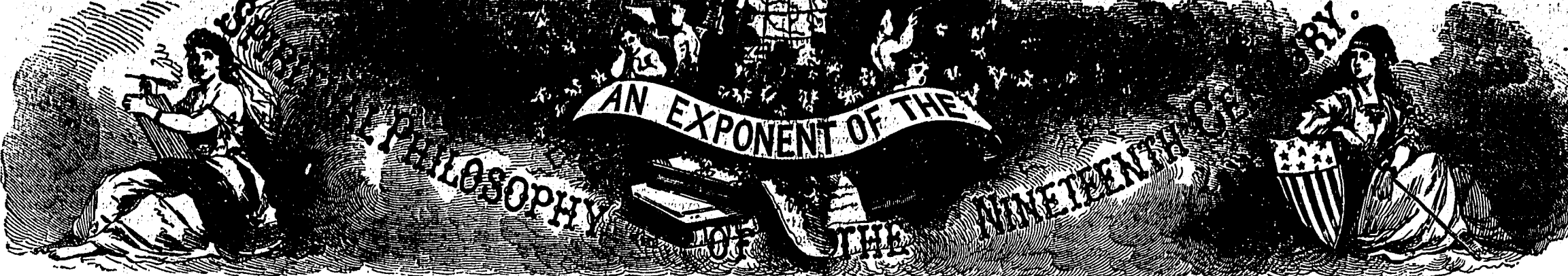


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The Spiritual Rostum.

The Religious Instinct: Its Origin, Growth and Ultimate Perfection.

An Inspirational Discourse Delivered in Chicago, Ill., September, 1888, by
W. J. COLVILLE.

There are many persons who now-a-days question the desirability of religion, as many consider the word religion implies restrictions antagonistic to liberty, maintaining that as religion is derived from *religio*, which signifies to bind, or to bind again, therefore to be religious implies to be held in bondage. Now while there is no necessary idea of bondage connected with religion, we must all admit in a certain sense that we must be bound in order to be free.

There are no two words in the English language which mean more directly opposite things than liberty and license, than freedom and lawlessness. No one can be lawless and yet free; no one can be unmindful of the interests of his fellow beings and live as though he were the only occupant of the world, and enjoy liberty, for liberty is a pure, holy, divine and healthy sentiment, which unites man forever and forever with the eternally true, with the eternally free. "He is free whom the truth makes free, and all are slaves beside," is an utterance that has been wisely quoted thousands of times in the past, and will be quoted thousands of times in the future, as it expresses the true idea of what liberty is. Liberty is freedom to serve truth; freedom to live a life of truth in obedience to one's highest convictions of right and duty. Genuine liberty is liberty for the soul, for the spiritual nature, for the immortal mind, over which death can have no power and the grave no victory. Liberty is a divine and holy realization of our relation to divine law and order, and the willing subjection of all our material inclinations to immortal guidance. Liberty never concerns itself with the first person singular, with my affairs or my interests; liberty knows nothing of the great I, but always speaks of our interests, of our concerns, of our welfare. Liberty, therefore, is in perfect accord with self-abnegation, and yet with purest self-enjoyment in the spiritual sense.

Without doubt it is natural to man to love happiness and to search for it; it is natural to the human family to try every experiment until they find happiness; every creature seeks happiness, and it is our supreme conviction that the day is coming in this world when everybody on the planet will be happy. Our sincere conviction is, that that wonderful goal of joy looked forward to by all nations and individuals, will one day be found; that as the Eternal Parent is an infinitely happy spirit, all children of the one Great Eternal are, by their very nature, by the essential and unchanging constitution of their being, ordained to happiness. Our belief is that all darkness and discord, all the pain and trouble through which mankind at large is now passing, and through which individual minds are passing, even beyond the grave, is never anything worse than a school discipline; and even though a school be a purgatory, it is still an educational institution.

Our idea concerning man's existence is that every creature, without exception, is born not only with a great desire to be happy, but also with an instinct that happiness is natural to him and will eventually be realized by him.

Happiness can only be attained in one way: in purity, not in impurity; in truth, not in error; in love, not in hate; in knowledge, not in ignorance; in wisdom, not in folly. And as happiness can only be obtained in wisdom, knowledge, love, liberty, truth and righteousness, no matter where we may be, whether in an external form or in spirit, we must be unhappy as long as we are impure, foolish, ignorant, untruthful, unloving, unwise or unrighteous; and as all unhappiness is the result of ignorance and imperfection, it is as the grand old Grecian sage, Socrates, described: happiness, goodness and knowledge are all one, while evil, darkness, ignorance and misery are all one and inseparable; so we must all admit that as there is within the mind of man an ineradicable desire to be happy, and happiness can only be found in the one way, ordained by Eternal Providence, i. e., in compliance with divine order, all souls will at length be happy, all lives will eventually flow together in one divine channel, and all feet march together up that

great hill, upon the summit of which stands the city of gold, the symbol of the transmutation of all life's perplexities into the absolute fullness of eternal harmony.

Sorrow is oftentimes an alchemist transmuting the baser elements into the more precious. Our perplexities and woes, and even our restless discontent, are all servants of the divine plan that works out infinite good at last; when we hear the words pronounced so often on funeral occasions, "Peace at the last," let us pause for a moment and ask, "What is the last?" The last, *Omega*, is identical with the first, *Alpha*. In the beginning God created, i. e., in the beginning of the history of a planet God began to manifest himself, and at the last his manifestation is complete to all souls from that planet. In the beginning man was endowed with a pure and holy soul, immortal, ineffable; and at the last, no matter how long that soul may have been eclipsed, it shines forth in divine splendor; in sheen of glory it bursts from behind the clouds which have so long veiled it and caused short-sighted minds to deem it lost forever.

All our imperfections and errors may be compared to the mists and fogs and smoke arising from the earth, especially from great manufacturing centres; while our souls, in their union with the Eternal, may be compared with the glorious lights of heaven, that are never diminished or quenched because earthly factories and chimneys fill the air with smoke.

Here on the earth we are surrounded with imperfection and error; we are living in a smoky atmosphere, and the smoke arises from the chimneys of our houses and our factories, wherein we do material cooking and engage in material merchandise. We cannot see the glorious lights on high when we are in the midst of a city whose chimneys fill the air with smoke, but when we get some distance out of the city, though our traveling brings us no nearer to the heavens above, no nearer the glorious sun, no nearer the circling planets and the "fixed stars," so very far away, by it we get out of the smoky atmosphere that we ourselves have created by our own occupation and our own very imperfect way of doing business; so when we have got out of the mental smoke which befalls ideas, out of the smoky atmosphere of our doubts and misbeliefs, get rid of all unhealthy sentiments which arise from our perverted nature, and which make impure the atmosphere we breathe—God will have come no nearer to us, angels will be no closer to us, divine power no more ready to bless us; but we shall see the sun where aforetime we saw the fog; the fog will clear away that hid the sun—then will the sun appear. This simile will be found very important and easy of application in almost all cases.

Astronomy teaches that the sun is much older than the earth; but no matter how old it is, the earth could know nothing about it until the sun became visible to the earth. No matter how old the stars may be, the earth could know nothing about them until it became ready to see them; so from man's standpoint of imperfect observation, it appears as though new worlds were ever coming into existence; as though new truths were ever being born; though from God's point of view, from the point of view of the angels, who have passed beyond the murky shadows of earthly imperfection, there are no such new creations, new dispensations and new revelations, as less enlightened minds suppose, but they understand how man, in his ever-increasing intelligence, draws ever nearer and nearer to a knowledge of the Eternal and his works. And so when you sing, "Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee," you must not imagine that the idea of prayer, when interpreted truthfully, spiritually, philosophically and scientifically, carries with it the slightest suggestion that God ever changes his disposition toward us; you must never suppose for one moment there is any such thing as an atonement or reconciliation offered to the offended Majesty of Heaven, whereby he is importuned to have mercy upon the sinner; never suppose there can be any opposition in the divine nature between the divine attributes, so that mercy and justice are reconcilable by vicarious atonement.

But in the light of a true perception of man's spiritual nature he offers atonement who effects reconciliation, who reveals the fatherly character of the Infinite, who removes all that doubt, fear and pride which, as the smoke filling the earth's atmosphere, hides the glorious luminaries of the heavens from man's observation; and as theology of old has often concerned itself with changes in God, and from the very earliest times men have engaged in propitiatory rites, in offering sacrifices to placate a hitherto implacable Deity, as men supposed that by their altars running with blood, by human as well as animal sacrifices they might prevail upon God to be merciful—they will learn in the future that God was never unreconciled to man, but man has, unfortunately, often been unreconciled to his brother man, and the reconciliation which needs to be effected in society to-day is the unification of all races and the identification of all human interests. We must no longer remain unreconciled to each other, and in our own individual nature we must no longer remain at discord with ourselves. Follow out this train of thought simply and logically, and you will all understand the true nature of atonement.

The religious instinct in man is as natural as the instinct to walk, talk, eat, clothe one's self, or sleep. Any good phrenologist will tell you that the organs of veneration, spirituality, sublimity, benevolence, conscientiousness, and all the others which portray religious and moral faculties, are just as natural as the organ of self-interest, which disposes toward the enjoy-

ment of food, or the organ of destructiveness, which, immoderately developed, causes men to be dangerous to one another, but when perfectly balanced and wisely unfolded, gives strength of character, without which man would have no intellectual vigor or spiritual power.

The religious sentiments are born in man, and the organ of spirituality, which phrenology has discovered, as well as the organ of veneration, proves the natural instinct of worship, which, because natural, may be cultivated or repressed, but never totally eradicated.

