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Banner Correspondence.

New York.

BROOKLYN.-A correspondent who is a healing medium, writes that one who is sick and afflicted with suffering so intense that she cannot describe it, refused help from her because, she said, it was contrary to her faith; her church would not allow her to be relieved of her sufferings in that way. The writer appeals to all Spiritualists to be more active in their efforts to enlighten those who live in such darkness, and to break the fetters that hold tens of thousands in mental bondage.

WATERTOWN.-F. N. Fitch writes, Sept. 9th: "The Spiritualists and Liberals of Watertown, N. Y., are most fortunate in having the services, during time usually considered vacation, of one of the very best speakers in the ranks, Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham of No. 530 Trenton street, Boston, Mass. This lady has a most excellent voice, sweet and harmonious, and so perfect in its intonation that speaking in an ordinary key she can be easily heard all over the Temple. Her manners combine the most exquisite grace and dignity with consumate kindness, so that she gains at once the confidence of her hearers as she discourses of the brotherhood of man, for all feel that she is a sister indeed, and one who would lend a listening ear to any tale of grief no matter how lowly the sufferer. Her invocations are the embodiment of beautiful thoughts, as she addresses the Great Spirit of the Universe, asking blessings not for the sake of a God-man, who needs them not, but for the supplying of the necessities of suffering humanity, the assuaging of the grief of the widow and the fatherless, and the advancement of all on the road of knowledge, which leads to perfect peace.

Her audiences are constantly increasing, so that it is with difficulty all are accommodated within the Temple, which was supposed to be of more than ample dimensions, when erected through the munificence of those veteran Spir. services, during time usually considered vaca-

within the Temple, which was supposed to be of more than ample dimensions, when erected through the munificence of those veteran Spiritualists, Mr. and Mrs. Abel Davis, and every one listens with eagerness until the last word is spoken. It is her forte not only to set forth the grandeur and beauty of Spiritualism, but in a kindly way, giving offense to none, to explain those things which have come to be commonly believed, so that the seeker of light obtains it and finding it consonant with reason in its present relationship? or is the Second tains it, and finding it consonant with reason is insensibly attracted further, and desires to know more of this, the only religion that harmonizes with the teachings of science.

Her tests are always recognized, and are of

Her tests are always recognized, and are of a character to carry conviction with them, facts being given and incidents set forth. Only last evening she told a lady, casually present, and whom she had never seen before, that she had lost a husband and a child, and repeated the identical words last spoken by the husband before closing his bodily eyes forever. The lady, an orthodox Christian, could not refrain them, relating a public acknowledgment of the from making a public acknowledgment of the test, which to her was wonderful beyond ex-

The people of Watertown regret that Mrs. Burnham's engagements will permit her to remain but a short time, and when she visits us again she will find loving hands and hearts to greet her, and homes which will be happy to be graced with her presence."

Ohio. ALLIANCE.-A correspondent writes: "J. W. Kenyon and wife served our Society very satisfactorily during February, March and April of this year. Mr. Kenyon's lectures are of the highest type of inspirational speaking; highly scientific and profoundly philosophic. Mrs. K. gives tests at the close of a very pointed nature. Mr. K. spoke during May, June and July at Mantua Station, to the delight of the people

there.

The cause of Spiritualism is slowly but surely growing. Even the clergy admit there is something in it. It is a great loss not to be able to see the logic of a fact till it is fairly forced upon one's attention. There are many who pretend not to see a fact and yet do. If all who know Spiritualism to be true would confess it, the Cause would exhibit a majority surprising even to the faithful. Mr. Barker, at one time an into the fatthful. Mr. Barker, at one time an infidel lecturer and debater, who returned to the M. E. Church, was asked why he did so. He answered, because he was convinced that Spiritualism was true, and that he could teach its truths under the name of Methodism as well as any other. Hundreds follow the same course. Two years ago a Jewish Rabbi visited Cassadaga Lake Camp, and was converted to this most glorious of all truths. He said to us: 'Now I have a God to pray to and a great truth to preach. I can go home to my people and an preach. I can go home to my people and announce to them a sublime hope; yes, more than hope, for I know my father lives.' He is still teaching what he knows to be a truth to his flock."

Massachusetts.

BOSTON .- A. S. Hayward writes: "A lady, not a Spiritualist, but who visits mediums for the purpose of becoming informed regarding Spiritualism, some four months ago called upon one who was an entire stranger to her. The medium among other things said: 'I see that you are to witness a fearful railroad acciupon one who was an entire stranger to her. The medium among other things said: 'I see that you are to witness a fearful railroad accident. I do not see you in it, but somewhat related to it.' She informed her friends of the prediction, and thought nothing more of it; but when the late disaster at Quincy took place, she was near and saw the first victim taken from the car, and assisted until all the dead

understanding to go uncorrected. Let me explain:

In May last my husband was made the victim of a barbarous outrage in the State of North Carolina, because he lectured on temperance to the colored people in one of their churches. From the physical injuries received he recovered in a few days sufficiently to resume his business; and since July 1st he has been in good health and in the full enjoyment of a useful life.

The 9th of July I met with an accident in which my left arm was broken. But that healed rapidly, and at no time have I looked on it as 'a trouble.'

During my stay at Lookout Mountain campgrounds, a period of more than three weeks, I doubt if there were many women more happy than I on the green earth. I think, Mr. Editor, I am constitutionally happy, if there is such a thing. I agree with Lubbock, who says, 'Troubles comparatively seldom come to us: it is we who go to them.'

To-day's mail brought me a letter, the reading of which made not feat the vaccestity of set-

it is we who go to them.'
To-day's mail brought me a letter, the reading of which made me feel the necessity of setting my friends (dear, good Mrs. Fuller among the rest) right in this matter. The letter says: 'I note in the letter from Lookout Mountain, in the BANNER of LIGHT, Sept. 6th, that you are in trouble, and suffering, I judge, from some special affliction that has come upon your much loved companion; and my heart goes forth in sympathy to you.' my heart goes forth in sympathy to you.' I am not in trouble, but wonderfully blessed with health, happiness, love and peace; and I wish the same blessing for all my triends—including yourself, Mr. Editor."

Wisconsin.

OSHKOSH.-Writing from this place "X. Y. Z." says: "Mrs. A. F. Clark is a clairvoyant of remarkable power, and will be rememant of remarkable power, and will be remembered as having foretold many private and public events, the truth of her predictions having been substantially verified in due time. Of the latter was her prediction of the fearful yellow fever epidemic at Memphis, Tenn., in 1878, given two months previous to its breaking out. At the time of its utterance many, who from a knowledge of her prophetic gifts confided in her words, left the city, and thus escaped death."

THE SECOND CYCLE OF SHAKERISM. To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

" Why do the heathen rage, and the pe

in its present relationship? or is the Second Advent or Cycle to take on a different phase which will meet the coming necessities of mankinti?"

Many, both within and without, are much exercised in their minds over these important queries. Much of the difficulty arises from the premises that some of the old believers assumed as foundational to the system; or, in other words, they did not change enough to become entirely "new creatures" when they entered the New Order. They put the "new wine" into old bottles, and there has been become entirely "new creatures" when they entered the New Order. They put the "new wine" into old bottles, and there has been bursting all along the line. With them, the God of Israel was, as he had been heretofore, a male deity; Jesus was the Christ; and the Bible, virtually, the word of God. The gospel cycle as established was perfect; it was only one cycle. Consequently, when some believers talk about a "second cycle," they are held to be illogical; they are "stealing somebody's thunder." Again, the founders of the societies were not children; they were the ripened fruit of the tree of humanity—"men and women to be wondered at." They formed no creed. Father James Whittaker prophetically say and declared that "the church would pass through seven travails." That of itself is a most remarkable statement; it shows that some of the founders were, like John the Baptist, capable of seeing beyond themselves, and that truth was dearer than self to their hearts. The first cycle or travail has lasted one hundred years. It opened with the revelation of God as a dual, not a trinitarian being—as a Father and Mother; God is spirit. Its first doctrine was: to be saved; to be indued with power from on high, individually; to do no wrong, but to possess a conscience void of offense, both toward God and man. Past wrongs were all to be righted; past sins against God or man to be confessed and forsaken. The first practical step, in the new life, was to rise out

were all to be righted; past sins against God or man to be confessed and forsaken. The first practical step, in the new life, was to rise out of generation into the resurrection; that is, to become pure in heart, thought and imagination, instead of having eyes full of adultery; to think no evil, but to die to the generative life of the first Adam, so that there should be neither male nor female, but all should be one in Christ Jesus—living a pure, celibate life.

The next doctrine was, death to the private property principle—mine and thine: no one

The next doctrine was, death to the private property principle—mine and thine: no one said of aught that they had that it was their own. Then followed the peace—non-resistance—principle; death to the war element in humanity; neither to give nor to take offense; to love one another—to love their neighbor as they loved themselves, and to prove that love by working for each other; eating together, dressing plainly and alike—having a community of interests.

If, in New York City, a hundred capitalists, worth their thousands, should say to a hundred poor men and women: "We love you as we love ourselves, and will take you into our families as members thereof, to eat and drink, to work and recreate, just as we do"—would

and wounded were taken from the wreck. After the excitement was over, what the medium had told her flashed upon her mind.

Those whom the lady spoke to about it at the time it was given, recalled the prediction as having been fulfilled in the events at Quincy."

Pennsylvania.

PITTSBURGH.—Helen Stuart-Richings writes, Sept. 8th: "In a recent number of The Banner, your correspondent from Lookout Mountain Camp wrote of me as being in trouble while I was there. While I am deeply indebted to Mrs. Fuller for the womanly sympathy she offers me, and am also in her debt for the generous praise she has accorded me and my work at the Camp, through your columns, I cannot feel like permitting this misunderstanding to go uncorrected. Let me explain:

In May last my husband was made the victim of a barbarous outrage in the State of North Carolina, because he lectured on temperance to the colored people in one of their.

What difference would it make to the men and women who are coming from the east, what difference would it make to the men and women who are coming from the east, west, north and south, to sit down in the kingdom of heaven order, of whose increase, to order and establish it in justice and righteousness, there will be no end? What of it? Many republics were attempted in past ages; they were not perfect in their organization as republics, and would not increase with the increase of God and humanity. They assumed to be republic, one-half of the population being deprived of their inalienable rights of citizenship, in not being allowed what the other half claim. Therefore, as the new States are progressing beyond the old, so will new Shaker societies progress far beyond the old will come into the new increase or become extinct.

What difference would it make to the men and women who are coming from the east, what difference would it make to the men and women who are coming from the east, when the first difference or east, dorn or east, dorn or east of dead and humanity. They assumed to be republic, one-half of the

will come into the new increase or become extinct.

What sensible women will stay in Massachusetts or New York, to be treated as idiots or slaves, when in a week they can be domiciled in Wyoming? If they do stay, it will be to progress Massachusetts and New York up to where Wyoming is, as a republic.

F. W. Evans.

Mt. Lebanon, Columbia Co., N. Y.

Written for the Banner of Light. PILGRIMS OF THE AIR.

BY REV. E. CASE. Wild wanderers of the viewless air,

Where bends your flight afar? In South-sea isles seek ye a lair, Or 'neath more northern star? Our summer days are far too few For ye to tarry long; Some sunnier land ye seek anew. Of fairer flowers and song.

Oh! could I fly, I'd fly with you To some far home of light, Where all our lovely ones and true, Are gone from mortal sight. In their blue realms there must be hearts That beat with perfect bliss; Some might of Love their joy imparts Unknown in worlds like this.

Tell me, ye pilgrims of the wind, Tell me where is their home? What fairer clime than ours they find? Where becken us to come? In dreams of night they come to us; Their voices still we hear. But in the dawn's auroral light They fade and disappear.

Lend me your wings, ye wanderers O'er sunny land and sea, That I may seek and share their joys With soul unbound and free, Eager to find their mystic shore, Where Life's fresh fountains burst. To drink and quench forevermore The soul's immortal thirst.

Our summer winds have swept their bowers; We breathe the fragrant air That may have bathed the matchless flowers Now blooming where they are. We gaze into the starry deep Their glorious forms to see:

We turn to fond, fond Memory, And gaze into her glass, And try to catch the forms we see, And hold them as they pass. We see them, know them as when last They stirred our heart's deep love, Yet know they have forever passed To fairer worlds above.

Alas! those deeps no record keep

Where they have been, or be.

Beaufort, S. C.

*On a night late in August the martins all left our beau-tiful city of Beaufort, S. C., for — Who can tell? Not one has been seen since.

Sitting with W. R. Colby. To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

By appointment I met Mr. W. R. Colby. independent slate-writing medium. The meet ing was for the purpose of obtaining communications from friends who once dwelt in mortal life but now are inhabitants of what we call spirit-life, by what is known as independent slate-writing. In his room was a table without any covering whatever. The only articles on said table were a pile of some dozen brand new slates about seven by nine inches and some small slips of blank paper about one and one-half inches by four. The medium left the room and closed the door, that I might not be seen, and no one become cognizant of what I should write on the said blank slips of paper. When I had finished the writing of some twelve questions to as many different spirits, and so folded them that they could not be read, or one known from the other, Mr. Colby came into the room and sat on my left at the table, directly in front of an open window. I was requested to select one of the folded slips and place it under my left hand. I did so. He then placed his right hand, palm up, over my hand, and in a moment said: "We will give you an answer by independent writing, after the slates have been magnetized." Taking two clean slates, placing them side by side, we each rested our hands on them three times, possibly in all three minutes, when the slates were folded together, without anything being be tween them, and seized in his left hand were quickly raised and held above his head for less than one minute, and laid down in front of me with the request to examine. On opening I found a message from the spirit addressed on the slip placed under my hand; this message was written in a pale blue color; also the was written in a pale blue color; also the names of five excarnated individuals, who formerly resided in this town—four of the names were written in what might be called lemon yellow, viz., Ezra Stephenson, M. D., Wm. Gordon, M. D., Rov. Jos. Richardson and William Hudson; the fifth was in dark crimson, with regards of Joseph Easterbrook. There was also a slight sketch of a flower in red, yellow and green.

This slate can be seen by any one who will call on me.

call on me. EDWIN WILDER.

Hingham, Mass., Aug. 22d, 1890.

Literary Aeyariment.

RETRIBUTION.

A STORY OF BOTH HEMISPHERES.

Written for the Banner of Light,

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER I. The Disobedient Daughter.

In the home once consecrated by a mother's holy love, the home still hallowed by a father's guardian care and indulgent affection, Rose Palmer paced her chamber floor uneasily. On every side surrounded by the lavish tokens of a wealth whose office was to minister to her alone, she stood upon the verge of renouncing all the ease and luxury of her life, to share the toils and poverty of one in whom her maiden heart was bound.

Rose Palmer, the heiress, the idolized and only child of a most estimable man, was willing to forego the happy condition of the present, for the uncertain lot that the love of Philip Almay would bring; but it was not this that rent the young girl's heart with anguish; it was the thought of secret flight, the sin of disobedience, the dread foreboding of the sorrow she would inflict upon her father's whitening head, that caused her tears to flow. and her heart to throb with violent pulsa-

"Leave him!" she cried; and she wrung her white hands in despair; "he has been so good, so kind, so indulgent a father! Only this once in my life has he thwarted me. He cannot, he will not think well of Philip! He will never, never consent; and to save my beloved from life-lasting misery, I must flee from my blessed home; I must forsake the dear father, who has been mother, friend, guardian, all, all to me! Oh, God! I cannot leave him. I dare not! The ing father; I, alas, ungrateful that I am, am searching eye of the Omipotent is upon me; He will visit my deadly sin with punishment; I cannot go; oh, Philip, I cannot!" She sank sobbing into a seat, and, covering her face with her hands, still murmured between her tears,

'I cannot-cannot." She saw not the tall, manly form that entered noiselessly; she saw not the mocking, cynical smile that disfigured the finely-chiseled lip-the demon triumph in his eye. She was forehead. "But tell me, Rose, tell me allabsorbed in her grief, and Philip Almay, standing there with folded arms, regarded her as he | imagine?' would some beautiful picture or some fine piece of sculpture. There was no gleam of | magnetic eyes and pleading lips. She said, honest love, no light of compassion within his restless, furtive, brilliant, night-black eye; it was relentless, cruel; endowed with an evil magnetism, a rare subduing power. His figure, cast in an athletic mold, betokened the habit of command; his face was embrowned, as by the sun of other climes; his handsome features were marked and prominent; his hair was black, curling in abundant masses; and his

hands and feet were aristocratically small. So might we imagine a pirate chieftain, or a robber king. But Philip, in suing for the virgin-love of the beautiful Rose, plead poverty and toil as his portion. He was of humble parentage, he said; but self-taught and ambitious. From her luxurious home he would the crowd. Farewell, farewell, my Rose!" convey his bride to a cottage by the seashore, while he embarked anew for the perils of the deep and the distant Southern climes. With all the eloquence of which he was master, with all the pleading persuasions of love, he implored her to fly with him; to leave the sanctuary of home, of her father's loving arms, forever. He stood before her as she sat there quietly weeping and articulating faintly, "I cannot-oh, I cannot!"

"Rose, my beloved Rose!" said a voice that thrilled her soul like music, so deep and tender were its tones, "why this grief? wherefore this abandonment? See, I am here to comfort

and console. He knelt gracefully before her, and took her unresisting hand. The sorrowful blue eyes of Rose rested on the handsome face upturned toward her; her filial resolve faltered and grew dim; the spell of his presence charmed away the better angel of her life. For him she would brave the world's contumely, her father's curse, the bitter fate awaiting her; her only compensation would be the love that. dearer than all earthly ties, obscured her very hopes of heaven. Ah, Rose! blinded by a serpent's wiles, what shadows, weird and terrible, arise upon thy life-path, ungrateful daughter, God-forgetting heart!

But it is our duty to narrate the commission of wrong, the unfailing retribution that followed on the steps of sin!

"Will you doom me to isolation, to a blighted, companionless life? Will you think of me as desperately rushing into danger, perhaps as falling into crime, through your denial? Rose, can you cast from you the heart that worships your very footprint, make me an anchorite, or worse, a desperado among men? Rose, you are my first, my only love! See, all turn from me, because I wear not the insignia of power and wealth. You only, rich, respected as you are, have taken the poor struggler by the hand; will, you not lead him on, and, as you lovingly express it, upward, now and forever, Rose?"

She bowed her head, tintil the drooping chestnut ourls swept, the dark brow of the wily pleader; tears rained on his face, the tears of innocence and youth, but he relented not.

The outward pensive mask veiled the inner and jubilant triumph of the plotter's soul.

"Oh, if my father's consent could but be won! Oh, Philip, I will plead again, and weep in the dust before his feet. My father is not proud, not worldly; he would give me to the poorest peasant in the land, if I loved him, and he were worthy; these are his very words. But he has an unaccountable prejudice against you. He says you are not what you seem; he fears for my happiness; he warns me against you! Oh, Philip, if you truly love me, go and beseech of him as I have done. Tell him the history of your past life as you have told me; surely he will pity, will learn to love you.''

"It were in vain; I know Mr. Harold Palmer too well," he replied, with a sneer that escaped the tearful sight of Rose. "He tells you this to soothe you, to win your love from me. Never would the haughty, retired English gentleman, give his heiress to the poorest peasant on his fields; mere matter of speech, that is. What can your father's objections be to me? I am poor; of that sin I stand confessed; what is there else against me?"

"He says," faltered Rose, "that you are a wanderer, of whom no one knows the restingplace; that your birthplace is unknown; your parentage unrevealed. Dear Philip! he cares not that I wed with one of equal standing; but, as a stranger, a new-comer to our neighborhood, he fears, he mistrusts you. He is a dothis only living child! Forgive his tender solicitude, his extreme watchfulness; forgive him, for my love's sake!"

And she clung to his arm, and looked appealingly into the darkening face and on the contracted brow of the man who was already her tyrant and enslaver.

"For your sake all is forgiven!" he murmured, fondly pressing a kiss upon her candid what does your father suspect? What does he

Rose could not refuse the demand of those hesitatingly: "He fears-be thinks, not that he believes-but he trembles, lest-

"Well, well; lest what, my darling?" "That somewhere-sometime in the past-

you-oh, do not be angry, Philip-you might have been guilty-of crime!" "Of crime!" he repeated. "And you, Rose?

you listened and faltered in your faith? You wavered-in the fear that I-and thus your father has sought to poison your unworldly ears? No, Rose, I will bear no more; humiliations, threats, all have I meekly endured for your dear sake. But now I can no more! I leave you, Rose; I go back to the world, to my misery and my solitary life; lone, lone, amid

The arch hypocrite had calculated on the result. With a piercing cry the young girl barred his way, imploring him, for the sweet love of heaven, not to forsake her. He covered his brightening eyes with both hands.

"Do not, do not leave me!" she wept, and clung around his knees; "without a brother, lone as thyself, amid the surroundings of wealth and ease; unsistered, motherless, I have but thee to love! Oh, go not from me with a wounded heart! I will give up the world, all, all, even the father I shall bring to the grave—but leave me not, my Philip, my beloved!'

"You will renounce this destiny of empty glitter? You will share the humble home I shall provide? You will become my own, my cherished wife? Oh, angels bless thee, Rose, my pearl, my gem, my queen, my love!'

She was weeping on his bosom, and the recording angel had sadly left her side.

"The only time," she whispered, amid the heart-flood of her grief, "the only time my

father wore a shadow on his face for me, was when I asked his blessing to our union. 'Never, never, while I live!' he oried vehemently; and then, oh pitying Lord! he kissed me, and his warm tears fell upon my hand, as he told me of the danger I incurred, of the fears he entertained. His words were solemnly warning; they thrilled my soul with terror. Philip!" she cried suddenly, starting from his close embrace, "if you should ever change-if you should become cold or harsh-if-oh, the thought is madness!-if you should weary of the faithful love that for you braves even a father's malediction!"

She paused, overcome by emotion. He fondly stroked her glossy ourls.

"Am I a monster? Are you not the first and last love of my soul? Do I, like others, woo you for the wealth I see lavished upon you? Do I tempt you to take with you your jewels and costly robes? Do I not ask you only for yourself, and am I not willing to labor for you while strength and health are mine?"

Yes, yes, I know you are noble, disinterested, honorable I will trust; I will go with you to the utmost confines of the earth."

[Continued on third page.]

The Rostrum.

ADDRESS OF HENRY AUSTIN

Before the Second Nationalist Club of Boston, at Twiligh Hall, Aug. 25th, 1,000.

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ERHAPS we had best begin our consideration of a possible reconstruction of the pres ent by a brief glance into the past. I suppose there is no thinking woman or reasoning man in this country who has not, at some time in life, and perhaps more than once, asked of their souls the questions: "Has our civiliza-tion reached its perfection? Is everything all right?" And

to many who take a pessimistic view of human nature, I have no doubt the saying of the poet Pope, "Whatever is, is right," would be indignantly spurned and this bitter an-"swer substituted: "Whatever is, is wrong." But, mark you, in the first place we Nationalists do not say either of these things. We believe that everything is in a line of development-in a course of material or incidental, and of moral, or conscious, evolution. We believe that everything is coming right, because the best men and women-the real aristocracy of the earth-are putting their heads together and their shoulders together to bring things right; or, in the words of Matthew Arnold, "to hasten the current of that stream of tendency which makes for righteousness." That is a stream which has been flowing for ages flowing ever since man began to have glimmerings of reason and some faint vision of his possible development from a crawler in caves to a being who, adapting the words of the Roman poet, "Os homini sublime dedit cælumque tueri.""can stand with head erect and front the skies" and as we look back through history we see this stream of tendency like a real, actual river starting from the misty mountain-tops of the earliest creation, and flowing down and on, now plunging under ground and lost from sight for centuries, now flashing up again in those periods of the world during which the noblest governments have flourished, and which are called by historians periods of renaissance, or re-birth.

