is no less able to provide against all possible contingencies and easily nullify all merely human obstructions. Hence it would be no more impossible to bring together again the impalpable elements which have become gases through the instantaneous operation of fire than the same elements released by the more slow action of decay. Mr. Beecher is not to be taken as a believer in literal resurrection, however. He freely admits that "the dust of the globe may almost be said to be composed of the dust of its inhabitants," in consequence of the multitudes that have lived and gone. While he declares himself "not one that believes in the resurrection of the literal body, nor that, literally, my [his] bones shall be covered again with my [his] identical flesh, nor the blood throb in these veins and arteries," he nevertheless declares that he "will never drop the language of the days when men did believe it." He says there is a shock given to a superior sentiment when the body is discarded and thrown out as something worn out and worthless. He thinks that all that is highest and noblest in human consciousness revolts at any indifference of this kind.

Then, like almost all of us, when we begin to review our earthly experience and reckon up the pleasures and enjoyments of our lives, which we have known only through the five senses which constitute the active organs of this our tenement, he falls to apostrophizing the associations that take on an almost sacred clothing, reciting the list of delights which we have enjoyed only through the senses, "as if they were so many ministers of God, bringing in treasures hour by hour, moment by moment, year after year, in their round." How well, he says, in the exuberance of his unwillingness to give it up forever, has this strangely delicate yet wonderfully enduring body served us. And he comes out plainly with the assertion that "even by the law of association one should come to cherish and to honor it." And this he proceeds to do in a number of pathetic and poetic illustrations, throwing all the fascinations of his well-known eloquence around the subject. Life itself, he sums it up, is, after all, wiser than those that teach about life. He cannot help thinking that if we regarded our bodies as of no more worth after they had served their purpose, we should lose very much of our sense of identity.

He appeals, and most skillfully and powerfully, to all those tender emotions which refuse to dissociate the body from the growing experience of the spirit, which hold us fast to earth and its loves and delights—and sweeps every chord of feeling in his delineation of the scenes through which the body has, but as a faithful and devoted agent, carried the spirit in its round of earthly education. It is well; it is tear-moving; but it nevertheless does not change the fact nor mollify the rigid sternness of truth. He cannot hope to alter the conclusions to which science inevitably brings us in regard to matter by dwelling, be it ever so eloquently or pathetically, on the tenderness of the bond [illegible] years linked body and soul [illegible] journey through earth-life. If facts are facts, it is better to accept them in the belief that they are presented by the All-father and Creator in the profoundest love for his own creation. We insist that we may consistently respect the sanctity of the body, on which he dwells with such fervor, and still lose none of our respect by preferring its final purification by fire to its slow corruption and repulsive decay in the horrors of the grave. So, too, do we take up the clothes of a dear departed one, and shed scalding tears because of the tender associations which they excite in the mind.

Yet, while admitting that the old church doctrine of a literal resurrection is one that cannot any longer be held, Mr. Beecher says, "We are to hold it fast by the imagination." "I am not to believe it," he says, "by my intellect, but I do believe it by my imagination." And he pushes out into the striking but familiar simile of the bird whose feet serve him for one purpose (reason), but whose wings are serviceable for a very different one (imagination). We take the old belief in the resurrection, he explains, not literally, but by the imagination; "the sense of identity is very largely dependent upon it, not alone of ourselves but of all that are dearest to us." But his error comes more clearly into view when we hear him declare that "our life on earth has been such a training that we can scarcely conceive of joy with abstractions of ourselves. The colors of this life must materially fashion those ideas which, projecting into the future, are to furnish us with the picture of the vision of that future life.... I must see the things in the other life under the figures and pictures that they made upon me when they were here." The body he would keep as "a kind of mnemotechnic or sort of emblem or interpreter to us." He regards this reverence for our bodies as the best evidence of a truly noble interior.

All this doubt and confusion of fact with sentiment is cleared away by simply accepting the fact—for it is far more fact than mere conception—that the spirit-form is precisely correspondent to the physical, even as Swedenborg everywhere teaches and as Modern Spiritualism demonstrates. The shock which the feelings are apt to encounter when burial or cremation is discussed becomes wonderfully softened if, indeed, it is not wholly taken away, in the act of comprehending that the emancipated spirit continues to retain its earth-form, thus preserving all its conditions of identity both for itself and for others. In this sense it is that we can still hold fast to the old and endeared associations, and preserve the sanctity of the human form in our thought forever. The reduction of our bodies to ashes—such part of them as are not resolvable into gaseous elements—thus imparts no more of a shock than does the deep burial in the earth and the horribly repulsive changes which are to slowly follow. Even Mr. Beecher himself is finally led to cite the New Testament as "in favor of the resurrection in a form which shall answer to our earthly body." Let him now only admit that this resurrection takes place at death, and all these darkening and confusing clouds will disappear from the sky of his large mind forever.

Cardinal Manning vs. Spiritualism.

Cardinal Manning has been talking to his congregation on spiritual manifestations, admitting their reality in the church and out of it; but he calls the Spiritualism of the nineteenth century spurious. Herein he shows, as learned as he is, his entire ignorance of the grand truths which are coming to us from the spirit-world to-day. His prejudices evidently eclipse his judgment. But he did not denounce Spiritualism as a fraud of prestidigitators and conjurers, cheating people with silly tricks. He knows a great deal better than that, says the *Spiritual Record*. He admits the absolute genuineness or objective reality of the spiritual phenomena, but he denounces them as diabolical and full of danger. Is it "diabolical" to heal the sick, as spirit-physicians have done and are still doing, when the earthly physicians are unable to cure them? How can such grand work be "dangerous"? Will the learned divine please inform us?

Is it "diabolical" to "feed the hungry and clothe the naked"—in other words, to assist pecuniarily the destitute poor, as Spiritualists are continually doing, not stopping to first ask, "Do you belong to our church?" Is it indeed "diabolical" to receive consoling messages direct from our dear departed friends, whose identifications are unmistakable? Is it "diabolical and dangerous" for our lecturers to inculcate the highest morality, as they do from the public rostrum, and have done for many years? Is it "diabolical" to teach honesty between man and man, and the equality of the sexes? If it is, then diabolism is far preferable to Christianity.

Yet, with these *cardinal* facts before him, he iterates and reiterates that Modern Spiritualism is the great enemy of the human race! Notwithstanding his admission of the fact that the spiritual manifestations are true, he has the audacity to call them satanic, saying that "Satan is hard at work in America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia, *proving* to men the falsity of materialism, and the reality of a future life, and a world of spirits; that Satan is giving the most convincing demonstrations of spirit-life and power," and so on. The *Record* says, "We cannot see the consistency of this endorsement of the reality of Spiritualism, and its condemnation as satanic." Neither can we. That the world of spirits is a demonstrable fact every true Spiritualist is fully aware. The best and most highly educated men and women in the world who have thoroughly investigated the subject could come to no other conclusion, and hence boldly asseverated the truth of direct spirit-communion. And yet, with all this evidence before him, Cardinal Manning pronounces from the rostrum on Whit-Sunday, in his Pro-Cathedral at Kensington, that Modern Spiritualism is satanic!

Notwithstanding all this, prayers and masses have been offered, it is said, for most pronounced Spiritualists, even in the Pro-Cathedral. With all his learning and wisdom the Cardinal is evidently a rank bigot. If not, then he is a dishonest man—and the sooner the "heretic" is exposed the better it will be for humanity at large. Yet we are perfectly willing to give him the benefit of the doubt, and shall ever send our aspirations out to the great world of causes that so able a man may be converted, and become a shining light in the glorious cause of Modern Spiritualism.

☞ Read the camp-meeting APPEAL made by the guides of Mrs. K. R. Stiles, of Worcester, Mass., on our second page.

☞ John Wetherbee, Esq., was a pleased attendant at Onset Bay on Sunday, July 13th.

Onset Bay Grove.

By special invitation of Dr. H. B. Storer, President of the Onset Bay Grove Association, we visited this charming summer locality on Friday last, where we found a host of familiar faces and received numerous cordial handshakes. Leaving the cars of the Old Colony Railroad, the barge took us direct to Hotel Onset, where we met Mrs. M. E. Williams, the excellent materializing medium, of New York, and the genial Kate Irving, author of "Clear Light from the Spirit-World" (a spiritualistic volume recently issued), who likewise hails from that metropolis. Here also we found Mr. and Mrs. Hare of Philadelphia (who are very devout Spiritualists), Benjamin T. Young of Chicago (who is well versed in the spiritual phenomena), S. W. Fifield and A. W. Read, prominent business men of Pawtucket, R. I., together with other friends of the cause from various parts of the country.

A SEANCE WITH THE BLISSES.—In the evening we attended a séance for the materialization of spirit-forms at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, the noted mediums, which was one of the very best of this class of manifestations we ever witnessed, which fact was fully corroborated by the ladies and gentlemen present. We have only space for a brief account of it. The first form that made its appearance was Lizzie Walker (as announced), which came out the very moment Mrs. Bliss entered the cabinet. Next was the spirit of Miss Alice Brooks, in full form; her height was five feet ten inches. Many of the audience went up to view her. Next was a beautiful spirit-girl, fully recognized by her mother, Mrs. M. A. Cox of Stoneham, Mass. Next to appear was a brother of Mrs. Cox, a well-known clergyman. He embraced his sister and held a long and interesting conversation with her. She was fully recognized by the sister. Next a female spirit appeared, who was recognized by her brother, Mr. Hiram E. Felch of Boston. She expressed disappointment that her brother was in the third row, and could not speedily come forward, as requested, and consequently she dematerialized outside the cabinet before he could reach her. A lady was then called up to see her brother. The recognition was complete. Next a stately-looking lady, giving her name, with the bearing of a queen, came out of the cabinet and was recognized by Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard of California. Next to appear was a handsome little boy named Willie Houghton, who called his father and mother to him. The greeting was of the most affecting character. Following the above manifestation a lady spirit giving the name of Rose came out and was fully recognized; also a gentleman in full uniform was recognized by his sister; a beautiful lady named Annie, accompanied by another spirit named Violet, were both recognized by a gentleman from the West; Spirit Lizzie was recognized by her sister; Annie Barr came to her friend, Peter Thomson of Saratoga, N. Y., and was fully identified; a gentleman and lady came to Mrs. Williams of Albany, N. Y.; Spirit "Ella" was recognized by her mother. Several other spirits were recognized by Mrs. M. E. Williams and her friend, Kate Irving. Interspersed were the cabinet spirits (the familiars of the Blisses), in their own peculiar manifestations, viz.: Capt. W. T. Hodges, Mrs. McCarty, Billy the Bootblack, Blue Flower, Little Wolf, and, last but not least, one of Miss Shelhamer's controls, Lotela, an Indian maiden twelve years old. She seemed delighted to be able to come to us; also Mrs. Conant, the medium who was attached to this paper for many years, greeted us cordially—then raising her head, she with upturned eyes invoked a blessing upon us from the source of all life.

At the close of this grand séance Mr. Bliss was entranced by one of his special guides, the so-called "Little German Doctor," who delivered a very interesting address on the great importance of these manifestations of spirit-power, and the *Banner of Light* was especially commended for its over a quarter of a century's efforts to convince the world of the truth of direct spirit-communion. The Indian spirit, "Little Wolf," then entranced Mr. Bliss and directed his remarks almost exclusively to us, to the effect that the efforts of the *Banner* to secure justice from the government of this nation for its wards in the northwest had been the principal means of drawing the attention of all good people to the cause of the red man, assuring us our work was not only appreciated by the Indians here (who have mediums similar to those we have, from whom they gather information), but that we were also fully appreciated by those who had passed to the higher life—closing his remarks by saying that we were protected by our Indian spirit-friends in so thorough a manner that we would be perfectly astonished at the recital when we pass to spirit-land.

A SEANCE WITH JOSEPH CAFFRAY.—The next afternoon (Saturday, 19th,) in company with Mr. McArthur of New York and our genial and assiduous friend, Bro. Felch of this city (who has been among the mediums at the Bay for the past ten days and has promised to give the readers of the *Banner* a full account of his observations), we attended a circle held by Mr. Caffray, late of New York, who we unqualifiedly asseverate is beyond doubt a *bona fide* medium. Present at this séance, besides those above named, were Mr. and Mrs. George Burnham of Waverley, Mass., A. W. Read and S. W. Fifield of Pawtucket, R. I., Harrison Symmes of Oswego, Kansas, and Jennie R. Warren of Chicago. We had at this séance three distinct circles. The first was a dark one, lasting about fifteen minutes, at which we heard within it—the audience and medium holding hands—four distinct voices. One spirit announced himself as "Old Parson Green of Connecticut." He earnestly said, "I have come here to pray for you. Do you know that you will all go to perdition if you keep on in this way? It is the devil's work, and"—— Here an entirely different voice in the air gruffly said, "Get out o' here, you old fool!"—and he left. "There! he's gone," said little "Patience" in a musical feminine voice. We remarked that it was very wrong to drive this poor old bigoted minister away, as perhaps the wise spirits had permitted him to have his say, and peradventure he might become eventually changed in regard to his present crude views. This remark brought him back instantly; but he prated on the same old strain that he probably carried with him from the earthly life. Such men are literally "spirits in prison." Then came the slate-writing phase: Messrs. Fifield, Read and Felch were selected to sit at the table with the medium and his wife. There were two slates, each five by seven inches, which were thoroughly examined and not a particle of writing found upon them. They were then put together, after a bit of pencil had been placed between them, and the medium alternately placed them upon the shoulders of each sitter, when the following messages were found upon the inner side of one of the slates—all saying at the time that they heard the noise of the pencil while the writing was being executed by the invisibles:

"*My Dear Husband*—It gives me pleasure to see you here to-day. I shall materialize for you if possible.
Your wife, HARRIET SYMMES."

"*My Dear Old Friend Luther*—God bless you. I am with you. I still live, and do come back and help spirits to give sittings. MARY HARDY."

"*My Dear Brother*—I am not strong. Come again for strength. E. HENRY READ."

"How strange for me to come to you this way. I am so happy to be with you to-day.
ZELLA WARBERTON."

"*My Dear Child*—You must make John give you more money for taking care of me while I was sick. He will do it. I shall not be sick any more.
Your mother, HANNAH.
Your father, Arthur, is with me."

"God bless you, my dear son and daughter. I am so glad to see you both. Do not worry after me. I am ever near you. Your mother,
MATILDA BURNHAM."

All the above messages were of different chirography. Mr. Read recognized the signature to his message as peculiarly that of his brother, who always signed it in that way, as he disliked his first name, Eugene, and never wrote it in full. Mr. Fifield recognized fully the formation of the Z in Zella, and claimed that the writing was a *fac simile* of some letters of hers now in his possession.

The third circle was for full form-materialization, Mrs. Caffray the medium. Ten or twelve forms appeared; among others, Mrs. Hardy came to us, illuminated. The illuminated presence seemed to rise from the top of the cabinet in the first place, then descend to the floor. To say the least it was a very strange manifestation. "Johnny Gray," a cabinet spirit, came out and cordially shook hands with every one in the circle. "Maud," the control of Mr. Caffray, was a head taller than the medium, Mrs. C. She also shook hands with the company. All the spectators were delighted with this séance, and fully satisfied of the genuineness of the manifestations thus briefly described.

When we commenced this article we intended to give an account of a very satisfactory sitting we had with Miss Gertrude Berry on Saturday evening, who with her sister occupies a nice cottage on the grounds, but lack of space prevents our presenting it to our readers in this edition of the *Banner*. It will appear in our next, together with an account of a private séance in the parlor of the Hotel Onset—the mediums being Mrs. M. E. Williams and Mr. W. C. Tallman. We will simply say, however, that the tests of spirit-presence through these two excellent mediums were astonishingly accurate.