Nature worships in every flower that turns its face to the sun, offering an act of adoration to the great fountain of energy; the animal that looks up to man, a dog or horse looking up to his master with loving gratitude, displays the instinct of veneration, and when men erect high pedestals and place upon them statues of great men and women, almost deifying heroes and heroines; while they spare no praise and stint no gratitude when asked to pour out eulogistic adoration at the feet of some benefactor of society, man, though he calls himself an infidel and avows no faith in God, doubting if there be a spiritual or supreme Being, his natural instinct of veneration leads him to bow down to some superior man. In America there are men who acknowledge no supreme Ruler of the universe, who do not believe in erecting houses of worship, and who disregard religious sentiment and worship altogether, who are ready to almost deify George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and other eminent patriots; those who read history are so profoundly touched with a sense of the majesty—we may also say divinity—of the greatest characters who appear upon the historian's page, that they consider no monument, no eulogy too extravagant when these men are brought before them as objects of respect.

There is in man an irrepressible instinct of veneration and worship, and when people talk about the time coming for worship to cease, for adoration and devotion to come to an end, we tell you if that time does come man will be born with only half a brain; but as long as he is born with a whole brain physiologists and phrenologists will still behold the outward indications of sentiments of worship within the mind.

This true instinct of worship, veneration, adoration, this continual looking up to a higher power, is the lever in man which lifts him to a higher and more glorious life; that moral sense, or conscience, that spiritual faculty which is so closely allied to, and, indeed, inseparably identified with the distinction between right and wrong, or the sense of good and evil, is the magnet within man's being that attracts him to a higher life, the inspiration of the soul within him that causes him to rise to a more blessed level and without which moral and spiritual progress would be impossible.

Unfortunately, man has been so ignorant of his true nature that what has been, after all, the divinest and kindest gift of the Eternal to his children, has been regarded as the voice of God's displeasure, as the anger or wrath where-with he would smite his enemies. How very, very often, in human ignorance, men denounce as cruel that which in days of added wisdom they declare to be most kind of all. How very often that parental discipline which brings the most tears to the eye and the most immediate sorrow to the heart of a child, in the days of its administration, in after years proves itself, to the absolute satisfaction of the offspring, to have been the noblest and kindest ministration of fatherly and motherly love and wisdom.

So when we look back through the dim vistas of by-gone years, when through the long ages we see humanity toiling up the steps of time, and shedding blood even, for what we may now term superstition or fanaticism, we find the instinct of worship, even within the savage breast, deepest down in human nature of all instincts, and destined at last to overcome all imperfections and shine forth in its native brilliancy as God's best gift to man.

Let us consider briefly some of the forms which this natural instinct of worship has already taken to manifest itself, how it is now manifesting itself, and how it is likely, indeed certain, to manifest itself in future. Our first proposition is that no one ever worshipped anything without deeming it in some respect superior to himself; no one ever bowed to any power, force or creature without endowing that power, force or creature with superior attributes; and no one ever endowed any creature, force or power with superiority until that force, power or creature had manifested something that looked like superiority to the worshiper.

Let us revert to the earliest form of savage worship, the worship of animals. Wherein does animal superiority consist? Surely in superior physical strength. No one can deny for a moment that the larger animals on earth are man's superiors physically; in bodily strength, in power to protect themselves, in power to fight, they most certainly excel. Poor, illiterate, naked savages, not armed with the weapons which intelligent and skillful nations have devised, could not protect themselves against the marauders of the forest; they were stung to death by venomous reptiles they could not control; they were eaten up alive by monsters of the forest they could not destroy, but who mercilessly destroyed them. Had they not, then, good reason to recognize superior strength in such creatures? Now, as they witnessed in animals and reptiles a disposition to do them harm, they discovered, also, that they could appease them by offering them food; that they would often eat the food given them instead of destroying them and their children. What was the outcome? Surely a system of sacrifice; even human sacrifice grew up in the

[Continued on second page.]

Literary Department.

BARS AND THRESHOLDS.

Written Especially for the Banner of Light,
BY MRS. EMMA MINER.

CHAPTER IX.

A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

During Doris's illness the Carrolls were not entirely uninformed of her condition. Dr. Carroll frequently saw Dr. Placent, Mrs. Mason's physician, and inquired about her. Dr. Carroll felt much doubt as to her recovery under such conditions. They were repeatedly advised through Lydia's writing to "be patient. There would be a change for the better soon." They comforted themselves with this reflection, and conveyed all their information to Miss Parker, at Roseville, who began to watch for Dr. Carroll's visits as for an angel's.

Mrs. Carroll could not bear to leave the city, even through July and August, wishing to remain as near Doris as possible, in case she should need her.

One morning in July Dr. Carroll drove his mother and Lydia out to Roseville to spend the day. Dr. Carroll reported Dr. Placent as saying Doris was gaining slowly. He had advised Mrs. Mason to take her to the seashore for a couple of weeks, and they had just gone, the day before, somewhere, he had forgotten where.

"Then they have been gone two days," said Miss Parker.

"How glad I am that Doris will get away from that dreadful house, even for two weeks!" exclaimed Lydia.

"I most wonder at Sarah's going," said Miss Parker. "She always had a horror of watering places; but no doubt this is some quiet place. I really wish I knew where they were. I should feel easier in my mind to know just where they were."

"Perhaps Lydia can tell us," said Mrs. Carroll. "I am learning to place a great deal of reliance upon what Lydia writes. I really think if she were to write that my house would burn to-night, I should go to work and move everything out of it directly. I should expect the flames would spring from somewhere."

"It seems very strange to me," said Lydia, seating herself and drawing out her lace-work; "but I know it isn't myself. My hand just writes of itself. At first I was afraid, but now I'm not. If I can only write truthful things I shall be glad to have it so, and so far you say I have."

She paused a moment to count stitches, when suddenly she threw her work away off into the grass on the lawn.

"Why! how strange! It went before I knew it," she exclaimed.

She picked up her work and began to count again, but the lace shook and twisted around her fingers so that it was impossible.

"Perhaps somebody wants you to write," said Miss Parker.

"It may be," she replied. "I brought my tablets. I will bring them out here."

She was soon seated between Miss Parker and Mrs. Carroll, with pencil in hand. After a few moments' waiting she wrote:

"Mrs. Mason has gone to Creighton. She will only stay one week. Bad news will bring her home. Doris will be better. Mary Stuart."

"Don't you want us to know what the bad news is?" asked Miss Parker.

"It is about property."

"Is that all you wish to say about it?"

"Yes," Lydia dated it, July 25th.

"Granting that there may be those who practice fraud in spiritual manifestations, there is certainly none with our Lydia. She has written me of people whom nobody in this city knew, and written truthfully. She has written prophecies, and they have been fulfilled. It is certainly a power outside of herself, and an intelligent power, too. I am almost prepared to believe it is spirit power."

Lydia entered at that moment and gave Mr. Brooks his message. He seemed too much affected to speak for a few moments. He turned to the doctor:

"Yes, there is before me a great trial. I have been educated for the ministry. If I accept this Spiritual Philosophy I must resign my position in it, for the facts of the one will not sustain the creeds of the other. I will try to make my choice wisely."

"And you will be blessed in the end," quoted Lydia.

"Thank you. I hope that prophecy will be fulfilled," and he walked slowly home.

It was the Rev. Dr. Packard's home. It had been arranged that Mr. Brooks should take up a temporary residence there during his absence. The year of vacation granted him by the society would expire in August. Mr. Brooks mused upon this fact as he seated himself in the study. He asked himself what was in the future for him? He was sincere. He would not for a moment have swerved from the right way, as long as he thought it to be the right way.

He was disturbed. He prayed for guidance, but the little messages in his pocket were more potent than prayer. He could not quiet himself to read, or write. He put on his hat to go back to Mrs. Carroll's, when he met the doctor on the stairs.

"I was just going back to your house, doctor."

"Let us go, then."

"No. Come in. It was you I wanted to see particularly. I wanted to make a proposal to Lydia, subject of course to Mrs. Carroll's approval and yours."

"A proposal to Lydia?" The doctor's tone was an astonished one. Mr. Brooks turned at the sound.

"Oh—not that, you know. It is about some writing."

"All right. What is it?"

"I want to go over there some day when Lydia is in the right mood, and ask a good many questions. I will have them written and sealed in an envelope, or I will ask them mentally, just as you advise. There are some things I want to be advised about. I cannot as yet get the help I need from any source known to me. I want to try this way."

He spoke slowly and wearily. Dr. Carroll looked at him as he sat in the waning light. He looked pale and worn. Restless days and sleepless nights were beginning to trace their lines on his face.

"I declare, Brooks, I pity you!" Mr. Brooks smiled at the doctor's earnestness. "You will be welcome to come. Try the sealed envelope. We have many a time. The result has always been satisfactory."

While this conversation was taking place during the twilight hour, Doris was admiring the sunset, as she stood upon a large rock on the beach at Creighton. They had arrived on the 23d of July. They were to stay at a small, quiet hotel. Everything was comfortable, for Mrs. Mason's income was amply sufficient to have it so.

It was late in the day when they arrived, but Doris had already inhaled delicious draughts of sea air. She had never seen the ocean, and was impatient for the morning. Dr. Placent said:

"Keep her on the beach all day. Let her eat and sleep there, if she wants to."

Mrs. Mason felt bound to follow her physician's orders.

No words can describe Doris's delight when she was first taken to the beach. Directly she found a large rock, sheltering as best she needed from sun and wind. She appropriated this place to herself. Mrs. Mason and Miss Shallot found equally desirable places near her. They generally had books with them, but those were tabooed for Doris, much to her satisfaction, knowing too well what the selection would have been.

Five days of delightful peace and rest had passed. Although the place was far from being a fashionable resort, Miss Shallot found so much to occupy her time and thought that she failed to give much of it to Doris, after having seen her safely ensconced in her favorite nook.

