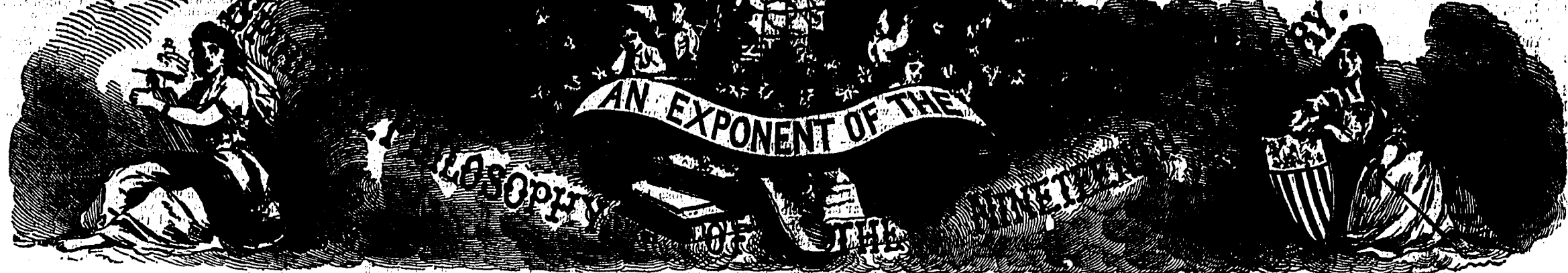


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## Original Essay.

### The Spiritual Facts of the Ages.

A Series by Dr. F. L. H. Willis.

NO. XIX.—FROM THE THIRD CENTURY TO THE DAWN OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM. (CONTINUED.)

SO rich is the history of Roman Catholic mediums with the proofs of our position, that we feel constrained to devote one more chapter to a narration of their remarkable gifts.

One of the sweetest and loveliest characters that illumines the past was St. Theresa. She possessed a rare blending of sweetness and strength, devotion and courage, tenderness and humility. She possessed keen wit, a lively imagination, and so rare a maturity of judgment that she was looked up to as an oracle.

She was a remarkable medium for almost every phase of manifestation. She had visions, and trances, and ecstasies, and was often levitated, sometimes in public; but these public manifestations were so painful to her, so shocked her sense of modesty and humility, that she earnestly prayed they might cease, and her prayer was granted. She possessed, too, remarkable healing gifts. A little child was crushed by a falling wall. Bleeding and senseless, showing no signs of life whatever, he was taken to St. Theresa. She took him in her arms, and sent forth her whole soul in sighs and prayers, and in a few moments returned the boy to his mother sound and well. She was clairaudient, often hearing spirit-voices. Sometimes they seemed objective, and again they seemed to come from the very centre of her own soul. In the latter experience they seemed even more distinct and clear to her than the sounds that struck upon the outer ear.

Like many mediums of the present day, she was grossly slandered and abused; but she counted it all joy to suffer on account of her faith. She triumphed over her traducers, and the beauty of her character shone forth with all the greater lustre.

St. Thomas of Aquinas was of royal lineage. He was nephew of Frederick I., and cousin of the Emperor Henry VI. From his childhood up he was a rare sensitive, and exceedingly susceptible to spirit-influence. He won all hearts by the sweetness of his character and the great beauty of his life. His greatest delight was to minister to the poor who thronged to the regal bounties placed at his disposal. He would even deprive himself of his meals in order to have the satisfaction of giving them to the poor.

In his seasons of spiritual exaltation, his face would shine like the Nazarene's on the Mount of Transfiguration, and seemed to emit scintillations of light that formed a luminous halo about his head. We have noted this phenomenon from the earliest times. We claim it was the light of the divine, the radiance of the spiritual shining through the walls of flesh, making them luminous with the light of the inward glory. When engaged in acts of devotion he was several times seen raised from the ground, thus affording us another illustration of the phenomenon of levitation. On one occasion, while at prayer before a crucifix, a spirit-voice was distinctly heard by those around him as if coming from the crucifix. Frequently, while preaching, his countenance would glow with the fervor of his exalted inspirations, which would be marked with such sweetness and pathos that his whole audience would be moved to tears and sobs, and he would have to stop to allow them to recover themselves.

On coming out of St. Peter's Church one day, after he had preached one of these deeply affecting sermons, a suffering woman pressed forward and grasped within her hand the hem of his robe, and was cured of a cruel infirmity she had been afflicted with for years.

He died a beautiful death, beloved and lamented by all who had known him. An immense concourse of people attended his funeral, at which many marvels of healing occurred. Many cities begged the custody of his body, but it was given to the Order of the Dominicans, and by them carried to Thoulouse. As it approached the city a hundred and fifty thousand people came out to meet it, and here again many authenticated wonders of healing occurred. It was buried with great pomp in the Dominican church at Thoulouse, and a stately mausoleum with a costly shrine erected over it.

Thus did the Catholic Church revere and honor her mediums.

St. Cunegundes was of noble birth. She was one of the purest and loveliest characters that make luminous the page of history. Her father was Siegfried, the first Count of Luxembourg. Her mother was a woman of saintly life and great spiritual devotion. From her earliest years she was reared in an atmosphere of tender, trusting piety.

She grew to be a beautiful young woman, charming in manner, and richly endowed with every gentle grace and virtue. She was married to Henry, the Duke of Bavaria, a man whose whole life was so rich in all that is noble, good and true, that he was called St. Henry. On the death of the Emperor, Otto III., he was chosen King of the Romans, and was crowned at Mentz, June 6th, 1002.

His wife was crowned at Paderborn about the same time, and two years later accompanied her husband to Rome, where together they received the imperial crown from the hands of Pope Benedict VIII., thus attaining the summit of human exaltation. But, as Empress, she was the same sweet, simple, devout character she had ever been. Human greatness, the pomp and splendor of royalty, had no charms for her. She had but one hope, one desire, one ambition, and that was to serve the Highest by a life of purity and goodness, devoted to the service of humanity.

An exceptional fact is prominent in her life. Before her marriage, by the full consent of her betrothed, she made a solemn vow of virginity. But there is no life so pure, so true, so self-sacrificing that may not be assailed by calumny. She was accused to her husband of having been false to her vow. His fears and his suspicions were aroused, and to prove her innocence she walked with naked feet over red-hot plowshares unharmed; but one of the many fire-tests of the ages. We shall find even this most wonderful manifestation paralleled in our own day.

In 1024 the Emperor died. Previous to his death she was herself dangerously ill. She made a vow to found a monastery if she recovered. This vow she fulfilled, and gave the stately building to the nuns of the Order of St. Benedict. Then she laid aside her garments of state, put off her imperial robes, bestowed what little property she had left in charity, clothed herself in the garb of a religious mendicant, and devoted the remaining fifteen years of her life to deeds of benevolence and kindness to all sufferers with whom she came in contact.

Nearly two hundred years after her death she was solemnly canonized by Innocent III. for the purity and devotion of her life, crowned as it was by the rich gifts of the spirit, attested in many marvels of healing during life, and at her tomb.

St. John Francis Regis was born of noble parentage in the seventeenth century. He was a very remarkable medium. All through his childhood he gave evidence that he possessed a keenly sensitive, mediumistic temperament.

He recognized the control of an individual spirit whom he designated as his "good angel." To this guiding influence he devoted his life. By his unselfish devotion to the poor and suffering, also by his great sweetness and tenderness of nature, he endeared himself to every one with whom he came in contact.

He was a remarkable inspirational medium, and when the fire of inspiration was upon him, there was no resisting the earnestness and force of his fervid appeals. His glowing words, now tender and pathetic, again fierce and impassioned, burned their way into the hearts of his hearers, moving them to tears or filling them with exaltation. At such times his countenance was like that of an angel of light, radiant, ecstatic, transfigured. He seemed like an incarnation of all that was most exalted, most spiritual and divine.

The signs of his mediumship were most abundant and most striking. He had ecstasies and trances and visions. He heard spirit-voices speaking to him words of comfort, of commendation and of cheer.

It was his delight to go among the sick poor, many of whom he healed by touch and by prayer. From many places he banished drunkenness, licentiousness and profanity by the force of his spiritual presence, even as the sun banishes the shades of night, completely renovating the moral atmosphere of whole villages. He declared war against vice and ignorance wherever he went, and so great was the power of his eloquence, and the purity and beauty of his life, there was no resisting his appeals. He greatly endeared himself to the common people, and died lamented and beloved by all classes.

Ignatius of Loyola, founder of the powerful Order of the Jesuits, an Order that has wielded a terrible power in the world, was one of the most remarkable mediums history gives us any account of.

He was born in the fifteenth century, in the Castle of Loyola, overlooking the Bay of Biscay, in Guipuscoa, Spain. In his boyhood, being of noble birth, he was sent to the Court of Ferdinand, where, amid brilliant surroundings, he became a courtier, a soldier and a gallant.

While valiantly engaged in defending a fortress against the assaults of the French army, he was struck by a cannon-ball, which broke his leg. This accident was the means of totally changing his life. His leg was so wretchedly set that, after it had reunited, it had to be broken a second time, and re-set. Violent fever, extreme weakness and other dangerous symptoms supervened, and his life was despaired of. On the eve of the feast of St. Peter it was believed that he could not live till morning, and the sacrament was adminis-

tered to him. That night a spirit appeared to him, and cured him by a touch when he was almost in extremis.

Loyola believed this to be the spirit of St. Peter. When the vision left him his pains were gone, he was out of danger, and soon began to feel returning strength. He believed his cure to have been miraculous, and from this time the whole tenor of his life was changed.

He began reading religious works, especially "The Life of Christ" and "The Lives of the Saints." He became thoroughly absorbed in the latter, and so fascinated he could not lay it aside. He spent whole days in the study of these lives. Their wonderful revelation of spiritual laws, of mediumistic forces, made the profoundest impression upon him. These saintly men and women were human, like himself. Possessing a nature like his own, they yet gave expression to heroic actions, to beneficent deeds, to marvelous spiritual powers. Why might not he do what they did?

This question dominated his mind until a new ambition began to fire his soul. He would emulate these noble men and women. He would, like them, devote his life to humanity and cultivate the gifts of the spirit. Then came up his worldly ambitions; his love of fame, position and military renown; and stronger than all else was the thought of a fair and noble lady to whom he had pledged his love and fealty.

At last "impelled," as he says, "by an inward instinct," he formed a solemn resolution to follow in the footsteps of the saints and devote himself to the service of Christ.

One night, while engaged in fervid prayer before an image of the Virgin Mother, he solemnly consecrated himself to a saintly life, and vowed eternal fidelity to his Lord. This act of consecration was immediately followed by a powerful manifestation of the spirit. The whole place was suddenly shaken, the wall of the chamber he was in was rent, and the glass in the windows badly broken.

Then followed his remarkable life, abounding in spiritual phenomena. His visions, revelations and seasons of spiritual exaltation, in which he seemed divinely illuminated, were daily experiences. Ozzes, a friend and companion, died, and he saw his spirit surrounded by scintillations of light become to heaven by angels. Soon after, while attending mass, he says: "A band of blessed spirits presented themselves to my sight, in the midst of whom Ozzes shone with a beauty surpassing all the rest."

He was often seen, while absorbed in his devotions, elevated from the ground. At the time of his canonization there was abundant testimony to his remarkable gifts from most authoritative sources. His face often radiated a celestial glory that made it luminous. Flaming tongues were seen to rest upon his head, answering the description of the tongues of fire that rested upon the heads of the mediums at the early Pentecostal gathering when the spirit was poured out upon the assembled multitude soon after the crucifixion of the Nazarene. He was a remarkable clairvoyant and healer. He read men's minds as one reads books, and his wonderful powers of healing were manifested in making the blind to see, the deaf to hear and the lame to walk; in restoring sufferers who were in the last stages of hopeless disease, curing paralytics and healing formidable sores by the touch.

After his death his body was seen by many to be luminous with light, and spangled all over with brilliant points of light like stars. As we have said before in all cases of canonization in the Catholic Church, it is an established fact that every event in the life of the proposed candidate bearing in the slightest degree upon the so-called supernatural or miraculous is submitted to the most rigid scrutiny. The witnesses are compelled to pass through an ordeal of cross-questioning and such a sifting of their evidence that unless strong in the consciousness of their own integrity and the entire truthfulness of their narrations, they would shrink from its despatch.

This brief sketch gives but a very imperfect idea of the wonderful mediumship of this remarkable man. He was the founder of the Order of Jesuits, or Sons of Jesus. As the idea was inspired in his mediumistic brain by his controlling influences, it was a most exalted one; a noble plan to carry on the beneficent work of the Nazarene for the healing of the moral and physical infirmities of the race and its elevation to a higher plane of life.

In its inception a pilgrimage to the Holy Land was planned—a mission for the conversion of the Moslems; but a war broke out with the Turks, and all access to the Holy Land was shut off, and Loyola and his associates concentrated their efforts upon an organization of far wider scope.

Ad maiorem Dei gloriam (To God's greater glory) was their chosen motto. The Society was practically inaugurated at Rome in 1540 by the election of Ignatius as its first general. He instituted a system of discipline for those who wished to become members that evinces a profound knowledge and appreciation of the human heart, its religious instincts and impulses.

The whole object of this system primarily was to mold the individual character to habits of practical piety and personal holiness. But after the death of Ignatius, the Society fell into the hands of unscrupulous leaders, and became one of the most terrible foes of religious and political liberty the world has ever known.

The term Jesuitical has become the synonym of craft and duplicity. The Order especially addressed itself to the great necessity of its age—education; and in this important field it attained brilliant success, and soon achieved eminence in every department of knowledge. This gave the Order almost unlimited power in every department of the body politic. It spread over the civilized world with astonishing rapidity. Finally it became such a dangerous power, both in Church and State, that it was suppressed, not only by nearly every European government, but also by Pope Clement XIV., who in 1773 issued his famous bull suppressing it in every State in Christendom. But though short of much of its power, this celebrated Order, conceived in the inspired brain of one of the most remarkable of mediums, is still active, still the sworn foe of human liberty, the powerful ally of religious despotism. It works in silence, in secrecy and in darkness to undermine free institutions, and give supremacy to ecclesiastical absolutism.

This closes our researches in the fascinating field of Roman Catholic mediumship.

## Literary Department.

### AMY LESTER; OR, A STRANGE GIRL.

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

#### CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

##### "A Cup of Water."

"Amy Lester, come back! Come back this moment!" cried Mrs. Royce in affright.

But Amy heeded her not.

"Come back, I say. Oh! what shall I do? Her mother will be very angry with me about her—and Mrs. Lester is a lovely woman, and such a good Christian! She is a pattern for the whole church." Saying this, the lady closed the door and went back to the drawing-room.

Meanwhile Amy had overtaken the drooping figure: "Oh!" said she with a sob, "what will you do? Where will you go?" And then grasping her hand she drew her forcibly into an unfinished building that was being erected as a sort of summer kitchen and store-house. It had just been plastered, and a fire had been lighted in an open fireplace to dry the plastering. A large settle had been drawn up before the fire, for some of the workmen had gotten wet; but they were all gone now to the barn to look after the horses. So they were alone.

Amy never opened her lips, but commenced to help the sufferer as fast as her little hands could work. She wrapped the infant in her warm, dry shawl, and assisted the mother in drying its clothing and her own by the heat of the burning logs; and when at last the baby lay sleeping in comfort, the wanderer told her sad story: Of a respectable family in the immediate neighborhood, she had been allowed by her father (a widower) to enter the home of the local minister as a servant; a mutual attachment sprang up between herself and the pastor's son (for whom he cherished great expectations), and the young couple looked forward to a speedy union—when, the father becoming aware of her condition and the plans of his son (so disappointing to himself), drove her away from the parsonage with the most opprobrious epithets, as "a scarlet woman of Babylon," threatening her with the direst consequences to herself and the father of her child should she return to the house, or their acquaintance be in any way maintained: She had never seen the pastor's son since.