We should be remiss in our duty did we not return our most cordial thanks to the managers for their politeness to us while at their charming grove, which all visitors are delighted with. And we would especially call attention to the Hotel Onset, which is managed with much tact, to say nothing of skill, as the culinary department is all one can wish. Messrs. Neal & Dunham are the genial proprietors. Fact is, it is a well managed Hotel. There! we can say no more—no less. So we recommend it.

The Onset Bay *Times*, under the management of M. M. Copeland, is heartily endorsed by the directors of the Association, and we learn is meeting with good success.

Annie Lord Chamberlain, one of the best physical mediums whom we tested many years ago, and whose circles are still very entertaining and instructive, is at Mrs. Cox's cottage on West Central avenue. We had the pleasure, also, of taking by the hand our good friend, Mr. H. S. Williams, who occupies Central Cottage on the same avenue.

We must not forget to say that we met Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles of Dayville, Conn., who will pass the season at Onset as usual. She is a guest at the Glen House.

There were at least four thousand people upon the grounds last Sunday—as orderly an assemblage as we have ever met.

We were waylaid by our good friend, L. L. Whitlock, by the way—*i. e.*, just before we alighted from the barge—who wanted us to go to *his* hotel; but we respectfully declined. Then he said we must be at his Fact-Meeting on Saturday, which we of course attended. Then he persisted on our going upon the platform, when we could hear much better from the auditorium what was said by the speakers—so we declined his invitation. But our friend's remarks in regard to the course of the *Banner* were deeply appreciated by us, as we know they came from his heart—and more: they were true. So we tender him and Dr. Storer, and the audience who so heartily responded to their remarks, our sincere thanks.

THE FACT-MEETINGS, ETC.—These meetings have been full of interest the past week. Dozens of people who would like to give their experience have not yet had an opportunity, we understand, to do so, from lack of time, although each session has been extended to fully two hours or more. Some of our most careful investigators are there, and have given their experience. An interest in the phenomena seems to be constantly growing, and no one is doing more than Brother Whitlock, the editor of *Facts* and the conductor of these meetings, to place before the public, both orally and in printed form, the evidences of a future life. The first six numbers of his monthly magazine have been published in one volume, making a book of about one hundred and fifty pages, and finely illustrated, which should be kept in every library for reference. It is of great value, for the diversity of the phenomena it represents, showing conclusively to the investigator, as it does, that direct spirit communion is a fact. In compiling these statements Mr. Whitlock is deserving of great credit, as over eight hundred pages have been published in *Facts Magazine* within the last two years and a half, including a large number of illustrations, most of which have never appeared elsewhere. Its contents during this period show that nearly every phase of spirit phenomena has been described, and this, as we have said before, by a multitude of witnesses. These works are all for sale at this office, as will be seen by reference to the advertisement in another column.

☞ Our angel-medium, Miss Shelhamer, is spending her vacation with friends in Cincinnati, O. She writes that she had a pleasant journey there, and received a warm welcome on her arrival; that she is quietly resting, preparatory to a resumption of her public duties for spirits and mortals at this office next September. God bless her, as he surely will.

☞ An article by Dr. H. G. PETERSON, of Boston, embodying his views on magnetic healing and the importance of the work wrought by its practitioners, [illegible] appearance [illegible] columns of [illegible]

The Montana Cheyennes.

The subjoined letter, which emphatically denies the killing of ranch cattle by these Indians, and turns the table of general accusation on their self-seeking white enemies, was recently written by George Tockman of Birney, Montana—a post-office near the Cheyenne reservation on the Rosebud and Tongue Rivers—and is now being extensively copied by the daily and weekly press of the country. It embodies an outburst of righteous indignation from a man who is evidently fitted to speak on this matter, he having, it is announced, taken great interest in the welfare of these Indians and in the Cheyenne Mission. His letter—to which we gladly give place in our columns, anxious as we are at all times to speak an appreciative word for whatever appears to us to make for justice toward the red man—is addressed to Indian Commissioner Price, and runs as follows:

"SIR: Owing to the misrepresentations of stockmen which have been telegraphed to the delegate of Montana in regard to the Cheyennes here, I take the opportunity to write a correct statement of facts concerning them. I also desire that some eastern and not a Montana man be sent to investigate matters here. There are now about seven hundred and fifty Cheyennes here and in this vicinity, and they have sixty-five dwelling-houses, covering as many homesteads, and are doing the best they can under the circumstances, and would do well if they had the proper assistance from the government as other Indians have. They have just come in from a hunt on Powder River with five hundred deer and seventeen buffalo, *and yet the stockmen, who want the Indians' homes, say that there has been no game here for years.* I also assure you that the Indians have killed no cattle at all; the stockmen are just making up these reports to get the Indians sent away so that they can have all the country themselves. You ought to see how they have fenced up the country to keep out settlers. These fences, which are miles in length, should be torn down and the country thrown open to settlement; but everybody but myself is afraid to do this on account of the cowboys.

I again ask you to send some assistance to these Indians at once, such as breeding cattle, plows, wagons and harness, and the staple articles of food—rice, flour, bacon, sugar and coffee, as well as citizens' clothing. All minor articles they can buy with their deer-skins, as they are now doing.

The works of our mission are not to be forgotten. Quite a number of children are at present being educated by the Sisters of Charity, and thirty-five Indians have been baptized here. It is the old story repeated again: the white man wants the Indian's home, and wants the Indian to go, as usual; but God forbid it in this particular instance."

A Pawnee Funeral.

From the *National Republican*, of Washington, D. C., 8th inst., we condense the following account of an impressive and touching episode occurring at the national capital:

"The body of a full-blooded Pawnee Indian, attired in all the trappings common to his tribe, lay in state at Speare's undertaking establishment, corner of F street, for two hours yesterday forenoon, and attracted a large number of visitors. The remains were those of Oscar Carey, formerly attached to the Wild West troupe of Indians, who died at the Garfield Hospital on Monday of pneumonia contracted at Trenton, N. J., about two weeks before.

He was found by a lady and gentleman now residing in this city—whose pupil he had been at the Pawnee agency, Indian Territory, five years since—suffering from what was thought to be a severe cold; but the disease soon prostrated him, and when he was admitted to the hospital but little hope was entertained of his recovery.

The friends who had discovered his condition and procured his admission to the hospital were constant in their attention to him while there, though they were not with him at the end. Hon. W. F. Cody, the proprietor of the show, insisted from the first upon paying the expenses of Carey and another Indian, Buck Scode, who was admitted to the hospital with a broken shoulder at the same time, and when notified of the death of the former, requested Mr. Moxley to have a funeral such as the latter would give to a member of his own family.

It was found in preparing the remains for interment that Carey, who was only 25 years of age, had been very severely wounded in battle, his left leg being scarred deeply from ankle to hip.

The preparations for the interment were in charge of a gentleman who had been closely connected with the tribe, and the wishes of the deceased and customs of his people were respected throughout.

The body was costumed in his buckskin leggins, mocassins, and hunting shirt, all handsomely embroidered and beaded, his beads being also placed around his neck. The grave in the Congressional cemetery was also excavated in a way to comply with the traditions and customs of the tribe, the direction being from east to west.

The flowers contributed by Carey's white friends here were very handsome, consisting of a heart, basket and wreath.

Rev. Alexander Kent (of the Universalist Church of Our Father,) responded to the request to conduct the funeral services."

☞ In old revolutionary times, when Howe's army was in Philadelphia, among the officers who went on sorties in the region of country around Valley Forge, was Col. Norton, who, meeting the widow Jarrett, the beautiful daughter of Farmer Howell, fell in love with her and she with him. The farmer and his daughter lived in an old house that is now occupied by Adoniram Latch, near the station at Devon, Pa., and in which to-day is an ancient clock that figures prominently in a traditionary story related by the *Philadelphia Times*. Farmer Howell, be it understood, did not favor the growing attachment between his daughter and the colonel.

On the night the colonel proposed to the widow, her father stood near a high wall surrounding the house absorbed in thought, and when the two came out a drum was suddenly heard in the distance. All three stood still, the colonel trembling and becoming more and more agitated. It drew nearer and nearer, until the sound appeared to be right under them, when it seemed to pass by and then gradually died away. Nothing could be seen, though the rattle of the drumsticks seemed to have been just by their sides. "Curses upon it!" the colonel exclaimed, moving in the direction the sound had taken, "must I always have it at my heels!" The night they were married, the "Phantom Drummer," as the family have always called him, marched by again, beating the same tattoo. They settled down. Col. Norton deserted his regiment, and while hidden away amused himself by making the clock already mentioned.

It was learned many years afterward that Col. Norton was the younger son of a nobleman, and before coming to this country had been acquainted with the wife of a drummer whom he killed. Every year, says the account, about the time of the phantom drummer's march, the old clock behaves strangely and cannot be made to go.

☞ [illegible] Herald of Progress, have been [illegible] meetings in [illegible] year. [illegible] her ability [illegible]

Miss A. H. Beecher in Saratoga, N. Y.

A large audience gathered on the evening of the 13th to hear what the above lady had to say upon Spiritualism, the interest being augmented by the fact that Miss Beecher, who is a cousin of Henry Ward Beecher, was at one time a resident of Saratoga as assistant teacher in her brother's seminary. Every seat was filled, and many stood during the entire address.

The *Sentinel* generously gave place in its columns to a summary of Miss Beecher's remarks. Speaking of her studies of the Bible, she said she soon found that the old dogmas as presented by commentators did not agree with each other, nor could she, from her understanding of the Bible, agree with them. Finally, while on a visit to Philadelphia she made known her views to a friend, who told her she had become a Spiritualist. She then began to look into spiritual things, and was convinced that the views most Spiritualists advocated and claimed to have received from the spirits were in accordance with the construction she had put upon the teachings of the Bible.

Miss Beecher was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Horn, at whose residence she was greeted by many old friends, and was announced to speak again before the First Society of Spiritualists on the morning and evening of the Sunday following.

[These meetings are in continuation of the course carried out under direction of the First Spiritualist Society there: We shall print next week the preamble and articles of agreement which this useful local organization has placed before the public as the reason of its existence and the ground of its work.]

☞ DR. I. P. GREENLEAF has for years been known professionally, and by his thoughtful discourses on the spiritual platform, to thousands in New England and elsewhere, as a skillful dispenser of curative remedies, and an honest and whole-souled laborer for the cause of the New Dispensation. We have already informed our readers of his sickness, and the hopes his friends entertained for his ultimate recovery; after eighteen months of illness he continues a slow convalescence which promises something looking toward bettered conditions in the future. Still his long illness has depleted a not over-supply in funds, and he is in need of pecuniary assistance. We trust many who may read this paragraph will feel to forward such donations as their generous impulses may suggest, to assist this worthy veteran. Such funds may be sent to him direct—addressing I. P. Greenleaf, Onset Bay Camp-Grounds, East Wareham, Mass.

☞ The meetings in London, Eng., under the direction of Mr. Colville and his spirit-guides, closed with a musical entertainment on the evening of July 3d, that proved to be a very interesting occasion to all present. The *Medium*, reporting the proceedings, says Mr. Colville has exercised rather a remarkable influence in attracting such a following in the short space of three months, and in diffusing such an agreeable social element as was manifest. Mr. T. Everitt presided. Addresses were made by various speakers and a closing poem by Mr. Colville. The principal lectures and poems delivered in Neumeyer Hall are to be published in book-form at an early day.

☞ A correspondent writes us that "*Licht, Mehr Licht,*" the German Spiritualist weekly (devoted to the interests of the Kardecian school of thought), is much in need of help; and "appeals to its readers to come forward if they want the paper to be continued. I do not know if it will succeed. The paper was founded in 1879 by Reimers, the well-known Spiritualist from Manchester, England, later of London, Eng., now in Australia, and by Monsieur de Rappard of Paris, who is still editing it. —The same correspondent informs us that a like sad state of affairs prevails regarding the *Spiritualistische Blätter*, edited by Dr. Cyriax of Leipsic.

☞ We are informed that Mrs. H. W. Cushman, the musical medium, is still helpless as to hands and feet, but is otherwise regaining her strength slowly. She desires to express thanks to each and every one who has been so kind to her as to send money or other donations; and does so in this public manner, being unable to thank her friends personally. We take the liberty of adding that all who feel to assist her pecuniarily in her hour of affliction can send funds direct to her address at No. 6 South Eden street, Charlestown District. When she wants more from "God's Poor Fund," she knows where to send for it.

☞ Of MRS. MARY GOVE NICHOLS, wife of Dr. T. L. Nichols, lately deceased, the *Health Review* of London says: "She was an anti-vaccinator when anti-vaccination was little heard of. To her the matter was beyond argument, and she would as soon have lost her time in debating any other incredibility as the goodness of the practice." We shall give our readers next week a brief biographical sketch of this now ascended "writer, teacher and preacher of the new and the right."

SPIRITUALISTS VISITING LONDON will be pleased to learn that success has attended the efforts of J. J. Morse in providing apartments for their use, and that, to meet the continually increasing demand for such accommodation, he has removed to more suitable premises, 201 EUSTON ROAD, LONDON, N. W. We bespeak for him the patronage of all who desire home-like accommodations and attentions while temporarily sojurning in that city.

☞ The First Association of Spiritualists of Hartford, Ct., has suspended its meetings, to be resumed Sunday, Sept. 7th. A few items respecting this organization will be given in our correspondence column next week.

☞ The Board of Trustees of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia on Monday evening, 14th inst., elected Joseph Wood, Esq., by an unanimous vote, President of the Association, to fill a vacancy.

☞ A correspondent writing us from Paris, France, in the early days of July, says: "Jesse Shepard is with us. We are enchanted with him. [The space in] *La Lumière* for this date is almost wholly devoted to him."

☞ Thousands of Spiritualists are flocking to the various camp-meetings now being held in different parts of the country. So the grand work goes bravely on, in winter and summer alike.

☞ Attention is called to the card of James R. Cocke, on our advertising page.

Dr. [illegible], the [illegible] Healer, uses no medicine. No [illegible]

Belvidere Seminary.

The fall term of this institution for the higher education of young women will begin Sept. 8th. New and superior arrangements are being make for the benefit of its students. Industrial departments will be opened and a new system of education adopted. For circulars address Business Department of Belvidere Seminary, Belvidere, New Jersey.

☞ Cremation, a practice for superseding burials, seems to be slowly growing in public favor, on both sides of the Atlantic. It is not a practice which could, in the nature of things, be expected to find favor in any but a slow way. But it is an old custom. The Romans resorted to it, when they ruled in England. A crematorium built in the time of the Roman invasion has just been discovered in the ancient English city of Lincoln. If the cholera makes any extensive ravages in this country next summer, the need of some such custom for the sake of the living will become apparent in many places. —*The Weekly Times, Hartford, Ct.*

☞ John Adams, Esq., Superintendent of the Fitchburg Railroad, has a special announcement on our fifth page, to which the attention of our readers—particularly those interested in Lake Pleasant matters—is called.

☞ Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond spoke in Nottingham, Eng., July 6th, and was announced to speak in Birmingham on the 13th, Sheffield 20th, Sowerby Bridge 27th, and Liverpool Aug. 10th.

☞ The contents of the department devoted to "Banner Correspondence" will be found of special interest this week.

☞ Read the advertisement of "Physicians, Attention," on fifth page.

Movements of Mediums and Lecturers.