Mrs. Mason and Miss Shallot had become very much interested in the Rev. Ebenezer Tullin, a missionary returned from China. He was a brother-in-law of Mr. Crane, the proprietor of the Creighton House, and was introduced to them by him, he having had a previous acquaintance with Mrs. Mason.

"I say, parson," said the irreverent Mr. Crane, "who knows but there is a chance for a widower like you? You are a awful pious; so is she. She's got piles of money, and not many heirs either. Perhaps you can learn to talk matrimony as well as missionary."

"I think your remarks are very flippant, Bro. Crane. Mrs. Mason is too old."

"Well, if you can't take up your mind about the old woman, there's the spinster; she's a firm friend of the old lady and will be likely to get a big slice of her property."

The reverend gentleman did not seem to receive the latter suggestion very agreeably. He had his own private views of beauty in the fair sex, and Miss Shallot did not represent his ideal. After all, the property question was something to be considered. He resolved to be very cautious about committing himself, although he allowed himself to seek their company frequently.

When they went into dinner the fifth day of their stay, Mrs. Mason found a telegram had just arrived for her. It was from an attorney in Greenhaven. It read:

"Serious business troubles are imminent. It is necessary that you return to the city at once, where I can more conveniently consult you."

"Serious business troubles," she repeated to Miss Shallot and Doris, who were waiting to hear the news. "I am at a loss to conceive what it can mean. I have had very few of late years. But we must return at once."

Upon making inquiry she found she could not reach Greenhaven that day. She decided to postpone her departure until next morning, and telegraphed her decision to Mr. Wilkins.

Doris was glad she could have one more visit to the beach, and hurried quickly back. Soon she perceived the Rev. Tulkin approaching.

"Oh, dear! there's that tiresome man! I wonder if he means to stay near me all the afternoon!" Doris had no time for other thought, for he seated himself beside her.

"Now's my time to quiz the girl a little," he thought, but he only said:

"A fine day, Miss Doris."

"Yes, sir," responded Doris, as she had done a dozen times already, in reply to the same original remark from him.

"Ah! Miss Shallot has not come down yet?"

"No, sir. She will come presently."

"She seems to be a very estimable lady," he remarked, leading his way cautiously.

Doris was silent.

"Mrs. Mason seems to be very friendly toward her."

Doris felt she must say something, and she could truthfully say the "Yes, sir," that now fell from her lips.

"I am pleased to see that she is very religious."

"Very," said Doris, quietly.

"I suppose she seems quite like one of the family?"

"Yes, sir. She has lived with us ten years."

And Doris heaved a little sigh, thinking how long those ten years seemed.

"She is no relation, I suppose?"

"No, sir. She is my governess."

"Then very likely Mrs. Mason will remember the fact of her faithfulness and devotion in arranging her final affairs?"

He said it in a questioning tone. She felt it to be an impertinent inquiry, and there was a little reserve in her voice as she answered:

"I never heard her say anything about it. I really don't know."

It was evident he could learn nothing he desired from Doris.

"Where are the ladies?" he asked.

"At the house, packing up. We are going home to-morrow."

"Indeed! I had not heard of that!" He raised himself stiffly and walked hurriedly away. He stood apart from Doris a little while, thinking. And these were his thoughts:

"I think I will venture. She is very pious and zealous, and will make an admirable helpmeet. And I think she may be sure of a legacy from the old lady. Yes—I'll venture it."

Although he thought decidedly, he was in a very nervous mood as he approached the hotel. He lingered around the piazza. In about an hour Miss Shallot came down and came out alone. The Rev. Tulkin was waiting for her, and the two strolled away to the beach.

What passed between them need not be recorded, but the fact must be mentioned that upon her return to the hotel Miss Shallot announced her engagement to the Rev. Ebenezer Tulkin.

She gave a month's notice directly, as "dear Mr. Tulkin was unwilling to wait longer for her."

If the Rev. Tulkin had been anything except a minister or missionary, Mrs. Mason would have rebelled. As it was, she felt forced to accept the situation.

"I think I will return with you, Mrs. Mason, and make arrangements for leaving at once. Providence seems to have so willed it, and I feel it my duty to walk in the path chosen for me, even though my dear Ebenezer should ask me to return to China with him."

Doris was radiant with happiness.

"Indeed, Mr. Tulkin, I'm very, very glad!"

Mr. Tulkin thought he must be gaining a prize.

"Thank you, Miss Doris. I do feel the Lord has indeed led me into a pleasant and blessed path!"

Doris was stricken with a sudden reproach. She ran out of the room, and waited into her handkerchief.

"Oh! he didn't understand me! And, of course, I cannot explain. How can I tell an engaged man I am glad she is going, because she is disagreeable? But, then, he felt 'the Lord had led him' before I said anything, so perhaps it is all right."

Mrs. Mason was too much disturbed about business troubles to give much thought to Doris just then. They regretted leaving Creighton. Miss Shallot was charmed with the place, but the prospect of her wedding in the near future made her quite willing to return to the city.

She took a very affectionate leave of her dear Ebenezer publicly, on the hotel piazza, much to Doris's disgust.

"Seems to me that was too much! Why, grandma! She lectured me for just shaking hands hard with Mr. Brooks. Said I must be more reserved and ladylike! That didn't look very 'reserved'!"

"Mrs. Mason agreed with Doris, but refrained from criticism, for Miss Shallot was at that moment assisted into the carriage by the Rev. Tulkin."

The journey was made without accident or particular incident. Miss Shallot fairly beamed upon Doris, whose readily forgiving nature responded, in spite of all the unhappiness of which she had been the cause.

It was too late for Mr. Wilkins to attend to business that night, but early next morning he conferred with Mrs. Mason.

"I am very sorry, madam, but I am afraid matters are looking very serious for you. I think your agent, Mr. Staines, has made some unfortunate investments. I hope it may prove

no worse than that. I heard of a little trouble, and thought he might not apprise you of it. As an old friend of your husband's, I feel an interest in your affairs; and the fact that you have at times placed some matters in my charge has made me a little over-solicitous, perhaps."

Mr. Wilkins had occupied several minutes in making this speech, and Mrs. Mason impatiently listened.

"I do not as yet feel that you have been officious. Perhaps it is necessary that my attention should be called to it. I am willing to listen to whatever you may think proper to say."

Then followed a long conference concerning certain stocks and bonds, of which she owned a large amount. The result was that when Mr. Wilkins left the house, he was invested with full authority to take charge of her business and her agent, Mr. Staines, also.

Mr. Wilkins had no confidence in Mr. Staines or his management, but Mrs. Mason possessed unbounded faith in him, because he was a member of her church. Her business had been in his care for five years, and as she had always received satisfactory answers to all her inquiries she had felt no uneasiness.

She now felt troubled. That there might have been unfortunate investments she had a fear.

The two days which passed before Mr. Wilkins would again call would have passed tediously, had it not been for the preparations for Miss Shallot's wedding. Mrs. Mason was very generous, and presented her with a liberal sum toward them.

Mr. Wilkins was hastening matters for his departure to a distant field of missionary work, and his bride was to accompany him, and in less than a week from the time they left Creighton Miss Shallot became Mrs. Tulkin, and they had left the city.

Meanwhile inquiries did not progress smoothly. Mr. Staines was indignant at Mr. Wilkins's interference. He appealed to Mrs. Mason. She felt troubled that she had doubted him for a moment, and decided to confer with Mr. Wilkins again.

"The fact is, madam, Mr. Staines has some reason to feel embarrassed by my interference just now. I am sorry to have to communicate what I must to-day. I scarcely know how to break the news to you, but you must prepare yourself for the worst."

He looked pitifully at Mrs. Mason.

"Unfortunate investments are bad enough, and through those you have lost the most of your fortune. Deliberate, premeditated villainy is worse, and of this Mr. Staines has been guilty. Through him you have lost your all."

Mrs. Mason was very pale. She could not speak for several minutes.

"Surely not all! Why, I had more than two hundred thousand dollars invested!"

"It has all gone, madam, and what is more—Mr. Staines has gone, too."

"What! Brother Staines gone?"

"Yes, Brother Staines has gone. He is probably safe in Canada by this time."

"I cannot understand it," she said, and her hands fell at her side, as if she were powerless to move them.

"I can explain it all in detail, if you are able to attend to me. But had you not better defer it a few hours? You look quite overcome."

He poured her a glass of water and turned to hand it to her. She had been sitting near a table. He saw her leaning heavily upon it, and attempted to raise her, but she was unconscious.

Never on earth might she listen to the story of trust betrayed: of the dishonesty which had appropriated and squandered that which was to have been a source of comfort to her old age. Mercifully she was spared the knowledge that her all, even her home, had been sacrificed through the villainy of one who draped the fair cloak of righteousness about him, while his soul was the abode of evil designs.

Mr. Wilkins called help, and James assisted him to carry the prostrate form up-stairs. Doris came in to assist, and was filled with a strange fear and apprehension.

She followed Mr. Wilkins to the room where he and Mrs. Mason had lately been sitting.

"Mr. Wilkins, what is the trouble?"

"Miss Doris, I can only say that Mrs. Mason has met with serious losses. In fact, she has lost everything. She was not at all prepared for the announcement, although I have done my best to break it to her by degrees. She had so much faith in that rascal, Staines, that she could not for a moment entertain the idea of villainy."

Mr. Wilkins began to gather up numerous papers, and continued:

"Unfortunately, I have been obliged to bring certain facts to her notice, the proof of which she could no longer doubt. She has sustained a severe shock. Has she any near relatives except Miss Parker and yourself?"

"Only my brother Morris."

"I would advise that Miss Parker be informed at once; and your physician must be sent for. I will call at Dr. Placent's office on my way."