Amy went and knelt down by little Willie, kissed and gazed with weird eyes on the sleeping face of the child. The baby was very beautiful, after a dainty ethereal style. His little face was waxen, with pale blue circles beneath the eyes. When the eyes were open they were large, blue and starry, but not glad; he looked at one as though he would ask why he was ever sent into a world of error; he looked as though he had lately come from a brighter world, and was a stranger to this one in which he found himself, and meant soon to return to that other world. His soft flaxen hair lay in little rings all about the perfect head and blue-veined forehead. His hands looked like little pearls.

Amy gazed, and kissed the little pale cheek again and again.

"Amy," said the young mother, "I love you more than I can ever tell you, because you have been good to my baby and perhaps saved his life. I will never forget it, dear little Amy, and when we are both grown to be big women, I shall repay you for all your loving kindness. And now, good-by; for I must go. The rain is over and the sun is coming out. Here is your shawl; Willie's things are dry."

But Amy wrapped the shawl around the baby, for it was not dressed warm enough, saying: "I shall give Willie the shawl. I do not need it. I have a cloak. Willie needs it more than I do."

The sun was now getting low, and the air was a little chilly after the rain. The mother looked at the frail little baby and her natural love conquered. She again wrapped the shawl around Willie, saying:

"Amy, I will send you the shawl the first chance I get. I will only borrow it." And then she held the baby for Amy to kiss; and kissing the little girl herself, she stepped forth and wended her sorrowful way to the poor-house on the hill, which could just be seen in the distance.

Amy ran home as fast as her little limbs could carry her, and the next chapter will tell the reader what happened to her afterward.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### The Whipping.

Reaching home, Amy put away her hat, and taking little Louis in her arms, she seated herself in a low rocker and commenced singing a soft lullaby.

"Amy," said Mrs. Lester, "where is your shawl? I did not see it on your arm as you came in."

Amy explained that she had given it to the child—as just described.

"You have given your pretty new shawl to that creature's child? Is that what you mean to tell me, you bad, naughty, wicked girl? Oh! what am I to do with you? I shall never be

able to make anything out of you, and I was beginning to have such hopes of you!" and Mrs. Lester shed tears of grief and disappointment over her strange and wayward child.

"Amy," continued Mrs. Lester, "this is more than I can bear, and I shall tell your father, and have you punished."

When Mr. Lester came in to tea Mrs. Lester told him of Amy's misdoings. He sternly looked at Amy: "My girl," said he, "I have a long account to settle with you, and I do not intend to spare the rod and spoil the child. I will teach you not to give away your shawl to a tramp and beggar, or to her brat. I will teach you not to tell falsehoods at school, and when your mother tries to make a good Christian girl of you, to talk about hating God, and refusing to say your prayers. I will teach you not to go out on the veranda, and stay till midnight, when your mother supposes you are asleep, and then to tell a cock-and-bull story about some lady coming out of the sky. Yes, I will teach you not to do all this, my girl—never to do these things again! Do you see that clump of willows out there? Well, you go out directly, and break off five or six long branches, and bring them to me."

Amy did as her father bade her, and soon brought in six long slender switches. Mr. Lester took out his knife, and trimmed them up. Amy watched him with a strange fascination.

"Now," said he, laying the branches on the mantel, "eat your supper and go to bed; in the morning I shall break every one of those sticks about you."

Amy pretended to eat her supper, but could not swallow. She went to bed with a sick heart and aching head. She scarcely closed her eyes, but lay wildly tossing about in terrible dread of her punishment.

The next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Mr. Lester took down the sticks, and taking Amy out into a shed, that her mother and the other children might not hear her screams, he whipped her until the sticks were all broken, and the little dimpled shoulders, arms and face were all covered with livid marks.

"Now," said he, "take your Bible, and go up-stairs!—you will not go to school to-day—and read your Bible, and pray all day that God and his holy Christ may forgive you your wicked ways, and make a good Christian girl of you."

Amy shed not one tear, nor made the slightest sound. Her face was pale as death, and her eyes glowed with a deep blue flame, as she passed through the parlor on her way upstairs.

Mrs. Lester handed her a Bible. The child took it, and, going to her room, threw herself on her little bed, where she lay for an hour or more without moving, and her breathing was scarcely perceptible; then she arose and bathed her swollen arms, neck and face in cold water, and went down to her mother.

"Mamma," said Amy Lester, "may I go out and gather flowers, just in the edge of the woods yonder? I saw such lovely ones there the other day."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Lester; "but do not be gone more than an hour or two, for Louis is still very fretful, and you must help take care of him. I would let you take him if he were quite well."

"Oh! mamma, I would rather go alone." And putting on her little white sun-bonnet, she went out into the woods that were not far distant. She soon came to a mossy bank where a tiny brook rippled and meandered its way to the lake, and throwing herself down, she buried her little face in the cool moss; and now her grief burst forth like a furious torrent. She sobbed and groaned and cried until one would have thought her heart had burst. She stretched forth her little arms to the sky, and called for help from somewhere, she did not know where.

And then a soft rustling sound, like the swish of angel garments; a cool hand was laid on the throbbing temples, and sweet angel eyes looked into the burning orbs of the child.

"Amy! my poor little darling!" whispered a breezy voice, "you are again in trouble and need my help. Look up, darling! It is grandma come to help you!"

And Amy felt delightfully cool shocks run through all her little frame: She sat up and leaned her head against something; she could not just see what, but it felt like the soft breast of a lady. She closed her eyes; and then the lady and little Amy talked together.

"Grandma," said Amy, "my father has whipped me dreadfully."

"I am well aware of that," answered the lady. "Tell me, little girl, why did your father whip you?"

"Because I gave my shawl to little Willie." "Why did you give your shawl to little Willie?"



"Because," sobbed Amy, "he was wet and cold, and I thought he was just like Jesus. I heard the minister say when the contribution-box was passed around, that 'whose lendeth to the Lord, him the Lord would increase ten-fold.'"

"And did you expect to be increased ten-fold when you gave Willie your shawl?"

"No," answered Amy, "I did not think of it at all until just now: I gave Willie my shawl because he was wet and cold. I thought I was doing good when I gave it to him. But when I told mamma, she said at once that I was a bad, naughty, wicked girl, and she would have my father punish me."

"Amy," said the lady, "the people called Christians are very inconsistent. They preach, but do not practice. Jesus of the old time said: 'If you have done good unto the least of these my little ones, you have done it unto me.' Amy, my dear little girl, you in your innocence were practicing just what the Christians preach but do not practice, and you have suffered in consequence. Now Grandma will give you some good advice, my darling! Do not tell any one that you see or talk with me. They will not believe you, and it will only lead you into trouble; but come to me whenever you are hurt or in difficulty, or whenever you wish to know anything. Call for me, darling, when you are alone, and I will always come. You are being prepared for a work in the distant future. You will suffer much, but you will be recompensed in time. I would gladly save you from all suffering, but this cannot be; and I say to you now: My dear little girl, every pang that you suffer will be lending to the Lord. You shall be repaid ten-fold. Not by a person who was called Jesus, but by the eternal law of heavenly justice."

"My mamma wants me to love Jesus," said Amy, "and I was just beginning to—for he did not make hell, as God did—and then, the very first thing which I did for love of Jesus I got punished for doing."

"Well, darling, you must not hate anybody; you must not hate God, for he did not make any such place as hell, neither the devil. There is no such place. You must love God, for God means all that is good, lovely and beautiful. This grand old forest, this little brook, that lovely lake, these beautiful flowers, the sweet angels about you—all these things are God. The sun, the moon, the clouds, the little stars that you love so well, because you think they are just like little girls and boys—all these things are God."

"Oh!" said Amy, with a great sigh of satisfaction; "is that what you call God? Oh, it is so easy to love God! Then, if that is God, I could not help loving him. I love all these things more than I can ever tell. I don't have to try at all."

"Amy," said the beautiful lady, "I have taught you how to love God. Your mother and the minister taught you to hate God, although they knew it not, and intended to teach you to love God; but nature never intended us to love anything which is not lovable, and a God who could first create sensitive human beings, then a devil and a burning hell, and thrust his own children into that burning hell, because, in their ignorance, they did not always do just the right thing, would be a most hateful monster, and your little innocent heart hated that which was hateful, and your little natural heart loves that which is lovable and natural. Therefore, when you understand God as he really is, you love him naturally with all your little soul. You hate the minister because he was unjust to the helpless; the wrong was a most hateful and unnatural one; but the angels will care for them. Fear not, little Amy! You are, as yet, an unsophisticated child of nature. Oh! that you might always remain as free from error as now. But, Amy, when I tell you that the minister thought he was doing just right will it make you love him any better?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Amy, "I cannot love him!"

"Amy," continued the lady, "if you saw a poor blind man wandering in this forest, trying to find his way but could not, thinking he was in the right path when he was in the wrong, would you not pity him?"

"Yes," answered the child.

"Well, pity is akin to love. Now the minister is like that blind man: he has been taught from his youth just the things that he now believes, and which he is teaching his son; he is lost in a forest of various opinions; he thinks he is on the right path; he is blind, and does not see truth as it is. Amy, can you not love and pity him at the same time?"

"Well," said Amy, "I pity him."

"Amy, if I tell you that the minister is a part of God, as we are all parts of God, as everything is a part of God, will you not love him then?"

"Well, I don't know," said Amy. "I love the flowers, the lake, the sky, the woods, and all the pretty birds and squirrels; but I don't think I can love the minister."

"You love me, do you not, little girl?"

"Oh! yes; I love you more than I can ever tell."

"Why do you love me?"

"Because you are bright and beautiful, wise and good. Because you are an angel—love and teach me all about God, and beautiful things."

"If the minister was like me you would love him, would you not?"

"Oh! yes," replied the child.

"The minister will be like me some day," said the lady, "and then you will love him."

"Yes. If he is ever like you, I will love him then."

"Amy, will you not forgive him his blind error now, and love him for what he will be some day? Love him for that which he is capable of being sometime, when his eyes are opened, and he can see to walk in the right path?"

"Yes," said Amy, "I will pity him now, and keep love in my heart for him when he becomes an angel."

"Very well," said the lady, "I think that will do for the present."

"And now, my dear little girl," said the beautiful angel, making gentle passes over the child's face, neck and arms, "go down and bathe again in the brook, and kiss me goodbye; for you must now go home."

Then Amy felt soft kisses on her lips and brow. She opened her eyes and the angel was gone. She went to the little brook and bathed her neck, arms and face. The redness and inflammation from the blows of the switches had now almost entirely disappeared. She filled her little hands with wild flowers, and started for the house. Just as she was passing through the gate a man drove up, and stopped.

"Look here, little girl. Here is something for you," and he handed Amy a bundle nicely tied up in wrapping-paper, and taking from his pocket a note, he said: "As I was riding past the poor-house, I was asked if I would give

these to you—as I should have to pass by here on my way home."

Amy took the bundle and the note; thanking the man, she gave him part of her flowers. It was all she had to give. She then ran into the house joyfully, for it was her shawl which was in the wrapping-paper.

#### CHAPTER VII. Amy's Composition.

Mrs. Lester was very glad to have the shawl back, and she hoped that Amy's punishment would be the means of keeping her from doing so foolishly another time, and would also aid in making her a good Christian girl.

The next day little Louis was better, and Amy went to school as usual. Nothing more of importance transpired for a number of weeks. Amy was now promoted to the first class. The lower classes were not expected to write compositions, but all those of the first class: each one wrote a composition every week, and must have it ready to read on Saturday at the morning session—there being but one session on that day.

Amy was now expected to write her first composition. She was, by many years, the youngest scholar in the class. She had never written a composition in her life, and did not believe she could, saying to Miss Lavelle she could learn any lesson that was given her, but to write a composition she thought would be utterly impossible.

"Well, Amy," said the teacher, "I know you are very young, therefore shall not expect you to write equal to the others, but will accept from you a few simple words. The subject for this week is 'Sunset.' I give out the subject on Monday morning, that the scholars may have all the week to think and write out their compositions. Now you have all the week, and need write but a few words."

Amy went home discouraged. To write a composition was to her, like scaling the highest mountain. She knew she could not do it. She tried again and again, but could write nothing of any importance. At length it was Friday, and she had returned from school. The composition must be forthcoming in the morning, and not a word could she write. She was very much discouraged, and tears began to roll down her cheeks. She was all alone in a little sitting-room leading out of the parlor. Mrs. Lester and the other children were in the parlor. It was nearly sunset. Amy went and knelt by the window—to watch the sun as it went down—still weeping. Soon the child was lost to all objective things. Again the lovely lady stood by her side; placing her hand softly on the child's head, she said:

"Poor little girl, are you in trouble again?"

Amy looked up with a start. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "I never thought. You told me to call for you when I was in trouble; but I did not know you meant this kind of trouble."

"I meant any kind of trouble that you might have. I shall aid you in all things."

"I wish to write a composition."

"Well," said the lady, "suppose I help you. Go and get pencil and paper, and scribble down as fast as I tell you the words which I wish you to write. Do not stop for anything, but get it down as quickly as possible; you can afterward write it out nicely with pen and ink and punctuate it properly."

The little girl ran and got paper and pencil, for she was very glad to think the angel lady was going to help her. Then the beautiful lady again placed her hand on Amy's head and she commenced to write: this was the composition as given by the lady for Amy to scribble down:

#### "SUNSET."

"The sun appears to be sinking below the western horizon. Is the sun really sinking or not? If it is not, appearances are very deceptive, for one can hardly realize that it is the motion of the earth and not the sinking of the sun—that the earth is rapidly revolving toward the east, and by midnight China will be at its noon. Good night, thou glorious orb! until to-morrow morning, when you will again appear to rise in the east, which is positive evidence to little girls like me that this earth is round like your own bright face; and while you are shining on other lands, making them warm and bright, I shall be sleeping sweetly, getting ready to meet you in the morning."

You are now just disappearing from my sight, leaving a long train of glory behind you, and all the shadows are so long they make me think of ladders reaching up to the sky. The clouds are all tinged with purple, gold and crimson. It seems to me, a little girl, as though the gates of heaven stood wide open, and I could not see where heaven began or where it ended. I think the gates of heaven are like the sunset: they never shut or turn away, it is only the people who turn their faces away from the gates, as this land is now turning away from the sun, and then they call their own darkness hell or night. It is not heaven that turns away from us, but we who turn away from heaven.

As I watch the beautiful clouds, I think I see a great host of angels, and their garments are all shining like the various colors of the sunset sky, their faces are as bright and beautiful as the golden face of the orb of day; they smile at me and wave their white hands: 'Good-night! I hear them singing sweet anthems: 'Good-night, good-night! Amy Lester, good-night!'

And now I look from the heavens to the earth. A sweet hush is resting over all things. It is twilight. I hear the cow-bells. The cows are coming home. They, too, know it is sunset. Ting-a-ling, tingle-ingle-ingle! One, two, three! They are all there. Red cow, white cow, spotted cow. Bessie, Kittle and Sue. They see me through the window. They know it is little Amy; they look straight at me with their great soft sleepy eyes, and I think they mean 'good-night! good-night! The forest over there begins to look weird and solemn; and the fireflies are just commencing to flash; perhaps they are trying to see if they can shine like the sun. Do your best, little flies, for if you and I cannot shine like the sun, we will give forth what little light we have.

A gentle breeze must be sweeping over the clover field, for the daisies and buttercups are nodding, all saying: 'Good-night! good-night! Oh! there is a little star, just commencing to twinkle its eye; it is looking straight in at the window. Do you see me, little star? I used to think the stars were the eyes of the angels, looking down out of heaven at me; but I am older now, and my lesson in astronomy tells me that they are far distant suns, like our sun that has just set, and that they are as numerous as the grains of white sand down on the shore of the lake. I know it is true, for by-and-by you will all shine forth. I cannot count you, for I have tried a great many times, yet you are only suns to a great many other worlds which I cannot see.

I think heaven has neither beginning nor end; the gates are always open, and little girl's eyes can look straight in when they try; the angels are everywhere, just as the stars are everywhere, not shut up in a small heaven, nor cast into a burning hell, but just everywhere, as the stars, which are bright shining suns, are everywhere and innumerable.