[Matter for this Department should reach our office by *Monday night's mail* to insure insertion the same week.]

Mrs. Lizzie Newell, medical and business medium, is at 65 Montague street, Lake Pleasant, for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Bliss, materializing mediums, of Boston, Mass., are at Onset Bay Camp Ground. Aug. 12th, they go to Sunapee Camp at Newbury, N.H., to remain until Sept. 8th. All mail matter should be addressed accordingly.

Miss M. A. Keating, trance-speaker and test-medium, is stopping at the Washburn House, Onset, Mass.

Walter Howell is engaged to speak at the Spiritualist Grove-Meeting at Geauga Lake, near Cleveland, O., July 25th, 26th and 27th.

Mr. J. J. Morse's lectures at the Cavendish Rooms, London, are attracting much attention, and awakening an interest among the most intelligent classes in the subjects they treat upon. A recent lecture upon "The Angelic Life" tended to prove that its influx upon earth will in due time banish entirely the discords and evils at present prevailing here. That will be the great ultimatum of Spiritualism.

Mrs. Lora S. Craig will speak at Washington, N. H., July 27th.

Mr. J. V. Mansfield, the letter-answering medium, is at Onset at the present time.

Mrs. J. J. Clark and her son, E. W. Clark, will occupy their cottage at Lake Pleasant camp-ground until August 31st.

Miss J. Rhind has left Boston for Lake Pleasant camp-meeting. Her address until the first week in September will be, Lake Pleasant, Montague, Mass.

Prof. J. W. Cadwell (who has an interesting article on our first page) informs us that he had a very pleasant time at the Spiritualist Camp-Meeting at Lookout Mountain, Tenn., where he remained for one week, when he was summoned back to his home in Meriden, Ct., by the intelligence of the severe illness of his wife—who has since become convalescent. Prof. Cadwell will visit the Onset Bay and Lake Pleasant camps during their sessions.

Charles Dawbarn will lecture twice during the Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting. His themes will be: "Nature and Man," Aug. 3d; and "The Science which Nature Teaches," Aug. 7th.

W. L. Jack, M. D., has a letter regarding the Onset Bay camp, under "Banner Correspondence," this week. He will be at Lake Pleasant on and after July 28th, till the close of that meeting.

Mrs. Dr. J. F. Dillingham has opened her cottage for the season at Lake Pleasant, where she will be pleased to see all her friends. Mr. H. F. Bradbury, psychomist, of Lynn, Mass., is stopping at present at Mrs. Dillingham's residence at the Lake.

☞ We neglected last week to call attention to the prospectus of the *Banner of Light*, the oldest and best organ of the Spiritualists published. In its columns will always be found the latest news and facts relative to this belief, besides a large amount of interesting miscellaneous matter. Those of our readers interested in this subject will do well to read the prospectus in last week's paper, and send for a specimen copy to Colby & Rich, publishers, Bosworth street, Boston.—*The Newmarket (N. H.) Advertiser, July 19th.*

☞ The veteran Spiritualist and eloquent speaker, ALLEN PUTNAM, ESQ., will answer calls to lecture, solemnize marriages, or attend funerals, wherever his services are required. Address him 46 Clarendon street, Boston, Mass.

☞ *Bisbee's Electro-Magnetic Flesh Brush* acts like magic in cases of slow circulation of the blood and paralysis. Sent by mail by Colby & Rich, on receipt of $3,00.

Spiritualist Meeting in Ohio.

The Twenty-Fifth Annual Meeting of Spiritualists will take place at Mantua Station, O., either in the Maple Grove or their hall, on the first Sunday of August. Good speakers will be present. A Basket Picnic at noon. All are cordially invited. No postponement on account of bad weather.

D. M. KING, *Secretary.*

Special Notice.

The date of the expiration of every subscription to the BANNER OF LIGHT is plainly marked on the address. The paper is discontinued at that time unless the subscription is previously renewed. Subscribers intending to renew will save much trouble, and the possible loss of a paper or two, by sending in the money for renewal before the expiration of their present subscription. It is the earnest desire of the publishers to give the BANNER OF LIGHT the circulation to which its merits entitle it, and they look with confidence to the friends of the paper throughout the world to assist them in the work. COLBY & RICH, *Publishers.*

Subscriptions Received at this Office FOR

THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING. Published weekly in Ottumwa, Iowa, by D. M. and N. P. Fox. Per year, $1,50.

THE OLIVE BRANCH. Published monthly in Utica, N. Y. $1,00 per annum.

LIGHT: A Journal devoted to the Highest Interests of Humanity, both Here and Hereafter. London, Eng. Price $3,00 per year.

THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK: A Weekly Journal devoted to Spiritualism. London, Eng. Price $2,00 per year, postage 50 cents.

THE THEOSOPHIST. A Monthly Journal, published in India. Conducted by H. P. Blavatsky. $5,00 per annum.

For Sale at this Office:

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Published weekly in Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cents per copy, $2,50 per year.

VOICE OF ANGELS. A Semi-Monthly. Published in Somerville, Mass. $1,50 per annum. Single copies 5 cents.

FACTS. A Monthly Magazine. Published in Boston. Single copies 15 cents.

MILLER'S PSYCHOMETRIC CIRCULAR. Published monthly by C. E. Miller & Co., 17 Willoughby street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Single copies 10 cents.

THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING. Published weekly in Ottumwa, Iowa, by D. M. and N. P. Fox. Per year, $1,50. Single copies 3 cents.

THE KOSMON. A Fortnightly Journal, devoted to the philosophy of Spiritualism, etc. Price 5 cents.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published monthly in New York. Price 15 cents.

THE SHAKER MANIFESTO. Published monthly in Shakers, N. Y. 60 cents per annum. Single copies 10 cents.

THE OLIVE BRANCH. Utica, N. Y. A monthly. Price 10 cents.

THE THEOSOPHIST. A Monthly Journal, published in India. Conducted by H. P. Blavatsky. Single copies, 40 cents.

LIGHT FOR THINKERS. Published weekly in Auburn, Gay. Single copies, 3 cents.

GALLERY OF SPIRIT ART. An illustrated [illegible] magazine, published in Brooklyn, N. Y. [illegible] cents.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first and every insertion on the fifth or eighth page and fifteen cents for each subsequent insertion on the seventh page.

Special Notices forty cents per line, Minion, each insertion.

Business Cards thirty cents per line, Agate, each insertion.

Notices in the editorial columns, large type, leaded matter, fifty cents per line.

Payments in all cases in advance.

☞ Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Saturday, a week in advance of the date whereon they are to appear.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed till further notice at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Jy.5.

Mr. Albert Morton, at his store, 210 Stockton street, San Francisco, Cal., is prepared to supply the demands of the public for spiritual books, magazines and papers. He solicits the coöperation of all friends of Spiritualism on the Pacific Coast in his effort to present its truths to investigators.

BUSINESS CARDS.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

TO FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS

The subscription price of the *Banner of Light* is $3,50 per year, or $1,75 per six months. It will be sent at the price named above to any foreign country embraced in the *Universal Postal Union.*

NOTICE TO OUR ENGLISH PATRONS.

J. J. MORSE, the well-known English lecturer, will act as our agent, and receive subscriptions for the **Banner of Light** at fifteen shillings per year. Parties desiring to so subscribe can address Mr. Morse at his office, 201 Euston Road, London, N. W., England, where single copies of the **Banner** can be obtained at 4d. each; if sent per post, ½d. extra. Mr. Morse also keeps for sale the **Spiritual and Reformatory Works** published by us. COLBY & RICH.

SAN FRANCISCO BOOK DEPOT.

ALBERT MORTON, 210 Stockton street, keeps for sale the **Banner of Light** and **Spiritual and Reformatory Works** published by Colby & Rich.

AUSTRALIAN BOOK DEPOT.

And Agency for the BANNER OF LIGHT. W. H. TERRY, No. 84 Russell Street, Melbourne, Australia, has for sale the **Spiritual and Reformatory Works** published by Colby & Rich, Boston.

INDIA BOOK DEPOT.

KAILASAM BROTHERS, Booksellers, Popham's Broadway, Madras, have for sale and will receive orders for the **Spiritual and Reformatory Works** published by Colby & Rich. They will also receive subscriptions for the **Banner of Light** at Rupees 11-12-0 per annum.

NEW YORK BOOK DEPOT.

The **Spiritual and Reformatory Works** published by Colby & Rich can be found at the office of *The Truth-Seeker*, 21 Clinton Place, New York City.

TROY, N. Y., AGENCY.

Parties desiring any of the **Spiritual** and **Reformatory Works** published by Colby & Rich will be accommodated by W. H. VOSBURGH, 65 Hoosick street, Troy, N. Y.

PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT.

The **Spiritual and Reformatory Works** published by COLBY & RICH are for sale by J. H. RHODES, M. D., at the Philadelphia Book Agency, 315 North 10th street. Subscriptions received for the **Banner of Light** at $3,00 per year. The **Banner of Light** can be found for sale at Academy Hall, No. 810 Spring Garden street, and at all the Spiritual meetings; also at 503 North 8th street, and at news stand at the Chestnut-street end of the new post-office.

CLEVELAND, O., BOOK DEPOT.

LEES'S BAZAAR, 105 Cross street, Cleveland, O., **Circulating Library** and depôt for the Spiritual and Liberal **Books** and **Papers** published by Colby & Rich.

DETROIT, MICH., AGENCY.

AUGUSTUS DAY, 63 Bagg street, Detroit, Mich., is agent for the **Banner of Light**, and will take orders for any of the **Spiritual and Reformatory Works** published and for sale by COLBY & RICH. Also keeps a supply of books for sale or circulation.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., AGENCY.

JAMES LEWIS, 63 Pynchon street, Springfield, Mass., is agent for the **Banner of Light**, and will supply the **Spiritual and Reformatory Works** published by Colby & Rich.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOOK DEPOT.

WILLIAMSON & HIGBEE, Booksellers, 62 West Main street, Rochester, N. Y., keep for sale the **Spiritual and Reforma Works** published at the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, Boston, Mass.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CAMP-MEETING.

The Maine State Spiritual Temple

WILL HOLD ITS

SECOND ANNUAL CAMP-MEETING

At Temple Heights, Northport, Me.,

(Temple Heights is situated on the west shore of Penobscot Bay, 20 miles below Temple Park, Verona or Bucksport,)

Commencing Aug. 12th and Closing Aug. 17th.

OUR State speakers and mediums are engaged, also speakers from out of the State; and to all speakers from other States we extend a cordial invitation. The "Ralph Ross" will leave steamboat wharf, Bangor, on Tuesday morning, Aug. 12th, Wednesday, Aug. 13th, (not Thursday) Friday, 15th—leaving at 8 o'clock A.M. and on Saturday at 4 P.M. Will return on Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, after the afternoon services. Saturday boat down will return Monday morning, at 9 A.M. If pleasant on Sunday, there will be an Excursion to the "Heights," returning in the early evening. Fare for the round trip, 50 cents for the same day, or 50 cents for a single trip.

Passengers on the Portland steamers for Temple Heights will be furnished tickets for one fare the round trip during the Camp-Meeting. Reduced rates on the Boston steamers from all landings between Rockland and Bangor. Excursion rates on the Maine Central Railroads direct to Belfast. Passengers conveyed from dépôt to the Heights by Harriman's Express.

Lodging can be procured on the grounds, and meals furnished at all hours, by Howard Murphy of Belfast. Further information in regard to board and lodging will be given by corresponding with the Secretary.

Address, until Aug. 12th, MRS. CLARA BUTTERFIELD, Northport Camp-Ground, Northport, Maine, Secretary M. S. S. T. July 26.

FITCHBURG RAILROAD.

LAKE PLEASANT Camp-Meeting.

On and after July 15th, 1884, until further notice

The Saratoga Specials,

Due to leave Boston at 10:00 A.M., and to pass the Lake for Boston at 1:19 P.M.,

Will stop at Lake Pleasant.

JOHN ADAMS, Gen'l Sup't.

July 26.—4w

JAMES R. COCKE,

No. 3 Concord Square, Boston (near Tremont Street),

UNCONSCIOUS TRANCE MEDIUM,

GIVES Sittings daily for Tests, Development of Mediumship, Business, and Clairvoyant Diagnosis of Disease, with Magnetic Treatments. Holds Developing Circles every Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock. Also Circles for Inspirational Music, Communications and Tests, Thursdays at 3 P.M. and Sundays at 8 P.M. Admission to each, 25 cents. Private Sittings for Development, $1,00. Arrangements will be made for a series of six at reduced rates.

July 26.—4w

Physicians, Attention!

THE Estate of the late I. B. Larkin, M. D., at Ballston Spa, N. Y., is for sale. The Doctor had a good family practice, and had the facilities for house patients. His practice was Homeopathy, combined with his spiritual power. It is alleged that the mineral waters in the town are superior to any in this country. Here is a grand spot to establish a *Health Institute* near Saratoga Springs. For particulars, address A. S. HAYWARD, 9 Bosworth street, Boston, or the family, as above. July 26.

MRS. C. B. STEVENS,

MEDICAL Medium and Gynecologist, is located for the summer at 281 Shawmut Avenue, Boston. Terms—Diagnosis of Disease, $1,00; Medical Sittings, $1,00; Magnetic Treatment, $1,00; Vapor Baths, Gents $1, Ladies $1,50. *Consultation free.* 1w—July 26.

FOR RENT, at Lake Pleasant, a new frame Tent, 12x18 ft., side walls 6 ft. high, with fly, set upon a platform 12x18 ft. Located next to Lincoln Cottage, upon "The Bluff." The most desirable upon the grounds. Also one same size as Queen City Park, Burlington. Can apply at once to G. W. FOWLER, Q. C. Park, Burlington, Vt. July 26.

WASHBURN HOUSE, Onset, Mass.—[illegible] Bay [illegible] week. A. WASHBURN [illegible]

MRS. [illegible] COOMBS, Trance Test Business Medium, [illegible] Medium. Sit questions by mail, $1 and 3 cents. [illegible] Boston, Mass. 4w—July 26.

FACTS;

A Compilation of Statements of Mental and Spiritual Phenomena,

AS SEEN BY MANY INTELLIGENT PERSONS,

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Six Numbers, bound in One Volume, only 50 Cents.

L. L. WHITLOCK, Editor,
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Good Advice to Spiritualists on Organization.
Dr. Henry F. Gardner. July 26.

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Orders by letter to be addressed to DR. WM. BRITTEN, care of J. W. Lovell, Publisher, 14 Vesey street, New York; where also the book can be found on sale; at the offices of the Spiritual papers, and at all MRS. BRITTEN'S Lectures.

Also for sale by COLBY & RICH, Bosworth street, Boston, Mass. 13wis—May 24.

Niantic Camp-Meeting.

The Connecticut Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting Association.

THIRD ANNUAL SESSION.

SEASON OF 1884.

Commencing July 15th and Closing Sept. 15th.

Speakers and Dates: Sunday, Aug. 3d, Warren Chase; 10th, J. Frank Baxter; 17th, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes; 24th, and Tuesday, 26th, J. Clegg Wright; Sunday, 31st, and Wednesday, Sept. 3d, and Sunday, 7th, Mrs. Amelia Colby.

Niantic, Ct., is situated about six miles west of New London, on the shore line division of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, and can be reached without change of cars from Boston *via* the Boston and Providence and Providence and Stonington R. R., and from New York and intermediate points *via* the N. Y. and N. H. and Shore Line. The New London and Northern Railroad will sell excursion tickets at about one-half regular rates to New London.

