

BANNER OF LIGHT.

VOL. 70.

COLBY & RICH,
9 Bowditch St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1891.

{ \$2.50 Per Annum,
Postage Free. }

NO. 10.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.—The Spiritual Rostrom: Prepare Ye the Way, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at Hand. Literary Department: Amy Lester; or, A Strange Girl.
SECOND PAGE.—Meetings in Butler, Pa. Spiritual Phenomena: Remarkable Spirit Phenomena. November Magazine. Obituary Notices.
THIRD PAGE.—"All Saints and All Souls." Poetry: Modern Medicine. Illinois State Spiritualist Association. Banner Correspondence: Letters from New York and Pennsylvania, etc.
FOURTH PAGE.—"The Wind Blows where it Listeth." A Practical Measure for Promoting Savings. A National Organization. Skepticism and Faith. News Notes and Pithy Points. Doctors Not in Harmony, etc.
FIFTH PAGE.—Meetings in Massachusetts. Slate Writing. Science. Recognition of a Message. Movements of Platform Lecturers. New Advertisements, etc.
SIXTH PAGE.—Messages Department: Questions Answered and Individual Spirit Messages given through the Mediumship of Mrs. M. T. Longley. Doings in the "Bay State." Poetry: Now, Verifications of Spirit Messages. SEVENTH PAGE.—Poetry: My Old Shipper. Points Current: Napoleon's Traditions; The Deacons and the Sparrows; Interpreting a Dream. Mediums in Boston. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
EIGHTH PAGE.—Meetings in Boston, New York and Elsewhere. Cleveland (O.) Notes, etc.

The Spiritual Rostrom.

Prepare Ye the Way, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at Hand.

A Lecture delivered by
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BRICHAM,
in Grand Army Hall, Sunday Evening, Oct. 25th,
1891, before "The First National Society
of Spiritualists" of Washington, D. C.

(Reported for the Banner of Light by Ruby D. Crowell.)

INVOCATION.

Oh! thou who art unseen and yet so near us; thou whose love is boundless; thou whose spirit of truth is always ready to give inspiration when we are ready to receive it; we would take the thought of thee as something that cleanses and purifies and exalts. We would turn our faces toward thee as the flowers turn theirs to the light. And oh! thou who art love; thou who art truth and wisdom; thou who art the light of all the world; thou who art the inspiration of our souls, we come to thee from our various wanderings, our sorrows and spirits, bleeding in one common act of aspiration in the earnestness of prayer. Some of us come from the shadows of great grief and bitter bereavement; some of us come with halting feet through the valley of doubt, and some come with nature's so darkened by selfishness it seems that scarcely a ray of light can come to us. But we are all hungering and thirsting. Oh! thou who hast enough to give every one, we ask for this bread of life; for this new wine of the kingdom; we ask for this radiance, which, shining into the spirit, shall banish the doubts that darken and the griefs that overwhelm.

Oh! our Father, help us. We would not bring to thee our earnest beseeching, and yet forget that which thou hast given us, for we are not grateful for that which we have received, or which we have to-night, how can we be receptive to that for which we ask? Oh! our Father, first of all let us thank thee that thou art God, and that in thy spirit there is no jealousy such as darkens human life; there is no hatred such as degrades humanity. In thy spirit is the perfect perception, the infinite wisdom, the unalterable love, the deathless goodness, and we thank thee for this. We thank thee for this beautiful truth of individual existence—that we are living, wherever we may be, in whatever condition, we are living. Nothing can destroy that fact, and when we pass through the change which men call death, we shall still be living, only in a broader sphere, with more light and a grander liberty; and opening before us will be that radiant prospect of a grander and purer perfection and education. For this we thank thee. For the love that makes the light of existence; for the reunion and spirit communion; for the communion of saints, oh! God, we thank thee.

And now we pray that the unseen hosts who wait to do thy bidding may be near us all to-night; that they may bring to us some thought which shall encourage and strengthen and bless us; that they may bring to us some ray of light to pierce our shadows, whatever those shadows may be; that we may feel the blessed answer of prayer even while we are praying, and that we may aspire and trust and endeavor now and forever. Amen.

LECTURE.

"Repent ye, prepare ye the way, make his paths straight; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

It was long ago when this bright and beautiful expectation rested in the minds of men. It was long ago when they were watching and waiting for the sudden coming of the kingdom of heaven; but who said these words? It was the voice of one crying in the wilderness—a voice calling to the people to repent, to prepare the way, and to make his paths straight, and it assured them that the kingdom of heaven was at hand.

In the light of Modern Spiritualism this story takes on a deeper significance than it ever could if it were not for this light. You are well aware what the story is of John the Baptist, and of the peculiar and brief work which he did so effectively; but perhaps you may not understand, the spiritual part of it which is so true and so instructive.

It seems that before the coming of John there were spiritual manifestations given to his parents, and they were told by the communicating angels that the child that was to be born should come in the spirit and power of Elias. Now what do you think that means? If it were a spiritual manifestation (and if the history is true, that is true) it was a promise that the child that was to be, should take up the work of the old prophet; or, in other words, that he should be under his personal supervision, under the spiritual control of that man. In an age of superstition, when strange stories found lodgment in the minds of the listeners, there was a belief that Elias might come again; that he might live in resurrection, and that he might walk among them again as he was previous to his death. And is it true that in the life of this young John the spirit of Elias came back as an embodiment, a re-embodiment or a reincarnation—that it was not John,

that it was Elias? Is that what it means? or is there another meaning?

What is told of the old prophet is most interesting to those who believe in his mission, in his work. We are told that his character stood strongly and clearly defined in the age in which he lived; that he was stern and rebuking; that he had no soft and gentle words with which to smooth over the probable offenses of his time; that he was earnest in the deeds he had to do; that he had spiritual power; that he could heal the sick, not only by touch but by this wonderful projected influence whereby in some mysterious way disease was vanquished and health made to return. But he died, and the Jews held a loving memory of the old prophet, and from time to time his name was mentioned with the deepest reverence and admiration.

But the time arrived in the drift of the fleeting centuries when there came a promise from the spirit-world, as we have said, and a child was born in whose early life wonderful powers were made manifest. He turned, while yet young, away from the city places, and set out for the wilderness, just as the old prophet had done so long before, and there in that seeming isolation he attracted to himself many who came to listen to his words, and to receive the light he had to give, until his name was known far and wide, and people went to him to be instructed and to be baptized; and it certainly seems that if ever a spirit controlled a mortal to give forth his own peculiarities, his own idiosyncrasies, this is one most remarkable instance. It was not Elias re-embodied, but it was John the prophet, the medium, actuated and influenced by the spirit of the old prophet, following the prophecy of the annals concerning his life.

And Jesus heard of him and he heard of Jesus, it is said; and he sent from those who followed him a certain number to ask a question of the Master—"Art thou He who was to come, or look we for another?" "Or look we for another?" Now what a wonderful opportunity that was, if Jesus was the living Deity, instead of one who manifested a certain degree of divinity—if this were the incarnate and everlasting Spirit, the Creator of heaven and earth—infallible and indestructible. He could have said: "Return to him who sent the question, and tell him I am the incarnate Deity; tell him I am the Maker of heaven and earth, I am He who is to come; look not for another." It was not the answer he sent, but simply this: "Go and tell him that sent thee the blind are made to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk, and the poor have the gospel preached to them." That was all the answer returned. Was it vague or ambiguous do you think, or was there a deeper and sweeter philosophy of the Divine lingering in it? Was there anything that could have been said better than these memorable and beautiful words that were taken to John?

But it is said that there was a voice (it was the power of this spirit influence, it was the force of this unseen control)—the voice of one crying in the wilderness, saying: "Repent ye, prepare ye the way, make his paths straight, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Was it true? Did the kingdom of heaven come? Read history for yourselves. Go back over that path where the dust and debris of the ages have gathered thickly, and yet you may trace the red print of human blood shed in those old days of discord and suffering, days of war, of strife and cruelty so great that we shudder as we read or think of these things. "The kingdom of heaven is at hand." Did it come? Did the golden glory shine over the path of man? Was there peace on earth and good-will to men? Let old Rome, with her voice of terror and majesty, speak, and listen to her answer. Let the kingdoms of this wide earth bring their record to you. Where was the kingdom of heaven which it was said was at hand? It did not come, and yet there were signs and promises. It was as though the seed were scattered far and wide, but the harvest-time was far away. You are drawing near to it now; and for this reason, with an added force and strength, we say to you personally and individually: "Prepare ye the way; make his paths straight; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

Did they prepare the way? Did they make his paths straight? Let history answer. The history of the church, let that bring its significant reply. The paths straight? Read of the sufferings of early Christianity. It had its beautiful truths, but it lost sight of that which was most spiritual, quarreling over the arrangement and crystallization of its creeds. In its old stormy councils, where not only words of bitterness were uttered but deeds of blood marred their history, did they make his paths straight? Did they prepare the way? You may read of persecutions, you may read of trials so great, and terrible that the wonder is that there are any left to tell the tale. Down through the centuries we can read of martyrdom, of strife, of conspiracy; we look for the straight path, and the way prepared, and we do not find it; and so the kingdom of heaven, which was at hand, could not come, for the world was not ready for it. We are nearer to it to-day. We have passed through the darkest scenes, some say, and yet if you could look under the quiet surface of events now, if you could see the influences stirring and gathering for the conflict, that is surely coming, you might not feel as secure as you do; you might not fold your arms and drift, down the tide and say, "We have nothing to do. This is a beautiful, progressive age, and we will leave humanity to its own glorious successes. There can be no further evils, no further tumults and

strifes and wars." And yet you are standing in the shadow of one of the most terrible menaces to liberty, to peace and to happiness the world has ever known. You are near to those great accumulating clouds, gathering and darkening the land, and promising that which is near at hand. Make his paths straight, prepare ye the way; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. It cannot come to you until you do that.

The little children kneeling at their mothers' knees, saying the prayer familiar to you all, repeat over and over these words: "Thy kingdom come." There in your great churches, where you have the law presented to the people—the Commandments, the Golden Rule and the Lord's Prayer—you read, again and again, amid this bright galaxy of requirements spiritual, this, in your prayer, "Thy kingdom come." But you may pray as long as you have breath for utterance, and those who follow you may pray their prayers until silence is dead, but the kingdom of heaven cannot come to you until you have made the paths straight, until you have prepared the way for its coming. "But what is the kingdom of heaven?" you say. "What does it all mean?" The most simple answer to the question, What is God? is not just this: God is a spirit. They who worship Him should worship in spirit and in truth. That is a good and beautiful answer, but there is one more brief and concentrated—God is love. When men ask of us, "What is heaven?" we do not enter into labored descriptions or discussions; we do not picture the radiance of the land your dim eyes cannot see, but briefly answer, "Heaven is harmony."

Then the kingdom of heaven is the kingdom of harmony; and what is this harmony? Is it true that it is at hand? Or is there darkness in our pathway, and wars, and rumors of wars all about us? It is at your very doors. It is so near that you might touch it if you only reached out your hands. It is so near to you that you might see its radiance if only the worldliness, the selfishness was brushed aside, and your eyes made clear to behold it.

"The kingdom of harmony," one says. "I think there may be some truth in that, but to have perfect harmony one must have the rule of one church," and so our friend, the representative of Rome, says, "Let Rome rule. Let the power of the Pope be felt in all lands, and when this wonderful religion covers the earth as the waters cover the sea, then we shall have harmony." But is there harmony in that church? The sounds of its tumult have cried out and been hushed, but all through it there is disturbance to-day, for the spirit of education and the spirit of progression are opposed to it. Human beings are awakening, if they are not already awake; they are questioning and investigating and seeking to understand. But another says: "No, I do not think it should be the church of Rome, but some other church," and each church sends forward its delegate, or its representative, and each one says, "It shall be my church; it shall be my rule. If this was accepted, if people could all believe in this, we should have the kingdom of heaven at once."

Would we have you all believe alike? Would we have you all look alike? Would we take all your thoughts and mental conditions, as fume them and make them all bear the same stamp, and lose this identity which is the best and brightest thing that God gives us? Certainly not. Here before you are some of these living, blooming, fragrant representatives of God's will and of the beautiful gospel. Nature said to these flowers, "Be yourselves." A little field-flower was laid here this morning, and it had obeyed the law of God as truly as these most beautiful La France roses; each true to itself; each obeying its God; each flower taking the place that was best for it and not trying to usurp the place of another.

It is in the bringing together of our personalities, our individualities, our different ideas, our different acquirements, our gifts of genius and our spiritual qualifications; and it is in the taking away from ourselves the angular, in the taking out of our lives the discordant, that we find in our perfect blending that perfect harmony which is the kingdom of heaven.

