BANNER OF LIGHT.

AN EXPONENT OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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Original Story.

MARY ANNE CAREW:

WIFE, MOTHER, SPIRIT, ANGEL.

BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA,

Author of "Oceanides: A Psychical Novel," "The Discovered Country," "Amy Lester," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SWEDENBORG.

WHILE thoughts like the foregoing were rapidly passing through my mind, I suddenly looked up, and was surprised to see a form standing in the doorway of the arbor that looked toward the North. The sublime grandeur and perfectness of this being took away my breath, and my eyes dilated with astonishment.

The form, at first, appeared that of a man, immensely proportioned, and so grand that he reminded me of a statue hewn from granite, and polished into the softness of a human being, otherwise an angelic being. Ah! no finite mind can conceive of a God looking greater, grander or more awful in majesty. The form was so perfect that not one atom could be subtracted from any part of it, and added to to another part, without detracting from its perfectness. His clothing was a part of his own body, and surrounded his inner form, as the light of the sun surrounds its inner form and hides it from view. In his right hand he carried a long pole or staff, spear-shaped, whose point appeared of shining steel, its staff of gold, and upon the staff these words were written in Swedish dialect: "TRUTH! THE LEVER WHICH MOVES ALL CREATION!" In his left hand he carried a large book, the following appearing upon its cover: "RECORDS OF THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE. TRUTH AND ERROR MIXED."

Awe-struck and trembling, my eyes were still fixed upon him, when his voice broke the spell, like the musical blast or call of a bugle.

"Mary," he said, his eyes fixed on mine, "Truth hath called me, and I am come. Wouldst know my name, sweet lady? They call me on earth the Swedish Seer, and I was there christened, by my parents, Emanuel Swedenborg. Truth was diligently sought for by me from my youth up, and at length she was in my grasp, covered with rags and filth. After many hard battles fought with old Error, she was rescued at last, but her plight was most horrible. Oh, Truth! thy fair face had become foul and loathsome! But she could and must be cleansed. I had long sought her, I had found her, and now it should be my mission to cleanse her from the filth and wounds with which old Error had covered her; thus, I took her to my heart, and she abode with me. Lady, the remainder of my life on earth was spent in earnest endeavor to heal up Truth's wounds, restore her original brightness and beauty, strip from her the filthy rags, cleanse her from impurity; and I, in part, succeeded. I found hidden within her hand one jewel of priceless value, and wrested it from her grasp; it was untarnished, bright and shining. I concealed it within my breast. It is credited to my account within this book."

And he laid the great book upon the table which stood in the centre of the arbor. Annie now raised her face to his, with a look of joy and reverence. He laid his hand benignly on her head in blessing.

"Heaven's choicest blessings or gifts rest upon thee, my daughter," he said. "Long ago thou didst discover the jewel of great price, which, when on earth, I had wrested from the hand of truth, and now thy sister Mary wouldst also possess it. The jewel was not created by me: thou well understandest that; I merely discovered it, hidden within the hand of Truth."

He seated himself at the table, opened the book, and for a few moments appeared absorbed in its perusal. Shortly, we heard Solon and Sigismund approaching. They greeted the Seer with great reverence and gladness; then Solon approached me with shining eyes; opening his closed palm there lay upon it the jewel beyond price, and within my own hand I found its twin. Obeying a subtle law, we voluntarily laid them upon the table, side by side, where they sparkled with dazzling brilliancy. The Seer took them up, and laid them upon the open book.

"I cast my bread upon the waters," he said, sweetly and solemnly, "and it has returned to me after many days."

Solon whispered to me:

"Our souls are already wedded, my Mary, and have been since the stars first sang together, but thinking you might from force of habit like some sort of marriage ceremony, we called for the most revered Emanuel Swedenborg, and he is here. Those precious jewels are our marriage fee."

The Seer gathered them up, and put them in his breast.

"You are right, dear Solon," I said. "My earthly teachings still cling to me somewhat, and I believe I shall be happier if that grand man appears to cement our union."

"He has no power either to cement or dissolve our union; if it were not the true eternal one it would dissolve without his aid, and if it is, as we know it to be, the true eternal union, no words of his can bind or cement it; but his approval, his loving benediction, we may receive, and we have rewarded him by re-discovering and returning to him the jewel of great price, hidden within the soul of every man and woman who lives."

The great Seer rose to his feet, the bright aura about him increased until the arbor was filled with glorious light, when lo! by his side stood the counterpart of himself, a glorious and beautiful woman, his twin soul; like him in all respects except the male principle; she had previously been hidden within this aura, by the condensing of it, or the desire to be so hidden, but there being no call for longer concealment, their aura spread and dispersed itself by their desire, until she stood fully revealed within it. Sigismund and Annie also arose. A change took place. They stood, like the Seer, within a dazzling aura of their own, one perfect whole, an angel! Solon's face grew as bright as theirs. We arose. He threw his left arm about my shoulders, grasped my left hand with his right, my head was supported against his left breast; I timidly threw my right arm about him, naturally taking one step in advance, as one-half of my form rested against the half of his; the Seers raised their hands and eyes, but not from their lips came the words which solemnly resounded through infinite space; they but called or prayed for Truth from above them, and the great words sounded and resounded again:

"WHAT GOD HATH ETERNALLY JOINED TOGETHER CANNOT BE SUNDERED!"

And then we heard the singing of angels; the arbor disappeared as by magic, and a band of the most glorious beings floated down in our midst, singing the sweetest of nuptial songs, and gliding around together in the mazes of an angelic waltz. A beautiful hand placed a wreath of spotless blossoms on my head, another placed a dazzling crown on Solon's head; I found myself enveloped in gauzy, fleecy robes of spotless white; over all they threw the vail of modesty; with sweet songs, and twinkling, tripping feet, they glided on, with beckoning white hands, to the edge of the lake. Here was a small fleet of boats, and one held a musical band.

The boats were jeweled, and dazzling in brightness. We entered them. The band struck up a grand overture, and the boats all moved out upon the bosom of the water. Sailing across, we landed at the gates of the beautiful city—a city of angels! As we passed through the gate "Beautiful," Solon's voice rose above all the others in a glad anthem of thanksgiving. The greatest desire of his heart was at length consummated. He was made whole. He was completed. He had become an angel! Forevermore his home would be with them, and all wisdom and love would be ours for the seeking.

On either side of the golden pathway were rows of angels, singing, and throwing flowers of the most exquisite fragrance and coloring. We passed by stately halls, glittering with all manner of precious stones; dedicated—as we could read for ourselves, for words were formed upon them by blazing jewels—to various branches of knowledge. Many of these halls were presided over by those whose names I had been familiar with on earth. Here was one over which Galileo presided, and another Franklin, and many other names. I saw over others the names of great musical composers and performers; still others, painters; and, best of all, Daguerre; then there were names of great reformers and philosophers, yet we passed by but very few compared with the number that must be spread out over this vast expanse, and this was only one small city among the angels; there were millions upon millions of others.

At length we paused before the door of Annie and Sigismund's home. The angels who had escorted us retired, and we entered this shining abode of Love and Wisdom, Beauty and Holiness: a Sanctuary that no impure thought might defile, nor heedless foot deface. The excitement and surprise from all I had witnessed had wearied me a little; Annie took me directly to an elegant apartment, the very sight of which was rest and peace, purity and holiness—the very holy of the holies. It is needless to describe it; I cannot. Earthly language has no words to express that which I wish to convey.

Annie's beautiful hands laid aside my vail, took the wreath from my head, and I threw myself into a restful position on that which seemed like rosy clouds of light, where I soon entered into a dreamy, blissful state, but not unconscious as in sleep; still, I had closed my eyes that my rest might be more complete. Presently I felt my hand clasped in that of my Solon's. Lips, as soft as a zephyr's kiss, pressed my eyelids and then my brow. I opened my eyes, and my lips met those of my beloved in lingering sweetness, our souls blended in one, because we were one, then and for evermore; it was but the reünion of that which had been parted during our earthly and spiritual sojourn; for, from out eternity, we had been one; our paths had diverged for periods of time, but the two paths had joined again into one broad and shining road, which led through this angelic city, and onward and upward toward the still more glorious cities of the archangels, from thence up to the God-angels, and from thence, where? We cannot yet tell. Probably ages upon ages must pass before we shall even know.

After we had remained in quietude until we were completely rested and refreshed, we again joined Annie and Sigismund. Reader, it is impossible for me now to give you a detailed account of our life, for words cannot convey it to you; but search your own soul to its remotest depths; enter into the holiness of all holinesses within yourself, and faint outlines will be given you of things unutterable.

We erected for ourselves a home, "not made with hands," holy and beautiful as the angels are holy; pure and sweet as the dawn of lovely morning. Here we retired for rest and peace, and from here winged our way on missions of saving love to the spiritual realm and to earth. We spent much of our time visiting halls of learning, like those already described, which we saw as we entered into the city. We visited many other cities, and there was no branch of knowledge which we did not make ourselves acquainted with, and the more we learned the more we desired to know. Wisdom could be our food for evermore and love our wine. Each child of mine, as well as all other children, would eventually reach the same altitude as we had.

The angels in the cities all dwelt within abodes of splendor and holiness, from whence, like ourselves, they proceeded on missions of love and wisdom; they founded schools and educational halls within the spiritual spheres, and from thence they were handed down to earth. Hundreds and thousands of episodes, similar to those described in the first part of this book, are continually taking place, and angels are steadily guiding all, as the sun's rays guide and sustain the earth and planets. *Never fear for man or his future. His bark is guided by the hands of the angels.*

CHAPTER XXX.

THE GULF SPANNED.

YEARS of earthly time passed on; ay, even a half century, and yet my first great desire remained to be accomplished.

My former husband had already grown old, entered the spiritual world, found out his grave earthly mistake, and at length become an angel. My man of six had become a man in reality, married, brought forth children of his own, and had come to spirit-life long before he was old; he, too, had entered on his career of angelhood. My cherub of three was the only one remaining below; all my other children had long since become angels on their own account, and the one remaining below was a gray-haired man, past the meridian of earthly life. Would my desire to span the gulf between heaven and earth be accomplished? Yes: the hour had come at last! A long, long time in coming, perhaps you think, but it was merely a drop in the great ocean of events. This babe who was, but now a man, became the connecting link, or medium, between heaven and earth; such as Solon had been, such as the form on the rainbow bridge was, for he had at last reached it; no hands, however strong, could longer hold him back, and, like Joseph of old, he had left his coat of many colors within their grasp, and they had found it worthless.

He had nobly struggled on, and stood at last on the apex of the bridge between heaven and earth, his hand fast clasped in that of his spiritual guide, and, behold, what happened! Not merely a few words of little meaning, but volumes, whole volumes, could now be written and given to the world, because love and wisdom had at last clasped hands, and the link had become connected with the great chain or ladder, and, behold, the angels ascended and descended upon it!

Solon and myself had, by the inception of wisdon, been able, through love, to clasp these hands together, or connect the chain; and, even when we had accomplished this, we were not the first to descend, but at last my turn came. Thanks to eternal Love and Wisdom, my turn came at last!

Reader, the gulf was spanned! Behold the result! I lost nothing by waiting, but gained much.

Thirty years ago these books, or messages, would not have been accepted either by my own children or the world in which they lived.

Little, very little, good could have been accomplished at that time, and for many years after. Even now, but comparatively few will accept and profit by them, and that which they teach; yet the time has come.

THE GULF IS SPANNED FOR ME.

For Solon, also, the gulf has been spanned. We have worked together in many places, have been joined with hands of angels who were giving to the children of earth jewels of truth. It was not necessary that our identity or names should be given, or even that those to whom we gave gifts of wisdom and love should know that they were presented by the angels; enough that they received them and profited by them.

READER, COME THOU, ALSO, UP HIGHER!

CHAPTER XXXI.

A CHAPTER OF QUESTIONS.

PROPOUNDED by Solon for the Scientific Men of the Nineteenth Century to answer:

From whence do suns obtain their light and heat?

From whence do planets obtain their solidity and form?

From whence their waters?

From whence their atmospheres which surround them?

From whence their motion?

What is Life?

What is Spirit?

Does the gray matter of the brain do any thinking when the spirit has departed?

Why not? the brain is all there! A dead man's brain weighs as much as a living man's.

Why does not a dead man walk, think and talk? All his material organs are there just the same as before.

Why does not an engine move when the motive power is shut off or the steam escaped?

What is the cause of steam?

What the cause of heat?

What is heat? Analyze it.

What is carbon?

What is magnetism?

What is matter, and from whence cometh it?

What is ether? and what is air? and from whence do they come?

What is a germ? and from whence cometh it?

Do all living things—the animal and vegetable kingdoms—spring forth from germs? or do they not?

Is there an exception to the rule?

Is the law of evolution correct? or is it not?

Do living things spring forth singly? or in small families, or circles evolved from parents previously evolved?

What is a flower? and wherefore?

Are all living things developed from germs? or are they not?

Are seed-germs within man or plant until manhood appears or the plant flowers? Where does the flower obtain its seed-germ? Where does man obtain his? If the invisible seed-germ is breathed in by man, animal and plant, from whence does it come? If it exists as an undeveloped spiritual germ, how is it possible for it to be dissolved after development?

Is one drop of water ever lost? or one material atom? If not, how can a developed spirit be lost or dissolved?

What is growth? and wherefore?

Does matter gather together and grow into form of its own accord? or is it the spirit, which develops according to its own inherent form, attracting and covering itself with matter until it is developed, and able to throw it off as useless, and a clog weighing it down so that it cannot rise to brighter and fairer climes?

Do not all things rise outward from the earth, even the material?

Does not water rise up from the earth, and yet one cannot see it while rising?

Are there not countless millions of tons of water floating within the atmosphere at all times?

Is not spirit more ethereal than water? Why may it not rise also without being seen?

Does not much of the water return to earth in rain and snow?

Is there any reason why spirits may not also return to earth?

If, throughout Nature's vast domain, the law of evolution holds good without an exception, does the law break at the formation of systems of worlds, or small families of worlds?

Are they not evolved or thrown off from parents very much like themselves?

If man obtains his wisdom entirely from developed spirits and angels, is it not reasonable to suppose that the sun is a spiritualized world, giving light and heat to its material children the planets, and to its grandchildren the moons? And if a completed angel is male and female in one, may not the spiritualized sun be in two forms, yet appear as one?

Is not magnetism invisible? Is not elementary carbon invisible? and does not the union of the two forces result in visible electricity, consequently light and heat?

Is not electricity the greatest moving power which human beings can see?

Are not the light and heat of the sun the cause of all growth and development on the earth? and if light and heat, which are pure electricity, are caused by the union of magnetism and carbon, are not they the invisible parents of all things?

Is it not through the great law of magnetic attraction that all things move and thereby have their being?

Does not the invisible magnetism attract the visible matter and hold it together? Do not worlds thus held together attract each other by their inherent magnetism? and keep each the other rolling in space?

And when—Ye Men of Science—ye have truthfully answered all the foregoing questions, then we will ask as many more; for we here, as angels, have solved each and every question which we herein have asked, and are perfect masters of them all, and thousands more besides.

When ye have answered them all, ask of us as many as you can, and we will answer them truthfully.

Give and take! This is the Great Universal Law!

Yours in Love and Wisdom!

SOLON.

Autobiographical.

My Early Experiences in Spiritualism.

BY MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

My early experiences in Spiritualism, causing the light of truth to burst in upon me with its effulgent rays, will ever be cherished as the brightest of my life. The dark, dismal influence of Scotch Presbyterianism haunted my youth, impressing psychologically upon my susceptible brain daily visions of a frowning, angry God—which, however, an inner assurance would cause me, at times, to revolt against; a voice within would seem to talk to me at these times as plainly as though expressed in audible words, telling me that the distinctive religious teachings of my childhood days were erroneous; that I was destined to learn the truth regarding these things, and that the truth would set my troubled mind free.

How strange this interior voice seemed to me! And I would query to myself: Are the religious teachings of my ever-scrupulously honest, pious Scotch mother, false? Is it possible that this voice within is a result of my "total depravity," or perhaps one of the delusive snares of the devil?

In the midst of my mental tribulation Spiritualism came to my rescue. At first the idea of receiving "communications from the dead" caused me deepest emotions of awe; but after a time, having received undeniable tests and comforting communications, and sensing through my mediumistic development the unmistakable influence of the invisible messengers, all my doubts and fears disappeared; and I wanted everybody to have a full realization as I did of the glorious fact that "there are no dead"; to realize as I did that our dear departed are ever with us, doing all that is possible—considering our ignorance and unsusceptibility—to elevate us to a truly well rounded out manhood and womanhood.

Our home, at the farm of those noble, progressive minds, Father and Mother Severance, in Eagle, Wis., had become headquarters for investigators from the towns and country for many miles about. During the autumn and winter of '57 and '58, scarcely a day or evening would find us unoccupied with people anxious to learn for themselves if what had been told them was really true. Many became convinced of the fact of spirit-return, and have retained more or less interest in it ever since, according to their capacity to love and appreciate the grand significance of the most wonderful of all revelations to mankind.

The tests and messages came at first through raps and table-tippings, and through the mediumship of Mr. Anson B. Severance, then possessing remarkable power in physical manifestations, as well as later on in mental phases, in which he is justly noted.

I seemed to have nothing in the way of physical mediumship, but always sensed the presence of the spirits that were communicating, and felt a strange influence upon my right arm and shoulder, which in a few weeks took full control, and I became an automatic writing medium. Then people came from far and near with renewed interest and curiosity to receive what tests and messages might be given through this phase. All work in the house and outside was so arranged as to give the greatest time possible to the spirits.

My automatic writing was very interesting and curious in many ways. Although entirely ignorant of the German tongue, my hand was at times controlled to write communications in this language, giving remarkable tests as claimed by our German friends; but after a few weeks the power of spirit mind-reading became developed, and I seemed to have become so closely *en rapport* with the controlling influences as to have a foreknowledge of each sentence written. This caused me much regret, as I feared that my mind would interfere with the accuracy of the communications.

But the development of this phase continued, until it took entirely the place of automatic writing, and I became so susceptible as to be almost constantly *en rapport* with spirit influences, and sensed the conditions, physically, mentally and spiritually, of every one into whose presence I came. Whenever with a large assembly of people, I read their characters or conditions, my mind being impelled to go from one to another, in spite of my efforts to avoid it, and would often involuntarily, in a confidential way, tell certain ones what I had in this manner learned regarding them, greatly to their astonishment and often to their benefit, and many times I received heartfelt expressions of thanks therefor.

Several times while employed to write automatically, I was called upon to give prescriptions for the sick who had been given up by regular doctors as incurable, and in every case the patient either recovered or was greatly benefited. Later on the gift of healing by the laying on of hands became developed, and was used with remarkable success.

One case I recall was that of a gentleman of wealth, now living in San Francisco, Cal. He was suffering excruciating agony with inflammatory rheumatism; could not endure even the light pressure of bed-clothes upon his limbs, and had not been able to stand upon his feet for more than a week, but was, with a few minutes' treatment, enabled to arise, dress himself and walk about the house; and, contrary to the knowing assertions of the two M. D.s in attendance, the cure was permanent.

Still, the resident doctors were great friends to me, for I often helped them out when they had hopeless cases, they kindly requesting my services, I performing the cures, and they receiving the pay.

But I was "being educated" under the wonderful guidance of my invisible instructors, although the education I received was different from what I meant when I used to cry out, with a longing heart and aspiring mind: "Oh! how I wish I might have a good education!"

In conclusion, I would say to the many longing, struggling brothers and sisters of earth: Strive every day and every hour to live above the inharmonies of life, obeying the laws of Nature, physically, mentally and spiritually; doing well the work laid upon you, and never forgetting that there are innumerable spiritual intelligences around us, doing all that can be done—so far as we make conditions favorable—to elevate us to greater planes of usefulness and happiness.

White Water, Wis.

A QUATERNION.

Let there be LIGHT within thy soul
O'er the fair world of things to wander,
And each fine link that binds the whole
Nicely to note, and well to ponder.

Let there be LIBERTY with broad wing,
At plastic Nature's high dictation,
From crude chaotic stuff to bring
The magic of a new creation.

Let there be LOVE, that each free force
May seek, and aptly find another,
To move in sweet, harmonious course,
And work, as brother works with brother.

Let there be LAW to sit supreme
On steadfast throne of sanctioned order,
That each new-hatched untempered scheme
May fear to cross the sacred border.

Hold by these four, by right divine
That wisely guide and sweetly sway us,
Else tossed about in aimless rout
And drifting blindly into chaos.

—*John Stuart Blackie, in Cassell's Family Magazine.*

A Strike for Liberty!

Synopses of Speeches in Support of Medical Freedom and of the Labors of the National Constitutional League, delivered at Cassadaga Camp, Aug. 5th, 1893.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

At the conference, Aug. 5th, the subject was "Medical Legislation," and the Cassadaga Camp struck a sturdy and intelligent blow at religious and medical bigotry and for constitutional liberty.

By invitation, J. Winfield Scott, Secretary of the National Constitutional Liberty League, Boston, Mass., briefly reviewed the history, success and present purpose of that useful organization. He said, substantially:

That grand old man, Prof. J. Rodes Buchanan—may he live yet many years to bless humanity—was one of the founders, and has ever been the honored President of our National League. It was legally incorporated, primarily, to restore and maintain the constitutional liberty of citizens in this land of liberty (?) to employ whomsoever they will to treat or heal them, and, incidentally, to prevent the unjust enforcement of old and the enactment of new medical monopoly laws; because they increase fees, rob rich and poor alike, prevent progress, infringe upon constitutional liberty, and are against public policy in that they jeopardize public health.

I will not waste the time or question the intelligence of Spiritualists by recilting the abundant, flagrant and too apparent evils of medical monopoly and regular practice, but will say a word concerning the *good* of medical liberty and reform practice.

It is our good fortune to live in a paradise—what the "old fogy" doctors delight in calling "a paradise of quacks"—the cultured Commonwealth of Massachusetts. It *is* a paradise of health, and has been ever since it repealed its medical monopoly laws thirty-five years ago. After this Eden of quackery had flourished thirteen years, that great regular, Dr. Jarvis, President of the Statistical Society, stated that "Life is increasing, not only in duration, but in power and vigor, now more than ever." After *thirty* years of medical liberty and reform practice, a distinguished president of a leading Boston life insurance company deliberately declared that "the effect of this free-lance system of quacks in this Commonwealth is that life is longer than it was forty years ago, and no year in the last thirty has failed to show a gain on the tables of mortality." "According to Shattuck's statement," (which is recognized authority) "the deaths from 1738 to 1752 in Boston, (before God ordained the 'Healers of the Nation')" says the Hon. George M. Stearns, "were one in 21.65 of the population. Now," he exclaims, "it is one in 42." So that quackery ("medical liberty") has reduced the death-rate one-half.

In the hope of persuading other States to emulate the worthy example of Massachusetts, our National League has set about raising ten thousand dollars, to be economically expended in creating and controlling a public sentiment that will demand the repeal of medical monopoly laws, and result in a reduction of the death rate at least one-half.

If this vitally necessary and transcendentally important reform is to be realized, efficient workers, persuasive speakers and able attorneys must be employed, halls engaged, meetings advertised, speeches reported and printed, literature distributed, sympathizing societies and newspapers interested and actively enlisted, the expenses of voluntary workers and speakers paid, petitions printed, distributed and circulated—in short, a vigorous, systematic, indefatigable, irresistible campaign, conducted in behalf of public health, medical freedom, reform practice and constitutional liberty.

It is safe to say that every Spiritualist in the United States is deeply interested in the success of such a commendable crusade; but "what is everybody's business is nobody's business." We make this work our especial business and attribute the uninterrupted success of our National League to that fact, and the invariable policy of amply providing in advance for all possible emergencies and expenses.

Notwithstanding the financial flurry we have, during June and July, secured conditional subscriptions amounting to nearly seven thousand dollars. For instance: A lady in Providence, R. I., volunteered to contribute five dollars per month for one year, provided any other person gave an equal amount. A gentleman in Boston offered us ten dollars per month provided any person would give a like amount, and cordially added that if more money was necessary, he would cheerfully increase his pledge to five hundred dollars. Another Bostonian agreed to give ten dollars per week for one year, provided any other two would give five dollars per week. Still another Bostonian pledged fifteen dollars per week for one year, provided any three persons would give a similar sum. A citizen of Brooklyn, N. Y., agreed to pay, and is paying, five dollars per week upon our personal pledge that we would undertake to secure and expend ten thousand dollars judiciously in this work. A Bostonian who has given annually hundreds, and some years thousands, to reinforce and extend the labors of our League, has generously offered us five thousand dollars, payable when we have realized five thousand dollars. We promptly accepted his princely proposition, and have already secured nearly two thousand dollars. Why not raise the remaining three thousand right here and now? One healer in Buffalo has pledged five dollars per month for one year. A druggist in Buffalo has pledged eight dollars per month for one year. Another healer in Buffalo has agreed to give ten dollars per month for one year. Other healers and Spiritualists in this audience have pledged one, two and three dollars per month for one year.