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July 19.—7w

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MANUFACTURER OF

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FOR all kinds of Meats, Fish, Game, Soup, &c. Also Best Tomato Ketchup, Salad Oil, Sardines, and Spanish Olive and Salad Dressing. Also dealer in **German and French Mustard**, Cider and White Wine Vinegar, best brands of Teas, etc. No. 23 Indiana Place, Boston, Mass.

June 28.—6wis*

LOSS OF MANHOOD

CURED by a spirit prescription in 30 days. It is an outside application. No medicines given. Send three 2-ct. stamps for descriptive book to DR. ROBERT P. FELLOWS, Vineland, N. J. CHARGES REASONABLE. Feb. 23.—26wis*

New England Malt Co.

SEE Banner of July 19th, page 5. Article headed "Look to Your Own Interests." For further particulars, call on Co., or J. W. FREE, 209 Washington street, Room A, Boston. 1w* July 26.

EVIDENCES OF A FUTURE LIFE.

"If a Man Die, Shall he Live Again?"

A POSITIVE YES!

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New England Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting Association.

Eleventh Annual Convocation

AT LAKE PLEASANT, MONTAGUE, MASS.

(On the Hoosac Tunnel Route, midway between Boston and Troy.)

AUGUST 2D TO AUGUST 31ST, 1884, INCLUSIVE.

SPEAKERS.

Sunday, Aug. 3d, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Boston, Mass.; Mr. Chas. Dawbarn, New York, N. Y.
Tuesday, Aug. 5th, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, Stoneham, Mass.
Wednesday, Aug. 6th, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Boston, Mass.
Thursday, Aug. 7th, Mr. Chas. Dawbarn, New York.
Friday, Aug. 8th, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, Stoneham, Ms.
Saturday, Aug. 9th, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Philadelphia, Pa.
Sunday, Aug. 10th, Capt. H. H. Brown, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Philadelphia, Pa.
Tuesday, Aug. 12th, Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham, Boston, Ms.
Wednesday, Aug. 13th, Mr. Lyman C. Howe, Fredonia, N. Y.
Thursday, Aug. 14th, Capt. H. H. Brown, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Friday, Aug. 15th, Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, Elm Grove, Mass.
Saturday, Aug. 16th, Mr. Lyman C. Howe, Fredonia, N. Y.
Sunday, Aug. 17th, Rev. E. P. Powell, Clinton, N. Y.; Mr. C. B. Lynn, Boston, Mass.
Tuesday, Aug. 19th, Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Brandon, Vt.
Wednesday, Aug. 20th, Mr. J. G. Jackson, Hockessin, Del.
Thursday, Aug. 21st, Mr. Shelley W. Denton, Wellesley, Mass.
Friday, Aug. 22d, Mr. C. B. Lynn, Boston, Mass.
Saturday, Aug. 23d, Mrs. Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.
Sunday, Aug. 24th, Mr. Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, O.; Hon. A. H. Dailey, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Tuesday, Aug. 26th, Mr. Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.
Wednesday, Aug. 27th, J. Frank Baxter, Chelsea, Mass.
Thursday, Aug. 28th, Mrs. Emma H. Britten, England.
Friday, Aug. 29th, Mr. Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.
Saturday, Aug. 30th, Mr. Walter Howell, Philadelphia, Pa.
Sunday, Aug. 31st, J. Frank Baxter, Chelsea, Mass.; Mrs. Emma H. Britten, England.

PUBLIC TEST MEDIUMS.

J. Frank Baxter.
Mr. Edgar W. Emerson.
Dr. W. B. Mills.
Dr. J. V. Mansfield, the world-renowned Spirit-Postmaster.
Mrs. Isa Wilson Porter.
Mrs. Maud E. Lord and Dr. Henry Slade are also expected to be with us.

MUSIC.

The FITCHBURG MILITARY BAND, of twenty-four pieces, will arrive Saturday, Aug. 2d, and remain until Monday, Sept. 1st, giving daily two concerts—at 9:30 A.M. and 1 P.M.

Although this Band has met with a great loss in the death of its late leader, Mr. Russell, we feel assured that its reputation will be fully sustained, and that the same care which led its members to select Mr. Russell for their leader ten years, has been exercised in the choice of their new leader, Mr. G. A. Patz, of the Harvard Symphony Orchestra, and formerly a leader of the famous Gilmore's Band, of Boston. Mr. Patz is a fine performer, composer, arranger and conductor, and with a Band composed of the best material as is the Fitchburg, we shall expect steady improvement under his *baton.*

The Russell Orchestra will furnish music for the dancing assemblies at the Pavilion, afternoon and evening.

For the first two weeks of the meeting we take pleasure in announcing the engagement of Mr. J. Frank Bacon, of Philadelphia, to lead the singing by the audience, with music by the Band. Mr. Bacon will also organize a choir of mixed voices, and a chorus of children to sing as opportunity affords. From the 17th to the 31st of August inclusive, the Amphion Glee Club of Troy will be in attendance at all the meetings. This Club is a quintette of male singers; John A. Gifford, manager; N. B. Ferguson, musical director; A. McGown, 1st tenor; Jas. Palmer, 2d tenor; J. W. Lyons, organist. The Club will also give two evening concerts in the auditorium, at which a collection will be taken. Mr. J. Frank Baxter will also be present the last two weeks of the meeting, and will frequently sing upon the platform.

THE HOTEL.

Under the management of H. L. Barnard, of Greenfield, the genial and popular landlord of last season, will be open for guests from July 1st. Address Lake Pleasant, Montague, Mass.

☞ For particulars concerning transportation of camp-equipage and baggage, leasing tents and lots, engaging lodgings and board, schedules of railroad fares, etc., etc., see annual circular, which will be sent post-paid to any address by N. S. HENRY, Clerk, Lake Pleasant, Montague, Mass. 4w—July 12.

THE SPIRITUALISTS OF Western New York, Northern Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio

Will hold their

FIFTH ANNUAL

Camp-Meeting

ON THE

People's Camp Grounds

AT

Cassadaga, Chaut. Co., N. Y.,

Commencing Saturday, July 26th, closing Monday, Sept. 1st.

Do not conclude the season without attending the *People's Camp-Meeting at Cassadaga Lake.*

SPEAKERS' LIST.

Saturday, July 26th—O. P. Kellogg, Ohio.
Sunday, July 27th—O. P. Kellogg; Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Philadelphia.
Monday, July 28th—Conference and Volunteer Speaking.
Tuesday, July 29th—Mrs. R. S. Lillie.
Wednesday, July 30th—O. P. Kellogg.
Thursday, July 31st—Mrs. R. S. Lillie; Platform Tests by E. W. Emerson of Manchester, N. H.
Friday, Aug. 1st—Lyman C. Howe, Fredonia, N. Y.
Saturday, Aug. 2d—O. P. Kellogg; Mrs. Clara Watson, Jamestown, N. Y.; Platform Tests by E. W. Emerson.
Sunday, Aug. 3d—Lyman C. Howe; Mrs. R. S. Lillie; Tests from the platform at the close of afternoon lecture by E. W. Emerson.
Monday, Aug. 4th—Fact-Meeting.
Tuesday, Aug. 5th—Lyman C. Howe; Tests at close of lecture by E. W. Emerson.
Wednesday, Aug. 6th—W. F. McCormick, Franklin, Pa.; Platform Tests at close of lecture by E. W. Emerson.
Thursday, Aug. 7th—Children's day; Mrs. R. S. Lillie; Platform Tests by E. W. Emerson.
Friday, Aug. 8th—J. H. Randall, Jamestown, N. Y.; Mrs. E. C. Woodruff, South Haven, Mich.; Public Tests by E. W. Emerson.
Sunday, Aug. 10th—J. H. Randall; Mrs. E. C. Woodruff; E. W. Emerson, Platform Tests.
Monday, Aug.

Message Department.

The Messages published under the above heading indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil; that those who pass from the earthly sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress to higher conditions. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

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

☞ Letters of inquiry in regard to this department of the *Banner* should not be addressed to the medium in any case.

LEWIS B. WILSON, *Chairman.*

The Free-Circle Meetings

At this office have been suspended for the summer. They will be RESUMED, as usual, in September; due notice of the time will be given hereafter.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

Miss M. T. Shelhamer.

Report of Public Séance held April 22d, 1884.

[Continued from last week.]

Mrs. Emily K. Robinson.

I went out from Worcester nearly two years ago. My head feels strangely, and I hardly know how to speak. In coming here I am a little confused, but they tell me this will all pass away in a moment. I have no such feelings in the spirit-world; there I am freed from all that is painful or depressing, and my body is apparently strong and sound in all respects. I lived a good while on earth. I was sixty-seven years old when I died. I have friends whom I wish to meet, to whom I would send my love. I want to tell them I have a pleasant home in the spirit-world. I found things there quite strange, and did not understand, them; I saw people around me, employed in various occupations, living very much as people do here on earth, and I could not tell, at first, whether I had passed out of the body or not; it seemed as though I had only gone from one place in this world to another, and that I still held on to my body. In a little while I found the form I then held had grown considerably younger, stronger and smoother in appearance; that it was not really the one I had when here. *Then* I realized I had died, and had entered upon a new condition of life, which was like a continuation of the old, only that changes had come which had bettered my condition and brought me into pleasanter circumstances.

I am very much pleased with all that I have seen. I have met dear friends whom I mourned as dead; they have assisted me and explained many things, so that now I understand the spirit-world quite well, and can go on in life, making the most of those things which are given to me.

I do not know why I feel it so hard to speak here, but I am glad of the chance of coming anyhow. I want all my friends to know that I love them, and I am trying very hard to give them something about the spirit-world, that they may know just what kind of a place they are going to. My name is Mrs. Emily K. Robinson. My husband is Mr. Ferdinand Robinson.

Samuel Underwood.

A good many years ago I lived in Kingston, R. I. I would be a very old man if I was tied to the old body, but I am not, and I do not feel especially aged in coming back. I took it into my head to come round this way and see if I could n't get in a few words and perhaps attract the attention of some one in the vicinity where I once lived. Perhaps if they hear that one of their old townsmen has come back from the great beyond and manifested, they may want to know something more of this thing; it may give them something to look forward to. I'd be the man to do just that kind of work, to set them in motion. Oh! there's a good time coming; but I tell you what it is, friends, you've got to work for it; it don't come to those who are asleep; it misses them, going on to find those who are active and stirring, and know how to make the most of life. I want everybody who is connected with me to be up and doing, so as to get a part of the good time which comes, and take it into their lives.

I have a good many who are dear to me on the other side of life; many of 'em are in homes of their own and doing well. Now that would be a good bit of news, to tell any one here about their friends who had settled at some distance from them, that they had homes of their own and were doing well; you would not question such a declaration. But because a so-called dead man comes back and makes it concerning others who are called dead, people shake their heads and wonder how it all is. I tell you you must wake up to the fact that there is no such thing as death at all; you just go on living, year after year and age after age; and you have a good bit of work to do along with it.

My daughter, Mrs. Brown, comes here, too, because she is anxious to send her love to her family and friends. She desires them to know that she lives. She don't feel reconciled to having herself put out of the minds of the friends on earth, as one who is dead and takes no interest in their concerns; she is trying to make herself felt and recognized by them, and I think she will succeed, because she generally succeeded by persisting in doing anything she undertook to do, the same as her old father did before her.

I don't know as I have anything more to say, sir. I thank you for your kindness in letting me in. You may tell the folks I am Samuel Underwood.

Elizabeth Jenkins ("Aunt Polly.")

[How do you do?] I am very well, and I have been for a while back, but before that time I did not feel quite so comfortable in mind. I tell you, sir, there was a good deal of trouble over my affairs, and I thought the creatures who were making so much disturbance over them were going to get into the courts. It disturbed me; I did n't like it. I don't know why they should wrangle, and make such a fuss generally about what they never would have had if I had lived. They did n't raise one finger toward earning it, and I don't know why they should be so very much concerned. I disposed of my affairs as I thought best, and I want them to understand that I don't feel sorry for the way I managed. I think it was all right. If some are dissatisfied, I can't help it; I think they only got their just deserts.

I was called a strange old woman, and some did say I was mean and close; that was because I would n't let my possessions go out among them to be squandered, to be thrown out anywhere and everywhere. I don't believe in such things myself. I think material possessions are given us to make some kind of practical use of. I don't believe in fuss and feathers, jimcracks and nonsense, and because I put my savings where I knew they would n't be expended in tom-foolery, there was a breeze raised, and I felt very uncomfortable for awhile. I am getting over it now.

I suppose people will wonder what in the world has brought me back. Well, just to let them know I am not dead! They thought I was, and so could n't tell what was going on—and I suppose some of them did n't care whether I knew or not, so long as I could n't help myself. I want them to understand I did help myself, and help others, too, to keep just what I bestowed on them. I had a hand in the arrangement of affairs in such a way that after all those who thought they were overreaching others have found out they were sold themselves, and I feel just in good humor enough to tell them that I helped to sell them.

Very likely you think I am a crochety old thing. So I am; I have my peculiar prejudices; and when they once get in there (tapping her forehead) it takes a pretty smart kind of a fellow to get them out. They have been there for a few years. I have just been expressing something of them, that's all. Perhaps you think I'm not a very happy being. Well, now, I'm not very unhappy or dissatisfied with my condition, up yonder; I am tolerably well [illegible] it is as good as I deserve, and quite as good as I could expect to find. After I get everything straightened out to my liking here on this side I'll have time to turn round and straighten things up there. I am in no hurry. I always believed in taking plenty of time to do a thing, and in doing it well, because if it was worth doing at all it was worth finishing up brown. I believe that way now.

Some folks will hear that Aunt Polly has got back, and they will open their eyes with amazement. I hope they will. That's what I've come for.

[To the Chairman:] You think I'm unamiable. You don't know me. Why! I'm quite angelic in my nature. You may laugh, but that's what some folks told me. I knew very well they were "piling it on thick," because they wanted to get something I had. I give it to you as it was given to me; you may judge for yourselves whether it was true or not.

Now, to tell you the truth, I was not altogether as sweet and softly flowing as molasses, but I don't know that I was quite as acid as lemon-juice, although I stood, so to speak, between two parties; one tried very hard to make me think I was sweet and *soft* and beautiful altogether; the other declared I was as sour an old woman as you could find anywhere; and between the two I had to make up my mind what I really was and where I stood. Somehow these people have rather haunted me. I have n't haunted them except when I wanted to do some work that I felt ought to be accomplished; but they have haunted me by their actions, and I have been drawn first to one and then another, until I got heartily tired of it. As I have told you, I managed to use an influence in straightening out the affairs to suit myself.

I was a positive being when here. I did n't accept all that was poured in my ears, and I am something of a positive being now. When I attempt to do a thing I accomplish it, generally; not always, but usually; and I thought if I could get into one of these places and let those who remember me know I have not been as quiet, as idle and as unconscious as they have thought, why it would do me a little good, and perhaps would have a beneficial effect upon them, too. You will excuse me, I am sure, if I intrude.

For quite awhile before I died I was very lame, and obliged to carry a cane, in getting around. I don't have any cane in coming here; as I talk to you, I feel a little recurrence of the old condition, and that makes me feel more like myself than anything else. It seems to me now that I stand before you almost in my old form, and that I could read some of the delinquents a good lecture, as sharp a lecture as I ever did in the old days. Perhaps they would not want to hear it, so I'll travel out before I get "wound up" again.