If you enter a manufactory where portions are perfected you will find that each portion is necessary—the wood, the ivory, the strings, and the different sizes of the strings; some large, some small, some silken and silver-wound. And each one must have its place—altogether different and yet harmonious. And so the one beautiful instrument is perfected, and out of it can come the most perfect music. If one who can chime the sweet bells thinks, he must know that each bell must be true to its own tone, each must have its own place. They must not be alike, that would be monotony, not harmony; each must have its clear, distinct and silvery tone. Strike them, and there comes that marvelous music which the listening ear is thrilled to receive, that wonderful music that can come only from the tones of the bells.

And so it is with human souls. We must have our personality. We must have our identity. We must have our characteristics. There a place for every one. All that we need to do is to obey this commandment, which is worthy to be called a new commandment: "Be thyself, and to thine own self be true." This will prepare the way; this will make his paths straight, and this will bring the kingdom of heaven to us.

Take our individual lives. One may say: "How can I prepare the way? How can I make the path straight?" Say, for instance, in matters of Spiritualism (as that beautiful

(Continued on third page.)

Literary Department.

AMY LESTER; OR, A STRANGE GIRL.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA,
Author of "The Discovers Country," "Oceanides," a Psychological Novel, Etc., Etc.
(Copyright by the Author.)

CHAPTER III.

An Angel's Visit.

The lady's great dark eyes held Amy's in a fond, protecting gaze, and then the child thought she heard her speak in soft silvery accents that sounded something like the sighing breeze:

"Dear little girl, tell me what is the matter." "Oh! beautiful lady," answered Amy, "I hardly know myself; but I am very, very wretched. I saw sweet faces looking at me through the transom; they were the same kind of faces as yours. The teacher has feruled me; my mother has told me about Satan and hell, and my father has said he would punish me if the teacher did; and, dear lady, I don't know what I have done to be so miserable."

"My dear little girl," said the lady softly, kissing her, "you have done nothing—nothing at all; but you are one of the chosen ones, and must walk through a vale of tears in order that light may be given to the world; but you shall not be without the comforter, for angels shall walk with you by day and by night; that which to most people is invisible and incomprehensible, shall be to you as light and bright as day. Let me see your hand, my darling. Does it ache, sweet one?"

And the lady took the little sore, swollen hand within her own soft palms, gently stroked, fondled, kissed and breathed upon it. All pain left it, and the swelling and soreness went out of it. The lady laid it softly against her heart, then she gently smoothed the child's brown hair, her cool sweet fingers wandered about her temples and eyes and all pain left them. She laid her hand over the child's heart and it ceased its agonizing flutter, beat evenly and quietly; the child was filled with new life, peace and joy.

"Now," said the lady, "dear little Amy, let us talk together, and I will tell you truly all you wish to know, and make no mistakes like those that have grieved you so this day."

"Dear lady, tell me first who you are, for I never saw you before."

"I am your mother's mother, and your grandmother. I have lived in the heavens for many years, and am sent to take charge of you, my little daughter."

"You are very beautiful," said the child, covering her eyes with her hand, "and so bright, that you dazzle my eyes like the sun."

"I will tell myself," said the bright angel, as Amy now knew her to be, and she drew a gauzy, misty veil about her, so that she now appeared more like the moon than the sun.

"Now, my darling, ask me all the questions you please and I will answer them. It is better that you ask questions; you will more clearly remember my teachings. We will just talk together, darling."

"Tell me, then, sweet angel, where you live. Do you live in heaven, with God?"

"No," answered the lady.

"Then you must live in hell," said Amy, with astonished eyes, "and I never thought that Satan had such beautiful angels in hell."

"Darling, I do not live in hell."

"But there are only two places," said the child, "heaven and hell."

"That is not true," said the lady.

"Oh! yes; it must be true, for my teacher, the minister and my own dear mother all say so, and they must know."

"If they never did and went there, how do they know?"

"Well, my mother is so good, and loves me so much, she would not tell me so if it were not true."

"Your mother may be mistaken," said the angel.

"But my mother is very wise, and a grown-up lady; I do not think she can make mistakes."

"Yes, your mother is very much wiser than her little ten-year-old daughter, but as I am your mother's mother, of course I must be wiser still, and as I actually died, long, long ago, and as my soul has not been put either in heaven or hell, of course I must know better than your mother; and your mother was once my little girl, as you are now your mother's little girl."

Amy now felt convinced that the angel knew better than her mother. Her little soul leaped up for joy that there was no hell.

"Dear lady," asked she, "are you quite sure there is no hell?"

"Quite sure," answered the lady. "I thought there was a hell, myself, until I died, but in all these many, many years, I have never been able to find one, and all the angels tell me there is no such place."

"And is there no devil?" asked Amy.

"There is no devil," solemnly asserted the bright lady, as she looked down at the child.

"Is it all God and heaven?" asked Amy.

"There is no such being as God in the form of a man."

Amy's eyes stared more than ever.

"It is very bright and beautiful to those who are wise and good, but less beautiful to those who have not become wise and good."

"But you have not yet told me where you live?" said Amy. "If there is no heaven nor hell, where, then, do you live?"

"Well," answered the lady, "you are studying geography, are you not?"

"Yes; and I love my geography more than any other book that I study at school."

"Your geography tells you that the earth on which you live is round like an apple; and this is true. It also tells you that the earth moves very rapidly all the time; that it whirls over once every day; it also whirls around in an orbit once a year."

"Yes," answered the child.

"Well, the world in which I live is a world of heavenly light, that lies all around outside of this globe on which you live, and when you die—dear, little girl—you will not go to heaven or hell, but to this lovely, bright world, which is all peopled like the earth, only the people are like me, nearly all of them, bright, happy and wise."

"Are there many little boys and girls there?" asked the child.

"Yes," answered the lady with a sigh, "more than there ought to be."

"Dear lady, tell me, whose faces were those which I saw looking at me from the transom?"

"Amy," said the lady, "I will try to make you understand things as well as I can, but you are yet a very little girl, and not able to comprehend a great deal. You remember that the teacher and the other scholars could not see any faces, although they looked as closely as you did. It was only you who saw them."

"It was only I," said the child, with a sigh. "If the teacher had seen them, I should not have been punished."

"Amy," said the lady, "you are born different from most other people, although there are many others like you scattered over the earth; if there were not, truth could never come to light on your earth. You have heard your mother tell of 'second sight,' have you not?"

"Yes; I have heard mamma say that some children were born with a veil over their faces, and those children had the gift of 'second sight'; but I do not know what 'second sight' means. Mamma says it means that those who are born that way can tell people's fortunes—can tell what will happen to people in the future—but mamma says I was not born with a veil over my face, for I asked her."

"Being born with a veil over one's face has nothing to do with it," said the lady, "but that some are born with a gift of 'second sight' and the spirit of prophecy is true. You say you do not understand the meaning of 'second sight,' and I will tell you what it means. It means that some people can see things which others can not. You saw the faces, but the teacher and the scholars did not, although you were all looking at the same thing. But, dear little Amy, you did not see those faces with your eyes. If your eyes had been shut you would have seen them just the same."

"Now shut your eyes, and tell me if you see me just the same."

The little girl did as the lady bade her, and to her utter surprise she saw the bright lady just the same.

"Now put your hand tightly over your eyes and look at me."

Amy did so, and there was the lady just the same.

"Oh! how funny," said Amy.

"Dear child, I am a spirit, and you do not have to see me with your eyes; but look! I have eyes, have I not?"

"Oh! yes," answered Amy, "beautiful great dark eyes."

"And yet I do not live in such a body as yours. You have a spirit, too, dear little girl, and it has eyes, but your spirit lives in your little body now. Your spirit is very bright and sensitive, and you are born with the power of seeing with the spirit while you are yet in the body. This is, as the word implies, double-sight, or 'second sight,' and that is how you came to see the faces in the transom; that is how you came to see me. If any one else were standing here by your side, they would not see me as you do. But you are such a little girl, you did not understand it. My dear, this power will be with you all the rest of your life on the earth, and you must understand it when you see these things, and not faint or scream. That was how you came to be punished. And, dear, when you see such things, do not make a general thing, say anything about it; it shall be with you now a great deal, and you must learn to call me when anything happens to you; for I am to be your guardian angel long time to come; until you are a woman grown; and when anything puzzles you, ask me, and I will always give you the true answer."

Amy's little heart bounded with delight. Oh! she was not alone now! Some one loved her, would comfort her and tell her all things she wanted to know. She had prayed a great many times to God, but she could not perceive that her prayers had been answered. This was something new and more tangible.

"How is it, dear grandma, that I can hear you as well as see you?"

"Look at my ears, darling. I have ears, have I not?"

"Oh, yes; your ears are beautiful little shell-like ones!"

"Your spirit, also, has ears as well as eyes, and that is why you hear me now. Put your hands over your ears and press them hard, so that you cannot hear the leaves flutter on the poplars, nor the waves on the lake, and then tell me if you can hear me."

Amy did so, and could hear the voice of the angel just the same.

"Now, dear little Amy, I am about to leave you for to-night, but one thing more I will tell you, so that when it takes place you may be prepared for it. Your little sister Nony and your baby brother Louis are both coming to live with me in the heavens, in a few weeks. You must not cry and mourn, for they will be fondly cared for, be very happy, bright and beautiful, just as you see I am; and they will escape the sorrows and troubles which will fall upon those who remain; they will escape all the trouble and hardship that you will have to bear; but it is wisest and best that you remain and they be taken. And now, darling, be a very good little girl, and remember all the angels love you, will care for and comfort you in all your sorrows. Now I shall leave my gauzy, misty veil with you, and as soon as I am out of sight you must go straight to bed and to sleep."

Saying this, the angel took the misty veil within which she had wrapped herself, and wound it about the little girl.

"This is heaven's gift to you, my darling, and thus I wrap you in it; but it is your spirit and not your body which is wrapped in the spiritual misty veil. It shall be an invisible shield and covering for you as long as you live on earth; but some day, in the far-off future, one earthly hand, and one alone, shall draw aside this veil, and then it shall be large enough to cover two bodies which shall be one soul."

Then fondly kissing the little girl, the bright angel slowly rose upward until she seemed to blend with the moon and white clouds, and Amy could see her no longer.

The child went in, and creeping softly up stairs retired to her little bed and to sleep. She had not fully comprehended all which the angel had said about the hand that should draw aside the misty veil, but she fell asleep calmly and peacefully, all her troubles forgotten.

CHAPTER IV.

Mother and Daughter.

The next morning little Louis was very fretful and peevish; he did not seem to be well; and Mrs. Lester kept Amy at home from school to assist in taking care of him, for no one could please and amuse the baby so well as Amy. Louis loved her better than he did any of the other children.

When the morning's work was finished and baby asleep, Mrs. Lester and Amy seated in the pretty parlor, the lady with her sewing, the little girl sat knitting on worsted socks for Louis, the mother asked:

"Did you say your prayers last night?"

"No, mamma, I did not," replied Amy with downcast eyes.

"Why did you not? What has come over you of late? You do not appear to be the same child. I am afraid you are growing very, very wicked indeed! God will not love my little girl if she does not say her prayers. You must ask God every night to forgive you all your sins for Christ's sake, so that you may go to heaven, and not be cast into outer darkness, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

Amy had not the slightest intention of being impertinent, or of disobeying her mother; but the child's brain was extremely excited, she could not help it. She raised her large eyes to her mother's face, and they deepened as she asked:

"Mother, what is outer darkness?"

"Well," answered Mrs. Lester, "it is that dreadful place I told you about yesterday, where all must go if they do not believe in Christ and get a change of heart. I suppose it means darker than the darkest night."

"Why, mamma, you said yesterday that it was a lake of fire and brimstone; and how can a lake of fire and burning brimstone be outer darkness, or darker than the darkest night, for burning brimstone makes a very bright light?"

"Amy," said her mother, "you are a very strange child; I do not know what to do with you."

"But, mamma, it does not seem to me that I am strange; but it seems strange to me that hell can be bright fire and utterly dark at the same time."

"Well," answered her mother, "it may be bright fire on top and outer darkness beneath; for the Bible says it is a bottomless pit."

"A bottomless pit?" said Amy, reflectively; "mamma, if the pit has no bottom where do the people fall when Satan pitches them down?"

"Why," answered the mother, "they keep rising up, I guess; they don't go down very far."

Amy threw back her head after the old proud fashion.

"Mother," said she, "I do not believe there is any hell!"

"Oh, Amy! Amy!" said her mother with eyes swimming in tears; "my poor lost child! Satan is determined to get your soul! Do not be a wicked disbeliever."