There are enough mediums, healers, and well-to-do Spiritualists who owe their hope and their health to mediums and healers to easily contribute the remaining three thousand dollars. Will you do it? Who will help us by duplicating the above conditional voluntary pledges? We also want the names, addresses, and occupations of all persons who will volunteer to improve favorable opportunities to write and speak upon this subject, receive and distribute League literature, and circulate petitions. Again we ask who will volunteer and contribute sufficient to enable us to draw the conditional five thousand dollars pledged?

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond of Chicago then delivered the following able address:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: No argument is needed in an assemblage of this kind to convince you of the importance of the measures proposed by Mr. Scott.

You who believe in the healing influences of Nature and of the spirit-world never can sit silently by and submit to the legislation that will deprive you of one of your natural, "inalienable" rights.

The medical laws recently enacted in nearly all the States of the Union are clearly unconstitutional. They are legislation for a "class." As well might the laws *compel* you to employ a lawyer instead of settling your difficulty with your neighbor, or *force* you into court, instead of allowing you to have recourse to arbitration; as well *compel* you to purchase merchandise of some particular firm or class of dealers; as well oblige you to worship God, or have the last funeral rites performed by some especial denominational religionalist, as to *compel* the calling in of a physician of any "regular" school, merely because he (or the only lately *she*) has a diploma. It would be well enough to adopt this method of legalizing the practice of medicine and compelling every one to employ a physician, if a certain Chinese law were also adopted, *i. e.*, that every physician who loses a patient shall be *put to death*. As the majority of those who do die (physically) are under the charge of a "regular" physician, the race of doctors would soon become extinct.

At a meeting of the committee appointed by the Legislature of Massachusetts at Boston to inquire into the merits of a proposed bill some few years ago, your present speaker was one of those called upon to address the committee. So large was the meeting that the Hall of Representatives was thrown open for the discussion. There were the "bone setters" of Rhode Island, a family naturally endowed with the "gift" or "genius" of mending and setting broken and dislocated limbs and joints—a gift that had descended from father to son for many generations; there were the middle-aged and elderly practitioners of every school of medicine; there were the so-called "quacks" and healers—magnetic, electric and spiritual—and the ablest addresses against any legislation restricting the people in their choice of remedial agencies were made by the regular practicioners. "Why," said one eminent allopathic physician, "the longer I live, the more do I know that the claims of therapeutics, as a science, are utterly false. There is no such science; it is all experiment."

Of course it is experiment. Anatomy is a science, physiology is a science; but the realm of therapeutics is one of experiment based upon symptoms, and changing with every decade. The physician can see the surface of the body, can determine its condition and temperature, can count the pulsations of the heart per minute; but he cannot see the cause of the symptoms as a seer or clairvoyant can, or reach that cause as a healer can.

Not only is legislation encroaching steadily upon your liberties day by day in compelling the employment of a "regular" physician, but there is a proposition to carry it still further.

Out in Illinois, where your present speaker resides, and where the greatest spectacle of the world's enlightenment is now presented, there is a place called "Egypt," the dark country, so named because of the primal obtuseness of the early inhabitants. Near to "Egypt" is the capital of the State, and thither hie the politicians, the lobbyists, and those who have political axes to grind. People in Chicago and elsewhere in the State are too busy making money to see to it that no unconstitutional laws are enacted. Most of those measures go by default, the people do not appear, and are not represented.

When this "class" legislation occurred in Illinois, it first appeared in the simple and unaffected guise of "a bill to protect the interests of the medical fraternity," or words to that effect. Other States have passed similar laws to "protect the people"; but out there the true inwardness of the measure was unwittingly declared. All this kind of legislation is to protect the medical schools and their graduates—the "regular" M. D.'s.

We believe that a man has the right to die according to the dictates of his own conscience, as well as worship in that way. If he chooses to die a natural death instead of a scientific one (possibly at the hands of an M. D.), he has a right to do so.

Now the doctors wish to monopolize all the "healing agencies"—electricity, magnetism, hypnotism, water, air, sunshine—all are placed under restriction by these law-protected M. D.'s. Out in California, where the medical laws had been passed and were thought to be enforced, a magnetic healer was arrested for administering "remedial agencies" without a diploma. He chose to conduct his own case, acting without a lawyer, but aided, no doubt, by other intelligences from without. He examined and cross-examined the witnesses brought forward by the prosecution. These witnesses were mostly M. D.'s. He asked, "Do you admit the existence of magnetism?" "Certainly." "Of electricity?" "Certainly." "Of fresh air?" "Certainly." "Of sunshine?" "Certainly." "And you consider these are remedial agencies?" "Most certainly." "Then," said the magnetic healer, to the court, "if a lady faints, and one opens the window to admit the air, or a glass of water is given to one who is swooning, without consulting a physician, it is a violation of the medical law." The Judge saw the absurdity of the assertion, and dismissed the case with costs, saying, "The law, as interpreted by the prosecution in this case, is clearly unconstitutional."

It is equally unconstitutional in *all* cases. A mother may not soothe her babe by a touch of her hand or administer, as your mothers and grandmothers did, the innocent catnip tea, without violating the rights and privileges of these monopolists of the healing agencies of the universe.

One blessing has been wrought by "faith cure," "mind cure," "metaphysics," "Christian science," etc., if no other—the people have been turned away from drugs and nostrums to seeking and finding aid in the true "remedial agencies" of Nature; and Spiritualism, with its gift of healing, has convinced thousands and tens of thousands that the true power of healing is not in any prescribed system of medicine, but may be a gift, divine and perfect from the skies. Until medical science is perfect, until human disease and death from disease are exterminated by a perfect system of *materia medica*, no legislation can be just that binds people to employ a physician unless it is their choice. Even were there a perfect and exact science of medicine, as there is of mathematics, a compulsory adoption of its methods by legal enactment would be clearly unconstitutional.

We hope this measure will be fully discussed, that the justice and necessity for repealing this obnoxious law will be fully seen, and that you will aid this gentleman and his advocates in waging a war which we hope will be successful against this and all other forms of class and unconstitutional legislation.

Rev. W. W. Hicks of New York then made the following impressive and logical remarks:

The subject commends itself to my judgment and coöperation. The law already referred to as having been passed in New York is an infringement on the rights of many of our fellow-citizens, is contrary to the spirit of the Constitution and of our age, and ought to be repealed. Of course, we do not mean by this that any class of persons should be turned loose on society to exercise the power of the healing art without ability, endorsement and responsibility.

Without going into the subject of Christian science, mental healing, etc., it must be admitted, and is universally believed, that among the many spiritual gifts bequeathed to the worthy and consecrated, the gift of healing is of divine origin. Therefore this question is not a new one. From the beginning these divine gifts have been discounted and outlawed in every civilization; yet we know that by word and touch and look, and by the exercise of human wills, many ills have been removed, and the sick in body and mind have been cured.

The power exercised by the Christ who opened the ears of the deaf and the eyes of the blind, in addition to the assuaging of the sorrows of the human heart, was also exercised by his disciples before and after his death. The regulars of that day and time opposed his right to heal by the touch of his hands and the words of his lips, as now they deny the right of his followers. The blind man who was restored to sight was questioned critically by the Pharisees, and the name of Jesus was scandalized and his life was threatened because he dared to give sight (in an unaccredited way) to one who had been born blind. When the poor man was questioned with the hope of being made a witness against his benefactor, he exclaimed that he knew not whence he came or by what authority he opened his eyes. "You must ask him; yet this one thing I do know: I was blind, but since he touched me I see."

The healing power exerted by the followers and disciples of Christ was quite extraordinary. Peter, passing by on the street where the sick lay on either side, touched them, and they were healed. Every touch of this consecrated man brought healing and vitality. Of course this was contrary to the opinions, regulations and laws of society. These acts violated the proprieties, and the regular physicians of that day and time no doubt exercised their authority and power to stop this irregular, unorthodox crusade against the evils of society.

What I want to say in conclusion is this: That these powers perfectly accord with the laws of Nature, and that these divine gifts have not been withdrawn from humanity, but are still realized by the truly consecrated and spiritualized. The divinity of those who are thus consecrated may and should expend itself along all responsive lines, that humanity may be brought and preserved under healing influence and grace. The prayer of the faithful, the sympathy of the loved, the desire and will of the consecrated, and the touch of the hand moved by inspiration and good-will, must have healing grace and power; and to say that these gifts and functions shall not be exercised, and that they are the destroyers of the peace of human society, is to deny the divine life in humanity and the holiest functions of the human soul. It would be the denial and repudition of the Christ-power, the Christ-life which we are to exemplify and illustrate. I therefore endorse the movement referred to, and would join my voice in the utterance of a solemn protest against the outrage and injustice perpetuated and threatened.

Hon. O. P. Kellogg then said, in part:

This school of healing which we represent is of the Divine, and it is humanity's right and privilege when ill to seek its aid. When Jesus of Nazareth passed by he restored the diseased to health by a touch, and I expect to see the divine gift melt the hard hearts of the lawmakers and scoffers in general. It is high time for the people to protest and raise the warning finger toward legislatures which seek by senseless laws to curtail our liberty.

If Jesus of Nazareth were on earth to-day healing the blind and curing the sick, some fossilized "saw-bones" would want to know if he had a certificate, and if he possessed a diploma. This is a free country, and every man should have the privilege of selecting the system by which he desires to be treated.

[The speaker here quoted the statements of several celebrated physicians regarding the fallibility of diagnosis and the inefficacy of drugs to overcome disease, all of which is in the line of what we have already published in connection with this subject.—*Eds.*]

Miss Lillian Hiller followed in the same vein, after which Mr. George B. Colby of Lake Helen, Fla., spoke substantially as follows:

The evidence of the benefits of spiritual and magnetic healing is so apparent and overwhelming it seems passing strange that intelligent legislators should for one moment entertain a proposition to proscribe it.

I will simply narrate a few instances that came under my personal observation:

Several years ago, while residing in the State of Iowa, I learned of a man about middle age who had what was called falling sickness, and who had exhausted every means in that part of the country to restore him to health. He was told by a medium that the cause of his trouble was partial fracture of the skull, which had resulted in an enlargement of the bone, thus making a depression on the brain. At first he did not believe it was true, but after a time went to Chicago and consulted another medium there, who diagnosed the case exactly as the former medium had done. It was with considerable effort that a surgeon was finally prevailed upon to remove the bone; but after undergoing the operation the patient recovered, and is to the present day a well man.

Several other instances of a like interesting nature were related, all going to prove the great usefulness and blessing of the gift of clairvoyance when directed to the diagnosing of disease, as well as the power of magnetic treatments in healing those pronounced incurable by the "regulars."

Mr. Willard J. Hull, the last speaker, said in part:

In all ages of the past liberty has been on the defensive. Truth perhaps may not need defense; she only asks for a hearing; though she be crushed, she will rise again. The old adage, that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," is as true to-day as it ever was. The immortal La Salle said, "Where Liberty reigns, the tyrant seeks to slay her."

We want liberty and independence in the employment of those who are to minister to us in any of the affairs of life. I do not want to be compelled to employ the services of a physician to doctor me. I must have the same liberty to die, if need be, as to live. I must have the same liberty to employ the physician who to me represents the best school of practice, that I have to employ the lawyer who to me is most acceptable.

My observation has been that the most successful practitioner and wisest physician are the last to ask for protection or for a monopoly. We are cursed with class legislation; we are legislated to death on certain false lines. Protests will not effect a cure. Protests cure these matters just as a mustard poultice cures dyspepsia, that is to say, they do not cure at all. Your relief, as well as your weapon, lies in the ballot. If the people of this State or this country desire to have a judiciary or the militia serve them, they must see to it that they put into office men who will represent and protect their interests and execute their demands.

Legislation should be reduced to a minimum, and that minimum should have for its object the betterment of the whole mass as against the betterment of a few individuals. And I repeat that this is no time for protest; it is time for action in medical freedom, and liberty in all other matters. You are to *think* and *act*.

Indian Reservations in Connecticut.

[Norwich Letter to the New York Tribune.]

An interesting person died at his home in Stonington, this county, a few days ago—Marlboro Gardiner, lineal descendant of the Pequot Indians of this region, who, with the Narragansetts and Mohicans, were the most warlike tribes of southern New England. Only a handful of people, remnants of these once great tribes, still survive on reservations in this land, the Mohicans dwelling in the high woodlands on the right bank of the Thames River, three miles south of Norwich, the Narragansetts in western Rhode Island and the Pequots on reservations in the woods of Ledyard and North Stonington, ten miles southeast of this city.

On the main Pequot reservation live these notable Indians; Si George—a splendid specimen of the pure-blooded Pequot—his wife and five pretty children; E. H. Williams, wife and three children, and Liza Niles. On the same reservation there lived not long ago a famous Pequot, Amasy Lawrence, his wife and many children, several of whom are still living. One son, Lyman, was born and raised on the reservation; he went to the war, was shot through the shoulder, and is now a pensioner of the government at Saybrook, at the mouth of the Connecticut River. The last known Queen of the Pequots, Marindy Ned, died a few years ago, but her husband is still living on the reservation, Calvin Williams, King of the Pequots, though his royal prerogative is of little practical worth to him.

Some of the reservation Indians are not of pure Indian extraction, but so long as they have a drop of the royal Pequot blood they are entitled to all the rights of government Indian woods. The towns of Ledyard and North Stonington annually appoint overseers for the reservations. The overseer has the powers of a conservator.

Marlboro Gardiner, who was not of unmixed Pequot blood, left the reservation years ago, and had made a living for himself and family at Stonington by basket-weaving, working on the farms and doing odd jobs.

The industrial system of a nation, as well as its political system, ought to be a government of the people, by the people, for the people.—*Edward Bellamy.*

Spiritual Phenomena.

A Materialization Seance in Norway.

There is being printed in our London contemporary, *The Medium and Daybreak*, a series of "Notes in Norway," describing the experiences of a medium in Christiana, where a Spiritualist society is doing a good work because upon a sound, healthy basis. "Their meetings," says the writer (Mrs. E.), "are intended not so much for séances as for self-improvement and development. They know that to insure the help of good spirits and receive reliable communications, they must cultivate their own moral and physical purity. This is the secret of their success, and so long as they continue to work as they are now doing, they will do well, and a medium is better for having been in their midst."

Mrs. E. was living in Gothenburg as one of the places visited by her during a recent journey northward for health and recreation, when she received a letter from the society above mentioned urging her to visit Christiana and give its members, eighty in number, the pleasure of listening to a narration of her experiences in spiritualistic investigation and of holding "a couple of materialization séances."

After describing her journey thither from Copenhagen, her reception, and other matters, she gives the following account of her first séance, which not only furnishes undeniable proof of the truth of the phenomenon but suggestions to attendants of séances held for its production, that, if heeded, will be to the advantage of themselves, the medium and the spirit workers:

. . . I was very thankful to see Mr. and Mrs. Lundgren's two little children there—Little Joute and Maya. They came to me at once, and brought their stools, which they placed on either side of me in front of the empty cabinet. So I began to feel a little more comfortable and at home as they chatted and talked to me.

There were fifty or more persons present, but the room being large and well ventilated, and the arrangements for lighting good, I don't think any inconvenience would have been felt even had there been more.

After a prayer and singing of a hymn, when every one had become quiet, there was, evidently, something going on in the cabinet behind us, and shortly after a little white figure came out of one end of the cabinet, and stood beside little Joute, who got down from his seat exclaiming:

"Is it you, Gustaf? That was good of you; come to Maya and clap her."

So the two little ones, Joute and the little white form from the "empty cabinet," walked round me to where the little girl, Maya, sat; and she, not at all afraid, laughed and prattled with the new comer. "Such little hands! let me see your face, dear little Gustaf."

Then the little figure seemed hastily withdrawn into the cabinet again, and though it appeared again once or twice, it shrank back again hastily, as though afraid. This made me a little anxious, as I felt this was a sign of something wrong. Still, in spite of all my endeavors, I could not *see* anything to justify the feeling.

A tall white figure came then at the further side of the cabinet, beyond where little Maya sat. It beckoned to someone sitting at the left, which eventually proved to be Mrs. Petterson, who came up and took the figure by the hands, and stood a few seconds. Then, just as hastily as little "Gustaf" had disappeared, so did this tall form brush past me so quickly behind the curtains that I involuntarily drew my chair further away, drawing the children with me. The figure came again, this time at the opposite end of the cabinet, and I felt then that whatever was wrong was at my left, and I determined to watch.

We received instructions to increase the light, and I was glad, for now I could better use my eyes, and soon saw the reason for the singular behavior of our visitors.

I may say that all who took part in the séance had been thoroughly drilled in their duty. They all knew that any infringement of the conditions was a crime against their neighbors and against the medium. They had not had much practical experience, but they had pledged themselves to abide by the rules laid down by those whose experience made them able to know right from wrong.

One of them, however, a Spiritualist of many years' standing, who was supposed to have taken part in numerous séances, and in virtue of his experience had been placed next the cabinet, probably thought *he* could do no harm, and ventured on familiarities which no one else would have presumed to take.

I do not for one moment believe he had any other motive than to show his familiarity with all pertaining to séances, of which he was, perhaps, rather proud.

At the same time he succeeded in making me feel very uncomfortable, and I was glad to have one of the children between him and me. Once during the evening a white spot appeared on the floor about a foot in front of me; it gradually grew larger and higher, till it reached higher than my knees—nearly three feet, I think—when it suddenly collapsed. I saw no reason for this, but I felt there was one. The perspiration rushed out of every pore in my body, and I felt sick. I wondered if there was a glass of water to be had, but dared not break that awful silence to ask for it; for during the development of the white mass the singing had died away, and each one was watching it breathlessly.

After awhile it began to move again, and slowly, very slowly, it rose and rose till it was on a level with my chin and the children's heads. I could see something living and working within the mass.

Then a hand and arm was stretched out, and part of this wonderful gleaming white mass was grasped, and the Spiritualist of many years' standing exclaimed:

"See, my friends! I have hold of it! See how white it is! Feel how soft it is!"

Can any one understand how a medium feels at such a moment?

I was as deeply interested in the development of that white mass as any human being could be seeing a miracle being wrought before one's eyes. I saw it change from an inert mass to a living, moving figure; saw the wonderful development of life within the cloud-like drapery; saw it increase from the size of an egg to two or three feet in circumference, and more than three feet high. I felt willing to have given it my whole strength to assist it in its efforts. I felt almost panting in my eagerness to help on the work to completion and human form, when suddenly a handful was taken by one of the sitters, and it vanished like a flash.

I could have cried, I was so disappointed. I had never seen this curious phenomenon in so bright a light, so that one could observe each change of development, and I could not help feeling both grieved and angry. However, I consoled myself with the remembrance that it was not for my own edification these séances were arranged, and it might be that the assistants were better pleased to know the figures were perfectly tangible objects, than to see developments which might, for all they knew to the contrary, be illusions or delusions.

Anyway, it was as well to make the best of it and not complain too much, because Mr. Sjöstedt was worried and anxious that all should go off well, it being his first experience in the responsibility of a séance; and it was not his fault; he could not know that any one, having so much more experience than himself, should make such a mistake as I have described.

It was at last over, and I was glad.

Banner Correspondence.

California.

OAKLAND.—W. S. Haskell writes: "The lamps are burning low on the high walls of our temples. Let us replenish them. Life's forces are being destroyed and her energies dissipated. Humanity sleeps, its fitful slumbers only broken by rapacious dreams, and it heeds not the swiftness of the current that bears it down the stream of time. God's works are studied in the letter, and it worships the golden calf.

Who are the losers in this neglect of duties, this depletion of energy, except it be those who might have lived but preferred to die? It is said victory lies with the brave. Who are the brave? Not those whose lamps are burning low, and whose lives are spent in rapine; not those dreamers of vicarious atonement nor worshipers of mammon.

The greatest energy of self is self, and the watchfulness of that energy is only equaled by the arch fiend himself. Cut off his powers in one direction and he springs up in forty others. Ah! that old enemy self is indeed a monster; a brave soldier to fight battles of wrong, but cowardly in the face of right.

It is only by asserting the higher self that the rights of man are maintained; all else is slavery and blind mockery of self. There are no naturally degraded natures; all that appear so are abortions of Nature. Health and happiness depend upon that naturalness of which we have but a faint conception. With a strong and healthy current through his complex anatomy, man need have no weaknesses. It is only when this naturalness is destroyed by false dogmas, crude conceptions, wrong living, inharmonious thoughts, that the demon has power. Let right thought once become established, and our skies will clear as if by magic. We *can* drive the wolf from the door; we *are* the masters of ourselves.

It is often and truly said 'a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.' By knowing a little more than the lower animals we become conscious of self-governing powers, and misdirect them through lack of sufficient knowledge to direct them rightly. It is only when we have gained a knowledge of the true self that happiness is made permanent and possible; only after long struggles with that serpent of iniquity, the lower self, that we gain the victory and become masters of ourselves."

Wisconsin.

MILWAUKEE. — Prof. A. B. Severance writes: "I have just read in THE BANNER of August 12th the reports of divers of the Eastern camp-meetings, and I am much pleased to note the progress that has been made by some of the speakers in paying more attention to practical life in their lectures.

I was particularly struck with what Mrs. Lake said in her discourse at Cassadaga Camp: 'In the name of Spiritualism I affirm that there is no more excellent way to minister to the world than by unfolding ourselves, and, through the power of high and noble examples and deeds of kindness and love, to help humanity to overcome the baser nature and rise in the power of the spirit to better and nobler lives!' This should commend itself to every Spiritualist, and let every one take it home to actualize it in his daily life. I have expressed the same idea in fewer words many times by saying that the way to reform the world is to first reform yourself.

I was pleased, in reading Bro. Lees's report of Brady Camp, with Clegg Wright's lecture, Mr. Colville's review of it, and Mr. Wright's reply to his review. I wish I could have been there and heard the discussion from such opposite views of the subject; for I think that after hearing both sides very ably presented we have a better chance to judge which is right. Bro. Lees's reports are always interesting.

I have to content myself with reading reports this season, as I am not able to attend any of the camps on account of business matters.

I am glad to see grand work going on in the line of *free thought*, and to know that the people are thinking more upon the great questions of the day than ever before; our country is now in a state of revolution (a revolution of ideas)."

Massachusetts.

HAVERHILL.—Under date of Aug. 16th, W. L. Jack, M. D., writes: "The Ladies' Spiritual Union of Haverhill and Bradford held their weekly meeting at the residence of Mrs. M. A. Hill of Haverhill last week, which was largely attended. Readings and music (consisting of violin and harmonica solos) enlivened the occasion. This Union is doing a good work, even as it has done in the past, and is in a prosperous condition, with money in its treasury.

Mrs. Dr. Cate is President of the Spiritual Union, which holds meetings at Brittan Hall, Haverhill. I was present recently, and received a hearty welcome from many, among them old, tried and true friends. I wish to take this opportunity to extend my thanks to them all for their kindness, and also to say to my many friends of Haverhill, Bradford and Groveland, that I appreciate their many thoughtful deeds and generosity on my second visit to Haverhill. I hope to be at home with them again soon, of which visit notice may be given in THE BANNER in due time.

Never have I found the people more interested concerning spiritual matters than now."

August Magazines.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.—This truly excellent number marks a change in management. A beautiful colored frontispiece of Mt. Chocorua in midsummer will gratify all who have visited the White Mountains; especially in this vacation season Thomas F. Anderson's "Nova Scotia," which describes the scenic and historic attractions of this beautiful land of "Evangeline," will be read with more than usual interest; the life, work and personality of Henry Drummond, are embodied in an able article by Howard A. Bridgman; the sketch of the Boston Latin School, by Phillips Brooks, will find delighted readers in every corner of the Union; other able articles are interspersed with entertaining stories, poems, etc.; the illustrations are especially good. Warren F. Kellogg, publisher, 5 Park Square, Boston.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—Colored frontispiece; interesting articles on Horticultural themes, etc. James Vick's Sons, publishers, Rochester, N. Y.

To Correspondents.

