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Original Essays.

SOME ASPECTS OF PROVIDENCE.

BY W. A. CHAM.

"Behold the fowls of the air, they sow not, nor reap, nor gather into barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them."

Looked at on one side, that of the facts of this world, this Bible text appears to be mainly sentimental nonsense; looked at on the other, that of the facts of an unseen world, the same words plainly embody a sublime truth. Is there any reconciliation of the two? Here is the great prophet and seer, declaring on heavenly authority that there is an infinite and kind Providence caring every moment for all creatures in the universe.

Over against this is the conviction of science, the quite plain facts of common sense, that natural law reigns everywhere, but under it probably not more than one in a thousand of the creatures born here get sufficient food and protection to grow to maturity; nine hundred and ninety-nine of every thousand are destroyed, or die of starvation in infancy.

Was the Christ-prophet blind or ignorant of the plain facts of this world? or is science ignorant, common sense blind to certain higher facts of the universe that the seer beholds? Let us consider this matter on both sides a little.

It is generally true that the fowls of the air do not sow, nor reap, nor gather into barns, but how does the Heavenly Father feed them as to this world? They are fed simply by one class or species preying with bloody beak and claw upon another, or by destruction of some lower order of life without stint or mercy. The hawk devours a dozen sparrows daily that he may live. Grant the good Providence that feeds him, but where is the providential care of the twelve sparrows? The seer sings the exalted strain, "Not a single sparrow falls to the ground without the Father's notice." But where is the comfort, asks common sense, to the sparrows thus mangled and devoured? What kind of a Providence over the scores of little ones slowly starving and dying, waiting for the mothers that come not, because the Heavenly Father fed them to the hungry hawk? We look again. Here is a nest full of young robins: what care the mother has over them; how her anxious love will offer her own life to protect them. She leaves them in the Heavenly Father's care while she seeks food for their hungry mouths. Another fowl discovers the fattening nestful; what a godsend. He pounces down, and gobbles up the whole family of robin children. In happy digestion he sits above the devastated nest, and thanks God, in his bird way, for the delicious feast so heavenly provided; while the loving, anxious mother returning finds only the empty nest. We hear such bird Rachels crying for their children all about us in the woods and fields. What kind of Providence must they needs think watches over them and their children, if they are able to think? We look in another direction at this providential feeding of creatures. Untold millions of the lower animals are hourly born into this world. Nine hundred and ninety-nine are born only to die of starvation, for every one that finds food sufficient to live. What kind of heavenly economy is this, producing a thousand when there is place and food for only one of them at the earthly table of life?

Is the Christ-seer blind to the tooth and claw that in savage destruction ravages the world of creatures? Is the heavenly prophet deluded by the mirage of the skies when the ugly facts of life front him, and he beholds them inverted in heaven's glory and peace, and counts his marvelous vision the "reality," ignoring the fact that rests with all its pain and woe upon the earth? Has the common sense discerned and science read the bottom facts of the higher fact of existence? Can we look the facts of this world and see life full in the face and still hold to the prophet's faith in an infinite Providence of good?

Just now there appears a clearer day dawning to solve a problem that promises to make quite plain certain hitherto dark problems of pain and evil.

How does the Providence in the world and over the world, caring for and feeding creatures, appear through this new light of science?

If we can discover what God and nature mean, and are doing on one line of life, we may rest assured that the same purpose and method stand and work higher up, or lower down, since God and nature must be one and the same through all the universe. If we can see

and know how there is an unfailing Providence of love and good caring for the pebble and grasshopper, even in that which seems most evil and destructive to them of this world, may we not trust that the same Providence cares for the bird, man and angel even in what appears most evil and destructive of their lives, so insuring eternal good?

I am sitting on a great boulder stone that the giant glacial forces tore from the mountain-side and bore down here, maybe a hundred thousand years ago. Nature's eternal life-powers have been flowing and working over and through this stone in rain and frosts, sunshine and electric waves. What a varied Providence they have been; how differently they have affected the myriads of little crystalline bodies and lives that make up this stone. Some of these little crystalline beings the forces of nature have played through and over, ever feeding and maintaining them in restful and beautiful crystalline life in their rock-home—a kindly Providence to them. Others, millions on millions, nature has gnawed and wrenched from their quiet, loving, crystal rest; flung them into the air, burying them in water and mud, as with remorseless, destroying hand, flinging them to death. What kind of heavenly care is here? Let us look a little further and higher. I take my microscope and mark how beautifully and peacefully the little crystalline atoms of life rest in their boulder-bed, as they have rested thousands of years. Here is no pain, no ill, no loss to our eyes—only beauty and rest. I look for those torn away and flung to seeming destruction. Just here I find a marvelous revelation, for those little, apparently scorned, defiled and death-swallowed atoms appear again, "not dead but risen" into the rich, beautiful forms and life of grasses, trees, flowers and insects. The Providence that seemed to destroy was all the while only making more and better alive. To be cradled in the crystalline peace and beauty of the rock-rest was well. We see the good Providence there. To be rising into the nobler, richer forms and life of trees and flowers, is that ill? Rather is it not a better and kinder leading and providing for the crystal life, even though the way seem at times destruction and loss.

I look again. The loathsome worm is devouring the beautiful leaf and flower. I look later, in a clearer light, into this mysterious providence of destruction, and I discover the beautiful leaf and flower through this same destruction are being transformed into the butterfly's wings—its organs of sense—thus entering upon its more glorious life. Now it appears, if we look far and high enough, we discover how new and better life triumphs everywhere.

What we call evil and pain front us wherever we turn. We can't blink the plain facts. Nature fights, plunders, starves and kills without stint or mercy. If that is the end, why then let us be quite brave and manly about it, not getting down on our knees to whine and beg for mercy and salvation, but in grand integrity of our soul's scorn of the meanness and unkindness of such a Providence, front the fact and die. In just this sublime fact of our soul's truer life denying the idea of such a God in or over the universe—scorning a Nature whose purpose and outcome are evil and pain everywhere—is the grandest refutation of the idea of such.

How shall we maintain the soul's higher ideal, the faith that affirms that somehow and somewhere the destroyed and saved, the cared-for and the lost, the fed and the starved, are alike saved and blessed.

Slowly we are discovering that there are limitless unseen conditions in the universe, of higher care and feeding of insects, sparrows and men, that our senses report not in this world. The hawk devours the sparrows—that is the way of Providence. But what has the hawk done to or for the sparrows? The higher science assures us that he has only been a part of Nature's purpose and working, transforming the sparrows into higher conditions of being. He has only helped set the bird souls free from the grosser body of this world and life, so that they may rise into more perfect forms and life—since to die is only to be born into new conditions. In the light of this higher science does it appear more a blessing to be the one sparrow or the one insect spared to this life, or the four or nine hundred and ninety-nine devoured and starved? Where is the kinder Providence? How can we help off mistaking the purpose and ways of the Over-Soul while we grope beneath the shadows of death, not discerning the larger, richer ways of Providence, feeding and caring on the upper side of the shadow where the soul shines more? Seeing that all the higher life born into this world comes from that same unseen, we are constrained to believe that life there is more than here, and that our four sparrows and nine hundred and ninety-nine insects may in some ways have the best of it in a higher kind of feeding, rather than the worst, and while we bemoan their hard lot, they may be thanking God for the transformation. If for the birds and insects, why not for man?

Here appears to be another physiological and psychological truth-clearing, that makes plainer this very matter. All about us myriads of humbler souls are rising, through what we call decay and death into the unseen. The vast ethereal realm that infolds and overflows us is vital with the risen souls of earth's countless millions of dead and dying crystals, grasses, animal monads and insects. What is that to us or them? Simply more and better life. For in every breath we draw thousands of these unseen souls and bodies, borne on the ether waves, enter and circulate through our organisms. Some take up their abode in our

bodies, being born or reincarnated into cell-form and life in our hands, lungs, brain, etc. Thus we grow and live in part by assimilating bodies and souls of dying, and dead crystals, grasses, trees, flowers, insects, etc. 'Tis a part of Nature's transformation. A good Providence for us, we say. Mark the import of this fact to those lesser creatures. Born from the unseen into our bodies, there abiding awhile, they are partakers in a measure of our higher lives, thus educated a little way into the hopes, thoughts, loves and nobler aspirations we cherish and inspire them with. In this way are they slowly developed toward human birth. Is Providence unkind in this?

Up the endless spiral way whose coils turn now in this world, then wind through death into the unseen, again turning, higher up, into this seen, souls climb yet ever higher through successive births and deaths, since birth and death are only the upper and under side of the same great transformation that glorifies the universe. To live is, gain, since more and better life is attained. To die is gain, since more and better life is attained. Shall we not recognize here the same Providence of eternal good for all, in all, through all, and over all? Just here the higher science and the higher faith join hands, speaking the same word of the Infinite.

A LESSON IN SPIRIT-COMMUNION.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Once when sitting for table-movings, and receiving messages by the responses given to the calling of the alphabet, the sitter asked the intelligence to spell the name of his father, who purported to be communicating. The table readily moved twice for assent, and when the alphabet was repeated rapped "J-o-h-n," and for a middle initial gave "R."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the investigator, derisively, "my father has forgotten how to spell his name. He has grown too imbecile to insert his h's, and his initial was P, not 'R.' It is a clear case of fraud!"

"You cannot accuse me of fraud," I replied, "for I quite well know how to spell John, and should not have dropped out the h."

"I do not care to investigate further. I am fully satisfied that the matter is beneath attention," was the response.

This is one of many similar instances in my own experience, and paralleled in that of every medium.

I attended a large circle, and a sitter received a lengthy communication from the spirit of his mother. He was affected even to tears. He asked questions, and the responses were satisfactory. At length he said: "For a test, tell me how many children you have." The response was "Three." He sprang excitedly to his feet, rudely exclaiming: "That is a falsehood! my mother had but two, and she ought to know! You do not suppose for a moment I am such an idiot as to believe this is my mother? I am not so readily duped."

The inharmonious result of course prevented further communication, and they only who have experienced it can know the shock given the medium.

I was recently amused at the effect a single inaccuracy had on a young lady who had for a long time been receiving communications by means of the psychograph. Whenever she placed her hands on the instrument it would respond, and a spirit giving the name "Pauline" seemed always present and ready to counsel her. I cautioned her not to place too great reliance on the words of the guardian, for it was not designed that we forsake our reason for the guidance of any one, however exalted. She admitted the correctness of the advice, and attempted to follow it, but constantly resorted to the spirit-intelligence, which manifested deep interest in her welfare, and constantly gave her wisest counsel. It is not designed for spiritual beings to assume control of our earthly affairs. It is proper to consult them on the spiritual plane, and there may be sufficient reasons at times for them to interfere in the business of this life, but it would not be well for us to rely on them instead of ourselves in material affairs.

At length, when her confidence in "Pauline" was almost implicit, she inquired about a certain business transaction which deeply affected her, and was assured by "Pauline" that it would be arranged as she expected and desired. The next day brought a letter saying that this business scheme had been abandoned. The effect was singular, for the young lady lost confidence in her guide, and even refused to receive communications, declaring that they were entirely untrustworthy.

The inaccuracies and contradictions of the communications have been a subject of discussion from the beginning, and have been hastily referred to evil spirits, or accepted as evidence against their spiritual origin. For the old superstition that a spiritual being must be infallible lingered; and hence imperfection in communications was evidence that they were not of spiritual origin.

The difficulties which have to be overcome in communicating were not considered, or even understood, and to all mistakes and inaccuracies the ready explanation was evil spirits and fraud.

This subject was forcibly brought to my mind by the reception of two telephone messages. The first read, "Can you attend a funeral here to-morrow?" and was signed G. M. Richard. The name proved to be J. W. Reichard. The telegraphic dispatch had been changed in passing through the telephone. I might have followed the reasoning of the "investigators," and said, "Does not Mr. Reichard" (Continued on seventh page.)

Literary Department.

AMY LESTER; OR, A STRANGE GIRL.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,

BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA,

Author of "The Discarded Country," "Oceanides," a Psychological Novel, Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Amy's Dilemma.