He left Doris sitting there astonished and frightened. She returned to Mrs. Mason's room directly, and anxiously awaited the arrival of Dr. Placent. She stood near her while the doctor touched the feeble pulse of the unconscious woman.

"Has Mrs. Mason been unusually excited lately?"

"Very much so. Mr. Wilkins told me this morning she had met with losses, and they were talking about them at the time."

"Were you present?"

"No, sir." Dr. Placent glanced around the room.

"Where is Miss Parker?"

"At Rossville."

"Are you alone here?"

"With the exception of Katy and James."

"I would advise you to send for Miss Parker at once."

Doris hesitated. What should she do? When Mrs. Mason recovered she would be offended. Doris felt she must explain.

"I don't know what I ought to do about it. Grandma and Aunt Amelia had a little trouble before auntie went away, and I don't think grandma would like to have me do it."

Dr. Placent saw that she was much distressed.

"Of course, I do not wish to be inquisitive concerning family matters, but I'd like you to answer me one question. Would Miss Parker be willing to come back, providing Mrs. Mason makes no objection?"

"Yes, indeed! It was n't auntie who was provoked, at all."

Doris stopped suddenly, remembering Mrs. Mason was unable to make any defense.

"Then I must tell you nothing need come between them now. I do not think Mrs. Mason will ever again be conscious of the presence of any particular person."

Doris gave a shocked exclamation.

"I think you had better send for her, and if Mrs. Mason recovers, and makes any objection, I will take the blame on myself."

Doris left the room to find James. "You are to tell her that grandma is very sick, and Dr. Placent wishes her to come." She returned quickly.

Then followed a few simple directions.

"Not much can be done. I will call again in a few hours."

[To be continued in next issue.]

(Continued from first page.)

world, and frequently parents offered their own children to monsters; they offered one child that several might be saved. Later on, they frequently offered prisoners whom they had taken in war, and in still later times they offered those who were less perfect than others, in order that by the sacrifice of one they might save many. Sacrifices to the barbaric gods of all tribes originated with fear of animals and the elements.

When men saw creatures of savage propensities holding sway on earth, they soon thought of militant powers in heaven, of wrathful and unmerciful gods, especially as they saw Nature bestowing what seemed to them her greatest gifts upon the cruel and ruthless. They soon endowed the power that brought everything into existence with attributes like those of the serpent, the bear, the lion, the tiger and the wolf; and then, when they turned their eyes to the heavens above, and also contemplated the phenomena perpetually transpiring upon the earth around them—wind, thunder, lightning, volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, cyclones and all forms of devastation, which were more active in early times than now—did they not naturally endow the powers who ruled all things with awe and majesty, with power and might, but with very little love, mercy or tenderness? And, indeed, to any one who is not a careful scientist, a profound philosopher, or deeply spiritual in his thought, the universe certainly suggests the idea of wrath mingled with beneficence. To any one who cannot read in the future the harmonizing and equalizing of all things, this world appears to be given over in large measure to powers of darkness, hate and cruelty. To those who look only upon the surface, there are no satisfactory evidences of a perfectly good God supreme in the universe. We do not wonder that awful ideas of devils, hells, divine wrath and fiery retribution hold sway, when we see the lightning strike the dwellings of the innocent as well as of the guilty; when the earthquake does not spare the babe in the breast, nor the mother who is so necessary to the maintenance of her offspring, any more than it spares the murderer; when the volcanic eruption has no sympathy for the young and tender, any more than for those who have lived a life of sin.

There is an awful mystery in nature: a mystery which scientists, philosophers and theologians have alike endeavored to unravel, and have, as yet, been unable to satisfactorily explain save when, from the higher realms of spirit and the deepest intuitions of man's divine soul, a voice has declared this is only a prelude to the oratorio, a scaffolding to the temple, which, when it appears in all its beauty, crowned with light, the scaffolding removed and the noise of the workmen hushed—when all the forces of angry waves have subsided and there is a great calm, when the rain and wind have ceased, then you will see the earth rejuvenated and perfected. Then you will know that all is for the best, and the righteous shall shine forth in the kingdom of their Father.

There is wonder and dread all over the world, and those poor, short-sighted theologians who can see out of earth into hell, but cannot see through hell into heaven; who can see beyond man to devil, but cannot see beyond devil to the angel into which that devil will at length be converted; who can see the strife, discord and storm, but cannot see beyond it the day of ineffable calm and great glory yet to be revealed—such short-sighted gazers into the mysteries of human life and destiny are not merely imagining horrors or supposing calamities—they simply do not see far enough; their point of view does not reach out into the universe far enough.

Until we have more powerful telescopes and greater powers of spiritual vision; until we are longer-sighted with regard to spiritual things, we shall be tormented with dread of fiends and hobgoblins, and all the awful creatures which people the realms of the unknown; but when ignorance dies and we know good, that all is for good; when brighter light and fuller revelation explain the mystery and solve the problem, then, because darkness is no more, the hobgoblins will disappear even from imagination, and in the light all will know that there is nothing to fear. When in the darkness you are afraid of everything, even of your own shadow, and often of that most of all. When Emanuel Swedenborg in the last century, and Dante centuries before, saw into the hells and told of states almost too awful to be depicted, they did not describe what did not exist; but Dante, who had been educated in Roman Catholicism, and had therefore been taught that there was an endless hell for those who died in mortal sin, and Swedenborg, who had been brought up in the Lutheran faith, and taught that those who died out of Christ would be damned forever, could only modify their ideas of everlasting torment; they could not see far enough beyond the hells, into the heavens which all must at length reach. Any one standing at a point where he can see but a little way before him, can describe only what is not very far ahead, and is apt to imagine there is a boundary line, a horizon, and nothing beyond it. A child standing upon the shore with a field-glass, looking across the water, thinks there is nothing beyond the water—it is all water and nothing but water in that direction to his vision. But those who have been over seas have found land on the other side. You cannot show the distant land to the child on the shore; you cannot, even if your sight is excellent, stand on the Pacific slope and look across the water to the Sandwich Islands, China, Japan, or any land whatever; but when travelers have been across the water and found land, and one comes back to tell the tale, you accept a revelation from the land invisible; there is water indeed, but there is land beyond the water. This is but a poor and faint illustration of the heavens beyond the hells, of the paradise beyond the purgatories, of the good beyond the evil, of the light beyond the darkness.

Looking at matters from your earthly standpoint, unless spiritually endowed and enlightened, or in communion with those who have crossed the seas, you know of nothing more than that which follows directly upon your present state. After a few short years in the earthly body you encounter death and the grave, and there is the end of life to physical sight or material perception. But there are those who can see beyond, and where you declare death they declare fullness of life; where you declare destruction they declare resurrection and reconstruction. Silva, among the Brahmins, is "Destroyer" only to the ignorant; the same divinity is both Destroyer and Reproducer to the enlightened.

The religious systems of the world must come and go, rise and set; wax and wane, and all that will remain forever is man's perception of

absolute truth, and this will be perpetually increasing.

We have already alluded to the worship of the lower creation—to the worship of the dark, brutal and belligerent forces of nature, which led to sacrifices of the most fearful character—and we think we have accounted for it naturally, that man, being on a material plane, and surrounded with forces he could not control, and seeing no further than his immediate environment, worshipped the physical forces which was superior to his own; and there are millions of people to-day, who, with all their boasted intelligence, scientific ability and literary acumen, never advance further than savages in a spiritual direction; thus they only perceive what seems very unjust and cruel in natural phenomena.

Why do the most illumined minds refuse to bow before the blind force which is the substitute for God among atheists and materialists? Why do they not acknowledge that supreme law or infinite force, a vague abstraction in the universe, and declare that is all we can know about causation? Why do they not bow down and worship the blind "necessity" of modern materialism?

We have only one answer: that ideal "force" is not as good as we are, and we will not worship our inferior; we will not bow to the materialists' substitute for God, because it is an image of clay inferior to the substance of which we ourselves are made.

We claim to have some affection, some intelligence, some mercy, some sense of justice, but a blind, unintelligent force, a mere abstraction, something not ourselves, not endowed with any intelligence, wisdom, love or sense of justice, is infinitely our inferior, and that which is our inferior calls for our contempt, not our adoration.

Instead of believing that the universe is guided by some unknowable power that brings multitudes into existence, mocks them with noble powers and wonderful endowments, cherishes in their breasts the highest hopes and loftiest sentiments, and then allows a cart-wheel to run over their body, or some other accident to cause their death, and that is the end of them; instead of believing in a power which gives glorious life and then allows it to be destroyed by the blundering of a drunken cab-driver or a careless engineer; instead of bowing before a power that gives intelligence, hope, aspiration, all that constitutes noblest manhood and womanhood, and then destroys these attributes in a moment by a falling tile or by a missile hurled at your head by a careless boy, we prefer to believe in an intelligent, controlling power that regards the material body as the most external and superficial vesture of man, and sees the man himself forever safely alive, forever in spirit.

If I am a brute, I naturally worship a bigger and stronger brute than myself; if I am merely an animal, I naturally worship a larger and stronger animal than myself; and if I am a human being, with no other instincts cultivated, no other powers developed than those I share in common with the lower creation, I naturally bow to those of the lower creation, who have attributes such as mine but more powerfully developed than mine. And thus it is only natural that as long as man is on the material plane of thought and affection, and does not recognize anything more than his material nature, he will invent a material substitute for God, which substitute is the direct result of the mammon-worship of this age—a remote result of the ignorant animality of savage times. There is fully as much animality and brutality, and more treachery, in the respectable man of business, who does not care how many wives and children he ruins, how many heads of families he dooms to misery, and perhaps suicide, by his tricks in trade, misrepresentations and gambling speculations, than in the panther or the wolf. We would rather be in the clutches of a tiger than in those of a man who lives for self and money only. We would rather trust to the tender mercies of the wild beasts of the forest than to those of a creature who has more intellect but uses that intellect solely for personal aggrandizement, recognizing nothing beyond buying and selling, eating, drinking and getting gain.