The greatest American orator who ever lived, a man whose mere name mentioned by the poorest speaker in Faneuil Hall is sufficient to call forth a salvo of applauseyes, a man whose mere name is no longer a name, but a spell to conjure with: I need not say that I mean Wendell Phillips-remarked in one of his lectures that "you can shoot down a battalion of soldiers, but you cannot shoot an idea." This is a great fundamental truth. Let an idea once get affoat in this world and it cannot be annihilated It may be hidden for years, but it will surely come forth

The idea of personal liberty, the idea of republicanism or democracy which was so grandly exemplified in the early history of Greece and Rome, was apparently drowned out of the world when the Roman republic became an empire, and soon thereafter fell an easy prey to the greed of northern barbarians, and through the long night of the middle ages the republican idea seemed to slumber, waking now and then for a few brief days, as if just to show that it was alive and waiting. But gradually a suspicion crept into some minds that the priesthood had too much power, and a little while after that the old dogma of the divine right of kings, which had rested on the power of the priesthood, began to lose its hold upon the mind of the people; and at last, after suffering from the oppression of many tyrants, after being led forth year after year, and century after century, to shed their blood in the service of despots, the real aristocracy of England, in Parliament assembled, decided that the divine right of kings was a blasphemy against human nature, and the best way to blot it out was to cut off the head of a king. To be sure, that interval of common sense, that lucid interval on the part of the people of England, was very brief. A few years with the illustrious Cromwell at the head of affairs, and then England relapsed again into a monarchy; but it was a milder form of the disease than before. The lesson taught at the block to the divinely anointed blockhead, Charles, was not lost on his successors. They have hastened from reign to reign to make concessions to the will of the people, and to-day monarchy in England is a mere empty form-the substance has ceased. The real rulers of England in this century have been, not the dull race who wear the Disraelis, the Palmerstons, and Gladstones, who direct her policy, and are more or less in touch with her people. The divine right of kings is a vanishing delusion in Europe; a hundred years ago we threw it overboard in Boston harbor; and only this last year, on the other half of our hemisphere, was witnessed the peaceful dethronement and banishment of the last American monarch. In brief, a hundred years ago, by our revolution, we got rid of one kind of slavery, and started to construct a republic that should be the eighth wonder of the world-a republic that should endure. But, unfortunately, we had inherited a taint from the country from which we had severed; we had a sort of sugar-cane and tobacco raising aristocracy down South, and, as an adjunct and support of that aristocracy, we had black slavery; and for many years, so powerful were the leaders of that Southern oligarchy, they controlled the national cabinetno matter what President was elected-and it is not to be denied, as a matter of fairness, that they produced many great and brilliant men whose lives have shed an undying lustre on the history of our common country. But a few "fanatics" of Boston got an idea that black slavery was wrong; that, no matter whether the planter was kind to his dusky dependents, no matter whether he did not overwork them through the period of youth and manhood, took care of them in sickness, treated them gently in old age, and buried them decently-which is more than our wagemasters do for our wage-slaves to-day-and no matter whether the planter was the kindest possible master, yet the thing in itself was wrong, was an outrage upon our brothers and sisters in ebony, and was debasing likewise to the master in every way. And these Boston fanatics, with no well-matured plans-such as their intellectual descendants have to day-set to work to awaken the conscience of the country. It was a magnificent ambition; but they had a pretty tough job of it. For more than thirty years they pounded away, with the press and the pulpit-save a few honorable exceptions-against them; but finally the new idea got into politics, and the oligarchy at the South seeing their power in the general government oozing away from them, concluded that the only way to save themselves was to dissolve the original compact and start a new empire with slavery for its corner-stone.

Then came that second revolution, still fresh in all our minds. The new idea triumphed; triumphed because it was right, and black slavery ceased to exist-that is, it ceased to exist with legal recognition; but it still exists, for wherever there is ignorance there is bound to be slavery and because wherever there is ignorance there is bound to be this, we have banded ourselves together to help wipe out a servitude more extensive and more deadly than that which our brothers shed their blood to efface. They died to destroy black slavery; we would live to destroy white

slavery.

We have thus come to the conclusion, from a close study of existing conditions, that it is time to sound the alaim to the great American people; time to show them that the present industrial system is wrong; that it is wrong economically as well as wrong ethically; that it is absurd be cause of the immense waste of energy and material which is its concomitant; that it is wicked because of the immense

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in '92' and try to dazzle the nations of the earth by a display of our opulence and splendor—two years ago in Chicago there were forty thousand men who would have liked to be forced to work, but somehow, with all our Christianity and our civilization, with all the resources of the richest republic that the world has ever seen, we were unable for weeks to provide those men with work, unable to give those willing hands a chance to earn their daily bread. This is a single instance; let us look more widely at the matter of labor as it stands to day. Bodies of men, most of whom have worked from early youth, from the very beginning of a time when they should have been getting the best possible education; many bodies of men in this country have been lately trying to obtain—what? To obtain a reduction of the hours of their labor to eight; to effect the passage of bills making eight hours a legal working day; and yet, if we can trust Masonic traditions, the workmen at the building of Solomon's temple were in the enjoyment of that very thing, an eight hour working day; which now the hardest working citizens of the greatest republic of modern civilization are striving for.

The second count, and one which is of course intimately related to the first, is the utter planlessness of our present system of production. Goods are turned out by guesswork, and the man who guesses best as to the amount he should produce or put on the market, makes the most money; and

and the man who guesses best as to the amount he should produce or put on the market, makes the most money; and one of the little side facts that shows this utter planlessone of the little side facts that shows this utter planless-ness, this utter lack of scientific training for what is called business, is the fact that from eighty to ninety per cent. of all new business fails.

The third count against the present system is its im-

mense waste of energy and material. In every large city there is a legion of men who needlessly are doing the same things. Let me give you an instance: Take my own profession—or I prefer to call it trade, which I have followed with more or less fidelity for a dozen years—that of a news with more or less fidelity for a dozen years—that of a news paper man. A city like Boston has some half-a dozen daily papers. Now, of course it is well that there should be expressed upon the events of the day the utmost variety of opinion, and the editorial part of a newspaper is eminently valuable; but what an egregious absurdity it is that the same petty local events should be written up by half-a-dozen different compositors. One official bulletin of facts would do for all. There are, of course, local events of much importance, on which the talents of fine descriptive reporters can be well employed; but the majority of the happenings in a be well employed; but the majority of the happenings in a great city would be sufficiently well-handled by half, and probably by one-third, of the men who are now wasting their time, and sometimes their talents, in attempting to concoct a column romance about some poor suicide, or make an entertaining article out of a raid by police officers on some wretched little opium den.

Take another instance of waste of energy and material:

We have many parallel lines of railroad—competing lines as they are called—where we should have cross lines. This is waste on a great scale; for a recent estimate of the rail-road wealth of this country makes it more than all the

rest of the property in the country.

Take another instance—a business with which I am tolerably familiar—that of insurance: The Insurance Com missioner of Massachusetts, in one of his recent annual re-ports, said that, according to the best attainable estimates, the amount destroyed by fire in that year, all over the country, was \$120,000,000; to which waste—mark you, Major Merrill uses the term waste instead of loss, and he is not a Nationalist-to which waste-thanking the Major for the term-Massachusetts contributed four and oneor in figures, under a better system, our annual fire loss would be about \$1,305,000; and our saving every year taking the average of the last six years, would be over \$3,000,000. Only that and nothing more? Oh! no, my friends. If you study Major Merrill's report, you will find that the premiums paid in Massachusetts to the insurance compapremiums paid in Massachusetts to the insurance companies are between eight and nine millions, if my addition of his figures is correct. In other words, we, the people of Massachusetts, are spending about \$7,000,000 every year that we have no need to spend, and which accrues not to our advantage but to that of comparatively few individuals; and when I tell you that over a million every year (indeed, very often nearer two million) goes out of our State into the process of foreign corrections. I think you will into the pockets of foreign corporations, I think you will agree with me that, economically, there is something wrong right here. The rich State of Massachusetts ought to be able to insure herself and take care of her own fire

I have snoken of the waste of material in this matter. There is an equal waste of energy, for there is a perfect army of employés—agents, brokers, adjusters—who are of army of employés—agents, brokers, adjusters—who are of no mortal use under the sun to the body politic, middlemen, with no possible economic excuse for being. I know what I am talking about, for I once belonged to that noble army myself, and without a blush, if you came into my office and wanted insurance on five thousand dollars worth of goods, could walk up to a telephone and tell an insurance company in the next block to send me your policy in an hour, for which very fatiguing and productive work of walking across the floor and using a telephone I would have taxed you the sum of seven dollars and a half, or more, if you happened to have a business that was considered a special hazard. I might go further into this insurance matter. In fact, I have a whole lecture on that subject, but that is too special, and so I proceed to the fourth count against the present system, which is, that the logical result of it is the Trust, or the concentration of colossal count against the present system, which is, that the logical result of it is the Trust, or the concentration of colossal wealth into a few hands. According to the statistics of Mr. Shearman, who is not a Nationalist but a millionaire, about twenty-five thousand men own more than half of the United States If these figures are true. and I see no reason to doubt them, there are some sixty millions of peo-ple who in the course of twenty years will be reduced to the most absolute form of slavery ever imagined under the sun, unless that sixty odd millions of people wake up and go on a strike, at the ballot box, for Nationalism.

And now I come to the fifth count in our indictment of the present system, and that is embraced in the question, "What is it leading us to? What is the destiny that stares what is it leading us to? What is the destiny that stares us in the face? Are we so inflated with American pride, so puffed up with national vanity, that we can indulge the fancy of escaping the fate of every civilization that has been founded on the principle of elevating the few at the expense of the many?" We have before us a shining examexpense of the many?" We have before us a shining example of national disaster in the wreck of the Roman republic. It requires no profound study of history to discern that when the simple habits of the early Roman people and their semi-republican form of government got into the hands of an oligarchy, the doom of the glorious Roman race was sealed. There was a time, as you know, when Rome ruled the world; when to be a Roman citizen was greater than to be a king; when the mere claim of that nationality secured a fair trial for the apostle Paul; and then what happened? The haughty Romans became worse slaves than any of the most distant tribes whom they had conthan any of the most distant tribes whom they had con-quered, and slaves not to an imperial intellectuality like Casar, but to a besotted madman like Tiberius, or an infamous sensualist like Nero. And when I think of the disgraceful scenes that have taken place in the last few disgraceful scenes that have taken place in the last few years under the gilded dome of our State House—when I think that Mr. George Fred Williams (not a Nationalist, mind you,) felt impelled, because he is an honest man, and has the courage of his conviction, to attack your Senate for its venality and its truckling to corporations—when I think that this same Senate has had the amazing impudence to refuse the bill permitting cities and towns to manufacture and supply their citizens with gas and electric light, a bill which passed the House by a vote of one hundred and five to thirty-four, I am irresistibly reminded of that almost equally disgraceful time when the corrupt of that almost equally disgraceful time when the corrupt and craven senators of Rome, after listening to the thun-ders of the indignant Tacitus, crawled on their capitalis-tic bellies to lick the feet of the despot Tiberius. But, in spite of the last Massachusetts Senate, I am an optimist. spite of the last Massachusetts Senate, I am an optimist. I don't believe that this grand old Commonwealth, which was the first of modern commonwealths to abolish slavery within her borders, will ever again have such a Senate as the last one. If it does, let us pray it may be the last

as the last one. If it does, let us pray it may be the last one.

Now, the system we propose to put in place of the present incompetent, planless, wasteful, immoral and unsteady one, this already toppling monstrosity of individualism run mad, is a system of cooperation, or the gradual nationalization of all industries, beginning with those which can be nationalized most easily and with the least friction or detrition of individual rights. What, now, it is fair to ask, are the advantages, the palpable advantages, of the system we propose to substitute? In the first place our system makes such a phenomenon as forty thousand men begging for work in Chicago an absolute impossibility, for we not only guarantee work to all, but we insist that all who are able shall do their fair share of labor. Under Nationalism, the tramp and his brother in disguise, the millionaire, are entirely eliminated. And this is the great thing about Nationalism: that, by abolishing the tramp and the millionaire, it abolishes poverty, the real poverty that lies between these two extremes.

""A bolishes poverty!" "What?" somebody save "you"

these two extremes.

"Abolishes poverty!" "What?" somebody says, "you cannot do that; it never has been done." Now, to say that a thing never has been done is no proof that it cannot be. Some of the ablest scientific writers of the time used this objection and arguments of the same kind as are now being employed against Nationalism, to prove that the steam engine could never be practicalized; in fact, at this present stage of human development. To assert nositively that any

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land cost me \$1000 when it only cost me \$50. Massachusetts law says that you have no business to take my word; that you must expect me to lie; that you must reckon all I say as "dealer's talk," and that if you pay me \$1500 for my land, believing I paid \$1000 for it, you cannot get your money back. I am happy to say, however, there are two States of the Union where this kind of law does not prevail. Is it not about time to put aside a system that sets a premium on systematic and general rascality?

The fourth point about the reconstruction we suggest is, that it gives leisure to the race in general, and that leisure means education; means a chance for the development of a better race. Our so-called labor classes are agitating today for a reduction of the hours of labor to eight; but economists, and economists who are not all of them Nationalists, have calculated that the same amount of annual wealth would be produced in this country if everybody worked five and a half hours systematically, rationally, and not at haphazard. Personally, I am inclined to think that this estimate of five and a half hours is extravagant, and that the whole work of the country could be done and done better in four hours that the whole work of the country could be done and

that the whole work of the country could be done and done better in four hours.

The fifth point is that our system, besides being calculated to stimulate invention by increasing labor and giving the mind more time to operate at ease on things of its own choosing, will be a further stimulation of invention from the mere knowledge that a premium of honor will await the inventor, and that his invention will be made within a property of the country of the public and not be locked up as many have been for years, so that private corporations should not be forced to incur additional expense by putting the invention into actual op

I might go on indefinitely in enumerating the benefits which our system is bound to bring—not at a jump, mind you, but gradually, and thus with more promise of perma uence. I might go on to show you how in the course of several generations, by the absolute enfranchisement of woman, it would practically do away with prostitution, reduce the intemperate use of narcotics and stimulants to a minimum, and produce such an average of health and

a minimum, and produce such an average of health and beauty as would make the American race rival the Greek in those fairest periods of Grecian life when Praxiteles and Phidias made marble immortal by reproducing a mere part—a white shadow—of the beauty around them.

But time presses, and I would like to call your attention to some of the objections which have been raised against our plan. The first objection is one that quite often comes from persons who are really friendly. They say, "We would like to see it done, but it never can be, it never has been done." I think we have already answered that objection; and, indeed, how many famous men have answered it for us! The man whom we are going to celebrate in 1892 answered it for us four centuries ago; Steven answered it for us! The man whom we are going to celebrate in 1892 answered it for us four centuries ago; Stevenson answered it with the thunder of the steam engine; Morse, with the lightning of the telegraph. I always try to reply to such people in the Yankee fashion of answering one question by asking another. I say, "Will you kindly tell me what is the difference between the nineteenth century and the seventeenth, for instance? Or, I might say, between the beginning of the nineteenth century and the end of it?" And they say, "Why, what do you mean?" And I reply, "Isn't the chief difference just this: That an infinite number of things have been done which an infinite

And I reply, "Is n't the chief difference just this: That an infinite number of things have been done which an infinite number of kindly people just like you said could not be done? Now, my friend, we live in an epoch of many wonderful successes; many triumphs of man, of mind over matter; do n't you want to keep up with the procession?" Then there is an objection brought by some people who are perfectly honest, but who are perhaps a little narrow in their patriotism, and they say that this nationalistic idea is a foreign one; that it is Socialism masquerading under an attractive name. Let us grant, for the sake of argument, that it is foreign. Is that any reason why we should not accept it, embrace it, provided it is right and practical? Are we so besotted in national vanity that we cannot take a good, practical suggestion from a foreigner as to the improvement of a machine? and does it make any difference in the value of a truth whether it is

That there are many points of resemblance between Social ism and Nationalism is true. That they are both out ism and Nationalism is true. That they are both out-growths of a universal movement is probable; that they have important points of difference enough not merely to justify, but to demand a difference in name, seems unquestionable. In the first place, Nationalism differentiates itself from Socialism by the fact that it is differentiates itself from Socialism by the fact that it is more radical in its ideas, and at the same time more conservative in its methods. Socialism, as I understand it, and as I have heard it defined by some of its accepted apostles, demands that each man should be paid according to his work; that each man should have an opportunity to work and be paid in proportion to his ability and to the amount of his performance. In other words, if I am able to work ten hours and you are only able to work five, and I produce in my ten hours twice as much as you in your five.

Socialism, and one that is very important, is that Socialism has wished to effect too much at once. We believe in Socialism, and one that is very important, is that Socialism has wished to effect too much at once. We believe in having the nation assimilate by degrees new functions. Socialism also has announced itself as intending to meddle with social or family relations, and right there Nationalism calls a halt. Our concern is with the business management of the country primarily, and we do not attempt to say what social relations the people of the latter part of the twentieth century will establish for themselves, any more than we pretend to prescribe what religion they shall have. We do believe the great part of the misery in marriage at the present day, which finds its safety-valve in the divorce courts only, and often there too late—for many lives are wrecked before they reach that haven—we do believe that much of this misery is the direct product of the present industrial system, and that when the people take the management of affairs into their own hands much of that misery will vanish like the dew of the morning.

The next objection is one that apparently seems very strong, viz. That to accomplish this change we must change human nature. The people who make this argument have not a very high opinion of human nature, and perhaps from their collisions with it, under the pressure of the present system, they may be somewhat justified in their opinion; but in making this objection they seem to fancy that human nature is a fixed quality, like the color of the sky. They shut their eyes to the fact that for centuries this spiritual thing called Human Nature, while in a constant state of flux, has been evincing a tendency to improvement. It was human nature, at one time, for men to eat each other, and in some distant corners of the world this kind of gastronomy still prevails; but the majority of

to eat each other, and in some distant corners of the world this kind of gastronomy still prevails; but the majority of men now prefer spring chicken or roast beef. Take a change that has occurred lately: One hundred and fifty years ago a man who talked of starting a society for the

peaceful empire of Peru, he fourif a nationalistic community, in which everybody labored, in which there was no asouth thing as an overworked or a poor man. I believe the very word poverty had slipped out of the Perulan language. The Spanitard found this magnificent empire a paradise of Nationalism; he left it with the property of the people's peaceably attempting by the out of the Perulan language. The Spanitard found this magnificent empire a paradise of Nationalism; he left it would tend to thing about that real social steam is that it would tend to thing about that real social steam; he will be a successful many steam at the content of the people's peaceably attempting by the blad to own their own rathress determines the property of the people's peaceably attempting by the blad to own their own rathress of great public necessity, as by some consultance of the people's peaceably attempting by the blad to own their own rathress of great public own as the property of the people's peaceably attempting by the blad to own their own rathress of great public necessity, as by some consultance of the people's peaceably attempting by the blad to own their own rathress of great public necessity, as by some consultance of the people's peaceably attempting by the blad to own their own rathress of great public necessity, as by some consultance of the people's peaceably attempting by the blad to own their own rathress of great public necessity, as by some consultance of the people's peaceably attempting by the blad to own their own rathress of great public necessity, as by some consultance of the people's peaceably attempting by the blad to own their own rathress of great public necessity, as a public of the people and the peopl

lishment of Nationalism is, that it would tend to destroy individuality; that by working everybody four hours a day and giving them equally good food, shelter and raiment, you would necessarily produce a race of people, all with the same tastes, the same feelings, the same desires. Our opponents seem to think that a regular system of production and distribution, a system without competition, without waste, without material misery, would turn out a set of beings as similar as if they came from the same mold. Now, is n't that exactly what in the aggregate the present system is doing? Is it not by its unfairness, by its prevention of a sufficiency of education through forced work in early youth, turning out thousands and thousands of dwarfed creatures only fit to tend the great machines of a factory and as similar in mind—ay, and as similar in face dwarfed creatures only fit to tend the great machines of a factory and as similar in mind—ay, and as similar in face and body, as if they had been made by a molding machine? "How many a noble creature"—to use the pathetic language of Shakspere—"has his nature subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

I stood early one morning on a street in New York City and watched the artizans streaming to their work, a monotonous river of weary humanity, and it seemed to me that the faces of the hundreds who flowed by me had been turned out of some monstrous. Frankenstein, man-mill. The

turned out of some monstrous, Frankenstein, man-mill. The stamp of their wage-slavery was upon them more deep and terrible than slavery ever seemed on the face of a black man. It was the saddest processional I ever saw—a living funeral, more gloomy than the river of damned souls that Danté beheld in his vision.

Now, when it comes to a question of Nationalism destroying individuality, it seems to me that such an average individuality as this demands to be destroyed. Which is the most desirable, which of the most advantage to the possessor and to the human race at large, the individuality of the Wall street gambler, or that of the great scientist, Louis Aggistiz who refused a large offer for a lecture tour with Agassiz, who refused a large offer for a lecture tour with the simple and grand answer: "I have no time to make a fortune"? But on the other hand, instead of destroying individuality Nationalism is calculated to develop it. The mind of man after it her washed a cortain street of down fortune"? But on the other hand, instead of destroying in-dividuality Nationalism is calculated to develop it. The mind of man, after it has reached a certain stage of devel-opment, becomes intensely active. It is not content with the treasures of ancient knowledge, it must have new facts to feed on, and with the increase of leisure which Nation-alism will bring, there would unquestionably be not only a stimulus to the average mind, but a most potent inspira-tion to age hyperticular genius to win the esteem and gratition to each particular genius to win the esteem and grati-tude of the race by fresh triumphs of discovery and inven-

And I reply, "Isn't the chief difference just this: That an infinite number of things have been done which an infinite number of kindly people just like you said could not be done? Now, my friend, we live in an epoch of many wonderful successes: many triumphs of man, of mind over matter; don't you want to keep up with the procession?" Then there is an objection brought by some people who are perfectly honest, but who are perhaps a little narrow in their patriotism, and they say that this nationalistic idea is a foreign one; that it is Socialism masquerading under an attractive name. Let us grant, for the sake of argument, that it is foreign. Is that any reason why we should not accept it, embrace it, provided it is right and practical? Are we so besofted in national vanity that we cannot take a good, practical suggestion from a foreigner as to the improvement of a machine? and does it make any difference in the value of a truth whether it is enunciated by a Hottentot, a Russian, or a Yankee? But, for that matter, this idea is not foreign. It has been in this country ever since we became a nation; and, as I shall attempt to show later on, it has grown with the growth of this country. Now as to the question of its being Socialism respectable under a better title. What an absurdity that is! A single man with an alias always gets found out; how much more quickly would a great movement masquerading under a false and cowardly title! That there are many points of resemblance between Social sim and Nationalism is true. That they are both outsers of a universal movement is probable; that

This brings us to another objection, and, curiously enough, it is exactly the same one that was made against the abolition of black slavery, viz: that it was unconstitu-tional. Now that is a great mistake. Nationalism is ditional. Now that is a great mistake. Nationalism is directly in line, is a legitimate outgrowth of the teachings of the revolutionary fathers. The anarchistic doctrine imbibed by Jefferson in Paris, and promulgated here to the democratic party, that "that government is the best which governs least," has faded out of our political system. The American government has gone on extending its powers. The early Presidents, under the great personal influence of that emigrant but mistakes programs. to work and be paid in proportion to his ability and to the amount of his performance. In other words, if I am able to work ten hours and you are only able to work five, and I produce in my ten hours twice as much as you in your five, I am by Socialism to be paid twice as much. Nationalism says No. We will establish, if we can, a more moral rule of payment than that. We will demand from each according to his abilities. We will pay to each according to his abilities. We will pay to each according to his needs. This moral idea of Nationalism is the same as that conveyed in Christ's parable of the toilers in the vineyard. The master gave the same to those who came in at the eleventh hour and who worked but one, and the others did not see the justice of that. The point was simply this: That the men who only worked one hour, who only had the chance or the ability to do that much work, were to be paid the same amount.

Another point of difference between Nationalism and Socialism, and one that is very important, is that Socialism, and one that is very important, is that Socialism, the nation assimilate hyderages now features. The early Presidents, under the great personal influence of that eminent but mistaken man, Thomas Jefferson, were afraid to give government al assistance to canals and rail-roads, and the improvement of rivers and harbors. When the eminent but mistaken man, Thomas Jefferson, were afraid to give governmental assistance to canals and rail-roads, and the improvement of rivers and harbors. When the eminent but mistaken man, Thomas Jefferson, were afraid to give government at washington by a more liberal conception of what the functions of government at Washington by a more liberal conception of what the functions of government at Washington by a more liberal conception of what the functions of government at Washington by a more liberal conception of what the functions of government at Washington by a more liberal conception of what the functions of government at Washington by a more liberal concepti

tioned municipalization.