Mrs. Lester desired very much that Amy should become a good Christian girl. She feared greatly that her child's feet were not in the right path, thinking that if her little girl were to die she would be eternally lost in hell; and such being the burden of her thoughts, she felt it her duty to make strenuous efforts to guide her child's feet aright.

"Amy," she said one day, "it is now time that you commenced to read the Bible through in regular order. I wish you to begin with the first chapter, and read chapter after chapter until you have read every word in the book; and I want you to read it understandingly. You are now old enough to comprehend all that is written there; if you find anything which you do not understand come directly to me, and I will explain it to you; if you come to anything which I cannot explain, we will ask the minister, and he will tell us all we want to know."

"Mamma," asked Amy, "who wrote the Bible? for you know, darling mother, you want me to understand all about it."

Amy was eager to please her mother, for the child's heart thirsted for love. Her mother had never treated her with a great deal of affection. Amy felt sure the road to her mother's heart was through the Bible, and getting religion, whatever that might mean, but the child could not yet understand it.

"God wrote the Bible," answered the mother. "Did he write it with a pencil, or pen and ink?" asked the child, for she was thinking how she had written her composition.

"No," replied her mother, "God did not write the Bible in that way."

"How did he write it, mamma?"

"He inspired men to write it."

"Oh! mamma, mamma!" cried the child. "Do you mean that he made men write it just as the beautiful lady made me write my composition?"

"Oh! what can I do with such a child?" cried the poor, distracted mother.

"Amy," said she, "God inspired holy men to write the Bible."

"But when I told Miss Lavelle that an angel lady made me write my composition, she said I was irreligious, and kept me an hour after school."

"But you are not a holy man, and God did not inspire you to write that little paper."

"Perhaps if God inspired holy men, an angel lady might inspire a bad little girl. Oh! I am so glad you told me that God inspired men to write, for now I am sure I was not mistaken about the lady. Do you think, mamma, the holy men made any mistakes, or wrote anything that God did not inspire?"

"No," replied the mother; "no, not one."

"But I wrote a great many words in my composition that the angel lady did not inspire, for I wrote a long time my own little thoughts after the lady was away—way off! She just started me going, like she would me up, as papa does the clock."

"You must not make such comparisons," said the mother. "It is wicked."

"Mamma, how do you know that the men who wrote the Bible were holy? Perhaps some were bad just as I am, and wrote their own little thoughts just as I did, after God set them going."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sighed the mother. "Mamma," asked the child, "is the minister holy? for I heard him say that he was inspired by God to preach the gospel."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Lester. "I think the minister is a holy man."

"Mamma, what is holy? You know you said I must understand all about it."

"Well," said her mother, "it is to be so very, very good that one cannot make a mistake of any kind."

"Is it to be like that I hear you and the minister talk about the Holy Ghost?"

"Yes," answered the mother.

"Dear mamma, what is the Holy Ghost?"

"God is not one, but three: Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

"Then there are three Gods instead of one. Which is the best, mamma?"

"Well," replied the mother, thoughtfully, "I think it must be the Holy Ghost."

"Then why did he not tell the father and his son not to make hell and the devil, like you said God did? But you told me at first there was only one God. Before he had that little boy, Jesus, there were two Gods, the Father and the Holy Ghost?"

"Yes," said the mother, "two Gods in one, and now there are three in one. God is trine in his nature, yet he is all one God."

"Who said said so, mamma? How do you know?"

"Why, the Bible says so, the minister says so, and all good people say so."

"But how do the minister and all good peo-

ple know—the Bible tells them so; that is all the way they know—is it, mamma?"

"I suppose it must be."

"And the Bible was written by holy men whom God inspired; which God inspired them, mamma, the Father, the Son, or the Holy Ghost?"

"Why, I think it must have been all three," replied the mother.

"Did all three of the Gods think alike, mamma?"

"Oh, yes."

"Which God shall I pray to when I say my prayers?"

"You must pray to God to forgive you for his Son's sake."

"Why, mamma, if the three are all one God, then it must be for God's sake."

"No," said the mother, "he will forgive you for Jesus' sake."

"Why will he forgive me for Jesus' sake?"

"Because Jesus was his son, and God loved his son more than he did anything else; he loved him so much that he will forgive all sinners who pray to him in Jesus' name."

"Oh, mamma!" said the child in great perplexity, "if the three are only one God, then he loves himself better than he does anything else, and I am afraid he won't forgive me."

"Who said that the men who wrote the Bible were holy?"

Mrs. Lester put her hand to her head. This child would surely drive her mad; but she made one more effort. "Why, the men who wrote the Bible said they were holy, and inspired to write it by God."

"Well, the minister says he is inspired by God; but, mamma, he is not holy; and the angel-lady inspired me, and I am only a bad, bad little girl who gets whipped and punished awfully; and Miss Lavelle punished me for saying that an angel-lady inspired me to write my composition; she says that I told a falsehood. Perhaps the minister tells a falsehood, mamma, and perhaps the holy men who wrote the Bible told falsehoods."

"Now, Amy," said Mrs. Lester, "I will take you on your own ground. You say that an angel-lady came and placed her hand on your head and told you to get pencil and paper and write that which she bade you to write."

"Yes," said Amy.

"Well, you say you did not tell a falsehood."

"No, mamma, I did not."

"Well, perhaps the holy men and the minister do not tell falsehoods when they say that God comes to them and inspires them to write and to preach."

"But, mamma, the angel-lady did not write all of my composition; she only laid her hand on my head, like as though she brightened up my mind, wound me up like a clock, and set me going, gave me a few ideas, then she went away, and I kept on writing, all about the reapers and papa's coming, the cows and the whip-poor-wills and Johnny Gray, like I was asleep and could not help it, you know. I am only a very wicked little girl who is likely to go to hell. Miss Lavelle punished me for irreligious reflections, and I am not holy at all. Mamma, do you think the men who wrote the Bible had irreligious reflections?"

"No; they were very, very holy men."

"And the minister is holy, too?" questioned the child.

"Yes," answered the mother.

Amy Lester sighed. She could not find the way out of her dilemma.

"Now," said Mrs. Lester, thinking she had the best of the case, "you must commence in a teachable and prayerful spirit to read the Bible through—this holy book written by holy men who were inspired by God—and while you are reading it you must pray to God continually to open your eyes, and give you understanding that you may thoroughly comprehend all his Holy Word."

So Amy commenced. She opened the Bible, praying that she might understand every word. On the title page she read "The Holy Bible."

"Mamma," she said, "I know what holy means, for you have just told me, and I remember. It means that a thing is so pure and good it can't make a mistake—that it knows everything, and that it is the direct word of God, who wrote it through holy men that he inspired."

"The next page was the first book of Moses, called Genesis."

"Who was Moses, mamma?"

"He was a holy man, who lived a long time ago."

"Did Moses say that he was holy, and that God inspired him?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Lester.

"But no one believes me when I say that an angel-lady inspired me to write my composition; she says I told a falsehood."

"Well, you are not Moses!"

"No," sighed Amy, and she commenced to read.

CHAPTER IX.

Amy Reads the First Chapter of Genesis.

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."
"God created heaven first; then, mamma?"
"So Moses says."

"Yes."
"Where did he live before he made heaven?"
"Oh! I do not know," answered the mother, impatiently, "where he lived."

"Did he live in heaven all alone after he made it?"

"Why, no—no!" answered the mother, "I think not. I believe there were angels in heaven with God."

"And there were three Gods, too, were not there?" asked the child, "or only two Gods, the Father and Holy Ghost?"

"Well," said the mother, "that is neither here nor there! Go on with your reading."

"No, mamma, I must understand every word. You said so, mamma."

"When did God create the angels who lived with him in heaven before he created the earth?"

"Well, I do not know," said the mother, "when he created them."

"Moses says, 'In the beginning God created heaven;' then, mamma, if the angels lived before he created heaven, it was not the beginning, was it? for God had created the angels before that. I guess Moses has made a mistake right in the very first word."

"Well," said the mother, "it may be that God lived all alone in heaven. I do not know that I can say about that."

"Well," said Amy, "you said we would ask the minister about all the things that you could not explain. Here, mamma, is a pencil and paper, and we will write down all that we are going to ask the minister, that we may not forget anything. But do you think the minister can tell truly all about it?"

"I think he can," answered the mother.

"God created the earth," went on the child, "after he created heaven?"

"Yes, Moses says so."

"When did he create hell, mamma?"

"Oh! I do not know!" said Mrs. Lester.

"Then we will ask the minister," said the child, jotting it down. "Now we have got two questions to ask the minister right in the first verse of Moses. Oh! I am afraid the minister and Moses are making some mistakes."

"And the earth was without form."

"Mamma, was not the earth round in the beginning when God created it?"

"I do not know," answered the mother. "Moses says it was without form."

"But, mother, a round thing is a form, is it not?"

"Why, yes, a round thing is a form, of course."

"Well, then, if the earth had no form it could not have been round. Mamma, what kind of form did it have?"

"Oh! I do not know!" exclaimed the mother; and she wished for a few moments that there was not an Amy Lester. But she must do her duty by her child.

"Well, then, mamma, we will ask the minister," and another question was jotted down.

"And void." Mamma, what is void?"

"Well," replied the mother, "it is to be empty; not to have anything upon it; it was void of anything."

"Did not it have a single thing upon it?" asked Amy.

"No," Moses says it did not."

"But it had all the water upon it?"

"Yes."

"Well, water is something, is it not?"

"Yes; but Moses means it had only water; nothing else but earth and water."

"Mamma, what is water?"

"Why, it's water," replied the mother.

"Which did God create first, the water or the earth?"

"I suppose he created them both at the same time. Moses does not say which he created first."

"I think he must have created the earth first," said the child, "for if he had not the waters would have fallen, and not found any place to rest upon. So the earth was not entirely void, it had water. 'And darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.'"

"Has God got a spirit?" asked the child.

"Why, yes," answered the mother; "God is a spirit."

"But Moses says the Spirit of God; he does not say God. Mamma, what is the Spirit of God?"

"Oh! dear!" exclaimed the mother.

"We will ask the minister," said Amy, resignedly; and down went another question.

"And God said, Let there be light; and there was light."

"Did God make light before he made the sun?" asked Amy.

"Moses says so," answered Mrs. Lester.

"What kind of light was it, mamma? We don't have any light now but that of the sun, moon and stars."

"I do not know," answered the mother. Down went another question.

"And God saw the light, that it was good; and God divided the light from the darkness."

"Mamma, how did he divide the light?"

"I do not know," replied the mother. Down went another question.

"And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night."

"Did God talk just as we do, mamma? and say day and night?"

"I suppose he meant day and night."

"But Moses says he called it day and night."

"And the evening and the morning were the first day."

"Then in one day God created heaven and earth, water and light, and divided the light from the darkness; but, mamma, he did not divide the light from the darkness until the last thing. How could Moses tell that it was but one day, if he only told by the morning and the evening; for it was the divided light that made the morning and the evening, so he says, but now, mamma, it is the sun that makes the morning and the evening, and the earth turning over; because she just turns over every twenty-four hours, and darkness is only when a part of her surface is turned away from the sun; it is just because the sun can't shine through her, that is all; she is the cause of her own darkness. Perhaps Moses had not studied geography, and did not understand just what God meant when he was inspired."

"And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters."

"Mamma, what is a firmament?"

"Well," said Mrs. Lester, thoughtfully, "it means the sky, I suppose."

"Mamma, what is the sky?"

"Why," said the mother, "look out of the window now, and you see the sky, do you not?"

"Yes," answered Amy. "I see something that is called the sky; but, mamma, it is only the air, or atmosphere, and we really do not

see it after all. I learned that at school, you know." Did Moses mean the air?

"I suppose he must have meant the air."

"Then why didn't he say the atmosphere? My dictionary says that firmament means something that is firm, fixed, solid. I wish Moses had said atmosphere, and then little girls could understand it better. Mamma, were there any waters way above the firmament?"

"Moses says so."

"When did God create the waters above the firmament?"

"He must have created them when he created the earth."

"But, mamma, in my lesson at school it says that water always rises up from the earth in the form of vapor, that the vapor is condensed by the colder atmosphere above and falls back to the earth again in the form of snow and rain. It also says that vapor cannot rise very high—not nearly as far as the atmosphere extends. Then how could the firmament divide the waters from the waters? Perhaps Moses never went to school."