"Mamma, it makes me wicked to believe in Satan and hell; it does not make me good; it makes me hate God, and not say my prayers; and if I had not seen a beautiful lady last night, who told me a great many things, I should have felt very wretched and wicked to-day."

"A beautiful lady?" questioned her mother.

"Where did you see a beautiful lady?"

"Out on the veranda," answered Amy.

"Were you on the veranda last night?"

asked Mrs. Lester. "You naughty girl! I thought you were in bed and asleep."

"Mamma, I could not sleep for thinking of hell and the devil. My head throbbed and ached, and so I went out on the veranda. I thought the cool air would make me feel better; and I had not been out there long when a beautiful lady came down to me."

"Come down to you? What do you mean, child?"

"Why, mamma, she seemed to come right down out of the sky, and she said she was your mother!"

"My mother? Amy, are you crazy? My mother died when I was but fourteen years of age, and that is a long time ago."

"Well, she said she had been in the heavens a long time."

"In heaven, you mean?"

"No, mamma; she said there were no such places as heaven and hell; that she had been dead a long time, and she knew better than you did about it."

"How did this lady look?" asked Mrs. Lester, a little interested in spite of herself.

"She had great dark eyes, and was not small."

"How strange!" said Mrs. Lester. "My mother really did have large dark eyes, and she was of larger size than the average woman. Amy, you fell asleep out there on the veranda, and dreamed all this."

"Mamma, I was not asleep, for I saw the moon and the poplars all the time the lady was there."

"Amy," said Mrs. Lester, with some severity, "you are telling more falsehoods, and I shall be obliged to inform your father, and he will punish you."

"Oh! mamma! please do not tell papa! I would almost rather die now than to have father punish me."

"Well," said her mother, "if you will promise me to pray to God to forgive you your sins—for Christ's sake—I may not tell your father."

"What do you mean by 'for Christ's sake'?"

Who is Christ?"

"Christ is the son of God."

"Has God got a little boy, then? and has he got brothers and sisters like I have?"

"Christ was once a little boy," answered Mrs. Lester, "and he lived here on earth, and had brothers and sisters, I guess, but he is now in heaven with God, sitting at his right hand."

"And are all his brothers and sisters there, too?" asked Amy.

"I do not know about the others, but Christ is there."

"Why did Christ go there, more than his other brothers and sisters?"

"Why," answered Mrs. Lester, "Christ was God's own son."

"And weren't his brothers and sisters God's own children, too?" asked this strange girl.

"Well, no," answered Mrs. Lester, "I do not think they were."

"Whose children were they, mamma? Are we not all our Father's children?"

"Well, I should hope so," said the lady, with a faint smile. "But Christ was God's own son."

"Has God a wife, then?" asked Amy. "You never told me anything about her."

"Oh Amy!" said her mother. "What shall I do with you, my child?"

"Tell me about God's wife, mamma. I had rather hear about her. Perhaps I should like her better than I do God. But why did she let God make hell and Satan?"

Mrs. Lester did not know how to deal with her child in this matter; but as a faithful Christian woman, felt she must try to explain it as well as she could.

"Amy," she said, "God has not any wife."

"Then how about Christ and the other children?"

"He did not have any children but Christ."

"Then how did Christ have brothers and sisters?"

"They were not his own brothers and sisters," answered Mrs. Lester. "Christ's mother was a virgin."

"Oh, mamma, I cannot understand it any way!" exclaimed the child in great perplexity. "You tell me that God made everybody, and then you say he had but one son; and the minister says we are all children of God; and then you say he had no children but Christ. Oh, mamma! what shall I do? I never can understand it!"

"Amy," said her mother with great solemnity, "you must not try to pry into God's secrets; it is very, very wicked indeed to do so."

"Well," said Amy, with that singular toss of her head, "I cannot pray to God for Christ's sake until I can understand it. My mind won't let me. It would be like a parrot, and I never say my lessons that way."

CHAPTER V.

"A Cup of Water."

Little Louis grew so restless and feverish that Mrs. Lester concluded to call in Dr. Mead, the family physician; and as the doctor was seen shortly afterward riding past in his gig, Amy was sent out to the gate to call him in.

The doctor came bustling in, rubbing his hands, with lips pursed up.

"Well, madam," said he, "what is the matter with the babies?"

Mrs. Lester called his attention to little Louis.

"Oh!" said the doctor, feeling the baby's pulse, "taken a little cold; been eating something that does not agree with him."

"But what ails this girl?" asked the doctor, with a laugh, taking Amy's wrist. "Let me see your tongue. My daughter tells me that you have been seeing hobgoblins. If that is the case, I think you are more ailing than your little brother," and he chuckled her jocosely under the chin.

The doctor made out some powders for Louis.

"Doctor," said Mrs. Lester, seriously, "I wish you would examine Amy thoroughly, and tell me if anything is the matter with her. She has never been like other children; I am afraid something is the matter with her brain."

The doctor placed his hand on the little girl's head.

"Big head," said he, sentimentally. "What are the symptoms, Mrs. Lester?"

"Well," said she, "Amy talks strangely about seeing faces; and about beautiful ladies coming down out of the sky and talking with her."

"She is an arrant little impostor," said the doctor, laughing with all his might. "Beautiful ladies coming down out of the sky, indeed! I do not think it necessary for them to come down out of the sky, for we have them all about us here," bowing to Mrs. Lester.

"But tell me, doctor, do you find anything the matter with Amy?"

"Yes," said the doctor, "she has an enormously large head for a little girl, filled with very active brains; and I think," said he, slowly, "that there is a tendency toward catalepsy. Has she ever had any fits? anything like epilepsy?"

"She has never had a fit of any kind," answered the mother. "All my children have had fits except Amy. She has always been a bright, active child, entirely free from sickness of any kind, and extremely quick to learn."

"Yes," said the doctor. "My daughter tells me that she is decidedly the best scholar in Miss Lavelle's school, although some of them are many years older than she is. How old is she, Mrs. Lester?"

"It is now June," said Mrs. Lester. "She was nine years old last January."

"Catalepsy!" said the doctor. "She is cataleptic!" And the doctor made out some pills and then took his leave.

Amy hated medicine, but was obliged to swallow the bitter pills. Louis took his powders and soon fell asleep. Mrs. Lester told Amy that she might now go over to Mrs. Royce's, carry a message and spend an hour or two with little Hannah, a child about Amy's age.

"It is a little cloudy," said Mrs. Lester. "There may be a shower before you get back; you had better take your warm plaided shawl on your arm to wear home in case it should rain."

Amy was glad to go, for she liked little Hannah Royce, and was very glad to run and play. So, donning her hat and taking the pretty plaided shawl on her arm, she ran across the fields—which were bright with buttercups, daisies and sweet clover—to Mrs. Royce's grand white house, about half a mile distant. She delivered her note to Mrs. Royce, and then, with little Hannah, went into the old orchard to play beneath the trees. They builded little playhouses with corn-cobs, and gathered broken bits of china and glass to decorate them with, and were as happy as two little girls could be at nine years of age.

Presently, great black clouds arose in the sky, the lightning began to flash, the thunder to mutter; the wind was blowing now with great fury, and the little girls ran to the house. Hannah Royce hid her face in a feather bed, and Amy stood by a window watching the storm; for, of all things, she loved a thunder-storm, and she remembered that when she was a very little girl, much smaller than she was now, she used to think the thunder was God talking, and the lightning the flash of his eyes—that God was very angry with everybody, and this was the way he manifested it. But she was wiser now, and laughed at her childish folly.

It grew very, very dark. The rain poured in torrents; the lightning flashed incessantly, and the thunder roared, when in at the gate came a drenched figure, with an infant in its arms.

Amy ran to open the door, and there entered the hall a poor young outcast, hugging her baby to her breast. The water ran from her drenched garments, and lay in pools on the floor. The baby's light dress was soaked through; although she had tried her best to cover and shield the child, it looked blue and shivering.

Mrs. Royce looked out into the hall, and, seeing who was there, said, sternly:

"How dare you enter this house?"

"Oh! Mrs. Royce," said the wanderer, "I would not for myself—not even if I were to die in the storm—but my child—I am afraid he will take cold and die!"

"How do you happen to be walking the road in this storm?" asked the lady, with great severity. "But, then, you could expect anything better of such as you?"

The sufferer raised her beautiful dark eyes to the stern face.

"I am on my way to the poor-house. They said I must go on such a day and hour, or I could not be allowed admittance. Oh! Mrs. Royce," said she, pleadingly, "let me come in, and dry and warm my poor little one; and when the storm is over I will go at once, for I must get to the poor-house before night, and you know it is five miles from here, and I have to walk it all with the baby in my arms. I could not get there as wet as I am now. I think Willie and I would both die on the road."

"No fear of your dying," said the lady. "Such creatures as you and yours always live; but why a righteous God allows you to, I am sure I do not know. Perhaps it is that you may repent and be washed of your sins."

The unfortunate looked as though she was already washed pretty thoroughly.

"You cannot enter my house," said Mrs. Royce. "Amy, how did you happen to open the door for this outcast?"

Amy's deep blue eyes had turned rapidly from one to the other while this conversation was going on; her lips quivered, and tears rolled down her cheeks.

Mrs. Royce opened the door.

"Go!" said she to the wanderer; and with a terrible look of woe, shielding her baby with her arms, she again stepped out into the storm.

Amy, like a flash of lightning, caught her hat and shawl from the rack, and darted out after her before Mrs. Royce had time to close the door.

[To be continued.]

Meetings in Butler, Pa.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It was my privilege and pleasure to deliver a course of six lectures before the Twentieth Century Club of Butler, Pa., during the last days of October. The Spiritualists and Liberals of this little city have joined forces in the most harmonious and practical manner.

Under their joint auspices, and supported by their joint contributions, a commodious hall in the very centre of the city has been leased and handsomely fitted up, and a Lecture Course instituted, which will continue throughout the coming winter.

As in the most of such instances, one earnest, energetic soul has been the prime mover toward the accomplishment of this work. To Wm. J. Rodgers, a young Spiritualist, is due the credit of the conception and carrying forward in the face of much opposition from the Orthodox community—of this move to establish in Butler a platform for the discussion of all subjects relating to the advancement of the physical, mentally and morally, of the human race. He has been warmly seconded in his efforts by Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Weeks, Miss Mollie Gilkey and others; and to-day Butler has a hall where sensitive spiritual mediums and such conditions on the physical plane as promote clearer, truer expression on the higher planes. For I know from experience that in a dirty, dingy apartment, devoid of anything to grace or beautify, the psychic cannot do his or her best work.

Cosmopolitan Hall, as it has been named, has an atmosphere already peculiarly its own, arising from the cleanliness, thorough ventilation, abundant light and tasteful decorations that are its distinctive features. It is lighted by electricity. The entire floor is neatly carpeted, and covered with handsome, light-backed, comfortable chairs; the windows are draped with heavy maroon curtains, and beautiful framed pictures adorn the delicately-papered walls. A fine organ occupies a position in front of the platform, and the prettily-draped speaker's desk is well supplied with flowers.

Now the point I wish to emphasize is this—there are not more than a half dozen Spiritualists in Butler, yet see what has been done! Why is not more such work accomplished where Spiritualists can be numbered by the score?

Some of the speakers engaged for the course are Hon. Sidney Dean, Rev. A. B. French, Lyman C. Francis, Mrs. Annie B. Hagan, Jack B. Hagan, and others. They may one and all feel assured of an intelligent hearing, and a full measure of appreciation in Butler.

HELEN STRAUB-MORRIS, Butler House, Butler, Pa., Nov. 4th.

The less complaining a wronged man does, the more people will hate the man who wronged him.—*Atlantic Globe*.

The man who draws a big interest is undoubtedly worth his wait in gold.

Oh, stop that toothache! Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will relieve any severe pain promptly.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Remarkable Spirit Phenomena.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In a recent article printed in your columns I gave the names of those who composed a famous psychic circle, formed in Massillon, O., about thirty years ago, at whose séances wonderful spirit manifestations occurred, and described some of them; but the most wonderful of all remains to be told. At first their séances were held at either Mr. Baugh's or Mr. Lowe's, but after a lapse of time Mr. Baugh, Mr. Lowe and Dr. Martin were requested by the spirits to procure a séance room for themselves only, and to use it for no other purpose. Accordingly they selected a room over Mr. Lowe's tailoring establishment, and he, Mr. Lowe, was custodian of the room, and carried the key. They were furthermore instructed to meet regularly once a week, and to commence their sittings punctually at half-past eight o'clock. They faithfully carried out these instructions, and precisely at half-past eight the manifestations would commence, and not a minute sooner. Those séances lasted from one to two hours, and when the words "good-night" were spoken by the spirits, it was the signal for closing, and they would get nothing more if they were to sit all night.