G. F. L., KELLOGGSVILLE, OHIO.—Your criticism has been received. It is a matter we know nothing whatever about. If the points are as you state them to be (and of course we have no reason whatever to doubt your veracity), instead of asking *us* to print your queries and explain them, would it not be more in order to write to the managers of the Cassadaga Camp-Meeting Corporation to learn from them concerning what you have so earnest a desire should be explained? All that we can say is that the case seems to involve one of the incongruities of mediumship.

Written for the Banner of Light.

OUR KINGDOMS.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

One kingdom spreads from North to South,
From East to West its landscape lies;
As honey satisfies the mouth—
Its world-domain enchants the eyes:
Its ships give glory to the wave,
Afar we hear its fife and drum;
Its courts and armies shine so brave,
Great gifts and graces to it come:
Magnificent its empires old,
And rich romance its cruel wars;
Its nobles and its castles bold—
Resplendent beam as golden stars;
But one by one, as stars may pale,
Its splendors perish in our sight,
Their former pride can naught avail,
They pass as visions of the night!

Surpassing this, in beauty lives,
Kingdom the eye has never seen;
The spirit to its circle gives
Such grace, as Spring to earth her green:
No boundaries this kingdom knows;
No words express its wondrous powers;
Each age its growing grandeur shows,
And finer fragrance of its flowers:
Its realm of mind ne'er hides a grave,
For thought immortal is and true;
It liberates sad serf and slave,
And all the nations makes anew:
The masters in this kingdom are—
Students and scholars, sages wise,
Their lustre naught in time may mar,
Pellucid planets in God's skies!

Another kingdom holds the heart—
As fair as when the daylight gleams,
Its smiles of summer ne'er depart;
It fills the life with holy dreams;
The lover leads his loved one there,
The mother shelters there her own;
Sweeter than song or roses fair
Is home, sweet home forever known:
But more than heart as it of mind—
The very poetry of time—
Is spirit realm in us enshrined,
Promise of glory so sublime!
Its radiance reaches heaven above,
Bespeaking clear our deathless lot,
Its forces—faith and hope and love—
That live when power and pelf are not!

Where seek this highest realm, and find?
Can pilgrims go its clime to see?
Not only in the love of mind
May souls within its borders be:
In lives of men devout, sincere,
In deeds of worth and words of truth
We sense its presence pure and dear,
The bliss and charm of endless youth:
To us belongs this inner realm—
To rule for good, to grow to more;
The storms of fate its foes o'erwhelm,
And toss their wrecks on death's dark shore;
But souls in steadfast service true,
In any land man's foot has trod,
To them its splendors ope to view,
They are the kingdom of our God!

Whitman, Mass.

Camp and Grove-Meetings.

Lake Brady Camp Notes.

The arrival of fresh campers, new speakers and mediums, together with the various church, professional and trade associations that come merely for a day's outing and picnic at Lake Brady, serves to prevent anything like monotony, and frequently adds to the pleasure and profit of all concerned. The regular campers like the change, and many of those who only start out for a day's respite from the dust and turmoil of city life, when brought into the spiritual atmosphere of our camp, become more or less receptive to the strange and various influences that the very air seems permeated with. Some will surreptitiously visit a medium, others will attend the meetings, listen to a Richmond, a Colville or a Lake, and take some thought home with them that alters the whole current of their lives: for

"The massive gates of circumstance
Oft turn upon the smallest hinge,
And thus some seeming trivial thing
Oft gives our life its after-tinge."

The arrivals since my last are Mrs. Mary A. Oviatt, H. E. Wilkenson, W. B. Newcomb, A. Kershaw, W. H. Newton, Wm. Miles, Mrs. E. W. Hansen, Mrs. L. J. Kohn, and Miss Jennie Thayer, all of Cleveland; T. Moore and wife, Detroit, Mich.; Capt. Geo. W. Walrond, Hamilton, Ont.; A. C. C. Pfuhl, Denver, Col.; Mrs. Jno. T. Winn, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mr. Shields, Salamanca, N. Y., J. H. McDonald, Minneapolis, Minn.; and those from various parts of Ohio are Mrs. C. M. Allen, Cuyahoga Falls; Mrs. A. Johnson, Galion; Ira Comen, Norwalk; Mrs. Mary C. Hall, L. E. Graves, Oberlin; and Mrs. L. A. Scanes, Miss L. Brocker, Mrs. M. E. Vogt of Akron; besides these hotel guests, are many staying in the fifty-five tents.

The cottages on the grounds now number twenty-three, and nine more lots were sold last week to parties about to build, notwithstanding the extreme stringency of the money market.

A handsome cottage at Lake Brady is now considered by the knowing ones here a safer investment than depositing currency in a bank and drawing out certified checks with no cash or currency in sight. It seems like fairy-land here—heaven on earth; it is only when one gets back into the city that the woeful tales of "business depression" and other discordances grate on the ear.

The morning conference is a true educator here, and is the arena in which all questions and problems can be *agitated* if *not solved*. A new speaker in conference is usually a welcome person, especially so is Prof. A. C. C. Pfuhl, the astrologer, from Denver, Col., for since coming he has taken quite a prominent part in the intellectual arena, and having original views of his own he is doubly interesting both to the listeners and the active participants in debate. This astrologer is a very conspicuous man in camp, physically and mentally, and many is the correct horoscope he has cast for those who have patronized him. In personal appearance he is quite attractive, having all the distinguishing features and manners of the *High* German; being a blonde, with light, long wavy hair and clear-cut features, spirituelle in his make-up and gentlemanly in deportment. Every camp has, I presume, one person more conspicuous than the rest, and the Colorado Astrologer at the present time is *the one*.

The discourse of Mrs. H. S. Lake on Tuesday, 8th, on "The Progress of the Soul—How it is Obtained"—was her "*chef d'œuvre*" this season, and declared by many (the Chairman, Dr. J. C. Street, included,) as the finest effort by any speaker on the rostrum this year; which verdict, if not *literally* true, means a great deal for the brilliant little woman pastor of the Cleveland Spiritual Alliance; certain it is, that those who come after this gifted medium will have to dive deeper, soar higher, drink in a loftier inspiration and elocute more eloquently, to wrest the laurels from her brow which were placed there by the admiring and delighted audience that was so fortunate as to hear her.

How many times in my school-days have I written as a text in my copy-book: "*Comparisons are odious,*" yet is not everything we say and do judged by comparing it with something else said and done, by ourselves or somebody else? I find now, by comparison, that sometimes some of our most distinguished speakers not only excel some other speakers equally noted, but occasionally excel themselves. If—as Mrs. Lake and others have often acknowledged—the calibre of the audience has much to do with the inspiration of the speakers, it logically follows that the *audience* was the best of the season, and your reporter is proud of being one of the "four hundred" present on that memorable occasion. (Hem!)

On the following day Mr. Oscar A. Edgerly, a young and rising trance medium, replied to questions presented by the audience. "Heresy and Heretics," "The Career of the Human Race," "Are Mediums always Responsible for What is Given through Them?"—all were well answered, but the questions were not of that character to call out the best there is in a speaker. Mr. E., after his engagement of three lectures, stayed a few days here to rest prior to his going to Queen City Park.

The intelligence of the arrival of Mr. Edgar W. Emerson, the well-known test medium, soon went round the camp, and none lost the first opportunity of hearing him. Mr. E. has greatly improved in his speaking; his conversational talks preceding his tests are very opportune, and serve nicely to pave the way for the many positive demonstrations he invariably gives of spirit presence.

Sunday, Aug. 13th, was another big day, and the seating capacity for five hundred more, which has recently been prepared, was none too much. In the morning Mr. Geo. W. Walrond of Hamilton, Ont., made his first appearance before a Lake Brady, if not an *Ohio* audience. Mr. W. has a very genial presence, and speaks entranced. A more extended reference to this Canadian speaker will be made after hearing him again.

In the afternoon Mrs. F. O. Hyzer addressed the large audience; her speaking, so well known through her past forty years of public work, needs no comment. Her voice, though not of the strongest, vibrates so distinctly it could be well heard all over the Auditorium.

Following her discourse, and also the morning one by Mr. Walrond, Mr. Emerson gave a splendid illustration of his mediumistic powers, and presented many very fine tests.

SPIRITUALISTIC RAYS.

The Hon. A. B. Richmond did much good when here by the instructive and interesting conversations he regaled the different groups with that gathered around him.

Mr. H. E. Chase, the spirit-photographer, took a picture of the audience as they sat listening to Mrs. H. S. Lake, and another of the campers as they assembled in front of the hotel last week—which latter assembling was taken advantage of to present Mr. Frank T. Ripley with a valuable silver watch, as marking the event of the forty-second anniversary of his birthday. Dr. J. C. Street made the presentation speech in his most felicitious style, and the astonished test-medium, after recovering from his great surprise, returned fitting thanks to his many friends contributing to the gift. Inscribed on the inner side of the back case is, "*Presented to Frank T. Ripley by his friends, and the Lake Brady Association, Aug. 10th,* 1893."

The Ladies' Auxiliary gave its second entertainment on the 10th, the following persons participating: Miss May Ames (acting president), Major Chas. H. Mathews, Oscar Edgerly, E. W. Emerson, M. Fischer, Solon C. Thayer, and the Misses Jennie Thayer, Edith Chace, Tutie Upton and Mabel McCaslin—all of the Cleveland Children's Progressive Lyceum.

The regular Wednesday and Saturday evening dances in the Pavilion are well attended. On next Saturday (26th) an Old Folks' Entertainment and dance will take place. The oldest couple in Portage Co. will lead the grand march.

The speakers for Sunday, 27th, are Mrs. F. O. Hyzer and Mr. Geo. Colby of Lake Helen, Fla.

At the call of Mr. Thos. A. Black, the campers assembled last Sunday evening in the Pavilion to formulate a plan for providing a hotel adequate to the requirements of the patrons of Lake Brady Camp Meeting. While on this subject I would say that one of the most important things in the building up of a large camp meeting ground where a large number of people is expected, is a good, large, well-arranged, well-kept hotel, with all these words imply! Everybody likes to be comfortable. While not a few attend such places expecting to *rough it*, very many (and the best paying patrons, too) will not go anywhere if they cannot be well housed. That class, therefore, naturally avoids incipient enterprises, and goes to the best regulated and well ordered ones. Good speakers and mediums are not the *only* attraction at a camp meeting. All our best speakers go the rounds, consequently in this respect there is not much difference. All the camp grounds are more or less beautiful—pure air is common to all, and good water is the rule. The permanent success of these spiritualistic summer resorts hinges, I think, on the ability of the managers to comfortably provide for their patrons—*all* of their patrons; whether in tents, cottages, or hotels, comfortable provision must be made for *all* and for the occasional overflow.

The managers of the Lake Brady Association realize this point fully, I think. That which one year ago was somewhat of an experiment is no longer so, and the most conservative of them are bent on pushing matters to the fullest extent before another season; especially as to the erection of a new and commodious hotel—all feel the necessity of *this*. While the most has been made of the present accommodations, they have by several degrees proved too scant, and wholly inadequate to the very liberal patronage the Association has received.

Railroad Improvements.—Before next season the railroads centering here will probably run side tracks to the very gates of the camp-ground; while it is now but two hundred yards from the platform of the Cleveland and Pittsburgh track, it is a little inconvenient, and in wet weather rather unpleasant; with this improvement, and a spur track on the Cleveland, Canton and Southern Railroad from Kent, Lake Brady would be unsurpassed in railroad facilities.

Admiration for Lake Brady.—Without exception all express the highest praise of the natural beauty and choice location of this spiritualistic State camp-ground. A few years at the most, with reasonable energy and good judgment, will place Lake Brady among the foremost of our summer resorts.

THOMAS LEES, *Special Cor.*

Sunapee Lake, N. H.

Camp-Meeting opened at Blodgett's Landing, Aug. 13th, under favorable auspices. The day was cool, the air invigorating.

The President, W. E. Cressy, before introducing the speaker of the day—Mrs. Abbie W. Crossett—made some interesting remarks, in which he clearly set forth some of the leading points and beautiful lessons taught by the Spiritual Philosophy. We feel that Mr. Cressy is a man well fitted for the position he holds, who will be faithful and work for the best interests of the meeting.

The speaker was listened to with close attention; great interest was manifested, and good order prevailed throughout the day.

At the close of the afternoon lecture Mrs. E. R. Morgan gave some fine tests that brought comfort and consolation to many sorrowing hearts.

The exercises were interspersed with singing by local talent.

THOMAS BURPEE.

Rocky Rest, Ct.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

Dr. G. C. Beckwith-Ewell terminated a four weeks' engagement with the Temple Society at Rocky Rest, Birmingham, Conn., on Sunday, Aug. 13th.

The cottagers at this charming resort, who recognize spirit power, have had a feast during his stay, and excellent missionary work has been performed for a wide circle of those entirely ignorant of the operation of spiritual laws, and the communication and ministrations of the angelic hosts. PROGRESS.

How a Young "M. D." Diagnoses.

Young Doctor to Patient—Let me look at your tongue. H'm—troubled with dyspep——

Patient—Not a bit. I can eat sole leather.

Young Doctor—Let me feel your pulse. H'm—wakefulness at night?

Patient—Sleep like a top.

Young Doctor—Let me see your tongue. H'm—dizziness and pains in——

Patient—No.

Young Doctor—Let me feel your pulse. H'm—easily tired, with an indisposition to mental exertion of any——

Patient—No.

Young Doctor—Let me see your tongue. H'm—headache and stiffness of the——

Patient—Have n't had a headache in twenty-five years.

Young Doctor—Let me feel your pulse. H'm—you are using too much tobacco.

Patient—Never touch it in any shape.

Young Doctor—Let me see your pulse—er—I mean your tongue. H'm—too much confined to your desk. You need fresh air and——

Patient—I'm a letter-carrier.

Young Doctor—Let me feel your tongue—that is, I should say your pulse. H'm—you have a tired feeling come over——

Patient—Never.

Young Doctor—Let me see——never mind, your tongue! Feverish at times, with a desire for water.

Patient—No, beer.

Young Doctor—Do you drink beer?

Patient—Oh, yes.

Young Doctor—To excess?

Patient—No.

Young Doctor—Tell me how many glasses a day?

Patient—Sometimes more and sometimes fewer.

Young Doctor—I thought so. We members of the medical profession are seldom deceived in our diagnosis of a case.

Patient—Am I in any danger, doctor?

Young Doctor—No immediate danger, but it's lucky you called me in!—*Yankee Blade.*

New Publication.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A CONVICT, edited by Julian Hawthorne, is a story of prison-life originating in the diary of a convict which was kept during a five years' term at the Auburn, N. Y., Penitentiary. The prisoner, who claims to have been innocent of the crime of which he was convicted, was associated during two years of his life at Auburn with the famous cracksman, Jimmy Hope, who related to the prisoner (a stenographer) many thrilling tales of his experience. While the diary claims to expose many abuses of power on the part of prison officials, and points out grave errors in our prison system, it, of necessity, presents only one side; nevertheless, if the charges made therein are proven true, there is need of radical reform in the prison management of the country. To ensure completeness, the editor gives a compendious representation of the typical criminal, both at large and in confinement, from the police and prison warden's point of view. Rufus C. Hartranft, publisher, Philadelphia.

The old adage, "a pint's a pound the world around," is as untrue as general sayings are likely to be—says the *New York Recorder*. A pint of common coffee weighs twelve ounces; a pint of flour, one-half a pound; a pint of granulated sugar, fourteen ounces; a pint of chopped meat, ten; in no case does a pint of anything exactly equal a pound.

The Reviewer.

"Our Indian Wards."*

We referred to this book some weeks ago, but the reference was brief; since then we have become still better acquainted with its merits. Written by a man of great ability, thorough knowledge of his subject, and profound sympathy with the Indians, it is a most reliable and valuable history of the wrongs which the Red Men have suffered at the hands of the white race.

There are facts in it that go far toward convincing the reader that the white invader has often shown more of the savage in his nature than was displayed by the original owners of this country. For example: Powhatan said to Captain John Smith:

"*I wish that your love for us might not be less than our love for you. Why should you take by force from us that which you can get by love?*"

This beautiful and touching appeal of the chief for peace failed of its intended effect. The savage Englishman persisted in forcing war upon Powhatan. Refusing to be content with a division of the country, he resolved to exterminate the Indians and take their whole possessions. It was after this that the daughter of Powhatan, Pocahontas, saved Captain Smith's life.

The cruel massacre of "Moketevata" (Black Kettle), so thrillingly portrayed by Cora L. V. Richmond, in her poem, "*Moketevata,*" is given in all its horrible details; as is also the history of the Sand Creek massacre of Cheyennes, by the troops of Schivington. The true history is given of the Black Hills war of 1876, in which Gen. Custer met his fate.

As we said before, an edition of this book, belonging to Dr. T. A. Bland, has been left at the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT, for sale for his benefit. The publishers' price is $3, but it can be had at this office—or it will be sent postage paid to any address—for $2 per copy.

* OUR INDIAN WARDS, by George W. Manypenny, Commissioner of Indian Affairs from March, 1853, until March, 1857; and Chairman of the Sioux Commission of 1876.

Letter from Prof. Watson.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

I have just received a copy of the *Carrier Dove* for July. It contains an admirable portrait of DR. E. D. BABBITT, who, as you know, is one of the most remarkable men of modern times. I have known Dr. Babbitt for many years, and have often marveled that this truly great man, and his wonderful works, are not better known throughout the civilized world. His splendid discoveries relative to the *Power of Sunlight* cannot be overestimated, and unborn millions will unquestionably sound his praises through all time. It is said "the world knows nothing of its greatest men," and I firmly believe that the assertion is not far from the truth.

DR. DUMONT C. DAKE is also one of those rare and sterling characters who go about doing good to their fellow-man. Some of his cures almost surpass belief. Dr. Dake's principal office is still at 231 West 42d street. I met him and his good wife a short time ago, and his bright and cheery words made sunshine in my path for the balance of the day. Such men as Dr. Babbitt and Dr. Dake are ministering angels to their kind, but they are apt not to be fully appreciated while threading their way through this strange world of ours. God bless them, however, in their noble work.

J. JAY WATSON.

255 *West 43d street, N. Y., Aug. 17th,* 1893.

P. S.—I understand that Miss Dora Hahn has made quite a sensation at Saratoga recently through her wondrous powers as a medium. I have also heard a great many warm encomiums passed upon the reports of Walter Howell's recent lectures in THE BANNER. Mr. Howell is certainly a rare teacher, whose words are like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." Such men make life worth living. W.

Sanitary Aspects of Bread-Making.

Dr. Cyrus Edson, Health Commissioner of New York, in an article published in "The Doctor of Hygiene," the organ of the New York Board of Health, calls attention to the general danger of conveying disease of a contagious character in ordinary yeast-made bread.

Dr. Edson notes the mechanical action of yeast in producing fermentation, and that the process uses up a portion of the nutrient elements of the flour.

If it be possible, therefore, says the Doctor, to produce a light, porous loaf without this destruction, and without the kneading process which fills the dough with germs and filth, and without the long period during which the raising process goes on, the gain in food and the gain in the avoidance of the germs is exceedingly plain.

The Health Commissioner recommends the substitution of Royal Baking Powder for yeast in all kinds of bread-making. This leavening agent is mixed thoroughly through the flour, both in a dry state, after which salt and water are added, the dough made up quickly, molded into loaves and baked.

This avoids the long period during which yeast-made dough must stand to rise, as well as all contact of the hands with the bread materials. When the bread is placed in the oven, the heat acts upon the Royal Baking Powder, the leavening gas is given off, and the powder uses itself up, as it were, in the process.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Lansing, Mich., Aug. 6th, 1893, Mrs. Libbia R. Clement, aged 40 years.

Mrs. A. E. Sheets conducted very eloquent and impressive funeral services. Many friends—Spiritualists, and of the various churches—were present. The flowers were numerous and beautiful, as a token of respect.

Mrs. Clement was a member of the "Order of the Magi," as well as a devout Spiritualist.

The closing services at the grave were among the finest ever offered to bereaved family and friends. Mr. Clement and daughter have the heartfelt sympathy of all.

MRS. C. W. AYRES.

From the home of his daughters, in Hampden, Mass., July 16th, Davis Pease, aged 78 years.

He left his physical form after a long and painful illness. He had been a Spiritualist for years, and a reader of the BANNER OF LIGHT ever since its first publication.

Words of comfort and consolation were given through the mediumship of Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham to the assembled friends and mourners.

He is now released from the frail tenement of clay; his freed spirit will rejoice in the newness and vigor of a life supernal; and in the society of the loved ones gone before, and in ministration unto those remaining, he may realize the full meaning of nature's divine law of compensation.

E. R. P.

[*Obituary Notices not over twenty lines in length are published gratuitously. When exceeding that number, twenty cents for each additional line will be charged. Ten words on an average make a line. No poetry admitted under the above heading.*]

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☞ Before the oncoming light of Truth, Creeds tremble, Ignorance dies, Error decays, and Humanity rises to its proper sphere of Knowledge.—*Spirit John Pierpont.*

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Thanking its regular subscribers anew for their continued kindness, THE BANNER'S publishers desire that this—the veteran journal of the spiritual movement—shall receive its share of support from the *new comers* into our household of knowledge. With this hope the above offer is made.

The Medicos and their Laws.

Any one who has followed the editorial course of THE BANNER, must know that for over a score of years past it has unswervingly opposed the arrogance and prejudice of the "Regular" method of practice; and has unflinchingly supported our clairvoyants and healers in their struggle for recognition and acceptance on the part of the public.

Our efforts, and the good work done by these mediums themselves, have resulted in a gradually extending endorsement of what the M. D.'s call the "irregular" methods; and so the medical satraps, wherever strong enough, (as in Connecticut recently,) have obtained the passage of laws more or less aimed at the constitutional freedom of choice as to what treatment a person or patient shall apply when sick that he or she may recover.

The same procedure is *attempted*, also, from year to year by the "regulars" in *other* States, where they are, however, unable to hoodwink the lawmakers, and so fail of getting the monopoly of the healing art which they so much desire: Maine and Massachusetts have thus answered them repeatedly in years past, and *still* remain *free territory!*

We give considerable space this week to the report of the Medical Liberty meeting recently held at Cassadaga Lake (N. Y.) Camp; what is said in this direction by the speakers receives THE BANNER'S hearty endorsement——while at the same time it is clearly along the line of our *own* teachings, and embodies declarations made repeatedly by us in these columns, for a long period of years.

As an instance of how the "regulars"—while *claiming* to work disinterestedly for the good of the "dear public"—have really opposed progress in all the past, till by main force of palpable evidence they have been obliged to acknowledge and adopt what they once scorned and defied, take the subject of Mesmerism:

Strangely in contrast with its first reception is the present interest among the learned professions in Mesmerism, rechristened Hypnotism. It was in 1772 that Franz Anton Mesmer, after fifteen years' medical practice in Vienna, reached the conclusion that "there must exist a power which permeates the universe, and binds together all the bodies upon earth, and it must be possible for man to bring this influence under his command." He first sought for this power in electricity, and subsequently in mineral magnetism. In the year above mentioned he first made use of the magnet for healing, using it, however, simply as a conductor from his own organism through his hands, and by this means producing remarkable cures.

Ever accompanied by the idea of the primal power which must permeate the universe, and is ever active within it, the thought occurred to him, says Dr. Kerner, that the influence must exist yet more powerfully in man himself than in the magnet, arguing that if the magnet communicates to the iron the same polarity which causes itself to be a magnet, an organized body must be able to produce similar conditions in another body. Perceiving thus that he could not ascribe alone to the magnet held in his hands the effects produced, since he also must in his turn influence the magnet, he cast it aside, and with his hands alone produced similar effects. Later even the employment of his hands was dispensed with; "one glance of his eye was quite enough, very commonly, to rivet the subdued patient in a profound slumber." [*Monthly Review*, 1833.]

The success of Mesmer in healing the sick naturally incited in medical men of his day a spirit of bitter antagonism; and their persecutions and raillery succeeded in putting a practical ban on the system for years. In *our* days, *behold!* the "regular" M. D.'s have rechristened the practice—it is *now* "hypnotism," if you please; and in various States of the Union the medicos have succeeded in getting laws passed that only themselves (who are the most ignorant of this practice) shall have the right to make use of it, either as an experiment or a curative agent; and they are asking for such laws in other States.

THE BANNER has continuously confronted the enemies of medical freedom, and has been—as the friends of this reform have ever testified—a tower of strength in defense of spiritual healing, whether effected through the vision and remedies of the clairvoyant medium or the hands and will of the magnetic operator; it will still work in this direction, and deserves the practical support of the public for its past labors and its future intentions.