"Amy went on reading:

"And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament: and it was so."

"Yes, mamma, Moses must have meant a firm, solid thing; for anything that can divide water must be a firm, solid thing; and, mamma, the air is not a firm, solid thing. I wish Moses had said air instead of firmament; then I should think he did not make so many mistakes."

"And God called the firmament Heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day."

"Well," said Amy, "I do not quite make it out in my mind whether Moses meant the air or a firm, solid thing. If he meant the air, then the air is heaven, mamma; but if he meant a firm, solid thing, then he must have made a great mistake. Which do you think he meant?"

"Amy, I do not know."

"We will ask the minister."

"And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so."

"Mamma, was all the water on the earth gathered unto one place?"

"Moses says so."

"Then there were no rivers, lakes, oceans, seas, brooks—nothing but one great big sea?"

"I suppose not."

"And God called the dry land Earth, and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas: and God saw that it was good."

"Why," said Amy, "Moses forgets himself. In the other verse he said gathered together in one place, and now in this verse he says seas, which means more than one sea, mamma! He contradicts himself."

"And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so."

"And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind: and God saw that it was good."

"And the evening and the morning were the third day."

"Amy read all this in a sort of breathless way, with eyes as round and staring as intense surprise could make them."

"Why, mamma!" she exclaimed. "Did God make the grass and trees all in one day?"

"Certainly," replied her mother, "God can do anything."

"I wish," said the child, "God would do that way now. Do you think he will if I ask him? for papa has to wait all summer for his corn and wheat to grow, and the grass is many weeks old before it is fit to cut, and papa says it is four or five years before fruit trees are large enough to bear fruit, and it took more than a hundred years for that big forest to grow over there. Mamma, what made God so different then from what he is now? The minister says that God is the same yesterday, today and forever."

"I do not know," replied the mother.

"We will ask the minister," said Amy.

"And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years:

"And let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth: and it was so."

"Why," said Amy, "I thought Moses said that God created light, and divided the light from the darkness on the first day—and the evening and the morning were the first day," she repeated.

"And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: he made the stars also."

"And God set them in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth."

"And to rule over the day and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness: and God saw that it was good."

"And the evening and the morning were the fourth day."

"Did God make the sun, moon and stars in one day?" asked the poor, distracted child.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Lester, "so Moses says."

"But, mamma, my astronomy says that the sun is a great many times larger than the earth, and that some of the planets are a great many times larger than the earth, and that all the fixed stars which we can see are great blazing suns to other systems of worlds like this earth and the planets, and they are so many, many that they can never be counted; and that the Milky-way is another great zone of systems of worlds, so far off that we cannot even distinguish the stars belonging to it, except through a great telescope; and my book also says that this earth is only a very small one, compared with thousands of others. Oh, mamma! why did it take God so long to make this earth when it only took him one day to make all the rest?"

"I do not know," answered the mother.

"We will ask the minister," said Amy.

"And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven."

"Mamma," said Amy, "fowls fly in the air; so Moses must mean that the air is heaven; and that is just the way the lovely angel-lady came to me—in the air."

"Go on!" commanded the mother. "I am getting very weary with your remarks."

"And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth."

"And the evening and the morning were the fifth day."

"Did God make all the fishes and birds in one day?"

"Go on!" exclaimed the mother, impatiently.

"And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind: and it was so."

"And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and the cattle after his kind, and everything that creepeth upon the earth after his kind: and God saw that it was good."

"And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth."

"And God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them."

"And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue

it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth."

"And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat."

"And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to everything that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat: and it was so."

"And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day."

"Thank heaven! you are through with the first chapter," sighed poor Mrs. Lester. "Amy, I think, hereafter, you had better read by yourself. I cannot spend so much time to you."

"You have been two mortal hours reading the first chapter of Genesis, and I did not think it would take you more than ten minutes at best. You have asked questions enough to set me crazy, and you have got enough jotted down on that paper to make Mr. Goodman go mad. Amy, I do not think you had better carry that paper to Mr. Goodman at all."

"Oh! mamma, you said all you could not explain the minister could, and that we would ask him."

"Well," said Mrs. Lester, "I will allow you to carry this paper to him, but that is all. I know he will not be pleased with this long string of questions."

"But, mamma, Mr. Goodman says that God called him to do this very work—to explain and expound his holy word—and that is his entire business; and you and papa belong to Mr. Goodman's church, and help to pay him a great many hundred dollars a year, and do not you think he would be willing to explain the questions on just one chapter in the Holy Bible?"

"Well," said Mrs. Lester, "I am invited to take tea at Mr. Goodman's house to-morrow afternoon. I shall take little Louis, and you may go, too, and help take care of him. You can then show the paper to Mr. Goodman; at the same time, I doubt very much if he will answer the questions. I think he will call you a very impertinent child."

[To be continued.]

For the Banner of Light.

TO OUR BABY.

An Inspirational Poem.

BY MRS. KATE OSBORN.

Oh! my darling pet, so soft and sweet,
With your dainty head and tiny feet—
Snowy feet, both fringed with little toes,
All arranged with care in two short rows.

Like the sunbeams of the fragrant south
Are the smiles that wreath your rosy mouth;
And two little stars, from heaven caught,
Are your sparkling eyes so full of thought.

When I fold you in my arms to sleep,
Then the angels come their watch to keep;
From the softest tint to brightest hue
Is the rainbow wreath they bring to you.

All its shades are gems of countless price,
For the bow was made in Paradise.
Where the rosy tints with changing shade
Ever blend with lights that never fade.

And I hear an angel gently say:
"Little snowdrop feet shall never stray.
For this tiny heart we closely twine
With a rainbow wreath to ever shine."

"Through the shadows of the coming years,
Through the darkest clouds of grief and tears;
So on land or sea some spirit light
Will forever guide her feet aright."

Do you hear the angels, darling pet?
What the angels say they never forget.
With your velvet cheek and pearly hand
They all say you came from Summer-land.

St. Louis, Mo.

What Moved the Dog?

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Some years ago there resided at Slatersville a family, one of whom, a boy, fourteen or fifteen years of age, was an incarnation of wickedness. He was in constant trouble through his thefts and other misdemeanors, and when things became too hot for him would flee to Jewett City, a village a few miles north of Norwich, Conn., and stop with an aunt, a widow, who resided there.

She always gave him food and shelter, thinking that though he was a "hard customer," possibly the folks at home were more harsh than necessary. The last time he sought refuge at her house, she put him to bed in an upper chamber where was a gold watch which had been her husband's. In the course of the evening she thought of the watch, and also the temptation it might be to her nephew. She went to the chamber, and, on being admitted, found that the watch was gone. She charged the boy with its theft. He stoutly denied the charge, but she persisted, and in a few minutes the fellow gave up the watch. She then ordered him to leave the house, which he did reluctantly. As he went out, he turned at the door, and pointing his finger at her, said: "I'll pay you for this."

Living alone she had some fears, and for several nights had a female friend in the neighborhood sleep with her. In the course of a fortnight the butcher of the village came along with a dog, accompanied by a large bulldog. The lady picked up a piece of meat, and went into the house about her work. In the course of an hour or two she noticed this bulldog behind the stove, asleep. The door being open, she endeavored to drive him out, but he would not move, showing his teeth and growling, indicating that he had come to stay.

She went about her work, thinking the dog might go out, or possibly a neighbor might come along to her relief. The dog sat, however, and she retired, leaving her unreluctant visitor behind the stove. About midnight she was awakened by the fierce, angry growls of the dog. Listening, she knew that there was a fight between the dog and some one attempting to burglarize the house. In a moment she heard a voice, which she recognized as that of her nephew, and then knew the rascal had attempted to execute his threat. Arising in the morning, the dog was quietly resting on the floor in the kitchen. When she opened the door he left at once, and went homing.

That bulldog was there for a purpose. He was a stranger to the lady and the house, nevertheless he entered, remained, resisting the efforts to drive him out, met the burglar at night, and drove him off, returning home in the morning after the purpose of protecting the house had been accomplished. It is not at all probable that the dog at his own instance and motion took the course he did. There was a presence, followed by an exacting demand, fitted to meet the coming exigency, his mission accomplished, returning, he met the burglar on the first opportunity in the morning. He never was at the house previously, and has not been there since that eventful night. Whence this purpose, this line of action, so remarkable and so successful? Was it the dictate of dog-knowledge and reason? I think not. I can see no solution of the phenomenal only by the intervention of spirit-power.

Spirits, wit, foresight, what was coming, moved the dog and made him a medial instrument to thwart the designs of the rascally nephew and protect the aunt.

WILLIAM POSTER, JR.,
Providence, R. I.

Reason? BEECHAM'S PILLS not like magic.

(From The Independent Pulpit, Waco, Texas.)

"Is Death the End?"

BY H. J. KENDALL.

In the September Pulpit, Mr. E. Hannum asks the above question, in an article with the above heading. For himself in particular, and for anybody interested in general, I write the following to answer his query, by replying that most assuredly death is not the end.

How do I know this? and how can I speak so confidently? is a fair query.

I know it because I have demonstrated it for myself; and I have so demonstrated it that I am as certain of it as any one can be who has not died. I can do so no more certainly in the flesh.

Mr. Shaw will vouch for the fact that I would not deliberately lie—and the only other alternative is, have I been mistaken? To answer this query, I would have to write a long string of experiences that would more than fill *The Pulpit*. And without doing this the difficulty is, how can I convey to the readers of this journal a reasonable assurance, or belief, that what I say is true? People who know me personally would never accuse me of bigotry or obliquity, and yet I believe I can honestly say that no evidence, or I can conceive of none that could be offered, would convince me I am wrong. And I say this because I honestly believe such evidence could not be brought.

My experience has been carefully checked, weighed, examined, etc., in every way possible, and in such fashion that imposture, deception, etc., have been out of the question. I have not trusted in public mediums, or paid seances. I have had experience in my own life, and in my own family, and in my wife's presence. If I have been deceived then my senses and my reason are of little use.

When I say that I have had twenty years of journalistic experience, my readers may have reason to conclude that I am no mere sentimentalistic softy, or "sucker" (to put it in the idiom of the day), to have the wool pulled over my eyes by every impostor. In fact I have had to do (in my experiments) with a minimum of persons who could be impostors. Spiritualistic experiences are unique in this, that if ninety-nine "demonstrations" are proved to be fraud, while but one in the one hundred is proved to be genuine, the one genuine case proves the whole case. Yet I admit proof to myself is not proof to anybody else. I am not seeking to make my certainty proof to anybody else. All I am endeavoring to do is to give a reasonable assurance that another person may reasonably believe that "death" is not the end of the individuality.

I can assure Mr. Hannum that he will meet his friends after he has shed his overcoat of flesh, and passed into the "spirit-land"—and I trust I give truth and my fellow-man enough not to give such an assurance, unless I am myself assured it is true, and have good reliable reason for saying so. And I will add—and the readers of *The Pulpit* may judge of the attitude of mind in which I approached the subject, and went on with my investigations from it—that no man can be really convinced, to be sure, by any experience of any other person; each must have the experience for himself or herself. Any person who does not have such experience chooses to say he does not believe, notwithstanding others' assurances, he has a perfect right to say so, and no one can find any fault with him for so doing; but for myself to say so would be absurd. If I were to say I do not believe in a future life I would only lie if I did, and I have had fifteen years' experience in the materialistic camp.

I used to live in London, to attend the Hall of Science, Old Street City Road, as regularly as a good Christian goes to church, and have "sat under" Charles Bradlaugh, Mrs. Besant, Charles Watts, George Jacob Holyoake, Mrs. Lord, David Symes, etc., etc., time and time again. I have read the literature for years, I am conversant with the arguments. I only say this as some evidence that when I proceeded to investigate the evidence for "a life beyond the grave" I did so thoroughly wide awake and conversant of the objections, and when I write above that I ask readers to believe that I do so in no paltry "Sir Oracle" or "Spiritic spirit." My only object in writing is to try and give some assurance of a life after the dissolution of the body to those who would like to have somebody else's assurance of this, and have reason to think that somebody's assurance is no mere idle fancy. So much for that.