The attorney-general of Massachusetts, Mr. Waterman, the other day decided very elaborately that our bill permitting cities and towns to manufacture and supply their citizens with gas and electric lights was unconstitutional, and the Supreme Court of this State, sitting in full bench, very promptly decided the other way. Then the House of Representatives voted one hundred and five to thirty-four in favor of our bill, which had a petition of ten thousand names long behind it, and then your Senate had the astonishing impudence, in face of these facts, to lay it on the shelf. The last Senate seems to have been entirely under the influence of the gas and electric light corporation octopus, but Mr. George Fred Williams, a representative of the people, though not yet a Nationalist, turned on its moral darkness electric light of another kind, which may do some good by awaking the people to the necessity of re-constructing their Senators.

Another most curious objection was made to me in per-

re-constructing their Senators.

Another most curious objection was made to me in perfect good faith on the part of the objector. He said: "If you bring about this equality in material conditions, you will not only take away the beauty of charity, but you will destroy, because it will have nothing to feed on, that most exquisite of all human sensations, sympathy." This sentimental gentleman did not wish to be deprived of the luxury of woe—somebody else's woe, of course. He honestly thought it was really a wise and beneficent provision of Providence that at Christmas-time some people should be starving and should be cold, so that some other people might have the pleasure of relieving their wants with a supply of coals and turkey, and so that Dickens might have the chance to write those beautiful Christmasstories which have touched so many a heart and brought the sweetening tears to so present industrial system is wrong; that it is wrong; economically as well as wrong ethically; that it is absurd be cause of the immense waste of energy and material which is its concomitant; that it is wicked because of the immense waste of energy and material which is its concomitant; that it is wicked because of the immense moral wrongs which its produces.

It is look at it first on its economical side. I would bring to high the gist side of human development, to assert positively that any thing, cannot be done requires a tremendous hardlhood of a sa first-class crank. Had he been rich, his anxious relating the might be easy to bring more. The first fault this well-this foundation with it is its failure to do what it pretends to accomplish—its failure to give employment. We spent in the verified to work; and yet, two years ago in Chicago, the forced to work; and yet, two years ago in Chicago, the forced to work; and yet, two years ago in Chicago, the forced to work; and yet, two years ago in Chicago, the forced to work; and yet, two years ago in Chicago, the forced to work; and yet, two years ago in Chicago, the forced to work; and yet, two years ago in Chicago, the forced to work; and yet, two years ago in Chicago, the forced to work; and yet, two years ago in Chicago, the forced to work; and yet, two years ago in Chicago, the forced to work; and yet, two years ago in Chicago, the forced to work; and yet, two years ago a man who talked of starting a society for the same kind as a remember to the stage that has occurred lately: One hundred and fifty sends and brought the second in the stage that has occurred lately: One hundred and fifty obtaint as occurred lately: One hundred and fifty sends and brought the second proposed that the sense that has occurred lately: One hundred and fifty sends and who talked of starting a society for the same kind as a remember to the same who talked of starting a society for his prevention of cruelty to an insane the same and who talked of starting a society for his preventio

[Continued from first page.] "Stop, Rose! Reflect on what you say; some day I may have cause to remind you of these rashly spoken words. Would you brave her eyes were large, dark, melting and sad with me the perils of the ocean? go with me to another land?"

"Anywhere-everywhere!" she cried; and her cheeks glowed with resolve, her woman heart throbbed high with the heroism of devoted love.

He soothed her into calm by his whispered consolations; he kissed her into submissive chain she wore around her neck, gave eviaccord with the demands of his imperious will. He left her with the extorted promise of her flight with him.

To-morrow at midnight!" he had said. "To-morrow at midnight!" her quivering still; the pass-word of her destiny was spoken; an undefinable sense of dread, a presentiment | Felicia.

of coming ill, pressed her every faculty. The next day Rose watched with a silent anxiety every movement of her calm-browed, hale and loving father. She stroked the thin, light, whitening locks, and kissed the yet unfelt before. She looked upon him with worchild," and "blessed comfort," she could have | imperfectly. Conjecture, rumor and suspicion knelt to him and prayed for his protecting care against the stranger who had won her from taken effect; unaware that his cherished daugh- she could give no other clue. ter received the clandestine visits of one he deemed unfitting her society. The idea that his child should leave his roof and trust herself to one she had only known three short months, he would have scorned as unworthy of a passing credence. Fully and unreservedly he trusted this idolized child of the departed; he pitied her as only a father can; and he was more affectionate, more communicative and solicitous than ever, on that last, ever remembered day.

When he kissed her for the night, her emotion was too painful for repression; she burst into bitter weeping and clung around his neck; and he soothed her by his usual terms of en-

"You are nervous, my precious comfort," he said; "but my little heart will soon revive. In a month we go to London; then my Rose shall join the gayeties, and see the great world. There she will have suitors that will wrangle for her hand, and worry her old papa to death. She will forget the dream that has cast a cloud | ceived him. upon her way. Now, good-night, my comfort! God bless my darling child!"

"Once more; bless me again, my father!" cried Rose.

"Once more, and every day, my blessed!" he said, half gaily. But his tone was reverential, as he said, "God bless my darling child!"

With her father's kiss upon her brow, with a guiltily beating heart, Rose stole from her chamber, and passing through the silent halls, crept in the shadow of the house and the blooming summer hedges, toward the gardengate, where Philip Almay awaited her. She took his arm, and as they hurried on, the midnight bell of a neighboring convent seemed to toll the requiem of her youthful joys. Half supporting her trembling form, Philip bent his head to listen to her incoherent speech.

"Oh, never more," she cried, between her gasping breath; "never more shall I hear that voice-I am no more his 'little heart,' his 'precious comfort.' I am cursed of God and him! Philip!" she cried, standing suddenly still, the moonlight falling on her ghost-like face and spectral-white attire, "let us return! take me | mouth of the husband. back! I hear my father's means of agony! "I must have some conversation with you, Take me home, home! Philip, to my duty, to the father, raving, maddened for my loss!"
"Hush, hush, dearest!" he answered, "it is

too late now. Halloo, Joaquin! are you here?" He grasped the hand of the approaching stranger. "Where is the carriage? We have no time to lose."

"Here, sir, close by. Is this the lady?"

"Yes; hush! be quick! take her up tenderly no, wait; go on before."

Rose lay in a deep swoon upon the gravel path. Philip raised her in his arms and bore her to the awaiting carriage. The man Joaquin mounted the box and drove off; the gallant steeds flew like the wind. Rose Palmer was carried swiftly from her home; and when she regained her consciousness, the dawn was breaking crimson and golden o'er the earth.

At a wayside church, where, from all appearances, previous arrangements had been made, Philip Almay and Rose were united in the bonds of marriage. For two days and nights they traveled at their utmost speed; then gaining the seashore, they reached a romantic and secluded hamlet, far from the rural town where Harold Palmer's imposing country mansion stood. To a cottage home, interiorly decorated with a prodigal and almost Oriental taste, Philip welcomed his young, confiding wife. Scarcely turned sixteen, her delicate health had kept her from mingling with the gayeties of her station. To this practiced man of the world, many years her senior, she had given the first love of a pure, world-untouched heart. During the journey, he had been so gentle, so attentive, the young wife could not long indulge the violence of grief. As she stepped into the charming little house, and looked around upon the magnificence surrounding her, the wealth of paintings, the ivory and gilding, the costly mirrors and the gorgeous carpets, the china vases and the silken hangings, exceeding even the accustomed splendor of her lordly home, she turned to her husband with a childlike and bewitching smile, her blue eyes wide open with astonishment, as she said:

"You are rich; you are a gentleman in wealth as well as in heart! But why-

He stopped her mouth with kisses, bade the curtseying maid show her lady to her room, and Rose, following in silent wonderment, felt that her handsome and attentive lover-husband was a mystery.

CHAPTER II.

The Discarded Wife. In a tumble down old cottage near a mill. in a miserable wayside town, where the refinements and luxuries of life were unknown, where often the gaunt hand of famine was outstretched, and the cries of the needy appealed to God, there lived a woman, still young and beautiful, whose coming was as sudden as her appearance was strange. The factory opewere fashioned after the custom of a foreign wedded wife?"

land. She usually wore a black silk dress that contrasted finely with the whiteness, the almost transparent clearness of her complexion: the small mouth never smiled, the pale cheek never colored; the majestic figure, bent as by some crushing woe, was delicate and symmetrical; the raven hair was braided over a smooth and intellectual brow; the delicate hand and tiny foot bespoke her gentle lineage; the small cross of brilliants, pendant from a golden dence of her former station, but her silken dress was worn and faded; the veil she wore upon her head was rent and mended in many places. She came in a close carriage, attended by a foreign looking man, who carried in his lips repeated, and her throbbing heart stood arms a child, the miniature-image of the mother. He called the lady Teresa; the little girl

They rented the dilapidated cottage by the mill, and improved its interior appearance somewhat by neat but not costly furniture, by the disposal around of a few simple pictures, by plain white draperies of muslin, and by the healthful cheeks with an intensity of affection | guitar of the Senora Teresa. Who she was no one knew. She gave no account of herself, shipful gaze, and when he called her "darling | and could speak the English language but very were rife concerning her. Even the adjacent mansions admitted the prevailing curiosity: her filial duty. Knowing that his keen sight the squire and his family, the clergyman and read every passing shadow on her face, she his wife, the aristocratic M. D. of the district, controlled her surging emotions; she met his high and low, all wondered who she was, and eye, not with untroubled calm, but with a ten- whether sorrow or repentance was the cause der tearlessness. Whatever pain her pallid of her seclusion. The kind-hearted village girl cheeks and restless emotions betrayed, he at- who assisted the lady in her household affairs, tributed to the sorrowing disenchantment of spoke of her unvarying gentleness. The forher love, never doubting that his words had eign looking man had left the neighborhood

One day, about three months after the elopement of Rose, a dark-browed man, enveloped in a Spanish mantle, knocked at the door of the Senora Teresa's cottage. She arose listlessly from her seat, and with a faltering "Who's there?" proceeded to open it. As her eye rested on the tall figure at the threshold, she uttered a cry of mingled delight and surprise; she threw her arms around his neck; she called him by all the endearing epithets of love; she beckoned to her playing child, and bade her go and kiss her father. The man returned her caresses coldly; he even unwound her clinging arms from his neck; but he stooped to kiss the little girl with all a parent's fond-

"My dear Felicia; how she has grown," he said, admiringly.

"And you, Teresa, have you been well?" he inquired. His manner was cold and constrained; he addressed her in the Spanish tongue, the language with which she had re-

"I well! I happy! when you are away?" she sadly made reply. "Oh, Philip, my husband! once so kind and loving, tell me what means this sudden change? In what has poor Teresa to her, though I walked every step on foot offended? Why do you absent yourself so long from me-from your child-leaving us among your mother's place of abode is unknown to these rough people, the wonder and laughingstock of all?"

"You have not wanted for anything? Joaquin has provided all you needed, has he not?" the man asked, harshly.

"Oh, do not speak so! Your tone is rude. It chills me to the heart! Yes," she said, hesitatingly, "he has provided-by your orders, he said-for food and for the payment of this miserable shelter." Her fine lip curled contemptuously. "But see, Philip, I will not comments I possess; my mantilla is worn out. But I will not trouble you with these things; al. mother-love that knows no fear: though I did not expect when I left my own to hide the starting tear.

A bitter, triumphant smile, wreathed the

Teresa," he said, regarding her curiously.

leave me? At least, not soon?" she anxiously queried.

"I must return this very night," he replied. 'So I have not much time to spare.'

"Whither must you return, in such haste that you cannot even spend one day with your wife and child? Whither go you, Philip, after

an absence of so many months?" "To see my mother," he responded, averting

"Have you not seen her lately? Have you the hasty marriage formed by her son with the orphan Teresa? Yet why should she withhold it? Am I not of good family? Was not my name honored and esteemed in Cadiz? Am I not rich? or, at least, shall I not be, when my uncle restores to me my mother's portion? He is aggrieved at my marriage with a foreignerwith one not of my faith; but he will relent, and I shall be your proud mother's equal. Why, then, this hesitancy in receiving me?

The color had mounted to her very temples as she spoke. The haughty blood of her ancestral hidalgos was aroused; she spoke loud and vehemently.

Philip made answer in the low, measured tones, that were without one particle of heart-

warmth or sympathy: "I come not here to have a scene, Teresa. 1 come for a far different purpose. I cannot answer for my mother's whims; but this I know-she has not yet given her approval to our marriage. I have been engrossed in business, as you know from my letters, striving to regulate my affairs; and all about that cursed property of yours; but, though I have sent your letters, your old curmudgeon of an uncle has not relented yet. I dare not ask my mother for money, so that is the reason you have been put on short allowance, Teresa.'

She looked intently in his face, and said in low and thrilling tones, all her former vehemence gone:

"Are you telling me the truth, Philip?" A shadow rested on his brow.

"Why should you doubt me?" he cried. flercely, drawing away his hand from hers.

"Because your conduct is strange—is unaccountable. Because you told me when you wooed my love that your mother's heart was womanly and kind; that she would love me as her own, and replace the mother whose sainted face I have no recollection of. Did you tell me false? Why, now, this long-continued estrangement? Why is she so unrelenting in her pride? Or, oh, my guardian angel!" she exclaimed, rising suddenly, and then kneeling' on the floor beside him, "have you deceived my trusting heart? Do you no longer love me, Philip?" She raised her pallid face, over ratives and the poor day-laborers looked on which the briny flood of sorrow rolled, as she find her with surprise and pity, for her garments repeated wildly: "Do you no longer love your eye.

passed over you within the year-a woful, blighting change to me. For a year we were blest and happy, traveling together over the varied countries; then you brought me to England, and left me, and wandered by your- | day!" self. And a gradual change has come over you; you no longer return my caresses; you no longer seek my society; in seven long months you have come to see me twice; your have the child!" letters, even, are cold, devoid of soul! You leave us uncared for, unprotected. You have forbidden me to give my name; to couple yours with mine. Philip! there is a mystery surrounding you; a dire foreboding weighs upon my spirits! You are not the Philip of last year to me. The first year of our marriage was a dream of Paradise! When my child was born, you loved me; but as time sped on, you grew indifferent; the second year was one of doubt and conflict; the third is fraught with desolation; but it shall bring me certainty!"

All of the weak, clinging tenderness of her nature was cast aside. Drawing herself up proudly, with flashing eye and crimsoned cheek, she demanded the solution of the mystery that surrounded him.

His pent-up anger was on the verge of revealment, but he controlled himself by a mighty effort of his iron will. But the threatening gleam of his eye, the sudden clenching of his hand, the compression of his whitening lip, escaped not the watchful eye of Teresa. He said in a bantering, hurried manner:

'Do not be foolish, Teresa. I am harassed with business cares. What else should ail me, my good wife? And as for the least change in me, that's all in your imagination, little dear."

"Your manner is assumed; you are not frank, and gay, and natural, as you used to be," she said.

"Ha! ha! ha!" His laugh was forced as his bantering air. "Come, come," he resumed; 'I must tell you in a few words what I came for expressly. Let me take Felicia to my mother; the sight of her will move her to a reconciliation. She loves children, and the beauty of our angel will melt her heart at once. What say you, Teresa?"

'That my child shall never leave me for an instant!" she replied, snatching up the smiling prattler who was playing on the floor.

"Is this your wifely obedience?" he cried, mockingly.

"Is it a just, a fair, a human demand?" she retorted, fiercely. "Why would you separate me from my child-the tender child, that demands my care? Why cannot I go with you? Philip, if I knew in what portion of this kingdom your mother lives, I would find my way You have surrounded yourself with mysteries me; you will not even openly acknowledge me as your lawful wife; and now you would take from me my child. But it shall never, never be done!

" You talk like an unreasonable woman. Can you not trust our child with me?"

"I dare not!" she answered, tremblingly. "Tell me why! Give me your reason-I in-

sist upon it! Teresa, speak!" He had grasped her arm, and was looking into her face with all the concentrated magplain; but this and one other are the only gar-netism of his glance. There was a stifled fury in his words, but she replied, with the brave

"You would never bring her back! She is dear native land-" she turned away her face | the only tie that draws you here you love her wretched mother no longer!" And then, as if struck mortally by the words her lips had uttered, she leaned forward, lividly pale, and sobbing as if her wounded heart would break.

"Will you not trust me-give me this proof "But you will remain you will not again of your confidence?" he said. "I forgive your foolish words; but you will let me take Felicia, only for a visit of three days?"

"Ah! lives your mother so near?"

He bit his lips in vexation.

"Give me your answer, Teresa!" She cast herself at his feet, and said:

"Have pity on me, Philip! Pardon me if I

suspect you wrongfully; but my brain is whirling, and my heart is ill at rest. Ask of me anything. Here, husband, take this cross, my sainted mother's only relic; take the treasured not yet gained her consent to receive the likeness of my father, and with them buy bread daughter, willing to kneel for her love and for us, until a better fortune smiles; but, in pity? Has she not yet given her approval to the name of heaven, by all that is pure and sacred here below, do not ask me to part with my child!"

Again she clasped her to her bosom, and showered her kisses on her rosebud mouth and cheeks.

The pent-up storm burst forth.

"You will not give me the child?"

She sadly shook her head, and looked with tear-filled eyes above.

"Then I will take her!" he shouted; "take her from your very arms, beneath your very eyes! I am her father-I have the right to claim my child. Obstinate and headstrong woman! do you think you can oppose my will?

"With God and his angels' help, I will!" she firmly said, confronting him, and holding close the frightened little one; "only with my life shall you tear Felicia from my arms; while I live I will defend her; she is mine by all the love and agony of motherhood-you shall not wrest her from my grasp!"

He made a spring toward her. He would have seized the child, but she cried loud and piercingly.

"Hear me, Philip! hear the few words I have to say. If you take her by force, my shrieks shall arouse the neighbors. The mill is tenanted-I will call assistance. I will tell my wrongs, even to the rough but human hearts

"Tut, tut! Nonsense, child! Don't be fool- struck her in the face, and upon the white, ish and sentimental, I beseech you! You know bare shoulders, from which the black silk scarf it was for your strength of character and firm | had fallen; but she never relinquished her hold decision that I first admired you. But I can-not control circumstances, Teresa."

upon the child. Her dark eyes wildly glaring, her cheeks glowing with the excitament not "You evade a direct answer. You do not look me in the eye, Philip! A change has his grasp; but his hand was on her mouth, when she attempted to cry out.

"Will you give me the child?" he hissed. "Never !" she responded; "and if you kill me, Philip, I will haunt you to your dying

"Pooh! what a fool I am to waste time and words," said the brutal husband. "I can find other means; and hark ye, Teresa, I shall yet

"If you force her from me, I will haunt you to your dying day-remember that!"

"Pshaw! am I a man to be threatened with fear of ghosts, living or dead? Halloo, there, Joaquin!'

"Here, sir," said the officious valet, coachman and multifarious servant.

"Let us go. Is the carriage waiting near the turnpike?"

"It is, sir."

Without another look at his discarded wife, without another glance toward his child, he urned from the house, and in deep conversation with his confidential man, retraced his steps the way he had come.

Teresa, still holding Felicia in her frenzied clasp, sank to the floor in a deathlike swoon, that lasted until the faithful maid, returning, restored the unhappy mother to a consciousness of lost love and impending danger.

[To be continued.]

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Friday, Sept. 5th, Dr. H. S. Brown, a well-known Spirit-

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wrongs, even to the rough but human hearts around me. A mother's rights are sacred; they will revere my claim! Stop and reflect, for as God lives, I dare al! things to save my child!"

"Your wrongs? Tell, blab—speak to the surrounding boors of me?" he thundered in her ear. "And what if I tell the story as it suits my convenience? What if I brand your name with infamy, and place you as my mistress before the world—what then?"

"I should denounce your villainy!" she shrieked. "Oh, God! the hour of my disenchantment has arrived; my dread forebodings are realized! But know this, you vile, bad man! you cannot cast reproach upon my woman's honor. I have the certificate of my marriage—"""

"Where—where is it hidden?"

"Where—where is it hidden?"

"Where—where is it hidden?"

"Where—where is it hidden?"

"Where world, with a figrea triumph in her eye.

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No notice is taken of anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve manuscripts not used. When newspapers are forwarded containing matter for our inspection, the sender will confer a favor by drawing a pencil or ink line around the article.

When the post-office address of THE BANNER is to be changed, our patrons should give us two weeks' previous notice, and not omit to state in full their present as well as future address.

Notice of Sniritalist Meatings to insure prompt inser-

Notices of Spiritualist Meetings, to insure prompt inser-tion, must reach this office on Monday of each week, as The Banner goes to press every Tuesday.

Banner of Bight.

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

Re-opening of the Banner of Light Public Free Meetings.

The meetings for the Answering of Questions, and the presentation of Messages from individualized spirit-intelligences, which have from the foundation of this paper been so important a feature in The Banner Establishment, have been resumed at our Public Free Circle-Room, 9 Bosworth street, Boston, for the season of '90-'91. The sessions will occur, as usual, on the afternoon of Tuesday and Friday of each week-Mrs. M. T. Longley being the medium on both occasions.

A True and Right Conception.

series of "The Spiritual Facts of the Ages," by Dr. F. L. H. Willis, published in The Banner have been expected. And his spirit-presence of Aug. 30th, and worthy of many and thought- to his disciples and to others after death is by ful readings. It treated, as our readers know, no means an incredible statement. We of this of "Early Christianity," and formed No. 13 of the series. It set out with accepting Chris- touched and been touched by them, even as tianity as a new era in the investigation of the spiritual facts of the ages. Describing the life | their beloved Master. But it would be as raand religion of the era with a few graphic strokes, it asserted that at the birth of the has come to the world to adduce the incontro-Nazarene all the nations of the earth, Rome alone excepted, had passed into decay, some having even ceased to exist; that Asia, steeped in sensualism, slept a sleep of intoxication; that the grandeur and glory of Greece had departed; that Rome was the proud mistress of the world, although her power was physical, and her vigor the vigor of purely animal life. Hence, too, it was that it soon crumbled within itself.

It was, says Dr. Willis, as if humanity, having passed the period of its infancy, stood waiting upon the threshold of a higher life. A new temple was to be erected in the human soul. A new worship was to be instituted, that of the spirit in spirit and in truth, in which every one was to be his own priest, free from the fetters of the mind to act and work in faith and love.

A new power had made its appearance upon the stage of mortal action, destined to develop a diviner consciousness in the heart of humanity. There is nothing improbable in the idea that those celestial spirits which had watched over the interests of humanity through the ages in one nation after another, perceiving now that a child was born whose perfectly harmonious development of the spiritual and physical was to make him the most susceptible medium of angelic influences the world had ever seen, should break forth in exultant strains of celestial music, singing: "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth to men of

This seems wonderfully and beautifully natural. It is far from being an isolated instance of angelic music falling upon mortal ears. The mother of Jesus was a medium, and saw and conversed with angels respecting the future of her unborn child. She was governed by no laws that may not govern any other mothersoul. An angel appeared to Joseph, his father, also, in his dreams, and advised and warned, and guided him. Mediums from Chaldea, or elsewhere, were informed by spiritual signs and omens of the birth of the wonderful child, who was to so modify and change the condition of the world, and came to Palestine from their

distant homes, bringing with them costly gifts. From the age of twelve to thirty years nothing is heard or recorded of Jesus. When he was baptized by John, a spirit-voice was heard, and a dove was seen resting upon his head. This may have been either a spiritual emblem which the eyes of all present were open to behold, or a real dove, subject to the spirit-power that manifested itself on this occasion. Jesus, we find, kept his mediumistic powers alive by the same means employed by the more ancient mediums of Hindostan, Egypt, Chaldea, and his own nation. He retired to solitary places

nation did the same. For forty days he fasted | with the revival of the theory of non-existence in the wilderness. There his spiritual gifts and powers were made known to him. There as the centripetal and centrifugal forces in nahe wrestled with the mighty temptation that ture. One gives rise to the other. assailed him, to pervert his mediumistic powers to self-acquisition, to personal aggrandizethe deaf to hear, the blind to see, and the lame to walk. He restored suspended animation, thus being credited with giving life to the dead.

Dr. Willis at this point proceeds to recite the list of his mediumistic works, commonly called miracles. They were precisely the same as those which Dr. W. has faithfully traced through the ages; neither greater nor less; in no respect different. He finds parallels to all the manifestations of Jesus among the ancient mediums, and among his own disciples and followers for generations after his death. Yet the church insists upon them as proofs of his divinity. This would but prove the divinity of every medium who has wrought similar works, from the earliest record of humanity down to the present day. They prove of Jesus his own inherent spirituality, the susceptibility of his nature, and his power to throw himself into such rapport with the angel-world as to become the medium of its will to the material world.