The Duty of Spiritualists to Children.

Alfred Kitson—one of the most noted of the Lyceum workers in Great Britain—advances in *The Two Worlds* a number of good and pertinent reasons why Spiritualists should unitedly and seriously address themselves to the cultivation of the individual power of children, and promote a healthy growth in their physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual development. In this way would be obviated the necessity of finally uprooting from their minds a great mass of prejudice and superstition.

Considered socially, he lays it down that the teachings of Spiritualism have so broadened, widened, deepened and heightened the conceptions of human duties, relations and rights, as ultimately to revolutionize the problems of political economy. Its keynote is the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

Considered mentally, it refuses to set a boundary to reason—God's best gift—but demands its widest exercise, thus answering the soul's ever-increasing aspirations for more light!

Considered morally, it touches the very foundations of a people's honesty, truthfulness and integrity, by insisting on truthful utterances, just dealings and uprightness as the only means of salvation from misery in the spirit-world, in place of an eleventh-hour "vicarious atonement."

Considered spiritually, it rejects and disproves the idea that God allowed his angels to communicate with his children thousands of years ago to warn, instruct, guide, guard and protect and make known his divine will and give them a faint glimmer of the spiritual state, but denies it to-day as being unnecessary; and refutes it daily by the thousands of communications that are given to aspiring mortals, and shows plainly that the barrier to spirit communion was man-made to safeguard and protect theological interests.

In fact, the teachings of Spiritualism are so diametrically opposed to the teachings and dogmas and creeds of Christianity, that the question of providing for the training of the children of Spiritualists cannot be longer ignored or put off, if the future standing of Spiritualism is to be established and we are to have the satisfaction of being consistent. There surely *can* be no consistency and no honorable acquittal of our duty while *we* labor to refute the teachings of Christianity and seek to establish those of Spiritualism as being more just, right and moral; and all the while more than one-half of our societies are making no provision for the proper instruction of the *children* of the members and workers.

Spiritualism, it is to be borne in mind, means something more than a curiosity for marvelous phenomena. These supply proofs of man's immortal nature, and are a gateway through which teachings are received; but after this follows the duty of disseminating them to hungry, aspiring souls.

And the most important of all duties is to *live* them daily, and inculcate them in the minds and hearts of the children. Feed the little ones; place the food within their reach. A child is the repository of infinite possibilities. The foundation of all great and lasting reforms must be laid deep in the hearts, minds and affections of the rising generation. Hence it is a fatal error to send children to Orthodox Sunday-schools, to be miseducated in all that pertains to our social, mental, moral and spiritual natures.

The Cholera—and a Remedy.

Recent events in New York harbor have shown that there is still a modicum of danger—to say the least—that this trans-Atlantic epidemic may yet endeavor to run its course in America. Hence the giving of all light possible in regard to its treatment, seems to be the duty of the press in every State and community.

A mass meeting of physicians was held in Chicago some months since to consider the best means, for the prevention and treatment of this scourge, before whom Dr. Elmer Lee of Chicago read a paper, which is *now* reprinted as a pamphlet—a copy of which we have received from the Chicago *Clinical Review*, accompanied by observations of Dr. Cyrus Edson, Commissioner of the Health Department of New York. The latter relate entirely to the use of Hydrogen Peroxide in contagious diseases—cholera, yellow fever, typhus and typhoid fever, and are reprinted from *The Doctor of Hygiene* of New York City.] Dr. Lee, after giving an account of the different European methods of treating cholera, states that it is now well known to be a disease of the alimentary canal, its inciting cause being a germ taken into that canal through the medium of food and drink. There its presence is protested against by the absorbent vessels, which eliminate from the food the nutriment for the body. If the stomach could be emptied before the poison has passed further, there might be speedy relief and no real cholera; but after it has passed into the intestines, medicine administered through the stomach may be slow in reaching the seat of the disease, and even then can only mingle with the poison in the hope of neutralizing it—which hope is seldom realized. But if the poison can be removed from below, the course is left clear for nature to recuperate itself.

The diarrhœa (first symptom) is evidence of the great exertion put forth by the organism to rid itself of the death-dealing agency, and it would probably be effectual in the great majority of cases if the *nervous* forces of the system were not exhausted by the terrible strain to which *they* are subjected. Dr. Lee says that the most satisfactory way of treating cholera with which he is acquainted is to introduce into the colon through a suitable rubber tube a large irrigation of hot water, made soapy preferably by neutral liquid soap, beginning the treatment at the very earliest possible moment; save the blood every single moment of infection by immediate action. For internal treatment his experience had taught him that the *medicinal peroxide of hydrogen, of Marchand*, given in cupful doses, four per cent. in strength, or even much stronger, was a better antiseptic than any drug heretofore known in the treatment of cholera. Cleanse the bowels; wash the stomach; feed the sick; keep them warm if cold, and reduce excessive heat by the cool bath rather than reliance on drugs—and use anything in an emergency that is the easiest and most accessible to procure. The medicinal peroxide of hydrogen, of four per cent. strength, should be given in cupful doses at intervals of two hours during the sickness till convalescence. The feeding and nursing are the same as would be required by a patient suffering from septicœmia or other prostrating disease.

Confessing the Tendency.

A local daily contemporary asserts that a publisher in this city was heard to say that the inquiries of "outside people" for religious direction were fully four times as numerous as formerly, and in reply to a question said that those in his own denomination were indifferent to the opportunity to answer such inquiries as they should be answered. These people, as stated, represent largely the intelligent and inquiring persons who have been trained in different evangelical bodies, whose pastors and religious leaders to whom they had a right to look for guidance were unable or unwilling to give them satisfactory answers. Therefore, it seemed to the writer as if the leaders of the Christian church were unqualified to discern the signs of the times and had mainly abdicated their office, and that the difficulty which meets great numbers of young persons who are feeling their way to "the comfort of a certain faith and a reasonable hope" thus stands out in a proper light. The religious unrest of the time is freely acknowledged, and the demand for something constructive and upbuilding in the spiritual life.

This writer further remarks that the great lack to-day in all religious circles is that men of positive convictions and an intelligent grasp of central truth are neither numerous enough or prominent enough in religious teaching to meet the demands made upon them, or to secure the confidence that people ought to have in the practicality and wisdom of those who are set apart to teach others. Pastors who live in country towns, he says, need to be reminded that they must wake up or lose the brightest young men and young women from the kinds of religion which they maintain. He thinks it is high time that evangelical leaders should find out what is settled and can be depended upon and teach it to their people, and especially to the younger members of their flocks, so that "the now almost universal drift of thoughtful persons from their old moorings into religious indifference may be arrested."

The growth of the Unitarian body is thus explained by a New Hampshire pastor: when, fifty years ago, a great many people in New England were inquiring how they could be saved without believing in hell and in desperate efforts to escape from it, they were answered by their pastors that all such inquiries were only instigations of Satan, and bidden not to allow such wicked thoughts to enter their minds. As the result of it, the brighter young men went over into the Unitarian body, and those of duller minds went back to their farms and drowned consciences and minds together in hard cider! And in this way was explained the religious degeneration of the farmers of New England; they had asked for bread, and received stones. All which teaches, to the view of our contemporary, that it is fatal for the old-fashioned clergy, and their following, to shut themselves up in this age—to look backward instead of forward—when the printing press and telegraph have wrought a revolution in such matters in society.

Spiritualism is Here to Do a Work.

So long as expediency dominates human action, it is useless to expect that genuine spirituality will gain a footing that can be accounted permanent on the face of the earth, in spite of the fact that the angel-world's industrious workers are endeavoring with tremendous zeal to effect a radical change in the minds of its inhabitants. This is reason enough for the belief that Modern Spiritualism has come to stay. It is the key to unlock all the forms of mystery, and clear up all recognized myths. It is, in fact, the second coming of the Christ-spirit, teaching the great lesson of LOVE instead of hate! It comes to ameliorate the truly sad condition of humanity, the so-called Christian humanity, that has maintained its war forces at such woeful cost to the welfare of the race—and the more selfish the more inhuman. Is it to be wondered at, in view of this fact, that the spirit-world is peopled with revengeful spirits, who in their earth-life have experienced so much suffering from the selfish cupidity of their fellow-mortals? This is all the "devil" that exists, and he of human creation only!

Almost the nearest and first duty, therefore, of Spiritualists, is to dissolve and dissipate so far as it is possible the prevailing law of expediency, which converts men into hypocrites and honeycombs sincerity of purpose and realness of character with its destroying and corroding influences. We may all of us be the more certain that Spiritualism has come to stay from this very fact; that it teaches truth and right as against the plausible and convenient and insincere. It must needs be that the battle be kept up just so long as there is such an enemy to fight; and there certainly is no such power in the field to keep up the conflict as Spiritualism is now acknowledged to be. The merely expedient is never necessarily the right and true, but much more generally the very contrary. It is in the mazes of convenient expediency that falsehood lurks and malice exists in disguise, and hypocrisy practices its arts and prepares its dangerous and deadly snares. It is of course well to practice the maxim, to be wise as serpents and harmless as doves; but that is very far from following the rule of individual comfort and convenience; it does not teach us to shirk duty when it is irksome, or try ever to make the worse appear the better reason.

☞ Prof. A. B. Severance has an interesting word under "Banner Correspondence."

An Instance of Heredity.

The notorious bandit, Chris. Evans, who now lies in jail at Fresno, Cal., has been interviewed by a newspaper reporter. He said every man, however brave or desperate he might be, was always a coward after midnight, unless he was half-crazed with bad whiskey. He said no man could deliberately commit suicide between one and two o'clock in the morning, as when night begins to grow toward morning, when daybreak is yet a long way off, every man is a coward, and shrinks from an imaginary fear. He will fight twice as quickly before midnight as he would afterward. As evidence of his idea, he said, "Have you never observed that sick persons are nearly always worse in the after part of the night?" "Men," said he, "obey laws they cannot understand."

Such is unquestionably the case. In the language of the poet, "As the twig is bent the tree's inclined." It is an old saying that it "is always the darkest just before the dawn." This anxious, lonesome feeling of indescribable danger which one feels at this hour when not asleep is described in the bible—*Job, chap. iv.*—and reads thus:

"In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. *Then a spirit passed before my face;* the hair of my flesh stood up; it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof; an image was before mine eyes; there was silence."

In the particular case of Job (if such a person ever existed), clairvoyance probably reinforced the sensation of *nearness* to the invisible world, and *he saw*, where others only *sense* but cannot explain.

This state of mind may be explained as the operation of the law of heredity. The feeling naturally inheres in all, to a degree; those feeling its operations the least were said by the great Napoleon to possess "Two [A. M.] o'clock courage."

One View of the Situation.

In a recent editorial statement of "The Position," *Light* (London) says it requires very little prescience to realize that we are entering upon a period of considerable difficulty; formerly there were two main streams of thought connected with the Unseen, those of belief and unbelief; now we have a number of schools, all having something in common, but each differing in a way that tends to antagonism rather than agreement. In regard to what it styles the two classes into which Spiritualists are said to be divided, it states that, in general, it may be remarked that neither class, in England at any rate, [and we would say the same of America] recognizes any one as authority or accepts any special book as authoritative and final as to its belief or opinions regarding the Cause.

As for the Society for Psychical Research, *Light* thinks it will continue to enrich the literature of the Unseen "with those admirable series of tabulated facts to which we have been so long accustomed," but that nothing is to be feared from it. The Society may find some difficulty occasionally in squaring the facts with preconceived theories; but it adds that there is no crystallized formality about the theories propounded, and a gentler note, it thinks, is sounded now than that of the somewhat harsh music which announced the first approach of its very serious band of investigators.

In Book Form!

COLBY & RICH, 9 Bosworth street, Boston, will shortly bring out as a neat volume—in cloth, and in paper—the story

"Mary Anne Carew: Wife, Mother, Spirit, Angel,"

by PROF. CARLYLE PETERSILEA, which has been running through the columns of THE BANNER for some months, which has received general and highly deserved commendation, and which reaches conclusion in the present number. Further particulars hereafter.

Mrs. Byrnes at Maranacook, Me.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, the gifted and veteran lecturer, will speak at the Grove at Lake Maranacook, on SUNDAY NEXT, **August 27th,** at 2 o'clock P. M. The public is invited.

☞ A recent *Medium and Daybreak* (London, Eng.) contains a brief discussion as to the original mediumistic source from which *Spirit* Robert Burns's poem—in continuation of the one written by him when on earth—regarding "Highland Mary" was obtained; Mrs. Corner and Mrs. Hyzer being severally cited as the author in the mortal. *We* are in condition to settle this matter conclusively, as the poem was personally received by *us* from Mrs. F. O. Hyzer (who received it from the *spirit*), and was *first* given to the public in the BANNER OF LIGHT for March 27th, 1858!

☞ Capt. Pfoundes (of England) writes us, under date of July 25th:

I arrived in Japan at end of January, and was at once invited to lecture in Buddhist Temples. I speak the native language, learned in the course of residence here since 1863. This is my fifth visit to Japan. A committee appointed by all the sects conducts my lecture tours. I am thoroughly investigating Buddhism, under the most favorable conditions. I will be glad to communicate with those interested, and will be very much obliged for periodical literature, etc. My address is Chi on In, Kioto, Japan.

C. PFOUNDES.

☞ Spiritualists visiting the ONSET BAY CAMP-MEETING this summer should bear in mind that THE BANNER OF LIGHT will be *for sale* at the Headquarters Building during the season; and copies of the Books published by COLBY & RICH of Boston, may be had at our Branch Bookstore, which is in charge of MRS. H. E. JONES.

☞ W. H. Terry, the enterprising publisher of the *Harbinger of Light*, (Australia,) announces that about the end of August he will leave Melbourne for a short trip to the United States. He deserves a pleasant voyage——and a warm welcome to America.

☞ Read the review of "Our Indian Wards," third page. Colby & Rich have the work on sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT bookstore, 9 Bosworth street; and all who purchase copies will thus far aid pecuniarily Dr. T. A. Bland of Washington, the Indian's friend.

☞ The whole gist of the revelations of spirit-return and communion—the thought, condition and future duty of the newly excarnated intelligence—may be said to be deftly epitomized in the message of A. F. Pike, on our sixth page.

☞ Attention is called to the article (on first page) by Mrs. A. B. Severance, the widely known psychometrist, of White Water, Wis.

Special Notice—A New Volume.

THE BANNER begins Volume 74 with its issue for Sept. 9th, and we trust that those of our patrons whose term of subscription expires with the present volume will do us the favor of a renewal.

The date of the expiration of every subscription to the BANNER OF LIGHT is plainly marked on each address. The paper is discontinued at that time unless the subscription is previously renewed. Subscribers intending to renew will escape inconvenience 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 extensive circulation to which its merits entitle it, and therefore they look with confidence to the friends of the paper throughout the world to assist them in their important work.

COLBY & RICH, *Publishers.*

Decease of Wm. M. Robinson.

Maj. William Mattison Robinson passed to spirit-life Friday, August 18th, at New Orleans, La., aged fifty-three years. He was a reporter and editorial *attaché* on the BANNER OF LIGHT in '58-61; he then entered the Union army, where he won his grade by faithful service. At the expiration of the Civil War he became a resident of Louisiana, where he filled several positions under the government; he had been one of the leaders of local journalism for twenty-five years, and at the time of his demise was city editor of *The Picayune.*

The Excursion—

Advertised on another page of this issue—to the Isles of Shoals, bids fair to be an entertaining occasion. Many of those invited have signified their intention to attend. The regular band will give two concerts during the day. Lunch for those who bring their baskets (refreshments also procurable on board); mediumship, vocal music, elocution, mesmeric experiments, etc., etc.

Spiritualism and Suicides.—The record of suicides in the community, generally, is unhappily too long to escape the serious attention of those who live in active sympathy with their fellow-beings and would relieve human suffering and wretchedness by correcting human error. Spiritualism *alone* teaches the plain truth on this very important subject. It teaches the impressive primary truth that self-destruction is an impossibility; hence nothing can be gained by so violent an act done to Nature, while no responsibility is escaped, no trial evaded, and none of the consequences of life's action are shirked or got rid of. It teaches that the suicidal parent continues to see wife and children in a more pitiable condition than he voluntarily left them in, deprived of his protecting care, plunged in the depths of unutterable grief, helpless beyond the worst condition they could have known before, and himself the cause of it all, and powerless to undo the wicked mischief he has so rashly wrought. Happily, and as the natural result of this teaching, suicides are a rare thing among genuine Spiritualists; they cherish the highest reverence for the divine gift of life, and they hold firmly to a faith which is actual knowledge that, however conflicting, tumultuous and overwhelming present circumstances may seem, time and patience and trust are sure to bring all things to a right issue at last, making us richer, riper and wiser for our trying experience.

Dead Church Issues.—Well says *The Congregationalist* that religious activities need to be governed by common sense. The predominant issue is that of the Bible itself, and it is not a question of the interpretation of a few isolated sentences, but it is whether there is any authoritative revelation to be interpreted. Are there any holy scriptures? asks *The Congregationalist.* And it answers—the last few years have exhibited a movement of the most rapid character toward a reconstruction of the whole argument for and against the real character and binding authority of revelation. This movement has been largely silent. Its force has been greatly left to itself, while Christian attention has been diverted to speculative questions on minor points. In some forms these minor points demanded attention for a time, but the great and absorbing topics now before Christian people are vital. And, asks *The Congregationalist*, is it wise to be diverted from them by superficial wranglings on extinct issues? *We* should decidedly say not. But this inane speculation over future probation only proves the hollowness of the dogma of endless and absolute punishment from which it naturally springs. If the speculation is lifeless, as *The Congregationalist* says, the dogma is not less dead also!

☞ The Parents' Association of America was organized in May of this year, at the United Charities Building, New York. Some of its objects, as set forth in the July *Childhood*, are "to afford parents opportunities for coöperation and consultation; to assist parents to understand the best principles and methods of education in all its aspects, and especially in those which concern the formation of habits and character," etc.; and to give special emphasis to the subject of character-building in its relation to citizenship. The Association is national in its character, and consists of a central society with local branches. For additional particulars Dr. George William Winterburn, No. 230 W. 132d street, New York, may be addressed.

☞ Capt. and Mrs. S. G. Cabell of Washington, D. C., are guests at the "Grand Hotel," Lily Dale, N. Y., *en route* from Chicago to their home. This is their first visit to Cassadaga Camp, and they are, we learn, enjoying all there is to be seen and heard.

☞ Dr. W. A. Towne has been in Boston for a short time. He will soon visit Saratoga, Block Island and Nantasket, in his capacity as a healing medium. Dr. Towne has sold his cottage at Lake Pleasant, we understand, to Dr. George W. Keith.

PLAIN WORDS.

BY "LACONIC."

The favorite employment of a conceited man is to brag about himself.

† † †

It is said that "he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." This is a truism, no doubt, in *one sense*; but *not* as construed by professed Christians. It literally means this: that the inner, the really *spiritual*, part of the man, who giveth of his means to ameliorate the condition of his destitute fellow-creatures, is satisfied—the *God* within his *own* soul—not some imaginary person said to be located somewhere on "a great white throne."

† † †

When a person is bitten by a mad dog, as soon as possible let his friends prepare dry Havana sugar and soft soap—mix in equal parts—and apply to the wound, changing the simple salve every day. I am informed that it is an invaluable remedy.

[From the *Boston Herald* of Aug. 22d.]

Spiritualists Choose Officers.

LAKE PLEASANT, *Aug. 21st*, 1893.—At the annual business meeting of the New England Spiritualist Camp-Meeting Association, to-day, the following officers were elected:

President, Hon. A. H. Dailey of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Vice-Presidents, Hon. Newman Weeks of Rutland, Vt., H. A. Buddington of Springfield, Mrs. James Wilson of Bridgeport, Conn.; Secretary, J. Milton Young of Haverhill; Treasurer, Fred Haslam of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Directors, Hon. A. H. Dailey of Brooklyn, N. Y., D. P. Barber of Nashua, N. H., A. W. Caswell of Gardner, Mrs. A. E. Barnes of Boston, Mrs. J. F. Di Storrs of Hartford, Conn., Dr. E. A. Smith of Brandon, Vt., Leon E. Henry of Lake Pleasant, K. D. Childs of Marlboro.

The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were very satisfactory.

A handful of good life is worth a bushel of learning.—*George Herbert.*

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

You may trust the bloated drunkard, for
In him there may be good;
You may trust the vicious gambler, he
Might serve you if he could;
You may trust the thief, the murderer
Who to the gallows walks,
But never trust the villain who
Of women lightly talks.
—*New York Sun.*

A letter for Dr. Geo. B. Emerson lies uncalled for at this office.

The Vaccination Inquirer is as usual filled with readable and instructive articles, having a lively bearing on the crusade against blood-pollution by so-called vaccination. Would not a wet-sheet pack, wrung out of warm cow's milk, applied to the smallpox patient, at the earliest opportunity, be much more "vaccination" than the present inoculation of "virus" which cannot be traced to the cow at all, whereas the milk is indisputably a "vaccine" or "cow-product." Hygiene, and the proper treatment of smallpox cases when they *do* occur, are the only "preventives" required.—*Medium and Daybreak, London, Eng.*

The Empress of Austria, it is stated, not only smokes from fifty to sixty Turkish cigarettes a day, but during the course of the evening also smokes several "terribly strong cigars." This acts as a sedative on Her Majesty's nervous temperament.

Clerk—"I can't read this letter, sir. The handwriting is very bad." *Mr. Flareup*—"Pshaw! any donkey can read it. Pass it to me."

It is not surprising that Chinese in several Eastern cities show no desire to register. John Chinaman has never been accused even by his enemies of any lack of shrewdness. Why should he go to the trouble and expense of registering when the United States Supreme Court may upset the Geary law?

A frightful breach of good form is to wear a high hat with russet shoes.—*Exchange.* It is better than going barefooted, with a high hat on, as the gentlemen of the Sandwich Islands will do when they get a chance to dress up right smart.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The World's Fair will have been of immense value to us if, as a mere incident of it, says an exchange, we learn—what it is so easy to forget—that while we make progress other nations are making progress also, and that we can as little afford to neglect their achievements as they can afford to neglect ours.

THE TIME TO LOVE.

[*From the Detroit Free Press.*]

V.

When winter came, "Oh, wait till spring!"
She said, when I besought her hand;
"Then roses bloom and bluebirds sing,
And fragrance is in all the land!
That is the time to love—please wait!"
I 'm waiting still, as best I can,
For Phyllis, I am sad to state,
In springtime wed another man.

New ideas, how true soever, said Robert Dale Owen, are seldom respectable, in the worldly sense of the term. Like self-made men, they win their way to distinction—as it is best they should—but slowly, by their own merits.

Satan—"If I could introduce just one rule in the church, spiders could live in the keyholes after the first month." *Imp*—"What would that rule be?" *Satan*—"Obliging the women to take off their hats before they went in."—*Vogue.*

Scientists are of the opinion that Avery's island, situated in the delta of the Mississippi, is composed below the top-soil entirely of salt. The salt occurs in more or less transparent masses.

Rev. Mr. Briggs, the alleged heretic, is well off financially, consequently he do n't care what his enemies say or do.

Landlord (to guest)—"How do you like the landscape, sir?" *Guest*—"Splendid! Best I ever saw!" *Landlord*—"John, make a note of that—landscape, $6.00."

At a recent meeting of the Directors of the M. S. P. C. A., it was voted to send placards into every town in Massachusetts asking humane persons not to hire or drive any horse mutilated by docking. President Angell proposes to use kodaks to show through the press and otherwise horses that have been docked, together with the owners who drive them, and also all kinds of cruelty to be found in cattle-cars, cattle-yards, slaughter-houses, markets, horse-races, etc.

The opium traffic in India is defended by a Justice of the Peace in Bombay who is being widely quoted, his most effective point being, we are told, that "the suppression of the opium traffic would lead to the introduction of alcohol in its worst forms." The objection is frequently urged against prohibition of the liquor traffic in this country that it would result in an increased use of opium. If the devil does n't laugh over the success of such tactics, he has n't the sense of humor we take him to have. Why not prohibit both traffics in both places?—*The Voice (N. Y.).*

The word viking should be pronounced with the continental sound of the long I, thus: veek-ing; the etymology of the word leaves no doubt about its correct orthoepy. It is derived from vik, the Scandinavian name for an inlet from the sea, a bay or estuary.