Now I would ask each reader to do one of two things, to do one of which would seem to be absolutely and surely possible. Let the reader try to conceive of space being bounded; and then let him try and conceive of its being unbounded. Honestly attempted it will be an exercise that may produce thought. I think the reader will probably arrive at the conclusion that he cannot think of space as being either bounded or unbounded.

But how is a person to assure himself of a future life? He can only do so by personal investigation and experience. I believe such assurance is obtainable by all, or nearly all. If a man does not care to take the trouble, there is purely a personal matter, and there is no compulsion. But if he does not he ought not to deny that others have had such assurance, or to laugh them to scorn when they assert they have. In the words of Mr. J. M. Brown (in the October Pulpit) "Logic is logic," but it is not always with the materialist. Just as there are frauds and impostors here, so there are frauds and impostors in the "spirit-land." Dying does not change the individual's character. Why then, the common sense should be so, so? The mere belief in a spirit existence, or spirit existence itself, does not involve the acceptance of, or truth of, the pictures of such a life as parsons and priests have taught. Materialists too often think that it does, and that if they believe there is a future life they must believe all the fables of it. The spirit life is an evolution. It is one step, but not the last, further on—a liar here is a liar (to those still in the flesh) there. An impostor here would probably, for the mere love of imposture, still continue to be one to any he could fool. Because a spirit at a circle says he is John Brown, does that prove he is John Brown? Assuredly not. Would it do so here? If not, why should it there? I assert there is a life outside the physical envelopes. I cannot prove this to anybody else. Each must do so for himself. If a person declines to believe it till it is demonstrated to him, I find no fault with him. There is a medium, a medium course between the skeptical and the credulous, and it is in the line of this medium that truth is to be sought—and found.

The science of existence is as big as any other science, and the man who desires to know of it will have to work for it. Each must find "the path" for himself. That path lies not in mere negation, but along the lines of intuition. The western world excels in knowledge of the physical sciences—the Orient excels in the spiritual sciences. To this day the British government is at a loss to know how it was that during the Indian mutiny, with all the resources of science at the disposal of Her Majesty's government, news of distant events was common gossip in the bazaars days and hours before the British could get the news. Thought-transference may be something more than a matter for jest after all. The clairvoyant faculty may be more than food for ridicule. The power of ether involves something that surely does not come under the definition of matter—to be measured and weighed. Perhaps it may be more indicative of wisdom than to be a little modest in dogmatic materialism than to be so dead sure that matter is all. It may be more reasonable to believe that intelligence

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

The Inevitable in Preaching.

Here is the venerable Bishop Foster, now of the Methodist Episcopal Church, preaching Geology against Genesis, in the matter of creation, and coming to the very brink of the endorsement of evolution. He likewise preaches Pantheism—God in the material as well as in the higher world—and Unitarianism—the necessity of good works. And while his discourse is filled with references to the "straight and narrow way," he comes very near preaching Universalism. It was at Newport, Kentucky, on the first Sunday in October, that the Bishop delivered this somewhat notable discourse on the theme, "Man is Spirit." The Cincinnati Times-Star prefaces its full report of his sermon by remarking that when he alluded to the abandonment of some of his early and crude conceptions of the way God formed this universe, and then gave in his adhesion to the evolutionary view, and paid tribute to the work of the scientists which made it possible for him to rise to the present grander and truer conception of creation and genesis, his words were received with many marks of approval by the congregation.

Invisible things, said the Bishop, are those which cannot be seen by the eye, not those which cannot be apprehended by the mind. These invisible things can be understood. They come to us by indirection. I have heard a good brother say, said he, that his faith was so strong that he was never afflicted with any doubts. He feared that such a man never does any thinking. As soon as such a one begins to use his reason, he will begin to find that the path is not so clear that he can travel without effort.

How do we know God? he inquired. And he answered, only by seeing what he does, by seeing him in things about us. He shows himself in many ways. We belong to the same invisible world that God does. Man does not have a soul, he is a soul. Man is a spiritual being, and must not be confounded with the body, which is of the earth, earthy. God made in this house of clay a system of instrumentalities which man may use. We are apt to think that the man and the house are one, but the real man is as truly invisible as God himself is. We find that we are, just as we find that God is, which is the artist's self. We must teach people to feel that they are living, growing souls, and that they must cultivate themselves to reach the highest level of development.

To-day the two worlds touch; to-morrow we will slough off the material covering. The body will return to dust, but the soul lives on; the spiritual world survives. He that studies nature studies the world in its building; and he will come the nearest to right thinking of God as he is if he is a faithful student. The Bishop said that when he was a boy he thought this work of creation was done in six days; but he admitted he was wrong; he had to be corrected; and he gave all praise to the scientists who have led us up to the hill-top where we may get a grander view.

The above remarks verge on Spiritualism, as indeed all modern preaching and teaching must that touch spirit as the essence and regard the material and physical as the shadow only. The spirit contained in what has been quoted from this discourse runs through the body of it. It shows only too plainly that all modern teaching tends directly to the spiritual as the central and final, the only real and lasting. Men and women as we commonly see them are not real men and women, only the houses in which men and women live. We are each and all of us spiritual beings, not mere embodiments to be estimated externally.

It is inevitable that this sort of utterance will come from the pulpit more and more, from the fact that spirit power is impressing itself upon receptive souls as it never was known to do before. The world of humanity may be thought to be continually becoming more material in its life, but it is that very materialism that, by becoming infused with spirit, is to lift the race to more spiritual conceptions and levels.

A valuable lesson to investigators is conveyed in Hudson Tuttle's article on our first page.

W. A. Cram has an essay on our first page which all should read.

Creating Crimes by Legislation.

A writer in the Twentieth Century boldly asserts that crimes are created by legislative acts. Every session of a Legislature sees crimes added to the existing list of crimes. Once there was more than a score of capital crimes; now there is only one—murder—and that may be universally abolished some day. While attention is concentrated upon this one remaining crime, the lesser crimes are increasing at an alarming rate. They are obstructions placed in the course of humanity, and will in turn have to be cleared away if mankind is to advance to a better future.

Thirty new crimes were created by the Pennsylvania Legislature in a session of less than six months this year. These created crimes, asserts the writer, largely result because of the attempt of the individuals composing the Legislature to mind other people's business. Another class of created crimes are those to protect the business of one set of persons at the public expense. The politicians throw a sop to the pharmacists by an act of legislation to protect the latter by a certificate of qualification, without which it is a misdemeanor to compound and sell drugs. They likewise prohibit cremation by compelling those engaged in it to obtain a permit from a health department, based on a certificate of the last attending physician. Cremation may perhaps diminish burial receipts. Legislatures create crimes in order that the poor people may stumble into pits prepared for them and become criminals, no matter whether the act done is moral or immoral, harmless or harmful.

The doctors, with such allies as they can secure, are to day besieging the legislatures of several States to pass laws making it criminal for a person to practice the art of healing without a certificate or diploma testifying that he or she is a graduate of one of their colleges of medicine. To heal without such a license they would make a crime. By what right do they presume to do this? Why may not one person practice the healing art as well as another, provided only he can heal? How can one set of men grant authority to heal, and another set, and a much larger one, be forbidden to do the same thing, or even to practice healing for themselves? This doing things by legislative manipulation that cannot be done without such aid is a stretch of power closely akin to monopoly, and is becoming unendurable.

The Connecticut Eclectic Medical Association, at its recent semi-annual meeting in Middletown, adopted a series of resolutions, declaring that the physician or school of medical practice that needs legislation for its protection does not deserve it; requesting the legislature to pass no bill placing the profession of medicine under the control of any board with arbitrary power to use it as partisans of any school of practice; and, best and completest of all, asking the legislature to pass an amendment to the Constitution, and place it before the people for ratification or rejection, making the right of medical practice in that State forever free from all restriction.

This last is a long step in advance of any hitherto taken. In the same direction. It strikes a final and fatal blow at the root of this meddlesome, arbitrary, and wholly presumptuous business. That is the way for the supporters of a free-healing act to meet this offensive presumption of the regular physicians in all the States. Let them work with all their might for a constitutional amendment like the one described above, which ends this struggle for monopoly and absolute power at once. Not that there are not, by any means, able, unprejudiced, and wholly honorable men to be found among the "regulars." They are not all exposed to the criticism which the rest of them invite. There are men among them whose liberality of conduct in this and all other matters is equalled only by their undeniable skill and practical success in the art of healing. It is not such as these who are besieging the legislatures to make the practice of healing a monopoly, and making it actionable to heal the sick without a license obtained indirectly from themselves. Such men do not object to any one's healing who can. They are overworked by their practice, and have no time, as they also have no need, to meddle with legislatures in a hope to circumscribe the people's right of choice. It is the "small calibred" Allopath whose bark swells the chorus for legal protection, and for the passage of laws which shall make honest competition a crime!

The Supreme Vice.

Commenting on what it terms the enormous increase of dishonesty, the Baltimore Sun, among other journals of the day, remarks that it is not at all strange that poorer or less fortunate ones should fall; when men of great wealth and reputation are willing to run the risk of disgracing themselves for the sake of increasing their already large fortunes. It rightly charges that the greed of gain and the lust of gold is the supreme vice of the age, and the real source and cause of the moral taint that more or less affects all classes and elements of society. Honesty and old-fashioned notions of integrity are too generally sneered at. The increase of dishonesty, says The Sun, among what are called the respectable classes, is a startling and alarming outgrowth of nineteenth century life, and must be rooted up if the foundations of social and national existence are to be preserved unimpaired.

Happily there is salt enough left in the world to savor it, and keep sweet the promises and prophecies of the better times that are in store. Otherwise there would be occasion for us all to despair of the future. It is much to say that corruption, and dishonesty cannot always work in concealment, but are forced to the surface and the light. And the very fact that they are finally disclosed only to be condemned is proof presumptive of the controlling activity of a public conscience that refuses more and more to let them go unpunished. Corruption broods and festers everywhere unquestionably. It is to be taken for a part of the inevitable evil whose laborious overthrow furnishes the larger part of the discipline, the purification, and the exaltation of human character. Not that it is to be justified in the remotest degree, but it is here as an element of obstruction to our moral growth, without whose complete conquest after unceasing effort no character can be certain of having found the right road to perfection and final peace.

When we look around us and see with increasing alarm the apparent increase of the evils we deplore, it would be well, because it is simply reasonable and just, to remember that for the comparatively dishonest few, there are innumerable more trustworthy and true men.

who are entrusted all their lives with grave responsibilities of every kind, who die with hands unstained by the least misuse of the enormous trust funds that have passed through them, and who leave to their families little more than an honest name and a character stamped with integrity. Such men are to be counted by tens of thousands, also how could the world's work and business thrive? When this class falls, it will be time to lament the real decay of society and the approach of anarchy in private and public morality. If all men were rascals, the commerce of the world, it has been well said, could not subsist for a day. So long, too, as there is only prompt condemnation for rascality when it is discovered, the signs are wholly favorable for its ultimate vanquishment by that sentiment which lives in us only for a universal regeneration.

Souls and Hopes.

A great soul, impressively said Rev. John W. Chadwick in a recent discourse, triumphs over the misery and terror of the immediate present. In spite of seeming failure, the future, large and glorious, looms upon its sight. It is the great soul that makes the great hope, makes it so great that it dwarfs the huge, dark failure of the present into an insignificance so absolute that it is as if it did not exist. All life is a piece, and the most dramatic episodes of history are but the tolls and sacrifices, the battles and the victories, of the humblest people on God's earth writ in some larger character.

The greater the soul, the greater is the hope. If the great soul makes the great hope, the great hope makes the great soul, at least the greater soul. We are saved by hope. Let a man hope for any great and noble thing, and the strength and greatness of that hope will pass into his soul. The great hope greates every soul that entertains it with sincerity and truth. But there are hopes that are great or small according as they are greatly or meanly held. The hope of an immortal life is the most striking illustration. Though it is commonly spoken of as a great hope it is not necessarily and invariably this. It is only great as it is greatly held; and it has not been greatly held by all or most of those who have held it within Christian bounds, to say nothing of the millions outside of those bounds.