I lived in New York City. There's more than one individual in the metropolis who remembers me and my ways. I send my greeting to old acquaintances. They can interpret it to suit themselves. If they are friendly, it will so seem to them; if they are not, of course it will appear otherwise. I am known as Polly. My name really is Elizabeth Jenkins. From very early childhood I was called and known by the name of Polly; in later years as Aunt Polly, to those who wanted my relationship; those that did n't, I presume thought of me as "That old, cross Polly." Good-day, sir. I hope you're well.

Report of Public Séance held April 25th, 1884.

Invocation.

Oh, thou who art the light of our way, the splendor of thy eternal radiance shines in upon our hearts, imbuing us with renewed vitality. May thy will be done in every human heart. May all thy children understand and realize that thou art the guiding, sustaining, animating power of all life, and that as they look unto thee in confiding trustfulness, they will receive strength and courage to press on with the battles of life. May we reach upward toward thee, and through communion with thy angel ones come into a grander comprehension of truth, and receive higher wisdom than ever before. To this end would we come into intelligent communication to-day with thy ministering spirits. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will now consider your questions, Mr. Chairman.

QUES.—[By Percy Garcell, Denver, Col.] Mr. Faraday states in his *post mortem* pamphlet, "How We Think," that "sleep is the result of a cessation of the transferral of vibrating atoms from the brain to the spirit." Why is it that this cessation should occur, and why should the atoms cease vibrating or get tired of sustaining the spirit and make sleep at all necessary? Is there any such thing as the matter getting tired of carrying forward its work?

ANS.—The theory advanced by your correspondent, suggested by that expressed by Mr. Faraday in his pamphlet (which, however, we do not accept, for we believe that when there is a cessation of atomic action, of the transferral of atomic vibrations from the brain or physical body to the spirit, dissolution of the body must of necessity ensue), it must of necessity be that the atomic action of the brain requires a supply of nervous force in order that it may be sustained. The friction incident upon the daily labor of the various organs of the physical body, not to speak of the cerebral part of the system, must of necessity exhaust a large amount of nerve aura; thus the entire body becomes depressed. Nature has wisely provided ways and means so that when one or every part of the system becomes exhausted, it may recuperate its forces, and one of those means is that known to you as sleep. When the nervous system becomes somewhat depressed, it is unable to generate its aura for the maintenance of an even equilibrium throughout the entire body; thus the action of the brain becomes reduced; atomic motion is not suspended, nor does it cease, but it reduces its impetuosity, and thus arouses the entire system to recuperate under the condition known to you as sleep. Matter never becomes weary of its labor that we know of—at least, we have seen no evidence of it; but matter changes its forms, becomes transformed under other conditions, yet it still continues its unceasing action, and under this law you look upon it as indestructible. The human system of itself may be compared to a small engine, with various parts that require fuel and must be fed in order to sustain their proper relationship to the entire whole and perform their functions in regular order. Not only the food you eat, but the air you breathe and the exercise you take, afford necessary elements or fuel for the system, but also the magnetic slumber into which your body falls at night is one of the means of supplying fuel or food to the nervous system, thus keeping it in uniform and regular order for work.

Q.—[By the same.] What we term the "will" must exist outside of matter. From whence does it derive its power?

A.—We understand the will to be above and superior to matter, as the term matter is understood by physiologists. Although the will permeates and makes use of matter or the material form, subjecting it to its power and purpose, it is believed to be a part of the Great Intelligent Power of the universe, deriving its strength from the Eternal Source of all animation and vigor.

Q.—[By the same.] Is the birth of an idea not representative of an expenditure of energy? If so, may not thought finally absorb the energy of the universe?

A.—The birth of an idea may properly be said to correspond to an expenditure of energy, but we by no means conclude that that thought will eventually exhaust the energy of the universe, for we liken the energy of the universe to that great will-power and intelligence which is of a divine source, and which no finite mind can measure. This potential energy must of necessity be eternal and exhaustless, continually generated, and proceeding from the great fountain source of all life; consequently there can be no exhaustion of its power, even though it becomes widespread throughout every part of the universe.

Q.—[By the same.] Faraday states that the atoms are essentially the same in their nature under every condition in which they exist, and that through all their transmutations they appear to gain nothing or lose nothing. Now, the experience and knowledge of [illegible] tive, and if the soul is the outgrowth of [illegible] ing atoms that lose nothing in their transmutation through it (for the atoms only have a very little connection with the spirit and then give way for new atoms), how are the soul's acquirements maintained in their integrity? Are the accretions of the mind mere imaginations, or the shadows of shadows?

A.—It is a well-known scientific fact that an atom is indestructible and indivisible; that it is under all conditions the same, an atom, gaining or losing nothing through its various transmutations. But we are not prepared to accept the theory that the soul is an outgrowth of these atoms, or that atomic motion can possibly explain the origin of mind. We believe that the soul is an impulsion from the great Eternal Source of all Life and Power, call it by what term you may, from the grand, universal, electric force of the universe of nature, permeating all things, and that this impulsion comes in contact with the various molecules and atoms of matter which make up the material form for the purpose of gaining experience and knowledge by the contact. We also believe that the acquirements which the soul obtains are of a spiritual nature, that they enable the spirit to expand and to become enlarged, thus expressing its own heavenly qualities which it has gained from the great central source of all spirituality independent of atomic or molecular motion; consequently, we are not prepared to say that because atoms neither gain nor lose in their various transmutations, that the soul can gain no everlasting experience or acquirement from its contact with those atoms, for it does gain in mental experience, it does gain in an expansion of the knowledge which is inherent within it, which belongs to the great Soul of all Knowledge and Intelligence.

Again, admitting that the atoms which come in contact with this spiritual part of our being, remain only for a time and then give place to other atoms, leaving nothing, but make room for higher forms of matter, grander and more powerful atomic motion, the spirit will thereby gather experience, become supplied with the force and activity which it requires for the new relay of atomic material which becomes connected with it. Thus as the soul passes on from gradation to gradation of unfoldment, from sphere to sphere of existence, ever supplied with those conditions which it requires for its more perfect expansion, under the wise economy of nature, the grand provisions of a Divine Father, the attainments, the human possessions of the soul can never be thought to be only shadowy, but they will be proven to be grand realites, and will be of invaluable service to the soul in its onward progress.

Rev. George C. Pennell.

You have here, Mr. Chairman, the priest and the layman, the Jew and the Gentile, representatives from various races and departments of life. I find myself in a mixed assembly, but within the very few years that have elapsed since I passed to the spirit-world, I have made my way to different places, seeking knowledge on those matters which concern humanity, embodied and disembodied, and I am here, hoping to reach the attention of friends whom I knew on earth. I filled a position which enabled me to wield an influence with many; I was looked upon as a teacher of divine truth, and those who once knew and loved me were glad to listen to the sound of my voice and to accept what I had to offer them.

I have returned, hoping to be received in a manner like that which I would have witnessed had I been absent for two or three years in a foreign land. I bring my greetings and love to friends, assuring them that I have conquered death, and risen above the mysteries of the grave. I have solved important problems of life connected with the dissolution of the body, and the enfranchisement of the spirit. I find myself standing in an eternal world, surrounded by human intelligences, each one of whom is seeking for light and knowledge, and endeavoring to understand truth as it is to be found in the universe.

True, the spiritual condition is different from what I imagined it would be; true, I have been obliged to confess myself mistaken on many points which appealed to me when in the form; true, I have discovered that I had adopted errors, entertained false opinions concerning the destiny of mankind; but these I am endeavoring to outlive, to throw them aside, and to become acquainted with the new light and new knowledge concerning immortal things.

I cannot truthfully say that I have been entirely happy since passing to the spirit-world; memories of the old life have crowded around me, and I have been obliged to look them squarely in the face. Some of them have been unpleasant to gaze upon. I have seen where, in accepting error and entertaining a false conception of life, I have led others to look upon the great unknown as something vague and unsatisfactory, something uncertain and to be dreaded.

I have desired, oh! so earnestly, for the power of returning and retracing my steps, taking up the lessons once laid down and going over them again, that they might be learned more truthfully and presented to others in a clearer and broader light. But this privilege I cannot find, so I am obliged to plod along in the spirit-world, trying to do the best I can and to assist others toward the light when I find them in need of its refulgent beams.

Not only have I been called upon to face the consequences of teaching errors which were incorporated into my life, but I have been obliged to look upon transactions of my own which I know to have been wholly wrong. I did not realize them as such at the time they were committed, but as I gaze upon them in the clear light of eternity I realize that I did not always walk according to the best light within me; that I sometimes strayed away from the direct line which I knew led toward an eternal condition of happiness and peace.

My friends may wonder why I speak as I do, yet in returning into contact with mortal life a sense of humiliation comes over me because I did not make more of the opportunities and advantages that were mine; because I did not seek always to walk in the spirit, in accordance with the highest dictates of my nature. In my review of the past I have found traces of omission, where I did not do my full duty—where I neglected opportunities of being of service to others, or of doing good in some way; and those recollections have been quite as bitter to me as the remembrance of any wrong I ever committed.

In summing up the whole together, I am obliged to say that I find not all sunshine, not all beauty and loveliness in my spiritual condition; but something of shadow, something of unsightliness, which I would rather put away from me if I could; yet in facing eternity one has to stand squarely, looking into his own condition, for he cannot get away from himself. Whatever of the past that belonged to his life comes up before him, and he must go over it step by step, line by line, reading with a new meaning and learning to understand it as he has never done before.

True, we can, in gazing back from the hills of immortal life, gather up the recollections of experiences, of conditions, of circumstances concerning and surrounding our lives which the outside world knew nothing of, which may go far toward accounting for any mistakes or missteps we have made; but, even taking all these things into consideration, there is still left a large extent of shadow which we must seek to banish by attempting to do good, to outwork the best powers of life by laboring for others.

I desire to become a teacher of young people. If ever I find an apportunity of coming into association with mediumistic organisms whose brains I can fully control for the purpose of speaking good words to mortals, teaching them of the higher life, pointing them to the broad, free paths which they may may tread in seeking for purity, for happiness and peace, I shall speak to the young, those who need a guiding hand, who require assistance in their studies, who are inexperienced and must look elsewhere for that guidance which they should learn to find within themselves. I would implore them to attend to the unfoldment of their own interior natures; to endeavor to walk by the light of the spirit; to pay heed to the still small voice within, for it is never at fault, and if attended to it will lead one through life and enable him to avoid its snares and pitfalls, to resist temptation, to crush evil influences under his feet, and tread the clear, beautiful heights of purity, honor and integrity. I think my young people need these words; their souls are asking for light and knowledge; they find themselves encompassed on every hand [illegible] allurements of folly, pleasure or fashion, and they can hardly tell which way to move. Fascinated by the allurements on one side or the other, before they become aware of danger they are liable to fall into some fatal net.

Spiritual teachers are required to go forth throughout the various communities of the land and call these young souls together to infuse into their minds the advantages of leading pure lives; explain to them the power they possess within themselves, which if unfolded and cultured, will enable them to become honorable men and women, able to stand up nobly in their own sense of right and justice, with characters broad and beautiful that will bear the gaze of the outside world.

I wish my mortal friends to know that after a little while of experience and discipline in the higher life I have come to the conclusion that it is my duty to seek ways and means of becoming an humble teacher to such young minds as require a little assistance and guidance in their paths of life.

Were I speaking in private I might mention a little circumstance which seemed to fling a shadow over my name after I passed to the spirit-world, but I cannot do so in public; I do not feel that it concerns the world; and I shall not attempt to explain that which might have seemed strange to some of my former friends. If I ever find an opportunity of coming in private, and feel that the matter demands my attention, I will be very happy to give that explanation.

I was a pastor in New York, known as Rev. George C. Pennell.

Henry W. Allen.

I belonged in Providence, R. I. I have friends there. I wish them to know I have returned from the spirit-world, and I am quite willing to come and hold a private interview with them if they will meet me on this side. I send them my greeting. I have a few things concerning material affairs to talk over with them, and I also wish to speak of what I have found on the spirit-side. I do not come to give an extended message, only just to announce myself. I would like, also, to come into communication with a gentleman by the name of Beach, in Providence. To him I think I could impart some knowledge on certain business transactions of his which would be beneficial to himself; at least I know they are of importance to others. I am Henry W. Allen.

Mary Harvey.

I died between two and three years ago. I lived in Boston, and have friends here. I had some means of a material nature, and I disposed of them, or at least a part of them, where I felt they would do the most good. I believe in assisting those who are inclined to help the needy and unfortunate, and so I distributed a part of my means to certain institutions in this city which are established for the purpose of doing good. I do not know as any one has objected to it; if so, it has not disturbed me in my spirit-home, and although I have learned differently concerning the immortal life than I knew when on earth, yet I cannot say that I regret my action, because, apart from all religious ideas or observances, the fact remains that the institutions to which I refer are founded for a good purpose and are calculated to benefit the lowly and unfortunate who have no friends or means of their own. I speak of these things, in case any one who knew me should learn of my return, and say: "Well, if you find the spirit-life so different from the future world you expected to find, and the religious observances or ceremonials of earth are not calculated specially to bless and benefit the soul, do you not regret the movement you made in disposing of your effects?" I wish to say that I do not; I am satisfied that I took the best course I could pursue, because I believe in *assisting* those who *require help.*

Although I have been disappointed in the other life, not finding it as I anticipated, I am not dissatisfied with its conditions. I do not feel the need of those religious ceremonies which I enjoyed when here. I do not require many of the conditions which afforded me help and comfort on earth. I have found loving friends on the other shore who have endeavored to teach me concerning the true way of life. I have had my time fully occupied in studying new lessons and laws, and in trying to understand them.

I come back to tell my friends it is all beautiful, that this is a bright world; one need not fear that the way will be through the shadow always, for there is light and peace above for those who are faithful and try to do their duty as they understand it, who are kind and loving to their friends and neighbors, who seek to live by the rule of justice, which is a "golden rule" indeed. Such will find on the other side a bright home, a pleasant condition, and all things necessary to supply the wants of their souls. They will take up life there as they laid it down here, but with higher powers, fuller opportunities for accomplishing that which will make them grand men and women. I hope all my friends will try and understand something of this, so that when they come to me in the spirit-world, they will be prepared to appreciate and enjoy its conditions, and will not feel disappointed or dissatisfied because the future world is different from what they have been taught to believe concerning it. I am Mary Harvey.

Nahum Perkins.

I feel pleased to meet you here, Mr. Chairman, and to greet this body of Boston Spiritualists. I presume most of them call themselves members of our household. I was a Spiritualist before passing out. I accepted the teachings of our divine philosophy, and I am happy to report here, and through your paper, that I have not been disappointed in the spirit-world, I am enjoying its conditions; I have found the fruition of my life experiences over yonder. Like the first speaker who came to you, I have seen shadows coming to my spirit in the other life, but I have also found many blessings, and it seems to me that I have indeed gained a crown of rejoicing. I feel through every part of my being like singing; not only raising my voice in song, but sending out every pulse of thought and energy in grateful praise because of this life which is mine.

I had dear friends on the earthly side, but I did not grieve to leave them. I knew that the old body had accomplished its mission, that it could not longer continue in activity, and that it was best for me to yield it up and take upon myself the garb of immortality. I rejoiced to do so; when I opened my eyes upon the spirit-throng waiting to bid me welcome, my heart leaped within me. I felt I had indeed found my home. The dear ones of my household whom I left on this earthly side were still near and dear to me, and because I joined other friends on high, I by no means forgot those who remained. I sent out my thought to them in loving affection. I endeavor, with a sympathetic influence, to assuage the sorrow arising in their hearts at my departure.