As long as this worship of mammon continues, and to make a fortune is the supreme object of life; so long as education has for its watchword competition, and your most approved mottoes are, look out for yourselves, take care of number one, there can be no spiritual revelation to satisfy the highest needs of human nature. There can be no sunshine visible in which we can bask with delight, if the air is filled with noxious exhalations and the smoke from a thousand factory chimneys. Man must get rid of the mist and smoke that is continually enveloping him. When he is no longer selfish nor brutal, then he will be able to accept a glorious revelation from the spiritual universe, which is absolutely necessary to happiness and a true understanding of the plan of the universe.

We are ready to make the assertion, extravagant though it may appear to many, that we know people who have absolutely discovered God. But if they have discovered God, have they met a person and had a personal interview with an omnipotent spirit, in the guise of man, who proclaimed his deity by name? We answer, they have beheld the divine presence with the eye of the soul; they have become spiritual to the extent of entering into conscious relation with the divine spirit made known to them in the innermost recesses of their being. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." A great many people quibble at that beatitude; many want to know what it means to see God. According to the statement itself, no one can know what it means to "see God" until perfectly pure in heart; therefore, until they are in that condition, they have no means of either proving or disproving the statement. The sight of God to the pure in heart is the full perception that everything is good and for the best; that all life will turn out well, and all roads lead at length to the great terminus of the celestial city; that all boats will land at length upon the shore of eternal happiness. By perceiving God we mean perceiving spiritual truth, love, wisdom, goodness and righteousness; perceiving perfect justice in the order of the universe. And when we have found divine justice ruling and governing all, we do not trouble ourselves as to whether Deity has or has not an anthropomorphic form; when we have found divine wisdom, love and truth, we do not care to ask how love, wisdom and truth are presented outwardly to sense or intellect; we are satisfied with the knowledge of the soul, with the perception of the interior nature.

For all discussions in theology concerning God's personality or impersonality, we shall care less than for the changing sands on the seashore. It does not matter whether we can

decide as to the personality or impersonality of God. There are a great many things beyond our intellectual range, even beyond our moral perception, and there are a great many mysteries in the universe that are beyond us, which we do not need to settle.

But if we have found enough to content our souls in truth, if we have found enough to still the wild beating of our rebellious, sorrowing hearts, to demonstrate life immortal where we have hitherto found death, and the victory of truth where hitherto we imagined the victory of the grave; if we can stand by the side of a corpse and yet see a resurrected being promoted to a higher state of intelligent existence; if we can shed the tear of sympathy with the mourner who is bereaved of an earthly presence, and yet be so convinced that the so-called dead are alive and with us, that the tears which flow through ignorance we can wipe away; if we can bring wisdom's consolation to the sad heart; if we have the certainty that though every earthly prop be destroyed, and every earthly opportunity denied, though we have lived our lives from the ordinary standpoint in vain, labored and toiled for naught, that there is in the spiritual universe a crown, a reward, a glorious result for our every undertaking that cannot be observed from earth's plane of observation, then we have found the God we all need to find, for we have found infinite goodness; Infinite Good is "God," which is an old Saxon word, meaning the Good One or the All Good. God then becomes a word no longer meaningless upon our lips. All human speculations concerning God and the life beyond must eventually pass away, all outward forms and ceremonies of religion will pass away, but the essence of religion will never pass away. Religion may cast aside its outward dress; its pagodas, temples, synagogues and churches may all be looked upon some day as things of the past and no longer needed; but supposing the outward church does come to an end, how will it come to an end? By growth. The church will grow so large it will cover the earth, and when the whole earth is a temple, then nobody will need a smaller temple. When the temple was small, it stood on a little spot of ground, and people could easily tell you how large it was; but when the whole earth becomes holy, you can never wear your shoes anywhere if you have to remove them when you tread on holy ground.

We believe in the extension of holy ground. In the enlarging of consecrated territory, so that we can find God everywhere.

Where did Jacob find holy ground? Out in the wilderness, where he had but a stone for his pillow. There had been no rite of consecration, no house of worship was built there, but he was constrained to remove the shoes from his feet, for the place whereon he stood was holy ground. Where did Moses find holy ground? Where did he see the phenomenon of the burning bush? There was no temple built by human hands and dedicated to the Most High where he received the divine message; he was in the solitary, unconsecrated desert.

Where did Jesus tell the woman of Samaria that God should be worshipped? It was not necessary to approach a holy mountain, as the Samaritans thought, with their ruined temple on its summit; it was not necessary to enter Jerusalem, with its temple of unparalleled magnificence, or pause within its walls, for God is everywhere. Spirit and truth are the only two essential words used in connection with his worship.

In the future the religious instinct will be entirely disconnected from fear, from all harsh conceptions of Deity and moral obligation; the very word obligatory will be removed from the thought of religion, and God will be worshipped in perfect freedom.

But some may still ask how can perfect freedom be reconciled with religion, or *religio*, which means binding? Can we be religious—completely bound—and yet enjoy perfect freedom? Yes, for you can serve your father and mother from pure love; you do not fear them at all if you love them perfectly. The youngest child can know what it is to feel: Father would never punish me, nor would mother; but when they tell me what to do I do it because I love them; and because I love them I choose to please them.

The only worship God can care for is the kind of worship we have just mentioned; any other is craven, and usually selfish. When worship is offered to God for the sake of receiving something in return, is not the worshiper like a child who obeys his parents not from love, but because if he is a good child he may get a toy or some sweetmeats? Such worship is not religion. There are people who are so afraid of God they worship in order to escape hell. Congregations in times of revival are thrown into hysteria at the thought of endless perdition, and then they are said to receive the spirit, having prayed for the holy spirit because they very naturally did not wish to drop into fire and be burned forever. There is no religion in such experiences. Where true religion appears is where people worship lovingly and truly the eternal God, from gratitude to the God who blesses them; where their hearts are full of gratitude to the Eternal Fountain of All, and they love the Eternal with all their hearts, with all their souls, with all their minds and with all their strength; fear is gone, dread is removed from such forever.

True religion has nothing but love in it. The only reason why the men and women of the future will worship will be because they love the Eternal. Now as God wants nothing, and as you cannot possibly do God a favor, add to his glory or bestow one fraction of honor upon the Eternal that he does not eternally possess, religion resolves itself into practical philanthropy; and love for the Eternal takes the form of love for all his children. Religion, rising in glorious light from its chrysalis, transformed into a butterfly, becomes philanthropy, humanitarianism. When we support religious services in days to come, we shall know that others are helped by them, and that they generally benefit society; we shall do whatever we can to help our brethren to a higher and nobler life. There is a divine utilitarianism which recognizes the usefulness of whatsoever tends to promote the spiritual nature, and this will be the impetus to all religious observance in days to come. Nothing is more important than that doubting and nervous persons, in particular, should be helped to a spiritual sight of divine goodness, and assisted to realize the truth of immortality. Pains, suffering and diseases of every name proceed from doubt, fear and sorrow; and to remove these deadly enemies of health and happiness is to employ the only effective measures to overcome sickness and insanity.

"Mrs. Like trees, begin to grow old at the top." Avoid the first appearance of growing old by keeping the hair in a vigorous and healthy condition by the use of Warner's Log Cabin Hair Tonic. Sold by all druggists.

1.	Six Months.....	1
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Before the coming light of Truth, Creeds tremble, Ignorance dies, Error decays, and Humanity rises to its proper sphere of knowledge.—*Spirit John Pierpont.*

"The Real Origin of the Spiritual Phenomena."

We shall publish next week, from the pen of PROF. HENRY KIDDLE, of New York City, an interesting and important Review, bearing the above title, in which the singular and scientific (?) conclusions arrived at in a recent work, "Posthumous Humanity," by Adolphe D'Assier, find skillful and accurate dissection.

Ecclesiasticalism in State and Schools.

The secular view of religion in the State and the Bible in the public schools was set forth in a pamphlet by ex-Judge Hurlbut of the Supreme Court of the State of New York some eighteen years since, a copy of which now lies before us. It is quite needless to say that this most rational view is presented with the utmost clearness and genuine ability. It is the habit of the clergy to enter the lists of this engrossing controversy, and the statements and arguments of a trained publicist are therefore the more worthy of profound attention. In Judge Hurlbut's brief introduction to his essay, doubly timely at the present juncture, he quotes Lord Macaulay, with whom he agrees in saying that "the experience of many ages proves that men may be ready to fight to the death, and to persecute without pity, for a religion whose creed they do not understand and whose precepts they habitually disobey."

To begin with, the Judge distinctly proposes to amend Article I. of the Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, forbidding Congress or any State to make any law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting its free exercise; but additionally authorizing and empowering Congress to "enact such laws as it shall deem necessary to control or prevent the establishment or continuance of any foreign hierarchical power in this country, founded on principles or dogmas antagonistic to republican institutions." The writer takes the position openly that the Pope of Rome should be compelled to abstain from making his appointments in the United States, since the present course of proceeding subjects our democratic state to a power against which loyal Catholic monarchies of Europe revolt. Vattel does not hesitate to pronounce such appointments by the Pope a violation of the laws of nations and the principles of common policy. "A people ought not," he says, "to receive laws from strangers, to suffer them to interfere in their affairs, nor to take from them their advantages."