Then, it will be inquired, if Jesus was no more nor greater than other mediums, in what respect was he greater, or his life of any more value to the world? This is the answer: The world was ready for higher spiritual truths than it had ever before received; and he uttered them with a power and an authority that claimed the attention even of the officers sent forth by the jealous priesthood to arrest him. They returned without him, but with the report: "Never man spake like this man." He was, says Dr. Willis, an unconventional, glorious spirit; a bold, fearless radical. He protested emphatically and indignantly against the arrogance of the priesthood and the most cherished doctrines and dogmas of the church of his day. He was inspired with a diviner, a more glorious and far more truthful conception of deity than the world had hitherto entertained. To him there was no personal Jehovah; no great king personified, and therefore locally limited. His God was the broad, diffusive, allcomprehensive life, power and spirit of the universe. "God is a spirit," was the sublime truth that broke upon the startled ear of humanity from the inspired lips of Jesus.

Jesus, too, first declared the universality of spiritual gifts, which is the supreme revelation made to the world. He first declared it possible for all men to become mediums and work the works of the spirit. "The works that I do," he told his followers, "shall ye do also; and greater than these shall ye do." "Of my own self I do nothing; the Father "-or the indwelling divinity, or spirit-power-"He doeth the works." He often spoke of the angels, and of the legions of them that surrounded him, as if he saw them; and in moments of trial, sorrow and agony, they ministered unto and strengthened him. He taught that those who lived true lives would rise from the dead in purified bodies and become like the angels. His inspired moral precepts were comprehensive and universal. He announced that the days of blind faith, external ceremony, traditionary opinion, and ignorant, superstitious prejudice were over. He introduced a new era, a new power, which gave mankind a tremendous impetus along the pathway of its progressive civilization.

The remarkable events attending his death That was a truly inspired number of the do not appear at all "supernatural" in the light above given. Indeed, they might rather age have seen spirit-forms, heard them speak, the disciples saw and heard and knew Jesus, tional for us-who recognize that Spiritualism vertible truth of the soul's continued existence-to worship these phenomena, these manifestations, as it is for those who profess and call themselves Christians to worship Jesus because of his manifestations, and to declare and proclaim him the universal Deity.

Spiritualism and Agnosticism.

A recent sermon by Rev. Dr. Wild, of Toronto, undertook the task of discovering the antagonistic principle of each of these two methods of belief, and contained beside a number of highly pertinent, instructive and impressive reflections. He remarked, among other things, that history and experience very thoroughly show us that man is a worshiping creature, and that no man could isolate himself from the promptings of this disposition. Everybody has it, and everybody must deal with it in some way. All have got to be in obedience to it somehow. It is a basic faculty on which the other faculties very largely depend for their proper and profitable development. Dwarf this religious faculty in man. and you dwarf every other faculty. Develop it grandly and truly, and you bring after it a developing force to every other faculty of the mind.

Excesses of all kinds give birth to their own remedies. Ritualism in the Church of England gave birth to Quakerism. One was at the opposite extreme from the other. Excessive theological education is checked by the Salvation Army. Nearly every society has come into existence to counteract the excesses that existed in the older organizations. Since about the year 1840 there has been a great tendency in theology to doubt the existence of the spirit of man after that physical change which we call death. "Soul-sleepers" say we "go to sleep' at death, and are not conscious till we are resurrected at the "judgment day." They who halieve in conditional immortality say that we cease to be at death, but if we believe in the Lord Jesus Christ we will be raised up to live forever; and if we do not so believe, we will be raised up to be judged and again be annihilated. Then comes in the agnostic, who doubts all these spiritual revelations, and thinks we have no spiritual existence, or at least that we have no proof of it.

Against these last appear the Spiritualists, a people not in any church organization, who declare that they have heard, handled, seen and communicated with spirits.

Here are thousands of men, said Dr. Wild, whose great pride is to deny our spiritual existence; and here come millions who say they hold actual communication with spirits. Is it not strange, he asked, that this revival of Spirto fast and pray. The old prophets of his own | itualism should come just at the same time | place before our readers next week.

after death? But it is all as perfectly natural

Yet the Doctor errs, we think, in assuming that Spiritualism battles only agnosticism ment and renown. There, after the conflict and materialism. It comes to correct, explode was over, and the victory won over self and and destroy the old superstitions of self-satisselfish aims, angels came and ministered to fied theological orthodoxy. It is a power to him, and so strengthened and quickened his inspire a new and better belief-because based powers that he at once began his wonderful on actual knowledge-within the churches as mission of benevolence and love. He caused well as without. He becomes patronizing, therefore, when he hands over the agnostics to the Spiritualists, and tells them to battle with one another, and so keep things balanced. His notion of the church as a sort of citadel out of the reach of both of these opposing forces, is bred of a religious training which it is one of the special offices of Modern Spiritualism to

eradicate. But he admitted, nevertheless, that such things as the telegraph and telephone are making it much more easy for us to believe in spiritual existence and spiritual force than it was before these were known. They are powers that baffle us, and yet we believe in them. It is not a great jump to take from electricity to a spirit that is invisible, and mighty, and lively. It is not so difficult to believe in mind communicating with mind, and spirit with spirit, when we think of the telephone-how a man can stand hundreds of miles away and whisper into a little funnel, and in some way these words are carried along that invisible track, and the person at the other end interprets them. Science is going on toward spirit and spirit-life. Spiritual things are getting clearer and more distinct, and the agnostics are losing ground every day. Dr. Wild said he believed the time will come when spirit will hold intercourse with spirit by some divinelyappointed means in the millennial day. But he feared men would not make a wise use of this power at the present time. Still, the fact will not wait upon his fear.

Inconsistency of the Vaccinationists.

One of the ablest articles in The Arena for September is by Charles Creighton, A. M., M. D., entitled "Vaccination: A Scientific Inquiry." Dr. Creighton is one of the most distinguished Pathologists in England. He is the author of a masterly and outspoken treatise on vaccination in the Encyclopedia Britannica, and of a large octavo volume bearing the significant title, "Jenner and Vaccination: A Strange Chapter in Medical History," which works, says our friend William Tebb, "confirm the strongest indictments ever made concerning the mischievous effects of the Jennerian delusion." Hence it will be seen that the article from his pen in The Arena is by one eminently well qualified to write upon the subject, and that what he has written is worthy the consideration of all who in this country have

the welfare of the people at heart. Dr. Creighton opens this "Inquiry" by saying that scientific anthority is, in the nature of things, a most powerful instrument, whether it be established in error or in truth. Once established, the authority of science will be apt to secure absolute deference and obedience, most of all from the class who like to express their opinion in all matters non-scientific; and he adds: "The history of vaccination from its beginning to its present position is a refreshing illustration of the truth that medical science is human first and scientific after-

The inquiry the writer institutes is with reference to the validity of the claim held by the early opponents of the Jennerian system that cowpox was a disease entirely different from smallpox, "not so much because it occurred in an eruption of pustules all over the body, attended by a fever, and spreading by conta-This objection was urged, says Dr. Creighton, with conspicuous ability in Paris, by a physician of great experience, Dr. Jean Verdier, but at the same time with scornful brevity, as if he were impatient of the dullness of his colleagues in not seeing at a glance the radical improbability of anticipating the attack of smallpox by the inoculation of a merely local malady of the cow's paps, which had nothing in common with smallpox except a superficial likeness of name. Our author quotes Dr. Verdier as writing at that time:

"The country people in England, as well as the doctors, have represented the vaccine disease to be the smallpox itself. That is a good thing for inspiring confidence; but unfortunately the two diseases have nothing in common, and so the ground of protection falls through, et voilà le fondement du preservatif

The argument of the early opponents to vaccination was, and very justly, that, admitting the old inoculation done by a transfer of smallpox matter to be of any utility (which we do not), the new inoculation done by cowpox was not, as its character and operation was entirely dissimilar. Dr. Creighton remarks:

"If any one supposes that these early critics and opponents of vaccination were 'cranks,' untrained men, captious, jealous, lil-conditioned, or, as the Jenuerians said, 'malignant,' he makes a great mistake It is true that they were not professors, they were not among the leaders, they were not in the academical 'swim'; but they had qualities which make their writings on vaccination still interesting and eminently readable when the mass of the contemporary books. pamphlets and papers on the subject has become insufferably dull."

But all that was human and reasonable was speedily shouted down," that a pretentious and assured scientific authority might rule the day; hence, says Dr. C., "the substitute for the old smallpox inoculation was accepted by the authoritative personages in every country of Europe, and in the United States, with an alacrity which surprises even Jenner's biographer, the hero-worshiping Dr. Baron; or. as we may rather say, with a haste and heedlessness which was hardly to be expected in the cautious and judicial occupants of professional chairs and other academical seats. The real conservatives in this business," continues Dr. Creighton, "were the outsiders. The position which they took, that cowpox was a disease wholly unlike smallpox, and that vaccine inoculation was a contradiction of the correct ninety years of empirical trial."

Mrs. Ada Foye in Denver.

Mrs. Ada Foye is being greeted by large audiences every Sunday in Odd Fellows Hall, Denver, Col., and the interest in her lectures and the phenomenal proofs she gives at the close of each of the truth of her utterances is deep and extended. One result of this is a marked change in the tone of the press, The Daily News of Sept. 8th occupying nearly two columns with a report of Mrs. Foye's lecture and tests of the evening previous, the salient portions of which we shall

To Sagoyewailia.

The representation of the proposed monu ment to the memory of this justly celebrated Indian chloftain in the last issue of THE BAN-NER must have animated many a reader's heart with a thrill of sincore pleasure. The historical explanation accompanying it threw all the needed light on his character and career, besides freshly reminding Spiritualists of his faithful service as a returning spirit to the Cause that is precious above everything to them all.

He was a noble red man in the best sense, while he lived on earth, and he still continues to show himself a rare intelligence since leaving the human to occupy the spirit-form. His advice has ever been and still is of the most wise and practical character. If ever there existed a truly reverent and inspired red man, he is to be named as that one. He spoke freely, always justly, and as a friend.

For the best of known reasons, the North American Indian is the most powerful assistant magnetically upon whom the sensitives of our time are able to call. He brings the pure and unalloyed strength they of all others physically need. He supplies the inevitable waste of power to which they constantly have to submit, as no other known race in spirit-life has yet done. The red man comes at all times to aid the weary and despondent, those who have lost courage and supplicate for restoring help.

Few Spiritualists but personally are conversant with the Indian's influence and sustaining friendship. He loves, above many other spirits, to return to the scenes in which his life on earth was passed in such uniform freedom from the vices and sins of the so-called civilization that expelled him with violence from his inheritance. The Indian returning from spirit-life is the one who practically renders good for evil.

Medicine in Sickness.

As much difference of opinion prevails relative to the employment of medicines in sickness, the following, given by the guides of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond in her recently-published work, "Psychopathy, or Spirit-Healing," will be of interest to many of our readers. It was in reply to an inquiry whether the Controlling Intelligence, were he in earth-life, would administer medicine in his treatment of disease:

"Most certainly, in the present state of the world. I consider that Nature possesses specifics, especially in the botanical world, for every disease, but that these specifics are contained in a more refined state in the atmospheric and magnetic influences surrounding the human organism; and that if a person is amenable to those influences, it is better to employ the remedies in their more refined state. If these, however, cannot be made available, then I would suggest remedies in their various organic states, carefully prepared; but I would never suggest mineral remedies, for the reason that they have not passed through the proper organic processes to be sufficiently refined to assimilate with the vital organism of man.

The answers to questions propounded in the Circle-Room each week constitute a feature of THE BANNER of the profoundest interest. The contents of this department the present week are of value and importance; and the spirit-messages are succinct, and to the point.

A New "Mind-Reader."

A young man. Paul Alexander Johnstone by name. has, according to press reports, greatly astonished some of the people of Chicago by feats in what is termed mind-reading that, says The Times of that city, confront one "by facts wholly beyond man's reasoning or understanding, weird, mysterious and totally inexplicable." Mr. Johnstone is twenty-six years of age, the son of wealthy parents, and does not exhibit his phenomenal power for money or notoriety, but to gratify the curlosity of his friends. His most astoundanother species of animal, but because it was a ling feat is said to have been the accomplishment of strictly local ailment; whereas smallpox was the test of mind-reading, an attempt at which cost Irving Bishop his life. It is briefly described as follows:

"A name was selected secretly and at random in an old hotel register. Johnstone, blindfolded and accompanied by those who were in the secret, drove rapidly through devious streets, selected the right hotel without hesitation, found the right volume of the register without delay—then fainted. On his revival he wrote the right name on a piece of paper, and then fainted again. This time his body presented every appearance of death, but by hard work on the part of physicians he was restored."

"One would suppose." says the Globe, of Boston.

"One would suppose," says the Globe, of Boston, that after the tragic fate of Bishop during one of these periods of suspended animation, Mr. Johnstone would feel nervous about dropping into them when there are doctors present."

"How to Reform Criminals."

As a prelude to Mr. Colville's lecture in Berkeley Hall last Sunday evening he read and replied to a letter bearing upon the above subject. The writer of the letter took exception to the position advanced by Mr. Colville's guides in their lecture of the Sunday evening previous, namely, that we speak evil of no one. and that if nothing good can be spoken we remain silent. The remarks in answer were listened to with much satisfaction by an audience that filled every seat, and occupied all the standing-room of the large hall. We shall print an abstract of this prelude next week.

TRUE COMMONWEALTH CLUB FORMED .- At Onset on the 8th of last month a number of its citizens met for the purpose of hearing the report of a committee appointed at a previous meeting to draft a platform and constitution of an organization having for its object the education of its members in true social science and sound political economy. The platform presented repudiated the doctrine of the old school of social scientists and political economists, that government is purely a political institution possessing arbitrary powers to be used, first, in defending itself against foreign and domestic foes; and, secondly, in protecting the personal and property rights of its subjects; and indorsed the doctrine of the new school of social scientists and political economists, that government is a social and economic body-politic, a cooperative commonwealth, organized for the mutual benefit of all the people. The platform was adopted, also a Constitution of six articles, the first stating the name of the organization to be the True Commonwealth Club of Onset, Mass. Thirty members were enrolled, and the following officers elected: President, Kies Doane; Vice-President, George W. Nickerson; Recording Secretary, Bertram M. Dimmick; Corresponding Secretary and Librarian, D. N. Ford; Treasurer, J. H. Young.

A "DESERTED VILLAGE."-We shall next week print an interesting narrative of the lapse into a state of almost total desertion of what was once a pleasant and thrifty village in Rhode Island, the change having been brought about by demonstrations of physical character produced by invisible agencies, and so working upon the fears of the people as to and received doctrine of prophylaxis, is the cause them to leave. The story appeared recently in position to which we are coming back after the Providence Journal-a paper of marked conservative tendencies, and not given to the "reportorial sensationalism" which rules so frequently in the daily press. Our correspondent, Wm. Foster, Jr., of Providence, has our thanks for forwarding the account.

> Mrs. M. E. Wallace writes from New York City: "I want to thank you for the message from my 'Lille,' (the beautiful spirit who calls me mother,) that was given at the Free-Circle and published in THE BANNER of July 26th. That lovely spirit has endeared herself to many hearts, and the message was warmly welcomed by other grateful souls beside my own."

Successful Experiment in Independont Writing.

Dr. W. E. Wheelock called at our office recently, bringing with him two pairs of slates upon which were to be found the results of a double experiment. under what he confidently regarded as strictly test conditions, which he had conducted with two well-known mediums for the phase of spirit-writing and drawing, viz., Dr. D. J. Stansbury, and Mr. W. R. Colby. From his narration we condense the following accounts

Desirous himself to have a test of the most irrefragable conclusiveness in this direction, he sought the aid of other parties in the way of suggestion, etc., and as a result a number of ladies and gentlemen convened on the evening of Aug. 9th at the office of Dr. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, of Boston. Some of the party were Spiritualists, but others were most pronounced in their skepticism. Dr. Wheelock, after washing the surfaces thoroughly, and allowing all present to satisfy themselves that the two pairs of slates to be used for the experiment were perfectly clean, and that nothing whatever was enclosed between them, proceeded to fasten the frames in presence of the party, by making four holes in the wood of each pair, into which he forced copper rivets which he subsequently locked or "headed down" in their places with "washers," using in this operation an instrument made for the purpose.

Each end of each pair of slates was then secured by a disc of red sealing wax, upon which Mrs. Buchanan affixed the seal she used in her personal correspondence; these discs were set before sealing in crevices cut into the matched edges of the frames, so that said seals might not be destroyed by subsequent handling.

The pairs, thus secured, were then entrusted to the keeping of Dr. Wheelock, with the understanding that they were to be by him conveyed from Boston to Onset Bay camp-ground, where he was to make the attempt to obtain writing, etc., on their inner surfaces, in presence of Dr. Stansbury and W. R. Colby, who were then at that place; after the sittings were held he (W.) was to reconvey the slates to Dr. Buchanan's Boston office, where, after being thoroughly scrutinized, as to their outward appearance, by the same party in whose presence they were originally fastened, they were to be opened by Dr. Wheelock himself, before the company.

Taking the two pairs of slates with him our informant went to Onset, as by agreement with the Boston

party, and held sittings with the mediums named.

In the sitting with W. R. Colby at his rooms at Onset, Dr. W. held one end of the pair of slates used, while the medium grasped the other. When they had held them in this way for a few minutes, the medium suddenly arose, and declared he was sure that results had been obtained, adding that a flower would be found on one of the slates, and a communication for Dr. Wheelock from his (W.'s) wife in spirit-life on the other. [Which assertion proved to be true, when the slates were finally unsealed in Boston at a later date.]

Dr. W. then made the essay with Dr. Stansbury, at that gentleman's office at Onset, using the other pair of riveted slates, as previously agreed upon. On this occasion he (W.) also held the slates after the manner of the séance with Mr. C. Some twenty-four hours inervened between these two seances.

The sittings having thus been held, Dr. Wheelock repaired to Boston, where in due time all those who had originally entered into the agreement were con. vened in Dr. Buchanan's office—on the evening of Sept. 2d. Before these parties Dr. W. brought the slates; they were carefully examined by all present, and the unanimous decision was reached that the seals were intact, and that no evidence of "tampering" could be observed on the exterior of the still-secured slates.

Dr. Wheelock then proceeded, with some difficulty, to cut them open in presence of the company. When this had been accomplished, the pair used at the séance with W. R. Colby was found to contain (as that medium had predicted) the following message from his (W.'s) spirit wife, on the inner surface of one slate. Different colors (list subjoined) were used in writing it, although, as stated above, nothing had been enclosed when the slates were fastened together:

My Dear Husband: I am glad to give you this test of my [brown] presence with you, and to assure you of my desire to aid you, but, (yellow) my dear, this evidence can suffice for you alone. "Convince a man against his will, and he remains of the same opinion still." [Green.] Therefore let others seek for themselves hereafter. When they feel the need of evidence they will seek it. [Blue.] With fresh assurance of my presence with you alway, I am your loving wife.

LOUISA D. WHEELOCK. [Red.] On the other slate was a sort of vine or plant, pro-

fuse in red blossoms (having a waxy glitter when the surface is held to the light) softened by a shading of green. Along the side of the slate, between the wire and the frame, were written the words: "Love." "Peace," together with "Laura," the name of a spirit-relative of Dr. Wheelock.

The slates used at the séance with Dr. Stansbury were found, on opening, to contain on the surface of one a large picture, representing the face of a lady, whose head was wreathed in a many-colored band of minute floral blossoms and leaves; red, yellow, blue, white, and a sort of light blue smoky cloud were among the colors used in producing this likeness. Beneath the picture was written: "Ever thy faithful guide," the face purporting to be that of the spirit-guide of Dr. W. Three short rays, in red, yellow and blue, were drawn above the forehead of the spirit, as if to symbolize the outflowing of an aura.

On the inside of the other slate was written: "Success ever attends the faithful and true. WM. WHEE-LOCK." This spirit, Dr. Wheelock says, was his father in earth-life, and he signed his name in this case in the way he always did while in the mortal.

The results of these interesting experiments, we are informed, are regarded as specially satisfactory by all those concerned in them.

A Grand Old Man.

To have lived to ninety years is an achievement that, in the physical sense, is well worth trying for. Especially if that prolonged term of years be filled up with continuous efforts to realize one's ideal, and convert one's aspirations into actual fact by constantly assimilating them with the character. Such a life cannot have been misspent, though crowned at its close with nothing but poverty, nor can it be said to have been to no purpose, though it never received a syllable of laudation from human tongue or pen.

It was a life of this sterling character that was lived by Ared H. Wood, who passed to spirit-life recently at Lunenburg, Mass., at the age of ninety years. Its history contains a moral lesson of the highest value. He was endowed with a rarely fine sense of justice. Whenever he saw persecution using its ugly knotted whip, it was enough to arouse all his sympathies and stimulate all his faculties to the task of counteraction.

Bred in the Orthodox faith, he had but to witness the meanly unjust incarceration of Abner Kneeland for being a Universalist in order to become a Universalist himself. A pro-slavery man by education and habit, no sooner did he see Garrison dragged through the streets of Boston by an infurlated mob of its best citizens, than he joined the Spartan band of early Abolitionists, and became one of the most active and self-denying workers in their cause, advocating their principles on all occasions and in all

places. He became a radical from seeing the injustice with which all forms of radicalism were treated. He hated nothing as he hated persecution. He never became an unwilling witness to the deeds of that spirit through his long life, without going promptly and resolutely over to the help of the unjustly treated and persecuted. This was the rule of his life, and he never found that it led him wrong. Until persecution ceases from the face of the earth, we may be sure that the path he trod will never lead any of us wrong.

Mr. Wood changed all his political views for this sufficient reason. It was for the same reason that he became a friend of Ireland, when he could no longer endure the sight of her perpetual persecution.

Thus once more, as evidenced in the example of Mr. Wood, are we enabled to see how unjust and violent methods continually defeat the ends they seek. They always will do so. They carry the forces of their own destruction within themselves.

Dr. Dumont C. Dake, during the summer, visited Richfield and Saratoga Spa, and effected, we are informed, several remarkable cures. He has returned to his home, 499 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

Melt one ounce of the finest white wax with four ounces of almonds over a very slow fire, and add gradually a quarter of a pint of distilled rose water. attring it until cold. Very good for chapped hands, soro lips, etc.

A decimal point is a small point for a human life to hang upon. It was a point so indistinct in a New York physician's prescription that the druggist put up 75 grammes of aconite, instead of 7.5 grammes as intended. The mether of a sick baby, for whom the medicine was given, tested it by tasting from the bottle, and was killed.—Heratd.

A patron writes from Central New York on renew ing his subscription: "THE BANNER is rightly named. It is the Banner of Spiritualism. It has 'held the fort' of wisdom splendidly. The whole community-skeptic and believer alike-owes an obligation to THE BANNER for its sturdy common sense, and keen perception of justice. Success to you."

Attention is called to the prospectus of the BANNER OF LIGHT which we publish in another column. It is the oldest spiritualistic paper before the public, and has no uncertain sound as to its being an advocate of the spiritual philosophy. This paper recognizes mediums and mediumship wherever found, and also is friendly to all true reforms of every nature. Send for specimen copies.—Wildwood Messenger.

A NOVEL ON BUDDHISM .- The J. G. Cupples Co. Publishers, Boston, announce a new novel, entitled 'Eastward; or a Buddhist Lover." It deals with the love-romance of a young Buddhist studying in this country, and contains much well-put information regarding Buddhism, by a lady of Cincinnati, O.

Colby & Rich are soon to publish a new edition of Peebles's book, "Immortality and Our Future Homes.' The new edition will [in addition to the previous contents] contain two long and important chapters. The price will remain \$1.50. Send in your orders.-Alcyone.

The fleet foot and the feeble foot

Both seek the self same goal;
The weakest soldier's name is writ
On the great army roll.
And God, who made man's body strong,
Made too the woman's soul!
—Susan Coolidge.

In certain Australian coal mines work is suspended in dangerous places during a fall of the barometer, experiments still in progress having shown that the quantity and intensity of explosive gases greatly increase as the degree of atmospheric pressure dimin-

A homeless Wind sighed up the rock-bound hill— Heart-broken, faint, disowned by all its kin— Shook the closed door, and moaned outside the sill, "Open, kind Souls! ah, let me die within!" — Paul Hamilton Hayno.