Oh, dear little stars! If you begin to come out too fast, I cannot write much more, for I must write only of the sunset. Miss Lavelle said so.

Ah! I hear the dogs barking over at the farmhouse. They bark because the sun has gone and it is time for them to be vigilant and watchful, that no harm come to those they love. I hear the little lambs bleating over on the hillside, and their mamma calling them. I am afraid my mamma will call me pretty soon. Oh! there go the reapers, with their sickles over their shoulders. They are walking slowly. I think they must be tired. They are going home to get their suppers, and see their wives and little boys and girls—and I think that is my papa coming, too, away over there in the gloaming. There is little Johnny Gray going to find his cows, and whistling 'Yankee-doodle,' with his hands in his pockets—his bare feet all splashed with mud; and he is looking at this window, as sure as I live, and nodding his head as though he would say: 'Good-night! Amy Lester; good-night! And now he is making his lips move. I know what he is saying. It is 'Spooks!' And now he is laughing at me. You go mind your cows, Johnny Gray! The 'Spooks' are all angels, and they won't hurt you nor me.

I can just see the white breasts of the night-herons out there in the willows, and they keep on singing, Whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will! There! I hear little Louis crying for Amy to rock him to sleep and say: 'Now I lay me.' Mamma is calling me, and the lovely lady has gone. I thought she went away over toward the sunset, looked back at me from that last bright cloud, smiled and waved her beautiful arms: 'Good night! Amy Lester; good-night!'

The next morning Amy copied her composition nicely with ink and gave it to Miss Lavelle. She did not ask herself whether it was good or bad, but she trusted her angel visitor implicitly, and was overjoyed to think she really had written a composition. After Miss Lavelle had read a number of others, which were exceedingly stupid, she took up Amy's, and opening it began to read. She read it through to the end without comment. Johnny Gray tittered a little when she came to the part where his name was mentioned. Miss Lavelle seemed perplexed; she put her hand to her forehead, and then glanced at Amy:

"You are a very, very strange girl," said Miss Lavelle. "Who taught you such wild notions? Your mother is a very pious woman, and your father thinks just as your mother does; you have never attended any school but mine; I have known you since you were a little thing of three years; no one in this small village has any such ideas as these. Amy Lester, where did you, a little girl who has never left this village, get these ideas? What can you mean by flying in the face of religion and Christianity after this style? And what do you mean by a lovely lady vanishing away on a cloud? Amy, I shall be obliged to punish you for irreligious reflections. The lady of the cloud I attribute to your unbridled fancy. Still, taking all things into consideration, this is actually the best composition which has been handed in; it is written and punctuated better than the others, and certainly does not lack in sentiment or poetical phrasing; therefore I shall be obliged to give you the premium; at the same time you shall stay an hour after school as a punishment for irreligious reflections."

She then handed Amy the premium, which consisted of a written reward of merit, rolled up and tied with blue ribbon, in which it was specified that this merit was to be given to the one who wrote the best composition. It must not lack in ideas, and a certain amount of poetic license would be allowed. There was nothing said about religion.

Amy remained an hour after school, but for this she did not care. She was delighted with her premium and her composition.

Like all children, Amy's troubles were soon forgotten. Again life went on with her much as usual. She went to school regularly, and when at home helped her mother in the care of little Louis and the other children, likewise to knit and sew.

[To be continued.]

#### New Publications.

GRANDFATHER GREY. By Kate Tannatt Woods, author of "The Woeing of Grandmother Grey." Royal 8vo, cloth, gilt, emb. The holiday book trade will offer nothing superior to this charming love poem of "ye olden time," an idyl of old New England, told with exquisite faithfulness by pen and pencil. The artist, Charles Cooper, pictures its quaint scenes of courtship and matrimony with delicacy and power, in drawings that show a keen appreciation of the beauty of the poem and the spirit that guided the pen of its talented authoress. The book will spring into instant favoritism, as its predecessor did one year ago; and no one should fail to look at it before closing their list of gifts for their friends.

THE ADDRESS OF PORT ROYAL, and Other French Studies. By Maria Elory Mackay. With an Introduction by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. 12mo, cloth, pp. 150. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A collection of historical and literary essays, first published in the leading American magazines, with others not before printed. A repeated demand at Harvard, and other colleges, for these stories and essays in their detached form, has resulted in their publication in this durable and convenient volume. Many years of enlightened study, in this country and Europe, have broadened the background of the stories, and matured taste and skill for their presentation.

THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER. A Story for Girls. By Lucy C. Little, author of "Husle and Myelans." "Helen Glenn," etc. 12mo, cloth, pp. 320. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

Those who have read the author's previous works and admired them, will give this a warm welcome. It is a bright, chatty story, of a girl's every-day life, and alive with incidents usually accompanying that life.

NEW AND TRUE. Rhymes and Rhythms and Historical Droll for Boys and Girls from Pole to Pole. By Mary Wiley Stayer. Royal 8vo, cloth, gilt emb., pp. 150. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Those who seek for something original for the little ones of their own households, or those of their friends, will find in this volume. The many pictures are all new, and of the most attractive description, and the smoothly flowing verses they illustrate such as will charm all who shall read or listen to their reading.

A bald-headed woman is unusual before she is forty, but gray hair is common with them earlier. Baldness and grayness may be prevented by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### WORSHIP.

BY C. A. DRAM.

As I sit and think and ponder,  
And dwell on the things that are—  
Of the beauty that's all about us,  
And the glory of moon and star:

Of the grandeur of Mother Nature,  
Her rivers and mountains and trees;  
And the fragrance of flower and grasses  
That are fanned by the evening breeze:

And of all the good and the lovely  
That gladden my soul and eyes,  
I would I could give expression  
To the thoughts that within me rise!

But the trees, they tower so lofty,  
And the mountains are all so grand  
That round about in their whiteness  
Like silent sentinels stand;

And the stream is so clear and sparkling  
That leaps from the mountain's side,  
That I not for a moment wonder  
They call it the veil of a bride.

And the flowers, oh! the bud and the blossom,  
That give their sweets to the breeze—  
Why! a king in all his glory  
Was never arrayed like these!

So, as tongue and pen ever fall me  
To picture the beauty divine,  
I sit here, mild silence and grandeur,  
And worship at Nature's shrine.  
Portland, Ore.

#### "Know the Brother Heart Now."

A short time ago the Observer walked along a quiet street approaching one of the great thoroughfares of the city. All at once the droning air was stirred, grew tense, concentrated and broke into a cry, a cry repeated by a score of voices, and all about him, springing up like the famed dragon's teeth which, when sown, sprang from the earth as armed men, from all parts suddenly appeared an excited mass of human beings bearing toward one point, where they gathered, intent and swarming. One moment—an empty street; the next—a great human drama; sidewalks, doorsteps, balconies, the very roofs were alive with humanity. The clamor of the fire-engine, the clang of the fire-bell and trample of eager hoofs had not evoked this multitude; their advent was simultaneous. Whence, then, the summons? A dread stillness falls over the crowd, and shrill above the city's drone a woman shrieks aloud. And then the crowd, before the grand manor whose every window and doorway belch smoke and flame, before the delayed ladder-wagon and the anguish of the poor creature leaning from the upper windows, the crowd utters a hoarse growl of rage, surges toward the firemen, thinks better of it, and sullenly mutters at them; then falls to cursing as the shrieks again besiege the gates of the sky.

Again the cry of rage broke as the smoke swirl and parted, showing the woman about to leap from the street, upright and quivering against a background of flame. Then—oh! delirium!—the wagons—the ladder-wagons; and cheers arise; and a hundred hands, a multitude of eyes and voices point out the oncoming hope to her and stay her on the very brink of the mad leap. And yet, she cannot stay. The fire snatches at her; she stoops—and the crowd shudders; she gathers herself together and a loud moan of anguish goes up, and "The ladder-wagon! the ladder-wagon!" and women cling together in an agony of dread, fearing to see, fearing not to see, as the crowd parts and surges backward to make way for that which shall fall amongst them pursued by fire. But no! she has turned about, has lowered herself from the window to the broad cornice of the window below, and crouches there upon the narrow ledge, hunted, pursued, smoke-limbed, but, for the moment, safe upon the giddy perch.

A gasp of relief goes up. The firemen have not been idle. Driven back from the doorway they forced open, they hurl themselves upon the ladders; these are raised—and a fusillade of cheers, like scattered shot, breaks from those panting throats. A moan, a snarl follow. The ladders are too short. Flames, darting from the window above which she crouches, leap upward and backward at the woman; her cries are cries of pain and madden the crowd.

A new hope appears. But see! she moves restlessly down the ledge—she is going to leap now, now? Ah! h-h-h! A great cry—as from a single Titan's throat, goes up in the word "Stop! stop!" Gestures of command, of warning, of entreaty, lift every arm. The critical moment! One scaling pole is set against the house. The firemen run up it. Another is lifted—and the fire is unendurable; for one moment more it cannot be endured; the woman—the woman—she is leaping—she has leaped? A burst of thick, evil-smelling smoke comes from the place where she stood. A smothered engine-horn has stamped his foot, and hysterical sobs are heard in the swaying crowd. Is it—? No! No! The smoke lifts, and the foremost fireman snatches the poor creature who leans, shrieking, out of the fiery jaws, grasps her at the very instant when she launches herself upon the air. She hangs from his stalwart right arm, a dangling charred burden. In mid-air she is passed to another man below, and still another, reaches a ladder, stumbles down its rungs, is safe, is here, is here, falling blindly into the arms that reach out for her, is here, on the hither side of life still. What a cry goes up. She is saved! Oh, my sisters! Oh, my brothers! We are saved. We are returned to the simple daily life wherein we think ourselves so safe till the Unknown seizes us. Women break into loud weeping. One faints and is borne away. A girl flings herself upon the neck of the engine horse and convulsively kisses his broad, gray brow. The smoke clears where she stood. A brace one another who never met before; others stand smiling broadly, the tears running down their cheeks; one breaks into a frenzy of cursing, his eyes radiant with joy. The crowd, the great, fused, self-magnetized crowd, one with itself and with all other selves, sends out ringing cheer after cheer. And the proud steeds who have done it all, curvet as they draw their dazzling towers away.

And why—why all this emotion, this joy? Is it because a fellow creature, doomed to a horrid death, boding forth to each the image of himself or herself in like peril, was saved before their very eyes? Is it possible? A fellow-creature—whose fellowship was denied an hour before and will again be denied in many an hour hereafter. A mere serving-maid, one of thousands of souls passed by, ignored. One to spurn in any moment wherein she might ask alms or obtrude an unpleasant self upon our sybaritic selves. One of the many to be used, cheated, betrayed, purchased, trampled upon in the competition for gain, power, pleasure, livelihood or life. One who a moment ago was Another, but who became all at once to each himself, myself, when set on high, the quivering prey of danger. One who is nothing, and less than nothing to us, until the human heart feels the "Open Sesame!" of the human cry.

Humanity is one and indivisible. Individual acts and individual truths. They decide it. A moment of human peril, or enthusiasm, or inspiration arrives. Life-life itself is threatened, or it is invoked, or exalted. It has a voice. It cries out—a mighty, silent, all-pervading cry. An impulse, more swift than the light, more subtle than the ether, more fiery than the sun, darts through the overworld. It has a station in every mind, a register in every heart; by its possession men are unified, as separate breakers are beaten into one sea of common Man; recognizes himself in man; the common identity is seen. That image of danger or of hope is himself; with it he weeps, with it rejoices. In moments of great excitement there are no longer men, or men and women; there is only mankind, only the brotherhood of humanity.

But why wait for the sharp, sudden moments when the brotherhood of humanity is revealed?

Condensed from "Tea Table Talk" in The Path (N. Y.), for November.

to know our brother? Often we know him only when he has gone from our eyes; when his abandoned husk lies before us. Then we mourn for the winged soul—thing of air and fire—which we behold not, but which was hidden from us in the heart so often wounded, so often denied. Ah! wait not for these cries in which to be kind to one another. See how often remorse attends the dead. Let not compassion come up tardily to the brink of the grave. Be wise, be merciful, know the brother heart now; while it lives, suffers, needs, and hungers at your side. These lightning moments of storm reveal men to one another as each traveler sees the face of his fellow in the lurid breaks of the tempest. In that tempest who can work? Know one brother in the broad light of the common day. Reach out one another now. Work each for the other now. Hope in one another now. Wait not for flame and despair to fuse your hearts. Let brotherly sympathy anneal them now before it is too late for useful action, before it is too late for that sublime hope which lies in the conquest of self for the evolution of all higher selves. There is but one moment for brotherly love. That moment is the eternal now.

#### For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

#### November Magazines.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.—Two complete stories and the conclusion of Mrs. Whitney's serial comprise the action of this number. The unknown wife of a well-known man is Madam Blouet (Mrs. "Max O'Rell"). Mrs. H. W. Beecher contributes her second paper concerning Mr. Beecher's early days, which includes his marriage, his first pastorate, with a salary of \$300 a year, etc. Palmer Cox gives "The Brownies Through the Year, twelve adventures of the funniest little men in the world." Mrs. Lyman Abbott gives "New Ideas for Church Societies," among which is a new game called "A Lemon Squeeze." Mr. Rexford supplies a page "All About Flowers," with a column of "Helps and Hints." The forty pages of contents are fully illustrated. Philadelphia: Curtis Pub. Co.

MAGAZINE OF ART.—An etching of one of the best paintings in last year's *salon*, "The White Cow," by Julien Dupré, is the frontispiece. It is superbly drawn, and the expression of the cow is admirably rendered. Engravings of five of his most characteristic works illustrate a sketch by Walter Armstrong of David Murray, A. R. A. A Scottish painter, Claude Phillips, discusses the "Sculpture of the Year," in the course of which he makes mention of two American artists (seven illustrations). An interesting paper is devoted to the late Charles Chaplin by Marlon Hepworth Dixon, with portrait, and engravings of five of his paintings. "The Comic Paper" is the subject of this month's "Illustrated Journalism." A fascinating description, with eight illustrations, is given of "Knole," Lord Sackville's venerable seat near Sevenoaks, Eng. New York: Cassell Pub. Co.

THE HOUSEHOLD.—This is a Thanksgiving number, and its contents are appropriate to that time-honored New England festival. There are several stories. Mrs. H. W. Beecher describes "Thanksgiving Seventy Years Ago," the first Thanksgiving Proclamation is reprinted, appointing Nov. 16th, 1772, for its observance, and a number of poems commemorative of the day are given. The general departments are well furnished. Boston: G. O. Bromfield street.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.—In "Diseases of the Rich" it is claimed that the possession of great wealth is a predisposing cause of a number of complaints. "Children's Teeth," "Stammering" and "Rules for Dyspeptics," and a plant discovered by the Stanley expedition, and now being grown in this country for experiments, the effect of which is the same as laughing gas, are some of the many subjects dealt with in this month's issue. New York: 340 West street.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.—Lessons in "Decorative Painting," "Domestic Economics," "Home Talks," several stories, together with the opening chapters of a new serial by the editor, Effie W. Merriam, are its leading features. Minneapolis, Minn.

THE QUIVER.—The serial stories, that have interested all readers, reach their conclusion, and the third and closing part of "The Oyster and Oyster Shell" is given. "Crookshanks" is a short, pleasing story of fact, and "My Wife Elizabeth" another. An illustrated article describes "The Feast of Tabernacles," as observed by modern Jews. New York: Cassell Pub. Co.

THE SIDERAL MESSENGER.—The leading article treats upon "Elementary Principles Governing the Efficiency of Spectroscopes for Astronomical Purposes." "Star Distribution" and "The History of Astronomy," "Current Celestial Phenomena" and "News and Notes," follow. Northfield, Minn.: W. W. Payne.

CHERLAD OF HEALTH.—The Physical Development of the Chest" is the subject of the leading paper. "Notes on Health," by the editor, and articles of hygienic value follow. New York: 46 East 21st street.