It was at those séances that some very startling manifestations occurred. There was a closet in one corner of the room, a few windows, and but one entrance, and it was their custom to lock the door and sit in the dark. One night when thus quietly sitting they were startled by hearing some hard substance fall upon the floor with a loud, rattling sound that very much alarmed them. They struck a light, and found upon the floor a portion of the bones of a human skeleton. Not knowing what else to do with them, they put them in the closet, and at subsequent séances received in installments all the bones necessary to make that skeleton complete, and they placed them all in the closet together, and then they heard a coarse voice say, "Bury my bones." The same was repeated at other times.

During another dark séance they heard no unusual noise, but on striking a light found upon a table an embalmed body of an infant, apparently about eighteen months old, perfect with the exception of eyes, which were artificial. They were requested to take good care of it, and in due time they would be told what to do with it. It was a mystery to them where those bones and that baby form came from, until one day Dr. Metz, who lived nearly three blocks away, left with Mr. Lowe a measure for an overcoat, saying that his had been stolen from the rack in his hallway. He said he could account for that, but other things had mysteriously disappeared from his laboratory he could not account for. Mr. Lowe said to the doctor, "Come up stairs with me." He did so. Mr. Lowe showed him the embalmed body. The doctor looked at it in amazement, and said, "Where did you get that?" Mr. Lowe replied, "The spirits brought it, and left it with us in this room." The doctor was frightened, and only answered "Ah!" and left as soon as possible.

At that time in Massillon a literary society met once a week at Dr. Metz's house to discuss scientific, philosophical, religious or any other subject that might claim attention. After the publication of that article in the *Ohio Repository*, of which I recently gave an account in the *BANNER OF LIGHT*, the society concluded to consider the question of Spiritualism, and appointed a time for its discussion. Some time during the afternoon of the day the discussion was to be held, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Baugh and Dr. Martin each received a card, and each card had this inscription upon it: "Meet at the circle-room this evening at half-past eight o'clock." They met as requested, and each asked of the other: "How came you here?" Then each showed his card. They opened their séance, and were directed by the spirits to take the body that had been so mysteriously received to Dr. Metz and deliver it to him. They took it as directed, and rang the door-bell. The doctor answered it himself, and they said to him: "The spirits have directed us to bring this to you." His exclamation was: "Ah! and will they let me keep it?" Yes, he could keep it.

In the house that society was in the height of its discussion, and about as those present thought to annihilate Spiritualism, when the doctor brought what Mr. Lowe and his companions had given him, placed it before them and gave a detailed statement of how it had mysteriously disappeared from his laboratory, where he had kept it under lock and key, and had carried the key in his own pocket. Those men, he said, whom you all know, say that about six months ago it was left in their room during one of their séances, when the door was locked and the windows fastened down; and they claim that it was brought there by spirits, and to-night they were directed to bring it and deliver it to me, and here it is. He then asseverated in the most solemn and impressive manner that he was not in collusion with those men, and had nothing whatever to do with its being taken away, or of its being returned. He said it was as much of a mystery to himself as it was to them, and without offering any theory he left it with them, saying: "There it is, make all you can out of it." This episode in their proceedings was wholly unexpected to those learned men, and it came upon them like a bomb from a masked battery, and had such a paralyzing effect that they could not answer. The discussion closed, and Spiritualism survived.

In regard to the skeleton: They did not bury the bones as they had been requested to do, and at the opening of one of their séances a sheet of paper came fluttering down from the ceiling, upon which was written a message, the purport of which was that they were to wrap up the bones and bury them in the northeast corner of a certain described cellar, and that the spot selected would be found marked on the ground. The name signed to the message was understood to be that of their original possessor: I withhold it for the reason that the name of his brother is familiar to every reader of the *BANNER OF LIGHT*. It appears that the spirit was not satisfied in having his bones on exhibition, and he said if they would bury them he would trouble them no more.

As many well be supposed, those men were greatly agitated over that proposition, and very naturally demurred, for that cellar was under an important business place, on a public thoroughfare, and they said, "If we are caught burying those bones in that cellar, the penitentiary will be our abiding place." The answer came: "Go, and I will protect you." They said, "The door leading to the cellar is

locked on the inside, and we cannot get in." Then the spirit said, "Go, and I will open the door for you." As every objection was reasonably met, they consented to comply with the spirit's request. They wrapped the bones in Mr. Lowe's sponging-cloth, and with fear and trembling started on their thrilling mission. When they reached the cellar door it swung open, apparently of its own accord, and they walked in, and with the aid of Dr. Martin's flashlight they found the spot designated plainly marked on the ground, and with all possible haste they dug a shallow grave, in which they deposited those bones, and as hastily filled the opening, and laid over it some rubbish to conceal their work. They then left. As soon as they were outside the door closed after them, and was securely locked. Probably no one in Massillon, except the members of that circle, ever knew where those bones were buried, and if they are ever found, they will prove to be a mystery that will be hard to solve. S. N. FOGG.

Wilmington, Del., October, 1891.

November Magazines.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.—A portrait of James Russell Lowell from a crayon drawing by House is the frontispiece, followed by a paper that will interest every one, having for its subject, "The Home and Haunts of Lowell," illustrated with twenty-eight fine engravings; among these is one from an old print showing "Harvard University, with Procession of Alumni in 1830." Three other largely illustrated papers are, "The Start from Delftaven," "John Howard Payne's Southern Sweetheart," and "The New South—Atlanta." Zitiella Cooke contributes two fine sonnets: "Beethoven," with an engraving from the Bust in Music Hall, and "Bach," with one of the Monument at Leipzig. Jennette B. Perry supplies an illustrated story, "Dr. Cabot's Two Brains," and Rose Terry Cooke a true story of 1776, "The Converting of Obed Salts." Several excellent poems enrich the pages of this number, and both "Editor's Table" and "The Omnibus" are well laden. Boston: 80 Federal street.

ST. NICHOLAS.—Lieut. Schwabke gives a narrative of adventure in Arctic regions, entitled, "A Dash with Dogs for Life or Death," spiritedly illustrated with engravings of the principal scenes. C. B. Palmer, in "The Sea Fight off the Azores," describes events that form the basis of Tennyson's poem, "The Revenge." Brander Mathews contributes the initial chapters of "Tom Paulding," a story of buried treasure in the streets of New York. Other bright stories are "The Dickey Boy," "The First of the Battle-snakes," a Teutonic legend sketch, "Launcelot's Tower," and "Jericho Bob." A trip "To the Summit of Pike's Peak by Rail" is graphically told by Lucie A. Ferguson. An amusing verification by Jack Bennett, with silhouette illustrations by the author, is "The Barber of Sari-Ann." A finely engraved frontispiece, "Romance," is accompanied by a poem of the same name by Mildred Howells. New York: The Century Co.

THE CENTURY.—The opening pages of "The Naulahka," a novel of America and India, by Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier, form the leading attraction to many readers. Connoisseurs of art will revel in a very appreciative sketch of Adolf Menzel, the famous German painter, with engravings of eight of his productions, ranging from the quiet sentimental to the sublime and dramatic. In a characteristically humorous vein, Edgar W. Nye contributes "The Autobiography of a Justice of the Peace." The prosperous and enjoyable dramatic club of New York, known as "The Players," founded by Edwin Booth, is the subject of a pleasing paper by Brander Mathews. Two articles are given in reference to James Russell Lowell—one including a letter here first published, and a full page portrait. Pages of thrilling interest in the history of California are furnished by W. T. Coleman, Chairman of the San Francisco Vigilance Committees of '61, '66 and '77, illustrated with drawings after pictures of the time, and portraits. The sublime in nature's scenery is shown in nine page-size engravings of "A Rival of the Yosemite," illustrating an account of the Cañon of the South Fork of King's River, Cal., by John Muir. Several poems and many other articles additional to the above render this a superlatively fine number. New York: The Century Co.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—"The Lady of Fort St. John" concludes with this issue, with a roll of drums—and Mary Hartwell Catherwood, its author, has crowned her work with a ghastly realistic picture of war, love and life in the early days of the New World's "civilized" history; Katharine T. Prescott contributes "A November Prairie" (poem); "A Trumpet Call," by E. Cavazza, is a striking picture of Italian peasant life; Henry James furnishes Part I. of "The Chaperon," and James Bradley Thayer Part II. of "A People Without Law" (in which the Indian land-in-severity question is carefully considered); "Beyond the Day," by John Vance Cheney, breathes through its four stanzas the very spirit of inspiration; there are other articles, poems and papers—meritorious, but not here named—which, together with the usual departments, make up an excellent number. Houghton, Mifflin &

MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Newburyport.—Last Sunday the Spiritualists of Newburyport and vicinity had the pleasure of listening to Mrs. E. C. Kimball of Lawrence. The services commenced in the afternoon with singing, followed by the reading of a poem by Mrs. Kimball, who then gave an interesting lecture, followed by a test séance of a very convincing nature.

In the evening the services commenced at seven, with a prayer service of half an hour. Mrs. Kimball read a poem and gave a short lecture on "Facts," which she illustrated with facts. The lecture was followed by tests, Mrs. K. giving names, events, relationship and other evidences of personal identity. The medium seemed to be inspired by a host of spirits, and her answers were in this city as on this occasion. She is to be with us again on Dec. 10th.

Next Sunday we shall have with us that grand lecturer, George A. Fuller, of Worcester, who will be greeted by a host of old friends. Nov. 22d Mrs. George F. Loring comes again. Nov. 20th Marguerite St. Omer of Fitchburg will be our speaker. We shall have during the season Miss Ewer, Mrs. A. Cunningham, Mrs. Ida Whitlock, C. Fannie Allen, and other noted mediums. The audience last Sunday was larger than that of our opening Sunday, and an increase each Sunday is probable.

Fitchburg.—Mr. Edgar W. Emerson has been with us the last two Sundays. He was greeted with good audiences, and awakened great interest by his wonderful manner of describing the spirit-lands and giving communications.

Sunday afternoon, Nov. 1st, he spoke upon "The Ministry of Spirit." It was an eloquent appeal for his country to recognize the reality of the spirit world while yet in the material body, and not wait until they have passed from their mortal vision before appreciating their kind and loving presence.

In the evening questions from the audience were answered in a very satisfactory manner. The services closed with a test séance of unusual interest. Last Sunday afternoon the controlling intelligence voiced beautiful sentiments regarding the Spiritual Philosophy, and its wonderful influence in developing and rounding out the soul of man. Subjects from the audience were discussed upon in the evening, much to the pleasure and instruction of all.

A great many tests were given during the day, which were readily recognized, and brought much comfort and consolation to those receiving them.

Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock will occupy the platform next Sunday. Miss R. F. LYON, Sec'y.

88 Forest street.

[Mr. Emerson was to give this Society a benefit on the evening of Nov. 9th at the residence of Mrs. S. S. Apple.]

Haverhill and Bradford.—Last Sunday was the second of Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tving with the Union Spiritualists in Britton Hall, where she gave lectures and platform tests, and attracted increasing audiences by her practical discourses and deeply interesting demonstrations of spirit presence. In personal communications imparting instruction of great importance, every one of which was recognized as coming from dwellers on the other side of life.

Her afternoon talk was an appeal in behalf of the interests of children, holding their places alike on the physical and spiritual plane—in which regrets were expressed at the absence of the rising generation to be instructed in the truths which form the basis of a comforting knowledge of a future being in the Summer-Land.

In the evening her conversation was upon "The Practical Relations of Woman in the Physical Condition and the Evidences of her Exaltation in the Land of Light and Immortality." Her discourses and tests never fail to bring before her increasing audiences.

Next Sunday the platform will be occupied by J. Frank Baxter, who will, as usual, illustrate the principles of Spiritualism—accompanied by vocal numbers, and exercises in mediumship.

E. P. H.

Fall River.—Saturday evening, Nov. 7th, we had a public circle, which was opened by Mr. Connolly giving exhibitions on the Ouija, or Talking-Board, followed by Miss Salmon of Providence giving spirit-drawings, and closing with tests.

Sunday the meetings were fairly well attended, and in the afternoon the guides of Miss Salmon took for their subject, "America and Her Discourses and Tests."

The subject was dealt with in a masterly manner. She also gave a poem and closed with tests. In the evening the guides of Miss Salmon spoke on subjects taken from the audience, closing with tests. Miss Salmon, while under influence, rendered very sweet music on the piano, and sang lyrics. She is a very remarkable medium, being but fifteen years of age.

Sunday, Nov. 15th, Mrs. Baue, test medium of this city, will occupy our platform, and Sunday, Nov. 22d, Mr. Frank T. Kiple.