Considering how meanly and basely this hope has been held, it is not strange that many have conceived the idea that it is essentially a selfish, miserable and demoralizing hope. It is to hold it greatly, to hold it as a hope of everwidening knowledge, ever nobler service, and ever holier love; as a pledge that countless millions, who, in this present life, are beaten down and marred so that the glory of their manhood and womanhood is utterly obscured, will yet attain to all that they have lost or missed. But such hopes as these are not for little souls, but for souls great with intelligence and love and sympathy with the misery and loss of others. And they enlarge every soul that holds them patiently.

Insanity and poverty and crime—all those who have brought great souls to the battle with these things have had great hopes about them. The men who have no confidence in our political future are the dainty do-nothings, while the men who have hope for that future are earnestly seeking to make the existing evils less. It is faithfulness that makes faith. Where there has been constant faithfulness, there the great hope of a renewed and glorified affection springs into life, and grows and flourishes like tropic verdure drenched with mighty rains and daily flooded by the sun's exhaustless urn.

Thank heaven it is not as if the greatness of men's souls were a matter wholly of their intellectual volition and momentum. The great souls are not few. They wear no badge by which to distinguish them on the street. Sometimes their clothes are of the cheapest kind and sadly overworn. But the possibility, if not the actuality, of infinite patience and heroic love is there. There is no lack of opportunity for spiritual greatness. Great souls declare themselves most frequently by doing little things in a great way. Emerson says that when we are braiding mats we may be braiding galaxies. We are doing better than that, we are braiding character—braiding it out of our housekeeping and school-keeping, out of our buying and selling, out of our making and mending. It is not because an activity is humble, but because it is illegitimate, that it does not furnish opportunity for spiritual growth. The genius of the true sculptor is manifested first in clay.

Men often speak of the business life of modern times as fatal to their larger life. It needs no proof that business life is often miserably selfish and depraved; but to be so just and generous in the management of one's business as to do something to convince others of the folly and falsehood of socialism and anarchism, this is an opportunity that may well pique the courage of our bravest men, and in its seizure and improvement magnify their souls to the proportions of the greatest of our own or any time.

The last great means of greatening our souls is to find the elements of greatness in the humblest tasks, to compel the opportunity for greatness from the cares and troubles and perplexities which make up the warp and woof of every fleeting day. There are no greater souls than those who know this secret of the world, and who have shaped their lives according to its law. And as their souls, so also are their hopes—for all who struggle and aspire, for all whom grievous burdens crush and maim, for all whose fond imagination pictures for them a better country, even a heavenly, wherein they shall again behold the faces that once brightened all their ways. But better than the greatest hope is the great soul.

Paralysis can be cured permanently without medicine by the laying on of hands of some magnetic individual. This we proved twenty years ago. But in order to make a successful cure, the patient must at once receive the treatment as above described. This is what we did, and no recurrence of the dread malady has since affected us. Be sure to try the remedy as soon as possible after the stroke has become apparent. This is a fact every one can demonstrate who wishes—and it is no "miracle," either, but a common-sense application of the nervous forces of the healthy person who is called upon to do the work.

Our thanks are returned to Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Osborn, Danbury, Ct., and Mrs. M. B. Thorpe, Abington, Mass., for donations of choice flowers for our Free Circle-Room table.

The contents of the "Banner Correspondence" department this week are of special interest.

The Signs of a Kind Heart.

To be ready with an excuse for others before thinking of one's self—that is a good sign, and one that deserves to be ranked at the front of them. The grace of readily excusing is a gift that cannot be too ardently coveted. An eminent clergyman tells of himself that when a boy, with a strong theological bent, being a very poor boy, he studied hard during the winters and worked harder during the summers to prepare himself for college. Being entirely out of money one spring, he had to leave school and go to work. Not finding any employment in the small college town where he had been studying, he went out among the farmers to see if he could get work from them.

He found one man who was very much hurried by his spring work, and greatly impatient to get the furrows plowed in a large field for planting potatoes. The farmer's boys were to be home from school next day, which was Saturday, to do the dropping and covering. So he told the youth he might mark out the field with the plow for the planting, and if his work suited he might be hired for two or three months. The farmer saw that he was anxious to stay, and was satisfied that he possessed a good disposition.

The young lad went to work with tremendous vigor. He did not pause in his work until he had marked off a large tract. His employer came over from another part of the field, looked at what had been done, leaned on his hoe, and laughed till he shook. The field so far marked out was scalloped with irregular little ditches, made deep by the lad's ambitious vehemence. The furrows were of all depths, and at all distances apart. Regularity and evenness were something that did not enter into his head as he hurried the horse, and maintained his hold on the plow-handles. The lad laughed with the farmer, wiping the sweat from his brow, and illy concealing his anxiety as to the outcome. "I rather guess you don't want any more of my work, sir," he finally said to the farmer. "Oh, yes, yes I do," answered the latter, "but 'tain't your fault that the furrows are crooked. Ye see, the sun's pretty hot to-day, and I reckon the heat warped 'em!"

It was a lesson, sugar-coated as it was with kindly humor, that the recipient never forgot after becoming a man himself. How could it ever be erased from his memory? Here was the most disappointed party charitably inventing an explanation which was to serve as an excuse for the other's sheer incompetency.

As things generally go, however, it is very different from this. The prevailing fault-finding disposition makes enemies where there might be and ought to be only friends, and sets conflicts raging which no floods of ice-water coolness afterward can extinguish. It does really appear at times as if many people were looking only for an opportunity to criticize and censure, to carp and condemn. They seem never so happy as when uttering bitter words and exhorting venomous phrases. What a different state of things we all should have if the exact reverse of this were true—if everybody baptized his neighbor in the warming sunshine of his own good-will and charitable feeling. Not from any feeling like that of superiority, much less of patronage, but out of the irrepressible and immeasurable love of one's heart. Instead of this, think of the envy and malice, the greedy selfishness and consuming jealousy that spoil everything.

"Daniel's Kingdom" Coming!

In his two-column article in the Boston Traveler on the second advent of Christ, Dr. Kinnear instances the conflict of nations as a positive confirmation of his previous forecast, and quotes a leader in a New York paper showing that instead of peace and safety there is "an angry multitude and a world in arms." He asserts that a large number of prophetic writers hold to-day that out of the next great European war will arise the ten kingdoms of Daniel and the ten kings of Revelation.

The reasons given are, because all nations are in a condition of upheaval and preparation for war, in a time when "Knowledge is increased and men are running to and fro on the earth," because the "falling away" of Theosophy is now taking place in religious, political, social and financial life, as demonstrated by infidelity, anarchy, the higher criticism of the Bible, Spiritualism, Theosophy, and Esoteric Buddhism—likewise by the corruptness of political life, the social aspect, and the abnormal rule of business success.

Finally, because all profound observers, as well as prophetic scholars, pronounce the termination of this century to be the crisis of the world's history; and the students of Bible chronology are unanimous in their belief that the beginning of the twentieth century is the "time of the end," and the entrance to the millennium. At a prophetic conference held in London this year, consisting of a large number of bishops and clergy, it was promulgated as their unanimous conviction that the "second coming of the Lord" would probably take place in the year 1899. This writer acknowledges his belief that Lieut. Totten's chronology [to whose "blue-light" views and calculations THE BANNER has several times of late paid its compliments] is the true one for a number of reasons.

The "Biddy" has recently been brought into prominence by the court at Plymouth, Mass., where the first "Yankees" landed whose descendants have peopled the United States, which the said States stole from the original proprietor, the red man, who was a descendant of the "lost" tribe of Israel! Well, since then, as Time is ever "on the wing," members of the "Celestial" Empire, China, have planted their pig-tails in this land of liberty. But their sort of liberty is the disobedience of the laws of the United States, and as they don't know anything about "Jesus," the latest law-giver, when they are hauled up for crime, they swear by the "chicken," which is produced in court, as it was recently at Plymouth, Mass., to swear Chinese witnesses upon! Seriously: are we not living in queer times?

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.—THE BANNER thanks its patrons and correspondents for all their kindnesses the past year. It also thanks its good spirit-friends for all they have done to promote its interests; and we give thanks that we have lived so long, and have been protected so well by spirit-power in the great work we were selected to perform many years ago. And we also give thanks that the "God's Poor Fund," inaugurated by our spirit-friends, has accomplished so much in feeding the hungry and clothing the destitute, and that we were enabled to do so by the aid of philanthropic Spirituallists, for which we cordially thank them. Let the good work go on.

Physical Phenomena.

THE BANNER publishes the following statements on the authority of the gentleman whose name is attached, who called upon us, stating that "every word is correct":

I wish to call your attention, Mr. Editor, and that of the readers of THE BANNER, to a medium who has been sitting with a few friends for the manifestation of the physical phenomena, and for materialization of the spirit power, and who has been guided by her guides to give public sances. Her name is Mrs. S. S. Martin of this city.

I have attended several of these sances. The following are some of the phenomena I have witnessed. I will state first, however, that what is used as a cabinet in a corner of the room (which room is also used as a sance room—only one room being used) separated from the rest of the apartment by a curtain about five feet long. There is no door or aperture from this corner, the double curtain serving as the only separation from the portion of the room occupied by the sitters; the cabinet, and everything pertaining to the exhibition, occupies less than ten square feet. The light has been so arranged that no light from any movement of any one in the room, or inside the cabinet, when the curtains were open. Repeatedly, with the medium standing in the middle holding the curtains of the cabinet apart, a human form has been seen sitting in a chair at the same place, holding aside the curtains, astral forms have appeared—first faintly, then increasing in density, and then gradually disappearing. They are sometimes separate, at other times seeming to almost blend with the medium. With the curtain closed, and the medium inside, forms have appeared at the curtain, and some outside, apparently as solid as ordinary mortals; one of them, at one time, showing her face distinctly—a face, unlike the medium, and another time the form, by a sign, identified herself as a friend and acquaintance of the writer in spirit life. There has been also on several occasions a musical box set playing, both the box and the medium being in plain view, and neither the medium nor any visible being coming in contact with the box. At one time the box was put inside a cloth bag and securely fastened in; at other times bound with cords, and always locked. The clock, several feet away from the cabinet, and not near any one in the circle, has been struck and been made to keep time to music. Ringing of bells independently of the medium and various phenomena of a similar nature have taken place, showing the ability of intuition to reveal the spirit world, our friends and companions, to appear by taking on matter as a garment in various degrees of denseness, from the mist just perceptible to sight, to solid flesh and blood.

Materialization has been demonstrated by many mediums in Boston to the entire satisfaction of those intimately acquainted with the several mediums and their surroundings, but often some of our best mediums have had their cabinets so arranged that doors were accessible to a fault, and the sances were such that even the firmest believer has hesitated to invite his skeptical friend to attend a sance because the evidence fell short of a demonstration. With the conditions as at Mrs. Martin's no one need hesitate to invite the most skeptical, if he is in a reasonable frame of mind.

GEO. W. ALLEN.

175 Tremont street, Boston, Nov. 17th, 1891.

Socialism and the Church.

The monthly meeting of the Newton (Mass.) Congregational Club was held in the Second Congregational Church, West Newton, on the evening of Nov. 17th, a very large audience greeting Rt. Rev. Frederick D. Huntington, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of Central New York, who delivered an address upon "Socialism and the Church." The Bishop said in the course of his address that there was a great deal of agitation among the laboring classes, and that unless certain rights were conceded to them, we should continue to see these signs of dissatisfaction. Under these circumstances, said the speaker, the church ought to preach the doctrine of liberty for the down-trodden and struggling poor. The average annual wages of operatives, said he, in ninety manufacturing establishments in New England is \$441; average earnings of proprietors of these industries, \$4,983. In this country 250,000 families control seventy-five per cent. of the wealth, and pay one-fourth of the taxes, and, therefore, it is high time that the church should recognize that the heavenly order of society is not to be postponed to a future world, but set up here on earth. This is just what THE BANNER thinks and has said many times. The speaker uttered a great truth when he averred that "the country to day is really not in so much danger from its tramps as it is from the cautious, astute men who are worth a million or more, who never break a lock and who never steal less than \$50,000 at a time. What we want is fairer and better executed laws. There is room for man and all men.