A NEW CURE FOR THE TOOTHACHE.-A Russian practitioner recommends the use of hyoscyamus seeds for this painful affliction. His plan is to burn the seeds, and to convey the smoke through a little paper tube to the hole in the tooth. He declares that in nearly all cases one application, or at most two, will suffice to cure the toothache.

Emperor William has declared his willingness to resume friendly relations with Prince Bismarck. They will have a meeting soon.

"Eleanor Kirk," in a recent letter to the press, states as follows her feelings on reaching the Catskill mountains: "It was almost evening when I arrived at Pine Hill in the Catskills, and I am inclined to think that when I first open my spiritual eyes after the change called death, I shall not be more thrilled and filled with the beauty of my surroundings than I was on this occasion." The comparison she uses here would seem to suggest that she herself may have "seen visions" before of the "Summer Land," notwithstanding her occasional glances askance at our Spiritualist mediums, etc. Is this a fact?

The "iron gates" of the Danube are going the way of New York's "Hell Gate."

Twenty German villages in the neighborhood of Targan have been inundated; and famine is active among the sufferers. The floods generally are, however, reported to be subsiding.

Many largely attended public meetings in memory of the late John Boyle O'Reilly, the poet-editor and patriot of Boston, have been held recently-and deservedly-in all parts of the country. Of him it has truly been said that as a poetical writer he had few equals; as a lover of freedom none surpassed him; creed, color and race made no difference to him. He saw the man under whatever outer covering he wore, and demanded that he be given his rights.

The Voice of New York recently contained a paragraph to the effect that "Owing to a peculiar or hypnotic power exercised by Mrs. Maria B. Woodward, a noted evangelist of St. Louis, over her converts, there will be an inquiry into her sanity." The sanity of women evangelists, it would seem, is suspected when they make use of continued high tension of the feelings to bring their converts forward to the "anxious seats." How about the mate revivalists? Are they not working on the same lines?

A United States Census Enumerator last summer ran against an "ex-school ma'am," and this is what happened-according to an exchange:

happened—according to an exchange:

Enumerator—"Family, ma'am?" Lady—"Two daughters," [naming them.] E.—"Which is the oldest?" L.—"Neither." E.—"Which is the youngest?" L.—"Neither." E.—"Which is the youngest?" L.—"I have no youngest." E.—"What, then, are they twins?" L.—"No." E.—"I must have a correct answer." L.—"Before I was married I was a school teacher, and I taught pupils that the superlative degree should not be used in comparing two things. I practice what I taught. My older child is ten, and my younger one eight."

MISS LOTTIE FOWLER, an American medium well known to many, is now in London utterly broken in health, and destitute. She desires, says Light, in mentioning her case, to return at once to America. Contributions in her aid may be sent to the office of Light, 2 Duke street, Adelphi, W. C., London, Eng.

If you are at the sea-shore during the lovely autumnal days, you feel it to be the season of all others to believe in the wonders and mysteries and superstitions of the ocean, to see the mermaiden on the rocks by day, and the phantom ship on the wave by night.—
O. W. Holmes.

A busy bathing-master may be truthfully described as a man immersed in his business.

A Good Investment.

There is an old saying that money cannot buy health. But it can buy refreshing sleep, and that is Nature's best medicine. Very few viotims of insomnia will find their case so severe that it cannot be completely cured by the use of one of the box beds of South American hair, now extensively advertised by Paine's Furniture Company, 48 Canal street, Boston. They are having a great sale.

The Fourteenth Annual Congress

Of the American Secular Union will convene at Portsmouth, O., on Friday evening, Oct. 31st, prox., to continue its sessions on the Saturday and Sunday following. The meetings will be held in the Grand Opera House, corner of Sixth and Court streets.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.—We are in receipt of the September number of the bright little monthly bearing the above name, and published in this city by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Oruelty to Animals. It is filled the present month with pithy anecdotes of animals, and contains good advice as to the care and treatment of these dumb servitors that "cannot speak for themselves." Every householdespecially where children dwell-should be the recipient of this humane and useful little journal twelve months in the year. From its reading a child will come to regard our dumb animals with mercy and

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.-This romantic story has just been brought out in a new and neat souvenir pamphlet, illustrated, which its publishers, the Pabst Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., have dedicated to the Knights of Pythias of the world.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate Imparts New Energy to the Brain, giving the feeling and sense of increased intellectual power.

Meetings in Boston.

Proc Spiritual Meetings are held in the Hannen op Light Hall, No. Hosworth street, regularly twice a week — on Turshay and Enday Apthinoons, J. A. Sheihamer, Chairman,

mor, Unaleman.

First Spiritual Temple, corner Newbury and Exeter Streets.—Bylritual Fracturity Society: Sunday, "Temple Fractrity School for Unidate," at 11. M. M.; Locture at 2% F. M., by Mrs. II. S. Lake, Tuesday, Industrial Union at 7½ F. M. Wednesday, Sociable at 7½ F. M. E. A. C. Sanger, Secretary.

Horkeley Hall, 4 Borkeley Street.—W. J. Colville lectures every Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 7½ F. M. Instruction in Spiritual Science in vestry Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7½ F. M., Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 2½ F. M., during September.

Daylght Hall. 514 Transport Street.—Opposite

Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont Street, opposite Berkeley.—Spiritual meetings at 3% and 7% P. M. Mrs. Dr. Heath, Conductor, office Hotel Simonds, 207 Shawmut Ayenue, Boston.

Twilight Hall, 780 Washington Street.—Bundays, at 10½ A. M., 2½ and 7½ P. M. Eben Cobb, Conductor.

Engle Hall, 816 Washington Street.—Bundays at 10½ A. M., 2½ and 7½ P. M.; also Wednesdays at 3 P. M. F. W. Mathews, Conductor.

Chelsen, Mass.—The Spiritual Ladies' Aid Society holds meetings in Pligrim Hall, Hawthorn street, afternoon and evening of the first and third Tuesdays of every month. Friends cordially invited. Mrs. M. L. Dodge, Secretary.

First Spiritual Temple, Corner Exeter and Newbury Streets .- Sunday, Sept. 14th, the topic of the lecture, delivered through the organism of Mrs. H. S. Lake, was "Mediumship." In connection therewith a large number of questions, sent up to the desk, were considered.

She said: "Mediumship, in its broadest sense, embraces all visible nature; these forms being only the channel through which flow the forces of the inward realm

realm.

Human mediumship is simply the development of organism so that it will respond in various ways to the wills of intelligent beings of other spheres. It is fraught with some dangers because of this fact. What kind of response will be elicited depends upon the degree of vibration between instrument and operator. Mediums correspond, by reason of attainment, to certain strata of inward life, and vibrate thereto. The purer the instrument the finer the quality of force expressed through the same, all other things being equal.

pressed through the same, all other things being equal.

Planes similar to this of the earth furnish mediumship of a material or physical character. Further removed therefrom in quality other grades are produced—you can call them mental phases, if you will—and these again may be subdivided, responding to different strata of interior mental life.

'Intellectual' and 'spiritual' attainment are not necessarily synonymous, as we would use terms; nor is mediumship in any sense a manifestation of moral power, or a revelation of spiritual graces. It is simply a condition of inflow from worlds or spheres the antitheses of those which are called material; in other words, it furnishes the ebb tide of the currents sent inward by the liberation at death of the energy involved in man.

words, it furnishes the ebb tide of the currents sent inward by the liberation at death of the energy involved in man.

You stand on the shores of time and listen as these waves of life echo and reacho the attalnment of the individual soul while incarnated. For, though the operation of natural law may have released you from the earth-body, you may not necessarily have acquired all there is for you to know hereof, and you may still vibrate to the plane of outward being, which may ultimately call you to return—to reanter the states from which you are not yet emancipated.

Differences of opinion upon this and other subjects may be accounted for in two ways; t. e., differences of spiritual consciousness in 'spirits,' and differences of spiritual consciousness in 'spirits,' and differences of medial organization in mortals. There are many beauties revealed to the eye of the artist which the mere artizan never sees; so are there many truths unknown to souls which have not attained the power to vibrate on the plane of those principles.

What any life is to you depends upon capacity of contact. Some are so structured, they seem to need the 'prints of the nails' for demonstration of life's continuity; others reach into the realm of light where soul-power surges, and draw therefrom the consciousness of individual energy triumphant over death; and these states may vary even during one earthly existence for reasons which can be explained.

By and bye, as a race, you will be likely to move away from the necessity of external phenomena, as now presented, satisfied and convinced by the report of faculties at present lying in embryo in the structures of the majority of mankind.

Biessed are they who, conscious of the climbing capacity of the manifestation called man, falter not by the way, nor hesitate to inquire, though the distance seem long and the darkness great.

Such attain power in the spirit, which holds good in after lives, and lightens the gloom of material embodiments. We do not believe in the 'second coming' of 'Je

Spirit.

Next Sunday the subjects of the lecture will be "Try the Spirits," and "Can man, by searching, find out God?"

Lesson for the Children's School at 11 A. M.: "What Second meeting of the Industrial Union Tuesday evening, Sept. 23d, at 7:30. A full attendance is de-

sired. Wednesday evening socials, with special features of The public are cordially invited to all services.

Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont Street.-Sunday last, after an invocation from Mrs. Heath, the audience joined in singing "Nearer, My God, To Thee," led by Mrs. I. H. Frost. In opening, Mrs. Heath spoke of the magnetic power and harmonious conditions in connection with these meetings, and the desire on the part of the managers to make every session a means of spiritual development. Mrs. Dr. C. H. Loomis-Hall spoke of the strong in-

fluence of spirit power manifest, and gave some fine

Miss C. W. Knox said she was glad another door was thrown open where light from the spirit-world might be given those who would enter. She also gave tests, including names and dates; all were well

received. Mr. Riddell spoke in favor of better living here in :

Mr. Riddell spoke in favor of better living here in order that we may aid those who, having passed on, return and come to us for help.

Mrs. J. E. Wilson gave tests that were convincing, and proofs positive that our friends live and are with us day by day.

Mrs. A. Forrester remarked that Spiritualism comes to us like the dewdrop falling from heaven, but doubts that occasionally arise in the minds of many prevent them from receiving the full satisfaction it is intended to impart. She supplemented her remarks with tests.

prevent them from receiving the full satisfaction it is intended to impart. She supplemented her remarks with tests.

Mr. Chappelle answered mental questions with his back to the audience.

Mrs. Fannie Stratton made remarks and gave psychometric readings. Mr. Byron Haskell also spoke. Mrs. Dr. Heath gave tests, which were recognized as such by persons in the audience.

The exercises were interspersed with inspirational music by Mrs. I. H. Frost.

Eventng.—Invocation by Mrs. Heath. Song by Prof. Harry Stratton, who furnished very excellent music during the session.

The Conductor spoke in reply to the question: "What good is there in Mediumship?" She was followed with remarks by Mr. Riddell, Mr. F. A. A. Heath and Mrs. Dr. Steers, who gave tests—under the control of "Sparkling Water"—which were impressive and clear. Dr. W. E. Wheelock exhibited certain closed slates upon which messages had been written under crucial test conditions through the mediumship of Dr. Stansbury and Mr. W. R. Colby.

Mr. W. R. Colby made practical remarks connected with tests of spirit identity; Mrs. Downing gave names of spirits, and closed the meeting with a fine inspirational poem.

Engle Hall, 616 Washington Street.—

Engle Hall, 616 Washington Street. -Last Wednesday, Sept. 10th, music by Miss Carlton, address by Dr. Brown, psychometric readings and

address by Dr. Brown, psychometric readings and tests by Mrs. Chandler Bailey, Mrs. J. E. Wilson, Mrs. J. E. Davis and Dr. Roscoe. Mr. E. A. Blackden, who presided, made remarks at closing.

Sunday Morning. Sopt. 14th, services opened with vocal music by Mme. Bayard. An interesting address was made by a stranger. Remarks by Drs. Eames, Riddell, Thomas. Mrs. Whittemore, and the Chairman, Mr. Blackden.

Afternoon.—After the usual music an address was delivered by Dr. F. K. Brown. Mrs. J. E. Davis gave tests, Dr. Coombs made remarks and gave descriptive delineations. Tests in psychometry were given by Mrs. Dr. Steers and Mrs. Chandler Bailey. Remarks by Mr. David Brown, Mr. Kurtz and Mr. Blackden.

Evening.—Solo by Mme. Bayard. Address by Mr. Blackden. Tests by Mrs. Dr. Bell. Remarks by Mrs. M. W. Leslie, Miss Wheeler and Dr. Mathews. Psychometric exercises by Mrs. Chandler-Bailey. The meetings during the day were largely attended. Meetings will be held in this hall every Wednesday at 3 P. M., and Sunday at 10:30 A. M., 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. who presided, made remarks at closing.
Sunday Morning. Sept. 14th, services opened with vocal music by Mine. Blayard. An Interesting address was made by a stranger. Remarks by Drs. Eames, and by a stranger was a stranger. The one stranger was a stranger of the Canadian, Alexis St. Martin, to whom a shot through the stomach brought and, a lexis St. Martin, to whom a shot through the stomach brought and, and, a kis St. Martin, to whom a shot through the stomach brought and by one sourkrout. No doubt you know by experience. It has been well said: "Some and ellivered by Dr. F. K. Brown. Mrs. Dr. Eames, and Mrs. Chandler-Balley. Remarks by Mrs. Dr. Steers and Mrs. Chandler-Balley. Remarks by Mrs. Dr. Bell. Remarks by Mrs. Dr. Bell. Remarks by Mrs. Mrs. Dr. Bell.

iucid presentation of the fluction of inevitable consequence from the stand of the fluction of perfect and undersating equity. The poems were fine, this invocations impressive, the fluction of perfect and undersating equity. The poems were fine, this invocations impressive, the fluction of the invocations impressive, the fluction of the interesting and solor and accompaniments.

The daily meeting in Berkeley Parlors are always interesting and fully attended; they continue to the end of the menth on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30 p. m. and on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30 p. m. on Friday evenings a social hour is spent after the regular exercises; refreshments are provided by a committee of ladies headed by Miss H. M. Young, in ample abundance for all conters; a number of young people attend, and the evenings are found very enjoyable. Twenty-five cents is charged for entry to the lesson, including the collation. On Tuesday evenings, Sept. 6th and leth, Mr. Colville has lectured in South Boston, and is conducting a select class on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30 p. m., in Mrs. Miller's apartments, Hotel Copley, 18 Huntington Avenue. He lectures in Berkeley Hall next Sunday, Sept. 21st, his last Sunday but one in Boston; subject, at 10:30 A. m., "Spirit, Soul and Body, a Clear Interpretation of these Terms." At 2:46 p. m., "A Plain Lesson in Psychopathy." 7:30 p. m., "True and False Conceptions of Nirvana."

First Spiritual Temple Fraternity School. A full complement of scholars and teachers were present last Sunday, and after the opening services, Lesson

ent last Sunday, and after the opening services, Lesson No. 9 in A. E. Newton's Book was recited by the children, with remarks on the same by Dr. Wilder. The subject of the Lesson was "Progression." Original answers were given by Miss Lazzle Nolan, Benjamin Russell, Mr. F. W. Gregory, Elmer Packard, Frank Hall and John Nolan.

Recitations were given by Miss Maud Banks, Allie Danforth, and a song sung by the Davis Sisters.

Progress is a portion of the eternal gospel of Nature, which the ages preach, and which the history of all Nature teaches. Man, from the cradle to the grave, follows a perpetual series of progressive steps, each leading to the culminating point, when his spirit, set free, reaps their results. The soul progresses in cycles; it regenerates itself again and again, ever revolving around its centre, God, and at each revolution takes on newer life, exhibits more perfect attributes, stretches out further into infinity, and becomes wiser and holier.

Next Sunday the question is, "What to Read and How to Read."

ALONZO DANFORTH.

No. 1 Fountain Square, Sept. 14th, 1890.

Twilight Hall, 789 Washington Street. The three sessions on Sunday last were each replete with stirring interest. Eben Cobb delivered an able with stirring interest. Eben Cobb delivered an able discourse, taking for his subject the theme of the song, "The City Just Over the Hill," previously sung by the gifted vocalist, Mrs. Chamberlain. Mrs. Kate R. Stiles gave interesting reminiscences of her late camp-meeting experiences, and closed in a strain of lotty inspiration. Father Locke delighted as well as instructed his hearers. The warm words of Mrs. Maggie Butler fell like a balm of healing upon many a troubled soul. Mr. W. R. Colby spoke, and gave a few direct communications to parties in the audlence. Mrs. M. A. Chandler gave a fine discourse, inspired by a spirit control. Miss A. J. Webster spoke eld quently, and supplemented her remarks with many excellent tests. Dr. Geddes and Mr. Hollingsworth received each warm applause at the close of their addresses. Recognized tests and readings were given by Miss A. Peabody, Mrs. A. Forrester, Mrs. M. A. Chandler, Mrs. J. E. Wilson, Mrs. A. L. Ordway, Mrs. M. Stetlin, Mrs. Cousins, Mrs. Davis, Mr. O. F. Stiles, and Miss Lizzie Kelly.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Mrs. Kate R. Stiles has returned from the camp meetings, and would like to make a few more engagements for the season of '90-'91. Parties desiring her services will do well to communicate with her as early as possible. Address 43 Dwight street, Boston, Mass. Mr. F. W. Mathews, Chairman of Eagle Hall So-clety, is now sojourning in Maine on a vacation trip, where he is to fill several engagements to speak and give tests on the spiritualistic rostrum.

Mr. A. E. Tisdale is to speak in Cummington, Mass.

next Sunday, Sept. 21st.

Mrs. Clara Field-Conant lectured Sept. 7th, for the First Society of Spiritualists at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., morning and evening, greatly to the satisfaction of her audiences. She has just returned from the Hayden Lake Camp-Meeting in Maine. Mrs. Conant will stop in Boston for a short time at 59 Clarendon street, where she will be glad to see her friends and patrons. patrons.

Bishop A. Beals's engagement for September, at Toledo, O., has progressed thus far in a highly successful manner. He can be addressed at 804 Washington street, Toledo, for further engagements.

Prof. W. F. Peck is speaking during September in Philadelphia. His time for the coming season is nearly all engaged. The months of February, May and June are still open. Address during September, 2137 Uber Place, Philadelphia, Pa.

G. W. Kates and wife will accept Sunday calls in lo-calities contiguous to Philadelphia. Address 2234 Frankford Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Frank T. Ripley has just closed a successful engagement at the Etna, Me., Spiritual Camp Meeting. He will speak and give tests in Maine for the next two weeks, then return to Boston. He is ready for engagements to lecture and give platform tests for fall and winter seasons. Address him 9 Bosworth street, Boston, Mass.

THE SPIRITUAL TEMPLE SOCIETY, meeting regularly in Berkeley Hall, will inaugurate its season for '90 and '91 on the first Sunday in October next. Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson, of California, will speak for the first two Sun-

days.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie will lecture in this hall the remaining Sundays in the month.

The Society's management has also engaged some of the most gifted advocates of the Spiritualistic Philosophy now before the public, and anticipates a prosperous season.

Not for the glorification of the individual or the establishment of a great dominant church, distinguished for the purity of its ethics and the self-love and admiration of its members; not for this has the silence of the heavenly world been broken and its messengers sent forth; but to meet the urgent need of the longing, hungry heart for evidence of a future existence, and the continuance beyond the grave of the love and friendship begun on earth, only to be cut off in the spring-time of its life and sweetness; and also to awaken as never before the unselfish, heroic and sublime in the soul, leading it up to God as the absolute truth and perfect love!-William S. Godbe.

THE TEMPLE MESSENGER-the advent of which among the journalistic literature of Spiritualism we noticed last week-promises to do good work in the interests of the Progressive Lyceum, and for the education of the young. We trust that Spiritualists everywhere will give this little paper due encouragement and support. Mr. Alonzo Danforth of Bostonwho starts out in the publication of The Temple Mes senger at his own expense-is a gentleman well known in the Lyceum work, whose heart is in the Cause, and whose life is devoted to the spiritual instruction of the little ones.

The question of annexation to the United States is now greatly exercising the public mind at Quebec.

A Few Words on Indigestion.



Nervous Debility.

Wenkness, Nervousness, Despondency and Depression of Mind.

We are careless of our strength, vigor and energies in youth and early life. We use them up in business. work, pleasure or dissipation, and suddenly find our selves old before our time, broken down in health, exhausted in brain and nerve power, and left without physical energies, nerve, strength or ambition. Then follows that terrible despondency—that gloom and depression of mind which is a thousand times harder to bear than pain. It blots out hope, happiness and ambition, and makes life seem scarcely worth living, turns nights into sleepless, restless anxiety, and days into almost hopeless despair.

Luckily, there is a great and wonderful restorative, which will give back to the weakened and exhausted system the strength it has lost; a marvelous remedy, which imparts strength and vigor to the brain and nerves, vitalizes and invigorates all the physical powers, dispels, as if by magic, the despendency and gloom of mind, and restores us again to that grand degree of lusty strength, of bounding pulse, and strong physical and nerve power, which in ignorance or folly we have exhausted.

This wonderful discovery is Dr. Greene's Nervura the great brain, nerve and strength restorer. It is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless, and can be procured at any druggist's for \$1.00 per bottle. It is an absolute specific for nervous and physical debility. Persons with weakened nerves and exhausted vitality can regain perfect and complete strength by its use. It cures malaria, restores lost energy, and invigorates the weakened vital forces in old and young. Try it, and you will never regret it.

POSITIVE PROOF.

I was afflicted for five years with nervous debility. and last winter I was down sick with it. I had a good doctor, but got only temporary relief. I then took six bottles of Dr. Greene's Nervura, and it cured me. W. W. CORNELL.

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Dr. Greene of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., its discoverer, is the famous specialist in the cure of neryous and chronic diseases. The doctor has devoted special attention to the treatment of all forms of chronic diseases through letter correspondence, and will give by mail his opinion and advice in any case free of charge. The perfection of this system renders a complete cure almost assured, as his success in treatment by correspondence is wonderful and unequalled. Send for symptom blank to fill out, or write him about your case.

REDUCTION IN PRICE.

After fully considering the subject, the Proprietors of the Banner of Light have decided to reduce its price of subscription from \$3.00 to 82.50 per year.

We have been advised to take this step by our coadjutors in spirit-life who first planned the publication of this paper and gave us its title. We hope that this new departure will meet with a cordial as well as a practical response on the part of the public. In consideration of the good work the BANNER OF LIGHT has done in years past, and is still competent to do, and of the spiritual knowledge and instruction that it weekly brings to the people, its Subscription List should contain one hundred thousand names, and would, if the Spiritualists more fully realized the importance of the subscription List weekly brings to the people, its Subscription List should contain one hundred thousand names, and would, if the Spiritualists more fully realized the importance of the subscription List should contain one hundred throughout the subscription of the subscription List should contain one hundred throughout the subscription List should contain the subscription List should contain the subscription List should be subscripted throughout the subscription of the subscription List should be subscripted throughout the subscription List should be subscripted through the subscription List shou the grand service it is accomplishing.

This change of price took effect with No. 1 of our new volume, bearing date of September 13th. In view of the reduced figure at which we now furnish THE BANNER to subscribers, all previous offers of premiums are hereby withdrawn.

Now, then, SPIRITUALISTS, and all friends of true spiritual progress who have the good of our common humanity at heart, are you ready to aid us in accomplishing the purpose THE BANNER has in view? We ask you to use your individual efforts everywhere to extend its circulation, thus effectually increasing our Subscription List.

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SPECIAL NOTICES,

Three Hours More. - Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, from 8 A. M. to 2 P. M., A. J. DAVIS, Physician, in his office, 63 Warren Avenue, Boston. No new patients treated by mail.

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J.J. Morse, 16 Stanley street, Fairfield, Liverpool, will act as agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of Colby & Rich.

To Foreign Subscribers the subscription price of the Banner of Light is \$3.50 per year, or \$1.75 per six months, to any foreign country embraced in the Universal Postal Union. To countries outside of the Union the price will be \$4.00 per year, or \$2.00 for six months.

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TO THE SCIENCE OF IMMORTALITY A.

Message Department.

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

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

Letters of inquiry in regard to this Department must be addressed to Colny & Rich, preprietors of the Banner Of Light, and not, in any case, to the mediums.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED. THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF Mrs. M. T. Shelhamer-Longley.

Report of Public Séance held June 24th, 1890.

Spirit Invocation.

Spirit Invocation.