JOHN BUCKLEY.

Greenfield.—On Sunday, 8th inst., I had the pleasure of making my first appearance in New England as a Spiritualist lecturer. On that occasion I addressed the Society here in Union Hall. On Tuesday, 10th, at a special meeting called for the purpose, I related my experiences in the Trappist order of Roman Catholic Monks. On Sunday, the 15th, I am engaged to speak for the Society again. E. P. H.

[We understand that Mr. Bowtell is a recent convert to Spiritualism from a materialistic belief, and that he has already done good work as a speaker at Elmira, and Saratoga Springs, N. Y. We trust the friends will keep him busy in his new field of labor.—E.D.]

Worcester.—F. A. Wiggins was our speaker again Saturday and Sunday evenings, 7th and 8th insts. The meeting Saturday evening was mostly given to the delivering of messages from the spirit-lands. The medium answered two sealed letters laid upon the desk; the writers were both entire strangers to Mr. Wiggins. In both cases the answers were declared to be direct and correct by the writers.

The Sunday evening lecture was upon themes given the speaker from the audience. His remarks called out frequent and merited applause. The tests which followed were of the usual high order. Several sealed letters were also answered.

C. P. WINSLOW.

Worcester.—On Sunday afternoon, Nov. 8th, Dr. Fuller took for his subject: "The Rocks: What do they Teach us Concerning the First Chapter of Genesis?" In the evening "Independent Spirit Phenomena" furnished the theme. Mrs. Mott-Knight followed the speaker's remarks with a séance for independent slate-writing. The hall was filled with a fine and harmonious audience that heartily applauded the highly satisfactory results obtained. Mrs. Knight's time will be fully occupied in giving sittings during her stay in this city. Her success is pronounced.

C. Fannie Allen will speak for us Nov. 15th.

GEORGIA D. FULLER, Cor. Sec'y.

6 Houghton street.

Lynn.—Under the auspices of the Lynn Spiritualists, Dr. H. B. Storer of Boston delivered two very able and interesting discourses last Sunday afternoon and evening, and was listened to by a very attentive audience. Tests were given by Mrs. Prentiss, all of which were correct.

The singing by Mr. Churchill was as usual very fine.

Mrs. H. H. LEWIS, Sec'y.

18 Tremont street.

New Bedford.—Mrs. Cella M. Nickerson of this city was the speaker for the First Spiritual Society last Sunday, giving two grand discourses on subjects furnished by the audience, which were attentively listened to. Next Sunday, and also on Nov. 22d, Mr. Edgar W. Emerson will be here, to be followed on Nov. 29th by Mr. H. S. L.

SEC'y.

Attleboro.—Our platform was very acceptably filled Nov. 8th by the gifted London medium, Marguerite St. Omer, who lectures here again next Sunday. Nov. 22d, Mrs. Salmon is engaged. F. W. SHATTUCK.

Lovell.—Mrs. Craddock of Concord, N. H., gave two good lectures for the First Spiritual Society the 8th inst. to fine audiences. Prof. St. Clair of Chicago gave tests.

E. PICKUP.

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence.—The Spiritual Association, meeting in Harrington Hall, cor. Broad and Richmond streets, was addressed Nov. 1st by Mrs. C. M. Nickerson of New Bedford. In the evening her subjects were taken from the audience, her remarks being followed, as usual, with tests and messages. Nov. 8th Elder J. N. Sherman was the speaker, subject, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Mr. J. Carroll, Mr. Mary A. Goodrich and Mrs. C. M. Nickerson were present in the meeting. In the evening Mrs. Sarah E. Humes of Providence occupied a large part of the evening in giving tests. The hall was well filled, and tests very satisfactory. Nov. 15th Mr. F. A. Wiggins of Salem will be with us. Nov. 22d, Mrs. W. A. Wiggins of Salem will be with us. Nov. 29th, Mrs. W. A. Wiggins of Salem will be with us.

No. 33 Daboll street.

The battered hull of Nelson's famous flagship, the Victory, which will be exhibited at the World's Fair, is one hundred and twenty-six years old. The exact spot where Nelson fell is marked on the deck, and in the cockpit will be a number of "Mie's Tussard's" wax figures representing in a realistic way the death of the Admiral surrounded by his officers.

The address of Dr. A. B. Dobson is now at San José, Cal.

Slate-Writing Séances.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Boston is favored at this time with the presence of Mrs. Maud Jones-Gillette, a medium for independent slate-writing, whose fine powers cannot fail to make her a favorite. Mrs. Whitlock and I spent the evening of Oct. 27th with Mr. and Mrs. Gillette. After a pleasant conversation upon many subjects Mrs. Gillette took a slate and proceeded to show how her slates were prepared. They were first washed with a wet sponge, then dried with a towel. Mrs. Gillette then put two elastic bands around them and invited Mrs. Whitlock and myself to hold the slates with her. I felt the slates tremble, and heard a slight scratching as though a pen were writing. When the slates were opened we found a picture of a spray of four red rose-buds and several leaves in their natural colors. It is an artistic pleasure, and would do credit to any person who could produce in ink instead of minutes as this was. Under the letters was written "With love from Gray Eagle," a well-known member of our family, who, though not in material form, is as perfectly recognized as present by his friends as though he were.

On Thursday evening, Oct. 29th, Mrs. Gillette accepted an invitation from Mrs. Whitlock to meet with the Ladies' Industrial Society and try slate writing. After supper and a pleasant social and literary entertainment, Mrs. Gillette, before an audience of about one hundred and fifty, tried the experiment. Five gentlemen, not all Spiritualists, were chosen as committee, and stood around the table, and near Mrs. Gillette, while the slates were being cleaned, and fastened with rubber bands. The slates were then placed on a tin can of water. In a few moments Mrs. Gillette asked Mrs. Whitlock to place one of her rings upon the top of the slates, which she did. In a short time they were opened by the committee, and upon one of them was found a picture of an Indian, and under it the name of one of Mrs. Whitlock's controls, "Owasseeke," beside this several names and messages, nearly all of them being recognized. The picture of the Indian was in red crayon with a gilt band around the forehead.

Yours fraternally,

L. L. WHITLOCK.

Recognition of a Message.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

BURNHAM WARDWELL, whose communication was printed in THE BANNER for Oct. 31st, I knew well. I was very intimate with him while he resided in Providence; after his removal to Massachusetts he frequently visited this city, and invariably called upon me. I knew him through and through, for we never failed to converse on that topic uppermost in his mind—a humanitarian management of our prisons and reformatories, as well as a humanitarian administration of our poor-laws. Hence I think I am fully qualified to judge of the verity of the before-mentioned communication; and I have no doubt it emanated from him. Its scope, spirit and personality I see and feel every time I read it.

He was an earnest man, zealous and indefatigable, whose every fibre of body and soul was enlisted in the work he had marked out for himself. He often met with rebuffs, and was mercilessly maligned, but nothing could cool his ardor or dampen his zeal. His brethren in distress and a community to be purified were the keynote of his activities, the inspiration of his life.

This much I have written to endorse the verity of the message, and in a measure vindicate the memory of a friend whose mortal life ended under a shadow, he having been forced to treat the wine-press of vengeance, and undergo the ordeal of a prison, through which he was broken down and hurried on to a translation to the sphere of the spirit. All hail, brother! you are the same as of yore, and ere long I will meet you face to face, when we will renew our friendship, take sweet counsel together once more, and go on with the work we shall have left unfinished.

WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

Providence, 50 Battery street.

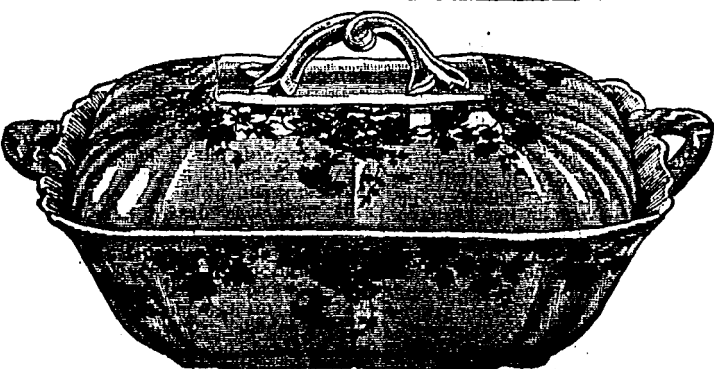
Mrs. Stafford's Materializations.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The beautiful and spacious parlors of Mrs. Hattie C. Stafford, 53 East Concord street, were filled to repletion on her opening day, Oct. 18th, and spirits as well as mortals seemed delighted at the grand and wonderful results obtained in such a large gathering. Over seventy spirits materialized, both male and female, and every one recognized. But the séance of Oct. 31st is too wonderful to describe. The spirits made up before us, instead of doing so in the cabinet. The mother of the lady who sat next to me materialized on the knee of a gentleman some ten or twelve feet away on the opposite side of the room, and others on chairs, sofa and floor, sometimes three and four at a time, but always at least ten feet from the cabinet. They not only materialized but dematerialized before us. At one séance a friend of "Rosebud's" brought her a magnificent bouquet, with yards of pink ribbon, and crowned her queen of all controls; and she acknowledged the compliment by making one of the finest speeches ever delivered by a materialized spirit. To know "Rosebud" is to love her; to know her medium is to honor her.

In conclusion, permit me to say that I feel I voice the sentiments of many old friends in saying that I am pleased that Mrs. Stafford has secured as manager the genial and gentlemanly Mr. Newton Stansbury.

ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.



Late importations of Dinner Ware have completed an extensive Dinner Sets. exhibit to be ready on Monday in our Dinner Set Hall (third floor) and Stock Pattern Room (fourth floor), comprising all grades of China, from the low-cost printed decorations to the expensive five-color designs; many of them being stock patterns, can be had in any combination of pieces desired, and always readily matched, an advantage appreciated by experienced housekeepers. We have also services which are not to be duplicated.

New shapes and decorations in Oyster Plates (deep shells), Soup Course Sets, Fish Sets, Roast Sets, Entree Sets, Salad Sets, Pudding Sets, Ice Cream Sets, Fruit Sets, and A D Coffee Sets, which will interest intending purchasers or admirers of choice table and sideboard wares.

In Etched and Cut Glass Ware, full services on single Glass Department, pieces in crystal, Vienna gold, and Vienna rich colors and gold, are displayed the best novelties produced.

In the Art Pottery Rooms will be seen the advanced samples of Holiday Gifts, novelties in China and Glass now current in the best pottery stores of London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna, adapted to Wedding presents or Christmas. Also China Engagement Cups and Saucers. Our exhibit was never more valuable and comprehensive than now.

Purchasers desiring sets, pieces or matchings for Thanksgiving requirements, will find the largest variety to choose from and lowest values for equal wares.

Jones, McDuffee & Stratton,
CHINA, GLASS AND LAMPS
(SEVEN FLOORS)
120 Franklin Street, Boston.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. July 4.

A. J. Davis, in his office, 63 Warren Avenue, Boston, every Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday. Treatment of new cases by mail discontinued. April 25.

J. J. Morse, 80 Needham Road, Kensington, Liverpool, will act as agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of Colby & Rich.

James Burns, 15 Southampton Row, London, Eng., will act as agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and keep for sale the publications of Colby & Rich.

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

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

MEETINGS IN BROOKLYN.

The Progressive Spiritualists hold their weekly Conference at Broadway Hall, 290-292 Fulton street, 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. Meetings Sunday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. Good speakers and mediums always present. Services held under the auspices of the Ladies Aid. Mrs. M. Evans, President.

Conservatory Hall, Bedford Avenue, corner of Fulton Street. Sundays 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. W. J. Rand, Secretary.

The People's Spiritual Conference held every Monday evening at 8 o'clock in the Parlor 14 Lexington Avenue, three doors above Grand Central Station. Interesting speakers, good music, questions answered, tests given. Admission free; all are cordially invited. Also meet every Friday at 3 P. M. Mrs. Mary C. Morrell, Conductor.

Spiritual Meetings are held in Mrs. Dr. Blake's parlors, 284 Franklin Avenue, near Lafayette Avenue, every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. Samuel Bogart, Conductor.

The Woman's Spiritual Conference meets at parlor No. 22 St. James place, corner Fulton street, every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Seats free; all invited. S. A. McCutcheon, President.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Mrs. Ada Foye is engaged the Sundays of November at Berkeley Hall, Boston; December and January in Brooklyn, N. Y. Societies desiring her services for week evenings, in the vicinity of the above-named cities, will please address her immediately at No. 10 George street, Boston, Mass.

The address of Dr. J. M. Peebles is San Antonio, Tex.