OUR LITTLE ONES.—Short attractive stories and finely-engraved pictures form the contents. Of the former are "Pauline and the Toad," "How Did Tom Know?" and "Jack's Fun and Fright." Boston: Russell Publishing Co.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.—New chapters of two serials, and three stories complete in this number: "A Forlorn Hope," "My Sister's Secret," and "Smuggler Jock," constitute the attractive fiction. The miscellany comprises "Among the Scillies," "Mr. Smith" (a famous dog) in His New Home, "When George the Second was King," "A Chat About Fairies," etc. In excellence of contents and low subscription price, this monthly is all that can be desired. New York: Cassell Pub. Co.

THE PATH is received for the current month, and has a table of contents in harmony with its object; i. e., the study of theosophy and occult sciences, etc. New York: 132 Nassau street, Wm. Q. Judge, Editor.

MEDICAL TRIBUNE.—In the number at hand (Oct.) "The Truth About Vaccination" continues to give the pro and con of the subject by Drs. A. Gunn and A. N. Bell. Dr. Parker contributes a paper of interest to all upon "Eye-Strain and its Effects," and "A Few Practical Points" are given by Dr. Adolphus. New York: 124 West 47th street.

How can the world know a man has a good thing unless he advertises the possession of it?—Vanderbilt.

#### CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, a copy of the German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming the paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

#### Passed to Spirit-Life.

From his residence, No. 6 Pearl street, East Somerville, Mass., of heart failure, caused by nervous prostration, Mr. Lafayette Bishop, aged 41 years 10 months and 2 days. Mr. B. has been pronounced spiritist for a long time; he was a deep thinker, and a man almost without fear. He leaves a wife and two children—one seven years, the other some four months—besides a brother and a large circle of friends, to mourn the loss of his physical presence. The bereaved family has the sympathy of many dear friends, both mortal and spiritual, in this hour of bitter sorrow. Wm. B.

From Rockland, Me., Nov. 12th, Edward F. Blackinton, aged 75 years 9 months and 3 days. Mr. Blackinton was an interested reader of THE BANNER for several years, and an ardent seeker for the truth in all its phases. He leaves a wife, seven sons and one daughter. He had always lived in Rockland,



marked copy of the paper containing it is forwarded  
file.



## BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Colby & Rich, Publishers and Bookellers, 9 Bowditch Street (formerly 22 Cornhill), Boston, Mass., keep for sale a complete assortment of Spiritual, Progressive, Reform, and Miscellaneous Books, at Wholesale and Retail.

**Terms Cash.**—Orders for Books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by all or sufficient cash to pay the balance must be paid C. O. D. Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. We would remind our patrons that they can remit us the fractional part of a dollar in postage stamps—ones and twos preferred. All business operations looking to the sale of Books on commission respectfully declined. Any Book published in England or America (not out of print) will be sent by mail or express.

Subscriptions to the BANNER OF LIGHT and orders for our publications may be sent through the Purchasing Department of the American Express Co. at any place where that Company has an agency. Agents will give a money order receipt for the amount sent, and will forward us the money order, attached to an order to have the paper sent for any stated time, free of charge, except the usual fee for sending the order, which is five cents for any sum under \$5.00. This is the safest method to remit orders.

In quoting from THE BANNER care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of personal free thought, but we do not endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance. No notice will be taken of any letter or communication which does not come authenticated by the name and address of the writer.

Newspapers sent to this office containing matter for inspection, should be marked by a line drawn around the article or articles.

## Banner of Light.

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ISAAC B. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.  
LUTHER COLBY, ASSISTANT EDITOR.  
JOHN W. DAY, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

All communications relative to literary or editorial matters should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters must be sent to ISAAC B. RICH.

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

## Special Notice to Patrons.

THURSDAY, NOV. 26TH, having been set apart by the constituted authorities as a season of Thanksgiving, the Banner of Light Establishment will remain closed throughout that date.

ADVERTISERS desiring to renew their cards in THE BANNER for Nov. 28th are requested to have their notice of such continuance at this office on Friday, Nov. 20th, instead of Saturday, Nov. 21st.

As we go to press one day in advance for that issue, CORRESPONDENTS must see that their notices, etc., reach us on Monday morning, Nov. 23d, to insure insertion.

## Marriage and Morality.

The cause of morality and of the civilization of the human race was earnestly advocated in an able sermon preached by Rev. Brevard D. Sinclair in Newburyport, Mass., on Nov. 8th, on the marriage state and the sin that is habitually committed within the protection of its sacred name. He regarded the practice of abortion as the crowning sin of New England, the sin that lies at the root of its spiritual life; a secret sin that paralyzes all pure life; a sin of such delicacy that people affect to be shocked at a public allusion to it, and yet practiced, applauded and commended so universally in private that even the children are not ignorant of its practice by their elders. No community, said the preacher, can have a weightier subject submitted to its conscience than the ethics of marriage. The marriage institution lies at the foundation of the Church and the State. It is the bulwark of the home and the commonwealth. It is protected by the laws of all civilized nations. Everything depends upon the accomplishment of the ends of its institution.

The root of all sin is to be found in lust. Lust, when conceived, brings forth sin. Any marriage which deliberately violates God's law in the end of its institution is the product of lust. Such a profanation of marriage has been made respectable by society rotten to its heart, by pulpits afraid to cry aloud against the crime and vice, and a church conformed to the world. One of the most plausible attacks on marriage comes from the poisonous advice of people who tell a man never to marry until he has accumulated a fortune or finds a wealthy bride. That, too, is a sinful perversion which teaches young womanhood that marriage is not, with necessary exceptions, the position in life which God intended her to fill.

God never intended marriage contracts to be made on the basis of a money value. That is such a violation of the divine law that it carries its penalty even in this world—in the unhappiness of thousands of homes, the unfaithfulness of marriage vows, the records of the divorce courts, and the adulteries which are so unblushingly committed. Children are as natural a product of marriage as the fruit is the product of the tree. The first and specific object of marriage is the rearing of a family. A relation which ignores this true end of marriage is a farce and a travesty, and in the eye of God black and infamous sin. Sin is lawlessness, and the prevention of offspring is a violation of every physiological law. It is likewise a violation of the highest moral law of God. It is the sin of New England, and if it is not checked it will in time prove an irredeemable calamity.

Society, the church, and the public conscience, said the preacher, are dead in this matter. Women professing Christ's holy religion go about advising young married women to forestall God's ordinance by preventing or obstructing the birth and rearing of children, the legitimate end of marriage. The preacher would not eulogize Romanism, but he declared the Roman Catholic the only church in New England which is a practical foe to this hell-born sin. We are told, said he, that the Roman Catholics are going to possess New England. Through this sin they are, and they ought to be. There is a necessary law of evolution that in the struggle for existence the fittest survive, and the weakest become extinct. We are simply reading God's law of evolution when we see the native New Englanders defeating the end of marriage by the prevention of offspring, and the Roman Catho-

lic population of Irish and French obeying God's laws in rearing families. There are today fewer young people in New England outside of the Roman communion than in any other part of the country. And it will soon come to pass that the places filled by us will be occupied by "the sons of the stranger." God has twelve hundred millions of people on this earth, and the extinction of one population for the reception of another is simply God's taking a candlestick out of his place and replacing it with a burning candle.

The women of New England, said Mr. Sinclair, weep tears over the deluded mothers of India and China who throw their infants to the crocodiles of the Ganges and the infant towers of Canton, and send their contributions to convert them. They do well; but will they not confess that they are as guilty as their heathen sisters when they destroy the embryonic lives of the unborn babes which God has given them with marriage? Men and women who affect to pray for a revival in the church are often the guilty parties. Infanticide is the national sin of New England. And in the spirit of a prophet he preached saying to New England—Repent!

These are the leading points of this very plain sermon, divested of their rhetorical embellishments. The criticism to be offered is upon the preacher's unqualified commendation of the Catholics in bringing so many children into the world, leading to the visible increase of ignorance, and oftentimes of crime. It is pretty well understood that Romanism has laid down its policy for spreading itself by the multiplication of a race of Catholics. On the other hand, the Protestants have gone just as far in the opposite direction. Both of these practices need rational reform. Many a man who, for priestly reasons, and under priestly advice, begets ten or a dozen children when he cannot properly support and bring up more than four, to say nothing of the terribly exhausting task imposed upon the obedient and non-protesting mother, only needs to pause and reflect upon his condition, his ability to rear offspring, his prospects, and what is fairly due to parentage as well as to childhood.

If there is one institution in the world that, being human, is still divine, it is that of marriage. There is a natural and a rational limit to the number that shall constitute a family, as there is to all things else. Unless reason and affection govern, nature takes the case wholly into her own hands. Opposed to the sanctity of the marriage relations at all points are the "free love" doctrines that have gained notoriety and influenced a certain class of minds. Free Love is no part of Spiritualism. It will never correct an existing wrong. Man and woman have a personal responsibility to bear in their relations to one another, and they are in no case allowed to evade or escape it. In the married state it should be the serious purpose of each to bear with the other, and work continually for the building of a temple of harmony. Each has an obligation to perform to the other, and a life-duty to discharge. We are all placed where and as we are by a power that we cannot resist. The marriage state has plainly been instituted for the expansion of the affections and the cultivation of morality. Through the faithful discharge of its duties comes an improvement of the character that can be secured in no other known way.

## Popular Preaching.

When a man has won for himself a place in public esteem he is either very bold or a great coward. If he feels that he has won his place through his fearlessness, and can bring others by precept and example to a like condition of courage, he is likely to be free in speech, and to give utterance to his highest convictions. But if he has gained popularity by always being on the popular side, and by winning regard by never disturbing stagnant thought by any utterance of new ideas, then however much he may claim of popular regard he will not give any heed to that which is called new truth, or support by sympathy any who do proclaim such truth.

We have learned to place the Rev. Heber Newton among the former. His sermon, preached in All Soul's Church Nov. 8th, bears testimony to his fearlessness. "The church has watered its stock of dogmas, and now it must repudiate." A sentence very expressive certainly, and one to be regarded as significant. The following extracts can be read with instruction as showing the trend of religious thought, and with pleasure because they present one of our most popular preachers in the guise of a sincere, noble man:

"Doubtless this sudden escape from the storm, which is a decidedly good thing, has been largely due to the ability of Dr. Briggs. The light that he turned on scattered the clouds, and men saw the truth as they had not seen it before. This was to have been expected by those who knew him, and who saw the mental confusion evinced by his opponents. But heresy-hunters, as a rule, are not disarmed by the force of reasoning. They are hardened, not softened, by the warm light of truth. They are not the more inclined toward peace when they discover their mistakes, but too often made the matter thereby."

"But this storm must spend itself somewhere, and we are not to deceive ourselves by imagining all the danger past. The Presbyterian Church has simply struck the region of the theological trade winds, and she is called upon to redress her rigging and move forward on a new course. The trouble was that this sudden packing of sails portended, to many, a drift in a dangerous direction. Now there is a great call for a change of course on the part of the entire Christian Church. New-found knowledge compels the study of the dogmas and institutions of the Church, in the light of historic criticism and comparative religion. The unbelieving croak at this, but churches are multiplying on every hand."

"We want more faith, but faith that is simpler, freer, and more substantially fixed. Faith has been too much expanded in the past. It has lost vitality by its overgrowth. The church has watered its stock of dogma, and now it must liquidate. Once creeds grew with such bewildering multiplicity that it would have defied any man from month to month to tell his own theological status. Learned bishops subscribed to directly contradictory creeds, ignorant of their mental confusion. From all this rank luxuriance of creed-making we are epitomizing our faith. We are moving into regions of thought where forms of faith must be elastic, where they cannot be permitted to constrict the faith itself. Men will no longer be bound by the letter of the form, but by its substance and spirit. Then the dead hand of the past may not be outreached upon us of the living, and our minds be compelled to square our thoughts by the thoughts of the past."

"It has been abundantly proved by these discussions in the Presbyterian Church that no man can be found, that thinks at all, who is not heretical upon some point of the Westminster Confession. Around three grounds of faith, which Dr. Briggs has pluckily and ably maintained, the contest has been waged. Dr. Briggs could not receive the Bible as the very Word of God, and the reality of a revelation which Bible worshippers are clamoring for can never be conceded by modern thought to the book as a whole. Again, some men are more impressed by the authority of the church than by that of the Bible, but the questionings of our age have dealt a fatal blow to any

merely superstitious notion of the church. Men prefer the consensus of judgment on the part of competent men.

Finally, reason must be the rock-bed of our faith, and Bible and Church alike rest on it. Only by reason can records of revelation and church philosophies be tested and tested satisfactorily."

## The Church the Ally of Money and Power.

If the people know their rights, they must have the courage and persistence to maintain them. To the English cookney, says the *Inver-gordon, Scotland, Times*, the Highlands is a place where deer are to be stalked and grouse shot; and the Highland landlords keep up the delusion and pocket the money; the poor Highlanders being the only sufferers. This is the very case, *The Times* rightly thinks, where clergymen should show the sin committed by capitalists and landlords, in occupying land for sport to the injury and ruin of masses of the people. It thinks the church should be found exposing the grossness of the whole matter; yet the ministers do not even support the people in their demand for reform of the land laws. They preach, says *The Times*, resignation and compliance with the will of the landlords as masters, the result being that a great many poor people are thoroughly convinced that they should stand all manner of insult and injustice meekly and quietly, if it comes from the minister himself, or the landlord, and then should find their compensation for their submission by being just as intolerant as any landlord toward those who are working for the public good.

Now, well argues *The Times*, no amount of resignation on the part of the Highland people will ever gain for them an inch of deer-forest, lower their rents, or enlarge their holdings. Indeed, the church itself admits its inability to make religious men carry their religion into their daily work, and be temperate, unselfish Christian patriots. In most cases men's religion comes upon them once a week, and it is small wonder. To the poor and hard-worked church preaches that they should be content and thankful that they are not worse off. What is wanted of the church, says *The Times* with impressive truth, if it would really be of any service to the masses, is that it shall take an interest in the material as well as the spiritual welfare of the people.

Here is the very location of the fault. Telling people who are ground down by unequal legislation and usurped privileges that all they have got to do is to be patient and thankful, is to mock them. They know better, and mean, if possible, to reform the bad legislation.

## Readers Should Be Supporters.

The late J. P. Mendum of *The Investigator* on one occasion recited editorially his experience in publishing a Free Thought paper, and remarked that while many liked to read, few cared to pay for the privilege. "There have been scores of low-priced Liberal papers published within the last fifty years," he said, "and there were Freethinkers enough to give them a liberal support. Did they do it? No. *The Investigator* is the only paper that has struggled for fifty years, and still lives." Then he proceeded to show some Wisconsin correspondents, who said the only objection made to his paper out there was its price—"too high"—that that is the very excuse men make when they don't care to help along a cause, but want others to support what they get the benefit of. "So long as good, paying subscribers are willing to furnish them gratis with books and papers," he said, "they will not put out their own means to buy either."

Yielding to this oft-repeated objection the price of *The Investigator*, he says, was reduced, but the act did not result in the hearty support expected. Such, at the time of making it, was the criticism of that veteran free-thought publisher. What shall be said of certain Spiritualists (who copy this action of the Liberals?) (s) called, who, while boasting that they number by the millions, and while proving as eager as ever to peruse weekly the thoroughly prepared pages of THE BANNER, decline to send in their subscriptions to it, borrow rather than buy it for reading, and practice every scheme of evasion possible to invent in order to get rid of supporting the paper on which they steadily rely, and whose disappearance they would unquestionably regret? If they want a paper like THE BANNER, it is their duty to support it.

## Grand Fair.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM OF BOSTON will hold a grand fair in Mason & Hamlin Hall, 154 Tremont street, from Nov. 23d to 28th inclusive. Sales day and evening; a choice entertainment will be presented every evening. Donations of food and fancy articles are solicited by the management. Tickets—admission both day and evening, 25 cents; season tickets, \$1.00—are now on sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore.

The Spiritualist Societies in the United States—reports of whose proceedings are printed each week gratuitously in THE BANNER—should call attention to this paper from their platforms, and solicit subscribers for it.

Under "Banner Correspondence" the present week friends in California, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Maine, Texas and New York "report progress."

Our thanks are hereby returned to Mrs. Libby of Malden, and K. B. Putney, South Roydsford, Mass., for donations of flowers for our Free Circle-Room table.