We thank thee, oh! our loving Father, for this beautiful day. Our hearts rejoice with Nature in the fullness of her beauty and bloom. As the glad sunshine streameth down upon the earth, bearing ripeness unto every leafy thing, so thine infinite goodness floweth ever downward into the human heart, bearing comfort and graciousness, and all spiritual life. We praise thee, our God, for the fullness of existence, for the opportunities of gaining experience and knowledge day by day which are ours, for the privilege of unfolding into new power and new effort as the years roll by, thus growing receptive to higher teachings and to grander opportunities.

Oh! we bless thee that we live in this day and generation, that we may belood the unfoldments coming into human life, and the possibilities of power which are awakened day by day. We offer up our grateful thanksgiving for the blessings which at this time are ours, for oh! we realize that it is indeed good to be here and to take part in the passing scenes and events of the years. We praise thee especially for the teachings of the angel ones who return from worlds beyond bearing their instructions, and that knowledge which they have received under higher conditions than are here displayed.

We are indeed grateful that the gates of eternal life are wide open, and that our dear ones who are taken from earth may return to loneing friends, with their

here displayed.

We are indeed grateful that the gates of eternal life are wide open, and that our dear ones who are taken from earth may return to longing friends, with their messages of cheer, their words and influences of consolution and peace.

oblation and peace.

Oh! may earth's weary children rejoice, and be uplifted with the thought that there is no death, that like is continuous, and ever opens before the ascending soul new beauties, fresh unfoldments, and all that is

with them to be attained.

Oh! we praise thee that the message of good cheer which returning angels bring is ever of love and hope and immortality; and we pray that this message may go ringing forth through every land until there is no more ignorance on earth surrounding the future, until there are no mourning hearts, but that all shall really understand that by-and-bye the dear ones will be united, and gathered safe at home.

We ask for thy presence continuously to rest upon each one, that it may be felt in each heart, and become a part of the consciousness of life, so that all may rejoice and be exceeding glad to think that they are thy children, and thou art indeed the parent and friend of all. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

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

Ques.-[By A. Josselyn, Crescent City, Fla.] In a case of reincarnation, as described by Spirit John Pierpont some time since, will he please inform us, at the time the foreign spirit takes possession of the little fixtal body, what becomes of the spirit already there?

Ans.-But one spirit possesses a mortal organism in full at any time. We have never seen a case of the incarnation of a spirit where it shared the mortal organism with any other

Understand us, we are not now speaking of the entrancement of a medium by a foreign spirit, which is something very different from the possession of an organism by its own indwelling soul-force. The spirit which belongs to a mortal is that which possesses the organism at all times, but when it comes under the subjection of some other intelligence, so as to be submissive to that foreign spirit for a time, and so as to reflect the thoughts, ideas or movements of the controlling spirit, it is then entranced, or acting as a medium for the incoming intelligence to manifest itself, yet in a case of incarnation or reincarnation there is Understand us, we are not now speaking of case of incarnation or reincarnation there is but one spirit manifesting. We do not recognize that any spirit has come

we do not recognize that any spirit has come into magnetic rapport with the feetus except that intelligence which intends and desires to manifest itself through the mortal organism, when it is unfolded sufficiently to be brought

into the physical life.

If a spirit, under the operations of spiritual law, is attracted into the atmosphere of a prospective mother, whether that spirit has formerly lived upon earth or not, it attaches itself to the mother, and when the fectus is sufficiently devoloped comes into magnetic symciently devoloped comes into pathy with that substance. By-and-bye the embryo is developed so as to become the organism for a living child, and it is born upon earth, the spirit having gained a more complete pos-session of it so as to be able to exercise its various parts and functions, and to come into contact with physical life in order to gain need-ed experience and discipline, so as to assist in the unfoldment of its interior as well as its ex-ternal nature for higher stages of growth.

Q.—[By E. S. Wickerson, Riverton, Conn.] What is the true theory of creation, and the first advent of man on earth?

A.—The true theory of creation is undoubtedly that which has been outlined to you by Darwin and his compeers. We should say "evolution" instead of "creation," because, so far as we can understand, life and its variso far as we can understand, life and its various manifestations are ever evolved from that which has gone before, the complex from the simple, and as that is the rule and line of development in the present, so it has been in past ages; and life, as it has manifested in external form, must have started upon this planet under conditions of development way beyond the nebulous state, constantly growing and extending its power through new forms or manifestations, until we have that which

e behold to-day. Man was not created upon the planet as an individualized entity, standing erect in human form, and manifesting his intellectual powers as we observe them to day. Man, we under-stand, is the outgrowth of that form of intelli-gence and of existence which went before him, that could come into relationship and into being, in contact with the cruder forms of planetary life of its own age, which we may call pre-historic animal existence.

call pre-historic animal existence.

Science has not yet determined where the connecting link may be found between the animal and the human, yet that such a link exists is not doubted by many studious, intelligent minds. In the present age, we behold in humanity, in spite of its unfolded and advanced condition, many indications of its development from the animal kingdom, and this, to our mind, is a beautiful law, and one that appeals to our observation and study, because to realize and understand that the more beautiful, the more intelligent, the more active and tiful, the more intelligent, the more active and useful, and the more intellectual, can develop from that which is below and of lesser degree, is far more beautiful to our mind than the idea that man was created a perfect being, beautiful in stature, and full of intellectual power and activity, but that he fell from his high estate, and was obliged to grovel even among the beasts of the field.

the beasts of the field.

To trace the process of unfoldment even of a rose in its perfected state, from the crude and imperfect condition of the wild forest to that of the cultivated garden, is an interesting study. Why, then, should it not be more of an interesting study to trace the unfoldment of a human being, as he appears upon this planet, from the lower conditions of life to the present stage of development? Where did the human intellect first begin to display itself? is a pertinent question in this connection.

and manifest, the intellect began to work and to express itself, until after a while the glim-moring of human intelligence, distinct and apart from animal intelligence, began to be

And so man advances, age by age, from the ruder, coarser appearance and condition of human existence, to higher types and more pronounced races of men, until at the present day you behold the signs of intellect and of power which humanity affords to the world.

Q.--[By the same.] What is the source of heat? Does it come from the sun, or is it produced by electricity being drawn from the earth, and rising in the air where it meets resistance?

A.-While undoubtedly electrical action upon the earth creates a certain portion of heat which is necessary to the movements and well-being of life on this planet, which heat also enters into and assimilates with the atmosalso enters into and assimilates with the atmosphere, yet undoubtedly also the larger portion of that heat which you feel upon this planet is drawn from your solar system, from the sun itself, which is a reservoir of heat and light. Motion is the source of all heat, motion or activity creating heat. The lack of motion or inactivity produces stagnation, coldness and death; therefore wherever you find activity—all the molecules and atoms of the atmosphere. ity—all the molecules and atoms of the atmosphere and of surrounding objects are in mophere and of surrounding objects are in mo-tion—there is constant evolution and motive power, creating heat, generating light abroad; therefore, wherever you find heat, you will find activity, and wherever this is found you will find life—potential, useful life—manifest-ing its power through various forms and ave-nues; this of itself constitutes the great source of energy and of being of energy and of being.

Q.—[By the same.] What is meant by the passage of Genesis which states that the firmament was placed above the earth to separate the waters above from those beneath?

A.—We should take this passage as evidence that he who uttered it knew very little of the real character of the earth, of the form of this planet, or the physical life of this universe, consequently it was only an exhibition of the ignorance of the human mind

While there were minds in Biblical times who were undoubtedly inspired, under special and favorable conditions, to render certain grand truths and give utterance to instructive knowldge, yet some of those same minds in their edge, yet some of those same minus in their normal condition may have been very illiterate and unlearned. They may have been ignorant concerning many studies which to day are open to the young child entering upon scholastic lore, so that we discriminate between the utterances of the Bible which appear to be foolish, and out of accordance with scientific discovery and out of accordance with scientific discovery and examination, and those utterances which bear a spiritual character, and which seem to be really useful in instructing human minds how to unfold the best qualities of their inte-

Q.— By A. C. Williams, Elk Falls, Kan. We are told that spirits have bodies, much resembling those known to them in mortal life. Now, is it possible for these bodies to meet with misudventures ending in wounds? if so, what would be the effect on the inducting spirit should its astrat tabernacle be thus shattered from injuries received either while in the spirit-world or while this spirit is temporarily on the earth-plane?

A .- The spiritual body is mostly affected by the electrical currents and magnetic atmospheres with which it comes in contact. A pheres with which it comes in contact. A spirit-body may be affected pleasantly or otherwise by the atmosphere which surrounds a mortal whom that spirit desires to reach. By coming in contact with certain atmospheres which are repellant to a spirit, he will feel, throughout his entire system, something of that sensation which you feel in the physical when coming in contact with a powerful when coming in contact with a powerful charge of electricity. Coming also in contact with certain electrical disturbances of the at mosphere at large, independent of human organizations, the spirit-body may be powerfully affected; not so as at any time to disorganize its members, or to work a disastrous or deadly effect upon it, but to such an extent as to create a sensation of disturbance throughout its various fibres and tissues.

create a sensation of disturbance throughout its various fibres and tissues.

Spirits or spiritual bodies may be supplied with new forces and energetic life-powers from the atmosphere which they breathe, and from their surrounding conditions. This is some-thing that you cannot readily understand, be-cause you have not the experience which will enable you to do so; yet some of you, knowing what it is to be affected powerfully by coming in contact with certain conditions of your physical atmosphere, and also by coming en rapport with certain individuals on earth whose magnetic aura seemed to flow out toward you and to bring you strength, will understand in a measure what we are trying to

explain.

Spiritual bodies do not always—and through eternity we mean by always—remain the same. A spirit on entering the other life finds himself possessed of what appears to be an organic form, fully fashioned and adapted to the exercise and manifestation of his mental and spiritual natures. Such a spirit may, after a while, break away from earthly conditions and while, break away from earthly conditions and enter the spiritual atmosphere altogether. He is a progressive identity, reaching out for higher knowledge, seeking association with exalted and high minds, gaining experience constantly; and as he unfolds, the spirit takes on new powers, and is able to express his energies to a fuller degree as the years roll by although they mey means histogeneous they were supposed in the constant of the consta years roll by, although they may march into the centuries. The spiritual body which he possesses becomes weakened; it is not always o serve that enlarging mind; and after it has done its work, it is gradually and beautifully cast aside, or rather the elements of which it is composed become so attenuated that they is composed become so attenuated that they are taken up by the atmosphere, and the indwelling spirit is freed to rehabilitate itself with a new form, a higher, more beautiful shape or organism, which is still better adapted to the wants and expressions of the indwelling mentality. This, you will say, is practically death; and if you must consider it so, yes. You are not to suppose, by any means, that one form will serve a progressive soul through eternity, any more than one organism will serve your advancing spirit for ages.

Q.-[By L. J. Fuller, McMinnville, Ore.] A good Christian or Campbellite minister has said if there is Eternal Life there must be Eternal Death! Now if everything has its opposite, how do you regard this from the spirit-side?

A.—Eternal death, in one sense, yes; in another, not necessarily. Because of eternal life there is eternal change in the universe, and while change is life, change also means death, because without death there would be no

change. What do we mean by death in this connection?

That these primal elements may take upon themselves new forms and manifestations of power and utility. This is death, and death is thusonly a change. You find death taking possession of a human organism, and you say your friend is dead. But not so. This change has come to him that he may be released fully from the physical environments and take upon himself a new form and new conditions for his higher unfoldment and advancement. The body which he has laid down is subjected to the law of dissolution; that is, the organic atoms and the various component gases and particles of that system are to be resolved back into their primal elements, and these elements are by no means dead or lost; they are extends are by no means dead or lost; they are extend-ed into the atmosphere and are reconverted into new bodies through which they express

their life and activity.

You behold the decay of a tree and you say
the old giant of the forest is no more. True,
that which you have seen as a tree has gone to
dissolution; its various atoms have been taken intellect first begin to display itself? is a pertinent question in this connection.

It is not necessary for a race, or a species, to spring into existence in a single day, in a year, or in a thousand years, because the planet has many ages behind it, of experience and growth, through which it was enabled to put forth its powers of unfoldment and of development. Human intellect, then, did not manifest itself all at once, but gradually, as the form adapted to its expression became more fully unfolded and proportioned, as the individual or the spring provided by the cranial portion of his system, so that the mind might take possession of it

undoubtedly there always will be eternal change of forms, dissolution and re-solution states, where the atom and even the form itself becomes resolved back into primal elements in order that reconverting processes may con-

tinue.

We have no doubt of this. You are constantly sending forth from your beings emanations that are taken up by the atmosphere and used for utilitarian purposes, and you are constantly receiving into your systems relays of magnetic force from the atmosphere, and from your surrounding associations; so death, and change, and life itself, go constantly on, and probably ever will de so.

The planets roll in space, parting through the processes of friction and motion with certain of their elements, and even of their life-forces, and at the same time gaining, through these same processes of change and growth, new forces and new elements, which give them power and activity. What is true of a world may be true of a forest-tree, of a rose in your garden, or a grain of sand upon the seashore. What is true of a system of worlds may be true of humanity as a whole, or as an individual entity.

SPIRIT MESSAGES, THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF Mrs. B. F. Smith.

Report of Public Scance held June 20th, 1890.

Benjamim F. Brown. There are some loved ones that will be glad There are some loved ones that will be giad to hear from me, Mr. Chairman, and I am very positive when I make this assertion. Several years ago I was here and gave a few words, which did not satisfy me, and so I make the attempt again to-day, not wholly for myself, but for some friends, and I have many, I trust, in this good city, although some have joined me in that bright beyond where no parting is known.

I have some friends in Newtonville, in Newton and in Newton Highlands. I am glad to speak here, for there are two purposes I have n mind.

One dear friend is groping in darkness, and I feel that the light would be much better for her—that is, it would be well for her to learn something of the beyond. When I entered the higher life those who had preceded me came to meet me, reaching out the hand eagerly to

meet me, reaching out the nand eagery to grasp mine.
While on earth my business was that of a druggist, and before I passed on I was connected with the manufacture of blacking. I think I think it will recur to the minds of some of you, when I announce my name. I shall be remembered in this city, as well as in other places. Mary stands beside me, asking to be remembered to the few kindred yet dwelling in the form. Benjamin F. Brown.

Hulda L. Mack.

It is many years since I put on the bright and beautiful garment of immortality. I always felt if I found heaven it would be through the felt if I found heaven it would be through the cross of Christ. I cannot say to you I was happy in that belief, although I knew no other; my spirit was reaching on for more light, but still I did not hear anything of spirits returning to earth and communing with their friends yet dwelling in the form. My religion was of the Methodist persuasion. When they told me I was dying I asked them to come around the bed and let me converse with them. I felt satisfied concerning the change. In 1854 I parted with the material form. A long time ago, it seems to mortals, but we take no note of time; one day is as a thousand years; so we read, and so it is.

I am satisfied with my beautiful home, but it would have been better if I could have been

it would have been better if I could have been educated to know that those who had pre-

educated to know that those who had pre-ceded me to the higher life were with me often; and it was those loving friends who aided me in passing over. It seemed to me but one step, and I was with them beyond. I dwelt twenty-six years in mortal life, and those years seemed very short to me. Often would I hear my name spoken, but I did not understand it was from the spirit realms. After the change came to me I realized that it was from the angel world. Dear friends, it After the change came to me I realized that it was from the angel world. Dear friends, it was not a myth. I was not mistaken. I heard the word Hulda plainly pronounced. Sometimes I spoke of it, but they idly passed it by, not knowing that spirits could return to earth. Before my spirit left the form I beheld a most beautiful vision, and I said, "It is well;" for I felt the profession I had made would save me. But profession dear friends is only a form: it But profession, dear friends, is only a form; it is your life that builds your home youder. Then would I say to each one: Do open the door, that your loved ones may come in and commune with you; and we will do all we can, they would be a say to each one; by the commune with you; and we will do all we can, to enable you to learn something of the bright beyond before you are called to part with the material form.
In Portland, Ct., I shall be remembered to-

day, although it is so long since I passed away. Hulda L. Mack, wife of Oliver W. Mack.

Rev. Nathan Parker.

I am thankful that all spirits are permitted to return and commune with their loved ones. What is more beautiful than to feel they are What is more beautiful than to feel they are only a step from you, as has been sang to-day "Only a thin veil between," so thin that we can almost penetrate it and clasp your hands here in mortal life? The Father who watcheth over all has ordered, in his wisdom, that as we visit our friends, if you are happy we are, and your unhappiness also we share, but we cannot take it away with us. We come to you in sympathy, we come with love, and the kindest of greetings do we bring not only to kindred, but to the whole world. There is one in particular that dwells in the form. I am pleased particular that dwells in the form, I am pleased to say, a medium that I feel I may have some in-fluence, some controlling power over. To this friend I would say: Listen to me, listen to the angels, and I may be instrumental in doing a grand and noble work through you. I promise before the angel-world I will come often. I will bring all the light possible for us to give

Many times have mortals asked the question why we do not bring more convincing proof to those dwelling here. Ofttimes, friends, you are not in the right condition to receive what we might impart to you, therefore do not blame the spirits. We bring no blame to you, we pity; and it crushes our feelings often when we hear one say: "No; that is not my friend. If it was, he would make it plainer to us." We do all that is possible with the power that is given us to make you understand of our visits, which are often. In Portsmouth I shall be remembered as Rev. Nathan Parker. Many times have mortals asked the ques-

Elsie Maria Southwood.

Elsie Maria Southwood.

[To the Chairman:] Can I speak as well as the minister? [Yes.] Grandma says "not as well," but I can speak here. We have more flowers where we live than you have here. You didn't never come there, did you? [No.] We have white flowers—they call them lilies of the valley. Oh! they are so lovely, so fragrant! I bring a little girl with me. You don't mind, do you? Her name is Emma, and her mamma lives only a little way off. Perhaps she'll talk some day. We form acquaintances in the Summer-Land, the same as we would here; and grandpa says it would be a very strange community if we didn't form new acquaintances, and not have the old all the time. I think he ought to know—he was seventy. I think he ought to know—he was seventy-nine—all those years he stald here. I did n't

nine—all those years he stald here. I did n't stay but seven.
Will this paper go to Chicago? [Yes.]
Uncle John is here, and Auntle Susan, and Willie. Willie was n't my truly brother, but he lived with my papa. He was adopted, they said. Willie lives where we do, now.
Oh! I'm so glad I've got in this chair. Do n't you think it is a nice one? I can sit here, but I'm not going to stay much longer.
All is so beautiful here, given to us, as grandma and my teacher tell me, from the Great Spirit. And we are branches of Him, my teacher says. Then we must be good in mortal life if we wish to be happy in the Summer-Land. Do n't you forget to put down my name. Elsie Maria Southwood.

Dolly was dead. I heard every word that was spoken, but on account of the profession I had made I felt as if it would be wrong, even if I had the power, to speak to the friends. I was not educated to believe we could come here. I thought if I gained heaven I should wish to stop there, little understanding how selfish it would make one. Only twenty years I dwelt in the form, but as I enter the earth-life it seems a long time since I was called to part with the body. I did not fear the change, but loved ones held me closely. Life was sweet, it was dear, the world was beautiful to look upon, but I was willing to go, for I felt that Christ saved me. I find in the spirit-world that our lives build our homes, as many thousands of spirits will tell you. It seems as if you certainly must believe some of them. Reason must spirits will tell you. It seems as if you certainly must believe some of them. Reason must tell you they will not all deceive you. Then trust us as we come imploring you to learn something of the world where your loved ones dwell. A thin film is all that comes between us, a veil which is over your eyes, not ours, for we behold you plainly.

In Lincolnville, Me., some of my loved ones dwell. I have often heard them speak of me and say: "She is safe in heaven," little thinking I stood beside them. I cannot understand

and say: "She is safe in heaven," little thinking I stood beside them. I cannot understand why those teachings should be as they have been. I am not here to find fault; far be it from me; but I do think in these days of enlightenment we should do a little more thinking for ourselves instead of taking for granted what the minister says.

I was quite diffident when here. I come the same to-day. When I heard them say: "Dolly Maria is dead," oh, how I wished to say: No, not dead, more alive than I was in mortal life." But no one could hear my voice. "Hush," they said as these words were spoken over the inanimate form: "Blessed it is to die in the Lord." Oh! how little they knew I heard those kind words as the tears dropped for me. Many loved ones felt I was not dead, but they had no idea of where or what heaven really is. had no idea of where or what heaven really is. I was educated to believe heaven was a far off country, and that it was a location. It is a condition that you make for yourself. Then condition that you make for yourself. Then try, friends, to make your heaven as perfect as you can. Think not you are placed in this life to live for self alone. No; all are brothers and sisters of one family, God's children. Talk much with the Great Spirit and he will Talk much with the Great Spirit and he will hear your prayer, for prayer is the desire of the spirit. When sufferings came to me, physically, I talked much with the dear, loving Father, the God of Mercy, the God of Love. Commune with Him daily, hourly, in the closet, which you have been taught you should enter in spirit, and pray to the loving God. The closet, is the heart; then you may pray anywhere, anytime.

anywhere, anytime.

As I have been an inhabitant of the spiritworld nearly forty years, if I count your time aright, I should have learned a great deal; but there is much more to learn, and much labor to be performed. We do not work materially, as you do with the hands, but continually with

the spirit.
Year after year I have been drawn to those I loved. My spirit has yearned for them, that I might aid them, that I might teach them something of the beyond, that the scales might drop from their eyes.

I would rather have staid in the form longer,

I would rather have staid in the form longer, but after the change came I felt it was well. I had much to unlearn of the teachings of earth-life, for I find the truth far different, although I firmly assert to you to-day I do believe the pastor was honest in the words that he spoke to his parishioners, knowing only so far as he had learned. I always felt that the spirit, world or heaven as it was then the spirit-world, or heaven, as it was then called, could not be as far away as some people thought.

I desire that my words may go to the home where a few dwell, and to the old neighbors whose heads are whitened by the frosts of winter, who will remember Dolly Maria Heal.

Clarence Austin Kensield.

It seems almost impossible, as I take my stand here, for me to speak in this public manner; but I feel it will be gratefully received by some closely connected with me.

While I look into the audience one face holds me. I will try and not weaken, as I look upon the face which is the right one.

the face, which is the right one.

Often have you said in your own soul:
"Where is the boy to night? Does he come
to us? Does he come as often as it seemingly
comes over me that he is there?"

Comes over me that he is there?"

Yes; for there are times when you do not sense me as I would like you to. Friends, dwelling here in this city of Boston, father, mother, sister, these words I give to-day are for you all. I would not leave the kindred out, but these come closer. I feel that I am a part of the one whole. In a little while will one that is connected closely with you, mother, not as kindred, but a friend, be called to pass to the higher life. My prayer has been for praying the higher life. My prayer has been—for prayer is the sincere desire of the heart—that the

is the sincere desire of the heart-that the loved ones she eagerly reaches out for in spirit may be present and assist her.

Our mother, dear sister, yet dwells in the form, while my home is in the immortal; but I am happy. I repeat to you, father, mother, I am happy. You may ask me if I am perfectly happy. I answer, no; nor is any spirit. If we were, what need would there be of progression? Progression means reaching on for more light, more intelligence toward a higher life.

Dear old grandfather stands beside me, and

Dear old grandfather stands beside me, and asks me to say he is present to-day in your meeting. I have been here many times, and I feel I have gained more power, more knowledge by listening to spirits further advanced; those that have been longer in the spirit-world, and have acquired more wisdom.

Mother, you are aware I have made myself known to you many times; as you possess medial power, you have realized my presence by

It was well, it was right—God doeth all things well—when he called me to pass on to the higher life. Clarence Austin Kenfield.

Deacon Joseph Robbins.

I have felt many times, as I stood here listening to others, that perhaps I might add something myself. My children are yet dwelling here, but a stone's throw from this place, and I feel that some of them would be glad to know here, but a stone's throw from this place, and I feel that some of them would be glad to know that father has spoken to them and given them a little light. I may not give a great deal, but having been connected with the church as I was when called to pass on to the higher life—I was a deacon—I felt it would be well for me to speak here to day, and as my son has filled the place that father vacated, I would bring some light, some knowledge that they might learn of where we are and what our work is since throwing off the mantle of flesh. I was not a Spiritualist, and I might say I am ashamed to make the announcement, for I find that a true Spiritualist is of the spirit, and we should leave off the ist or the ism. I felt it was a duty to show to the world that I was trying to hold myself in close connection with church duties. I would say to each, the church is a good institution, the forms are all right. There are people that are made better by coming into the fold; there are people in the fold that would be just as good if they were outside, and there are people to-day—and I do not mean to be personal—that would have been good or bad outside of it.