Dr. Marguerite St. Omer's platform engagements for this month are: Attleboro, Sunday 15th; Swansea, the 22d; Newburyport, the 29th. She can be addressed for further engagements at Fitchburg, Mass.

Luelus Colburn of Manchester Depot, Vt., gave the closing lecture of a two-week series in Fairfax, Vt., last Sunday. A letter reviewing the progress of our Cause in that place will appear next week.

R. H. Kneeshaw of Montreal was announced to address the First Society of Spiritualists at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Nov. 8th, at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., the first of a seven-room, Tower Hall.

Mrs. E. M. Shirley's address is now at 1201 Washington street, Boston.

Mrs. Kate R. Stiles spoke in Augusta, Me., Sunday, Nov. 8th. Has a few open dates which she would like to fill. Address her at 43 Dwight street, Boston.

Prof. J. M. Allen and Mrs. M. T. Allen returned to Springfield, Mo., for the month of October, and have been engaged for November. Address 411 Decatur Street, Springfield, Mo., Station A, 1825 Benton Avenue.

Miss S. Lizzie Ewer spoke at West Newfield, Me., Oct. 4th; Hancock, N. H., Oct. 11th; Keene, N. H., Oct. 15th and 16th; Cambridgeport, Mass., Oct. 18th; New Bedford, Oct. 28th, and at Fall River, Nov. 1st. Will be at Portsmouth, N. H., and Nov. 12th, and the remainder of the month in eastern Maine. Permanent address, 12 Court street, Portsmouth, N. H.

HORSEBOND'S ACID PHOSPHATE relieves Mental and Physical Exhaustion.

MINNESOTA.

Duluth.—A society has just been organized in this city, to which has been given the name of the "Spiritual and Liberal Research Society of Duluth." It already numbers sixty-seven members. James L. Dow is Vice-President; Hosea B. Dow, Treasurer; R. C. Mitchell, Secretary. Its objects are to investigate the philosophy and the phenomena commonly known by the name of Spiritualism, and to disseminate liberal truths. Most of the members are already firmly convinced that Spiritualism is a reality, and the others are honest searchers after truth, who believe that the subject of Spiritualism is worthy of their investigation.

We have had for one month Moses and Mattie Hull, who accomplished a noble work for us—the society being the result of their labors.

We are organized for work and investigation, and in this city of more than 50,000 inhabitants, we confidently expect in the near future to be able to build up a strong and vigorous organization.

As yet, however, we are weak financially, but we purpose using such means as we may be able to command, to secure, from week to week and from time to time, such first-class lecturers and first-class mediums as may be able to give us some light on this important subject. If, during the coming winter, or at any time during the coming year, such complete visiting the Northwest, we would be glad to learn at what time they propose to come, how long they will be convenient for them to remain, what the exact nature of their work will be, and what—a young society like ours—will be able to pay them therefor.

MARY L. MCGINDLEY, President.

1492 "THE CENTURY stands at the head of the magazine literature of the day according to the test of popularity as measured both by circulation and the character of its pages." — PARIS, TROY, N. Y.

1892

H2 400th Anniversary of the Discovery of America will be celebrated by

The Century Magazine

With a great American program.

Four Serial Novels. "The Nau-jahka," a story of America and India, by Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier; "The Chosen Valley," a novel of the Great West, by Mary Hallock Foote; a novel of New York life by the author of "The Anglomaniacs," and "Characteristics," a remarkable story by Dr. Weir Mitchell.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Frank R. Stockton, and other well-known writers will contribute stories complete in single numbers.

The Life of Columbus Written especially for THE CENTURY by the famous Spanish statesman and author, Emilio Castelar, from new historical material, and richly illustrated.

The World's Fair at Chicago Will be described in a series of views of the buildings, printed by special arrangement.

American Art. Examples of the best work of American contemporary painters will be shown, with Cole's famous series of engravings of the Old Masters.

The American Farmer and the Government. In view of the great interest touching the subject of what the Government should do for the farmer, THE CENTURY will print a number of important articles by leading writers on such subjects as "The Farmer's Discontent," "Cooperation," etc.

American Sketches by Edgar W. Nye. The well-known humorist Edgar W. Nye ("Bill Nye") will contribute a series of entertaining "Autobiographies," describing his experiences in different parts of America.

Other Important Articles Include a series by the distinguished American poet, Edmund Clarence Siedman, on Poetry; Edward Eggleston on American Speech; a great series on the American Indian—"The Indian's Side"; interesting illustrated papers on "New York," their family life, customs, etc., with other papers on New York life; articles on the Government of China; articles by famous French musicians (Gounod and others); papers by the well-known war-correspondent Archibald Forbes, etc.

TWO MAGNIFICENT ISSUES Are the November and December numbers (November begins the new volume). In the former are first chapters of Rudyard Kipling's great novel, "The Naulahka," and "The Chosen Valley," and the December will be a superb Christmas number, full of engravings and interesting readings, with a cover printed in gold. Do not miss these issues. A year's subscription costs \$4.00. Subscriptions are taken by newsdealers and booksellers generally, by postmasters, and by the publishers. Remit by post-office or express order, bank check, draft, or in registered letter.

THE CENTURY CO., 33 East 17th St., New York.

Begin Subscriptions with November.

Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Female Diseases, Dyspepsia, Liver

Complaint, Spinal Disease, Kidney Disease, and all other

Chronic Diseases, treated

successfully with the

JOHN A. CRISP

Electric Body Battery.

It is a great boon to tired and feeble women. Its tonic effect is WONDERFUL. Stops Headache. Relieves CONSTIPATION at once.

All letters answered professionally and confidentially by A. L. ARNER, M. D.

Send to

John A. Crisp Electric Belt Co.

For Price-List, Pamphlet and advice.

This is the latest and best ELECTRIC BELT ever invented. Patented March 10th, 1891.

JOHN A. CRISP ELECTRIC BELT CO.,

Jefferson, Ashtabula Co., Ohio.

Mention Banner. Itcove Nov. 14.

Hurrah for Health!

By the wonderful powers of the

Healing Spirits' Hands!!

That go with all the Magnetic and Clairvoyant Treatment sent by DR. F. E. PERCIE for benefit and cure for a trial, or a full course, which may be full working upon the patients as a feather touch, or a more weighty force. This Treatment, by Diagnosis, Prescriptions of advice and remedies, Healing Papers, &c., will be sent to order by Letter Correspondence, upon receipt of a lock the patient's hair or recent writing, statement of sex, age, full name, residence, description of illness, and full particulars of case, or more, as fuller services are required. 30 years' successful and extensive practice of this system as a Healing Medium, Test, Trance, Clairvoyant, Business, Clairaudient, Lecturer, &c. For Services, Address by Letter DR. G. A. PERCIE, P. O. Box 903, or call at 171 Pine Street, Lewiston, Androscoggin Co., Maine.

Nov. 14.

Why Remain Sick,

When You Can Get Cured?

WILLIAM KEYOU, the Natural Healer, 104 Columbus Avenue, Boston, will give one treatment free to convince you. You can get cured without medicine. Office hours 10 to 4. Other hours will visit the sick at their homes.

Nov. 14.

Mrs. Elsie Reynolds

OF California is holding Séances for Materialization Tuesdays at 2 P. M., and every evening at 8 o'clock except Tuesday, at 35 East 23d street, near Park Ave. Hotel, New York. Private sittings daily.

Nov. 14.

TO LET.

A Large Front Room in Banner of Light Building, admirably arranged for Physician or Business office.

For particulars and terms, apply at Bookstore, No. 9 Boston street, Boston, Mass.

Oct. 17.

AGENTS WANTED

FOR Dr. Stansbury's Specific Remedies. Send for Circulars, Testimonials, Terms, etc., to DORNBURG & WASHBURN, Olatheville, N. Y.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

Oct. 31.

Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Towne

MAGNETIC Mind and Massage Treatments, also various other treatments, now located at Hotel Aldrich, 90 Berkeley street, Boston. Hours 10 to 7.

Nov. 14.

ASTROLOGY.—Most fortunate dates for all purposes, life writings, advice, etc., full descriptions free. Send date and hour of birth with stamp 10c. Address: Astrologer, 174 Washington street, Room 13 and 14, Boston, Mass.

Nov. 14.

Curious Revelations from the Life of a Trance Medium.

BY MRS. HESTER COLBURN MARYANN OF WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

Together with "Portraits," "Letters," and "Poems." Illustrated with Engravings, and Frontispiece of Lincoln, from Carpenters' Portrait from Life.

This book will be found peculiarly curious, startling, and more than any work issued since Uncle Tom's Cabin. It breathes forgotten whippers, which the rust of time had almost covered, and which have been matched from the very jaws of oblivion. It deals with high official private life during the most momentous period in American history, and in a secret page from more than one of the most understood—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Cloth, 12mo, illustrated, pp. 204. Price \$1.50. For sale by COLBY & RICH.

Nov. 14.

Published This Day:</

Message Department.

ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS
Of each week Spiritual Meetings will be held at the Banner of Light Establishment, free to the public, commencing at 8 o'clock P.M. J. A. Sheehan, Chairman.

Answers to Questions and the giving of Spirit Messages will occur on the same day, and the results be consecutively published in this Department of THE BANNER.

At these séances the spiritual guides of Mrs. M. T. Longley occupy the platform for the purpose of answering questions propounded by inquirers, having practical bearing upon human life in the departments of thought or labor. Questions forwarded to this office by mail, or handed to the Chairman, will be presented to the presiding spirit for consideration.

Mrs. Longley, under the influence of her guides, also gives examinations individuals anxious to send messages to their relatives and friends in the earth-life an opportunity to do so.

It should be distinctly understood that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil. They are not to be taken from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We would the reader to receive the training pay for 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 the spirit world will verify them by informing us of the fact for publication.

Natural flowers are gratefully appreciated by our angel visitors, therefore we solicit donations of such flowers to the friends in earth-life who may feel that it is pleasant to place upon the altar of Spirituality their floral offerings.

Letters of inquiry in regard to this Department must be addressed to COLBY & RICH.

Questions Answered and Spirit Messages
GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF
Mrs. M. T. Longley.

Report of Public Séance held Oct. 6th, 1891.

Spirit Introduction.

Oh! sainted spirits, oh! ye bright and exalted souls who have risen above the turmoil of clay and the trivialities of a merely mortal life, passing on to higher experiences and grander unfoldings of being in celestial worlds; ye who have developed through discipline, through the trials and temptations which have come to you, who have gained strength because of these afflictions, and have only risen to grander heights through the difficulties and the sorrows that life has brought, we desire to come into your presence and feel ourselves uplifted and to be able to receive your inspiration and endeavor to have known before.

We echo from the depths of our hearts the sentiment of the song which we have just heard, and ask ye bright ones to come to guide us and guard us hour by hour. Ye apostles of freedom who send forth your earnest thought in behalf of humanity; ye who desire to see the truth on every hand, sending abroad its glorious light that it may flame into darkened places and brighten up the hearts and homes of those who are in ignorance and error; ye who kindly compassion goes forth unto all mankind, seeking to bless and to inspire with new life and new hope those hearts that are in need of sympathy and cheer; we ask your presence, we invite you to come into our midst, bringing your influence and that ministrations which you can supply to our thirsting souls. May we at this time sense your presence and realize that we are surrounded by a cloud of witnesses whose souls are imbued with high zeal to work for humanity, and whose love and cheer will be a constant consolation to pour upon those who dwell below. May we to-day receive from you such words of counsel and cheer which shall bless our lives, and may we feel that the spiritual centers of our beings, thoughts, aspirations and sentiments of peace that shall be as a cloud of incense to these spiritual friends who come to visit us on this occasion.

Questions and Answers.

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

Ques.—By "Readers of THE BANNER" in Bradford, Pa.: Is it possible that some of our spirit-friends should not be found in the spirit-world? E.g.: The mother of one of our mediums, who passed away more than twenty years ago, declares that she has not yet met her parents, and that she has heard nothing of a brother who preceded her to the spirit world.

Ans.—It does not follow because a spirit has not met some other spiritual intelligence who preceded him to the higher life that that friend does not find an existence in the spirit-world. You might part with a friend whose intention it is to cross the water and to travel through foreign lands, and yet you yourself may resolve to take a foreign trip, and so cross the water, perhaps taking passage on the same steamer, or one similar, in which your friend crossed in earlier years. You write back to your friends upon your arrival declaring that you have not discovered the friend who preceded you to the other country; and yet your friend may be traveling about upon those shores, even though you may not have met him. But you say, the cases are not parallel. Why? We ask, the spirit world is wide spread; intelligences who pass from this world to that beyond are not obliged to center in one locality or place. They may have attractions drawing them to different quarters, and it may be many years before some friend who may be searching for another, shall have discovered him in that other world. Besides, much has to do with the sympathy or attraction between spirits, whether they have been of kin in outward sympathy between spirits, they will be attracted toward each other, although separated for one spirit to be under the guardianship of another soul more exalted who is attracted to him, and yet the first spirit not be able to perceive the presence or understand the nearness of that guardian friend. Why is this? you will ask. Simply because the atmosphere generated by the first is of such a character as to envelop the intelligence, and perhaps obscure his sight so that he may not be able to behold the higher spirits who are attracted to him for purposes of helpfulness; and yet the guardian intelligence will be able to see and to know all that is taking place with the one under his charge.