How Shall We Better Comprehend Spiritual Laws?

We start with this affirmation, we are all spirits, and thus we must comprehend ourselves and the laws that govern us. But while we acknowledge our spiritual origin, and recognize our oneness with all spiritual forces, we feel most keenly our hold upon material forces, and those forces are so powerful they seem to rule us instead of the higher spiritual ones.

Our bodies will assert themselves as quite independent of spiritual power. They will hunger and thirst, and feel chill and heat. Mother Earth claims their labor, and they know fatigue. Crude forms of disease attack them, and they know pain.

Thus, if we study spiritual laws in ourselves, we are forced to enter the realm of the material in order to ascend to the spiritual. We must comprehend how the body takes up its nourishment, converts it into force, and keeps the machine in good running order.

Must we not know how blood goes to make nerve-force, and nerve-force becomes feeling, and feeling thought? In fact we must understand the first movement of life or soul or spirit in organizing our bodies. To do this we are compelled to seek in science the solution of the first problem—how does matter become force?

Spiritual laws are to the mind what natural laws are to the body. Their comprehension depends upon exact science, or the revelation of causes.

Vaccination.

The use of this vile "antidote" against the disease known as smallpox is still persisted in by the "regular" medical faculty. A recent case is in point: A passenger on the recent trip of the ocean steamer Catalina refused to be vaccinated, and in consequence he was quarantined on Galloupe's Island, in Boston harbor. He is captain of a fire brigade of Milrow, Lancashire. He is now a prisoner in this boasted land of liberty.

"The Magnetic Woman from Georgia," as the English press has it, who is showing her great strength in London, is the all-absorbing topic just now in that great metropolis. Alleged solutions of her mysterious powers are being discussed from day to day. The fact is, as we have before said, she is a spirit medium, and through her magnetic powers this strength comes, she being aided by a powerful band of invisible spirit Indians. Prof. Wallace, if called upon, could undoubtedly explain the "mystery." There is no other hypothesis than that of combined spiritual forces which operate through the physical organism of the lady in question.

A brief line from J. Frank Baxter informs us, among other points, of the recent decease of Mr. Thomas G. Howland, an old and prominent Spirituallist of Providence, R. I.

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Message Department.

ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS

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

Answers to Questions, and the giving of SPIRIT MESSAGES, will be given on the BANNER OF LIGHT DAY, and will be published in this Department of THE BANNER.

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

Mrs. LONGLEY, under the influence of her guides, also gives exhortations and addresses to send messages to their relatives and friends in the earth-life an opportunity to do so.

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

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

Natural flowers are gratefully appreciated by our angel visitants, therefore we solicit donations of such from the friends in earth-life who may feel that it is a pleasure to place upon the altar of the spirit their offerings.

Letters of inquiry in regard to this Department must be addressed to

QUESTIONS ANSWERED AND SPIRIT MESSAGES

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF

Mrs. M. T. Longley.

Report of Public Séance held Oct. 13th, 1891.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh! Holy Presence, thou Beneficent Spirit whose principles are justice and truth, whose law is love, whose works are performed through wisdom and with consummate skill, we recognize thy power, we acknowledge thy supremacy in all things. We draw near unto thee in the fullness of our aspirations, seeking light and understanding, and asking for knowledge of thine eternal truths. May our souls become expanded to accept and know thy ways, that we may lean upon thee in the hour of trouble and realize that thy spirit is everywhere, that thou canst in no way stray outside of thine embrace, that under all conditions and under all circumstances we are thine child, and that a part of thee dwelleth in us being as he forevermore shall be.

We at this time desire to learn more of our spiritual natures, to have our understanding of life and its purposes quickened with the use of the faculties that are the things of this world that are of importance to humanity, but also grasp a comprehension of the things of the eternal life, which also affect the soul and the life.

We stretch out our hands toward the angel-world, asking that they may find a clasp from angel hands in return that shall give us strength and guidance and purpose to overcome the difficulties of this life, and to bring about the future by and by. We ask that they may sense the presence of our dear ones, that they may mingle with our atmospheres and give unto our lives something of their own peace and cheer. We would not be selfish in this desire, seeking all things for ourselves and giving nothing in return, but we wish to be able to help and comfort others, and to be able to do so in the kindly ministering spirits, that they, too, may be blessed in their coming, and receive from us that which shall be a blessing to them.

We ask thy benediction to rest upon us all now and forevermore.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—You may now present your queries, Mr. Chairman.

Ques.—[By "X," Albuquerque, N. M.] Is it probable that human life passes through the various stages of the animal and vegetable kingdoms in the course of evolution?

Ans.—We do not think it is claimed by evolutionists that human life, as you understand it, passes through the various stages of being known as the animal and vegetable kingdoms. We believe in the law of development, and that life (confining our remarks to a consideration of existence upon this planet) passes through the various kingdoms of being, receiving experience, and reaching ever outward and upward to that which is the crown or height of all development.

As far as we know anything of existence in connection with this earth, man is the apex of all life and sensation, and the human family is the epitome of all being, containing within itself all the elements that are to be found in any kingdom, in any department of being, and in any condition of existence.

The physical elements, and also the various conditions of unfoldment, we believe, have passed through the various stages of growth and planes of life until they have reached the human form; but it does not follow that the spirit of man has passed through all these stages of development—that it has animated the animal form prior to its appearance in the human body which it now occupies.

We believe that the forms of organic life which are capable of experiencing sensation, and which are also capable of progression, are subjected to the law of evolution, the complex ever opening out of and unfolding from the simple line or degree of life; and therefore we assume that the lower antedates the higher forms of existence, and that it was not possible for man to take his place upon this planet until various forms of organic life had preceded him, passed through their experiences, and prepared the way for his coming.

The different forms of animal life which the theorists and advocates of evolution declare have preceded humanity, and from which mankind has been the outgrowth or development, we also, as a thinking spirit, believe were placed upon this earth to pass through that special degree of experience and development, and that the form of physical life known now as the human type has been the outgrowth or the result of those various forms of animal life which antedated it. But the spirit possessing man, that soul-life, or flame of intelligence being especially to the human family, we believe has not exercised its power directly through any form of animal life. It was necessary for an organic physical structure to be evolved upon this earth which was suitable for the habitation of the human spirit; and while the physical form of man may have been the direct result of the law of evolution, yet it was not until that form was evolved that the spirit, the entity, the human intelligence, could make its presence and power felt. Earth having afforded to it, through the natural law of selection and development, a structure at last suitable for its possession and occupancy, the spirit then gained power to take control of the objective form, and to mold and utilize it according to its will.

These outward forms belonging to the physical planet must contain all the elements and various forces belonging especially to the material universe. That these elements and forces have been utilized in ages past through other forms, there can be no doubt to the thinking mind. Nature is a true economist. She can conserve her forces, and use them again and again in different forms; and so the physical structure of man may have been the direct development of organic life through other structures which have preceded it, all the time, no doubt, being guarded and tended by wise intelligences and by the Supreme Spirit in order that its perfect work might be accomplished by-and-by, and it be able to afford to the oncoming spirit-intelligence that degree of usefulness for which that intelligence sought.

Q.—[By "Student."] Will the Controlling Intelligence please give his views as to whether Francis Bacon really wrote the plays of William Shakespeare, as some claim he did?

A.—One would suppose that it is an easy matter for an intelligent spirit to determine precisely the true state of this affair, whether the grand productions attributed to William Shakespeare were really produced by the individual or whether they were produced by some more intellectual mind, and for private purposes, attributed publicly to the man whose name has been appended to them; and yet we are only able to voice our opinion upon this matter as far as we understand it from the spiritual side of life.

We have no doubt on the one hand that William Shakespeare produced much of that which, through many years, has been attributed by the public to his pen as an instrument of higher powers or intelligences standing back of him, but invisible to the outward life. We believe he served in that capacity, he of himself being as ignorant, as some of our own mediums in the present age as far as schooling and cultivated thought and study are concerned.

We know in the present day that it is possible for a medium to be taken from the lowly ranks of life who has not the advantage of a liberal education, who is illiterate and ignorant, who perhaps may not be of high character, of strong moral ability to withstand temptation; and yet, being sensitive, or so negative as to be susceptible to unseen influences, this individual may be noted upon by intelligences of a high, classical or intellectual order, so as to be able to voice or in some way to give forth to the world matter which astounds the public, it is so polished, so clear and complete, so full of beauty in its diction, and so sound in sense.

We look upon Shakespeare as having been a medium acted upon by invisible spirits who were themselves highly educated and intellectual, advanced in thought and in a knowledge of human nature and the affairs of the world. Shakespeare was a man of impulse, we understand, one who could not always pen those productions which the world has admired, but who had to be in a peculiar condition to be able to receive that which came forth in his name. We know, too, that he was an ignorant man, to a large extent uncultivated, sometimes boorish in manner, and given also to dissipation; and we have been informed that at times, when in a dissipated state, some of the finest thoughts and sentiments have been given by that strange man to the world.

We also have reason to believe, on the other hand, that Francis Bacon had a sort of supervision over a number of these productions of Shakespeare, and that he amended and polished them to suit himself in certain lines and directions before they were presented to the public eye. Therefore we can see a mixture of individualities in these works, and we can understand how it is that certain lines, sentiments and beautiful passages therein flame forth with wonderful brilliancy. Hence, we no longer ask ourselves how it was possible for a man of his standing and education to evolve these thoughts, when we realize that he was a sensitive susceptible to unseen influences, and capable of passing into a receptive state, at which time he might receive from the unseen world that which it had to give; and when we also realize that perhaps one of Lord Bacon's high learning and intellectual power had taken in hand some of these works and added to them the stamp of his own intellect.

Q.—[By "Chelate."] Does the possession of knowledge concerning Theosophy and a belief in reincarnation assist the spirit practically in entering the other life?

A.—Not necessarily. A spirit may be very learned in all the occult sciences, philosophies, theories and even principles, and yet it may not have been grandly unfolded in spirituality because of this knowledge.

An individual on earth may be so conditioned and organized that he can acquire great learning upon various subjects in the world. He may be highly polished, and understand the classics and physical and occult sciences so as to be able to discuss them ably with others of like learning, and yet such an individual may not be of a highly moral nature; he may not be grandly spiritualized, sending out waves from his own life and attracting to himself characters of an exalted order from the other life. On the contrary, such an individual may possibly dispense around him a magnetic aura which is not elevating, either to himself or to those whom he may reach. His tendencies may be downward and outward, rather than upward and onward; and therefore his standing in the spirit-world may not be greatly affected—for any good, at least—by the knowledge which he had gained upon these sciences, philosophies, or theories, or whatever you may be pleased to call them.

It depends altogether upon the spiritual capability for growth of an individual what his happiness will be in the other world. If one is aspirational, desires to grow good, to learn and to understand the true laws of life, even though he has been very ignorant concerning the various philosophies and theories in the world, it will not be long before he will find himself in a condition in the other life to follow any line of study that he desires, to come in contact with minds that are intellectual and versed in these matters, and to gain companionship and tuition from them.

Therefore, we would say to our friends, while it is well for you to gain knowledge upon all the laws of life or of nature that you possibly can during your sojourn on earth, yet much more depends upon the cultivation of your spiritual qualities, upon the development of those higher graces of human nature, which will help you understand if they will, and put into practice if they desire, as to the condition in which you will find yourselves when you pass from the mortal form.

Dr. Samuel G. Howe.

I give you greeting, Mr. President and friends. I find myself occupying a place upon your platform to-day, and I cannot resist the temptation to speak a few words for the public ear.

I do not know as I shall be received by those who have known me in my earthly career, for I can understand that many of them do not realize the condition of the spirit after its passage from the mortal frame, nor can they comprehend the fact of the return of the spirit into contact with mortals that are in the world, an intelligent thought through some mediumistic form. Therefore I will pardon my dear ones and my friends at large if they do not believe that I have returned to your public office, and I will be content to wait for the light to stream in upon their minds concerning this great truth, until they are fully prepared to receive and to comprehend it. But there are those who I feel will believe that I have returned.