I am not going to speak so much of the church, for the day is coming, and it is not far in the distance, when mortals will begin to realize more of the grand and noble truth that the dear Father God permits us to commune together. I believe, if I do not make a mistake, we are commanded to commune together. What did St. Paul mean when he spoke so much of spirits? I heyer could understand what the passage meant that tells of those who had been dead two hundred years, of Moses and Elias being visible upon the Mount. They were not near the graves where they were buried. Many passages seemed misty to me which become clear now after leaving the form. I know God permits the spirit to return to earth. And if the spirit goes to God who gave it, why not?

and mother, and the loved ones that have pre-ceded you to the higher life. If we held an affection for you here, we still retain it, only it seems to me the power of love is greater than it can be on earth.

A short time since I was conversing with Dr. Ingalis, and also with Rev. Warren Cudworth, and these were the words the latter spoke to

me:

"I always felt—yes, for years—that I was aided from the spirit-world. I have sat down sometimes to pen a few lines, and I would feel invisible presences beside me. I know now that the words which were given me came from the higher intelligences."

I answered, "I believe you, sir."

Before my spirit had hardly taken its flight loving friends came around me with smiles and happy greetings to grasp my hand. It was a warm reception.

I did not think of taking so much of your time, Mr. Chairman, but these words will be of some benefit to my children. They know father was honest, and that he would not speak here of things he had no knowledge of. I say to them me:

of things he had no knowledge of. I say to them further: Children, learn something of the life to come-not merely by reading, but by what

we may give you.

I was Deacon Joseph Robbins, and connected with the Maverick Congregational Church, East Boston.

James A. Stinson.

In New York, Mr. Chairman, I shall be known as James A. Stinson. Often have I heard my name spoken in little gatherings in what you would call materializ-ing circles, but they knew not the spirit they

gatherings in what you would call materializing circles, but they knew not the spirit they were speaking of was present, while I stood beside them.

I remember one particular period, when Martha and myself were there, dear old neighbors came. What for? Really, to see if it was a fraud. Now, friends, do not go fraud-hunting. You'd better be honest with yourselves and speak the truth.

As for fraud, you can get enough of it right in your own hearts. I say to you, do n't go outside. You ought not to make it the hardest you possibly can for the spirits and the medium, as I have witnessed many times.

I do not wish to be personal, nor will I say one word of harm of anybody. It is the kindest advice I would leave with you to-day.

Poor, poor mediums! I say again. Christ was a medium, and a good, true, noble spirit; but look back, if you will, with me, and see what he had to pass through. I have felt many times if he was to come upon earth to-day he would be ill-treated as he was, for mortal life is the same and mortals are the same that they were eighteen hundred years ago.

Did he not say when upon earth: "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone"? Look

Did he not say when upon earth: "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone"? Look

that is without sin cast the first stone "? Look and see the charity, and I think, although I was not there, there were no stones cast. It shows to you that you should be more charitable, more sympathetic in this life.

I did not think of preaching a sermon to you, If I had not seen so many saddened spirits, as I have been in their gatherings, I should not speak so pointedly. I have suffered with others. Then I ask you to come with all honesty of spirit and say: "Blessed angels, make the way plain for us." Not say, "Give me a test," but "Give me proof," and we will do our part. Let me add again, it is too sacred with heaven, too sacred with earth, with spirit and mortal, to trifle with. How little do you understand of God's laws, or the conditions he has given us. When you investigate truthfully, honestly, you have a right to your opinion, and not ly, you have a right to your opinion, and not before. I did not mean to show so much feeling, but that was my nature.

John Folsom.

John Folsom.

I would like, Mr. Chairman, if possible, to leave a few words here that will reach my poor mother, who is suffering in spirit for the children she has laid away. Hardly can she understand yet where they are, but hopes they are in heaven. If it were not for hope the heart would indeed be miserable; hope for something. Now, mother, these words I leave for you, and I wish you to read them over and over again, for I have not come to bring you fraud or deceit, I know, as I have heard you talk with Mrs. Snow a good many times, and the thought would come, and you have even expressed it: "I wonder if it is possible for our children to know what we are saying." Yes, when we are present. If we are not present how should we know? We come beside you and we see how mystified you are. As father says, you must seek knowledge in order to get it, and then you will understand. Father is present, and sends loving words to you, mother, and to the children that are left, for they are not all taken our side. You have often said: Johnnie where are you? for they are not all taken our side. You have often said: Johnnie, where are you? Will you come to me? These have been your words in thought as I have stood close beside you.

I am your own boy to day, just as much as when I inhabited the mortal form.

Mother, it has been your privilege to learn a little, and it will be your privilege to learn much more before you are called to pass to the highen life.

higher life.
Father asks me to say to you: Some changes will come before a great while; within a few months, it looks to us, but we cannot give dates. You will find you will be satisfied with

the changes, and if you are happy we are. He tells us to-day: Take care of the old place first. It is his wish.

Mother, will you listen? Will you try to learn a little from us who have been taken from the home? Not only myself but sister is here and sends love to you, mother. We wish to be remembered, each one of us, to those dwelling in the form. It is his wish.

It seemed very strange to me when I first entered the spirit-realms to see live, active people there, walking to and fro, the same as you would be here, only, as we use the term, more originally as the seemed with the lieuter of the same as you would be here, only, as we use the term, more

spirituelle.
If the Elder could understand that Fred was

If the Elder could understand that Fred was with him, even in the pulpit, he would be happler than he is now, and he wishes to be remembered to his father and mother.

Fred Snow is here beside me, too. There are many here I shall not speak of to-day, for I think I have said about enough.

Mother, I wish you to learn, I say. I repeat it again. It is not a delusion, it is not false, and I make this assertion very strong.

Will you please to send this message to my mother, Mr. Chairman? She is in Cornish Me. Her name is Susan Berry.

Father stands beside me also, and wishes this request carried out.

I am John Folsom. My father is George Folsom—two marriages, as you will understand.

Cora S. Abbott.

I am weary and tired as I come near a medium. Many times, while in the form, my pity, my sympathy went out for mediums, knowing their trials. Understanding mediumknowing their trials. Understanding mediums, knowing their trials. Understanding mediumship, we can be more charitable than those who know so little of it. It is not long since I put on the beautiful robes of immortality; but my work is not done. When the change came, I was willing to part with the distressed body, for I felt called to a grander, nobler work than I could do here. I find it so. At Verona Island Park they do not forget me, and as they gather in the camp I shall be spoken of. I have been many times one of their number as they have gathered there. In a little while they will come together again; and may the whole world be made to know of this truth, that a genuine medium is from God, and thiat the gift is divine. I know how to sympathize with those that are cruelly spoken of by many thoughtlessly.

Little do they know of the sensitive spirits they possess. In the kindness of my soul do I speak in honor and reverence of true mediumship.

God, I say, has given this one a talent or

diumship.

God, I say, has given this one a talent, or many, as he has chosen; then we should not hide it, but use the talent God has endowed us

guardianship of the angels that you might walk hand in hand with them, that their lives might spiritualize your own existence, and that you might feel that you are worthy of their guardianship.

I am very thankful for the privilege of speaking here, and would express my warmest feelings, not wholly to the kindred and friends, but to the whole world; and may the time speedily come when mortals may be lifted above the clouds of error, and know more of their friends walking with them daily. Cora S. Abbott.

INDIVIDUAL SPIRIT MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.

Jane 27.—Elihu Robinson; Betsey Thayor; Hattle Burdick; Sarah H. Fletcher; Mabel Hatch; Archibald Lewis; Benjamin Marshall; William H. Orne; Capt. Eleazer Higgins; Olive Stovens; Caroline Hill; Norton Hollis; John Plerpont.

CRISTUS CONSOLATOR.[*]

- Beside the dead I knelt for prayer, And felt a presence as I prayed— Lo! it was Jesus standing there; He smiled: "Be not afraid!"
- "Lord, Thou hast conquered death, we know; Restore again to life," I said— This one who died an hour ago." He smiled: "She is not dead!"
- "Asleep then, as Thyself didst say,
 Yet Thou canst lift the lids that keep
 Her prisoned eyes from ours away."
 He smiled: "She does not sleep!"
- "Nay, then, though haply she do sleep, And look upon some fairer dawn, Restore her to our hearts that ache." He smilled: "She is not gone!"
- "Alas! we know too well our loss, Nor hope again one joy to touch Until the stream of death we cross." He smiled: "There is no such!"
- "Yet our beloved seem so far,
 The while we yearn to see them near,
 Albeit with Thee we trust they are."
 He smiled: "And I am here!"
 Brooklyn, N. Y. ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.

•[The language which this poet ascribes to the Martyr of Galilee is the same which returning spirits everywhere in this nineteenth century are proclaiming to the mourning hearts of their beloved yet in mortal life.—ED. B. OF L.]

September Magazines.

THE NATIONALIST .- "Dr. Leete," which will be recognized by readers of "Looking Backward" as the name of a prominent character of that book, has written a "Letter to Julian West," under date of Boston, 2001," which finds place in this month's Nationalist, as having been "communicated through Rev. Solomon Schindler." It sets at right some misapprehensions of the theory advanced in that book regarding journalistic work, contrasting the newspapers of 1890 with those of the year 2000. Howard Wilcox considers the common objection to Nationalism, that those who hold to its ethics are visionary, and Charles E. Holt gives a "Suggestion" to those who aspire to aid in the development of the Nationalist idea. "The Farmer's Demand for Cheap Money" is the subject of a paper by O. M. Peterson. Editorially a large number of "Current Topics" are ably discussed, respecting one of which it is said, "The legalized taking off of Kemmler by electricity sent a shudder all over the civilized world, and probably has done much in the direction of abolishing capital punishment. The opinion seems to be growing that if one man has no right to kill, a collection of men have no right." Mr. Grönlund's "Our Destiny" is continued. Several poems are given, including one by Henry Austin, "The Grand Army Parade," in which he signalizes the transition of John Boyle O'Reilly as a cloud passing over the event he celebrates. Boston: 77 Boylston street.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. - An illustrated poem, "A Country Courtship," is given on the first page, followed by one by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in her characteristic vein, "As You Go Through Life." Emma C. Hewitt furnishes a story complete entitled Rebekah Spofford's Theory." A number of serial stories are continued and others commenced, of the latter " Anne's Cholce," by Harriet Prescott Spofford. The various departments: "Side Talks with Girls,"
"Just Among Ourselves," "In Literary Circles," "Mother's Corner," "Knitting and Crocheting."
"Dressmaking," "Housekeeper," "All About Flowers," etc., are well filled-a dozen articles in each. Each page is fully illustrated. Philadelphia: Curtis Pub. Co.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.-This is a valuable publication of an astrological order: As proof of which it may be mentioned that among its indications for August was one to the effect that officials in charge of prisons or reformatory institutions in the country would experience during the month unusual troubles with criminals, and would need to be on the alert to avoid conspiracy, surprise and escape. Of course the magazine came out in advance of the month of August, as do others, and the justice of the warning it brought was effectively proved in Massachusetts, at least, by the great and unexpected rlot in the Charlestown State Prison late in the month. Published by Grant & Co. Boston, Mass.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED .- A retrospect of the past season's work in field and garden is given in the opening article, and valuable hints for the attainment of the best results during the remainder of the year. Mrs. La Mance supplies instructions for producing "An Ideal Home Garden," and a full score of subjects in which florists are interested are dealt with on the remaining pages. Rochester, N. Y.: James Vick.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL contains a portrait of the famous novelist. Jules Verne, with a sketch of his life and methods of writing for the public. The subject of this month's "Phrenological Biography" is Geo. Combe. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.

Generation after generation have used and blessed Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. Try it.

New Publications

THE ELEMENTS OF PSYCHOLOGY. By Gabriel Compayré. Graduate of the Ecole Normal Supérieure, Fellow in Philosophy, Doctor of Letters, and Professor in the University. Translated by William H. Payne, Ph. D., Li.D., Chancellor of Nashville, and President of the Peabody Normal College, and author of various educational works. 12mo, cloth; pp. 316, Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Under the treatment here given, Psychology possesses all the concrete interest of physical science. denuded of transcendental obscurity, and brought within the compass of the ordinary intelligence. The reputation of its author as a thinker and writer guarantees this as a work of philosophic insight, correctness of views, and clearness in their exposition. The immediate purpose of its translation has been to provide a class-book for students in the Peabody Normal College, but beyond this to supply the many readers of Compayre's History and Lectures with a companion volume and sequel.

THE FREETHINKER'S PICTORIAL TEXT-BOOK.
Designs by Watson Heston. Royal 8vo, bds.,
pp. 367. New York: Truth Seeker Office, 28

Lafayette Place. The pictures in this volume, nearly two hundred in number, originally appeared in The Truth Seeker, and are republished in this more durable form in compliance with the request of the readers of that journal. They vary in size, many of them being nearly six by nine inches, and are remarkably expressive in their forcible presentation of the radical truths it is their purpose to impart.

THE TAKING OF LOUISBURG, 1745. By Samuel Adams Drake, author of "Burgoyne's Invasion of 1777," etc. 16mo, cloth, pp. 136. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A picturesque grouping of facts relating to a decisive event in American history. The story holds the interest of the reader from first to last. It is illustrated with maps, engravings and a portrait of Sir William Pepperell, and supplemented with notes.

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June 14.

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July 5. 13w*

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Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character. MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully aunounce to the public that those who wish, and will visit her in person, or send their autograph or lock of hair, she will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past and future life; physical disease, with prescription therefor; what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those intending marriage; and hints to the inharmoniously married. Full delineation, g2.00, and four 2-cent stamps. Brief delineation, g1.00, and four 2-cent stamps. Brief delineation, g1.00, and four 2-cent stamps. Centre street, between Church and Prairie streets, Apr. 5. 6m* White Water, Walworth Co., Wis.

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4w* Sept. 6.

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Fortable Secessful where all Eswedie fall. Soldby F. HISCOT,
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MRS. JENNIE CROSSE, Business, Test and Modical Medium. Six questions answered by mail, 50 cents and stamp. Whole Life-Reading \$1,00. Magnetic Renedles prepared by spirit-direction. Address 83 Tremont Street, Lynn, Mass. Sept. 13.

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WILL give a test of it to any person who will send me the place and date of their birth (giving sex) and 25 cents, I the piaceand date of that shall be money or stamps.

I will write Blographical and Predictive Letters (from the above data). Also advice upon any matter, in answer to questions, in accordance with my understanding of the science, for a fee of \$1; Consultation fee \$1; at office, 206 Tremont street.

Nativities written at prices proportionate to the detail demanded. Address OLIVER AMES GOULD. Box 1664, Bos ton, Mass.

July '9.

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Aug. 30.

4w*

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BUSINESS, Test and Developing Medium. Sittings daily Circles Monday, Thursday evenings, and Thesday af termoons at 3 o'clock. Six Developing Sittings for \$4.00 lolf Washington street, opposite Davis street, Boston. Sept. 20. 1w* E. A. Blackden,

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WILL give Trance Sittings daily, also Magnetic and Electric Treatments, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. No. 181 Shawmut Avenue, one flight. Boston. Do not ring. Aug. 30.

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Will visit the stek by letter appointment, also transmit his
poncerful healing force by mall through the vehicle of paper on
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July 5.

Miss J. M. Grant, TEST and Business Medium. Office Banner of Light Building, 8½ Bosworth street, Room 7. Hours 9 to 6. Sept. 6, 5w*

Mrs. Alden,

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Dr. Fred. Crockett,

M OODY House, 1202 Washington st., Boston, Magnetist and Clairvoyant, Diagnosis by letter §2. Remedies by express. Sept. 20

W. P. Ware,

M AGNETIC Healer, will treat patients at their homes Letter address, 523 Washington street, Boston, Mass. Sept. 13. 4w*

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MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN and Test Medium, No. 233 Tre mont street, corner of Ellot street, Boston. Sept. 20. lw* MRS. CHANDLER-BAILEY, 150A Tremont street, Room 7. Roston Moutant at 25

M street, Room 7, Boston, Medical and Business Medium. Sittings daily. Circles Monday and Saturday evenings, Friday at 3 P. M. Residence 26 Cazenove street, near Columbus Aye. R. R. Station. 1w Sept. 20. J. P. CHAMBERLIN, F. B. A. S.,

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Sarcognomy, which is the Anthropological System. Reference: Prof. Jos. Rodes Buchanan, M. D. 4w* Aug. 30. MRS. M. J. BUTLER will receive her patients on Tuesdays and Thursdays, from 9 to 12 A. M., at 375 Columbus Avenue. No arrangement for interviews at the store of W. S. Butler & Co. can be made for patients. Sept. 20.

MRS. L. M. VIERGE, Massage and Mental Treatments, also Medicated Vapor Baths. Patients accommodated with rooms, or visited at their homes. Consultation free. Hotel Albernarie, 282 Columbus Ave., Sulte II. Sept. 13.

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QIX QUESTIONS answered or reading given D by spirit power for 50 cents and two 2-cent stamps MARGUERITE BURTON, 1472 Washington street, Boston Sept. 20.

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THE RECONSTRUCTOR, a weekly Spiritual paper, pub lished at Summerland, \$1.00 per year, sample copies free will give full details as to the advantages, objects and pro gress of the Colony. Send for plat of town, sample copies of RECONSTRUCTOR, and further information, to

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WOMANKINDI Language but faintly describes the health-giving power of this Natural Support. The Belt is made of

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Aug. 30.

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their mediumistic gift have, after a few stituings, oven able to receive astonishing communications from their departed friends.

Capt. D. B. Edwards, Orient, N. Y., writes: "I had communications (by the Psychograph) from many friends. They have been highly satisfactory, and proved to me that Spiritualism is indeed true, and the communications have given my heart the greatest comfort in the severe loss I have had of son, daughter and their mother."

Dr. Eugene Crowell, whose writings have made his name familiar to those interested in psychical matters, wrote to the inventor of the Psychograph as follows:
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Glies B. Stebbins writes:
"Soon after this now and curious instrument for getting spirit messages was made known, I obtained one. Having no afti for its use, I was obliged to wait for the right medium. At last I found a reliable person, under whose touch on a first trial the disk swung to and fro, and the second time was done still more readily."

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111 WEST 33D STREET, NEW YORK CITY, is a
Practical Physician, Author, and powerful MagOct. 19.

TO Spiritualists and Liberals; also Parlor Floor.
B. HAST-INGS. 128 East 22d street, New York. 4w* Aug. 30. MRS. MARGARET FOX KANE, Rapping and Writing Test Medlum, No. 367 West Phry. Second street. New York. Second floor, back. 688 Sept. 6.

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Mother's Love Furest and Best."

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'The Angel Kisseth Me."

'I Love to Think of Old Times."

'We'll All Be Gathered Home."

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To Women everywhere that children may cease to be born accursed do we dedicate this book and make our appeal. cursed do we dedicate this book and make our appeal.

Oh! mothers, prospective mothers, wake up to the power you possess, and clain your heritage—the conditions for perfect motherhood. Let your own children and prospective mothers all about you sense this power, this feeling, this faith in humanity's power to rise, and if you do not remain in the body long enough to witness the inauguration of the new, you will see from your home over there the harvest of the seed you have sown.—The Authoress.

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Camp and Grobe-Meetings.

Cassadaga Lake Camp, N. Y. The eleventh annual camp-meeting of "Cassadaga Lake Free Association" closed Aug. 31st, and proved to be a full realization of our most sanguine anticipa-

Lake Free Association" closed Aug. 31st, and proved to be a full realization of our most sanguine anticipations.

The colcure is said to reserve the best of the wine for the last of the feast, in anticipation, no doubt, of a surfeited appetite whose palate must be gratified with something keenly delicious if it would be aroused to continued enjoyment. But not so at the spiritual and intellectual feast at Cassadaga Camp, where the best of the wine of Truth has been served day after day for about six weeks. Instead of our appetites becoming surfeited and dull of appreciation, we daily quaffed the sparkling wine of the spirit with the keenest relish, and in the bonds of fraternal love and sympathy broke the bread of life at our Father's table, which has been continually spread with the choicest bountles. The only thought that marred our happiness being that of parting with the many who in our annual gatherings have become endeared to us, even as brothers and sisters of one family, and of the many equally preclous souls in the outside world who have not yet come to a knowledge of the truth as it is in the Spiritual Philosophy, and who have sorrows and burdens, many of which that truth, when brought to light in their souls, would help them to cast aside or at least be made lighter to bear.

Sunday, Aug. 31st.—The closing day was cool and pleasant. Heavily loaded trains came in at an early hour from the north and the south, and there was a long line of carriages, wagons and pedestrians almost as far as the eye could see, coming from every highway leading to the Camp. Mrs. R. S. Lillie occupied the rostrum in the forenoon. In her prefatory remarks she spoke of our spiritual literature, and urged the necessity of its being kept alive by the generous patronage of the people. A just tribute was paid to the BANNER or Light as being the oldest and one of the ablest, most just and loyal spiritual papers in existence. It should, if possible, be found unon the table not only of every Spiritualist, but every lover of truth and

row—of evolution and the product of an end of the policy of the mother bending over the waxen figure of the pulseless babe, and with streaming eyes lifted heavenward, crying whither has it gone? have they carried it away from me forever? are the words of religion springing from human sorrow.

Man to-day is merging from the midnight of superstition into the dawn of the spiritual day, but he is still far away from the ultimates of human joy; he has made a splendid beginning, and must ere long enter upon the full effulgence of the perfect day.

still far away from the ultimates of human joy; he has made a splendid beginning, and must ere long enter upon the full effulgence of the perfect day.

The discourse was an embodiment of deep and farreaching thought, so wreathed and embellished with poetic word-imagery that it might have been likened unto "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Monday, Sept. 1st, was the saddest day of the season. The uncertainty of human life, which always comes like a dark shadow when we clasp the hand of a departing friend, seemed to brood under the trees, in the amphitheatre and in every cottage of the hitherto delightful camping-ground. Many tender and tearful farewells were spoken, and in a few hours a large portion of the camp was silent and deserted.

But those of us who were left were bound to "rally round the flag," and make the most of our reserved forces. Tuesday being the tenth anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Lillie's marriage, their friends left in camp planned to give them a happy surprise. Mrs. Skidmore, who has a heart for every such occasion, invited Mr. and Mrs. Lillie to her house to tea. Meanwhile, Mesdames Ruffin, Dunklee, Wright. Berry and others, set to work at decorating the Lillie cottage, and soon transformed it into a perfect bower of forns, sunflowers, bouquets, Chinese lanterns, etc.

After tea Mr. Powell invited Mr. and Mrs. Lillie to join his party for a boat-ride, and kept them out till about eight o'clock, when the boat landed, having received the signal that all was in readiness to receive them. As they walked up to the cottage the bell in the amphitheatre rung out a merry peal, lights flashed from the trees, and the seast inside the cottage and around the outside were filled with self-invited, happy guests. It was a complete and delightful surprise to Mr. and Mrs. Lillie, and exceedingly enjoyable to all. In the back parlor were two tables piled full of presents—everything that could be thought of in the line of tinware, and a purse of money. Mrs. Lillie made a beautiful little speech, expressin

tion.
Mr. Emerson made remarks, and "Sunbeam" added

Mr. Emerson made remarks, and "Sunbeam" added her mite in a very pleasing manner.

Then "Sunshine," through Mrs. Dunklee, closed that part of the proceedings, and the company adjourned to the dining room, where choice and ample refreshments were served. Everybody was happy and glad they were there.

Thus ended the most successful camp held at Cassadaga—not only in point of high spiritual attainment, but financially. The money receipts from ordinary sources (not lieluding stock sold) during the August meeting last were \$6,535.99, as against \$5,557.35 last year. This shows a healthy growth. While our Sunday gate receipts fell below last year, the ground collections and season tickets sold more than made up the deficiency. Many of the people now attending have cottages of their own, and spend the entire season in Camp. This is as it should be, showing permanency and a sound basis.

Fraternally, Orpha E. Tousey.

Queen City Park, Vt.

Monday, Sept. 1st.-Many were called home to-day to attend the State election the 2d, myself among the number, so I cannot report, further than in a general way, the exercises for Tuesday and Wednesday as given me.

Tuesday, 2d.—An interesting conference meeting in the forence. The afternoon's address was by Rev.

Tuesday, 2d.—An interesting conference meeting in the forence. The afternoon's address was by Rev.