"It is clear," asserts Judge Hurlbut, "that there is nothing in the Constitution to prevent the Pope from appointing a lord cardinal for the United States, or elevating any citizen to that dignity, who does not hold office under the general government. The prince-bishop of Rome does not enjoy a like privilege in the well-regulated monarchies where his religion is established. Surely Rome is regarded by us, in the language of the treaties, as 'the most favored nation,' which is probably owing to the 'distinguished consideration' with which our countrymen are accustomed to regard modest merit. 'The free toleration of all religions does not imply a tame acquiescence in the growth of a foreign organization, with an order of nobles, or quasi nobles, of foreign appointment, displaying a pomp and power wholly at variance with the spirit and principles of a democratic state.' A Catholic writer of high and deserved distinction is cited as saying that 'the spread of Catholicity, associated with the foreign civilization throughout the country, would destroy the order of American civilization, and reproduce in our New World that of the Old World, on which ours is, in our judgment, a decided advance.' It is an advance, too, in the main because we have discarded the theocratic element in the government and adopted the democratic."

Coming to the school question, Judge Hurlbut lays down the proposition plainly that a free state establishes schools as means vital to its existence. He adds, that when those who deny to the state any power whatever to tax

for educational purposes can show that a free state can flourish without the exercise of this power, they will be clearly in the right. For himself, he esteems a proper state establishment for common education the main pillar of the republic. A tax being a matter of compulsion, when the citizen is thus coerced he can demand with justice that the fund to which he contributes shall be applied to the legitimate purposes of common education, such as a democratic state can properly promote and no other; and that he shall enjoy equal advantages with all the other contributors to the common fund. In view of this, the founders of the common school in New York State, in their report, limited the instruction to such elements of learning as were absolutely necessary for the man and the citizen, and which the children of the poor and the humble could readily attain between the ages of five and fifteen years. They likewise recommended that "the principles of morality" be taught; but were wholly silent on the subject of religion. The education was to be such as to offend no one's prejudice, as well as no one's faith, and confer only an unmixt benefit upon the youth of a democratic state.

The common school was intended in every State to be neutral ground where the children of the Christian and the heathen, the Catholic and the Protestant, the Unitarian and the Trinitarian, the Jew and the Infidel might, without offense to the parents, be taught certain elements of learning necessary for their welfare and the safety of the state. It was by this standard, and no other, that the principles of morality were to be taught in the schools. The basis and foundation of them all is common to all people alike. Confucius, Socrates, Jesus, taught the fundamental rule of all conduct, the simple rule of justice between man and man. The principle of morality contained in this rule is fortunately sufficient for the purposes of a democratic state. He who thoroughly observes it will never become an improper or dangerous citizen of a just government. It is a maxim of natural equity and justice, springing from the sentiments proper to humanity. The state needs only so much of morality as makes men just, since justice is the only function of a democratic government.

"A democratic state," remarks Judge Hurlbut, "does not decide between the idea of a personal deity and a supreme divine power in nature, and will not therefore encourage an authority or bias in favor of one idea or the other. And yet, if it places the Bible in the schools, (as a whole or by selections) it really seeks to determine in favor of a personal divinity." We may call ourselves a Christian people, but we are a democratic State, and such a State, as a State, can have no religious dogmas engrafted upon it.

A New Departure by the Jews.

The Jews in this country are, as is well known, required by the law of Israel to observe their Sabbath, which occurs on Saturday, with rigid strictness, and consequently are obliged to give over work and business on that day; while the law of the State forbids work and business on the following day, Sunday, and thus they are left with but five days in the week to earn their living and make any advance in prosperity. It is evident that the rest of the community has one day's clear advantage of the Israelites in our midst. As the Jew cannot work on Sunday out of regard for the consciences of other people, and cannot really afford to lose Saturday beside, he is between the upper and nether millstone, and a conflict is all the time going on in his mind between his individual interest and his religious duty. As a local contemporary puts it, the synagogue has been deserted for the market and the workshop, and the Christian Sunday has been used for social dissipation.

Rabbi Schindler, a Jew of distinguished attainments and marked original power, has led off in Boston in a movement that promises to supply the want so long felt by his race and religion, by instituting in this city a course of Sunday lectures, and opened it on the first Sunday of the current month. It is to be taken for the initiation of a quiet and sensible reform, whose aim is to establish better relations between the Jewish people and the society around them. Yet it is in no sense to be interpreted as a surrender of the historic Jewish Sabbath or any part of its meaning. While it does involve giving up of Saturday to the interests that are nowhere else suffered to slumber around them on that day, it practically transposes the observance of the Jewish Sabbath to the Christian Sunday—and that is all. Still, even that will be accounted a bold step to take by Jewish authority in this country.

In opening his first Sunday lecture, Rabbi Schindler told his hearers that they did not meet to celebrate a festival of the weekly Sabbath, nor even confessedly for divine worship. But he admitted that the practice was a new one in the history of the Israelites of Boston. He acknowledged that the sensation was a new one. He advised them that these lectures were to be of a moral and religious nature, and were intended to interpret and propagate Judaism and nothing else. The Jewish religion emerged from a chaos of polytheism. Its founders appointed as a day of rest that one which suited them best, and shrouded that day with sanctity.

But times have changed since then. The Jews are no longer a nation, nor do they own a country. They cannot enforce the observance of their Sabbath by legal means. "All endeavors to run counter to the current of the time," said the Rabbi, "have proven to be disastrous to ourselves. We have to reckon with realities; we have to calculate with facts; we live scattered among nations, among vast majorities who have settled upon another day of rest, and we are placed, unfortunately, between the horns of the dilemma either to yield to the majority or to observe two days of rest." He admits that in observing Sunday rather than Saturday for the benefactions of religious instruction, they concede and do not concede to those around them, as the case may be. Historically, he insists that the Jewish Sabbath is right as it is. The Jews were the first nation to grasp and proclaim the truth that one day out of seven is absolutely needed for the welfare of human society. But they bow in this matter before the majority, and are satisfied to abstain from work on the day ordained by the State as a day of rest.

The Rabbi claimed that the gain would be in putting a check upon irreligion. The Jewish children will learn that they belong to a religious community which is one of the oldest in the world—a religion which has proclaimed the truth that there is but one God, and that all mankind are one common brotherhood. They will learn their duties toward God and their fellow-men, to distinguish between right and wrong, between virtue and vice, good and evil. They will likewise be taught that man has

higher aspirations than the pursuit of material wealth. In short, they will receive instruction in morality and guidance in relation to their conduct in life.

Above all else, it is the purpose and policy of the new Jewish Sunday lectures to reform the institution of Judaism so far as to adapt it to the needs of the current age and time, and to break down that exclusiveness long practiced by the Jews as a class, which has generated a fatal temper of religious indifference and listlessness. It is that cancer of exclusiveness, says Rabbi Schindler, which has even eaten through the vitals of Judaism while they have pretended to nurse it. The Israelite congregations have been mere stock companies, to provide for the mutual benefit of their members. They ought rather to exist to impart the needed instruction of how to lead a moral life.

"Christian Science" and Psychometry.

A correspondent of the Boston Journal would like to be told what the matter is with the Christian Scientists, that they have failed so notably to improve their Florida opportunity, if, as they say, fever, sickness and pain have no real existence, being, according to their theory, mere "ideas," children of a "disordered imagination." In that case, he says, the Scientist would be in no danger. The people of Florida at large are foolish enough to entertain the "idea" that they are having yellow fever and are dying of it. He thinks there never was such a chance for Christian Science to approve itself and make converts, and calls on its votaries to come forward and show themselves. He cannot believe they are afraid of catching "this epidemic and fatal idea." Conscience, if not humanity, should compel scores of them, safe in their superior knowledge and strength, to offer their services, even if only as nurses. Faith without works, he reminds them, is dead.

Hall's Journal of Health devotes its leading article in the October issue to the subject of "Christian Science," which it asserts to be only another name for the "faith cure." The endeavor, under this practice, is to induce by prayer the aid of the Deity in effecting the cure, or else it is a recognition of the supremacy of mind over all forms of matter, and particularly of the individual mind over the anatomical structure through whose organs it expresses itself. The human organism is compared by physiologists to an electric machine with its connecting wires, the brain being the battery, the sensory nerves the transmitting wires, and the will the operator.

The millions of cells composing the body are constantly undergoing waste and replenishment. Out of death comes life, all nature through. The decay produced by every effort of the mind or body must be provided for by the means at hand for re-supply by purely natural processes, or the bodily health becomes permanently impaired. When the power of recuperation is lost in the general decay, death ensues.

Now the Christian Scientists, says the Journal of Health, wholly ignore these natural processes by means of which alone the worn-out tissues are ejected, and new ones are supplied, and the impaired body is restored to healthfulness. Without doubt, as the Journal believes, many persons through weakness and self-denial, giving themselves up to die without the effort to make the least mental or physical effort toward restoration, even though no real disease is apparent. All that such persons need is to have their minds reassured, when a strong counter action in the right direction will often effect a change from hypochondria to convalescence and eventually to health.

The manifest indifference shown by the professed faith-curers to the yellow fever devastation excites the Journal's inquiry if yellow fever and other contagious diseases are out of their reach; and if they will continue to treat only those who have become victims of hypochondria and have lost all their will-power. It does not presume to question that all power is of the spirit. For this reason it looks to the Spiritual Philosophy for a final solution of the cause of the cure which have been effected at harmonious gatherings, when all minds are centered upon the same object, a singleness of purpose being the governing rule. It couches and guesses that every human being is encompassed by an aura formed of his own characteristics, and surely determinative of his moral and intellectual value. Psychometry, or soul-measure, explains the whole mystery of the mind cure. But neither the prayers of the zealots nor the faith of the afflicted, except so far as they generate harmony on the one part and receptivity on the other, have any effect whatever.