So you will readily perceive that a spirit does not immediately come into the companionship of all whom he has known in the past because he enters the spirit-world; nor does he, in many cases, come into close communication at once, or perhaps know anything concerning the life of friends with whom he knew well in the earth-life, because, as we have said, the spirit world is broad and far-reaching, and possibly the one who went on in advance is not attracted to the same scenes and conditions of life to which the one who followed him is drawn. The first spirit may have found his attractions in various directions in higher spiritual worlds, and following the bent of that attractive force in his being, he will gravitate to those conditions and spheres of life and experience which open before him, while the friend whom he followed known, following him from the body into the spiritual world, may perhaps be attracted to entirely different scenes and localities, and be held by other ties and associations, so that there shall be no communication between them. Yet two souls who are in close sympathy, and who understand the spiritual law of companionship, will know something of the life of each other, will receive an influence one from the other which will be restorative, will be elevated and blessed by the positive knowledge of the existence and even of the condition of the friend, and thus realize that, although the spiritual world is so far-reaching, there can truly be no separation of those who are kindred in soul-life.

Q.—[By J. H. Bean, Fort Worth, Tex.] Are there any reliable evidences that the human or natural body of Christ, which was crucified on the cross on Calvary, came to life again?

A.—A question of similar import has been raised time and again. We have considered it from our platform; hundreds of friends who have said, the spiritual world is broad and far-reaching, and possibly the one who went on in advance is not attracted to the same scenes and conditions of life to which the one who followed him is drawn. The first spirit may have found his attractions in various directions in higher spiritual worlds, and following the bent of that attractive force in his being, he will gravitate to those conditions and spheres of life and experience which open before him, while the friend whom he followed known, following him from the body into the spiritual world, may perhaps be attracted to entirely different scenes and localities, and be held by other ties and associations, so that there shall be no communication between them. Yet two souls who are in close sympathy, and who understand the spiritual law of companionship, will know something of the life of each other, will receive an influence one from the other which will be restorative, will be elevated and blessed by the positive knowledge of the existence and even of the condition of the friend, and thus realize that, although the spiritual world is so far-reaching, there can truly be no separation of those who are kindred in soul-life.

We have stated in the past, as we have reason to believe, that the body of Christ was taken by the members of a brotherhood to which he belonged when in earth-life, and buried in accordance with the rites and observances of that mystical society, and in confirmation of an oath taken by the members, that whenever one of their number should be taken from earth, the body which the spirit had vacated, should be disposed of by that organization.

To our mind, and as far as we can learn in the spirit-world concerning that event, the appearance which presented itself in the guise of the Nazarene was really a powerful spiritual manifestation, an evidence of the force exerted by intelligent spirit over material atoms and objects. We believe that a temporary body was created by powerful spirits, and operated upon by that spirit known as Jesus, and that this appearance was presented to those who should recognize it in order to call attention to the wonderful works and the fulfillment of the promises and prophecies made by the man of Nazareth when he walked among them and was one in the flesh with them.

Those who understand something of the law of spiritual mediumship, who realize the power of spirit-intelligence over material things, will be ready to believe in the truth of this manifestation recorded in ancient history; but those who cannot accept the evidence, and the present age, are presented with the revelations of intellectual and intelligent life from the spirit-world, will find it difficult to accept our explanation of this phenomenon. They will be more ready to believe that this man was a divinity, and consequently not subject to the same laws of physical life to which human beings are generally subject; therefore, the fact that the body which he had inhabited was raised up after the lapse of a certain period of time and brought among his disciples and friends was only a sign of his divine power and a proof that he was really the Son of God.

Q.—[By the same.] Is there evidence to show that Christ's disciples became convinced of his post-mortem existence through manifestations which he made to them in his spirit form?

A.—You may not have evidence of such conviction in external historical records, and yet we feel that the disciples, or beloved friends, of this man of strange works found themselves so wrought upon in mind and spirit by the force of evidence which he, as a returning intelligence, brought to them of his existence beyond the tomb and of his power to manifest his presence to them, that they accepted it unquestioningly and with great faith.

Doubting Thomas, one of a skeptical turn of mind, could not believe the evidence of his own senses until it was brought to him beyond question, because he was one who could not intuitively receive the interior confirmation which the manifesting spirit brought. He must have the external signs in order to be convinced of the reality of this manifestation which occurred; and so great was the power of the returning spirit over external life and material elements and atoms, that he was enabled to so manipulate the form which had been built up for his use as to cause it to present the very imprint of the nails which had pierced the physical body of the crucified one.

This, however, is not strange to those who understand the power of spirit over matter. You have evidence in this latter generation of the return of spirits through external forms, who produce signs which convince and testify them to their friends. Materialized forms have appeared representing the physical bodies of some human beings which have long since gone to decay, and yet these temporary forms have borne the marks of certain peculiarities or infirmities which were a part of those physical bodies, and which in their presentation go far in identifying the operating spirits to their friends.

Undoubtedly this was a stupendous manifestation of spirit-power which is recorded in the New Testament concerning the appearance of the Nazarene; but all along the ages such manifestations have been given here and there to human minds that they might learn of the spiritual life, and thus come to realize that there is no death.

George W. DeFoe.

I shall crave pardon if I intrude, but I have been informed that this office is open to those from the other side of life who can gain entrance, and who wish to express themselves to friends on earth. I cannot call myself familiar with this line of communication, but I feel qualified to speak of the other side and its conditions; for not yet has a year rounded out its seasons since I passed to the other life. As a man of business, and one who put the force of his energy into his external life, I could perhaps speak more fully of the existence I have known on earth, and of the many experiences which came to me here, than of that other world which still seems so strange to me; yet I cannot say that it is not beautiful. It is natural and very real in every department that I have found.

The thought has come to me on several occasions that, knowing now that spirits can really return and communicate with friends on earth, it is my duty to make an attempt to speak in some public way, where it shall be known to the world that I bring my word in behalf of this great truth.

[To the Chairman:] Now I would like, sir, to meet the friends whom I have known in business or social life, and pass a pleasant hour with them, exchanging pleasant remarks, and also giving to them, if possible, something of my experience since I went to the other life. Perhaps some heart that has beat in unison with my own, and that has not laid aside the memories of my life, will be willing to accord to me the opportunity to come as I desire, in a private way, that I may communicate what is in my mind. Some things I would like to repeat concerning the life which I led here. I have some matters which might be called of a purely secular character, relating to business lines and thoughts in the material world, of which it would relieve me to speak; and there is a friend upon the board of directors in the bank whom I feel I might reach in this way if an avenue was opened to me.

I was very well known in the community where I passed my life. It seems to me that some will be pleased to learn of my return, and perhaps this will open to a line through which I may reach other lives, and as we have said, the spiritual world is broad and far-reaching, and possibly the one who went on in advance is not attracted to the same scenes and conditions of life to which the one who followed him is drawn. The first spirit may have found his attractions in various directions in higher spiritual worlds, and following the bent of that attractive force in his being, he will gravitate to those conditions and spheres of life and experience which open before him, while the friend whom he followed known, following him from the body into the spiritual world, may perhaps be attracted to entirely different scenes and localities, and be held by other ties and associations, so that there shall be no communication between them. Yet two souls who are in close sympathy, and who understand the spiritual law of companionship, will know something of the life of each other, will receive an influence one from the other which will be restorative, will be elevated and blessed by the positive knowledge of the existence and even of the condition of the friend, and thus realize that, although the spiritual world is so far-reaching, there can truly be no separation of those who are kindred in soul-life.

Among other things that occupied my attention, I may mention that of the People's National Bank, with which I was vitally connected. I came from Brunswick, N. J. I know that I am called dead, and that my friends have become accustomed to think of me as one who has gone beyond the curtain of this life. They may be surprised to have me say I come from that place; but, while I recognize the fact that I am now a resident of the spirit-world, yet I hold on, to an extent, to old associations and interests, and like to identify myself with them. George W. DeFoe.

Lucy Church.

I have been some time making up my mind to speak here if I could gain the opportunity. At first I only came to witness the proceedings from the spirit-land; then grew more interested, and came closer to listen to what was being said through your medium, and I have learned many things concerning Spiritualism and spirit communication by coming to this place. It has been a school to me, affording knowledge which I think I needed, and which I feel is good for me.

When the thought first came that I, too, might say a word that would be taken down and sent out to the world, I shrank from it; but soon it seemed as if I ought to do so, and that perhaps I was not a coward, and a responsibility I neglected to meet an effort to reach into this outward life with a word from beyond the grave.

I had responsibilities here. I had means in my possession that I tried to utilize in such ways as I felt would be useful to others. I do not speak of this with any pride, but it comes to me now that perhaps I might have done more good in different ways; yet I think we all work according to our best light and understanding of life.

I feel gratified at the steps which have been taken (my friends, I think, will understand) in relation to those things which I was interested in, and concerning which I left my instructions. It pleases me to feel that missionary work is being done—work that may reach those who are in need of enlightenment and elevation, and that may perhaps help some poor soul to step out from a cramped condition

into a broader life. I feel that it is the duty of each one of us to so use our means and opportunities as to make them productive of the best results for humanity.

Certainly, I see life in a broader sense now than I did when here, because it is as if a world had been unrolled before me, and I could at once take a glance at its vastness and realize its beauty; but I know there are many things for me to learn, and that I have only come to the vestibule of the great Temple of Life which is before me in the spirit-world. I have met dear friends who went before me. I have seen many whom I knew in the past; others I have not yet found, but, no doubt, we shall all come together when the harmonies of life draw us into the union that our souls shall crave.

I will not intrude longer than is necessary to speak of a friend of mine whom I met in the spirit-world. She passed away long before I did, and I was not pleased to meet her. I always considered her a plain-spoken, conscientious woman, who did not fear to speak her thoughts and to live out the principles which she held. Therefore, I was surprised when, on hearing my observation that I should try and communicate through a medium, she exclaimed, "Why! Mrs. Church, it is possible that you would try to control a spiritualistic medium?" I in turn asked, "Why not, when I feel it is true that spirit-intelligences can do so?" She answered, "Well, I think it is expedient to try to stir up mortals on this question. I believe in letting them have their own experiences, and gain what spiritual insight they can of their inner life through religious observances in the church; but it seems to me useless to enter into communication with them from this world of ours, for they will ascertain all about it when they come to this side of life."

[To the Chairman:] That, sir, was the first intuition I had that all spirits did not belong in some back room of the spirit world, and that many of those who had passed on to the spirit-world had no desire to reach their friends with outward intelligence. So you see there is much for us to learn of the various phases of human nature, and we have all of them there, even in greater degree than we find them manifested on earth.

I reach out in thought to the city of Hartford, Conn., where my interests lie, and where I feel that a good work is going on in ways that perhaps we do not know of. Well, I think you of the school of Spiritualism; but there are many ways for the Infinite Father to reach his children in good works, and I believe that he can use each one for the blessing of humanity. Lucy Church.

Obed Slate.

[To the Chairman:] How do you do? [Well, how do you do?] I am very well. I have been well for a long time, ever since I went out of the body, and that is so long ago that I do not know but what a good many will have forgotten me, and other things I say, Well, what brings the old fellow back? A good many reasons are prompting me to come.

I know that many changes have taken place among my relatives, friends and neighbors since I went to the spirit-world. Why! changes have come right in my own family. Those I left behind me made new ties and associations, and went out to other homes, so I need not be surprised that changes have taken place in other lives. But while this is so, I know there are those living in Hinsdale, N. H., who remember me for I was pretty well known in the town. I filled the offices that were given to me to the best of my ability, but I will not say anything more about that. I used my energies for the very best results that I could, and I think none of my old friends will say that I was an idle man.

I felt it was just about time for me to come back to your public meeting, and send out a word of remembrance to the old-time friends, asking them if they have forgotten the good days that have passed when we lived our lives as best we could, and tried to keep up with the times. Well, it seems to me that the last few years of this generation have been rushing on so full of events and achievements in human life that it is almost impossible for any of the old-timers to keep up with them in thought and understanding of what is taking place; but I know that there are many, after all, who do keep alive to progress, and who are awake and keen in their minds, even if the old bodies are failing them, and their days on earth are drawing to a close.