J. K. Applebee.

Wedneaday, 2d.—Conference in the forence. In the afternoon Mr. Applebee gave his closing address, sustaining his high reputation as a thinker and speaker. His addresses are eminently helpful. They take hold of the people, and the people are able to grasp them, so clear and comprehensive are the thoughts presented. The gentleman won the profound respect of a large circle of hearers. In the evening Prof. J. Clegg Wright, who arrived on Monday, accompanied by his wife, commenced a series of scientific lectures.

Thursday, 4th.—At the conference meeting in the morning, which was well attended, Mr. Tisdale related his experiences during his development as a meedium. His narration was interesting as well as thrilling. It would seem that the truth of spirit communion and control could scarcely be better illustrated and proven than in the person of Mr. Tisdale. His inspirations at times excite the wonder and admiration of not only the average thinker, but the profound thinker and scholar as well. Mr. Tisdale's life

Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

is one of struggle, being compelled to grope his way through this world through sightless orbs. That a higher light is given him we know, but he needs the encouragement and substantial assistance that wealthy Spiritualists are so able to bestow, not in charitv simply, but as a spiritual investment, which shall nure to the upbuilding of the most glorious cause on the earth.

At 2:30 P.M. Mr. Wright gave the first of his five lectures announced in the circular. His marvelous use of language enables him to deal with any subject which he chooses as best suits his mood. Life to him is action. The future life, said he, will be one of higher activity. Nature never goes back. If I would grow, I must stir; absolute rest is nowhere; where there is something to do there will be progress; indolent happiness is idiotic. He said Spiritualism is a great movement of reform. It starts a new species of thought; it rests upon phenomena and facts, which cannot be explained except by the existence of a spirit world. The great end of Nature cannot be death. As it was said, dirt is matter in the wrong place, so death is life in the wrong place. All things which have life have eternal life: if the dog lives not, I live not. A king is an animal on two legs. It is no crime to be on the lowest step of the ladder; to do the best one can under existing circumstances is the thing to do, and the fittest thing to be done is the right thing. A man who weakens a man's reverence for law and justice is an enemy of civilization. A thing is good that does its work well. It is better that we have a hard fight to live than that we have manna sent down from heaven.

At the close of his lecture Mr. Wiggin gave some very satisfactory tests, though at an advanced hour of the day, and while the people were weary from long sitting. Mr. Wiggin's tests at previous meetings in the properties of the law of the properties of the law of the day and while the people were weary from long sitting. Mr. Wiggin ave some very satisfactory tests, though at an advanced h

men they will assert their manhood. He saw in the United States the coming of the grandest civilization the world has ever seen.

Spiritualism is a mighty factor in the world's progress. Immortality is ours; it does not depend upon our opinions. Immortality is natural. The spiritual world can only be known to us in a general way. It is higher than this, with less conflicts; but associated with it will be intellectual wear and tear. The religion that will get the best there is in man is the rilleion to have. Advocate principles that will permeate the community. Mankind must be made to grow; we must have love; it is the pivot of man's being. Spiritualism must beautify the moral sentiment. Mr. Wright plead eloquently in behalf of the sacredness of spirit-communion, and against the indulgence of levity and frivolity in the séance-room.

At the close of the lecture Mr. Wiggin made a few remarks in keeping with Mr. Wright's plea, then gave tests, many of which were recognized. The interest in the evidence of the fact of spirit-return thus furnished is deep and earnest. With proper conditions we regard Mr. Wiggin an excellent test medium.

Mrs. Fannie D. Smith is still very low, though some of her symptoms are thought to be better. The anxiety concerning her is deeper than can be expressed.

A. E. S., Sec'y.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

The camp-meeting season is over, but Lake Pleasant was never more beautiful than now, and many are lingering here to enjoy the beauties of the place and its restful quiet.

and its restful quiet.

Among the many campers are Mrs. L. P. Barnes, President of the Ladies' Ald Society of Boston, and family, of "Glencoe Cottage"; Mrs. Coburn-and Mrs. Morrill of "Light Heart Cottage"; Mr. D. Barber and family, of Nashua, N. H.; Mr. Pascoe, who resides most of the year in his delightful cottage, "The Woodland"; Mr. and Mrs. Norris S. Henry (Mr. H. being a welcome friend to all, and ever ready to oblige and do all he can to make it delightful to those who come here summer or whiter); Mr. and Mrs. Doolittle, Mr. and Mrs. J. Dillingham-Storrs of "Chinnewanna Cottage." Mrs. Storrs brightens with her sumny disposition the paths of her many friends. She is an excellent medium, a most estimable woman, and we all wish her and her good-souled husband "God speed" on their way.

Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis presented some of the verv

speed" on their way.

Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis presented some of the very



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.-U. S. Government

best lectures delivered here—if not the best (the verdict of thousands who heard him)—for years. He stands second to none as an orator on the spiritual platform, and as an exponent, philosophical or otherwise, cannot be excelled. Lake Pleasant was fortunate in having secured his services, and a demand is now prevalent for his presence and lectures here next season.

now prevalent for his presence and lectures here next season.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes of Boston delivered a grand lecture here, her subject being "Woman in Spiritualism." It was fraught with deep pathos and practical facts. In her address at the conferences she has done a work of real merit, her aim being to devote and stimulate her hearers to more harmonious feelings, and to the recognition and adaptation of a spirit of love. Mrs. Byrnes is deserying of constant employment by our people.

Miss Olive Reynolds is quite a favorite with the residents, and an old camper among us.

Mrs. Clara A. Field Conant, husband and family, have been with us the present season. Mrs. Conant is an old time lecturer, and a good one, and should be at once engaged by societies everywhere for the season of '9c-91.

Mr. E. P. Hill, a prominent Spiritualist of Haverhill, Mass., was an occasional visitor at the camp this season thought of sound here many friends and a warm welcome

Mass., was an occasional visitor at the camp this sea-son; he found here many friends and a warm welcome. W. L. JACK, M. D.

Onset Bay, Mass. To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Onset friends have not lost their relish for sound logical teaching, although a great amount of such has been given during the season. The large audi-dience that greeted the veteran, Dr. H. B. Storer, last Sunday morning in the Temple, spoke well for the people, considering the exodus of the cottagers generally. "Evolution in the Spiritual World" was his theme, and a grand lecture it was. Mrs. Geraldine Morris and Mr. Willie T. Baldwin discoursed fine singing, to the edification of all. H. H. Warner spoke in the afternoon.

ing, to the edification of all. H. H. Warner spoke in the afternoon.

The meetings which have been held in the Pavillon are now held in the small hall of the Industry Hook and Ladder Company. A very excellent session was held there last Sunday evening. Prof. Wm. A. Baldwin, Mrs. S. Dick, Dr. Cora Bland, and Dr. Sara E. Hervey spoke to acceptance, and Mrs. Morris and Mr. W. T. Baldwin regaled the people with choice selections of song. The services were instructive and soul-uplifting. A conference meeting was held Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 10th, in the Pavilion. Mrs. Mary L. Baldwin and others made remarks—spiritual and instructive. These meetings should be kept up during the year in Onset. Meetings will be held next Sunday in Hook and Ladder Hall. F. W. Jones. Onset, Sept. 14th.

HARVEST MOON AT ONSET. A correspondent writes that arrangements have

been made with the Old Colony Railroad for a reduction in fare for the Harvest Moon Festival, Sept. 27th and 28th. The price of excursion tickets at that time from Boston and return will be \$1.50; from Brockton, etc., \$1.00; Middleboro, etc., 60 cents; Bowenville, etc., \$1.00; Fall River, etc., \$1.00; Taunton, etc., \$5 cents; Fair Haven, etc., 70 cents; Providence, etc., \$1.50.
These tickets are to Onset station only.
The following lecturers are expected to be present: Mrs. M. T. Shelhamer-Longley, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, Dr. A. H. Richardson, Dr. H. B. Storer, Mr. Joseph D. Stiles, Mr. Henry H. Warner and others.
The Harvest Moon was inaugurated some nine years ago by the spirit-guides of Dr. I. P. Greenleaf, and has since been annually participated in by a goodly number of Spiritualists. The speakers and all connected with the arranging and carrying out of the exhibition give their highly appreciated services on each occasion without any pecuniary return. tion in fare for the Harvest Moon Festival, Sept. 27th

exhibition give their highly appreciated services on each occasion without any pecuniary return. The Washburn House is to remain open for guests until after the festival has taken place.

Contributions of vegetables, fruit and flowers for decorative and other purposes are solicited by the committee.

The exercises this year will be as follows: Saturday afternoon, Sept. 27th. speaking: in the evening a grand dance at the Temple. Sunday morning and afternoon, speaking at the Temple. Evening, various circles, or a united public circle at the Temple.

The tickets for the excursion (announced above) are good to go to Onset on Saturday only, and to return with on Monday. Sept. 29th. A grand and enjoyable occasion may be confidently anticipated.

Etna, Me.

The Etna, Me., Camp Meeting was very successful his year. On the last day, Sunday, Sept. 7th, several thousand persons were present. The speakers were Rev. F. E. Healey of Ellsworth, Me., Oscar A. Edgerly of Newburyport, Mass., Mrs. Abble Morse, and Frank T. Ripley, each of whom addressed the vast as-

Frank T. Ripley, each of whom addressed the vast assembly with great acceptance, and were listened to with the utmost degree of attention.

Mr. Ripley, who during the entire season has been with us, and given a large number of tests without a single non recognition, on this day exceeded all previous ones in the satisfaction he gave. He not only gave names, but designated persons in the audience whom they were for. The directors of the meetings tender their thanks to all the speakers and mediums whose services have rendered the camp of 1890 a success far beyond their expectations.

Rex. From another correspondent:

Etna, Me., Sept. 6th.—Among the most pleasing features of the flourishing camp meeting of the First Maine Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting Association was the annual concert, occurring Thursday evening, the 4th inst.

This consisted of music by Luce's orchestra, songs and accompanion by members of the same also

and accompaniments by members of the same; also songs, with plano accompaniment, by Mr. Williams of Stetson, Lizzle Dearborn, and others. A duet by Mr. W. E. Luce of Newburgh, the newly elected Secretary of the Association, and Mrs. Clara Butterfield of Milford, Musical Director for the coming year, elicited great appliance.

of the Association, and Mrs. Clara Butterheid of Milford, Musical Director for the coming year, elicited great applause.

Miss Tena Gerrish of Milford favored the audience with whistling solos. Recitations by several young ladies and gentlemen were supplemented with readings by Dr. H. B. Storer and Frank T. Ripley of Boston, an improvisation by Mrs. Jennie K. D. Conant of, Boston, and a closing speech by John McCarthy through the mediumship of Oscar A. Edgerly of New buryport, Muss.

Friday evening, Sept. 5th, was given to the children's entertainment, a feature of the meeting first inaugurated last year. The growth of interest and improvement in discipline and aptitude of the young actors is very gratifying, and the occasion was a success in every way. This was gotten up under the direction of Mrs. E. I. Hurd of Lynn, Mass., and Mrs. Conant. The children were treated to a supper of fruits, cake and coffee. A fund is left in the treasury to aid in next year's efforts for the children's entertainment.

The Summerland Camp. To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

For the benefit of those intending to go by "special train" to the Summerland (Cal.) Camp-Meeting, I make the following statement:

make the following statement:

From an interview with a representative of General Agent Chas. D. Simonson, in New York, I learn that no organization has been effected so far; that he has received a large number of communications inquiring about particulars, terms, etc.; and that it would be necessary for some one who is sufficiently interested to start the movement by taking names, etc. He himself feels satisfied that if one hundred passengers would come together from the East, he could find the balance around New York.

The cost of travel, including meals and sleeping accommodations, would range from \$150 to \$200; "stop overs" could be arranged for in accordance with the desires of the party going; in fact he promises that every detail will be carried out to full satisfaction.

Newark, N. J., Sept. 8th, 1890. Dr. G. MEEKER.

BEECHAM'S PILLS act like magic on a weak stomach.

Medical Laws in New York. To the Editor of the Danner of Lights

While at Saratoga Springs I carefully inquired as while at Baratoga Aprings I carefully inquired as to the logal rights of non-residents of the State, and as to what was required in case physicians from another State should prescribe for the Sick, a law to the following effect was laid down to deal with them (in case any one could be found mean enough to enter a complaint against them): Two hundred and fifty dollars fine, or imprisonment for six menths for the first offense; and for a subsequent offense five hundred dollars fine, or one year imprisonment, or both, for appending the letters M. D., or assuming the title of Doctor of Medicine. For practicing physics or surgery a fine of fifty dollars for the first offense; and cach subsequent offense not less than one hundred dollars—or imprisonment for not less than one hundred described, if the physician will go before the State Boards of Regents, or pay twenty dollars to the legalized medical colleges, such person can register and practice, but not otherwise.

This is a condensed report of the law as given to me by an attorney while in Saratoga.

I recently received a letter from a lady resident in New York State, saying that she learned that I had been at Saratoga Springs, and she wished she had had the opportunity of bringing her daughter to me for magnetic treatment, as I had greatly benefited her, also a friend's daughter, while at the Centennial Exhibition. Ought a law that prevents such treatment, when the beneficial results of it are attested by the citizens, to be allowed to remain on the statute books, thus preventing the people from deriving benefit when they desire it?

The New Jersey' regulars,' to offset the inroads of the "regulars" from New York, caused to be enacted a similar registration law in that State, which acts admirably on the Jersey coasts at the watering resorts—all the practice going to the New Jersey M. D.'s—the New York do to the legal rights of non-residents of the State, and as to what was required in case physicians from an-

ognize and employ when the regular physicians fail to benefit.

Here is a case in point as to how these medical laws work in New Hampshire: Sept. 5th I received a call to visit a patient residing in that State—said person not being able to visit me in Boston—and at the risk of arrest, fine and imprisonment, I complied with the request for treatment. Sept. 15th a letter from the patient states: "Since your treatment I have had nome of those dizzy or faint spells." If the present law in that State had been enforced in that case I might now be behind the bars of a prison.

Will it be well for the people of the State of Maine to sit quietly down and allow a law to be enacted—as is proposed by the diploma-bearing doctors—which will produce the same restrictions in the Pine Tree State that now disgrace other States in the Union?

Massachusetts is yet free—thanks to the intelligence of the people and their active exertions to show the fallacy of the registration act that was suggested to the General Court in 1889 and 1890.

Boston, Mass.

In Memoriam.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace A. Rowell of Charlestown, Mass., have been bereaved by the transition to the higher life of their only child, B. HOWARD ROWELL, at the age of twenty-one-which event occurred Sept.

He was a young man of great promise, and was universally beloved. He possessed considerable musical ability. He had been a member of Richardson's Orchestra, and had produced musical compositions of recognized merit. Had his earth-life been continued, doubtless he would have achieved brilliant success in his chosen profession.

doubtless he would have achieved brilliant success in his chosen profession.

He was quite a philosopher, and when it was known to him that his recovery was impossible, he talked of the approaching change of conditions in a manner which would have been a credit to one of maturer years. He deeply regretted the physical separation from his parents, but the fact of material dissolution had no fears for him, and he passed on in the same frame of mind which he had manifested in the daily walks of life.

The deceased was a grandson of David Hill, Esq.

walks of life.

The deceased was a grandson of David Hill, Esq., one of the pioneer Spiritualists of Charlestown, and a constant attendant on the Music Hall meetings when they were being held in Boston. The home of Mr. and Mrs. Hill has long been known to the mediums of New England as a pleasant abiding-place, when the storms of life pressed upon them; and many, we feel, will unite with us in an expression of sincere condolence with these sorrowing ones, and with the stricken family, in presence of this severe affiliction.

Hanson, Mass .- On Sunday, Sept. 14th, J. Frank Baxter for a second time this season visited Hanson. Mr. Baxter is a popular speaker in this vicinity, and he was listened to with marked interest on this occa-

sion.

In the forenoon he did not give a lecture, but read a poetical essay on Spiritualism, replete with logic and sparkling with wit. The circumstances, as related by Mr. Baxter, under which it was automatically and mediumistically produced, carried in themselves much weight in establishing the spirit origin of the poem.

In the afternoon Mr. Baxter gave what the majority of the large audience considered to be the best lecture he ever delivered in the vicinity.

The lecture was followed with a seance of much

The lecture was followed with a seance of much merit and worth, during which many spirits manifested, in instances well-night to personation. Two, Deacon Samuel Josselyn and Larry McGough, portrayed characteristics of speech and action that must have carried conviction. During this seance Mr. Baxter seemed in a semi-trance condition, and, certainly, never in Hanson were non-spiritualistic attendants more interest bound and nonplussed. Mr. Baxter's lectures, music, and exhibitions of mediumship will never be forgotten by the people of Plymouth County, and no other exercises ever offered there have been productive of more good results.

For Sunday, Sept. 28th, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes is advertised; and all know this means an intellectual treat.

Philadelphia, Pa.-Prof. W. F. Peck opened the season, Sept. 14th, for the First Society of Spiritualists with two very interesting and valuable lectures.

His morning discourse was on "The Evolution of Religion," and was a clear and eloquent dissertation on the growth and development of this sentiment from the primal manifestation of Fetichism, to the highest expression of the spiritually enlightened wind.

mind.

In the evening his subject was "Mediums and Mediumship." In its treatment he gave an able philosophic exposition of this important question, and many invaluable suggestions. He asserted that all persons are mediums, whether conscious of it or not, and that development does not mean an increase of receptivity to spiritual and other influences, but a growing or lifting up of that receptivity to a higher plane so that it may be in harmony with the higher influences and also with one's own intellectual and moral spheres. He gave an interesting exposition of the law of influences, and by examples and illustrations explained very clearly the many apparent discrepancies and puzzling contradictions in mediumship.

D. E. E.

It is averred that the German authorities are winking at the slave trade in their African Territories.

ONSET BAY, MASS.—Trains leave Boston for Onset at 8:15 A. M., 9:00 A. M., 1:00 P. M., 3:30 P. M., 4:05 P. M. Sundays only at 7:30 and 8:15 A. M. Provincetown for Onset Bay at 5:45 A. M., and 2:10 F. M. Leave Middleboro for Onset at 8:10 A. M.

Meetings in Brooklyn.

The Progressive Spiritualists hold their weekly Conference at Everett Hall, corner Bridge and Willoughby streets, Brooklyn, every Saturday evening, at 8 o'clock. Good speakers and mediums always present. Seats free. All cordially invited. Samuel Bogart, President.

Spiritual Union, Fraternity Rooms, corner Bedford Avenue and South Second street, meets Sunday evening at 7% o'clock. Good speakers and mediums always present. Porter E. Field (39 Powers street). Secretary.

Conservatory Hall, Bedford Avenue, corner of Fulton Street.—Sundays 10% A. M. and 7½ P. M. W. J. Rand, Secretary.

Meetings in Philadelphia.

The First Association holds meetings every Sunday at 10% A. M. and 7% P. M. in the hall slo Spring Garden treet. Children's Lyceuin at 2 P. M. Joseph Wood, Presilent; B. P. Benner, Vice President, 457 North Ninth street; farry Hubor, Jr., Secretary.

Harry Huber, Jr., Secretary.

The Second Association meets every Sunday afternoon at 2½ in the Church, Thompson street, below Front.

T. J. Ambrosia, President, 1223 North Third street.

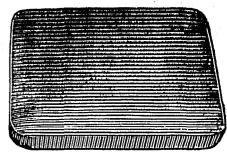
Heystone Spiritual Conference every Sunday at 2½

P. M., southeast corner 10th and Spring Garden streets. William Rowbottom, Chairman.

Meetings in New York.

The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday evening at 80'clock at Mrs. Morrell's pariors, 310 West 48th atrect, just west of 8th Avenue. Mary C. Morrell, Conductor.—An Experience and Mediums' Meeting is held every Tuesday evening at pariors 310 West 48th street, conducted by Mrs. Morrell.

A Good Bed.



It is claimed that the majority of Englishmen accept the glories of the sunrise upon the evidence of others who have seen it, since, for themselves, they do their bed the honor of not parting company with it upon such slight provo-

Those who have not felt the sensations of the Englishman, and are guilty of the bad taste of enjoying early rising, may see above these lines the temptation materialized.

A good bed! Which means good sleep. Who can with mere pen and paper do justice to its claims? It is health for the sick, food for the hungry, strength for the weak, and the best medicine of nature for every one.

Let no one claim that perfect sleep-the sound slumber of infancy—is unattainable for him until he has tried the new box spring mattress which is our own special production, and which we are now supplying in all sizes-single, twothirds and double—as fast as they can be made.

PAINE'S FURNITURE

48 CANAL ST., South Side Boston & Maine Depôt.

Victoria. B. C .- Our society in this "land of the setting sun" sends warm greeting to its brothers' and sisters' family of the good BANNER OF LIGHT. Vicsisters' family of the good BANNER OF LIGHT. Victoria has no resident professional medium, but we have some excellent spirit-instruments in private, and several circles are gateways for spirit friends to come and go. We have been favored during the past few weeks by a course of lectures embodying a greater variety of subjects than is usually treated on the Spiritualistic platform, by the accomplished speaker, Charles Dawbarn, who is well known to many Spiritualists in the East. Mr. Dawbarn's ability has drawn many of our most intelligent thinkers, whose enthuslasm and applause have marked their keen appreciation. They are earnestly insisting on his early return for at least a three months' stay in our city and neighborhood. On his leaving to fulfill an engagement in Lower California the subjoined resolution was unanimously passed:

The Society of Spiritualists of Victoria, B. C., tenders to

The Society of Spiritualists of Victoria, B. C., tenders to Mr. Dawbarn its warmest thanks for his course of eloquent lectures on practical Spiritualism, and cordially invites him to return as early as possible.

The President is requested to send this resolution to the Banner of Light, Boston, Golden Gate, and Carrier Dove, San Francisco.

JAMES FELL,
President of the Spiritualist Association.

Albany, N. Y .- Mr. J. W. Fletcher continued hi successful engagement on Sunday, 14th inst. The morning lecture had for its theme, "How Shall we Obtain Fuller Communication Between the Two Worlds?" In his remarks he emphasized the necessity of the study of spiritual law; he would have his hearers, through observing spiritual phenomena, seek to conform to such conditions as from time to time seem imperative in the production of successful results. "You must also remember," he said, "that 'spiritual things are spiritually discerned,' and not expect that either the medium or your own spiritfriends are to do all the work. Your own development and desire will have much to do with what you obtain from the spirit side."

He gave a very successful exhibition of psychometric power—every article read being declared correct. morning lecture had for its theme, "How Shall we

rect.
In the evening the subject: "Shall we Meet Our Friends in Heaven?" proved helpful and consoling in its treatment to those who were hungering for words of comfort from the beyond. This address was also followed by a platform séance.

Miss Cora Denny of Dayton, O.,

The Musical Medium. The fame of this musical phenomenon having reached Cleveland, the Children's Lyceum has inreached Cleveland, the Children's Lyceum has in-vited Miss Cora to make her débat in this city, and the evening of Sept. 28th, is the date fixed for open-ing the Sunday evening meetings in Memorial Hall. Some distinguished local talent will aid Miss Denny, and every effort will be used to make this initial en-tertainment a brilliant one. We hope for a full house, and expect all friendly to the Cause to help us make it a financial success.

Thos. Lees, Cor. Sec'y C. P. L.



LYERY HUMOR OF THE SKIN AND SCALP OF INIr fancy and childhood, whether torturing, disfiguring,
itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply or blotchy, with loss
of hair, and every impurity of the blood, whether simple,
scrofulous or hereditary, is speedily, permanently and economically cured by the Cuticura Remedies, consisting of
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Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other
remedies fail. Parents, save your children years of mental
and physical suffering. Begin now. Delays are dangerous.
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Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; ReSolveny, 51. Trepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass.
Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

Baby's Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by Outloura Soap.

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POOD AND INVALIDS

Is without doubt the very best of the many foods now is the market. Its great popularity is due to its intrinsic worth, as by observing "Special Directions" not only will the feeblest infant be nourished without distress, but it will furnish a full meal for the healthy, growing child. It produces bone and muscle, not a puffy, flabby skin. For prevention of (and as a dietetic in) Cholera Infantum, Diarrhea, etc., it is invaluable. It is neutral in its action on the bowels. Send to WOOLRICH & CO., Palmer, Mass., for Pamphlet free.

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80 Gardeld Place, Cincinnati, C. Dear Sire—Having under treatment a patient whose stomach rejected every form of household food, I was relished and retained, and proved a most satisfying nonrishment. I find its assimilating and soothing properties make it especially valuable in cases of enfeobled digestion, and in irritable and weak conditions of the bowels.

WM. WESLEY COOK, M. D.

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