Mr. W. J. Colville is a marvelous spirit medium. Read a report of his lecture, printed in another column, delivered at Adelphi Hall, New York, last Sunday.

Read what Dr. F. L. H. Willis has to say concerning Roman Catholic mediumship on our first page.

Be sure and peruse the grand spiritual story we are printing in THE BANNER.

Correspondence from every part of the civilized world is solicited.

The advertisement of Mrs. Elele Reynolds appears on the seventh page—but since it went to press we have received later information to the effect that her sances will hereafter occur at Mrs. Ruggles's, 492 State street, Brooklyn, N. Y., every evening except Tuesday and Saturday. Private sittings daily.

## The Fox-Kane Donation Fund.

TO THE LIBERAL MINDS—Funds are wanted in aid of the unfortunate medium, Miss MARGARET FOX-KANE of New York City. All moneys, more or less, sent to our care will be acknowledged each week under the above heading:

Colby & Rich, Boston	\$5.00
Mrs. Carrie Grimes Foster	1.00
A Friend, Boston	1.00
F. J. Lippitt	1.00
Geo. A. Shultz	1.00
I. V. Russell	1.00
C. F. Whitaker	1.00
Mrs. A. E. Crane	1.00
Maranacook	1.00
Columbus, Vt.	1.00
Mrs. H. D. Cook	2.00
A Friend, Cleveland, Ohio	5.00
Mary D. Bell	1.50
H. E. Nicholas	1.00
Eben Owen	1.25
M. T. L.	1.00
F. T. M.	1.00
A. Farnsworth	1.00
Samuel Robinson	.50
M. H. Warren	2.00

We wish each Spiritualist in the United States who has a dollar to spare (and those elsewhere, if so minded), would speedily remit to THE BANNER in aid of this needy and suffering lady. This will test the liberality of the Spiritualists, sure.

Thanks are tendered the friends above-named for their generosity. Who comes next to swell the list in this good work?

Attention is called to the prospectus of the BANNER OF LIGHT, published at Boston, Mass., which may be found in the advertising columns of this paper. "Oldest and best" is the decision of all who have been readers of spiritualistic literature, when speaking of THE BANNER. And no wonder such a verdict should be rendered. Its sound moral tone and soul-inspiring religious teachings should commend it to all who are hoping for and believing in "a land that is fairer than this." Read prospectus and then send for THE BANNER.—*Norwalk (O.) Experiment-News.*

## A Memorial of Theodore Parker.

Theodore Parker began his notable labors as a liberator of the mentally enslaved, in the meeting-house in West Roxbury, Mass., in the summer of 1837, and continued them there until 1845, when his fame as a preacher of liberal and rational religious views called him to a broader field of usefulness. The house in which during those eight years he preached was partially destroyed by fire last winter, and the Society, after much discussion, concluded to build a new one in a location more conveniently accessible to a majority of the population.

The cornerstone of the new edifice was laid with appropriate services about two months since. It is to be a neat, unostentatious structure in perfect harmony with the purpose for which it is to be used. At the sale recently of the old church, a few mementos were reserved by the society, one of which was the pulpit from which the great iconoclast dealt stalwart blows upon old theology. This is to be transferred to the new church, and it is proposed to place immediately above it a memorial window that shall serve to remind the present and future generations of Theodore Parker and the grand work he accomplished as he stood at that desk fifty years ago, and in after years in other places, the influence of which is felt the world over and will never die out.

The proposed window as a memorial is an individual effort, wholly independent of the architect and builder's contract. It therefore being necessary to have a special fund to meet its cost, subscriptions are being solicited therefor. Persons desirous of contributing can do so by addressing the Chairman of the Building Committee, HENRY MANLEY, WEST ROXBURY, MASS.

## "The Doctor Cut the Stitches."

The subjoined paragraph, going to show that a professed disciple of healing of the "Regular" order "did not mean to sew up a wound for nothing," is now going the rounds of the secular press. By the way, it is these same "Regulars" who in another State, Connecticut, are, so Prof. Alexander Wilder informs us, endeavoring to "rush" a law through the Legislature which shall give them and the stitch-cutting ilk full and unrestricted swing in the medical practice of the Nutmeg State. Will the friends of common justice in Connecticut allow it?

CUMBERLAND, MD., Nov. 9th, 1891.—Frank Laffin fell while walking along the Baltimore and Ohio tracks this morning, cutting a fearful gash in his legs. Friends carried him to the office of Dr. Craigen, the County physician, who, after dressing the wound and putting in several stitches, asked for a fee of two dollars. Laffin's friends were penniless, and thought that Craigen, being the County physician, would make no charge. The doctor thereupon said that he did not intend to do that kind of work for nothing, and he at once cut the stitches.

Dr. Craigen is physician in charge of the jail, almshouse and insane asylum, and a member of the United States pension board of examining physicians for this district.

## Excursions to Washington.

A series of personally conducted tours to Washington has been arranged via the Royal Blue Line for Nov. 20th (Thanksgiving Day), Dec. 29th and Jan. 7th. The tickets include all necessary expenses of a three days' trip, and provide for hotel accommodations at Washington, meals en route, baggage transfers, etc. Rates from New York \$11.50, \$12.50 and \$15.00. Proportionate rates from Boston and other New England points. For programme describing these tours write to Thos. Cook & Son, agents for B. & O. R. R., at 261 and 122 Broadway, New York, or 323 Washington street, Boston.

One of the chief attractions of our city at present is the new Columbia Theatre on Washington street. Though it has been open but a few weeks it has, by judicious management and a catering to the tastes of the refined and intelligent classes of our citizens, won a place in their regard that gives assurance of a long period of remarkable success. It has a seating capacity of 1600. If you wish to be entertained of an evening pleasantly and satisfactorily, go to the Columbia.

Luther B. Marsh, Esq., of New York, will, we are requested to state, deliver a lecture on "THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF DANIEL WEBSTER," in Tremont Temple, Boston, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 24th, commencing at 7:45. As Mr. Marsh was a business partner of Mr. Webster, no doubt many incidents in the life of that distinguished man will be portrayed that were never before related to a Boston audience.

From Geo. A. Bacon, of the Agricultural Department, Washington, D. C., we have received a copy of the third annual report of its present Secretary, Mr. J. M. Rusk. We consider this branch of our government service one of its most important, and are gratified in learning from this document that a general interest in it is rapidly on the increase among the people. Copies of the report may be obtained free of cost on application to the Department.

Among the novelties in calendars is the old Wedgwood Pottery "The Calendar," issued for many years by Jones, MaDuffe & Stratton. This year it has in underglaze the engraving of "1774, Mr. Vernon, 1822." "The Home of Washington." These calendars form a series which in past years include Franklin Hall, Old State House, Washington's Headquarters, Map of Boston 1783, Cunard steamers *Britannia* and *Exeter*, the Portland Vase, the Adams House at Quincy, etc.

The eclipse of the moon last Sunday was a beautiful spectacle; the finest of the class which has occurred for years. A similar eclipse will occur eighteen years hence.

## FOREIGN.

*La Constante*, of Buenos Ayres, has published an article in reference to the influence of spiritis upon human history, and their guidance in the important events that transpire on earth, mentioning as striking illustrations the clairvoyance of Christopher Columbus, of Amerigo Vesputci, of Vasco de Gama, and of Magellan, each of whom was spiritually impressed with the existence of previously unknown lands, and, no doubt, spiritually impelled to discover them.

In the life of the first named explorer written by his son, we find him quoting his father's words to the following effect: "It has pleased our Lord to grant faith and assurance for this enterprise; he has opened my understanding and made me most willing to go." And the last will and testament of Columbus commenced with these significant words: "In the name of the most holy Trinity, who inspired me with the idea, and who afterward made it clear to me that by traversing the ocean westwardly," etc.

A striking evidence of the spread of Spiritualism among the intellectual classes in Germany is furnished by the "Catalogue of Spiritualistic Literature," published by Messrs. Mantz & Bessar of Leipzig. Physicians, lawyers, civil engineers, scientists and philosophers, figure among the authors of the books advertised; and it is obvious that the question has taken a strong hold upon the minds of men and women whose opinions and convictions upon such a subject cannot be treated with ridicule or disrespect.

Remarkably successful experiments have been instituted between Paris and Marseilles in communicating with persons at a distance without material means. This was practiced to some extent many years ago in this country, notably by Judge Edmonds, who, while in New York, communicated with his mediumistic daughter Laura in this city.

Twenty or thirty important French works on Spiritualism, written by men of the highest ability, are almost, if not altogether, unknown to the great bulk of English Spiritualists in Great Britain, North America and Australia, but which deserve to be well and widely known.

*Il Vessillo Spiritista* (Verocelli), edited by Captain Ernesto Volpi, a retired cavalry officer in the service of his Majesty the King of Italy, publishes a letter of address, complete and unreserved, to the principles of Spiritualism, from Commander Giuseppe Borselli of Ferrara, a member of the Italian Senate, now in his eighty-second year, who says that he regards true Spiritualists as the apostles of the present day, and predicts that in fifty years ours will have become the universal faith, without priests and without altars, and comprehending all the most civilized and cultured peoples of the world.

One of the University Professors in Milan contributes to the above-named publication an interesting narrative of his experiences in one of the cities of Central Italy, in the month of November last. A very dear friend of his had passed away a few months previously, and in the night of the 24th of that month, he dreamt that his friend came and warmly pressed his hand. The impression was so vivid that he awoke, and what was his surprise to find his hand clasped by two hands, the contact being "smooth, rapid and velvety." Concentrating his attention upon the incident, he satisfied himself that it was no illusion, and presently the hands vanished, and the Professor experienced a sort of mild electric shock from head to foot, while a mobile and phosphorescent rose-colored cloud floated before him, which gradually condensed and concentrated itself into a light as vivid as that of an electric arc lamp. This vanished after a time, and a neighboring clock striking the hour of three, fixed the time of the phenomena in the observer's mind. That same day he wrote out an account of what had happened, placed the document in a box securely sealed, and sent it to a friend who was in the habit of attending a circle in Milan, with strict injunctions not to break the seal; but to ascertain if the medium attached to the circle could read the contents of the letter without seeing it. This was done, *verbatim et literatim*; and the writer was further informed as to who was the spirit whose hands had clasped his own. All the persons present at the séance were thoroughly trustworthy; and the Professor concludes by asking the materialists how they can explain away phenomena like these.

Dr. Beaujardin Beaumetz recently delivered in the hospital at Cochin, France, a lecture, in which he said, "Thanks to the more attentive study of the phenomena of suggestion, we may be able to establish to-day the basis of a psychoterapy," or, in other words, of mind-healing. "Such an admission," says the *Harbinger of Light*, from which we gather these items, "coming from a prominent member of the medical faculty, is significant of the change which is coming over men's minds; especially when taken in connection with the impressive words of the spirit-guide of one of the Parisian circles: 'A day will come, and that day is near at hand, when unexpected proofs will demonstrate the true force and supreme healing power better than all the words, books and journals of the savants of the whole world put together.'"

Dr. Hidden in Boston.—Dr. Chas. W. Hidden of Newburyport, Mass., has been urged to devote a portion of his time while in Boston to the development of mediumship. He has made a careful study of the subject, and is a medical specialist as well as excellent medium. Persons who would like to consult with the Doctor relative to this matter should address him at Newburyport.

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

Mr. J. W. Fletcher speaks every Wednesday evening before the New York Psychical Society, 114 West 14th street, New York City; Nov. 20th, in the Trinity Baptist Church upon "Paris, the City of Pleasure," illustrated. Address 268 West 43d street, New York City.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter lectured Sunday, Nov. 15th, in Haverhill; on Monday, Nov. 18th, in Pawtucket, R. I.; on Tuesday, Nov. 17th, in Gloucester. On Sunday, Nov. 22d and 29th, he will lecture in Lynn, also in the latter place will appear Thanksgiving eve, Nov. 28th, Wednesday. For most of December he goes to Michigan, the first three Sundays in Grand Rapids.

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 Orange street, Boston, Mass.

J. P. Thorndyke of Haverhill, Mass., lectured in Brockton for the Ladies Aid Society Sunday, Nov. 8th. His engagements for the remaining Sundays of 1891 are: Sunday, Nov. 22d, Epping, N. H.; Nov. 29th, Chelsea, Mass.; Dec. 6th and 13th, Plymouth, Mass.; Dec. 20th, Chelsea, Dec. 27th, Braintree. Would like engagements for Jan. 24th, March 13th and April 17th.

Sunday, Nov. 22d, Mrs. H. S. Lake will speak for the Spiritualists of Haverhill, Mass.; Nov. 29th she will speak at New Bedford, Mass.; December and January she will continue her work at the First Spiritual Temple, Boston; February and April she will speak for the Spiritualists of Washington, D. C. Permanent address, 170 West Chester Park, Boston.

Mr. P. O. Mills was at last accounts in Edmonds, Snohomish Co., Washington. He solicits engagements in Washington, Oregon or California, and offers his services on reasonable terms.

Richard A. Grievens, No. 8 Water street, Haverhill, Mass., would like engagements to speak wherever his services are desired.

Frank T. Ripley can be engaged to lecture and give platform tests in March, April and May, on his return trip from St. Paul, Minn., to Boston. Write him at once at St. Paul, General Delivery.

Societies wishing the services of A. E. Riedale for January and February of 1892 can address him at Merick, Mass.

Mrs. Mott-Knight, medium and able writer, has allied engagements at Worcester before the Spiritual Society, Nov. 28th; Echo Spiritualists Society of Boston, the last two Sundays of October and Nov. 15th; is now in New York fulfilling engagements; would like to engage for other societies in the East. Address, 9 Bowditch street, Boston.

Mrs. Abby N. Burnham of Boston lectured in Weymouth, N. Y., Oct. 25th, Nov. 1st, 8th, 15th, in Clayton, N. Y., Nov. 16th, 23rd, 30th, in Salem, Mass., Nov. 20th.

G. H. Brooks—"Notes" from whom will appear next week—has removed his residence from Madison, Wis., to High Hill, Ill. His address is at 38 Lawrence street, that city.

Sunday, Nov. 22d, Mrs. S. M. Atherton will her second engagement with the Spiritualists of Portland, Me. The last Sunday (the 29th of November) and Sundays following she would like more engagements. Terms liberal.



## NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

**SPURS.**  
The wants of humanity  
Lead to profanity.  
When men become laws to themselves  
They won't be laid on the shelves.  
When brain with muscle doth combine  
It makes the human form divine.  
When Wales himself becometh king,  
To England he'll disaster bring.  
Rev. Mr. Talmage, with all his brag,  
Now finds his Tabernacle in the drag. L. C.

England, Scotland and Ireland have experienced another dreadful wind and rain storm, doing much damage by land and sea. Many lives have been sacrificed in consequence. France also, and other Continental countries, have suffered from a like cause.

At the Presbyterian Church, Snohomish, Wash., two Sundays ago, the Rev. J. W. Dorrance rode a tilt against the freethinkers. He said that they had been driven from the East and are now gathered on the Pacific coast. Mr. Dorrance suggested that they should all be sold down the Pacific slope into the sea. There was no room for them on shore. The Rev. Mr. Dorrance is a very pleasant party.—*The Truth Seeker, New York.*

The cruiser *Charleston* created a sensation when she appeared in Japanese waters. On the day the vessel was thrown open for inspection more than twenty thousand people boarded her. The American officers found it difficult to convince their Japanese friends that the cruiser was not built in England.

A total eclipse of the moon varied the proceedings on the evening of Sunday, Nov. 15th. Where were the zealots whose province it is to see that nothing occurs outside the churches on Sunday?