I send my love to those who have had special hold of my affections in days gone by; but I do not want any one who may be here that has known me in friendship or acquaintance to feel slighted that I do not mention names, for I have a kindly feeling for them all, and will be glad to meet them on the other side. Many have already come over, and there have been rejoicings and reunions.

I might say that I knew very well the change that came to my communion after I left the body, but I was not dissatisfied with it. I knew of the events which came into her life, and the lives of others connected with her, for I have not been asleep. I was not cast into a slumber, nor was I sent drifting off so far that I could not tell what was going on in the old places. I have been just as alive and active as one might suppose I would be if I had been taken from this place and set down in some other country where I could put myself to work.

[To the Chairman:] Perhaps I told you that I came from Hinsdale? [Yes.] Well, my name is Obed Slate.

Carrie Harrison.

I have a sister whose name is Laura Hutchins, and her home is in Cleveland, O. She is the nearest one that I have on this side of life, and she is very dear to me, though years have passed since I slipped from the body, and she, no doubt, has given up all thought of me except as a memory of the past.

For years I have been close to my sister as I could. Sometimes when I was very near, and other times I could not get into her heart, and there surrounded her, and would not know her condition; but I have known something of her sorrows, and also of the pleasant experiences she has had. I have seen her bereavements, and I wish to say that the dear ones who were taken from her life on earth were only borne to the higher life, where, in a pleasant home, they await her coming. Each one would come in person and send a loving greeting to her. They observed her with warm and tender thought, and often do their influences go out to her life to bring her peace and comfort, even as I would do were it in my power.

Mother is with me in the spirit-world, and she sends a pleasant and tender greeting to my sister. She wishes her to know that mother has always guarded her life as best she could, and will do so to the end. Perhaps if my sister could have stayed away from her, she would have lived with her, but we long since went to the other life, but over and care for her, seeking always to bring comfort and something that will be of use, it will help her to press on and on until she, too, ascends to the spiritual world, where we all abide.

My name is Carrie Harrison.

Catherine E. Hunt.

[To the Chairman:] Well, sir, my people may not like the idea of having it said that I come back from the other world. They may think, if it is true that spirits can come back, I had better not be so sure of myself. I have some concerns myself with material affairs; but then, they may think it is true that spirits can come back, you people had better be in other business than taking the names of those who are dead and speaking for them to the world. I think there is a particular reason why some who have known me will wish that I had not come in this way, while perhaps others will be at least interested, and wish to know something more of this spiritual life and spirit power of return.

I must say that I have been somewhat disturbed in my spirit surroundings by the action of certain ones in regard to my affairs—those affairs and effects which I left on this side, and could not take with me; but which interested me very much; so that in one sense they were a part of my life. I felt that I had a right to devise ways and means for the use of my possessions according to my own desires; but some there are who have thought differently, those

perhaps who ought to have been thinking more of the life they were nearing than to be concerning themselves with these temporal things.

However that may be, it is disturbing me, and keeping me here in connection with this outward life more than I care to be. I realize that I am a spirit, and that I have done with the body, but I find that I have not done with the things belonging to the body as much as I wish to be now, for I desire to get away from them entirely. I do hope that whatever is left will be used for good and useful ends. All I ask is that it may be disposed of in such ways as will be for the benefit of those in whom I was interested. My friends will understand what I mean.

I am trying to learn a good deal of the spirit-world. I am growing into a knowledge of it little by little; but one cannot hold on to the outside, and be disturbed by things that are taking place on earth, and at the same time come into a full realization of the things which belong to the spirit. So I came here, for I was told that I might get a magnetic strength by so doing that would help me in my new walks and ways of life that belong to the other world more than they do to this.

I send my greeting to my friends in Bridgeport, Conn. I would like to talk with them if they will open the way for me. I have something to say concerning the material side, and that I can perhaps tell them something of the spirit-world, and of those who are with me there. Catherine E. Hunt.

Ransom N. Gould.

[To the Chairman:] For years, sir, I have made it my business to go about, here and there, where mediums have been used as open doorways for spirits to reach their friends and to do my best to influence them for some practical demonstration.

I am not exactly a deputy sheriff in my occupation or travels at the present time. That part of my life I laid down with the body, but, nevertheless, the experience which I had in that line and others on the mortal side has been very helpful to me in choosing a pursuit on this side, and in following it to my satisfaction.

Sometimes I have been able to announce myself through mediumistic channels, but more often it has been to strangers than to those who knew me; and sometimes I have not been able to give an impression or to express a thought. But it does not matter to me. I have the experience, and it has brought me in contact with many persons on both sides of life who have been useful to me, for I have learned of them and their lives, and consequently have learned more of the general life of humanity by such experience than I otherwise could.

To-day the way seemed open, and I just slipped in to send a word of continued remembrance to friends. Tell them I do not forget them and their doings. I have seen the changes that have taken place with them. I know that some have changed very much in their circumstances and conditions since I went from the body, but that is all right. I believe in change; it is good for the race; it means growth and progress. Sometimes the change seems very unpleasant and adverse to those to whom it comes, and anything but progressive in their lives; but it means action, and perhaps the experience it brings is just exactly what is needed by them.

I have been philosophizing on these things since I went to the other world. I did not think so much about such matters here, for I had other things to attend to, and I concentrated my mental powers upon them; but I want my friends to know that I am the same man I was here, and the same that I expect to be through all the years to come.

I have friends in different parts of Massachusetts, but my home was in Worcester, and many still live in that city who will remember me very well, and who perhaps will be pleased to hear that I have not gone entirely out of existence. Ransom N. Gould.

INDIVIDUAL SPIRIT MESSAGES.

TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.

Oct. 9.—A. S. Hayward; Mrs. A. J. Shelton; Charles Shipley; Harry Weed Grinnell; Daniel W. Tyler; Susan Shipard.

Oct. 30.—Joseph Sharp; John Hubbard Stephenson; Michael Angelo Hunt; Silvia Gale; J. B. Pownall; Elizabeth Pierson; Charles B. Wing.

Nov. 2.—John R. French; Lydia Baker; J. T. Heard; Cora Ferguson; John Roach; Lydia Maria Child.

DOINGS IN THE "BAY STATE."

STONEHAM.—M. S. Townsend-Wood says: "On the 24th day of August Mrs. Elizabeth Russell, of Olcott, Vt., came to our home for the purpose of treating my husband, who, as many of our friends know, has been afflicted for more than eighteen years with paralysis in his lower limbs. An attack of La Grippe in April left both of us in a bad condition. Mr. W. with a paralyzed right lung. He could not breathe through or move the lung at all. In twenty minutes after Mrs. R. put her hand upon it, he could fill it with ease, and has had no trouble with it since. He has been much benefited, and so have I, but the most marvelous work has been done to those who, hearing of her, have come into our home crippled and distressed, and gone away, after a few treatments, in comfortable condition, with new hopes and ambition in life."

One young man of twenty-one years was considered an incurable, having been unable to put one foot to the ground for twelve years. After ten or twelve treatments he is on his feet, and rejoicing, as in a new life. He said to me: "Mrs. Wood, all there is in this world would not tempt me to be placed where I was before. I am now able to do what I have hope in life; now I am full of hope. I am able to work, and blesses the day he came to the healer. A boy of ten years of age, born with one side paralyzed, was made as well by three treatments as any boy. A woman who had not been able to step in fifteen months, and who was drawn over with contracted cords, has been made well enough to go to dressmaking. A beautiful girl with curved spine, and other afflictions, has been made to rejoice in a new life. One of our hackmen was hurt on the ice, and for six months was unable to work. Three treatments cured him. So I might go on, but will close by saying that I consider this woman one of the most wonderful healers, and would rank with our good Dr. J. R. Newton. We have opened our house to receive the afflicted, feeling that it can be used for no holier purpose, and only wish it could accommodate in all ways those who come, but we cannot board patients. They can come to hear, to treat, to be healed, and go with grateful hearts."

CUMMINGTON.—Mrs. J. M. K. writes: "The second season of the meetings of the Cummington Progressive Society closed with three of the most telling lectures of the course, delivered by Mrs. Banks of Haydensville, Mass.—the last being a wonderful and impressive one on the course of intemperance, Mrs. Banks showing the power of spirit control in a more than usual manner. The influence manifested such sadness and sorrow over this evil that overshadowed our otherwise fair land that it could not but be felt by all who were present. The danger to the greater extent that they have never yet been. The whole discourse was permeated with the great idea that the only saving means will be the laying hold of a sustaining power that is mighty to save."

Our meetings will commence again next May. It is very gratifying to all the lovers of the Cause in our vicinity that we are able to do anything, even though on a small scale."

CHELSEA.—James S. Dodge writes: "What is Spiritualism?" is the ever-occurring question that is now stirring the souls of men. Science says, 'It is here, and we must investigate it'; the churches say, practically, 'It is dangerous for our people to handle, lest they accept its facts.' It is the great spirit of truth we call God; and if it is of that power it is here to 'save' all, for we are all God's children. It is the great pioneer of the times; it is riving the chains of church slavery; it is teaching men and women to think for themselves. It

comes with signs and wonders; we find it in the small hamlets among the poor and lonely; while the dwellers in royal palaces bow their acknowledgments to it.

Those that have no God are moved at its approach and say, 'No hope! Hope without knowledge is like the man who attempted to build without the square, plumb or level, and the consequence is a failure. The man who believes is shaky; the man who gains knowledge by reason has the truth, and that is the keystone of common sense.'

We blame no man for his opinion, even if it differs from ours; we seek knowledge from whatever source it comes. Out of darkness comes light; out of trials and troubles comes joy. The world is frictionizing all the time—growing better as it gains in age. What is growing better as it gains in age? The earth had its material beginning, and will have an end; it has time enough to grow old and die, even if it takes millions of years. So had all life in the physical a beginning, and all will have an end; but life itself is an attribute of the living God, destined to far transcend the present man, both in wisdom and beauty.

When will men recognize that this life in the mortal is but the prelude to a grander one in the broader liberty of the spirit-land; and that self-sacrificing efforts for the good of humanity constitute the only 'treasures' which the soul can carry with it to its eternal home? How far, however, from this precept is the practice of mankind! No wonder our almshouses and insane asylums are now crowded with the very men that have been in the arena—the one cursed by poverty, the other with gold. When will the change for the better take place? Not until the great wealth bursts of its own sin, and man becomes charitable with man; then the new work will begin!

WEST GROTON.—"H. Y." writes that the Liberal Association is holding meetings with much success. Interesting and instructive lectures have been given by mediums whose controls have afforded the utmost degree of satisfaction. A few weeks since a Memorial Sunday was observed, on which occasion many who have passed beyond the veil returned with words of encouragement to all.

FALL RIVER.—Mrs. Ann Hibbert writes: "Sunday, Nov. 1st, Miss Lizzie Ewer of Portsmouth, N. H., occupied our platform. At the close of her lecture she gave a large number of readings and communications to many who came for the first time to a spiritual meeting; they were very satisfactory to those who received them. This lady, gifted with a lofty inspiration, will be with us again in the near future. Sunday, Nov. 8th, Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding was with us for the first time this season. Mrs. A. E. Cummings of Boston will address us on the 15th and 20th of this month, and on Sunday, Dec. 6th, that grand and ever welcome medium, Mr. Joseph D. Stiles."

LYNN.—The Lynn Social Society meets in lower Cadet Hall every Wednesday afternoon and evening. Supper at 6:15. Evening, short addresses and tests. Mrs. C. M. Robinson, President; Mrs. H. H. Lewis, Secretary.

Written for the Banner of Light.

NOW.

BY MRS. L. A. COFFIN.

Place no fresh roses in my cold hand—

No wreath on my marble brow;

Should ever true friendship make such demand

Fulfill it—but let it be now!

The things that we love so often come late—

Too late for affection's warm smile;

Why not lessen life's burdens, and sorrows abate?

Your path would be smoother the while.

Cold, insensible bodies can never respond—

No pulse beat or heart throbs have they,

But like the dull sod that envelopes the mound,

They are senseless and speak of decay.

Now is the time for affection's warm smile,

The time for your kindness and care;

To cheer the lone heart, and sad hours beguile,

Each and every one's sorrows to share.

Oneet, Mass.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething.

New York Advertisements

SEND two 2-c. stamps, look of hair, name in full, age, sex, and I will give you a CLAIRVOYANT DIAGNOSIS OF YOUR AILMENTS. Address J. C. BATDORF, M. D., Principal, Magnetic Institute, Grand Rapids, Mich. 1m Nov