The Disfranchise

Against the spiritualistic physical manifestations which took place in the Academy of Music in New York City last Sunday, was the most infinitesimally weak effort ever attempted by the enemies of our Cause to cast obliquity upon it—judging from the reports that have reached us through the New York World and The Sun of the 22d inst. The explanation of how independent slate-writing is done was so ridiculous that even the skeptics present were dissatisfied. The whole thing was a tissue of misrepresentation from beginning to end, as every Spiritualist conversant with the genuine manifestations can fully attest. But the most absurd part of the performance was the explanation (?) which Mrs. Margaret Fox Kane endeavored to make as to how the raps were made, by attributing them to the action of the toe-joints, the same as the learned (?) Doctors alleged "the trick was done" nearly forty years ago in Buffalo, N. Y. But, for the edification of those Spiritualists who may not have seen the sensational reports in question, we copy verbatim the last paragraph of The Sun's mischievous, which will be sufficient to show the precise tenor of the whole affair. Here it is:

"Doctors from the audience went upon the stage, and felt the woman's foot as she made the motions by which she used to do the rapping. Then she stood in her stocking feet on a little pine platform six inches from the floor, and without the slightest perceptible movement of the person made raps audible all over the theatre. She went down into the audience, and there, resting her feet on another person's, showed how by the motion of the great toe the sound was produced."

Grand Reception to Mrs. Ada Foye.

Members of the several spiritual societies of Boston will unite in tendering to Mrs. Foye, of San Francisco, a public reception at Parker Memorial Hall, corner of Berkeley and Chandler streets, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 30th. It will be an attractive musical and literary entertainment, and Mrs. Foye will give an exhibition of her wonderful phase of mediumship. Exercises will commence at 7:30.

The Independent Telegraph Instrument.

Is the latest invention on the part of the spirit-world to convince skeptics of the reality of communication between the two spheres of life. It consists simply of an ordinary telegraphic key enclosed in a case between two slates and secured against the possibility of human contact. To this is attached a "sounder," the same as is used in every telegraph office in the world. It was first brought out by Mr. W. S. Rowley of Cleveland, Ohio, and is still used by him for medical purposes. THE BANNER gave a lengthy account of the phenomenon when the facts were first made public. Other mediums, it seems, are now using the new invention. A communication comes to us from Denver, Col., of a recent date, wherein Mr. E. S. Bennett, the writer, after alluding to Dr. Stansbury's wonderful slate-writings, says:

"The principal interest at Music Hall centered in the 'occult telegraph.' The instrument was placed upon a table, and freely inspected by Mr. A. O. Rhodes, Principal of the Denver School of Telegraphy, and Mr. L. C. Rice, Manufacturer of Telegraph Instruments and Supplies."

The gentlemen stated to the audience that the apparatus was such as is used everywhere for telegraphic communication, and that there were no hidden connections with ground wires as far as they could detect. The doctor seated himself at the table, simply placing his hands upon the box; the experts seated themselves one on either side. In a few seconds the first click was heard; this was repeated, and then followed a succession of telegraphic dots and dashes, and soon the operators were busy taking down the messages. The clicking of the instrument, which was a new Western Union sounder, could be heard in all parts of the auditorium. The position of the box was frequently changed, working equally well on the doctor's head as on the table. The principal message was from Samuel Bowles, formerly of the Springfield Republican, and was as follows:

"77. 'I have a message for you.'"

"Ladies and Gentlemen—The spirit-world comes into closer contact with the living than ever before. Extraordinary methods are being devised by the higher intelligences to attract the attention of the scientific world in order to oppose the materialistic tendencies of the age. The spiritual telegraph will demonstrate the immortality of the soul." (Signed) SAMUEL BOWLES.

This message was corroborated by each of the operators, as well as by a gentleman in the audience, who had taken it as received. Mr. Rhodes stated to the audience that he was not a Spiritualist, and that he could not tell how the instrument was operated unless by a combination of human magnetism and electricity. So far as he could detect there was no opportunity for any attempt at fraud. He believed it to be an honest instrument, and as represented. (This statement was loudly applauded.)

The slates were then opened and found to contain twelve closely-written messages, all of which were read and recognized by persons in the audience.

Altogether the séance was a marvelous one, and produced a profound impression upon the audience. At the close of the meeting scores of persons came upon the platform and congratulated the Doctor upon his success, while others critically examined the instrument and slates."

Hygienic Advice.

A correspondent forwards us the following letter, which we have submitted to the Spirit President of our Public Circles, with the appended result:

"The writer is a most intense sufferer from nervous and mental debility, loss of sleep and nervous sensations too numerous to describe. I am driven from the house by terrible and inexplicable feelings of gloom and desolation, and a sense of being alone, and cannot stay in his room at night; his general health is, or seems to be, tolerably good, but the mental distress for five or six years past has been such that it seems utterly impossible for him to live."

Would such a sufferer improve his condition by violently passing out? or can anything be done to alleviate his distress? He has tried all the remedies that his troubles are caused by some spirit-influence acting on him. Is this correct? and if so, what is the reason for so doing, and what can be done to rid one of such influence? The nervous system has been greatly overtaxed by various causes. (Can such sufferings as these be for any purpose? as he has been often told.) He considers it an actual duty to pass out of this scene of misery.

Of course every method has been tried for relief without success. He has been unable to do any work for many years on account of this nervous state, and the want of some very light employment adds to his wretchedness."

Ans.—This is a case of nervous exhaustion, and one that a physician should study and advise upon. An "overtaxed" system rebels against its treatment in the symptoms described by our correspondent. The application of vital magnetism by some congenial and healthy friend; the adoption of a plain, nourishing diet—principally of ripe fruits and well-cooked grains and vegetables; daily walks and exercise in the open air; also free ventilation of his room at night, with light to lessen, and will in time remove the form of neurasthenia from which he suffers.

This is not a case of mediumistic disturbance, or of spirit "obsession," but one that springs from physical causes alone. We advise the patient to take a daily morning sponge bath with tepid water, and to rub the entire surface of the body with a brush or coarse cloth until it glows.

We by no means advise this patient to destroy his physical life; no man has a right to do this. Let him rather seek earnestly and persistently to overcome the malady from which he suffers, by every moral and mental means within his reach, and especially by following the simple rules which we have laid down.

Mrs. Richmond in Chicago.

We recently stated, in advance, that a report of the services held at a reception extended to Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond by her friends in Chicago, on the occasion of her return to her society, would appear in these columns. Doubtless the promised MS. embodying the account got stranded somewhere in the mails, as we failed to receive it. We will therefore try to make good our promise to our readers by giving them the following condensation of the account appearing in the *Better Way* of Cincinnati:

"Mrs. Richmond returned from her summer tour to her Chicago home, Monday evening, Oct. 1st, having visited during her absence Lookout Mountain, Cresskill, (N. Y.), Cuba (her ancestral home), and finally Cincinnati. The reception given her in the parlors of Mr. E. W. Slocum was an event the memory of which will remain forever a bright spot in the heart of every one present. A delegation waited upon her at the depot, at 6:30 P. M. While on her way to the house Orlum came and held the lady till she was seated before a company of one hundred and fifty of her friends, who warmly welcomed her. Her appearance, fresh, with no indication of fatigue from her trip, her form covered by loving hands, as usual, with freshly-cut flowers, she seemed the embodiment of that energy which pointed to a new and more pronounced work in the sphere she so ably occupies."

W. J. Colville in a touching manner delivered an address of welcome. He was followed by Morning Star, who, through his medium, Prof. Gleason, spoke in his usual elegant manner. Other gentlemen followed in toasts during supper, being called out by the lady leading the exercises.

The spread was profuse, and every one did justice to this feature of the occasion. Solos by Mr. Colville and Mrs. Orvis were appropriately chosen and finely rendered.

On the following Sunday Morning the Hall was crowded, morning and evening, by large audiences assembled to welcome the medium and her guides at the commencement of their autumnal and winter season of service."

Attention is called to THE BANNER'S reports of local meetings the present week, as much matter of interest will be found therein.

The First Folio Shakespeare.

Mr. J. W. Bouton, of New York, has recently brought back with him from his thirty-ninth annual trip to Europe a copy of the First Folio edition of what purports on the title-page to be "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories and Tragedies." The title-page further announces that it is "Printed by Isaac Iaggard and Ed. Blount, 1623." It is an almost perfect copy of the precious folio. The book measures twelve by eight inches, and is bound in extra super red morocco, with gilt edges. The title-page is damaged, and some of the leaves have been mended.

A copy of the Second Folio likewise accompanies the Shakespeare set, printed by Tho. Cotes for Robert Allot in 1632. This is pronounced a "sound, unadorned copy," having a portrait of Shakespeare, verses and preliminary leaves in perfect condition. It likewise contains Milton's epitaph on Shakespeare, believed to be the first poetic production of Milton to appear in print. A copy of the Third Folio was also secured by Mr. Bouton, which is extremely scarce. It was said that the greater part of this impression was destroyed by the great fire in London. The Third Folio is vastly more rare than the first and second. The date of its issue was about 1655-'60. The Fourth Folio, included in the list, was printed in 1685, and is the most perfect of all.

Spiritual Therapeutics.

Under the above title a book is soon to appear from the press of the Educator Publishing Company, Chicago, advance sheets of which are before us, showing that it is to be a very meritorious work, the contents consisting of twelve instructive lectures by W. J. Colville, followed by an interesting series of questions and answers, and a lecture on "Unscientific Science," by Dr. Anna Kingsford, author of "The Perfect Way," etc. The controls of Mr. Colville are too well known for their brilliant and masterly presentations of advanced truths to need any encomiums from us. That the dozen discourses contained in the coming volume will be fully equal to any heretofore produced through Mr. Colville's remarkable mediumship, the lecture on the first page of this paper, "The Religious Instinct: Its Origin, Growth and Ultimate Perfection"—which is one of the number—fully attests.

Mr. Gerald Massey.

Of England, the poet and scholar, who delivered a very successful course of lectures in this country several years ago, will speak in Berkeley Hall, Boston, on the afternoon of Nov. 11th, upon a subject that should fill the hall to overflowing, entitled "MAN IN SEARCH OF HIS SOUL."