**THE ECLIPSE.**  
As Baby Saw It.  
"Oh, goody, I saw ze moon get 'clipsed!  
'T was such a funny sight!  
At first ze moon was de's as big  
As de's as any I ever seen,  
Zen p'ty soon I looked agin—  
It gimme such a fright.  
'Course someone—'course I don't know who—  
Had taken out a bite  
An' ze bite kep' gittin' bigger,  
An' ze moon kep' gittin' small,  
Till p'ty soon you could n't see  
But a little bit at all.  
An' zen 't was, oh, so sudden,  
It made me laugh an' shout,  
For someone in ze sky up zere  
Had gone an' blew it out!"—*The News.*

A dispatch from Buenos Ayres (Argentina) says that a tornado passed over the town of Santa Fe, thirty miles from Rosario, causing a great destruction of property and loss of life. The town of Aroyo Loeé was entirely destroyed. A train of eighteen coaches was at the station when the tornado struck the town. The entire train was overturned, and many of the passengers were buried in the wreck.

News from Brazil is still warlike, indicating a rapid spread of the new revolution. Great excitement prevails.

Forty thousand miners have struck in France.

A dispatch from India says dynamite was exploded on the hills of Madras at an altitude of five hundred feet, and the explosion produced smart showers over an area four or five miles square. The Government of India will probably cause the making of systematic trials to arrest clouds before they pass over to the sea.

All believers in Spiritual Philosophy should take the *BANNER OF LIGHT*, the leading paper devoted to their interests. See prospectus on 4th page.—*The Long Island Traveler, Southold, N. Y.*

Reciprocity is the order of the day.  
And blanked be those who venture "Nay."

The Giant Powder Works at Clipper Gap, Cal., were blown up Nov. 6th, killing three men, and seriously wounding one boy. It is claimed, so the telegraphic dispatches aver, that "the explosion was predicted by a Spiritualist, who had been threatened with tar and feathers if he did not leave town."

The *London Times* says there is a deficit this year of 50,000,000 bushels in the wheat crop of the world. The Rothschilds are predicting that France alone will have to pay America nearly \$40,000,000 in gold for wheat this year.

**NOV. 20TH.**  
So comes Thanksgiving Day—as it should come—  
With cheerfulness and joy, and ringing bells;  
With dear ones gathered round the hearth of home,  
While through the land a happy chorus swells  
Which speaks a Nation's praise to God above,  
In thankfulness for his protecting love!  
—L. C. Harby, in *Ladies' Home Journal.*

Virtue and laziness may live together, but they are not usually on the best of terms.

Minnesota Presbyterians are opposed to the opening of the World's Fair on Sundays; but the "live" people of the day say "Open the gates!"

Truth sometimes walks slowly; falsehood takes long strides.

War rumors in France prevail. The people are beginning to grow restless. The famine in Russia, they fear, will increase the chances of war.

It is said that Mexico's revolution is real, as the rebels are increasing in force, and have begun an active campaign.

**FOR DYSPEPSIA USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.** DR. LORENZO WAITE, Pittsfield, Mass., says: "From its use for a period of about eight weeks, to the exclusion of all other remedies, I attribute the restoration to health of a patient who was emaciated to the last degree in consequence of nervous prostration and dyspepsia. This patient's stomach was in such an irritable condition that he could not bear either liquid or solid food. An accomplished physician of many years' experience, whom I called in consultation, pronounced his case an incurable one. At this stage I decided to use Horsford's Acid Phosphate, which resulted as above mentioned."

## MINNESOTA.

**St. Paul.**—The Spiritual Alliance began its winter work on Sunday, Nov. 1st, with an address by Abby A. Judson, on "Infinitesimal Life," that was much admired. Nov. 8th we welcomed Mr. Frank T. Ripley. His address was founded on subjects given by the audience. In answer to a question regarding materialization, his guides said that the best clairvoyant does not see the real spirit body of a spirit-friend. What he sees is a fine materialization adapted to the development of the medium. In use of materialization adapted to the physical eye, the spirit puts on particles of material clothing and flesh and blood which he causes to appear like his own old self, according to his artistic power. He drew a glorious picture of the future possibilities of materialization. In reply to a question of how spirits in different spheres communicate with each other, he said: "Space vibrates with a thought, and this conducts it from one spirit to another. On becoming disembodied, we soon learn how to do this by both experience and observation. His description of the evolution of a human being, from the lowest to the present type, was graphic and instructive. The third inquiry was whether there is such a thing as retrogression in spirit-life. His guides answered decidedly in the negative. They do not believe in reincarnation as taught by Theosophists. Mr. Ripley then gave a number of tests. They were all recognized, and gave universal satisfaction."

## RHODE ISLAND.

**Providence.**—The Spiritualist Association meeting in Harrington Hall, corner Broad and Richmond streets, was addressed Nov. 15th by E. A. Wiggins of Salem, Mass. He called out large and appreciative audience, both afternoon and evening. Subjects: "What Good has Spiritualism Done in the World?" "Reincarnation and Obsession." Both lectures were followed by tests that were very satisfactory. Nov. 22d Mrs. E. B. Ross of Barrington, R. I., will be with us. The Progressive Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon; conference in the evening. No. 58 Daboll street. SARAH D. O. AMES, Sec'y.

## MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

**Attleboro.**—Mrs. Marguerite St. Omer was again greeted as our speaker last Sunday afternoon and evening. In the afternoon her subject was "Thoughts," and her guides showed how careful we should be in so expressing them as not to give offense to the least among us. Not only this, but to remember that evil thought is read and its influence felt and conveyed by unseen intelligences, when we little think they do harm.

In the evening the subject of her discourse was, "Yesterday the Past, To-day the Present, To-morrow the Future," upon which a very able discourse was delivered. In turning over the pages of our life-history, and reviewing the past, we can improve our future. The spirits of our loved ones come to us in our everyday life, leading us on and on, and giving us trustworthy messages of the now life. Let us trust our friends in the past, let us welcome their return in spirit form, bringing us revelations of our future homes beyond. Let us learn lessons from the past, and let us be careful to remember that the past is in thought, word and deed, and trust our spirit-guides and loved ones for our future.

After each lecture tests and readings were given. As a psychometrist Mrs. St. Omer's readings confounded the sceptic and surprised the believer to show a prophetic in her readings, and one was heard to say, "Come see a woman that told me all things."

Next Sunday Miss Flossie Salmon is to be our speaker. W. F. SHATTUCK.

**Newburyport.**—Sunday, Nov. 15th, the Spiritualists of Newburyport and vicinity listened to the lectures of Geo. A. Fuller of Worcester, the first time for three years. He was greeted with good audiences afternoon and evening. His afternoon lecture on Spiritualism gave perfect satisfaction, frequent applause indicating the appreciation of his efforts by the audience.

In the evening Mr. Fuller commenced his services by reading one of Lizzie Doten's poems, and leading in an invocation. Singing by the choir was followed by one of the best lectures ever delivered in this city. His subject was "The Second Coming of Christ as Viewed from a Spiritual Standpoint." The lecture was replete with grand thoughts.

At the close of each lecture, afternoon and evening, he paid a glowing and just tribute to our Past-President Albert Russell, whose translation to spirit-land occurred Nov. 12th. He was the best-known Spiritualist in this city—one of the leading and progressive members of the First Spiritualist Society; its President several years—always ready to counsel and advise, always ready to give the best of his knowledge, a firm believer in the ability of spirits to become visible to mortals, and attended the first materializing circles held. His loss will be deeply felt by our Society. His acts of charity were many, and always done in a quiet way.

Mrs. Carrie F. Loring of Braintree is to be with us next Sunday, and her friends will turn out in full force to greet her. F. H. F.

**Marlboro.**—The "Ladies' Progressive Society," formed by ladies in Marlboro a year ago, held its first parlor meeting in September at the residence of I. S. Russell. Mrs. A. S. Hayward of Boston, medium, gave very fine tests, and very bright and attractive, and one who wins the confidence of her hearers.

Oct. 23d Mrs. Clara H. Banks of Haydensville gave a lecture in Odd Fellows hall on "Usener Forces." Mrs. Banks is an eloquent speaker, very bright and attractive, and one who wins the confidence of her hearers.

Nov. 7th the ladies held their second "Social" at the residence of K. D. Chittenden. A large number of neighboring city, who had wonderful power as a medium, gave tests, psychometric readings, and a lecture. An interest in Spiritualism is steadily growing among the people of this city. A. I.

**Worcester.**—Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn occupied our platform most acceptably Nov. 15th. Time does not seem to diminish the energy and potency of this speaker's zeal in the work she so untrillingly carries forward.

Nov. 22d and 29th, Mrs. Cella M. Nickerson will be our speaker. A séance will be given by this lady for the benefit of the Association during her stay, notice of which will be given hereafter. Subject: "From Partialism to Spiritualism." He will speak again Sunday evening, Nov. 22d. Dr. Walter S. Eldridge was with us the 15th inst., and told of some of his experiences on the Pacific coast, also gave some of his character readings and descriptive tests; he is to speak here again Sunday, Nov. 29th.

H. CHUBBICK, Chairman.

**Fall River.**—Last Sunday our speaker was Mrs. A. E. Cunningham of Boston. A good audience greeted her in the afternoon, and a full house in the evening. She gave two fine addresses, and at the close of each a number of communications, correct in every instance. She will be with us again the 29th of this month.

Next Sunday we shall have for the first time Mrs. M. Miller of Malden, and we hope for a feast of good things; Sunday, Dec. 6th, Mr. Joseph D. Stiles of Weymouth, Mass.

I wish to remark in closing that Mr. Searle's occupancy of our platform since his arrival has been the highest degree of satisfaction to all, as also did that of Mrs. Jackson of Acushnet. Both are deserving the patronage of Societies in want of speakers. ANN HIBBERT.

**Quincy.**—The meetings here are still continued. Nov. 1st, Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding occupied the platform, giving us a good address and tests; she is to speak again Dec. 6th. Nov. 8th, Rev. S. L. Beal of Brockton gave us a stirring address. Subject: "From Partialism to Spiritualism." He will speak again Sunday evening, Nov. 22d. Dr. Walter S. Eldridge was with us the 15th inst., and told of some of his experiences on the Pacific coast, also gave some of his character readings and descriptive tests; he is to speak here again Sunday, Nov. 29th.

H. CHUBBICK, Chairman.

**Lynn.**—Nov. 15th Mrs. Cella M. Nickerson of New Bedford gave two very fine lectures in Cadet Hall, under the auspices of the Lynn Spiritual Society, followed by Mrs. Maud Jones Gillette, independent state-writer, whose services were well received. The singing by Mr. Churchill was exceedingly fine. Nov. 22d Mr. J. Frank Baxter of Chelsea will occupy the platform. Mrs. H. H. Lewis, Sec'y.

18 Tremont street.

**Haverhill and Bradford.**—Last Sunday was the agreeable event of the presence of Mr. J. Frank Baxter to lecture and give an evening séance before the Spiritualist Union in Britain Hall. Mr. Baxter never speaks to empty seats in Haverhill, and yesterday being favorable to church-going, large audiences gathered afternoon and evening. The full power of his mediumistic gifts was reserved for the evening séance, which brought out a great audience, thoroughly packing the hall and the galleries by an entirely satisfied audience.

The afternoon discourse was concerning Spiritualism in the Christian church, and the manner in which it is honeycombing all its inner hosts.

In the evening the lecture was an answer to the

question: "Has Spiritualism anything to do with nations?" The subject is involved was thoroughly considered and answered, showing that the men who have stood at the head of the American nation at some of the most critical times in its history have listened to mediums, and have been successfully guided by the messages they have received from their lips. The vocal exercises of Mr. Baxter were also listened to with great satisfaction, and as highly esteemed as his songs in the years that have flown.

The evening séance was one of remarkable power and interest, producing a deep impression upon all minds. Many spirits were present with messages and explanations of life events that will never be forgotten. Mr. Baxter has not been here before for some time, and his visit was mutually very agreeable. Next Sunday the platform will be occupied by Mrs. H. S. Lake of Boston. L. P. H.

**Chelsea.**—Sunday, Nov. 15th, we had a good audience, who listened to Mr. W. Anderson and Miss Wilder in tests and readings, which were well received. Nov. 22d we are to have with us Mrs. Mott-Knight, the independent state-writer, and Sunday, Nov. 29th, Mrs. Etta B. Roberts, the wire-cage medium, will hold a séance for materialization in a public hall. Our place of meeting is Pilgrim Hall, Odd Fellows Building, Hawthorn street. The East Boston cars pass the door. E. S. WELLS, Chairman.

**Fall River.**—The Spiritualists of Fall River meeting in Masonic Hall have formed themselves into a permanent society, with a financial guaranty of a continuance of services through the ensuing season—Messrs. Buckley, Connolly and Haworth as President, Secretary and Treasurer.

Mrs. Barrot, a local medium, held a successful séance Saturday evening, and two services Sunday. Also successfully describing "visitors from the life beyond." Mediums having open dates will please communicate with PAUL CONNELLY, 513 South Main street, Fall River, Mass.

**Swansea.**—Our platform was very acceptably occupied Nov. 15th by Mrs. E. I. Hurd of Lynn, who spoke to a good attendance afternoon and evening, taking her subjects from the audience. Her tests were the finest given from our platform. Sunday, Nov. 22d, Mrs. Nellie F. Burbeck of Plymouth will occupy our platform. Nov. 29th Miss Florence Salmon of Providence, the fifteen-year-old medium, will be with us. L. L. LAWTON, Cor. Sec'y.

**Lovell.**—Mr. Oscar Edgerly of Newburyport occupied the rostrum and gave good lectures, which were frequently applauded by the audience. After the evening lecture tests were given, all of which were recognized.

Next Sunday we have Mr. Thomas Grimshaw of Lawrence to occupy our platform. E. PICKUP.



This young lady examines the young scholar.

"Johnnie, where is Carlsbad?"

"Part of it in every drug store in the United States."

"How do you make that out?"

"The Carlsbad Sprudel Salts are imported from there, and are the solid evaporations of the Sprudel Spring."

"What have they done for you, that you know so much about them?"

"Why, they have cured papa of his dyspepsia, and in the place of a cross father, they have given me a kind and loving parent."

Dyspepsia will spoil the most angelic temperament. Too much bile inactivity of the liver will start it. Try the Carlsbad Sprudel Salts. A standard never-failing remedy.

The genuine have the signature of "Eisner & Mendelson Co., Sole Agents, New York," on every bottle. A sample bottle will be mailed upon receipt of 25 cents in postage stamps. Price of regular size, 75 cents.

## CONNECTICUT.

**Norwich.**—Sunday afternoon, Nov. 15th, after the excellent singing by Mr. J. T. Little and the quartette, with Mrs. Messenger at the piano, Mrs. Little announced that Mrs. Ada Fove would give messages in our hall Dec. 1st and 2d—Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

Mrs. Little then answered briefly the questions placed upon the desk, and took up the subject previously announced, "The Christianity of the Christ—what is it, and where found?" She gave an earnest and eloquent address, showing first that the Christianity expounded to-day from the so-called Christian churches differed widely from the gospel of love, charity and kindness taught by the man Jesus, whose mission was to do good to mankind. Where do we find his followers? She asked: "Who heal the sick by laying on of hands? Who do the works that Jesus did? Do you know, the speaker said, Spiritualism is a living temple of charity, guided and guarded by the ardent spirits who ever showering blessings of love and sympathy from the realms above? What more can we ask? The golden command given by Jesus, 'Love ye one another,' is too often forgotten by those who profess to worship him, and the Christianity which is the saving power, is found in the teachings of Modern Spiritualism.

The topic for the evening discourse, "There is No Death," called out a very fine audience.

The singing was fine, and the discourse was one of Mrs. Little's best efforts.

Mr. and Mrs. Little are to be with us the remainder of the month, and Mr. A. E. Tisdale speaks during December.

Our Lecture is doing very good work. The subject Sunday, 15th, "The Golden Rule," was an interesting one. We use Mr. Alonzo Danforth's "Lyceum Educator" for Silver-Chain recitations with much pleasure and benefit. Mrs. J. A. CHAPMAN, Sec'y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Its record of forty years is one of triumph over blood diseases.

## MEETINGS IN BROOKLYN.

The Progressive Spiritualists hold their weekly Conference at Broadway Hall, 200-202 Fulton street, every Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock. Good speakers and mediums always present. Seats free. All cordially invited. Samuel Bogert, President.