"Death," to a Spiritualist, is not a terrible event, or a foe to be dreaded, but rather a friend to be welcomed; it is a natural occurence in a man's existence which provides conditions for him to better himself, to grow more fully as a man. Death to a true Spiritualist is something to be accepted with joy and gladness, for it ushers him into a new field of labor, where he can perform work congenial to his nature.

Tell my friends that I return in gladness. I sympathize with each one, I mingle with them in their social gatherings, and try to make my influence felt. I am not dead, asleep, or drowsy, nor am I idle. I am here and there, in many places, because I feel that I can gain knowledge and experience everywhere, and perhaps may accomplish some little good in my own way. I am always glad to be of service to a spirit who is in need, and I find many such, those who understand nothing of the higher life, who do not realize where they are, and seem to move slowly, grope about as though they were blind, and hesitate in making any movement whatever. These spirits need assistance; they require to have their best powers appealed to, brought into action; they have to be shown the way, to be taken by the hand and led forward, to be taught lessons concerning the higher existence, and [illegible] little child who [illegible] surrounding [illegible] my own [illegible] me delight to speak to such spirits, take them by the hand and give them a word of encouragement or counsel. And I think if my friends learn that I am engaged in this work they will say: "Well, this would just suit him, and he must be happy."

I am satisfied with the spirit-world. I am glad to come here and report myself. I resided in Great Falls, N. H. I lived a good many years in the body, and am glad to have parted with it as I did. Nahum Perkins.

Sophia Brown.

My name is Sophia Brown. I want, if possible, to get a message to my brother Alfred, who I think is in San Francisco, or very near that city. I have long sought an opportunity of making myself known to him. He does not know anything of Spiritualism; he has heard of it and wondered if there could possibly be any truth in its claims, but has never given any attention to the subject. I have tried to impress his mind in regard to it—when his friend has spoken to him of what it has done for others—that it might be of great service to him. I have tried to influence him to become more interested in it, but he is so engrossed in matters pertaining to the material that he thinks he cannot afford the time to attend to spiritual things. I come to send him my love. I wish him to know that I take a great interest in his welfare. He knows how pleased I was to listen to his plans and to assist him, if I could, by my advice. When I was here he would often come to me with his little devices and explain to me what he would not to others, for the pleasure of obtaining my sympathy and perhaps my assistance. My brother was four years younger than myself, and he knew I always delighted to give him my attention. I wish him to know that I am still the same. I hold the same affection for him—in an intensified form—which I gave him when here, and I think there may be a means provided by which I may come to him in person and give him messages that will be characteristic of myself, which he will recognize.

My brother has wondered if he will ever see Uncle Charlie again. No; our uncle is in the spirit-world; he died through an accident two years ago; he only lived about two hours after he was hurt, and then passed to the higher life. He is with me, and we often return to our friends in the different places where they reside, hoping to make ourselves known. Uncle Charlie is the same active, energetic man that he was when here; he cannot bear the thought that he, as a conscious, intelligent being, has no power to make himself recognized as such by his friends on earth. I think he will continue his endeavors to make a stir, until he succeeds in accomplishing something. He desires me to send his love to all friends and assure them that he is as ready to work in concert with them for any good end as he would have been had he remained on earth.

Samuel Fowler.

Good afternoon, Mr. Chairman. I have just wandered in here, hoping to get a chance to send my love to friends, and tell them I am very well situated in the spirit-world. I had to look about me some time to find out exactly where I was. I had to scrutinize things pretty sharply before I learned just my state, and then I settled down to work, and I have been trying to accomplish something since. Everybody on our side finds something to do; all the lazy ones I see are generally hanging round the earth, in company with the same kind of people in the body. The active ones don't trouble themselves much about matters here unless it be to accomplish something in relation to friends or to human beings who need assistance. Those up yonder are busy looking after their own concerns and helping their neighbors, if they need help, though I don't find so many just where I live who need it as you do here, they are attending generally to things that belong to their condition of life. I see about as many different occupations and employments there as you have here, though they may be on a little higher plane; some of them may not exactly correspond to your own, yet they do in a great measure, and the life of the spirit seems to be something of a counterpart to this on earth.

My friends may think this is a strange story I have to tell them, but I believe in telling the truth, so I mention these things to them. If they want to know more about it, I think they can learn it by studying into Spiritualism, and trying to hear from the departed, for their friends are quite as capable of telling them the truth about their surroundings and conditions now as they were about their affairs when on earth.

I was quite an old man, Mr. Chairman. I lived over seventy years on earth, and got rather tired of it, so I drifted to the other side. I did n't realize how glad I was to be freed from the body until I got entirely out of it, then I felt such a relief and gladness come over my entire being that I (like the other old gentleman that spoke) could have shouted "Hallelujah."

I have nothing more to say now. I would like to come again, or to meet my friends somewhere else, if everything is agreeable. In the meantime I will see what bits of information I can pick up to bring them from the other side. I am Samuel Fowler. I was known in Northbridge, Mass. I have been gone about two years and a half.

Delia Howe.

I have not a very extended message to give, yet I hope to meet my Boston friends. I lived in this city. I have dear friends here—a sister, mother and uncle, with other relatives and friends. I want them all to know that I live. I have tried for years to come and tell this one fact, but have not succeeded before, and it makes me very happy to think I can do just this much. I want some one of my friends to visit a private trance medium, where I can talk to them. I want to tell them of things that occurred before I left the body. We had a number of strange experiences, and we did not realize what they were for. Since I passed away my mother has seen why some of them happened, still she does not now realize their source as I do. I want to speak to her and to others about them. I have been told there is a young man, a medium, by the name of Fletcher, through whom I can make myself known. I have seen a spirit who comes to him, and I think I can give a message through him, or through some one connected with that medium. I hope my friends will give me an opportunity of doing so. A little while before I died, a friend of mine brought a great bunch of white flowers called snow-balls to my room, and left them. They looked so white and pure I felt great pleasure in gazing upon them, and just before I passed away, my mother placed them close to my bedside, that I might feast my eyes upon them, because, through the long cold winter I had sighed for the outside life and for the summer-time. I knew I should not live to see the "heated term," that when the flowers came in all their beauty and luxuriance, I would be in another condition. I did not know that the spirit-world had its flowers and running streams, and everything lovely in nature, which, however, I found to be the case after I arrived there. I had no idea I would ever see such beautiful sights again, so I longed for the open country and for the sweet blooming flowers. My friend brought this bunch of white blossoms, and I was so grateful. I speak of this because it occurs to my mind, and may be an evidence of my identity. I want to say to that friend: I have always remembered your kindness with a great deal of affection. I thank you now for that loving deed, which was of so much value to me. I am Delia Howe.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

April 22.—Sarah E. Butler; John Maguire; Henry Knight; Hannah Elizabeth Young; Pat; Sallie Willett; Belle.

May 1.—S. B. Bridge; Jonathan Robinson; Lulu M. Martin; William H. Ahl; Ella Sterling; Gipsy.

May 6.—Calvin Torrey; Sylvia Fogg; Myron S. Knight; Mary E. Driscoll; Charles E. Odlman; Helen Prince; Manuel A. Dewey; [illegible]

May 8.—Willie Burgess; Charles A. Worthen; [illegible] Lyford; Alice C. [illegible]; Mary F. Anderson.

May 13.—[illegible] Adelaide E. [illegible]; Geo. [illegible]; Mary Downing; Caleb [illegible]; [illegible]; Charles [illegible]; Hanley; [illegible]; Hannah M. Stevens; [illegible]

May 15.—[illegible]

K. Hyer; William H. Brown; Sarah E. Coolidge; George W. Rogers; Mrs. Beulah A. Stevenson.

May 27.—Robert Anderson; John Tyerman; Susie Grant; Della Griffin; Mrs. Ida Sawyer; Ella Mayo.

June 3.—Mrs. Elvira J. Swan; Celia Leonard; Isaiah Atkins; William H. Brown; Hannah Hunt; Laura A. Martin; Addie Callahan; Jonathan White; Roswell; Forest Flower.

June 6.—Gen. William MacRae; Mrs. Mary Ann Lamson; Jefferson Currier; Melissa Howard; Marion K. Young; John Ward.

June 12.—Fanny Burbank Felton; Oliver Moses; Emma F. Dallinger; Margaret Newman; Henry Howard; Samuel Henderson; Violetta.

June 20.—Mrs. Sarah Miller; Rev. Herman Bisbee; Kate Pitman; Eleanor Adams; Silas Barnard; Ida Stevens.

June 24.—Mary Elizabeth Burbank; John W. Edmonds; Fanny Green McDougal; Harriet Jackson; Willard Hutchins; Silver Tongue.

June 27.—John Pierpont; Lotela, for Margaret S. Ramson, George Jardine, Samuel A. Hastings, Matooka, Francis M. Leonard, Water Lily, Hiram Marsh, Nellie Ricker, Willie Knapp, Job V., Capt. John Richardson, Sarah Ann Johnson, Harrison Clark, Clara Bacon, "Dick."

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New York Advertisements.

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RUPTURES

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Banner of Light.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

FOUR MILES AHEAD.

With hopes and with fears we sent them forth,
And they wintered there in the frozen North;
Two winters they spent in the Arctic zone,
Where slowly they perished, and one by one;
But surely we ought to be well content,
As toward the pole our explorers went,
And they marked the exploration line
Four miles ahead.
Oh! but the record is wondrous fine,
With nineteen dead!—New York Sun.

Lieut. A. W. Greeley and six men of his command were rescued at Cape Sabine, in Smith's Sound, on June 22d, by the Thetis and Bear, part of the expedition sent out to their relief by the United States Government. One, Sergeant Ellison, died soon after being taken on board ship. Eighteen out of the original number (25) of the Lady Franklin Bay Polar Station perished from starvation, frost and drowning, at Cape Sabine, before the arrival of aid, so that but five men and their commander survive the terrible Arctic experience.

A Berwick (Me.) lady dreamed three nights in succession that there was a roll of bills under a certain pile of stones, and upon going there and turning the stone that she saw in her dreams she found the money.

The New York Sabbath Committee, which protests against Sunday concerts in the park, ought to be shut up in a tenement house for the rest of the summer and fed on tracts. Gen. Viele says he found the objectors "utterly wanting in common sense," and he proposes to stop the concerts—when the snow flies.—*Boston Globe.*

It is said that the new torpedo-boat of Capt. John Ericsson will be one of the most terrible of all engines of warfare. This boat, now nearly completed, will be able to overtake the swiftest vessel afloat, can elude all missiles that may be hurled at it, and will carry a torpedo which can shatter and sink the strongest ship. The torpedo differs from all others, and the firing will be either by electricity or compressed air.

There is one style of wrist-band you meet with in all parts of the world—the Cook's tourist band.—*Boston Com. Bulletin.*

The Roumanian papers announce the death at Galatz of a member of the Roumanian clergy, Preda by name, who is said to have attained the age of 120 years, having been ordained 101 years ago. For the last fifty years of his life he never tasted flesh meat.

It takes 2,400 pancakes to furnish the Vassar girls with a single breakfast. But, oh mercy! they don't call 'em pancakes. They speak of them as "rotundifolious buns."—*Burlington Free Press.*

The modern reporter for the cheap daily press is extremely prolific in writing up stuff concocted out of nothing for his paper—the merest garbage. The only wonder is that the intelligent reader does not lay such sheets down in utter disgust. It would be entirely superfluous to particularize, as one has the evidence before him continually.

The Rugby colony is still alive and doing well, so says a newspaper letter from that place, or, at least, that part of it is still alive and doing well that is willing to work.—*Ex.*

An exchange announces that "a Regular physician writes pathetically to a newspaper complaining of the conduct of a female doctor who has taken away all his patients and left him and his family on the brink of starvation."

The *Christian Register* admits that "men build houses as they build creeds and institutions, that they may have a settled home; but there is nothing in this world that can prevent mutation, and sooner or later the sign-board appears, 'For Sale or to Let,' so this is the sign-board which Orthodoxy is putting up on some of its old dogmas, and the former tenants have moved to better quarters."—*The Truth Seeker, New York.*

"Telemachus, don't let me hear you laughing at a woman again because she can't sharpen a pencil. When you want something in that line to laugh at, do you just contemplate a man cutting out a paper pattern with a pair of scissors, by the united efforts of his right hand, lower jaw and two-thirds of his tongue."

A terrible railway accident occurred July 16th at Penistone, a railway junction near Barnsley, England: An express train, while dashing past the station at the rate of thirty-five miles per hour, struck the rear car of a goods train, completely wrecking the express, killing twenty and wounding forty of the passengers. The accident was caused by the breaking of an axle under one of the carriages. Nearly the entire train was thrown down a steep embankment.

LIFE'S MAINSPRINGS.

The massive gates of Circumstance
Are turned upon the smallest hinge,
And thus some seeming pettiest chance
Oft gives our life its after tinge.
The trifles of our daily lives,
The common things scarce worth recall,
Whereof no visible trace survives,
These are the mainsprings, after all!

Since the cholera appeared in France over one thousand persons have fallen victims to its ravages. The disease has reached Paris, and a perfect stampede is threatened. Marseilles is in a desperate strait, and a famine is threatened at Toulon. Madrid, Spain, has already had two deaths from cholera—and it would appear that the mournful prediction of Prof. Koch, of a general wave of plague and death all over Europe, is about to be verified.

Dairyman—"John, the pigs look rather queer; have they been fed?" *John*—"Yes, sir." *Dairyman*—"What did you give them?" *John*—"As there was n't nothing else, sir, I gave them the milk that was left in the cans when the men got back from the city." *Dairyman*—"Great Josephus! what have you done? Run for the doctor."

Dr. Fox declares that a morbid terror of consumption is rapidly developing among the less intelligent classes in Great Britain by the constant reiteration of the talk about contagion, and that consumptive patients are neglected by friends and relatives by reason of this terror.

WALKERTON, ONT., *July 19th.*—A sensation was created here to-day by a Mrs. Martin publicly rotten-egging Rev. William Smythe, a Methodist minister, in the market place. The lady was brought before the mayor and fined $10. The assault grew out of a scandalous report affecting Mrs. Martin's character, and which she accused Smythe of circulating.

Spiritualism in Philadelphia.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Spiritualism in this city is making marked progress, increasing in the number of its believers and forming new societies. About one year ago a few energetic ladies and gentlemen formed the Spiritual Temple Association, now located in the hall south-west corner Girard and Ridge avenues. Mr. Beach, an earnest worker, is the President; Mr. Samuel Wheeler, a magnetic and developing medium, is his very able assistant; Mrs. A. M. Glading, trance speaker and test medium, is the spiritual dispenser of heavenly truth.

The Association will hold its meetings every Sunday evening through the summer. Mrs. Glading is a fine and fluent speaker; she attracts intelligent audiences, and the Association bids fair to be a large and useful auxiliary to other agencies for the promulgation of Spiritualism in that section of the city. July 15th, the members held their first picnic in West Fairmount Park. It was a beautiful day; the attendance was large, and it was plain to be seen the managers had made all necessary arrangements for a good time; and they were not disappointed in the result, for the older children threw off the years of care and mingled with the young, taking part in all the games and striving to make each other happy, and the efforts were perfectly successful.

There were four prizes of books to be given, the recipients to be designated by votes; the first to the handsomest lady was awarded to Mrs. Oblenis; the second to the most popular lady, by a unanimous vote to Mrs. Glading; the third to the handsomest gentleman to Dr. J. H. Rhodes; the fourth to the most popular gentleman to Samuel Wheeler, who certainly was deserving, as he has labored with all his powers for the good of the Association. Long may all the co-workers with him live to see the fruits of their labor prosper, is the wish of the writer and all who labor for the good of humanity. There were two other prizes, a napkin ring to Mr. L. L. Abbott, and a castor to Miss Ormont. J. H. R.