In my judgment, it would be an opinion more flattering than true, to think any medicine can be so sovereign or so happy as that the simple use of it can work any great cure.—*Lord Bacon.*

Thomas J. Mays, of Philadelphia, contributes an article to the forthcoming number of *The Century* on proper breathing as a preventive of consumption. He explains that the upper part of the lungs is not used as much as the lower part, and that pulmonary diseases may be avoided by breathing so that every part of the lungs is brought into use.

He gives up his seat when she enters the car,
Though he knows his politeness she 'll scorn;
But it 's plain that in this way he 's safer by far—
If he does n't she 'll tread on his corn.
—*Washington Star.*

The Summerland (Cal.) for Aug. 5th announces that its publication is to be suspended for three months, at the end of which time it will either be resumed or the subscription price for the unexpired term be returned to its subscribers.

Noah was the first curve pitcher. He pitched within and out. He was no slouch of a twirler either—his neighbors could n't get "onto" his ark.—*Life.*

Spiritualists visiting England this season will find a pleasant home with reasonable rates at Mrs. J. J. Morse's Hotel, Florence House, 26 Osnaburgh street, Euston Road, London, N. W.

MAKES A DIFFERENCE.—*Mrs. Gabb*—"Mr. DeVout has lost two children within a month. One of them was treated by a Christian Scientist, and died." *Dr. Dosem (excitedly)*—"Horrible! Outrageous! The parents of the poor little victims should be arrested." *Mrs. Gabb*—"The other child was treated by a regular physician, but it died, too." *Dr. Dosem (solemnly)*—"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away."—*Ex.*

Though in the decision of the Behring Sea tribunal the arbitrators decided adversely on all the important claims of the United States, yet the *seals* themselves have gained a victory looking to their preservation, a close season being prescribed; a protected zone of sixty miles drawn around Pribyloff Islands; and the use of firearms prohibited.

"Was he frightened?" "I should say so. His breath came in knickerbockers." "Knickerbockers?" "Yes; short pants."—*Ex.*

Dr. Schwabe relates that Goethe believed he had a "genius" about him, whom he not only often heard make a slight noise near him, but once also saw clearly in angelic form; he had been so cautious, however, as only to speak of it in secret and to tried friends.

"Where did you get your new waitress, Hawley?" "Down on the Jersey coast." "Really?" "Yes. She is one of the breakers."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Miss Florrie Bryan, a young English woman, has forsaken Christianity and married the Maharajah of Patiala in India. She was received as a member of the Sikh religious community just before the marriage, which was celebrated according to Sikh rites.

A. B. O., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—THE BANNER has NO knowledge of the parties to whom you refer—and their alleged claim to an endorsement *by* it is therefore without foundation in fact.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

The American Spiritualists' Association has discontinued its Monday evening meetings at the First Spiritual Temple until the first Monday in October next. Those desiring services of mediums for meetings, etc., in New England, are invited to correspond with Parker C. Marsh, Gen'l Sec'y, 14 Granville Place, Boston, Mass.

Eagle Hall, 616 Washington Street.—Sundays at 11 A. M., 2½ and 7½ P. M.; also Wednesdays at 3 P. M. E. Tuttle, Conductor.

Ruthbone Hall, 604 Washington Street, corner of Kneeland.—Spiritual meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M., 2½ and 7½ P. M. (7½ P. M. meeting in Commercial Hall) Thursday at 2½ P. M. N. P. Smith, Chairman.

Harmony Hall, 724 Washington Street.—Meetings are held every Sunday at 11 A. M., 2½ and 7½ P. M.; also Tuesday and Thursday 3 P. M. W. L. Lathrop, Conductor.

America Hall, 724 Washington Street.—Meetings Sundays at 10¾ A. M. and 2½ and 7½ P. M. Good mediums, fine music. Miss A. Peabody and Dr. S. H. Nelke, Conductors.

Eagle Hall.—Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 16th, an interesting meeting. Remarks, tests and readings, Mrs. M. A. Moody, Dr. Toothaker, Mr. Brown, Mr. Tuttle.

Sunday, Aug. 20th, morning developing circle was a success in numbers and results. Afternoon, invocation and remarks, Mrs. M. E. Pierce; remarks, tests and readings, Mrs. M. A. Chase, Dr. Toothaker, Mr. Tuttle; pleasing address, Dr. Blackden. Evening, opening remarks, Mrs. M. E. Pierce; correct tests and readings, Dr. Wm. Franks, Mrs. A. Wilkins, Mr. E. H. Tuttle.

The meetings throughout the day were well attended.

Musical selections were rendered in an acceptable manner by Mrs. Nellie Carlton.

Meetings in this hall Sundays, 11 A. M., 2:30 and 7:30 P. M.; also Wednesday afternoons 2:45.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at each session.

HARTWELL.

America Hall.—Last Sunday's sessions were largely patronized, and the interest shown by the attendants is the best testimony which could be bestowed on Dr. S. H. Nelke and Miss A. Peabody, the conductors of the meeting. The tests given were fine—each medium being so positive that the persons to whom the tests were given were able to recognize them at once; Mrs. Forrester, Mrs. Fredericks, Miss A. Peabody, Dr. S. H. Nelke, Mrs. S. E. Buck, Dr. C. L. Willis, Dr. Allen Toothaker, David Brown, Miss L. E. Smith, Arthur McKenna and others participated.

We had with us in the morning the well-known Nolan Family, who entertained us with readings; and in the evening Mr. Sanders, M. D., who made remarks, which were much appreciated by the audience.

The musical program was excellent. Those who took part were: Profs. Riemann and Baumgartner, pianists; Prof. Thurber, tenor; Mr. Forsight, baritone; Dr. S. H. Nelke, basso; Miss Sadie B. Lamb, soprano and pianist, and Herr Fredericks, zither player.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at the door. S.

Harmony Hall.—Sunday, Aug. 20th, morning developing circle well attended, with Dr. Willis in charge. Invocation, Dr. Lathrop.

Afternoon.—Mr. Martin presided; Dr. Lathrop announced that he would have charge of the meetings hereafter, and cordially invited the coöperation of all mediums and truth-seekers. Dr. Toothaker, Mrs. Jennie Hill, Mr. Davis of East Boston, Mrs. Julia E. Davis and Mrs. G. M. Hughes all gave satisfactory tests and proofs of the continuity of life.

Evening.—A large audience, well pleased. Dr. Willis opened the meeting and answered mental questions; Mrs. J. E. Davis and Mrs. Jennie Hill gave excellent tests; Mrs. G. M. Hughes and Mrs. Chase added materially to the proof of spirit-return. Music by Mrs. Shepley.

Meetings in this Hall on Sundays at 11 A. M., 2:30 and 7:30 P. M., Tuesday and Thursday afternoons at 3.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at each session.

W. L. LATHROP, *Conductor.*

The Veteran Spiritualists' Union.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

I beg leave to announce that at a conference meeting held at Lake Pleasant, Mass., Aug. 4th, 1893, I made it my duty to present to the audience the claims, purposes and work of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union, and by so doing I succeeded in obtaining twenty-one names—with as many dollars—to add to the list of members in our Union.

I will add that the subject was well received by the Lake Pleasant campers, many of whom have promised to join us in our good work as soon as circumstances will permit.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie followed my appeal with earnest remarks concerning the Union, and thus gave impetus to the interest created in our work at the above-mentioned camp.

When the V. S. U. holds its next regular meeting in October, I shall, in all probability, be in Chicago, *en route* for the far West: At that point and at all other places I shall make it a part of my work to speak in behalf of the Union as occasion permits—not waiting for the opportunity to be made for me, but making one for myself whenever possible.

With fraternal love and greeting for each of my coworkers in the V. S. U., I remain, faithfully yours,

MRS. M. T. LONGLEY, *Cor. Sec'y V. S. U.*
34 *Sydney street, Dorchester, Mass.*

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Stratham.—At a recent meeting in Severance Hall an interesting conference was held in the morning, led by Miss S. Lizzie Ewer of Portsmouth, and participated in by local mediums and friends of the Cause from Exeter, Newmarket and other towns.

The afternoon meeting was one long to be remembered. After the invocation and singing, came a grand discourse by Miss Ewer, which held the closest attention of the audience. Following this were some of the most remarkable tests ever given in this place, which were promptly and gladly recognized.

A high moral character, culture and refinement, combined with rare medial gifts, render Miss Ewer a fitting instrument for the grand work she is so earnestly engaged in. MRS. F. A. HAVEN.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

(Notices under this heading, to insure insertion the same week, must reach this office by *Monday's mail.*)

Dr. G. C. Beckwith-Ewell is engaged for September with the First Spiritual Society of New York; for October in Baltimore; is open for some later dates. Address Box 607, Birmingham, Conn.

Mrs. Ada Foye, inspirational lecturer and platform test medium, has postponed her visit to the Pacific Coast until next year. Spiritual societies desiring her services during the coming season will please address her immediately at Chicago, Ill., P. O. Box 517.

Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless is unexpectedly called West, which will necessitate canceling all her eastern engagements. She leaves with her eastern friends her best wishes, and hopes to return to them in the near future.

Mr. John William Fletcher will be in Boston the last of September for about one week. He opens his New York office October 5th; will accept a few lecture engagements in the vicinity of New York City. Address 268 W. 43d street, New York.

E. J. Bowtell is speaking for the Brooklyn Spiritualist Association. Wishes to arrange with societies for dates in the coming fall and winter. Address 492 State street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Pleasant Letter from Bro. Lees.

Messrs. Colby & Rich, Publishers Banner of Light, Boston, Mass:

DEAR SIRS—Permit me, as one of your constant readers, to tender you my sincere congratulations over the past successes of thirty-six years, in publishing seventy-three volumes of the BANNER OF LIGHT. May Vol. 74—which is about to begin—bring you such increased subscription list as your ability, energy and faithful devotion to the Cause deserves.

If Spiritualists generally throughout the country were as thoughtful and faithful in subscribing as you have been in editing and publishing this first-class paper, there could be no doubt of your future success eclipsing all former ones.

Wishing you health and strength to continue the good work, I remain, as ever,

Yours fraternally, THOMAS LEES.

Copies of Banner for Circulation.

We frequently have calls for copies of the BANNER OF LIGHT for circulation, and in order to accommodate friends who may desire them, we will send to any one who will place them in the hands of appreciative readers a parcel of twenty-five or more back numbers which have accumulated—on receipt of ten cents to cover postage.

Spiritualist Camps.

☞ **Reports from Lake Brady, O., Sunapee, N. H., and Rocky Rest, Ct., will be found on our third page.**

Onset Bay Grove, Mass.

[By Our Regular Reporter.]

The interest in the meetings continues to increase as we are approaching the close of the season, and has reached a point far beyond that ever before known at Onset. The conferences held during the past week have provoked much discussion, which will no doubt be productive of good.

On Tuesday Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn answered questions from the audience with her usual marked degree of talent—followed by several very fine improvisations.

On Thursday an unusually interesting conference was held at the Auditorium.

On Friday Joseph D. Stiles gave a lecture, prefaced with an original poem and followed with remarkable tests, full names being given in his inimitable manner, and generally recognized.

Saturday afternoon a benefit was given in the Arcade to one of the oldest and best mediums upon the ground, who is at present retired from active public work—Mrs. Achsa Paine—at which Dr. H. B. Storer made the opening speech, reviewing her work as a medium for the past thirty years. Mrs. Maggie Waite, Mrs. H. V. Ross, Mrs. E. E. R. Nickless and Mr. Joseph D. Stiles gave tests, and music was furnished by Prof. Maynard. The handsome sum of fifty dollars was realized and presented to Mrs. Paine with the kindest regards and love of all present.

President Storer reports the week as having been an eventful one. The weather has been delightfully cool. The dances have been well attended, and are a source of considerable revenue to the Association.

The benefit to Lulu Morse on Friday evening was also well attended, and very profitable.

Saturday morning Dr. Dooley of St. Louis gave a lecture upon "Ancient and Modern Spiritualism," for which he received a vote of thanks from the large audience, and a report was solicited for publication in THE BANNER.

On Sunday a grand audience gathered at the Auditorium to listen—first, to the excellent concert given by the Bridgewater Band: President Storer in opening said that this Association had no desire to denounce any church or people, but simply to hold up Spiritualism in such a manner that all may be induced to accept its truths.

The public service opened with a song from Prof. Maynard; Mr. J. Clegg Wright was introduced as the speaker of the hour, and in opening said that human reason was the product of nature, and has come by the process of evolution. There was a time when reason was not, and it has come by methodical growth. Consciousness is organic function, and when that ceases to be consciousness will go out. Death is the end of consciousness here; the beginning of a change, for the *soul* never dies; it never had a beginning, it never can come to an end. Consciousness is a phenomenon; it comes and it goes. All the gods men have had are ideals. Doubt is the great promoter of reason—faith will kill the world. Reason is becoming the great arbiter of affairs between nations, as has been the case between this country and Great Britain, preventing a war. The speaker said in this connection that war was a terrible pestilence, and the world would be better when its spirit and its paraphernalia were known no more.

Prof. Maynard followed with "I Stood on the Bridge at Midnight," which was enthusiastically received; after which Mr. Wright proceeded: The existence of the soul has to be investigated by nature; reason demonstrates nothing without verification, and you find it in the phenomena of Spiritualism, which cannot be given without a medium. Cause and effect evolve one another and are dependent upon each other. Without the *phenomena* the highest thing would be materialism.

All the religions and philosophies of the world will melt into Spiritualism, and science in Spiritualism will take their place. Knowledge must come through the avenue of sense. Clairvoyance is a sense that will be displaced and followed by a higher conscious nature. Perception adapts itself to a new equilibrium when the soul has passed into the higher realm.

There is no separation between the great processes of phenomena and Spiritualism; the old methods must be laid aside, and the ideal that man has a soul must be studied on the phenomenal plane. You must come into the phenomenal to find mediumship. You cannot come to the investigation of Modern Spiritualism with dominant ideas. Knowledge is the privilege of the spirits, and they are glad to impart this knowledge when the conditions are properly observed.

The entire lecture was full of deep, earnest thought, and was greeted many times with applause, as the power of spirit over matter was depicted in the different manifestations of phenomenal force. In closing, the speaker said that we are living in a grand, changing civilization, and out of all the past a greater and purer government and a brighter day are coming for the country you love! Immortality, as a fact, is dawning over the hilltops; we shall meet our dear ones in that land where liberty is progressive, and man the dominant feature in intellectual life. The service closed with a song by Prof. Maynard.

The afternoon service opened with "Palm Branches," by Prof. Maynard, by request.

Mr. J. Clegg Wright was again the speaker. Christianity, he said, was not Jewish, but Oriental, in its source. Pythagoras had more to do with the origin of Christianity than Jesus of Nazareth. He founded a school which affirmed that God stood independent. The all-perfect good, he claimed, had nothing to do with the creation of the world, but it emanated from the soul of the world, and a messenger was sent to earth called the Messiah, who came in due time in the person of Jesus, and proclaimed, "I and my Father are one." Christianity is a great system of philosophy.

If an infinite power created and controlled the world, how could good and evil exist together? was the great problem before the old world.

The speaker gave a rapid but comprehensive glance at the history of theological evolution, and said: The churches are better to-day because the people have made them so.

That Psychical Society of Boston——where is it? Is it dead? It started to investigate Spiritualism, but how much has it done?

The newspaper has come into the world to scatter light and save literature and knowledge, and the newspaper shall kill the despotisms of the earth. Another power, the locomotive engine, will run despotism down, and carry the knowledge of nature. Slowly the mediums will make their way, and there shall come sweeter truths, and the heart of man shall be free. This lecture was one of the most eloquent and convincing ever given upon these grounds!

Mr. Joseph D. Stiles, the well-known test medium, followed, prefacing his remarkable séance with this thought, that

"While in this world of night
My thoughts will always turn to right."

The first names given were Dr. John Q. A. Hawes, John D. Lord, John Mathews and others, who were all recognized by your reporter as personal friends, formerly living at Hallowell, Me. Then came John Dennis, Abner Lowell, Franklin Fox, all of whom were well known.

A great many names were given; we cannot notice them all, but among them, as peculiarly significant, were: Richard Bartlett—who was recognized by his wife, who was present, and had never received any message from him before; Andrew Griffith and several others, who were well remembered by Major Griffith as personal friends; John Franklin, Charles Pierce, *et als.*, who were well known by many friends present as having passed away from the town of Norton, Mass.; John Hobbs, who was formerly a class leader in the Methodist church at Hallowell, Me.; (he was well known to your reporter, and said that he had "passed out of that cramped theology into a higher and grander experience"). Another passing from Bath, Me., gave the name of Capt. George A. Kimball, and was well known and located perfectly; George Robbins (one of the directors of the Association), who came "with a great deal of pleasure to Onset," was gladly received. One hundred and seventy-three names were given, and nearly all recognized.

In the evening the farewell benefit to Mrs. Maggie Waite was held at the Arcade. A large number of friends gathered to receive messages from their spirit-friends and say "good-by" to this very worthy medium. Music was furnished for the occasion by Prof. Stratton (piano), and the audience joined in "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Mrs. Waite, upon taking the platform, said that she hoped the guides through her instrumentality might be able to answer the great and all-important question: "If a man die, shall he live again?" and then proceeded to give tests from spirits present. The first coming was a child to his mother, giving the name of Franklin Wyman, and recognized by the mother, who was present. Next was one who passed out in California, giving the name of Henry Thomas. Dr. Clinton was next announced and well remembered. Another came to his brother with the message that he "was not dead, but as much alive as ever," giving his name in full, and kindly remembered by the brother, who was always skeptical.

The next came with the Grand Army uniform, and was recognized by an old comrade. Another showed herself in the garb of a nun, and in fulfillment of a promise made to a friend years ago—giving the name of Sister Agnes to a lady, and revealing some facts regarding her past life. Acknowledged as correct.

Several other names were given in a very positive manner, and the tests were interspersed with some of the best psychometric readings we ever witnessed. We have no hesitation in saying that Mrs. Waite is the best platform test medium (in our opinion) who has ever appeared at Onset, and the tests are all the more convincing from the fact that she is a stranger to a New England audience, and could not possibly have any knowledge whatever regarding the conditions of her auditors.

At the close of the test séance Mrs. C. B. Bliss entered the cabinet, and under the leadership of her wonderful spirit controls more than thirty forms appeared to the audience—nearly all of which were recognized by friends present. Considering the lateness of the hour her materializations were truly wonderful.

[*Continued on eighth page.*]

A Valuable Work.

One of the very best books extant for the enlightenment of those seeking knowledge of Modern Spiritualism, its Phenomena and its Philosophy, is the grand work entitled

"IMMORTALITY DEMONSTRATED THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. J. H. CONANT,"

Who was a public medium at the BANNER OF LIGHT office for nineteen years.

Even the new generation of Spiritualists, who are more or less familiar with the phenomena, but have never read this book, will gain additional information by its perusal.

It is for sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore. Price $1.25, postage 12 cents.

☞ **Camp-Meeting officers and managers should at this time remember the long and arduous services of the BANNER OF LIGHT in the past—as well as the good it is doing now—and exert their influence to increase its circulation, thus widening the circle of its great usefulness.**

☞ WRITING PLANCHETTES for sale by Colby & Rich. Price 60 cents.

Spiritualist Camp-Meetings for 1893.

Onset Bay, Mass.—Meeting from July 9th to Aug. 27th. Week-day trains on Old Colony Railroad leave Boston at 8:15 A. M., 9 A. M., 1 P. M., 3:32 P. M. and 4:15 P. M.; Sunday trains leave Boston at 7:30 A. M. and 8:15 P. M.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.—The annual camp-meeting closes Aug. 27th.

Harris Grove (near Lowell), Mass.—Sunday meetings during the summer.

Jackson's Grove, Mass. (Upper Swampscott).—Sunday services.

Queen City Park (So. Burlington, Vt.).—July 30th to Sept. 3d.

Cassadaga, N. Y.—(Annual summer assembly of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association, Lily Dale, Chautauqua Co., N. Y.) July 21st to Aug. 27th.

Maranacook, Me.—Services Sundays for the present.

Verona Park, Me.—Closes Aug. 27th.

Sunapee Lake, N. H.—Aug. 13th to 27th.

Niantic, Conn.—Closes Sept. 5th.

Etna, Me. (First Maine Association).—Commencing Aug. 18th, closing Sept. 3d—including three Sundays.

Lake George, N. Y.—Services Sundays for the present.

Parkland, Pa.—Closes Sept. 10th.

Haslett Park, Mich.—From July 27th to Aug. 28th.

Lake Brady, O.—Continues to Sept. 3d.

Ashley, O.—Closes Sept. 4th.

Clinton, Ia. (Mt. Pleasant Park).—Closes Aug. 28th.

Liberal, Mo.—Aug. 19th to Sept. 4th.

Vicksburg, Mich.—Aug. 11th to 27th.

MEETINGS IN BROOKLYN.

The Progressive Spiritualists hold their weekly Conference at 102 Court street every Saturday evening, at 8 o'clock. Good speakers and mediums always present. Seats free. All cordially invited.

Conservatory Hall, Bedford Avenue, corner of Fulton Street.—Sundays 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. W. J. Rand, Secretary.

Spiritual Meetings are held in Mrs. Dr. Blake's parlors, 451 Franklin Avenue, every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

Fraternity Rooms, corner Bedford Avenue and South Second Street.—Services held under the auspices of "Beacon Light Ladies' Aid." Meetings Sunday evenings, 7½ o'clock. Good speakers and mediums. Mrs. Kate Schroeder, President, 142 Union Avenue.

The Advance Spiritual Conference meets each Wednesday evening at 102 Court street. Good speakers and test mediums. All subjects pertaining to the good of humanity freely discussed. Admission free. Emily B. Ruggles, Secretary.

MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

Arcanum Hall, corner 25th Street and 6th Avenue.—Meetings every Sunday at 3 and 8—Mr. Tatlow; also public circle at 9½. All are welcome.

Soul Communion Meeting on Friday of each week, 3 P. M.—doors close at 3¼—at 310 West 26th street. Mrs Mary C. Morrell, Conductor.

MEETINGS IN PHILADELPHIA.

The First Association of Spiritualists meets at Girard Assembly Hall, Ninth street and Girard Avenue (entrance at Hutchinson street). President, Benj. P. Benner; Vice-President, James Marlor; Secretary, Frank H. Morrill, 221 Chestnut street; Treasurer, James H. Marvin. Services at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Lyceum at 2½ P. M.

Spiritual Conference Association meets at the northeast corner of 8th and Spring Garden streets every Sunday at 2½ P. M. S. Wheeler, President, 472 N. 8th street.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Jan. 7.

Clairvoyant Examinations Free. Address DR. E. F. BUTTERFIELD, Syracuse, N. Y. Enclose lock of hair, stamp, name and age, for a written diagnosis of your condition. July 1.

J. J. Morse, 26 Osnaburgh street, Euston Road, London, N. W., will act as agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of Colby & Rich.

James Burns, 15 Southampton Row, London, Eng., is agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and keeps for sale the publications of Colby & Rich.

☞ **If each subscriber to the Banner of Light will charge himself with getting one new subscriber, the circulation of the paper will be speedily doubled.**

☞ **Send for our Free Catalogue of Spiritual Books—it contains the finest assortment of spiritualistic works in the world.**

To Foreign Subscribers the subscription price of the BANNER OF LIGHT is $3.00 per year, or $1.50 per six months, to any foreign country embraced in the *Universal Postal Union.* To countries outside of the Union the price will be $3.50 per year, or $1.75 for six months.

Message Department.

☞ It should be distinctly understood that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

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

Questions Answered and Spirit Messages

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF

Mrs. M. T. Longley.

Report of Public Séance held April 18th, 1893.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou Infinite Spirit, thou great and glorious source of all intelligence, wisdom and truth, we bow before thee this hour, for we recognize the grandeur of thy power and the immensity of thy skill. Yet we know we are thy children, that each human being is thy handiwork, a part and portion of thy great soul-life, drawing elements of activity and consciousness from thee, and possessing possibilities of growth and expansion which may, under proper conditions, be unfolded into expression for good and glorious results.

Acknowledging thy greatness and power, oh! thou Infinite Spirit, we draw near in thought to thy great storehouses of truth, asking that we may be fed, that our minds may be instructed and our souls illuminated by the great light which gems the spiritual universe. May we gather from thy ministering angels not only influences of consolation and comfort which shall be as a balm of healing to the wounded heart, but also may we gather such instruction as will stimulate our minds to new thought and quicken our perceptions of life, that we may grasp the wonders of this vast universe. May we unfold in the qualities of brotherly love and sympathy, that we may create around us an atmosphere of harmony and peace which shall be to those angels who come from spirit-life attractive and sweet, and which shall afford to them such conditions for the pursuance of their good work as will assist and bless them from time to time.