Not to speak of or for myself, I thank my excellent friends who have, in private and through the press, spoken such good words of my life and its work. I disclaim all honor in connection with that which I was privileged to undertake. I only attended to my duty, and labored in love for the cause of the help less, who appealed to me, and I found my joy, my reward and my blessing in my work.

I know there are those who believe in the return of spirits, who will see my words. Some of them will accept this as a concept, this as a reality; and as they are in circumstances whereby they may accede to my wish and accomplish much good for their own souls' happiness, as well as for the happiness and welfare of others who are in need, I am encouraged to make an appeal.

You must not think, friends, that those who are interested in any reform, or in the pursuit of any benefaction for the weak and suffering, lay aside their interest and turn away from their work when they feel that they are in the spiritual world. If possible, their zeal increases, when they can behold the result of their labors from the spirit-side, and know that that which engaged their attention was of God and had his blessing, because sanctioned through all until the end.

My interest now as ever is in those who are deprived of a sight of the beauty and glory of this world, those who sit in physical darkness, unable to behold the light and day which reveal the mysteries of the heavens in the glowing stars at night, or to behold the wonder of God's works traced upon sea and shore. It is for the blind especially that I speak to-day, for the little children who are deprived of their faculties so as to be unable to communicate with this world as can those who are blessed with sight and with the full operation of their senses.

I am deeply interested in the welfare of the Kindergarten School for the Blind; and I make an appeal to-day, Mr. President, through your public avenues of speech and press, to those friends who are benevolently inclined, to extend from their purses substantial help toward the furtherance of this great and good work. Think of it! to take from the darkness and the silence which surrounds them those who are unable to see and to hear, and to place them in a condition in which they can derive all the benefits of sight and sound, and day and night, inner faculties can be educated and their senses trained so as to enable them to come into intelligent communication with the outer world—Is there more glorious work than this? It seems to me not.

[To the Chairman.] I know, sir, that most

of the spirits who return to this office come with the desire to enlighten their earthly friends upon their situation and even upon their continued existence in the spirit-world; I know that they come with words of love and cheer to mourning hearts in order to chase away the fear of death, and to bring comfort to trembling souls. That is a grand work; none can perhaps be better, I am sure not in a religious sense; and yet I think you can afford to me a few moments in which to speak in behalf of this great object in which so many souls are interested, even though I deprive some spirit of coming to its personal friends by the time which I occupy. I will not, however, tarry. A few words may be as effective as a discourse. I call the attention of those who are interested in the unfoldment of humanity, and in the mental as well as physical training of our young, to the little helpless ones who are blind and deaf and dumb, and who have not the advantages which the world at large enjoys. I appeal to you to remember these, and to afford to them if you can the needed assistance which will bring so much beauty, usefulness and joy into their lives, and I know that a reward, swift and sure, will come to you when you pass to the other life and make up your account in the spiritual banking-house of the great Father of all. Samuel G. Howe.

Emily Chace.

How beautiful are the flowers! It is so sweet of our friends to place them here for the enjoyment of returning spirits. How we appreciate them, and the kindly thoughts that surround the blossoms like an atmosphere, and we can read in gentle lines and know whence they come. The beautiful thoughts and kindly good-will that come with the flowers placed on this table I can see to-day just as plainly as I see the pansy which I love so well.

I am glad to meet you all here. This is beautiful to me, this experience which I wish to gain for myself, and which is given me this afternoon. I feel that I am one with you, that my place is here, so that my love unites with that of yours in this good spiritual work, and goes out to the world as the best that I can give from the other side of life.

I have been listening to Dr. Howe. I knew him when here in the body. Years ago, before I came to this work, I was engaged in the line of teaching at the Blind Asylum, and I knew of Dr. Howe and his work so well. No name is venerated by those who cannot see the light of day, and who have been in that institution, as is his; and since I passed to the spirit-world, I have been privileged to meet him, to learn of his great and good work, and to know of the beautiful influence which he sends out to humanity in behalf of the weak, the suffering and oppressed. So it seems fitting that I should stand by his side, and follow him here to speak for myself, for he has made the way clear to me.

I come to-day, doctor, to bring my love to all my friends, and to tell them I am so happy in the spirit-world. It is beautiful to me, even as I believed, and even more than I can express. The language which we have at our command, I have met very many of my friends, and they unite with me in harmonious thought. We are happy together in our work, and my work now I find to be the cultivation of those artistic tastes which I felt on earth, and which I sought to bring to expression; but the expression never satisfied me, it seemed so crude.

I would like to speak of all the dear friends whom I knew, but I shall not be able to do this through our medium; yet I must send my love to Aunt Ruth. Tell her I have seen Mr. Baker, and he is happy in his spirit-home. He wishes me to say that he is taking an interest in the political affairs of the State, and is looking forward to a grand Republican victory this coming fall. I smile over it, because he is so earnest, as if he had not parted with the body, and was still concerned in earthly things. So he is, and he feels rejoiced that the cumbersome form has been removed.

I wish, too, to send my love to "Mamma Cates." Tell her, please, Doctor, that I have many things to say to her when the opportunity is afforded.

I have tried to visit my friend, Sarah Ladd, and to bring influences to her from the spirit-world. I think I have succeeded to an extent, but not as I have wished. Therefore, I ask her, if she can, to realize that I live in the spirit-world, that all her spirit-friends live also, and that they have a tender thought for her and hers at all times.

There are so many more I would like to mention, but am unable to do so. I would like to tell you that I feel that I have a part of all with love and sympathy, and look forward to the time when I shall meet them again.

Dr. Hatch comes with me to-day to our circle, and wishes me to give his kindly regards and love to those who care to receive them. I am glad to be with you all. Emily Chace.

Nathaniel Ellsworth.

[To the Chairman.] I have not a great deal to say, but I would like to make myself known.

It is three or four years since I went out of the body. For a time I lingered around these earthly scenes, and followed up my friend Emily pretty closely, because I wanted to see what she was doing with the material matters; but I have got out of that now, satisfied to let that which belonged to the past go with the past. I have been turning to the spirit-side, getting what information I could from that line of life, and now I come back to report to my friends that I still live, that I have not found myself blotted out by this time, and have no reason to believe that I shall be in the future.

I live over in Chelsea, and I have friends across there that I would like to communicate with. If they will give me the opportunity, I shall be quite ready to do what I can in bringing a truth from the spirit-world. I have friends in Portland that I would like to send a few words to when the right time comes around; but if they hear I have come to this place, I want them to know I have had a thought of them, and am very glad to feel that I can send a word back to those whom I have known in the past.

I am Nathaniel Ellsworth.

D. Trowbridge Smith.

A feeling of suffocation comes over me as I try to take up the threads of life where I dropped them on this side and turn to the past with its experiences and memories—a feeling such as I had in passing from the body. Strange experience it was, but I know it is done with, and that I cannot really pass through the like again.

We are not given our choice of how we shall pass from the scenes temporal to those immortal, but if we were I would have chosen a different way of going out than that which came to me. Yet perhaps it is well that I had no more time for preparation; perhaps it is well that I should have the discipline that was mine.

I come now to send my greeting to my friends, to my family, and to all those who have been connected with me in the years gone by, and who still linger on this earthly plane, and want to tell them that I find life different from the spirit-side, from what I expected. Some ideas that I held of the future have been taken from me, and others more worthy of life and its progressive qualities have been received.

I have been attending school since I went over. I was along in life when here, yet despite my three score years I did not feel myself to be an old man; but I am like a little child in the spirit-world, getting my first lessons and trying to use them and them. Sometimes I ask others to explain them to me, just as the little boy here has to ask his elders about those lessons which seem so incomprehensible to him. But I shall get along and gain knowledge after a while, and what I have will be mine that no one can take from me.

I lived in Longmeadow, in the western part of this State. There are those in the good old town who must remember me, and those whom I know still have a thought of me. I do not want them to think of me as a memory, but rather as one who is alive and active and employing his energies in the best way he can.

I was engaged in a business capacity in various towns during my life. I have been in South Deerfield, and have friends there. Later

on I was at Athol, where I found pleasant associations, and in different parts of the State. I think there are those who will be interested to know that I have come back from a foreign shore to say a word to them, and to let them know that I continue to live. Tell them that Trowbridge Smith is not afraid to speak a word for the truth. I do not think I was ever one to shrink a duty or to hide that which came to me as a truth, and I have not become any the less outspoken in the spirit-world. Put me down as D. T. Smith, if you please.

Benjamin Lakey.

[To the Chairman.] Have you room for an old soldier? You are welcome.

Well, I stood just as close to that gentleman as I knew how, and the minute he went out I popped in. I have been here before, and tried to speak, and I've seen how they work things. Sometimes I've noticed a number of women standing up pretty close here, thinking they were the next to speak, and all of a sudden they would get shifted around, and somebody else would slip in. I was up to that, and I didn't mean to be taken that way, so I got in.

I have n't much to say, only I was an old soldier, and I suppose I did as the rest of the boys did in the time of trial; but I'm not going to say anything about it.

I want to say a word to my friends. I've got some down in Fall River. I want them to know I've come here, and that I haven't come to do any fighting or anything of that sort, but that I've come in a peaceable spirit. I want to say how glad I am that something was allowed at last, and that Uncle Sam didn't forget his boy in blue of those long ago days.

[To the Chairman.] Just say I'm in good condition on the other side, that I've got strong, and don't want to come back here to live, but like to come and look around a little. Benjamin Lakey.

Maria Sleeper.

I used to live in Baltimore. It has been some years since I passed from the body and went to the spirit-world, but I have friends in the Monumental City, and I want them to know that they have friends in the spirit-world, friends who can watch over and love them, and sometimes help them with a quiet influence to bear the burdens of life.

She wishes me to send her love with my own, and say how well she is, having none of the weaknesses that were hers here, and having strength and opportunity to cultivate those talents which she had, but which she could not in any way make known because of those limitations which hedged her round about.

[To the Chairman.] My name, sir, is Maria Sleeper, and I have some friends by the name of Sleeper and some by the name of Collins that I hope to reach, as well as others. If they can know that the friends who pass through death dwell in peace and happiness in a tangible world, and can sometimes return to make a visit to those they love on earth, I think it will do us all a great deal of good; it will help them, and it will make us happy to draw from their eyes the scales that blind them to the true light.

My friends and relatives are not Spiritualists, I think. They do not understand much, if anything, of your philosophy, and they sometimes shrink very much from the thought of death, knowing it must come, yet dreading it, and not realizing that it is life, continued life, activity and progress, peace, death, I am sure the fear will be taken from them; they will only look upon it as a natural change which comes to take them to other conditions and to give them other opportunities for advancement and growth.

Sunlight, to Her Medium.

Now I want to say a word. I am Sunlight, and I come to my medium because I said I would come, oh! so many times. I said I would try and come to your council to give good cheer to Paleface to make her feel good in her heart, and to know her spirit-friends watch over and try to bring her warmth and sunlight.

I tried before, but I got in to-day. I've been to Lotela, and she said she'd help me to get hold of her medium so I could send my word straight to Paleface. Tell her that Sunlight comes with so much blessing from the angel-world in the hating around so much peace for her, and the way is to be made all open. Fannie says the way will be open by-and-by for the medium to get the good, clear strength she needs, and that she has asked for. The change will come to bring her into brighter conditions. The work not done yet, the hard work, the mental work, and the outward work still to be done for others, but soon it will be finished, and then Paleface will find something more congenial, more pleasant to her life.

Fannie sends love. All the good band send so much love. Old medicine-man send strong, good magnetic forces to Paleface so she feel better. When the new moon comes she feel more strong and better in her good work.

Sunlight brings flowers, bright, sweet, full of beauty, for Paleface, place them all around in the wigwam, and make her sense them, then she know that the good spirits are close by to help her in her work.

[To the Chairman.] You, brave, please send Sunlight's scratch to Margaret Jane Lavery, Northampton.

Sunlight wants to thank the good squaws for the kindness they have given to Paleface, wants to thank Watson Smith squaw. Sunlight will help her make the way beautiful and clear to help the good spirits for the sympathy she has given, and other good squaws, too.

INDIVIDUAL SPIRIT MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.

Oct. 16.—Moses F. Olander; Mrs. Elizabeth Perkins; William Lag; Nicholas Longworth; Georgiana Hall; Albert Ham.