The Camp-Meetings.

Onset Bay Camp-Meeting.

ONSET BAY GROVE,
Sunday, July 20th, 1884.

Another fine and beautiful day for Onset. It seems that the good spirits hover over this lovely place and keep all disturbing elements from interfering with the interesting exercises which are in progress. Cars and boats laden with people, bring their cheerful faces to these groves of oak and pine, and cool and gentle breezes waft their healing balm to the sick and worn-out invalid.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, that wonderful and interesting speaker, holds a very large audience in close attention by her beautiful language and splendid oratorical powers. The entire harmony of the Middleborough Band draws from all parts of the grounds delighted hearers. Their softest, sweetest airs charm and enrapture all fortunate enough to come under the weird spell of their musical powers. Mr. J. Frank Baxter in the afternoon session had a large and very attentive concourse of people to hear his very interesting discourse, and so many enjoyable hours have passed and the Sabbath closes giving sweet spiritual and intellectual pleasure and good will and hope to all.

Luther Colby, Esq., the veteran editor of the *Banner of Light*, and his friend, Mr. Charles McArthur of New York, have been sojourning at Hotel Onset for a few days. At the Fact Meeting on Saturday Mr. Colby was discovered by L. L. Whitlock, and his presence announced, with earnest words of appreciation and commendation in consequence of his editorial course toward mediums, and the wisdom of the *Banner's* methods in advancing Spiritualism. The audience heartily applauded Bro. Whitlock's remarks; but the urgent appeals of the speaker failed to induce the editor to make himself prominent.

Among the pleasant faces at Onset are those of Prof. Phelps and wife, for thirty years residents of California. Mrs. Phelps is a sister of Sidney Howe, one of the respected residents of Onset, who has contributed much to its prosperity. The Professor is a gentleman of large education, a linguist of wide reputation and a philosopher of deep research. Mrs. Phelps also is a lady of great talent.

Mrs. M. E. Williams of New York, the well-known materializing medium, is here. She is in love with Onset, and predicts for it a great future. With her is Kate Irving, whose excellent book on Spiritualism, entitled, "Clear Light from the Spirit-World," has had a large sale and influence in literary circles.

The *Banner of Light* will have a large sale this year at Onset. Give your subscriptions to Dr. Storer, at the Association's office.

Facts may be had at the office. Mr. Whitlock is on hand to take subscriptions for his valuable Magazine.

Mr. G. N. Sherman of Providence, R. I., formerly a prominent Adventist, gave an intensely interesting series of experiences in materialization, of a test character, with a power and spirit which created great enthusiasm.

A. M. Stoddard of Berkeley, Cal., (a wealthy and most intelligent gentleman,) recited his experience at the Fact-Meeting. He is a thorough Spiritualist, and himself and wife are enjoying themselves.

J. H. Thorpe and wife of New York City are at the Greenleaf cottage.

S. R. Stevens of San Francisco, Cal., and Mrs. D. C. White of the same city, are at the Haynes cottage.

Mrs. M. D. Bell of Malden, and Mrs. S. Strand of Charlestown, are at "Rest" cottage, Mr. Cyrus Peabody's.

Mrs. O. F. Grant of Western New York is at the Eldridge cottage, on West Central avenue, giving sittings daily, and circles three times a week.

A. S. Hayward, magnetic physician, has decided to stop at Onset a few weeks, which is welcome information to all who have his acquaintance. He has taken a room at the "Robbins' Nest," Mr. Robbins's cottage on South Boulevard, near Onset avenue.

Col. Van Horn of Kansas City, Mo., has been stopping at the Glen Cove House. He has had a large experience as a spiritualistic investigator, and being in the vicinity of Onset, pays it his first visit, and is much pleased with its attractions.

Dr. A. H. Richardson, the experienced camp-meeting manager, arrived at Onset on the 16th, and is located on West Central avenue.

John Low of Chelsea, the veteran Spiritualist, is at the Haynes cottage for the season.

Charles Sullivan is rapidly improving, and is able to be at his post in the choir.

Mrs. L. B. Faunce, unconscious trance medium, of New Bedford, is at the Mediums' Home, and will give sittings daily; also hold public circles. She is spoken of highly as a lady, in addition to her spiritual gifts.

Joseph Whitney and wife of Cambridge are domiciled at the White cottage on South Boulevard.

The beautiful Headquarters Building, containing the office of the Association, Dr. Storer's Bookstore, the Circle-Room, and store-rooms, is admired by all visitors.

W. Hobert Kendall (leader of the orchestra) and his wife from Gardner, Mass., are here for the season at Association Cottage, No. 5.

Mrs. Wildes of Boston, medium, is at cottage on Longwood avenue.

Mrs. Maggie Houghton Chamberlain, unconscious trance medium, late of England, is at the Greenleaf cottage, and will exercise her clairvoyant and magnetic gifts. She is one of the oldest workers in the field.

H. P. Talmage of Worcester is at the Baker cottage. Mr. Talmage is a full believer in Spiritualism. He has passed several seasons at Onset, visiting it during the first camp-meeting.

This week there will be issued an Onset Bay Guide and Directory, containing a list of residents, their location and other facts of interest to the Grove.

Mrs. M. B. Sprague of Boston, late editor and proprietor of the *Voice of Angels*, is at the Haynes cottage.

Extra copies of the *Banner of Light* may be had at the Association Office, the drug store, and of boys on the grounds. Price eight cents.

Mrs. Byrnes received the congratulations of numerous friends upon the two eloquent discourses given on Saturday and Sunday.

J. Frank Baxter gave a most valuable exposition of Spiritualism as affecting morality, on Sunday afternoon. It was a strong presentation, and commanded close attention throughout. The tests given at the close of the lecture were numerous, very clear and interesting in presentation, and all recognized.

The materialization séances are eagerly sought for. Mrs. Mary Huntoon, at the Circle-Room in the Headquarters building; Mrs. Bliss at her cottage on West Central avenue; Mrs. Stoddard Gray and her son, DeWitt C. Hough, at Mrs. William Hall's; Joseph Caffray and wife, at Mrs. Bullock's cottage, Union street; and the Berry sisters at their cottage on Park street, are all in great demand, and the manifestations are generally spoken of as satisfactory and wonderful.

The combined Yacht Squadron of New Bedford, Newport, New Haven and other ports will visit Onset, anchoring in the Bay on Saturday next. It will be a beautiful sight. The Middleboro' Band will play on Saturday evening.

The grand illumination of the Grove will take place on Saturday evening, Aug. 2d. This is expected to be the most brilliant display ever seen at Onset.

All the meetings of the past week have been full of spirit and interest. George A. Fuller delighted the people with two admirable lectures, thoughtful, logical, instructive and truly inspired. He is a growing power on the platform.

The lectures of J. Clegg Wright were fully up to the high standard of his reputation as a philosophical thinker. A vote of thanks was unanimously passed at the close of his scientific exposition of heredity as determining character and destiny.

The pleasant voice and earnest words of Mrs. Townsend-Wood, enforcing the practical application of Spiritualism to life and conduct, were highly appreciated not only by the residents but by the teachers and scholars of the Pleasant-street Sunday School of New Bedford, who made an excursion to Onset, by the *Monohansett*, on Thursday.

Joseph D. Stiles is simply immense as a test medium. He never hangs back when his services on the platform are required. Hundreds of spirits, men and women, have already been described by him and recognized by the audiences. As he is greeted at his cottage door by passing friends, he often sees and calls out the names of the spirit-friends who come in their sphere, and thus blends the two worlds in very realistic fashion.

The "Onset Bay Quartette" gives excellent satisfaction. It comprises the following ladies and gentlemen: soprano, Mrs. A. M. Hanaford, Boston; contralto, Mrs. A. L. Adams of Rockville, Mass.; tenor, Mr. Chas. W. Sullivan, Boston; bass, Mr. S. P. Cheney of Dorset, Vt., under the direction of Frank E. Crane, organist, also of Boston. Several new and original pieces will be sung, copies of which can be obtained of Dr. Storer at the headquarters for the small sum of ten cents each.

L. L. Whitlock, Esq., of Providence, infuses his own enthusiasm into the "Fact-Meetings" held under his charge at 10 A.M. every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Here we have listened to the affecting recitals of spirit recognition at the materializing circles—the marvelous phenomena of spirit-power manifested in such varied phases—all combining to impress with absolute conviction the great *fact* of spirit-presence in this world of matter, manipulating it in illustration of immortal human volition, and the all-pervasive power of human love. A large number of visitors from Maine to California have brought their contributions of facts to these meetings, and the high intelligence, the practical sense, the concise and careful statements of these competent observers, have given such weight and character to these meetings as to make them a powerful auxiliary in spreading a knowledge of Spiritualism.

Among the prominent men at Onset is Mr. A. L. Hatch of Astoria, N. Y. Mr. Hatch is well known among Spiritualists as an earnest investigator. His experiences cover séances with almost every well-known public and private medium of the country.

Mr. and Mrs. Hare of Philadelphia are at Onset. Mr. Hare is a well-known lawyer of Philadelphia. He is a son of the late Prof. Hare, whose declaration in favor of the reality of the spirit phenomena, after careful investigation, produced so great a sensation in the scientific world many years ago. Mr. Hare is a confirmed Spiritualist.

The Mantic, Vt., Camp-Meeting

has for its first speaker Warren Chase, Aug. 3d.

Cape Cod Camp-Meeting.

August 13th, at 10 A. M., the Eighteenth Annual Session of the Cape Cod Camp-Meeting was called to order by Watson B. Kelley, on the old camp-ground at Harwich. The morning opened with scattering raindrops and a cloudy sky which reduced the audience mainly to the campers who occupied the well filled cottages and tents. The organization was soon completed by the election of Warren Chase, President; W. B. Kelley, Heman Snow, C. R. Kelley, Vice Presidents; Mary F. Nickerson, Secretary; Love C. Howes, Treasurer. A Finance Committee of Five and a Business Committee were appointed, and the meeting opened for other business with a few remarks by Warren Chase, whose regular lecture, as announced in the programme, was postponed, on account of the weather, till Tuesday.

The forenoon was given up to a conference, which called up Heman Snow, who had been present every day except one at all of the sessions of the seventeen years, and had watched with deep interest the progress of the meetings and the cause, etc. Warren Chase said he was present at the first meeting held in this grove, sixteen years ago, and he greatly missed those speakers he had often met here: Henry C. Wright, William Denton and E. S. Wheeler, and also several of the old citizens whose homes and cottages were now occupied by another generation. He seemed to be lingering here, as if forgotten by the boatman. He read a poem written for his seventieth birthday, and Jennie B. Hagan gave one of her inimitable impromptu poems on old age.

A spirit gave a beautiful and cordial greeting through Mrs. Celia M. Nickerson, who is an easily and very pleasantly controlled medium. J. Frank Baxter filled the air, the grove and the audience with his delightful music and songs, and the morning hour was satisfactorily and delightfully occupied.

At noon the sky cleared, and soon after the grove filled with "horse, foot and dragoons." The seats were well filled in the afternoon by an audience whose heads and hearts were bountifully supplied with the "bread of life," by J. Frank Baxter, with lecture, songs and tests, till a renewal of clouds with threatening thunder scattered the crowd and sent raindrops after them.

Sunday evening was quiet.

Monday morning was fair and cool, and the cottages all alive with tenants. The afternoon was occupied with a conference in which were thrilling songs and tests by J. Frank Baxter, and messages from the other life through Celia M. Nickerson, with stories and sketches by others. In the evening a very large crowd came to see the illumination, which in consequence of a light shower was postponed.

Mr. and Mrs. Steele, who have catered for the campers here most of the camping years, were at their post with the best of camp-life fare.

Tuesday, weather fine. Forenoon, Warren Chase lectured to a good audience on the contrast between Christianity and Spiritualism; the former based on faith, which is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," because they do not exist, while Spiritualism he said was the evidence of things seen, heard and felt, and rested on the senses, the only source of knowledge. He explained materialization and its pretended exposures, which he said only exposed the ignorance or wickedness of the exposers in most cases, who were largely like the witch-finders of three hundred years ago and their services about as valuable.

In the afternoon J. Frank Baxter gave an excellent lecture to a good audience on the practical results of Spiritualism, and followed it with many excellent and recognized tests of spirit-presence. In the evening the grove was grandly illuminated and filled with visitors, and all seemed highly entertained by the songs, recitations and comic speeches, interspersed with poems by Jennie B. Hagan, all under the inspiring guidance of J. Frank Baxter.

Wednesday was fair and cool. In the morning an excellent discourse was delivered by Mrs. Celia M. Nickerson, accompanied with experiences in the spirit-life by her guides. In the afternoon Miss Jennie B. Hagan held every ear in hearing with her usual wealth of eloquence and argument, which is too well known to need comment here. In the evening the conference was recruited by the presence of Mr. Eben Cobb, and Dr. Donelly, the nearly blind medium, whose impediment in his speech makes it very difficult for him to make himself understood, though when Prof. Draper controlled him every word was plainly spoken and clearly expressed, and the subject was handled in a most scholastic and scientific manner—being highly interesting and instructive. Other spirits controlled him, and an Indian gave a psychometric reading of Mrs. Hagan, Jennie's mother, which herself and her friends said was correct. After conference, an interesting circle was held by Mrs. Celia M. Nickerson, and many tests given. On the whole, this was a very useful day to the campers of the Cape, who all came here for spiritual food. Bro. Cobb was greeted with a hearty welcome, and made a happy response.

Thursday the weather was fine, and a larger attendance than any previous day except Sunday was in the grove. The forenoon was devoted to conference, in which a variety of speakers took part, among them one who was ninety years old. A very pleasant time was enjoyed by all present. In the afternoon Mr. Eben Cobb gave a very interesting and highly instructive lecture, reviewing Christian history and the various martyrs, and covering the sins of the past with a mantle of charity. Jennie B. Hagan also added one of her ever-interesting improvisations. Evening, a highly-interesting conference occupied two hours, when all were satisfied with the day.

Friday, fair and cool. First lecture by Warren Chase on "The Relation of the Two Worlds and the Evolutionary Theory of Spiritual Life." Largest forenoon and afternoon audiences of any week day. Afternoon, Dr. H. B. Storer was welcomed by his many old friends, and gave them one of his best and most practical lectures, which was heartily appreciated. In the evening a large and highly interesting conference was held, and Prof. A. B. Severance and Dr. J. H. Severance, Joseph D. Stiles, Dr. Storer and Jennie B. Hagan entertained the audience. Joseph D. Stiles gave some of the most convincing tests of the presence of old citizens, citing names and residence when they lived on the Cape, all of which were recognized by relatives and friends.

Saturday was a grand day for the Harwich campers and the visitors. Joseph D. Stiles occupied the forenoon, preceded by a poem from Jennie B. Hagan. Wm. Fishbough gave through him one of the best and most logical, rational and scholastic lectures ever uttered on these grounds; and his Indian control followed with some most inimitable sentiments and a large number of tests, all of which were acknowledged and perfectly convincing.

In the afternoon Dr. J. H. Severance completely captivated the large audience with one of the best lectures that could be given by anybody on life, health, disease, diet, regimen, discipline, medical practice and the fashionable abuse of our bodies. She was listened to with the closest attention, and certainly must have made some lasting impressions on many minds. Joseph also added some more of his convincing tests, and on the whole this was the grandest day of all the week. In the evening it was windy and too cold for comfort, but a goodly number gathered around the speaker's stand and listened to short speeches from Prof. A. B. Severance, Warren Chase, and Dr. Juliet H. Severance, till a late hour. The Cape campers felt at this time that they could not give up these meetings.