May we continue to aspire for that which is good and pure, to seek knowledge of eternal things, to desire an unfoldment of spirituality, so that we may be fitted to become companions of those who are true and holy, who dwell in spiritual worlds, and yet who return unto earth seeking to be of service to mankind. We wou'd not draw them down to carnal life, we would not extend to them an atmosphere that is murky and dense, because mingled with it are the elements that belong to materiality alone, but we would extend to these angelic visitants those higher conditions which are born of lofty aspirations and pure desires, that we may be lifted in thought and spirituality to their plane of life.

We ask that all who come either to this place or to other places of communion may be uplifted and strengthened in their work, and given opportunity to reach out into earthly ways in the accomplishment of good things for mankind.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your queries are now in order, Mr. Chairman.

QUES.—[By "Inquirer."] *What is intuition? and how does it differ from inspiration or impressions from spirits?*

ANS.—Inspiration, as understood by Spiritualists, is produced by spirit intelligence operating upon the brain of a sensitive on earth, but there is a difference between inspiration and the direct control of a medium by a spirit. A spirit intelligence may come in contact with this medium, not desiring to take full possession of her mediumistic organism, but only to quicken those mental faculties which belong to her own nature, by exerting an influence and magnetic force upon them. The mental faculties then come under the operation of the spirit intelligence. He touches them with his thought and his magnetic aura. They are quickened, expanded into greater thought and expression than they would be without that influence, and thus the medium is made not only to give more beautiful manifestations of the mental qualities of her own nature, but also to reflect the thought and influence of the spirit operator. Taking possession of the medium by the same spirit, a different degree of spirit intelligence and power may be manifested. The medium being thoroughly subjected to the will-force and mentality of the operator, her own mental faculties may not be quickened at all, and she may be used simply as a machine or an automaton, talking for the spirit, rehearsing his own thought, but not giving expression to her own thought at all.

Intuition is a faculty or quality of the spiritual nature of mankind, and is the birthright of every intelligent creature. In some individuals it is more thoroughly alive or capable of expression than in others, owing to environments and special conditions which are favorable for the development or growth of this spiritual quality. Intuition is that faculty of the human spirit which enables its possessor to grasp quickly and without the exercise of mature, deliberate thought and reason, the situation; to gain a knowledge of things, and to understand a matter without previous study. There are many individuals on earth who are intuitive. They can see at once the truth or the full significance of a subject that is presented to them. Such people are always mediumistic; but it is possible for this intuitive faculty—which you may properly call spiritual perception—to be unfolded and to exercise its powers more or less independently, without being acted upon by any special spirit intelligence or guide.

Q.—[By the same.] *What shall we be thousands of years from now? and will Tom Jones or Nancy Brown of earth bear the same names and titles in that remote period?*

A.—Certainly not. Names are useful here upon the earth, and are necessary to designate different individuals; but your questioner wishes to know if thousands of years from now a person who bore a particular name on earth will continue to bear the same. Why should he? There must have been, along the line of family descent, many individuals bearing that same name, and if they were all together, or if a few of them were so situated as to be in frequent association, there would be great confusion were each still to be called by the same name or title that he bore on earth.

In spirit-life, after an individual has become entirely freed from the conditions of matter, has risen into higher grades of unfoldment and of knowledge, and has become divested of those elements and conditions which especially distinguished him as of the earth earthy, he will be addressed or known by some particular cognomen which perhaps you have never heard on earth, which has never been expressed in mortal language, which does not belong to this physical planet or its conditions, but which does thoroughly apply to some trait or characteristic of that particular person, and no other individual in his vicinity, at least, will be known by any such title or name. It becomes a part of himself, it is interwoven, so to speak, into the very likeness of his nature, and seems to all who may know him to be very appropriate.

There are no two individuals in life, on this planet or any other that we know of, who are exactly alike in every particular. There is infinite variety in individuals as well as in other forms of Nature, and so there may be infinite variety in the application of terms which are significant, and which apply to special individuals or things. Each spirit entity will naturally show such characteristics or such semblances as to be called by that which will be appropriate or fitting to his nature and personality.

Our friends on earth very often think reëmbodiment cannot be a fact, because, if one who was known by a special name on earth during one incarnation should come to live on earth again, that name would have to be laid aside and some other taken up for purposes of designation. It is true that spirit-entities living for thousands of years pass through varying changes and experiences, and they do not cling to that which belonged to the outer state forever. These things, whether they be names or conditions, remain with an individual just as long as he has need of them and just as long as they can be a part of his nature; but when the time comes that he is ready to advance into another state, they become sloughed off just as surely as this mortal form becomes sloughed off when your spirit is done with it.

What will you be thousands of years from now? Well, you will undoubtedly be intelligent entities. You will be individuals vitalized by active power and thought. If you are progressive and aspirational by nature, if you do not cling to the physical conditions of life, and so remain stagnant and unprogressive, you will find yourselves more thoroughly alive and alert, filled with activity and consciousness, and gifted with a greater power of expression than you ever were in the old days of experience.

We are told that eternity lies before us, and that, in the light of its vastness and grandeur, a thousand years will be but as a single day is to you of earth-life. You must not expect to cling to old conditions and localities if you would take advantage of the opportunities which eternity will afford for the expansion of the soul-nature and the expression of the spiritual faculties, but you must go on and on.

Space is filled with numberless worlds, worlds that are adapted to the use of humanity. Human beings will learn that they really do belong to one great family in which there is no such relationship as father and mother and child, but it is one vast brotherhood and sisterhood, the members of which are all children of the living power which you call God; and when, after thousands of years, the soul of man has so advanced as to not only illuminate by his wisdom his entire nature with a flood of light, but also to illuminate his entire surroundings with a sea of glory, he will be able to discern many things which are hidden from him now, and understand many problems which are so mysterious at the present time. He will then realize that life is one grand and beautiful sea of existence, that all men are his brothers and all women his sisters, and that the great Infinite Life itself is the Father and the Mother of all.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Watson Goodspeed.

After what the good man has been saying about thousands of years in the other world, it seems to me as if I had been gone just about a minute, but I think it is three or four years—getting along to four years, I guess—since I went out of the body.

I suppose they say it's my own fault I let myself dwindle away and go out of the body; and they called me a crank, some people did, but I do n't know as I'm just that altogether. I'm a little peculiar, and when I set out to do a thing I generally do it, or did, no matter what the result was. Now I set out to come back here and make myself known, just for the sake of stirring up people to make them think, and I've been trying to get here for quite a while. I was bound to come, and now I've got along, and I'm glad of it.

I have n't much to say to-day, but I do want to tell the people of East Pittston (that's down in Maine) that I've got back to this life, not to take it up again, I do n't want to do that, but to see what's going on, and let them all know I'm not dead, I'm not all used up and starved out. I'm feeling first-rate, and I would like to give some private talk, as I've had a deal of experience that I think might be useful to some friends who are here. I do n't know whether I shall ever get the chance to talk as I want to or not, but I'm ready to talk if the opportunity comes.

My name is Watson Goodspeed.

Florence Long.

[To the Chairman:] Do you want a little girl to come? [Yes.] I was a little girl, but I'm getting to be a big girl now. I was seven years old when I went away.

I've brought ever so many beautiful flowers for my people; and I want them to know I'm alive and go to school, and have a real good home in the lovely spirit-world.

I had a birthday just a little while before Christmas, but I did n't stay here very long after the New Year came. I went out of the body, and people say I'm dead, but you do n't think so, do you? [No.] I do n't like to be called dead, because I hear and I see, and I know what's going on a good many times on this side; and when I'm in the spirit-world where I go to school, I can have a real good time, and know everything that's being done. So I'm not dead, because dead people do n't know anything, do they?

Do you know where Cambridgeport is? [Yes.] Well, that's where I lived, on Amory street. I want to send ever so much love to those here and tell them I've never forgotten anything. I'd like to come real often to talk about things I used to know, and things I've seen and got in the spirit-world, and let them know there's life and beautiful conditions away from this earthly time and place.

I do n't know as you'll think I talk very good, but you know I never came here before. I just wanted to say this so they'll know about it, and I thank you ever so much.

My mamma's name is Ella Long, and my name is Florence Long. I've got a middle name, but it is n't pretty, and I won't tell you what it is. They call me "Florrie" over where I live.

My mamma and papa felt awful bad when I went away. They did n't have any other little girl here, and they did n't know I was right about them all the time, seeing so much and knowing so well what it all was. If they had they would n't have felt so bad, would they? [Probably not.]

William Lawrence Breese.

[To the Chairman:] It seems to me, Mr. President, that it would do me good to step in here after the little one who has just spoken to you, for there is an innocence and a purity connected with childhood that creates a pleasant atmosphere, and is certainly a blessing to those of older growth who have waded through experiences and come in rough contact with the world and its conditions. It seems to me that we can gather up from such elements as these little ones bring something that will freshen our own natures and give us a new beauty, borrowed from others, perhaps, but none the less helpful and attractive.

I am here, sir, seeking to come into contact—I mean vital, associative contact—with friends that are left on this mortal side, not only with near relatives and personal associates, but with others I have known in past life, for there is much I could tell them for their own good that I have learned on the spirit-side.

Perhaps my friends would tell you that I was a man of social life, who enjoyed my club, and took part in various energetic affairs of life, and that would be true. They cannot tell you, however, what is equally true, that spirit-life seemed very strange to me when I entered it, although there is social life there—there is harmony and work, and all that the soul requires for its best interests; but for all that I did not understand the life I had entered; it was foreign to me; I had to get acquainted with its customs and people, and somehow to grow into its new conditions. I have not wholly done that yet, but I understand it, and am much better pleased with that life than I was at first.

This may seem a strange statement for one to make, but it is true. Sometimes one on earth may conform to certain religious ceremonies or forms of belief, he may pay his share for the support of religious systems, and he may also have a certain idea of the future of man after the decease of the mortal body; but, for all that, he may find himself in an amazing whirl of wonders when he goes out of physical life and comes face to face with the realities of the spiritual world. Something of that, I may say, was my case, and, as I said before, it took me a little while to become adjusted to the new life and its conditions.

I would say to my friends, it would please me very much if you will give me the opportunity of conversing with you through some private channel of communication. I have many things to say, especially to friends in New York City. I send out a warm greeting to those I have known there, and also to friends at Islip, Suffolk County, and assure them that if they are one-half as anxious to hear from me as I am to communicate with them, they certainly must find an open way through which I may reach their lives, and I will do what I can from my side. If I discover any channel which I think will be of service, I will do my best to impress the minds of my friends to seek that avenue that I may come.

I am William Lawrence Breese.

Jonathan Chadwick.

I never was away from New England. Its breezy shores were good enough for me, and I just made my home in Boston with the east winds. I felt at home with them, and I suppose I was somewhat bluff and rough as they are. It was constitutional, you see, but I would n't harm any one, man or child. I felt kindly to all, and I wanted to help them if I could, but my ways were, perhaps, a little outspoken, and sometimes people thought I was a little crusty when I did not mean anything of the kind.

[To the Chairman:] I have some people here now on this side of life. A good while has gone, Mr. Officer, since I lived here. Those that were little shavers have grown up, and some of the grown-up big ones have gone over to the other side. Some of them I have seen, and some I have never laid eyes on since they went over.

I thought I'd just like to come back here and talk, connecting myself again with the old past life, taking up the links one by one, and making the chain a little more complete. I've had a sort of hankering after the old places and the old New England east winds, I think, and that's why I've come back here.

Perhaps some of the good people will hear I've come and be a little interested, and perhaps they'll say, "That's just like the old fellow." Well, I want to be like "the old fellow." I do n't want to be any different, for I would n't know myself at all if I was all rigged out, and used the high-toned language that the upper crust uses. That would n't be me.

I want to say I have a nice, snug little place on the other side, with a little garden. Everybody is welcome that cares to come, and I give them a flower or a helping-hand, and am glad to do it. You never hear any one make the remark that I'm crusty on the spirit-side.

I liked flowers when I was here. I had a little patch of my own, and I liked to see the blossoms lifting their pretty faces up and greeting me in the morning when I came out. Why, they were like a whole field of sunshine to me, and made me feel better all day when I was working at my bench. I've got a good flower-plot in the spirit-world, and I've got more lessons of truth and the beauty of life from those 'ere flowers than I could ever get from all the sermons the ministers ever preached. I used to go regular to church and listen to what the preacher had to say, but somehow it did n't sink down deep into my heart and head, and I just made up my mind God was good, God was love, God did things about right, and that's all the creed I had to go by.

My name is Jonathan Chadwick, and if those who used to hear about the old fellow years ago will be interested and say, "Well, he's got back, but I thought he was dead and buried out of sight years ago," why, that'll make me feel just happy. Anyhow, I thank you for giving me the chance to come.

A. F. Pike.

[To the Chairman:] There seem to be law and order in the regulation of this line of travel, good sir, for I find that each one is invited to step forward according to his needs, and also his adaptability for taking possession and performing his work intelligently. Some I see are rough and uneducated, some are as little children, full of the simplicity of life, and others occupy advanced stations of learning and of thought.

I shall not speak much of myself. I had an extended experience on earth. I was a man of business, connected with manufacturing interests, and of necessity my life was spent largely in the outward sphere of action. I think that experience did much for me in drawing out the energies and the faculties of my nature, and these are what I have taken with me to the other life.

I had possessions here—in a worldly sense. I had the means that no doubt many a poor man would envy, but those were of the material, and they had to be left on the earthly side, for these I could not take with me. When I found myself in the spirit-world and began to understand my surroundings, I took an inventory of my effects, and I discovered that what I had belonging really to myself that no other could claim, were the memories of the past, the experiences, the energies that had been put into expression, the various faculties of the mind—some more keenly alive than others—and also certain possessions that were pleasant and attractive, created or built up around me by some minds of the past with whom I had dealt.

This I could not understand very well, nor perhaps will my friends here understand it; but I found, too, that I was lacking in some things very essential to have, and it was necessary to set about trying to acquire those things that I had neglected procuring while on the physical side. So I have been busy, and the work has not been unpleasant, with the consciousness that I am adding to my spiritual store, if slowly, yet surely.

I have an interest also in friends and conditions on the earthly side that draws my attention, and that I am trying to work out as best I can through the exercise of influence and magnetic will-force. I need to know very much more concerning these things before I shall feel proficient in the line of work in which I am engaged; but I would tell my friends it is very pleasant just to feel yourself alive, and to know that death has only made a wider pathway of experience and endeavor for the soul to travel over.

My thought, remembrance and love go out to the good folks at Pike's Station, N. H., and if they can know that I have come back with greeting and many kindly thoughts, and the desire to be useful to them, it will make me very happy indeed.

I am A. F. Pike.

Edith A. West.

My home was in Somerville, Mass. I have wished to come and send my love to all the dear ones.

I had lived here only fifteen years when I was taken to the spirit-world. At first it seemed a little hard, although it was beautiful around me and very bright, and happy faces smiled a welcome and made me feel at home. But I wanted the old life, and father and mother and the dear ones at home, and so at first I felt lonely. When I found I could come back, and was not shut away from those I had lived with and loved; when I found, too, that I could grow so much stronger and be so much more useful in the spirit-world than I was here; when I saw so many advantages opening before me, and knew that I could study music so sweet and grand, I began to feel more and more at home in that bright life, and all the loneliness and shadow went away. Then I thought if those at home could know how everything is with the loved ones who pass away, that there is no weakness and pain—no faculty or talent but what can be fully unfolded, they would rejoice at death, which brings such beauty and strength to the living spirit.

I come here to-day, and feel that I have grown. I have gained more knowledge and power of expression, and I know the change has been good for me. I am interested in this manner of getting truth from the other life to mortals, and I am sure there are those belonging to me here who are mediumistic. I feel that sometime truth and knowledge of the immortal world may be given in their own quiet home. I send my love to all who care to hear from me, and tell them I am safe and well in the spirit-world.

I am Edith A. West. My father's name is Charles.

Aunt Sally Ames.

[To the Chairman:] How do you do, young man? [Pretty well, I thank you.] So am I. I feel very well, and I would like you to say for me that "Aunt" Sally Ames has come back to give greeting to all the folks.

I was "Aunt Sally" to a great many people. I do n't mean to say they all belonged to my family, but I had a good round family myself, and it came natural to be called "Aunt Sally" by all the folks around. They came to call me so, and I liked it. It made me feel as if I belonged to them and they belonged to me, and so it was like one big family.

I do n't know anybody in these parts. I came here from Springfield, Ill., and that's a good bit of a way from here, but it seemed like a little journey to me. I do n't mean that I live in Springfield now; oh, no! My home is in the spirit-world, and it is in a place they call Harmonial City. It do n't look like a city here. It's a sweet and clean place, where there's harmony and beauty and neatness all around, and where it seems to me the glory of God is shown from day to day. We do n't have any little waifs out in the street hungering for bread there. If any of the little ones go straying on this side of life, or are cast out without a place to lay their heads, they are taken in and cared for when they come to the spirit-life. Their faces shine there, and they sing like birds. That is the kind of a place I like to live in.

I just come back here to say that "Aunt Sally" is alive and full of glory, just full and running over, and ready to talk and sing about the goodness of the great Creator until every heart shall see and realize it for itself. I was a good singing and praying sister when here, but I did n't know so much about the goodness of God as I have found out about it since. Somehow or other I reckon my ideas were that he was good when he wanted to be and pretty hateful and wrathy when he felt like it. Now I know that he is full of love and tenderness, that he is impartial and does not send one child to heaven and another to hell, but that he gives each one just the training he needs to bring out the best part of him, and finally leads them all home to the city of light and harmony.

Well, where I live is n't the only city in the spirit-world; oh, dear, no! There are a good many of them. Some of them are brighter than others, and some are higher up, but there is plenty of room for all. I do n't know of any that are cast out because they have got no place to go to. If they behave themselves they find a good place, but if they do n't behave they go knocking around a bit until they're tired of wandering and are ready to take hold of life in earnest.

If anybody that knew me reads my words I'm sure they'll say, "Aunt Sally's about what she used to be."

INDIVIDUAL SPIRIT MESSAGES

TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.

April 21.—Augusta Currier; Capt. Robert Boyd, U. S. N.; Rufus Dwinell; Asa Worthington; Charlotte Anderson; John Remington.

Communication from Spirit Channing.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

I send you herewith a copy of a message written by the process of independent spirit-writing, by Wm. Ellery Channing, (who recently communicated at the Banner of Light Circles,) and read by myself before the conferences in Brooklyn, and at Carnegie Hall.

It is, in my opinion, of marked interest, especially to Bostonians—that city having been the scene of Dr. Channing's labors and triumphs while in the mortal.

Brooklyn, N. Y. CHARLES R. MILLER.

DEAR MORTAL FRIENDS—When in earth-life I claimed that that mind was free which escaped the bondage of matter; which, instead of stopping at the material universe and making it a prison-wall, passed beyond it to its author, and found in the radiant signatures, which it everywhere bears of the Infinite Spirit, helps to its own spiritual enlargement.

You will thus perceive that I had an unconscious intuition of that spiritual phase of existence which is now both advocated by the Spiritualists of this epoch and demonstrated by the manifestations of those spirit-friends, who once were mortals, but had passed through the valley and shadow of death, to meet rejoicing friends in the distant spheres, and leave weeping associates and sad memorials to testify to their valued existence while on earth.

If, when a mortal, I had understood what I now understand, I would have substituted the word "mind" with "*spirit*," and made a few modifications in my expressions; then I would have claimed that upon which modern Spiritualists base their faith and knowledge.

It is the bondage of matter which confines the spirit in mortal in its narrow and limited sphere, whose only views of life are the lusts and luxuries of the mortal body, its pleasures and pastimes, its embellishment and aggrandizement.

It is not strange, therefore, nor phenomenal, that mortal men, endowed with brilliant intellects, developed to a high standard of science, art and learning, in all that pertains to a mere earth life condition, should be grossly ignorant and skeptical of a spiritual state of being, which does not come within the range of their investigations.

All the sciences that are known to men teach and lead to the inferior substances found in and upon the earth's surface. Every branch of study, whether ancient or modern, has its geographical and historical significance. The hand of the sculptor reproduces in stone some form or figure of a modern or ancient hero, the artist's brush reproduces a rural scene, or face of a favored character, the astronomical telescope but discovers another world of matter; and thus matter or material substance is the commencement and end of every research or scientific investigation as taught by the institutions of learning established among mortals to refine and elevate, develop and broaden out the intellects of mortal men.

Thus all that mankind may understand and appreciate of the great and beautiful is that which arises from or is intimately connected with gross matter.

There are, notwithstanding, glimpses of the still more beautiful and great beyond this material universe—glimpses obtained of a superior state of being in the spiritual realm, through a moment of freedom acquired by the spirit of mortal man when it has winged its flight to those celestial regions, met and conversed with friends of bygone days, and enjoyed for a brief space all the joys of a spiritual realism.

Those delightful experiences are reproachfully satirized by the cold and calculating materialist as dreams of a fervid imagination, and those who have enjoyed such experiences as harmless lunatics.

Had the spirits of those materialists been permitted to enjoy a similar experience, had they have been released for a brief space from that bondage of matter in which they have been educated, research and investigation of a higher, a more noble state of existence, a more pure and beautiful sphere of life, would have followed; and the spirits in mortals would then enjoy before the world a dual state of existence, and exemplify both the physical and spiritual conditions belonging to mortal life.

The culture and development of the spiritual side of earth-life existence have been entrusted to the science of theology. Have its disciples performed their intrusted mission? Have the spirits under their care been freed from the bondage of gross and sensuous matter? Has one link in their chain of servitude been broken? Alas, no! new links have been forged, the bondage is even greater, the servitude even more humiliating. Why? Simply because theology is of the world worldly, and its highest science rests upon the material universe. Its teachers, many of them, are conscientious, well-principled beings, but they are dazzled by the glare of material splendor, and cannot from that standpoint penetrate the radiant mists of their own conjectures and conjurations.

The mission of theology has failed in its purpose; its object-teachings are material and not spiritual; it has invaded the private lives of its proselytes, and imposed burdens to increase material substance and grandeur, aggrandize itself from the paltry earnings of its slavish followers; and the mortal world has less knowledge to-day of the spiritual phase of life through theological teachings than it had before the institution was established among men.

A new era has dawned upon the mortal world; missionaries from the spiritual realms have undertaken to free their brother spirits from the bondage of matter, and give them supremacy over its oppressive conditions, that they may utilize the useful and beautiful in Nature, to the glory of the all-wise and omnipotent God, and not to the selecticism and aggrandizement of mortal men.

Many spirits who were once in the mortal have returned to earth scenes in the accomplishment of such mission—as I have here returned; and every day will increase the number of returning spirits, intent upon the object of teaching their mortal friends the great lesson that life is immortal, and that it is the spirit which survives the wreck and dust of mortal ages, and not the material, which may be beautiful of form and figure to-day, and a mass of unsightly ruins to-morrow.

Permit, therefore, your spirit-friends to return, and furnish them with facilities for making known their mission. They return, not in *their* interest, but in your own; they return to free your spirits from the bondage of matter, that you may emerge from your prisons of circumstances and call no man master, knowing and feeling yourselves the equals before God of any and all spirits, whether in the mortal or spiritual, and exercising those intellectual rights and powers that must rise superior to that hereditary faith which has kept you in servile ignorance for such a long period of time.

WM. ELLERY CHANNING.

Reply to a Banner Spirit-Message.

Dear Father Pierpont—Very many thanks for your kind work in transmitting to me Spirit Brittan's message. I wish I could see you both, as I saw you last in the flesh.

I remember you last at Providence, R. I., where you attended the Spiritualist Convention. Your straight form and rosy cheeks and earnest talk, still abide with me. I think you went back to Boston, and suddenly passed out of the body. I always enjoy your communications to THE BANNER, and the Message Department connected therewith.

I send my greeting to my dear Dr. Brittan. He knows my true feeling toward him, and my confidence that he does come and aid me all he can. I do need strength and wisdom from mortal or spirit to sustain me—and there is no mortal who can: so I turn to the spirit-world naturally. I thank him for his assurances of affectionate remembrance; such messages cheer me much. I am glad to have him visit me at all times, even if I do not consciously call for him. All my spirit friends are most welcome, and I shall be glad when I am called to be with them.

LITA.

LIST OF SPIRITUALIST LECTURERS.

☞ If there are any errors in this List, we wish those most interested to inform us.