**Spiritual Union, Fraternity Rooms,** corner Bedford and South Second street. Meetings Sunday evening at 7 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 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. W. J. Hand, Secretary.

The People's Spiritual Conference held every Monday evening at 8 o'clock in the parlors of Lexington Avenue, three doors above Franklin Avenue. Interesting speakers, good music, questions answered, tests given. Admission free; all are cordially invited. Also meet every Friday at 8 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 Bogert, Conductor.

The Woman's Spiritual Conference meets at parlors No. 21 St. James Place, corner Fulton street, every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Seats free; all invited. S. A. McCutcheon, President.

The People's Spiritual Conference met at 151 Lexington Avenue, near Franklin, on Monday evening, Nov. 8th. Mrs. J. M. Holmes read an original paper on "Inspiration." It was instructive and inspiring, and an essay of good practical common sense. Dr. John C. Wynan and Herbert I. Whitney followed Mrs. Holmes on the same subject. Mrs. Morrell gave a few tests, which were recognized, and readings to several.

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins held a very successful meeting on Sunday evening, Nov. 15th, at 100 Madison street, at the parlors of Mrs. Haon, a most hospitable and earnest Spiritualist. Hall meetings will be commenced as soon as possible. The people of Brooklyn, as far as have been seen, are generous, and disposed to be cordial to mediums who are strangers, judging from the many expressions of approval and gratitude for the large number of spirit communications given and recognized on the above occasion. G. F. P.

## NEW YORK.

**Norwich.**—Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham will speak for the Spiritualist Society here on Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings, Nov. 20th, 21st and 22d—these being the first services of the kind held in this place for over ten years. Her subject is about to inaugurate a series of meetings for the coming season. GEO. H. MAHAN.

Rely on a remedy time sanctions. Johnson's Anodyne Liniment was invented A. D. 1810.

## Third National Bank of Boston.

### Safety Deposit Vaults.

53 State Street,

(Basement) State Street Exchange Building.

Every modern appliance for safety and convenience.  
Capacity 20,000 boxes, renting from \$10 to \$400.  
A strong room for storing Silver and Bulky Valuables.  
Seventy-two spacious, airy Coupon Rooms. Special apartments for ladies. A safe, secret place for Bonds, Shares, Wills, and other valuables. Inspection invited.

MOSES WILLIAMS, President.  
FRANCIS B. SEARS, Vice-President.  
FRED'K S. DAVIS, Cashier.

ANDREW ROBESON, Manager.  
DANIEL WELD, Assistant Manager.

Oct. 10.

## J. Frank Baxter's Work.

On Sunday, Nov. 8th, Mr. Baxter lectured for the Liberal and Spiritual Lecture Association in East Dennis, Mass. Doubtless weather prevented many from attending, but very good audiences assembled. It had been some time since he was here last, though many by reports had followed him with interest, and some had heard him from time to time at Harwich and Onset Camps. The lecture in the afternoon was the result, enthralling all. In the evening the audience was largely augmented, and Mr. Baxter presented a lecture on Spiritualism, pure and simple. It had a splendid effect, and when he supplemented it with a séance of one hour, so full of evidence as it was, that all saw the philosophy and arguments were resting on facts, it left the audience in thought, if not conviction, as nothing before had done in the vicinity.

On Monday evening, 9th, Mr. Baxter, gave the Association a lecture on "Public Spiritism," an exceedingly large audience fully enjoyed. It consisted of musical selections, vocal and instrumental, and readings serious and comic. It is probable Mr. Baxter will find a place in the spring to accommodate the East Dennis people again, as also Hyannis thinkers, who are very desirous of hearing him.

On Thursday evening, Nov. 12th, Mr. Baxter appeared in Stoneham. It was the regular day of the Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society, and two hundred or more of its members and friends assembled. By 7:30 every available spot in the large hall was taken, and many stood in ante-rooms. The speaker gave a stirring lecture on "Character," full of living suggestions, and calculated to be of great and lasting benefit to all who heard. The crowning feature was the séance after the lecture. For over one hour he gave description after description, every one of which was readily recognized, most of them by friends or relatives present. It was a joyous, an edifying and a convincing occasion.

After eating, does your food distress you?  
Albro's Regulating Cordial gives instant relief.

## 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 in England 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.

## SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

**Chicago, Ill.**—The First Society of Spiritualists meets at Washington Hall, Washington Boulevard, corner Cedar Avenue, every Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Speaker, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.—The First South Side Spiritual Society meets every Sunday at 8 P. M. Speaker, Mrs. Emma Nickerson-Warne.

**Buffalo, N. Y.**—First Spiritualist Society meets Sunday at A. O. U. Hall, corner Court and Main streets, at 8 P. M. Speaker, H. R. Proffor, President. H. Eaton (233 Franklin street), Secretary.

**Indianapolis, Ind.**—The Mansur Hall Association of Spiritualists has leased this hall, corner Washington and Alabama streets, for the purpose of holding every Sunday at 3 and 7½ P. M.; also séances or circle every Wednesday evening. For engagements, address Secretary Mansur Hall Association, 104 E. Washington street.

**Colorado City, Cal.**—Meetings are held in Woodman Hall, Sundays, at 4 o'clock.

**Dayton, O.**—First Society of Spiritualists meets in G. A. R. Hall, 23 and 27 North Main street, every Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Private invitation only.

**Kates, 1200 West 4th street,** Secretary.

**Oakland, Cal.**—Mission Spiritualists meet every Sunday at 2 and 7½ P. M. at Native Sons' Hall, 518 Washington street.

## MEETINGS IN PHILADELPHIA.

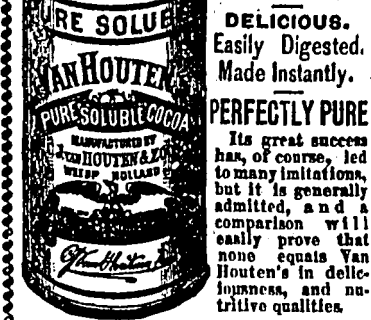
Keystone Spiritual Conference every Sunday at 7½ P. M. at the Odd Fellows and Spring Gardens streets, 314 N. 2nd street, Chairman.

## DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

**Washington.**—Our Society, which meets in Grand Army Hall, is highly favored in having for November Prof. W. F. Peck, whose lectures have been of a very high order, and delivered with great force and eloquence. His audiences increase in number as the Sundays pass, showing how he is appreciated. His coming to us, a perfect stranger, has been a great treat, and a perfect success. GOFF A. HALL, Sec'y.

## "BEST &amp; GOES FARTHEST."

## VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA



DELICIOUS.  
Easily Digested.  
Made Instantly.  
PERFECTLY PURE.

The Standard Cocoa of the World.  
A Substitute for Tea & Coffee.  
Better for the Nerves and Stomach.

Sold in 1-lb., 1-4, 1-2 and 1-lb. Cans.

If not obtainable from your grocer, enclose 2-cents to either VAN HOUTEN & ZONEN, 106 Reade St., New York, or 46 Wabash Ave., Chicago, and a can, containing enough for 35 to 40 cups, will be mailed. Mention this publication. Prepared only by VAN HOUTEN & ZONEN, Wabash, Holland.

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FRED'K S. DAVIS, Cashier.

ANDREW ROBESON, Manager.  
DANIEL WELD, Assistant Manager.

Oct. 10.



## DR. R. GREER

The Noted Spirit Healer of the West! 25 years in Chicago; treats patients at a distance, however great the distance, with unparalleled success. All persons, therefore, suffering from any chronic ailment, or affliction, and who wish immediate relief and a permanent cure, are respectfully invited to call or write for Clairvoyant Diagnosis and reliable prescription, enclosing \$1.00, giving name in full, age, height and weight, color of eyes and one leading symptom. Address:

DR. R. GREER, 127 L. Salle St., CHICAGO.

P. S. Dr. Greer's new Electric Plaster, improves sight and hearing, increases mental energy and cures all brain and nervous diseases. Send for Pamphlet.







## THANKSGIVING.

To the giver of all blessings  
Let our voices rise in praise  
For the joys and countless mercies  
He has sent to crown our days;  
For the blossoms of the springtime  
And a land so fair and wide,  
For the labor of the homestead,  
And the rest of eventide.  
For the splendor of the forest,  
For the beauty of the hills,  
For the freshness of the meadows,  
And a thousand sparkling rills,  
For the blossoms of the springtime  
And the memories they bring,  
For the ripened fruits of autumn,  
Do we thank thee, oh our King.  
For the wealth of golden harvests,  
For the sunlight and the rain,  
For the grandeur of the ocean,  
For the calm of the plain;  
For ever changing seasons  
And the comforts which they bring,  
For thy love, so grand, eternal,  
We would thank thee, oh our King.  
—Good Housekeeping.

## From an Arisen Worker.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The appended is a communication written by our ascended brother, PROF. HENRY KID-  
DLE, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 20th, in presence of the medium, Mr. Geo. Cole.

This communication was written by the visiting spirit through the process of independent spirit-writing—mortal aid being furnished only in supplying paper and lead pencil by myself.

I have been holding weekly sittings with Mr. Cole for many months, at which we are receiving elaborately-written papers (all of them through the process of independent spirit-writing) on a great variety of topics. The communications are important in substance, and are of a high order of literary merit.

The controlling spirit of these manifestations is CARIE MILLER. CHAS. R. MILLER.  
2481 Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear friend, in compliance with your wishes, by request of your daughter, Carrie Miller, I take my pleasure in furnishing you with some of the experiences I enjoyed at my sittings in spirit life.

When my mortal frame was making its last struggle for continued existence, I felt that my spirit was gaining a power and control it had never before possessed. This was due to the falling powers of the animal or mortal.

I was acutely conscious of all that was passing in my mind, though my eyesight was too dim to discern the falling powers of the mortal body to discern objects. Soon all appeared dark and shrouded, and nothing whatever seemed visible.

Gradually light seemed breaking through the opaque clouds, and increased until every object became delightfully visible, and the whole world seemed flooded with a glow of mellow, beautiful light. My mortal friends were at my bedside weeping; but stay! a reward for my earth-life faith and belief, numerous spirit-friends were also assembled there rejoicing. My own sweet spirit-daughter, who had manifested on so many occasions, was the first to welcome me to the new life.

My mortal body was inanimate and cold, motionless and lifeless, and yet my spirit seemed imprisoned therein; finally, by a supreme effort, I arose, left my mortal body lying stiff upon the bed, and stood among my mortal and spiritual friends clothed in a spiritual body, exact in resemblance to what my mortal body was at its best. I remained in my house until the funeral ceremonies had been performed, and accompanied my mortal remains to their last resting place at Cypress Hills Cemetery, from whence, guided by my spiritual friends, I journeyed to those realms of peace and love and joy—the eternal home of the world-wide spirit, amid beautiful scenes and delightful surroundings, filled with not only relatives and friends of bygone earth-years, who had preceded me, but also with friends acquired by sincerity and truth in the advocacy of a just cause and fidelity in its defense against the machinations of materialistic men. That mortal who is sufficiently independent and manly to brave public opinion and combat adverse sentiment for the cause of Spiritualism necessarily acquires friends in the world of spirits more numerous even than he or she could conceive of, especially when confined within the narrow limits of an earth-life surrounding.

After having ascended to the spheres I was greeted by the great Claudius, who thanked me for my efforts made as a mortal to extend the truths of spiritual life, that mortals might become more enlightened, progressive and fraternal in their struggles with the sorrows and pains, cares and anxieties of mortal existence. Grecians and Romans, who were mortals thousands of years, gathered around me. At last, yea, Yermah, one of their celebrated chieftains, thanked me for my earth-life faith in their prehistoric existence as a nation and great people.

Why continue? All, every one greeted me with praise and plaudits for sacrificing my position in the New York Board of Education for the sake of the demonstrated truths of spiritual life by manifesting spirits. If I was proud of my position as a mortal for my stand, then what must I be now that I know I was right, and had advanced my progressive development in the celestial regions while yet I was a mortal?

I am permitted to return here, and thus detail my experiences as a spirit for the benefit of those mortals who are struggling with unbelief, hoping to teach thereby a lesson of unity, fidelity and manhood in the championship of a cause which is gathering strength day by day among mortals, and must, sooner or later, become the refuge of the more enlightened disciples of theology, and other isms, as they shall disintegrate and fall to pieces through the shame of the iniquitous practices of their leaders, and self-sufficient arrogance of their proselytes.

I never realized as a mortal the full measure of the importance of the propagation of spiritual truths among the people. I had a faint idea that there were missionaries among us, silently or otherwise, from the spirit-world, but I never could have conceived of the earnest endeavor I now witness among spirits to convert the mortal world to the knowledge of spiritual life. Every manifestation by a spirit is significant beyond the conception of mortals, and when it becomes understood that such manifestations are made in the interest of spirits, but of mortals themselves, it will become apparent how great the sacrifice must be for spirits to leave the calm and peace of their celestial homes to manifest amid the controversies, doubts, jeers and skepticism of a gain-saying and over-exacting mortal people.

Every spirit has its mission—not among spirits, but among mortals adapted to their peculiar earth-life experiences. I have my mission among you: it is to visit spiritual centers and other public places, influence orators and impressionable speakers, and so influence their arguments that they may inure to the most good of the cause they represent.

The psychic circle of which in earth-life I was a member is frequently visited, and also the spiritual conferences in Europe and America; and I may assert that I am now immeasurably more active as a spirit than I could have been under the most favorable circumstances as a mortal.

In conclusion, permit me to assure every one that I have written this communication with my own spirit-hand, independently and apart from all mortal aid, other than the magnetism furnished by the sitters and the spiritual aid of Carrie Miller, who is present, and that I have written as near as conditions would permit in the handwriting I made use of in earth-life.

HENRY KID-  
DLE.  
Our correspondent sends us the original manuscript of the message, and calls our attention to the following paragraph to be taken care to guard against doubt on the part of any who may read it:  
"You will notice my initials on each leaf of paper which were written by myself before placing said paper in the envelope in which the writing was obtained."

J. VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA—Send for a can. See advt.

## A FORTUNE

Inherited by few, is pure blood, free from hereditary taint. Catarrh, consumption, rheumatism, Scrofula, and many other maladies born in the blood, can be effectually eradicated only by the use of powerful alternatives. The standard specific for this purpose—the one best known and approved—is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the compound, concentrated extract of Honduras sarsaparilla, and other powerful alternatives.

"I consider that I have been

## SAVED

several hundred dollars' expense, by using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and would strongly urge all who are troubled with lameness or rheumatic pains to give it a trial. I am sure it will do them permanent good, as it has done me."—Mrs. Joseph Wood, West Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Dr. J. W. Shields, of Smithville, Tenn., says: "I regard Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best blood medicine on earth, and know of many wonderful cures effected by its use."

"For many years I was laid up with Scrofula, no treatment being of any benefit. At length I was recommended to give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a trial. I did so, and

## By Taking

about a dozen bottles, was restored to perfect health—weighing 230 pounds—and am now a believer in the merits of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—James Patsy, Mine Boss, Breckenridge Coal Co. (Limited), Victoria, Ky.

My niece, Sarah A. Loeue, was for years afflicted with scrofulous humor in the blood. About 18 months ago she began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after taking three bottles was completely cured."—E. Caffall, P. M., Loeue, Utah.

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

Cures others, will cure you

## HEALTH, COMFORT, ECONOMY.



Saves 25 per cent. of the Coal.

CONSUMES THE UNHEALTHY COAL GAS.

BURNS UP SOOT AND SMOKE.

Prevents Clinkers, Reduces the Ashes.

For Sale by all Grocers.

Large packages for Manufacturers, and pamphlets with testimonials, can be obtained at office of

STANDARD COAL & FUEL CO.,

66 Equitable Building, - BOSTON.

Sept. 28.

## DONALD KENNEDY

Of Roxbury, Mass., says:

Strange cases cured by my Medical Discovery come to me every day. Here is one of Paralysis—Blindness—and the Grip. Now, how does my Medical Discovery cure all these? I don't know, unless it takes hold of the Hidden Poisons that makes all this.

VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA, Sept. 9th, 1891.