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, of anti-spiritualistic fame—crowded Tremont Temple, Boston, on Monday evening last, while he strove to tell of "Some People We Meet." Rev. T. has been well photographed of late by a New York correspondent of the *New Zealand Mail*. Read the paragraph and see if you do not recognize the picture:

"When the Rev. Dr. Talmage finished his bitter and scathing sermon on Spiritualism, [some months since] every man, woman and child in the congregation felt that it was the key-note to a fight. The reverend doctor talks like a fighter, he acts like a fighter, he looks like a fighter, and he is a good fighter—at long range. He reminds me very much of the Irishman who went out to fight a duel with a Frenchman. The Frenchman was sick, so his second approached the Irishman's second and said: 'My dear sir, my principal is so weak that he can hardly stand; would you have any objection if he should lean against your yonder milestone?' 'Not in the least, sir,' not in the least, if you will grant me a favor.' 'Certainly,' said the Irishman. 'Think,' said the Irishman, 'my principal is wake, too, an' I would like to have him lean against the other milestone.'"

At the Columbus Avenue Universalist Church, on Sunday morning last, Rev. Dr. A. A. Miner preached from the text: "I have gone astray like the lost sheep." After showing the relation of this text to individuals, Dr. Miner continued: "The sheep, however, sometimes stray, and when they do they fall into difficulties. How widely have the communities, the commonwealths and the nation itself gone astray! What means this breaking of treaties one after the other, with the poor, ignorant Indians? I am glad that the Indians have rejected that treaty. They cannot be deluded with a pair of mules and a cow and seventy-five cents acre for land that the government gets one dollar and fifty cents for. This thing must be corrected, and we, as a nation, must act upon the principle of righteousness in all things."

George H. Johnson writes from Raton, N. M., in renewing his subscription: "I have been reading the BANNER OF LIGHT for a few years, and thought of not sending for it this year; but as I begin to realize how much I would miss it, I have concluded to write you for it at once. I make good use of it by handing it to people who would not see it otherwise. I do not fear to hand it to any one. I have given it to some of the preachers and church-members here, and hope that they read it well. There are many here investigating Spiritualism. I wish some speaker would stop here, and give a few good lectures on the subject."

Mrs. Emma Miner's admirable story: "Bars and Thresholds," a continuation of which will be found on our first and second pages, wins commendation on every hand. She has already received many kindly letters from correspondents, going to show that it is accomplishing the main object she had in view in writing it: i. e., that of creating an interest in the family circle, and developing home mediumship.

THE BANNER contained last week a paragraph concerning the recent highly satisfactory experiences of Dr. W. E. Clayton in presence of the medium Dr. Henry Rogers. The address of Dr. R. should have been given as at 684 Tremont street, Boston.

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL.—A gathering of Spiritualists occurred at this place Friday, Oct. 12th, for the purpose of holding a camp-meeting—an account of which, furnished by "Cyrus," will be given next week.

We are informed that Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain has been too ill to attend to any business for two weeks past; her health is better now, however, and she hopes in a few days to be able to attend to her correspondence.

The Quarterly Convention of the N. H. State Spiritualist Association was held at Washington, N. H., Oct. 12th, 13th and 14th—a report of the proceedings at which, received from the Secretary, will appear in our next issue.

Ralph wasn't dead, half as much as they say I am feeling frantic. I tell you what it was all like to get back and let you know we're not the dead people, but you are on this side of the world. Well, I was in the hospital and found that this gentleman had given the privilege to some others that had crossed the mighty deep. I thought I'd ask it, too; so you see, I would like to know that mother and father, with me, and Margaret, also little Johnnie, who, if you'll believe it, is grown to be a man. I was surprised when I saw him, but they told me that he was one who was a good deal older than I was. I was surprised to understand more than I thought I could have learned in these few years, as they call it, since I went out.

I want them to know I step over to Leamington, and I see what is going on at the meetings. I also see what is going on about Liverpool, but they take no more notice of it than if I wasn't there. I have learned that respect they don't see you. You've got the advantage over you: we see you when you do not see us.

Minnie, to Harry.
Mr. Chairman, I made a promise many months ago, that when there was a privilege given me, I would accept it, and to-day, as father said, Minnie, go and speak, I would like to give a short message, for I know a dear one is waiting to receive it. Mother has asked many times, Why don't Minnie come, or why don't father come? Oh! mother, you don't understand that we do come, only you can't see us with the mortal eye.

Do n't think for one moment that I have made the attempt to speak before, for I have been here in all the meetings. I want Aunt Lizzie to know that I do come into her home, passed out of mortal life in a breath, as you might say. Poor Harry! how hard it was giving me up. And mother, too.

But if you could catch a glimpse of the I could tell you how I feel. I come to you often in the stillly hours of the night, and place my hand upon your forehead, whispering, "Dear Harry, look up." But you cannot hold me; you may perhaps sense my presence as I pass.

I know that by trying to come into communication with me you will learn more and more about reading and going into meetings where channels of communication are opened up for me. I know that you will be glad to have for I often visit those places. Your father, Harry, and Bro. Sammie send greetings to you. Mother, father says as soon as possible he will send a few words to you. He passed away before I could write to him, but he will be with us. My dear mother is in Lynn. I know you will understand when I say this message from Minnie to Harry.

Charles and Arthur also send greetings to the dear ones; they have been in the home known of the influence of the mother, to them know they have not been far away from them.

—

William Chandler.

It gives me pleasure, Mr. Chairman, to speak for the

for I know there are those yet dwelling in mortal life who are waiting anxiously to see a word comes from some dear one across river. George has asked several times whether I did not speak, but I have always found some excuse. It is but a few years have been on the spirit-side, and I have much to learn since I came, for I knew nothing

George, I know you are in the right channel now, and I would have you go on. It seems to me sometimes if the dear child had not been removed from the home, perhaps you would not have learned any more this side the water.

did. As I have said to your mother, perhaps I had to be so, that you might gain some knowledge of the future life. Certainly it was and her passing out of this life has been a stepping-stone for you and Abbie to learn a little about those who have been gone longer.

I remarked to Rosilla, how wonderful and strange everything has been arranged for us.

know now, before I passed away, after my mother had gone, I felt her presence many times. I had heard it said that our loved ones hovered about us, but I did not understand that they could speak to us. Children, learn why you can on this side.

It is not of much use for me to speak to the rest of 'em; the doors are barred and the windows are made fast. I am happy to-day in receiving this privilege and I hope it may be

My home was in Tyngsboro', Mass. My name is William Chandler.

William K. Knight.

My name, Mr. Chairman, is William K. Knight of this city, where I passed away. Cecelia here, and has asked me to say a few words

I am satisfied with my home, and I should very much pleased if I could come into communication with some of 'em—John, especially—but if I can't, I must wait. I think my coming here may help to open a door into the house. There are two in New Jersey who I think

SPIRIT MESSAGES
TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.

Oct. 5.—Daniel S. Flagg; Caleb Packard; Clara Harrington; Georgiana Williams; George Gheokson; Sarah E. Weyb; Amos Perry; Anna Levi; Waller Adams; George C. Smith; James M. Shurtman; Joseph Dame; Jeremiah M. Henry A. Maynard; Emeline Clark.

THE MESSAGES GIVEN (THROUGH MRS. R. F. SMITH)
As per dates will appear in due course.
 Oct. 12.—Reuben H. Broughton; William Todd; William; Hannah Humphrey; Edward W. Seabury; Susan C. mon; Lily Allen; Olive Cummings; John Chase; George Johnson; Annie Page Seely; Ellen Johnson; George F. Esther Knox; Annie Motealf; Nancy Harrington.

Verifications of Spirit Messages.

CARRIE MATHEWS.

A spirit message was given through Mrs. B. F. S. in BANNER of LIGHT Sept. 22d, 1888, from CARRIE MATHEWS, of Belfast, Me. I took the paper to mother of Carrie, who lives in Northport, and she pronounced it all true under every name. The house appears to have burned down a few years since, and father was master of a vessel, and sailed out of fast a number of years. I think it is one of the tests. I have read for a long time.

Yours truly,
Bel'ast, Me.

DAVID PRINC

BARTLETT ELLIS.

IN the DANNER of LIGHT of Aug. 25th I received communication from BARTLETT ELLIS, of Plymouth, Mass., who was my father's cousin, which I recognize as correct. Yours truly,

Mrs. E. B. MACY
per Mrs. M. L. POOL

North Temescal, Alameda Co.

JOHN WILSON.

In THE BANNER of Sept. 22d is a message from JOHN WILSON, of Ashburnham, through the medium of Mrs. B. F. Smith, which I recognize; he always lived in this town, and in plain sight of my home. I passed away very suddenly, during the severe storm of last March. It must be pleasant for him to be able to reach his friends so soon after being taken so suddenly.

17 North Main.
Ashburnham, Mass., Oct. 14th, 1888.

HARRIS BURPEE.

I will drop you a line to let you know that we re-
ceive the message of HARRIS BURPEE, of Sutton,
N. H., given at the séance of June 20th, 1888, as
all true. Yours respectfully,
Sutton, N. H., Oct. 9th, 1888. THOMAS BURPEE

SAYINGS OF THE SEVEN WISE MEN.
Cleobulus—Moderation is best.
Periander—Restrain anger.
Pittacus—Nothing too much.
Solon—Consider the end of life.
Blas—The majority are the worse.
Thales—Avoid being a security.
Chilon—Know thyself.—Greek Calendar.

God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it in the nest. There is food for reflection in the thought that Warner's Log Co. Sarsaparilla will purify the blood, thus ensure good health, with which may come all blessing. \$1 for 120 doses, all of druggists.