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MRS. FANNIE DAVIS SMITH, Brandon, Vt.
MRS. S. A. SMITH, Athol, Mass.
MARGURITE ST. OMER, Fitchburg, Mass.*
GILES B. STEBBINS, 107 Henry street, Detroit, Mich.
JULIET H. SEVERANCE, M. D., 2 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.
MRS. JULIA A. B. SEIVER, Tampa, Fla.
MRS. ALMIRA W. SMITH, Portland, Me.
MRS. L. A. F. SWAIN, Union Lakes, Minn.
MRS. CARRIE E. DOWNER-STONE, San José, Cal.*
MRS. FANNY W. SANBORN, Scranton, Pa.
JOSEPH D. STILES, Weymouth, Mass.
AUSTEN E. SIMMONS, Woodstock, Vt.*
E. W. SLOSSON, Alburgh, Franklin Co., N. Y.
MRS. H. T. STEARNS, Cassadaga, N. Y.
MISS HATTIE SMART, Chelsea, Mass.
MRS. JULIA C. SMITH, Hotel Cabe, Appleton street, Boston.
MRS. JULIA A. SPAULDING, 44 Front street, Worcester, Ms.
MRS. E. M. SHIRLEY, Lake Pleasant, Mass.
MRS. J. W. STILL, Morris, N. Y.
DR. J. C. STREET, 181 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.
ADDIE M. STEVENS, Claremont, N. H.*
MRS. NELLIE M. SMITH, 12 Sumner street, Cleveland, O.
HUDSON TUTTLE, Berlin Heights, O. (telegraph *via* Ceylon.)*
GEO. W. TAYLOR, Lawton's Station, Erie Co., N. Y.
C. M. A. TWITCHELL, 120 Prospect street, Somerville, Mass.
CARRIE E. S. TWING, Westfield, N. Y.*
A. E. TISDALE, 547 Bank street, New London, Ct.*
MRS. EMMA TAYLOR, Johnson's Creek, N. Y.*
E. ANDRUS TITUS, South Abington, Mass.
DR. F. L. H. WILLIS, Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y.*
ELIZABETH L. WATSON, P. O. Box 240, Santa Clara, Cal.*
SARAH A. WILEY, Rockingham, Vt.
MRS. LILLIAN L. WOOD, 613 Monroe street, Topeka, Kan.*
MISS JOSEPHINE WEBSTER, 148 Park st., Chelsea, Mass.*
MARCENUS R. K. WRIGHT, Middleville, Mich., Box 11.
SAMUEL WHEELER, 451 North 7th street, Philadelphia, Pa.
MRS. IDA P. A. WHITLOCK, 3 Pelham Place, Boston, Mass.*
MRS. N. J. WILLIS, 7 Douglass street, Cambridgeport, Mass.*
MRS. E. C. WOODRUFF, South Haven, Mich.
F. A. WIGGIN, 37 Boardman street, Salem, Mass.*
MRS. R. WALCOTT, 817 North Fremont Ave., Baltimore, Md.
R. WITHERELL, Chesterfield, Mass.
MAGGIE WAITE, care *Carrier Dove*, San Francisco, Cal.
MARY C. WILLIAMS, 7 West Warren st., Fall River, Mass.
MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND WOOD, Box 175, Stoneham, Mass.*
DR. C. I. WESTON, Ashland, Mass.
DR. D. WINDER, Wyoming, Ohio.
GEORGE W. WALROND, Hamilton, Canada.
MRS. JULIETTE YEAW, Leominster, Mass.*

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* Will also attend funerals.

Children's Department.

A KITCHEN-GARDEN CONVERSATION.

The Beetroot met the Celery—
"Good-morning!" said the sweet root;
Crisply the Celery replied,
"How are you, Mr. Beetroot?"

"I'm weary, sir," said Mr. B.,
"Of living near to posies;
I'm *always* hearing people praise
The lilies and the roses.

"That lily's white and rose is red,
I know by observation,
But why do n't folks give *us* our turn
Of ardent admiration?"

"Surely because," snapped Celery,
"They scarce see past their noses;
I'm whiter than the lilies, sir—
You're redder than the roses!"
—*July St. Nicholas.*

[For the Banner of Light.]

Spirit Birthdays---How to Consecrate Them; Little Albert's Ninth Birthday.

BY SYLVANUS LYON.

"Trifles as light as air at times control destinies; good little gifts are like precious jewels, enriching and blessing many hearts."

"*My Dear Uncle Ben*—Would it be too much for you again this year to give some of the needy and hungry boys a birthday dinner in commemoration of our dear little Albert's birthday? It seems wrong to ask so much of you, but here in the country we do not have many poor children, and do not know how we could carry out this beautiful plan. I hope some day that we may be able to go to New York with the children, and ourselves carry out this birthday party. I enclose you a small amount of my own, and also another from Kenneth and Howard; it is their own earnings, and they wished so much to do it, and feel so happy about it. I only wish we could send more, for the many poor and little children who suffer in the city.

Yours very truly, AMIE L. K."

It was only a part of a simple pencil note, and yet its significance and blessing was so beautiful! The world mourns for loved ones—so many hearts cry out in anguish, "Oh, who will show us any good?" and all long for happiness and pleasure, and wish to enjoy life! When will mankind learn the beautiful Christ-like lesson that it is in giving, blessing others, you can yourself most be blessed. The command is positive to do good; the reward sure; God and the loving angels waiting to repay each act, thought or holy aspiration. How much there is to be done, and how many needy ones; and each good act would pay here a thousandfold, and hereafter, memories of joy and beauty!

Well, the dear mother's loving letter and the little children's message came to "good Uncle Ben," and, though busy and pressed with many cares and duties, he dare not neglect this commission; and now I will give you the history of how he made this investment, and it is for you to judge whether or not it was a good one and should pay large returns:

Around in Theatre Alley (a small back street) there congregate daily crowds of miserable, ragged little newsboys, waiting for their papers. It was an easy task to collect seven of the roughest of this motley, tattered crowd, with the promise of a good dinner in the nearest cheap lunch-room. It was a feast to any one to see how the little urchins enjoyed their real coffee with plenty of sugar, and hot buttercakes, while Uncle Ben told them the story of little Albert's promising life and sad end. It is a simple one and with a good moral; I will give it to you:

"His father and mother dwelt out in the far western country. His mother was a leader of the W. C. T. U., and the first to visit the prisons and asylums of Wyoming Territory to read, teach and care for them. The little boy Albert, only six years old, accompanied her twice a week on those angel visits—his sunny looks and happy smiles giving cheer to the prisoners.

A stranger visitor asked to tarry only one night in their cottage—in the morning carelessly leaving his pistol in a drawer. By chance little Albert saw it, and, seeking to gain the prize, caught the hammer, and the bullet caused his instant death."

Thus our story—and this gift to the poor boys, which is repeated each year; and thus his mother consecrates the memory of her "little Albert."

Feasting, the ragged newsboys listened to the story, eagerly asking questions, and no doubt felt too great a thanksgiving while receiving. Who can tell whether little Albert's spirit did not also rejoice with them?

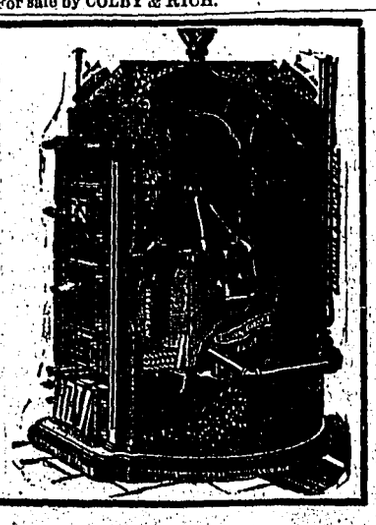
Next, Uncle Ben gave the beggar who stands near the post-office some pencils; and the poor blind negro (Paganini), who sits each afternoon on the stone steps of St. Peter's playing his old, time-honored tunes, with his card on his hat, "Oh! please help a blind man's family with a few pennies," a timely gift of pennies in his tin cup, which *influenced* some of the crowd quickly to follow the example; and this also brought a shower of thanks from the old town musician.

At the railing in Printing-House Square, Benjamin Franklin's statue, sit each day, all the long hours, two old crony women hucksters: Aunt Peggy, who sells a few bolivars, and Mary Kranz, with bleached hair and wrinkled forehead, who tries to sell stale apples and fruit. It took just a small amount to buy out most of their stock in trade.

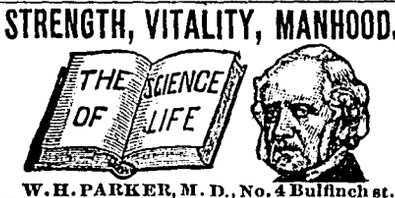
Then our little type-writer had to have some witch hazel to soothe her inflamed eye, and these with a few apricots to tiny newsboys, and a good, simple dinner at Crook's to the forlornest, most miserable-looking tramp you would wish to meet in any of the streets, who said he was *so* hungry—and his looks really showed that he enjoyed his meal better than a royal feast. These gifts, with two of the little Moderation bouquet pins for the boys Kenneth and Howard, as a reminder of their good deeds (remembering the poor and lowly), closed up the account, and ended the feast for little Albert's ninth birthday. Who would say that it was not consecrated, if not with the priests and on the holy shrine, at least with the blessing of making others happy?

We do not commence to reckon the good and beauty of these gifts. The spiritual is the true beauty; the ideal is the real, lasting and grand. One good deed is worth more to a dying man than riches or houses. And here with the well-done of the spirit and the real blessing to many, who will not say that Albert's birthday was not celebrated? Mothers, sisters, each one have some dear cherub or loved one gone; each hearthstone has a "little Albert" enshrined in memory dear; oh! cease to mourn such with sable garments of woe, but rather consecrate their lives and memories with good deeds and blessings to the poor.

Mediums in Boston.



Miscellaneous.



New York Advertisements.

SPIRITUALIST CAMPS.

[Continued from fifth page.]

Messrs. Moses Hull and J. Clegg Wright are to be the speakers next Sunday, followed by Mr. Joseph D. Stiles with a poem and tests.

POINTS.

Postmaster Parsons informs me that he sent one thousand more letters from Onset during July than in the same month last year, showing that the hard times have not reduced the attendance at this beautiful natural grove.

At a recent meeting at the Auditorium there were representatives from twenty-three States upon the platform.

We cannot forbear calling attention again to the most excellent music furnished by the Bridgewater Band. Everybody gathers at the Auditorium to listen, and many of their selections are heartily encored. The "Hunting Scene," rendered by them Sunday, was very fine; the Association managers can congratulate themselves upon having secured such excellent performers.

The eloquent English orator, Mr. Thomas Grimshaw, leaves early in the week to fulfill an engagement at Pittsburgh, Pa., in September, and would be glad to make engagements for week evenings in that vicinity.

Dr. Scott Simmons of Providence is located in his tent near the Temple for the seventh successive season.

Mrs. Josie A. Johnson is at Onset Cottage on Union street, and would be pleased to see her friends there.

Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless, the noted California medium, leaves Onset for Boston, where she will stop for a few days prior to her departure for Chicago, Ill., to fill an engagement with a very wealthy lady upon the grounds, who owns a fine hall in Utica, Ill. (95 miles from Chicago), and desires Mrs. Nickless to devote some time to the work in that State.

The Harvest Moon Festival will be held Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 23d and 24th, instead of on the dates previously reported; and the ladies are making grand preparations for this notable event.

Mr. Kline and wife of New Orleans leave Onset for their southern home early in the week, and are very much pleased with Onset and the acquaintances they have made here—sending their especial regards to the BANNER OF LIGHT and all connected therewith.

The Belmont Café, opposite the Temple, deserves especial mention, and has been well patronized during the season. Mr. J. V. Drew is the polite manager.

David Brown of Boston gave his last circle for this season last Sunday evening with a crowded room, many being unable to gain admission.

The tent of Dr. C. D. Fuller was beautifully decorated with flowers and oak leaves by his lady friends on the evening of August 17th—his forty-eighth birthday—and a fine one hundred dollar gold watch was presented to him by one of his many patients as an appreciation of the healthful treatments given and the cure effected.

Mrs. Kittie Russell of Boston has taken rooms upon the grounds for the balance of the season.

We noticed a fine little cart drawn by a long-haired goat parading the streets at Onset recently; it is the property of Master Ernest Cline. His team excites universal admiration.

We learn that $500 have been pledged for the erection of a chapel at Point Independence.

Mrs. Elizabeth J. Bennett of Boston is present, and stopping with Mrs. Crowell on West Central Avenue.

One of the tests given by Mrs. H. V. Ross at Achsa Paine's benefit was very remarkable in its (recognized) verity.

Mrs. M. A. Brown of Boston is stopping at the Greenleaf Cottage, West Central Avenue.

Prof. W. S. Sweet, harmonica soloist, of the firm of Sweet Brothers, Taunton, Mass., is upon the ground enjoying the breezes from the bay.

Mrs. Adelaide E. Crane is located at Union Villa.

Mrs. M. E. Kleinhans of Bridgeport, Conn., is located for the balance of the season at 16 Association Cottage.

Mrs. A. Samson is stopping at Mrs. Putnam's cottage on Onset Avenue.

We would call especial attention to a fine work we have been reading entitled "Psychics, Facts and Theories," by Rev. Minot J. Savage, a few copies of which are on sale at the headquarters.

If mediums at Onset are not noticed by your reporter in THE BANNER it is simply because they do not report themselves to him, or register their names at headquarters.

The Ethical and Spiritual Culture Society of Boston has had unusually large audiences during the week. Many very remarkable tests have been given proving the continuity of life. Friday evening a dark séance was given by Mrs. Kenyon to a full house; three pairs of slates were written upon under absolute test conditions, and many other manifestations given. Saturday evening Mrs. Adams gave a successful flower séance, and will continue to give séances during the present week.

Many are inquiring, "Where is Mrs. Maggie F. Butler with her gifted Lyceum children?" Are we to have the entertainment she *partly* promised us upon the opening day?

People are engaging cottages a year in advance; the ladies who conduct the fairs are going in for improvements, and Onset is bound to prosper.

The genial face of the Senior Editor of THE BANNER, Mr. Luther Colby, was missed from the auditorium and headquarters, and many friends asked, "Where is Mr. Colby?" showing the firm hold he has upon the Onset people. The BANNER OF LIGHT is the only spiritual paper to be seen in the great audience, and its editors and reporter continue to receive the hearty congratulations of the friends at Onset Bay.
F. ALEXIS HEATH.

Another correspondent, "Dr. B.," writes: "One of the happiest men in camp to-day (Aug. 18th) is Dr. C. D. Fuller of Boston, who was the recipient of a handsome gold watch as a birthday present from one of his Boston patients.

Marguerite St. Omer, who has been in very feeble health since her misfortune at Binghamton, N. Y., last February (and also heart disease), has been sojourning here for the past two weeks in the hope of regaining her strength and once more entering the lecture field.

One of the ablest exponents of the Spiritual Philosophy at the conferences is the celebrated English lecturer, Mr. Thomas Grimshaw, and societies will do well to engage him.

The conferences have been well attended; in the absence of Dr. Storer they were ably presided over by Mr. Mullen, agent for Mrs. Maggie Waite, the California test medium, who is quite popular in camp."

Cassadaga Camp, N. Y.

[By Our Special Correspondent.]

As the present session of this famous camp nears the closing, it seems that the spirit-world is bending nearer and nearer each day, and the vail which separates the mortal and immortal grows more and more transparent, like the setting sun, which always looks larger as it nears the horizon and gilds the landscape with its departing rays. As we sit down to give you a word-picture of the spiritual garden, we are at a loss what flowers to paint, for all are beautiful, and each seems indispensable to a proper representation of the whole.

Sunday, A. M., Aug. 13th, the largest audience of the season assembled. [That veteran worker and eloquent orator, Hon. A. B. French, was the announced speaker. On account of the unprecedented pressure on our space this week, we shall give synopsis of address hereafter.—EDS.]

Mr. and Mrs. French leave here to visit the eastern camps—and return to make a tour of the West early in the fall. They have a warm place in the heart of Cassadaga. In fact, they are members of this great-souled, harmonious family of brothers and sisters, and wherever duty leads them they carry with them the best wishes and tenderest solicitude of us all.

In the afternoon of Sunday, the amphitheatre was crowded to its seeming utmost capacity.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond appeared before the vast assemblage with her usual composure, loveliness and grace, which always impress an audience like a benediction which uplifts the soul and calms the troubled sea of adverse feeling if it chance to exist. After an impressive invocation, several questions were propounded by the audience at the outset, some of which were answered preliminarily; the main discourse was then taken up upon the subject, "Spiritual Light the Light of the World." The line of religious thought and spiritual unfoldment was traced to the one source, the desire of the human heart to learn of the unseen country to which all souls are journeying—to know from whence came the soul's existence and whither its final destination. It was a most beautiful and instructive discourse. The platform tests by Miss Maggie Gaule following the lecture were of the most satisfactory character, and the music which interspersed the exercises of the day was especially fine. The chorus gave that exquisite selection, "Along the River of Time," filling the amphitheatre with rich melody.

A trio, consisting of those distinguished vocalists, Mr. John T. Lillie, Mrs. Everetts (the beautiful daughter of Mrs. Pettengill) of Cleveland, O., and Miss Clara Clark, the gifted musician and elocutionist, gave that charming piece, "Hither, Bright Angels." Mr. John T. Lillie and Mrs. Zetta L. Eicle of Galion, O., (who is blessed with a voice of surpassing sweetness and who is highly cultured in the art musical,) gave a duet, "The Land of Sleep," which charmed everybody. Mrs. T. L. Weiner gave Rubinstein's "Melody" in a manner which was in perfect keeping with the fine rendering of the other musicians. The Northwestern Orchestra vied with the others in making the music of the day an especial charm, and rendered their choicest selections.

Sunday evening Hudson Tuttle gave an instructive lecture upon "Mediumship, Thought-Transference and Mind Reading." The fundamental principles on which impressibility rests were set forth, also the laws of spirit control and the proper methods of cultivating mediumship. Mind-reading was shown to be one of the steps toward mediumship.

Mr. Ion Carroll was introduced, and gave all the tests of the celebrated Bishop, including the fatal "word test," in performing which Bishop lost his life. In all, nine tests were given, each of which was entirely satisfactory to the audience, and it was cheerfully conceded that young Carroll is a decided success as a mind-reader.

On Monday afternoon the annual memorial exercises were held in the amphitheatre. After music, Chairman H. D. Barrett opened the services by giving a brief and touching tribute to the memory of some especial friends who had gone to the Land Elysian within the past year, and read over fifty names which had been handed in for commemoration.

Mrs. H. T. Stearns, who was a pioneer and missionary in the *trial days* of Spiritualism, made the opening speech, under the power of a strong inspiration.

Hudson Tuttle was the next speaker. His words were uttered with deep emotion as he recounted the phantasmagoria of life, and in imagination looked abroad upon the earth, realizing that every inch of soil that belts this globe is a grave over which anguished tears have been shed. But after drawing this shadow-picture of sorrow and death, another of sunshine and brightness was presented with even greater vividness. "The gate of adamant has been turned aside," said he; "over it is an arch upon which is written in resplendent letters the word IMMORTALITY. The angel of death is transformed into the angel of the resurrection, and through the blessed gift of spiritual sight we discover that the country whither we are all journeying is peopled with our loved ones who have preceded us only a little way, and are reaching out their hands to clasp ours and help us over the rough and trying places in life's pathway." Mr. Tuttle also paid a deserved and beautiful tribute to the memory of Father Gilbert Purple, who was for years a resident and faithful worker in this camp, and who passed to the higher life last spring. Mr. Tuttle's father and mother were also given a tender and loving tribute.

Mrs. Clara Watson of Jamestown said she had, within the past year, responded to twenty-five calls for funeral services. Her address upon this occasion was full of heart-tenderness, sympathy and immortal hope. Mrs. Celia Nickerson of Buffalo gave an inspirational tribute, which was well received. Mr. Fred Emerson Brooks, the famous elocutionist of California, gave a recitation, "Palestine," which was much admired.

Rev. Mr. Houghton of Bradford, Pa., who is a recent but earnest convert to Spiritualism, was called to the rostrum by the Chairman. Mr. Houghton's whole being seemed enkindled with the fire of the new thought which burst forth in flame in his speech. "The possible communion between the two worlds, the seen and the unseen," he said, "has been demonstrated to me in ways undisputable. I believe you are all earnestly at work in spreading the truth, and from my inmost soul I bid you *God speed.* One by one the horrors of the world are passing away: the horror of slavery, the horror of war, and many other gigantic horrors, have passed away, and Spiritualism, with its many manifestations, messages of love and glorious philosophy, is driving away that most horrible of all horrors, the horror of death. A friend of mine who left here this morning thoroughly convinced and filled with the light of the new truth, said he was captivated—rejoiced at finding a spiritual camp so different from what he had expected. He had never seen a more thoroughly intelligent, socially cultured, fair-minded and courteous set of people in his life. I leave you with regret that I cannot remain longer, but I hope to come again and feed upon the manna that falls from heaven for all of earth's children. Good-by and God bless you."

Mrs. Richmond was the next speaker, and was full of the imagery of the spirit. We would gladly transcribe every word of hers, and each of the others who in their individual ways contributed to this truly sacred and delightful occasion. After paying tribute to several others, the speaker said: "I now have a story to tell you which reads like a romance: About four weeks ago this medium spoke in a schoolhouse near Cuba, N. Y., away out among the hills of Allegany Co. It was the same schoolhouse in which she first spoke some forty years ago, when a mere child. The old friends and neighbors who were converted to Spiritualism under her ministrations, and who had loved the child-medium, and followed her with tender thoughts and anxious solicitude through all her varied experiences in public and private life, thought it would be novel to hear her woman's voice in the same place where the inexperienced child was first launched upon the sea of inspiration. Just before the day she was to speak she received a letter from MR. WILLIAM HENRY of Farmersville, whom you all know and love. In this letter he spoke tenderly of Mrs. Richmond's ministrations at that early day when he and many others were receiving their first lessons in the divine truths of Spiritualism, and with what interest he had followed her all along her life's pathway. He regretted that he could not be there to listen to her inspired words at this time. 'But,' said he, 'my wife is lying at the point of transition. She is unconscious; I cannot leave my post at her side for an hour. We have been married over fifty years. I cannot bear that any other hand than mine should perform the last offices of love. I love her even more than when we stood side by side in the flush of youth. Her brow is just as fair, her cheek just as beautiful.' In a few days more a message came to tell us that the angel of death and the angel of life had taken charge of this lovely spirit, and Mr. Henry was left alone so far as her visible companionship was concerned. You say, 'How dreadful! He must have been altogether broken-hearted.' Oh! friends, it was not for long. In just two weeks from Mrs. Henry's translation Mr. Henry was released from the mortal body and joined her in the realms immortal. Crowned with the white rose of immortality, they clasp hands over Cassadaga and unitedly bestow their love and blessings upon you. Though you may not see Mr. Henry upon your rostrum as of yore, ever ready to lend his voice in an appeal for truth and justice, be assured that his interest and love of the world's *cause* is undying. Swedenborg said those who are truly married are as one angel in the other life. If you faithfully discharge your duty, and wisely choose your relations in this life, your union will be as beautiful and permanent as that of the ascended pair of whom we have spoken."

A deserved tribute was paid to the memory of the Fox girls, and the project of erecting a monument to their memory spoken of. "Would it not be better" said the speaker, "instead of erecting costly monuments of stone over the discarded and crumbling bodies of these arisen workers who broke the chains of death and revealed to the world the evidences of immortality, to commemorate their lives by doing good to the mediums who are following in their footsteps? Would not a *home* for the protection of mediums be a monument more worthy of them and of us, than any useless monument of stone, which, at best, is only one of the world's infantile play-marks?" Much more was said upon this point which we have not room to transcribe.

Miss Maggie Gaule sat upon the rostrum with no intention of participating in the exercises, but the power from the spirit-side became irresistible, and she was brought tearfully forward and related a vision which was given her of Mr. Caldwell, formerly of Washington, Pa., who became greatly interested in this camp some three years ago and has built one of the finest cottages on the grounds, and contributed largely toward other public improvements—the beautiful park between Cleveland and Cottage Avenues being named Caldwell Park in honor of him. He passed to the higher life about a year ago. His widow and daughters are here, and were greatly cheered by the beautiful vision described by Miss Gaule.

Tuesday, the 15th, Hudson and Emma Rood Tuttle closed their engagement here by giving a joint address of a most instructive character.

The pressure of other matter prevents our giving an adequate presentation of the excellent work which Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle have done here in connection with the Lyceum and the rostrum; also the able and acceptable services of their accomplished daughter, Miss Clair Tuttle, and Mr. Lew Gleason, in the Lyceum, and the enjoyable entertainments they have conducted.