Sunday, the 20th, was pleasant, and a glorious day for Harwich camp-ground. The largest audiences of the season, and one of the largest ever assembled there, and the exercises holding all that could hear the speakers. In the forenoon Dr. J. H. Severance held the crowd in almost breathless suspense for an hour and a half, as she showed the relation of life here to conditions in the life beyond. Jennie B. Hagan gave another impromptu poem that all admired, and Joseph D. Stiles followed with many convincing proofs of the presence of spirits who were known by some of the audience. In the afternoon, Rev. James Kay Applebee gave a sound, logical, able and most convincing evidence of the progress of free thought in spite of creeds, clerical authority and Bible obstacles, and the result as shown by the growth of Spiritualism. His lecture was highly appreciated by the large crowd that listened. He was followed by another poem from Jennie, and by more of those excellent words from the control of Joseph, and a large number of tests of spiritual visitors, all of which were recognized.

A large audience remained on the ground in the evening, and listened to the closing remarks of Warren Chase, Dr. Severance and Jennie B. Hagan, and all went away much pleased. No disturbance occurred during the whole meeting. It was decided to hold another next year, and a committee appointed to carry out the arrangements therefor. W. C.

Neshaminy Falls (Pa.) Camp-Meeting.

NESHAMINY CAMP, *July 20th.*

The Sixth Annual Camp-Meeting held under the auspices of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia was formally opened to-day. The attendance was large, and the deepest interest was manifested in the utterances of Judge Dailey of New York and J. Clegg Wright of England.

Mr. Dailey delivered an elaborate address on the relation which Spiritualism sustains to the great reformatory movements of the age. He spoke of woman's emancipation from inherited barbarous limitations, and pointed out a bright future for her as a co-worker with man in all noble undertakings.

Mr. Wright indulged in a characteristic metaphysical address on the immortality of the soul.

Mr. Edgar W. Emerson of Manchester, N. H., supplemented both addresses with clairvoyant delineations.

Crowds of people come to the grounds on excursion trains from Trenton and Philadelphia. The indications are that the forthcoming season will be prosperous. The managers are competent gentlemen who have the welfare of the cause with which they are identified at heart. The *Banner* representative was most cordially greeted, and he had the pleasure of exchanging salutations with old-time workers.

Many improvements have been made at the camp-ground. Capt. Keffer is again at his post as general superintendent. Prof. DeBarth has charge of the music, which is of a high order.

President Wood cordially welcomed the people to the grove in an appropriate address. Speaking will take place from the stand every day, except Mondays, until Aug. 31st, inclusive. The list of speakers comprises some of the able writers which the movement affords. The details of the meeting are admirably arranged, and there is no doubt that the utmost harmony will prevail.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

On Aug. 3d this great camp will be formally opened, Mrs. S. A. Byrnes and Mr. Chas. Dawbarn being the opening speakers.

Excursion tickets will be sold from Buffalo for $12.75. Call for tickets over the Troy & Boston Railroad. Excursion tickets are also sold by other Western lines. The New London Northern Railroad will have reduced rates, as usual. There will also be special excursion days over this line.

The immense skating-rink at the Lake is in running order, and is destined to be very popular.

Mr. Barnard's hotel will be conducted in an able manner. Already many rooms have been engaged.

SUPERINTENDENT JOHN ADAMS has perfected the railroad accommodations so that improved facilities in that line will be offered. CEPHAS.

The Cleveland, O., Grove Meeting.

Read the announcement made by Thomas Lees in another column regarding the three days' meeting to be held at Geauga Lake July 25th, 26th and 27th, under the auspices of the Cleveland friends. The services will consist of conferences, addresses, good singing, and a grand concert and sociable. We are informed that on Sunday, July 27th, a special train will leave the Central Dépôt at Viaduct, Cleveland, at 9:15 A.M., city time, returning at 7:30 P.M.

Temple Heights, Me.

In another column will be found the announcement made by Mrs. Clara Butterfield, Secretary of the Maine State Spiritual Temple. Parties wishing further information can address her at the Camp-Ground, Northport, Me. There is every reason to expect a grand success at this the second annual convocation of the organization and its patrons.

Cassadaga Lake.

The Lake Shore Railroad makes a reduced rate to Cassadaga for the Spiritualists who will hold their Fifth Annual Camp-Meeting there, commencing July 26th. Tickets are now on sale, good during the season of meeting. See announcement on our fifth page.

Queen City Park, Vt.

This meeting, we understand, will begin Aug. 17th and last four weeks. All of the prominent speakers of Vermont will be present. Capt. Brown, Geo. A. Fuller, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes and other noted speakers will also address the people. For particulars relative to lots, etc., address Dr. Smith, Brandon, Vt.

Verona Park, Me.

The meeting at this locality, to be held under the auspices of the Penobscot Spiritual Temple, will begin Saturday, Aug. 2d, and gives high promise of a successful and spiritually profitable season.

Etna, Me.

The meeting at this point commences Aug. 31st, with Hon. Warren Chase as the initial in its list of oratorical attractions.

Notes from Brooklyn.

No. 2.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In my previous article in a recent paper I seemed to lay all the blame of the difficulty in meeting the expenses of the meetings upon the shoulders of those who attended them; but there is another side to the question, which, in all justice to those accused, must be mentioned.

Where paid speakers are not engaged of course the audiences are the only ones to blame if the meetings lack support (providing always the meetings give satisfaction); but when they are engaged, then a due consideration on the part of the speaker, whether a medium or otherwise, should be felt for those who are struggling to carry a society through the stormy waters of prejudice and opposition. If there are two qualities more needed in a movement like this than aught else, they are self-sacrifice and consideration for others—in short, a practical expression of our teachings as shown in our daily lives—thus living what we preach. The crowning glory of all government and of all religion is *brotherly love*; and if we who have *actual proof* of an immortal life do not live as brothers, then who shall? Mediums, as a rule, are not overburdened with money; (they are the stepping-stones or ladders by which others climb to a knowledge of the "golden city," or the spirit-world, and, like such, often neglected and thought little of;) but the leading speakers, even though able to command their price, are able to be considerate and not add to the difficulties the officers find in carrying through their meetings from season to season, and especially in starting new ones.

I know of one case where a prominent speaker and medium was unable to keep her engagement. A substitute was found, who, though he agreed to be satisfied with the collection, demanded the lady's salary when he found a small audience; and then—as if this was not enough—the lady herself wrote for her full pay. Here was a double call upon the treasurer, and one not easy to meet. Now what does it mean? It means simply that, notwithstanding all the illustrious examples of self-sacrifice the world has had, man is still selfish.

Hence, what we as individuals have to do is to make a personal effort to rise above self, and at the same time that we consider ourselves, try to consider others. The Bible teaches this; Oahspe teaches it strongly; and he whom we have come to look upon as the Master Medium of the Spiritualism of the First Century, Jesus of Nazareth, not only taught it but *lived* it, which is more, and if we want this movement to bear practical results, as evidenced in the lives of men, we must live it as well as preach it.

Words are cheap—actions speak; and if we would reform others we must first reform ourselves. Now here in this great city of churches, with all its opposing forces of church and clergy, we ought by this time to begin thinking of some practical expression of our cause besides the various meetings offered. We want it free as possible, too; want it, as the offering of those upon whom the light of Spiritualism and self-knowledge has fallen, to those who are yet in the dark.

"Freely ye have received, freely give," is demanded of us to-day as of old. Already the idea of a "Free Spiritual Library and Reading-Room" has taken root, but although this is good in itself it is not enough as an expression of the movement in this city. We have men of means among our numbers, and with "mites" from those less able to give, we certainly ought to have a building devoted to spiritual purposes and to the teaching of self-knowledge. This would include the Library as one department only of its work, while the others would all blend harmoniously with it. "Small beginnings make large endings," and if nothing comes as yet but the Reading-Room, I feel that it will be only a question of time before the larger scheme will be made practical. Already donations of papers and books have been received from eighteen publishers, and more are promised.

Any desiring to so contribute, be they either publishers or otherwise, can send to the address here given and they will be properly appropriated for the Library in the autumn, with thanks from the recipient both for himself and the numerous readers into whose hands they will fall. W. J. CUSHING.

240 Clinton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Meetings in Salem.

The Spiritualists of Salem held successful meetings Sunday afternoon and evening, July 20th, at Cate's Hall. In the afternoon Mrs. Estes gave several tests of spirit-presence, and in the evening the meeting was carried on by Dr. Barron, Mrs. H. P. Wells, and Mrs. Grace R. Knowles.

I would like to correspond with mediums and speakers for the coming lecture season. Address

MRS. G. R. KNOWLES,
Cor. Sec. S. S. S., 291 Essex street, Salem, Mass.

Mantua Station, O.

J. Frank Baxter's meeting here on June 29th was a grand success, being largely attended from all parts of the country. His lectures and songs were very fine. His descriptions of spirits, names given, etc., were remarkably correct—even skeptics and non-believers were fascinated and impressed with the facts of spirit presence elicited. He received a cordial invitation to come to Mantua again at his earliest convenience.

D. M. KING, *Sec.*

☞ The testimony as to the reality, the genuineness, the utter "matter-of-factness" of spiritual manifestations is now so perfect, so complete, so overwhelming, that their denial by any otherwise intelligent man seems a proof of gross ignorance or willful perversity, very similar to that of those who deny the ordinary facts of astronomy. The man who says that the spirits of the departed do not come to us, talk with us, and in various ways give us proofs of their continued existence, might as reasonably declare that the earth is flat, and that sun, moon and all the hosts of heaven go whirling round in twenty-four hours. An ignorant man may learn; a perverse, prejudiced one refuses to examine testimony or proofs: He has made up what he calls his mind—a bundle of prejudices—which he will not abandon nor run the risk of having disturbed. A. E. NEWTON.

M. D.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston:

713 Washington Street.—The Fraternity of the White Cross holds regular Sunday meetings at its Rooms at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Also on Tuesday evenings for discussion, public circles, social or other entertainments; on Thursday evenings its regular business meetings, and on Friday evenings a circle for spiritual culture. Admission free on Sundays and on Tuesday evenings; Thursday and Friday evenings only members and such as they may invite. John Orvis, Secretary.

Eagle Hall, 616 Washington Street, corner of Essex.—Sundays, at 10½ A. M., 2½ and 7½ P. M. Eben Cobb, Conductor. Meetings also Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Harmony Hall, 34 Essex Street (1st flight).—Sundays, at 10½ A. M., 2½ (seats free) and 7½ P. M.; Thursdays, at 3 P. M. Prescott Robinson, Chairman.

Working Union of Progressive Spiritualists.—J. Comodore Street, Secretary, 275 Columbus Avenue.

Cambridgeport.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday evening in Pelham Hall at 7½ o'clock.

HARMONY HALL, 34 ESSEX STREET.—This popular hall was filled with intelligent audiences on Sunday last. Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham delighted every one with her clear descriptions of spirits, and her well selected thoughts on the needs of the times. Dr. Tripp gave psychometric readings to the satisfaction of all. Mr. Kirsch spoke wisely and well. Mr. Hudson described spirits in an able manner. The Chairman, Mr. Robinson, made some well chosen remarks. Prof. Milleson gave an analysis of matter in its planetary, luminous, and radiant states, showing that all spiritual and physical bodies are made up of the same original elements, only in different degrees of vibratory motion. This speaker is an able expounder of the subtle laws of life. Mrs. Green and Mrs. Leslie made many true statements concerning the problems of the day, and described spirits in a remarkable manner. Mrs. Pennell was brilliant; her clairvoyant powers are first class, and her descriptions of spirits were truly wonderful. Mr. J. R. Cocke, the prodigy of musical powers, gave some specimens of his singular gifts. Dr. E. L. Lyon spoke in his usual masterly manner; he is an able logician, a pleasing and instructive speaker, well posted in Biblical history—an able man. Mrs. Burnham will speak and give tests next Sunday evening.

Three Days' Grove-Meeting near Cleveland, Ohio.

The Spiritualists of Cleveland and neighboring towns will hold a three-days' grove-meeting at Geauga Lake (in Kent's Grove), Friday, Saturday and Sunday, July 25th, 26th, 27th. Speaking by Walter Howell, trance speaker, of London, Eng., E. Anne Hinman of Winsted, Ct., and others. Singing by the Grattan Smith family of Painesville, O. All invited. Special invitation to mediums. A grand time anticipated. This grove is beautifully situated on the N. Y. P. & O. Railroad. Excursion rates. Commodious hotel; reasonable charges. For further particulars address THOS. LEES.

105 *Cross street, Cleveland O.*

"Where do you send all those Bells?" was asked the Messrs. Henry McShane & Co., the other day by a party of gentlemen who came into their Bell Foundry at Baltimore, Md., to select a suitable bell for their church. The fact is, they go everywhere. A fine bell of two thousand pounds was recently sent to a church in Birmingham, England, which elicited a very commendatory letter from the architect of the church. Three fine ones to Harbor Grace, N. F., Canada. Two to the West Indies. Another to Cisco, British Columbia. A set of five to Lewiston, Me. A set of six to Buffalo, N. Y. Besides the above bells, the firm have shipped away during the past eighteen months an average of sixty-eight bells per month, the shipments being to all points. The above facts give only a faint idea of the great number of bells which go to almost every portion of the habitable globe.

SECULAR PRESS BUREAU,

ORGANIZED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE

AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE,

127 West 35th Street, New York.

HENRY KIDDLE, *Chairman.*
HENRY J. NEWTON, *Corresponding Secretary.*
J. F. JEANERET, *Secretary.*

The *Secular Press Bureau* has been reörganized for efficient work during the present year, and all persons who approve of its objects are requested to forward any published attacks upon Spiritualism coming under their notice which they feel should be taken in hand by the Bureau, to

J. F. JEANERET, *Secretary,*
127 West 35th street, New York City.

Spiritualist Meetings in New York.

The American Spiritualist Alliance meets every Sunday afternoon at 2½ o'clock in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Headquarters and Reading-Room for members at 127 West 35th street, where social meetings are held every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. J. F. Jeaneret, Secretary, 127 West 35th street.

The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street. Morning service 11 o'clock; evening, 7:45. Seats free. Public cordially invited. The speaker for the present is Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten.

New York City Ladies' Spiritualist Aid Society, permanently located at 171 East 69th street. Wednesday, at 3 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Newton, President.

Arcanum Hall, 57 West 28th street, corner 6th Avenue. The People's Spiritual Meeting (removed from Frobisher Hall) every Sunday at 2½ and 7½ P. M. Frank W. Jones, Conductor.

Spiritualist Meetings in Brooklyn.

Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation, Clinton Avenue, below Myrtle (entrance on both Clinton and Waverly Avenues), holds religious services in its church edifice every Sunday at 3 and 7½ P.M. Sunday School for adults and children at 10½ A.M. Ladies' Aid Society meets Wednesday at 2½ P.M. Church Social meets every Wednesday evening at 7½ o'clock. Psychic Fraternity, with classes for mediumship development, meets Thursday evening of each week at 7½ o'clock. All meetings free, and the public cordially invited. A. H. Dailey, President.

The Eastern District Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening at Composite Room, 4th street, corner South 2d street, at 7½. Charles R. Miller, President; W. H. Comin, Secretary.

The Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, 398 Fulton street, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Spiritual papers and books on sale, and meetings free. W. J. Cushing, President; Lewis Johnson, Vice-President.

BANNER OF LIGHT:

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