Donald Kennedy—Dear Sir: I will state my case to you: About nine years ago I was paralyzed in my left side, and the best doctors gave me no relief for two years, and I was advised to try your Discovery, which did its duty, and in a few months I was restored to health. About four years ago I became blind in my left eye by a spotted catarrh.

Last March I was taken with La Grippe, and was confined to my bed for three months. At the end of that time, as in the start, then it struck me that your Discovery was the thing for me; so I got a bottle, and before it was half gone I was able to go to my work in the mines. Now in regard to my eyes, as I lost my left eye, and about six months ago my right eye became affected with black spots over the sight as if the left eye—perhaps some twenty of them—but since I have been using your Discovery they all left my right eye but one, and thank God, the bright light of heaven is once more making its appearance in my left eye. I am wonderfully astonished at it, and thank God and your Medical Discovery.

Yours truly, HANK WHITE.

May 18.

Mrs. William H. Allen,

464 Washington Street, Providence, R. I.

WILL hold sittings for Spirit Materializations at the solicitation of many friends, Sunday evenings, commencing Nov. 1st, and Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7½ o'clock; also on the afternoons of the third Thursday in each month. Oct. 31.

ASTONISHING OFFER.

SEND three 2-cent stamps, look of hair, name, age, sex, and leading symptom, and your disease will be diagnosed free by spirit power. DR. A. B. DOBSON, San José, Cal.

Oct. 10.

A LIBERAL OFFER.

SEND a RELIABLE CLAIRVOYANT AND MAGNETIC HEALER, BY MAIL 2-cent stamps, look of hair, name, age and sex, and we will diagnose your case free.

Address DR. J. S. LOUCKS, Shirley, Mass.

Sept. 8.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED

by Dr. H. H. HARRIS, 555 Broadway, N. Y. Write for book of proof FREE.

Mar. 28.

OPIMUM

Morphine Habit Cured in 30

days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. C. PHENIX, Lebanon, Ohio.

June 8.

MY WIFE

Charged me if I could

show her a bottle of

which she could use

without losing any-  
thing near when ap-  
plied to bring it home.

ENAMELINE

An Improved Polish,  
make no clutsmen  
or dirt easily used  
and always ready.  
Once used it will  
speak for itself. Your  
dealer has it, or write  
box, 5 and 10 cts., or send 2 cts. for sample to  
J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., No. Berwick, Me.

## Mediums in Boston.

## JAMES R. COCKE,

24 Worcester Street, Boston,  
Gives Sittings and Treatments daily from 9 until 6. Six Sit-  
tings for Development for \$4.00 in advance.  
PATIENTS VISITED AT THEIR HOMES.  
Oct. 31.

J. K. D. Conant,

TRANSCENDENTAL Business Psychometrist. Sittings daily from  
10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Sittings Sunday evenings at 7:30; also  
Friday afternoons at 2:30. Psychometric Readings given by  
letter of Business Prospects, and if Clairvoyant Examination  
of Business, Medical, or of Health. Terms  
\$2.00. 11 Union Park, Boston, Mass., between Shawmut Ave.  
and Tremont Street. Answer calls to lecture, or hold  
Public or Private Sittings. 1w Nov. 21.

Osgood F. Stiles,

DEVELOPING, Business and Test Medium. Sittings  
daily, from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Development of Medium-  
ship a specialty. Test Circles Sunday and Wednesday,  
8 P. M., and Tuesday afternoon at 2. No. 8 Dwight Street,  
Boston. Will be in Lynn every Friday and Saturday at No. 71  
Pearl Street. 1w Nov. 21.

Dr. Holbrook and Newcomb

CONTINUES to meet with great success in curing all dis-  
eases at No. 408 Columbus Avenue, Boston, where he can be  
found on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons from 10  
A. M. to 8 P. M. Send for Circular. Clairvoyant Examina-  
tion free. 1w Nov. 21.

J. Rhind, Seer.

SITTINGS daily, with business advice. Circles Monday  
at 7. Thursday at 3 P. M. Advice by letter. State in own  
hand-writing, age and sex. Enclose \$1. 164 Washington St.  
Nov. 21.

Mrs. Hattie A. Young,

TRANSCENDENTAL Business and Developing Medium. Will hold  
Circles every Sunday evening at 7:30, also every Tues-  
day, Wednesday and Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock, 50c and 75c.  
Gentlemen 50c and 75c. 22 Winter Street, Room 16, Boston.  
Nov. 14.

Miss A. Peabody,

BUSINESS, Test and Developing Medium. Sittings daily.  
Circles Sunday, Thursday evenings, and Tuesday after-  
noons at 3 o'clock. Six Developing Sittings for \$4.00.  
104 Huntington Street, opposite Davis Street, Boston.  
Nov. 21.

Hattie C. Stafford,

53 East Concord Street, Boston.  
SUNDAY, Thursday and Saturday, 2:30 P. M.; Wednesday,  
8 P. M. Newton Stansbury, Manager. Nov. 21.

Miss L. E. Smith,

344 SHAWMUT AVENUE, Test Medium. Private Sit-  
tings by appointment. Circles Tuesday and Fri-  
day at 8. Wednesday 9 P. M. Will go out to hold Circles.  
Nov. 21.

Mrs. Lizzie Kelley,

PSYCHOMETRIC, Business, Test and Trance Medium.  
or Clairvoyant, and Clairvoyant. Public circles every Sun-  
day evening at 7:30, at her parlors, 623 Washington Street.  
Nov. 14.

Mrs. A. E. Cunningham,

MEDICAL, Business and Tests, 247 Columbus Avenue,  
Boston. Hotel Wagon, Boston. Will answer calls for  
platform tests. Nov. 21.

Mrs. E. E. Welch,

MAGNETIC Massage, located at 14 East Springfield  
Street, Boston, Mass. Patients visited at their homes.  
Nov. 7.

Mrs. H. B. Fay,

17 APPLETON STREET, will commence sittings Oct.  
22nd. Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30 P. M.; Sundays  
at 8 P. M. Nov. 14.

Adelaide E. Crane,

TEST and Business Medium. Magnetic Treatments. 83  
Bosworth Street, Room 4, Boston. Hours 9 to 5.  
Nov. 7.

Mrs. M. E. Johnson,

BUSINESS and Test Medium. Hours 10 A. M. to 8 P. M.  
Circles Thursday and Sunday evenings, 8 o'clock, 41  
Winter Street, Room 6, Boston. Nov. 21.

Mrs. A. Forester,

TRANSCENDENTAL Business and Test Medium. Also Magnetic  
and Electric Treatments, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. 181  
Shawmut Avenue, one flight, Boston. 4w Nov. 21.

Allen Toothaker,

CLAIRVOYANT Physician and Business Medium, 150A  
Chestnut Street, Boston. Sittings from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.  
216 Cross Street, Malden, Mass., 4 to 8 P. M. Nov. 21.

Mrs. H. W. Cushman,

MUSICAL, Test and Business Medium. Six questions answered by mail.  
\$1.00. Examination by lock of hair, \$1.00. Circles Wednes-  
day 7:30, Mondays at 7:30. Walker Street, Charlestown.  
Sept. 28.

MRS. CHANDLER-BAILEY, 26 Chazenove

Street, Suite 8, Boston, near Albany R. R. Station. Cir-  
cles Ave., Magnetic Healing and Business Medium. Cir-  
cles Monday and Saturday evenings and Friday afternoons  
at 3 o'clock. Platform test speaking. 1w Nov. 21.

Carrie M. Lovering,

MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, 246 Shawmut Avenue, Boston.  
Controlled by the late Lemuel Spear. 1w Nov. 21.

Miss Helen A. Sloan,

MAGNETIC Physician. Vapor Baths. No. 178 Tremont  
Street, Boston. Nov. 21.

Miss J. M. Grant,

TRANSCENDENTAL Medium, No. 83 Bosworth Street, Banner of  
Light Building, Boston. Nov. 7.

Maud Jones Gillett,

INDEPENDENT SLATE WRITER, 21 Worcester Street,  
Boston. Hours 10 to 4. 4w Oct. 31.

Dr. Fred Crockett,

Magnetist, Moody House, 1292 Washington Street, Boston.  
Nov. 14.

MRS. A. S. HAYWARD will furnish paper

magazines by Spirit Dr. A. S. Hayward. Price \$1.00  
per package. Address 34 Magnificent Street, Dorchester, Mass.  
Nov. 21.

PSYCHOMETRIC and Business Reading, or

questions answered, 50c and 2 stamps. MARQUETTE  
BUTLER, 1472 Washington Street, Boston. Sittings 10 to 4.  
Nov. 21.

MRS. LOOMIS-HALL, Test and Business Me-

di-  
um. Magnetic Test. Sittings daily. Six ques-  
tions for 50 cents. 128 West Brookline St., Suite 2, Boston.  
Nov. 14.

DR. JULIA CRAFTS SMITH, 25 years suc-

cessful experience. Gives free Clairvoyant Examina-  
tions Thursdays to ladies. 105 Warren Avenue, Boston.  
Sept. 28.

Louis F. Jones,

Nov. 7. Studio 17 East Canton Street, Boston. 4w

DR. M. LUCY NELSON,

MAGNETIC, Massage and Turko-Russian Baths, 35 Boyl-

ston Street, Suite 8, Boston. Nov. 21.

DR. L. BARNICOAT, Lecturer, Test, Medi-

cal and Magnetic Medium, Tremont Street, Boston.  
Oct. 24.

MISS KNOX, Test, Business and Medical Me-

di-  
um. Sittings daily. 35 Common Street, Boston.  
Nov. 21.

MRS. J. C. EWELL, Inspirational and Medi-

cal Physician, 542 Tremont Street, cor. Hanson, Boston.  
Sept. 18.

DR. A. H. RICHARDSON, Magnetic Healer,  
Waverley House, Charlestown. 1f Sept. 28.

DR. JULIA M. CARPENTER, 303 Warren  
Street, Boston, Mass. 1f Mar. 14.

"IF YOU WOULD KNOW"

YOUR Future Business Prospects, consult FRED A.  
HEATH, the Blind Medium. Enclose Postal Note for  
50 cents, or register your letter, with lock of hair and stamp.  
Address 146 Abbott Street, Detroit, Mich. No stamps taken.  
June 28.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SONGS,  
With Music and Chorus.

BY C. P. LONGLEY.  
With fine Lithographic Title-Page, bearing excellent Por-  
traits of C. P. LONGLEY and Miss M. T. SHELLHAMER.  
LONGLEY, representing a Spiritual Source  
of much significance and beauty.  
We will meet you in the Morning, Little Birdie, Go to  
Rest. Open the Gates, Beautiful World. Echoes from the  
East. The Veil, with flute obbligato. Sweet Summer-Land  
Gentle Waves and Loving Arms. You Darling in  
Not Sleeping. Young Slender Her Little Chair. Back of  
the Silent Land. What Shall Be My Angel Name? Glad  
That We're Living Here to-day. Ever I Remember Thee.  
Love's Golden Chain, rearranged. All are Walking Over  
There. Open Those Pearls Gates of Light. They'll Walk  
some Day Home to-morrow. Mother's Love Forest and Sea.  
Love's Golden Chain, rearranged. All are Walking Over  
There. The Angel Kisseth Me. I Love to Think of Old Times.  
We'll All Be Gathered Home.  
Address each book four for \$1.00. The last nine songs of  
this list are also published with plain title-pages, which sell  
for twenty-five cents per copy, or five copies for \$1.00.  
For sale by COLBY & RICH. oam

## Miscellaneous.

## A Vacation Trip TO THE ROCKIES.

THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RY  
runs through the best ventilated trains from Chicago to  
Denver, Colorado, and points en route. It is the most  
pleasant from the popular pleasure resort, Manitou, that is at  
foot of Pike's Peak. A Carriage Drive from Colorado  
Springs through the Garden of the Gods to Manitou is most  
charming, and to ride in a Railway Car to the top of Pike's  
Peak (road now completed), is truly wonderful.

SECURE YOUR TICKETS VIA THE

GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE.

E. ST. JOHN, JNO. SEBASTIAN,  
Gen'l Manager. G. T. & P. Agt.

July 18. CHICAGO, ILL. 6m

GRATEFUL-CONFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which  
govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a  
careful supervision of the diet, Mr. Epps has provided a  
deliciously flavored beverage which may save us many heavy  
doctors' bills. It is by far the best of all the articles of  
diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until  
strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hun-  
dreds of healthy families are floating around us ready to  
attest wherever there is a weak point. We may except many  
fatal shafts by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure  
blood and a properly nourished frame."—(Civil Service Re-  
porter. No. 12,000, published by the U. S. Government. Sold  
in half pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists,

Oct. 24. 13000 London, England.

Carlyle Petersilea's Music School.

STEINERT HALL, Boylston and Tremont Streets,  
BOSTON, MASS.

SCIENTIFIC and Artistic Methods of Instruction. All  
lessons, either privately or in classes, given exclusively by  
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Technique and the Art of Playing Ancient and Modern Piano  
Music. Harmony and Theory lessons free to all pupils.  
Special attention given to the all important matter of Play-  
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Elocution, and the Art of Singing English, Italian, and  
German Songs. Special training in Accompanying Vocal  
Music, without extra charge. Concerts, Analyses and Lec-  
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No other Conservatory of Music in existence offers equal  
free advantages and facilities for acquiring a thoroughly  
practical musical education. Terms extremely reasonable.  
For further particulars, please address CARLYLE PETER-  
SILEA, 62 Boylston Street, Room 683, Boston, Mass.  
Nov. 14.

SOUL READING,

Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.




## MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

edge of ether; he does not in any sense deny it.

**SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 135 South 5th Avenue,  
New York.**  
Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver  
oil—all druggists everywhere do. \$1.

**TO LET.**  
A Large Front Room in Banner of Light Building, admirably arranged for Physician or Medium's office.  
For particulars and terms, apply at Bookstore, Northworth street, Boston, Mass.

**ROYAL**



**BAKING POWDER**

**Absolutely Pure.**

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latent U. S. Government Food Report.*

Haeckel, and many others, as though they were also more than human in their ability to steer clear of fallacies in judgment when discussing the most stupendous of these themes that can ever engage human attention. What is Life? Mr. Edison declares his mind is not "not of a speculative order," his electrical knowledge is of a practical kind; he is constantly engrossed making electricity perform useful work. He says, "I do not soar, I keep pretty close to earth." Admittedly there are knotty problems to be solved; he does not consider himself the best man for the job, he is not sure of his estimate of himself, fitted for such work; he leaves the task, therefore, to men who are thus fitted.

Notwithstanding all this repudiation of ability, a lack of the necessary temperament as well as leisure for the work, this marvelous man goes so far as to state it as his positive belief that "every atom of matter is intelligent, deriving energy from the primordial germ." The intelligence of mankind he conceives to be "the sum of the intelligences of the atoms of which man is composed." He further states it as his conviction that every atom has an intelligent power of selection, and is always striving to get into harmonious relations with other atoms; he thinks the human body is maintained in its integrity by the intelligent persistence of its atoms; when the harmonious adjustment is destroyed, the man dies and the atoms seek other relations. Man, according to this view, is not a soul to be regarded as an atomic monad; his life being continuous so long as atomic economy can be maintained. Edison further declares: "All matter lives, and everything that lives possesses Intelligence." Electricity he refuses to call a form of energy properly designated as *what we call electricity* a form of unorganized energy; he professes no knowledge of ether; he does not in any sense deny its

liver oil.

If Scott's Emulsion did nothing more than take that taste away, it would save the lives of some at least of those that put off too long the means of recovery.

It does more. It is half-digested already. It slips through the stomach as if by stealth. It goes to make strength when cod-liver oil would be a burden.

SCOTT & BOWEN, Chemists, 135 South 4th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. \$1.

Pills and Ointment, \$1.25 each.  
**CRADDOCK & CO.**: 1033 Race Street  
 Philadelphia, Sole Proprietors.  
 Ask your druggist for Dr. H. James  
 Imported Remedies, or send to us direct  
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Oct. 31. 2toam

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# KNABE

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UNEQUALLED IN  
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