Wednesday, Aug. 17th, was decidedly woman's own golden day at this camp. The grounds were alive with people—twenty five hundred tickets were sold at the gate—and from the gate to the very outskirts of the camp was a bower of green foliage, yellow and white buntings and star spangled banners. Everybody wore the suffrage badge, and everybody was animated with the importance of the great cause which they were here to celebrate.

The Auditorium was packed to its utmost capacity, and it was difficult to obtain even standing-room within hearing distance of the rostrum.

The exercises of the morning were opened by a patriotic selection by the Northwestern Orchestra. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond offered an impressive invocation, after which Mr. H. D. Barrett, Chairman of the C. L. F. A., made a short address of welcome, and resigned in favor of Mrs. Elnora M. Babcock, President of the Chautauqua County Political Equality Club. Mrs. Babcock is a vivacious little woman, who is capable of saying the brightest and most intelligent things, and in the most impressive manner. In taking the chair, she stated that nowhere in the country were suffrage women so warmly received as at Lily Dale; and drew a sharp contrast between the "tolerance" of Chautauqua and the cordial support of Cassadaga.

The main address of the morning was given by Mrs. Mary Seymoure Howells of Albany, representative of the National American Woman's Suffrage Association.

The subject of her discourse was "The Suffrage Gains of the Past Five Years."

For want of room the instructive statistical portion of this lecture must be omitted. The intelligent speaker quoted largely from the speeches of many eminent statesmen who held pronounced views upon the admission of Wyoming into the Union with suffrage privileges, and showed up the absurdity of some of their positions. She believed that when women had the ballot they would make better sisters, better wives and better mothers. No soul in political or any other kind of bondage could give out its highest expression of love and motherhood, or be as capable of rearing their children to fill intelligently and faithfully responsible positions in life. Woman is dwarfed and narrowed by taxation without representation and government without her consent or voice in making it.

Mrs. Howells's attitude toward Spiritualism was beautifully shown in her closing sentences. The greatest strength and blessing of all is that the heavens are bending near us, that the unseen world is coöperating with us, and that their numbers far exceed those of the seen.

The crowning presentation of the morning was an inspirational poem by Mrs. R. S. Lillie upon two subjects submitted by the audience, "The Working Woman" and "Equality." All were impressed with its beautiful sentiment and truly poetic rendering.

The exercises of the afternoon were opened by a solo, which was sweetly rendered by Miss Ada Peasley. Mrs. Richmond offered an invocation, and afterward asked the privilege of giving her tribute of honor to Mr. O. P. Kellogg, who through the leadings and help of the spirit-world had been instrumental in establishing woman's suffrage in Wyoming, the only really free State in the world. Mr. Kellogg was introduced by her, and related his interesting experiences in the suffrage State. His discourse was, in the language of Mrs. Richmond, both wise and witty.

Rev. Anna Shaw was the speaker of the afternoon. She said she did not know how to fight for suffrage at Lily Dale. She had no opponent; everybody was on her side; it was like setting up a man of straw and knocking him down. She thought it was best to import Dr. Buckley.

Her discourse was a fair presentation of the facts and underlying principles of equal suffrage, and was so interspersed with bright witticisms and amusing anecdotes that no one wearied of her, though the audience was dense and the day exceedingly warm.

The Suffrage Ball in the evening was the largest, most orderly and brilliant affair of the season. The ladies paid the bills and had full management of it.

On Thursday, the 17th, Hon. O. P. Kellogg made his closing address for the season. The Bible lay upon the stand in front of the speaker, and he remarked that, fearing some might think he was not religious, he was going to speak from a text, and thought he should be able to speak just as *far* from it as any other man. The subject proper was expressed in the words "We seek a better country." We are, indeed, sorry that we are not able to present our notes upon this truly interesting and spiritualized discourse at present; but of necessity it must be deferred until some time in the future.

Thursday evening we had the great pleasure of attending an entertainment given by Mrs. Gertrude Andrews, the gifted actress and elocutionist. She was assisted by her husband, Mr. Fred G. Andrews (who is a dramatic genius of the highest order), Miss Nellie Nichols (of elocutionary fame), Mr. Charles W. Sullivan and Mr. H. D. Barrett. The play was entitled "Naval Engagements," and was rendered in the most delightful manner.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie, after an absence of some weeks, is again with us, and her many friends are delighted to once more welcome her to the rostrum. Her address on Friday P. M. was unanimously conceded to be one of the very best of the season. Several questions were propounded and aptly answered before passing to the body of the lecture, which was virtually an answer to the question: "When the spirit leaves the body does it pass alone to the spirit-world, or is it accompanied with one who has gone before?"

George P. Colby of Lake Helen, Fla., spoke interestingly on Saturday, Aug. 19th.

Mrs. M. W. Leslie (the mother of Mrs. P. L. O. A. Keeler), from Boston, has been given a new and very delightful phase of mediumship. We have just had the pleasure of looking at a number of slates of hers, upon which are discernible outlines of faces, forms and flowers; there are also colors to be seen here and there upon the slates; and the strange part of it is these figures cannot be erased even by soap and water. Mrs. Leslie has been sitting for some time for these manifestations, having had the promise that paintings should be given by the spirits upon her slates, similar to those given through the mediumship of Mr. Allan Campbell, if she would persevere. She has been an inspirational speaker for years, her life has been devoted to the spread of the gospel of truth, and we are glad of every good thing that comes to her.
ORPHA E. TOUSEY.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

The great camp-meeting is now at flood-tide. Crowds come and go, and the railroad is doing a rushing business. The addresses of the week by Messrs. W. J. Hull and A. B. French have been masterpieces of logic and eloquence, and listened to by thousands. The conference meetings, with speaking by local talent, have also been of interest, and largely attended. On the whole, it has been an old-time gathering, with an old-time enthusiasm. Another week, and another chapter in our history will have been written.

Monday was devoted to conferences. Tuesday, an address was given by W. J. Hull, subject: "The Democracy of Death." It is one of Mr. Hull's best. The meeting closed with an exercise in mediumship by John Slater.

Wednesday, conferences were held morning and afternoon, closing with exercises in mediumship by Mr. Slater.

Thursday. The afternoon address was by Hon. A. B. French of Clyde, O., the subject being: "The Present Attitude of the Spiritualistic Movement." It was one of the ablest and most eloquent ever delivered at Lake Pleasant.

Friday, a conference was held in the morning. In the afternoon, the address was by Hon. A. B. French, subject, "Fate." As with all his efforts the lecture was fine. Mr. Slater closed the service with tests.

Saturday, conference, morning and afternoon.

Sunday, the excursion train brought in large additions to those already in camp. The service at the new Auditorium was one of the most interesting of the session, every seat being taken. The Band gave a concert of an hour, rendering choice selections. Concerts were also given at noon and evening.

After singing by the Hayes family, Hon. A. B. French was introduced, who held the audience with his matchless eloquence for an hour. Mr. French's subject was "Individuality," saying that blackbirds fly in flocks, but eagles soar alone. He quoted as people of the eagle stamp, Humboldt, Luther, Susan B. Anthony, George Elliot, Livingstone, Mary A. Livermore and others.

The service closed with an exercise in mediumship by Mr. Slater.

Mr. French also gave the address of the afternoon, which was his closing one here. Mr. Slater gave tests remarkable in character.

The Ladies' Improvement Society's Secretary reports as follows:

The Fair or Sale by the Ladies' Improvement Society of the New England Spiritualist Camp Meeting Association opened on Tuesday, Aug. 15th, with quite a good supply of useful and fancy articles—Mrs. A. E. Barnes, President, presiding. At the tables were Mrs. F. A. Baldwin, Mrs. Haslam, Mrs. Mattie Allbe, Mrs. M. E. Palmer, Mrs. Archer, Miss Alice Moses, Mrs. Alice Waterhouse, Mrs. Woods, Miss Emma P. Raymond and Mr. F. W. Baker; the "post-office" under the supervision of Mrs. Sue B. Fales; Mrs. Lizzie Lincoln gave those who so desired an opportunity to know their "past, present and future"; a handsome arbor was fitted up with all sorts of articles made by Mrs. Moore of moss and lichens. The first evening's entertainment consisted of music by Mr. and Mrs. Hayes; Reading; Cornet solo by Miss Gertrude Butterfield.

The second day of the Fair was well patronized, and the evening's entertainment was cornet solo, reading, Miss Haley and Master Lloyd Jones.

The last day of the sale was ushered in with sunshine, but quickly clouded, and rain began to fall, which made it necessary for the hall to be occupied for the afternoon lecture by Hon. A. B. French—which service proved an agreeable entertainment to those attending the Fair. In the evening the entertainment commenced by cornet solo by Miss Butterfield, after which Arthur Hodges gave to the large and attentive audience many *tests* which were accepted thankfully by the persons receiving them. The *Fair* tables had no attractions for the crowd while Mr. Hodges held their attention—indeed, he could have held them for an unlimited time, as he is always heartily welcomed, and many thanks are due him for so kindly giving this benefit to the Ladies' Improvement Society.

The Fair closed successfully for such short notice—as it was known only to a few that it was to be held this year. Notice is now given that a Fair, of one week, will be held next year, and all interested are requested to prepare themselves during the interim to contribute liberally for that occasion, that we may realize a goodly sum for the benefit of the N. E. S. Association.

The Sale just ended netted two hundred dollars or more.
M. E. PALMER, *Sec'y.*

NOTES.

The new cottage of Mr. Haslam of Brooklyn, on the Highlands, was dedicated on Monday evening. Speaking by Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, Mrs. S. A. Byrnes, Mrs. Millie Renouf Palmer, Mrs. Clara H. Banks and others. Singing by the Hayes family. Hon. A. C. Carey presided.

The Lake Pleasant Association held its annual meeting on Monday, electing the following officers: President, A. T. Pierce, Boston; Secretary, Dr. Joseph Beals, Greenfield; Treasurer, H. C. Douglass, Windsor Locks, Ct.; Manager, Henry L. Barnard, Los Angeles, Cal.

Among the late comers: Burt Vernon Brooks and Mrs. Brooks, of Greenwich Village.

Several building lots were recently sold upon the Highlands, good prices being realized.

Mr. Barnard as general manager of the land association has proved to be the right man in the right place.

The season is regarded as having been very successful, and the outlook for the future is very promising.

Lake Pleasant, Mass., Aug. 20th, 1893. J. M. Y.

Verona Park, Me.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

Sunday morning, Aug. 13th, we held our opening meeting. Owing to the illness of the President, Dr. C. F. Ware, Mr. Freeman W. Smith of Rockland presided. After making brief remarks of welcome—and the reading of a poem by the Secretary—he introduced Hon. Sidney Dean as the speaker.

Mr. Dean has not lost his old-time vigor, and presented the truth with his accustomed vehement logic. He spoke of the false conceptions of death arising from the erroneous teachings of our childhood, and said, "Death is the natural antithesis of life, a passing to another period in formative life to give place to other advancing forces. We must change and dispossess the physical body that the spiritual may go free to enter its own realm."

In answer to the question, "Must the spirit have a home?" the lecturer gave a vivid word-picture of a clairvoyant vision and visit to the "happy hunting-grounds" of our Indian brothers, describing the orderly disorder, the symmetrical and harmonious appearance of the Indian village, with an utter absence of the civilized arrangement of our earth communities. A beautiful Indian maiden guided him along the stream glistening with the "Water of Life." She raised the top of a grassy mound, revealing roots, bark and leaves for the healing of the nations. This beautiful representation of the beneficent work of the children of the forest for humanity was followed by these words: "There *are* homes in the spirit-world where those who truly love and belong to each other enjoy the sweet home-life. As you develop here you will continue there. Character is formed according to self-development. If love possesses you, exemplified in good works for humanity as shown in the life of the beloved Nazarene; if you heal the sick, help the poor, mitigate the sorrows of any human being, your character is developed and you are fitted for a like mission in the other life."

The lecturer convincingly demonstrated the certainty of spirit return, with power to gain recognition, to enter into the joys and occupations of the loved home circle, and to manifest unchanged love and devotion to the dear ones still in the physical form. He counseled his hearers to heed the laws governing spirit communion and to cultivate in themselves such qualities and aspirations as will attract pure, wise and noble spirits to them. "Like attracts like. Live for others, and those you have helped will return to bless you. When I leave this world I would rather have the tears on my grave of God's poor, whom I have assisted, than to have a marble mausoleum erected over my body."

The floral memorial service in the afternoon, conducted by Mr. Freeman W. Smith and Mrs. Matilda Cushing Smith, was a beautiful exemplification of the principles embodied in the morning discourse. The transition of the spirit to the higher life and entrance to a broader sphere of usefulness was celebrated by offerings of flowers and poetic tributes of rejoicing. The sadness of death was transformed to the gladness of birth.

Mr. Dean, in sympathetic, soulful language, testified to his appreciation of the beautiful service, and said: "I belong to Verona, and before long my name will be added to the list of those who are annually remembered here, and whoever at that time has charge of these remembrances, I ask to say of me, 'He hath done what he could.'" As the loved and venerable speaker said these words there were not many dry eyes among his auditors, and his closing words were listened to with breathless attention.

Mrs. Mary J. Wentworth of Knox added words of tenderness and comfort, quoting from the utterances of the loving teacher of Nazareth: "I will not leave you comfortless." A holy sanctity pervaded the Pavilion, and the audience as they dispersed carried with them a fadeless memory of the hour.

Monday we held social informal meetings, enjoyed by all.

Tuesday we were favored by a lecture from Mrs. Wentworth. With true poetic imagery and sympathetic utterance, she portrayed the Christ-life incumbent on all who possess the true light of Spiritualism. She dwelt on our responsibilities, as individuals, and our duties to ourselves and to each other. "As children of the Great Father, we inherit from the Infinite the responsibility of building the diviner selfhood of character, of widening, broadening and deepening every attribute of the soul. Like the mysterious sweep of the magnetic currents through the universe flow the waves of aspiration and inspiration, blended and woven together in harmonious melody. Human life is part and parcel of God's life, only woven and knitted to earth by the physical body, as the lily is knitted by its slender stem to the brown ooze from which it rises."

Wednesday Mr. Dean gave a comprehensive review of a sermon by Dr. Talmage on "The Consolations of Christianity," showing clearly that the reverend gentleman, though repudiating Spiritualism, has "stolen our thunder," and is promulgating true spiritualistic doctrine under the stamp of Orthodoxy.

Thursday Mrs. Wentworth ministered to the seekers for intelligence from departed loved ones, in the true missionary spirit of the disciples of old, holding meetings and visiting from house to house, dispensing hope and comfort to many. Her devoted, loving service, has been deeply appreciated by the campers. She carries with her our heartfelt gratitude, and we wish her "God speed" in all her fields of labor for humanity.
MATILDA CUSHING SMITH, *Sec'y.*

Queen City Park, Vt.

Sunday Evening, August 13th.—Dr. S. N. Gould presented to the Association a three quarter life-size crayon portrait of Miss Achsa W. Sprague, whose memory is embalmed in the hearts of all who knew her. This picture is to be displayed in the parlor of the hotel during each camp-meeting season. The presentation was made in the parlor now graced with the sainted face of our risen sister. In close proximity is the likeness of the venerable Luther Colby; also that of Mrs. Mary T. Longley—gifts of Mrs. L. D. Jenney of Leicester, Vt., who, just before she passed to spirit-life, requested the writer to bear them to the Park and add them to others on the walls of the parlor. The presentation of Miss Sprague's portrait was a pleasant occasion. Dr. Gould, who made the presentation speech, was followed by A. F. Hubbard, Mrs. Emma Paul, Dr. E. A. Smith and Lucius Colburn in appropriate speeches.

Miss Ethel Gould gave an acceptable recitation, and fine music was furnished.

Aug. 15th.—Dr. Fuller kindly consented to supply the place of Mr. Wright (who had not arrived). His lecture was in every way satisfactory. Dr. Smith arrived to-day with his excursion from Lake Pleasant, bringing about one hundred and fifty persons. The hotel is full to overflowing. An entertainment was given at the hall in the evening.

Wednesday, 16th.—The usual conference in the forenoon. Mr. Wright arrived from the West to-day, and occupied the platform at 2 P. M. In a quiet, pleasant mood, he entertained his hearers with a lengthy address. In the evening he delivered an address, followed by character readings. Mr. F. A. Wiggin presented tests in the afternoon after the lecture, as he did on Tuesday.

Thursday, 17th.—Conference in the morning. In the afternoon J. Clegg Wright, in the trance state, gave one of his masterly addresses; after which Mr. Wiggin afforded tests from the platform.

In the evening Mr. Wright delivered an interesting discourse on the condition of the times.

Friday, 18th.—A well attended conference in the morning.

In the afternoon Mr. Wright gave his closing lecture. He was deeply entranced, and spoke with his usual eloquence and power. When under control he wields a sledge-hammer, and to break idols is his delight; but he does not alone demolish—he builds on a solid foundation. Being booked for Onset next Sunday he was compelled to leave the Park to-night. As he departed, Mr. and Mrs. Richmond arrived, and all are happy in anticipation of what awaits them.

Saturday, 19th.—Conference in the morning, opened by Mrs. Gilbert of Boston. In the afternoon one of the largest audiences of the season was convened in the hall to listen to an address by F. A. Wiggin. It was an energetic discourse, and generously applauded at its close. After a beautiful song by Mr. Maxham, he gave many and very satisfactory tests. Only a determined incredulity can keep people from accepting the evidence of spirit communion.

In the evening the young people had their masquerade dance. For a couple of hours it afforded them a pleasant change and much amusement, as it did a hall full of spectators.

Sunday, 20th.—Mr. Wiggin occupied the platform in the forenoon and gave an acceptable address to a fine audience. At its close he afforded many excellent and striking tests.

No opportunity being afforded me to write of the afternoon's and evening's meetings at this time, the same will be included in the next report.

The music is an interesting part of the daily exercises. While Mr. Maxham is a host in himself, he is kindly assisted by others. During his few days' absence, Mr. John Withell, Mrs. Waisemann, Miss Truax and Miss Straw supplied the music. Miss Maud Arkison of Montreal, a fine violinist, has also made some very acceptable contributions. She is a young lady of great promise.

The hotel is taxed to its utmost capacity at the present writing.

The interest in the Cause never seemed better.
A. E. S., *Sec'y.*

Sunapee Lake, N. H.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

The past week at Blodgett's Landing has been one of great interest and benefit to those attending the camp-meeting. We have been favored with lectures from Mrs. Abbie Crossett, Mrs. Marcia Strong, Mrs. Kate R. Stiles, Mrs. Sarah A. Wiley and Mrs. Emma L. Paul—all good earnest workers.

The eloquence of Mrs. Paul last Sunday could scarcely be surpassed.

In addition to the lectures and other work done the past week, the Spiritualists of New Hampshire have organized as a legal body, to be called the "Sunapee Lake Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting Association." The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows: Mr. W. E. Cressey, President; Mr. David Thayer, Vice-President; Mr. Henry Wilkins, Secretary; Mrs. E. K. Morgan, Treasurer; Mr. Thomas Burpee, Mrs. E. K. Morgan, Mr. C. E. Gove, Business Committee.

Beautiful and satisfactory tests have been given by Mrs. Kate R. Stiles and Mrs. Eunice Morgan.

The entertainment Saturday evening was pronounced fine. The selections of Miss Lue M. Isaac, elocutionist, were duly appreciated, as were those of Mr. Robert R. Simmonds as character artist, etc.

The Third Regiment Band has given us good music.
N. L. R.

Camp Progress, Mass.

The Lynn and Salem North Shore Association held grove meetings to-day at "Camp Progress," Upper Swampscott—with quite a large gathering. Exercises commenced by the choir singing "Only a Thin Veil Between Us," and the audience singing "Home, Sweet Home."

Remarks and readings by Dr. E. M. Sanders (Charlestown) and L. L. Whitlock (Boston); solo, Mrs. Merrill (Lynn).

Those wishing to visit the grove should take Lynn and Salem electric car.

The Association proposes to devote Sunday, Sept. 10th, to the Lynn and Salem Lyceum children. We should be pleased to have the children and any of the members of the Boston Lyceum join with us; refreshments furnished to the children free. Exercises to commence at 12 o'clock.
MRS. N. H. GARDINER, *Sec'y.*
11 Williams street, Salem, Mass., Aug. 20th, 1893.

Harris Grove, Mass.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

On account of the storm no meeting was held in the grove to-day.

Next Sunday, if the weather is *favorable*, Dr. Willis Edwards will lecture and give tests in the grove. If *unfavorable*, the service will be in the hall at 2 P. M. No evening meeting.
E. PICKUP.
Lowell, Aug. 20th, 1893.

Parkland, Pa.

Mr. James Shumway writes, August 19th: "We have meetings on Sunday afternoons, 3 P. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. Lake is here for three Sundays. We have more country people, now that the harvesting is over, than the first of the season."

ILLINOIS.

Chicago.—W. J. Colville's work in Chicago has been extremely successful during the past few weeks. The attendance at Washington Hall, especially on Sunday evenings, has been very large.

The World's Fair is a pronounced success financially as well as otherwise. Saturdays are the greatest days, but the attendance is now daily increasing. The city is quite full, but so great have been the preparations for visitors that there is ample room provided for all, and, contrary to some reports, charges are not extortionate.

The newly established Health College, located at 8 South Ada street, under the able presidency of Dr. Geo. Dutton (formerly of Boston), is now thriving. Dr. Dutton and W. J. Colville have coöperated in perfect harmony. Students from all parts of the country and from England are now rooming in the College, attending the lectures, and also visiting the Fair and the congresses held at the Art Palace.

Chicago is full of able speakers and representative workers in all lines of reformatory effort from all parts of the world. The Peace Congress held last week was very important. The Psychic Congress is now in session. Mr. Colville is preparing a special report of its proceedings for BANNER OF LIGHT.

Mr. Colville's lecture last Sunday evening, August 20th, in Washington Hall, contained the following reference to the Psychic Congress: "To-morrow there opens what is, in many respects, the most significant of all the congresses held in connection with the World's Fair. A Psychic Congress is thoroughly unique; it has no predecessor, but it will doubtless have many successors. What, let us ask, is its especial value and importance? what is it likely to do? what can it do to aid in settling the great questions, and solving the tremendous problems with which it has undertaken to deal? In the first place, let us state that we do not individually attach any more importance to the mere say-so of eminent than of obscure persons—as it frequently happens that distinguished specialists and celebrities are no better qualified to pass judgment upon mental or spiritual phenomena than the humblest of citizens.

Still, we cannot be blind to the fact that literary and scientific reputation stands for something, and if it has been fairly earned it justly demands recognition. When such a man as the editor of the *Review of Reviews*, Mr. W. T. Stead, speaks of his remarkable personal experience, his words are fairly entitled to great consideration, coming as they do from a noble man of letters who has seemingly more to lose than gain by avowing himself a Spiritualist. The simple record of personal experience is often far more convincing than the most logical and elaborate arguments, which are only theoretical. Mr. Stead's experiences have been in many instances identical with our own; he vouches for telepathy, or thought-communion between persons yet on earth, and he also declares that communications from departed spirits have been written through his hand without any desire or expectation of his own, at times when he has quietly surrendered voluntarily to the action of the unseen force which operated through his muscles; he further states that at such times his mental and physical condition is entirely normal, and he suffers from no subsequent reaction.

The various representatives of the Society for Psychical Research are not opponents of Spiritualism, though all of them are not Spiritualists; so far as we understand them, they are not hostile to Spiritualism, as the Seybert Commission was; they are honest experimentalists, and though some of their views of "subliminal consciousness," etc., may seem far-fetched and needless by many Spiritualists, it should be borne in mind that there are many persons whom Spiritualism does not directly approach who will be led to seriously investigate its claims in consequence of this Congress. One thing is certain, Spiritualism is no longer a tabooed subject; the cry of this hour is not denunciation or repudiation, but free discussion of the psychic phenomena now so prevalent in all circles of society. Our hope and prayer is that this great occasion may be so used that it will give a new and extended impulse to the unfettered examination of all that tends to throw any light upon the immense question of the nature, prerogatives and destiny of the wonderful being we call man."

W. J. Colville's address is still 8 South Ada street, Chicago, though he has just left the city for a week or more to pay flying return visits to Cassadaga, where he speaks Aug. 25th and 27th, and to Lake Brady, where he speaks Aug. 30th and Sept. 1st and 3d. His many friends in Chicago will be present at his birthday reception Sept. 5th, at the College, 8 South Ada street.