Messages here noticed as having been given will appear in due course according to routine date.

Nov. 13.—Col. George E. Mann; W. W. Kingsley; George G. Williams; L. L. Loh; Joseph Douglass; Mattie Goodwin.

Nov. 17.—Martha Washington Ames; Barney Gallagher; Joseph W. Van Gilder; S. K. Leland; Lizzie Bradley; Henry Hale.

To the Liberal-Minded.

As the "BANNER OF LIGHT Establishment" is not an incorporated institution, and as we could not therefore legally hold bequests made to us in that name, we give below the form in which such a bequest should be worded in order to stand the test of law:

"I give, devise and bequeath unto Luther Colby and Isaac B. Rich, of Boston, Massachusetts, Publishers, [here insert the description of the property to be willed] strictly upon trust, that they shall appropriate and expend the same in such way and manner as they shall deem expedient and proper for the promulgation of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul and its eternal progression."

"In the Name of God and the Puritan Church!"

In Boston in 1630, Mary Dyer was hung on the old elm on Boston Common by the Puritans on the following charges:

She said magistrates had no right over the consciences of men; that God made revelations now as much as ever—was just as near to George Fox as to Moses and Paul, and just as near to her as to Jesus Christ; that Priests had no right to bind and loose; that we should call no man "Master" on earth; that sprinkling water on a baby's face did it no good, and gave no pleasure to God. BESIDES, SHE SAID THAT WOMAN HAD USE, A VOICE RIGHT AS MAN. And when we bade her hold her peace, she indignantly declared that she had as good a right to publish her opinions as we had to publish ours.

So we hanged her by the neck in the name of God and the Puritan Church of New England. It is an act of religion. Glory to God and the vine he has planted in the wilderness.—Rev. John Norton.

Four vessels are now building for the United States Government which are to be made unshakable by having between the outer shell of iron and the inner shell of wood a lining of cellulose five feet wide. This cellulose is made of the fibre of coconut husks.

Hypnotizing from the Unseen.

If The Coming Day were for invalids or children, it would have this subject; but it appeals to those who have trained eyes to see, or steady nerves to confront and weigh; and, for such, there is nothing for it but to look the subject in the face.

What is proved respecting hypnotism? This: that one person can so influence another, by mere suggestion, that thoughts shall be transferred, plans suggested, desires excited, and actions done at the operator's will; and this sometimes so easily that the operating cause shall only be a moment's willing. Not priests, not divines, not mystics, not Spiritualists, have proved this, but case-hardened hospital doctors, and the like.

What follows? This: that materialism is absolutely played out; that behind the world of matter, with its strings and pulleys and muddy vestures of decay, there is a subtle world of something we may as well call spirit as anything else, a world suggesting boundless possibilities altogether apart from the dust and ashes that make up the body and the dusty world with which it is en rapport. If Spiritualists were as knowing as they are patient and resolute, they would see that this discovery, made, luckily, in the opposite camp, has supplied them with precisely the suggestion they required, inasmuch as it practically proves the existence of an occult world or sphere, and strongly suggests the possibility of human life, individuality and thought apart from the dusty senses. They have long had to bear the sneers of the unbelieving in relation, for instance, to trance-speaking and involuntary writing; but hypnotism vividly suggests the possibility of suggestion on the part of spirits who have "shuffled off this mortal coil." Why not? If a mind or spirit, still associated with a fleshy body, can will that another mind or spirit shall think and act and plan, why may not a mind or spirit out of the body will that another mind or spirit shall think and plan and act? Nay! but one might reasonably say that it would be more easily done by one who is only spirit, and is not hampered by the "muddy vesture of decay."...

Is it uncanny and unpleasant? Possibly; but we are not looking for the commonplace and the pleasant; we are looking for the truth; and the truth about the future life seems to be this: that what we call death is only separation from the flesh and the fleshy plane; that it introduces the so-called dead into the superior and more subtle world of mind or spirit, and that the point of ending here is the point of departure there. Do we wonder, then, at the suggestion that emancipated spirits may play the fool with us, or play the tyrant over us? First, consider how many fools and criminals and tyrants we contribute to the unseen. It may be a gruesome outlook; but when we have to take a journey, we want an honest map, not a fancy sketch.—The Coming Day, (Rev. John Page Hopps, Unitarian, Ed.) London, Eng.

Verifications of Spirit Messages.

NETTIE W. KEEP.
The message from NETTIE W. KEEP, published in THE BANNER OF OCT. 24th, was correct. She was a young friend of mine, and I am pleased to know she has been able to communicate from spirit-life.
H. M. LYON.
Bridgewater, Mass., Nov. 9th, 1891.

THOMAS DRUMMOND.
There appears in the message department of THE BANNER OF NOV. 7th, 1891, a communication from Spirit THOMAS DRUMMOND, of Illinois, late judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. Chicago was his district. He was an honorable, upright, distinguished jurist for thirty-five consecutive years. I have been familiar with his genial, commanding figure for more than thirty years. The communication has many of the distinguishing characteristics he bore while in mortal form.
Boston, Nov. 7th, 1891. GEO. MOSTOW.

MAY FLOWER.
Permit me to thank the medium, and the kind attendant spirits, for assisting dear MAY FLOWER to give me such a grand message as appeared in THE BANNER OF AUG. 29th. It was not only pleasing and consoling, but gave conclusive tests. It is a valuable message to me. Your Message Department is doing a great work. ANNIE LOUISE CHAMBERLAIN.
Boston, Nov. 3d, 1891.

FRANCIS W. GODDARD.
I recognize the correctness of the message from FRANCIS W. GODDARD, and printed in THE BANNER OF NOV. 7th. Mr. Goddard lived on George street, Providence, and was part owner of a cotton mill.
W. T. WOOD.
Providence, R. I.

G. E. COLE.
In the BANNER OF LIGHT OF OCT. 24th I found a communication from Spirit G. E. CO

(Continued from first page.)

know how to spell his own name? If he does not, is it not impenetrable evidence that he does not exist?" I answered the message, but when I came to the house of Mr. G. M. Nichols and I found that he did not exist. There was Mr. Nichols in his stead. A day or two thereafter I received this message, dated at Cleveland: "Can you attend funeral here on Friday next? (Signed) J. M. Colt."

I replied, but soon received answer that no such person as J. M. Colt could be found, and after several hours the message came that J. M. Tolt was the man's name, and the reply had been delivered. As no street or number had been given, I said to myself, whoever this stranger may be, he is so well known that he thinks it unnecessary to mention his street. On arriving in Cleveland I was unable to find even the name of "Tolt" in the directory, and after nearly two hours' inquiry, found that J. M. Tolt was I. W. Pope, the conductor of the Lyceum, a zealous Spiritualist, an enterprising manufacturer and an intimate friend!

Did I at once go into a rage and accuse him of lying to me, or of being an imbecile, and not knowing how to spell his own name? Rather, we had a hearty laugh over the blunder, and congratulated ourselves that it had all come out well. Nor did we say there is no such thing as a telephone or telegraph, or that these instruments were frauds.

We saw how the mistake could have been made when the weather was unfavorable. The dispatch was telephoned to the union office, then telegraphed a part of the distance, and finally sent to me by telephone. "Conditions" had been unfavorable at some point, and hence the result.

If "investigators" would hold in mind that the conditions and essentials for correct communication are far more delicate than those for the transmission of an electric current, and far less understood, they would not rashly jump at conclusions which a moment's thought would show them to be unwarrantable.

DO ADVANCED SPIRITS VISIT THE EARTH?

BY E. J. BOWTELL.

We often hear it said that the spirits who influence us are earth-bound spirits who have not long passed away, and are still in a very undeveloped condition. It is natural that after a time—especially after those with whom we have had personal acquaintance in earth-life have joined us in spirit-land—our earthly motives for returning to this world should be greatly diminished, if they have not altogether ceased. But it is certain that spirits from the higher spheres do often influence human beings. It is proved that these influences are ordinarily conveyed through the channels of intermediate spirits; but that, as is sometimes said, they are "too far away" to return to us does not appear to me to be the fact. It seems to be rather a remnant of the Orthodox idea that the soul in heaven is so absorbed in the contemplation of God that it takes no more interest in its fellow-beings—than spiritual truth. This, at least, is my impression, and it corresponds with such information as I have received from spirit-friends.

The lowest condition of the spirit is that of mere animal selfishness. As it develops it expands sufficiently to embrace in its interests those with whom it feels sympathy in earth-life. As it reaches a higher plane, as by the help of more advanced spirits it gradually overcomes the ego, the number thus embraced becomes greater. Some few on earth develop sufficiently to practically realize the idea of the brotherhood of man. In the first state man strives to secure only his own comfort and advancement; in the last he is willing, even desirous, impelled by the purest and loftiest motives, to leave his own home, to go out perhaps on a wintry night to face the blizzard, in order that he may carry assistance and consolation to the sick and suffering, in abodes perhaps of misery and amidst loathsome surroundings. From this he derives happiness which he could not experience in his own dwelling, though it were a palace of luxury. It is natural that in spirit-life, freed from the imperfections of the flesh, this condition should be still further developed; and the highest spirits be most willing to carry to other and less-illuminated spheres the brightness which is theirs.

When we say that such a spirit is in such a sphere, we mean that that is his natural home, to which he is attracted by the condition of his development; he is not shut up there within high walls; he can and does visit lower spheres to instruct those whose knowledge is less than his. We have all a natural longing for liberty, and the higher we ascend in spirituality, the more perfectly we realize its possession. If the highest spirits were confined to the highest sphere, that sphere, however lovely and attractive, would be a prison. John wrote truly, "God is love!" The only God we recognize is the Great Spirit of Universal Love. That spirit is within us all, always drawing us to himself, filling us with himself. As we grow in spirit, we become capable of containing more of this divine essence.

The highest spirits are those whose loving sympathies embrace all the occupants of all the spheres, through which in succession they have passed. Those who, quitting this earth in the best conditions, have since had the longest period of time to develop still better conditions, are those who love us most, not least, and are most ready and able by their influences to guide us in the path by which we shall soonest attain a position in spirit-life equal to their own.

Greenfield, Mass.

IN THE NIGHT.

Sometimes in the night when I sit and write, I hear the strangest things. As my brain grows hot with a burning thought that struggles for form and utterance, I can hear the beat of my swift blood's feet. From heart to heart and back again, Like a race horse under spur.

With my soul's fine ear I listen and hear The tender alliance of a spirit to rest, And presses his dusky cheek. And the darkness turns in its sleep and yearns For something that is kin— And I hear the hiss of a scolding tongue, As it folds and fondles sin.

In its hurrying race through leagues of space I can hear the earth catch breath, As it heaves and moans, and shudders and groans, And longs for the rest of death.

And high and far from a distant star, Whose name is unknown to any here, I hear a voice that says, "Relieve! For I keep ward over thee."

Oh! sweet and strange are the sounds that range Through the chambers of the night; And the watcher who waits by the dim, dark gates May hear, if he lists aright.

—Edna Wheeler Wilcox.

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PATIENTS VISITED AT THEIR HOMES. Nov. 28.

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Mrs. Hattie A. Young,

TRANCE, Business and Developing Medium, will hold Circles every Tuesday at 8 o'clock, also every Tuesday afternoon at 2:30. Sittings ladies 25c, 50c, and \$1. Gentlemen 50c. and \$1. 21 Winter Street, Room 16, Boston. Nov. 14.

Miss L. E. Smith,

344 SHAWMUT AVENUE, Test Medium. Private Sittings by appointment. Circles Tuesday and Friday at 8, Wednesday 3 P. M. Will go out to hold Circles. Nov. 28.

Hattie C. Stafford,

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

Mrs. Walter S. Eldridge, M. D.,

MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN. 33 Shawmut Avenue and 75 Pleasant Street, Boston. Nov. 21.

Mrs. C. T. Crockett,

MEDICAL and Test Medium. Vapor Baths and Magnetic Treatments. 34 Hanson Street, Boston, Mass. Nov. 21.

Allen Toothaker,

CLAIRVOYANT Physician and Business Medium, 150A Tremont Street, Boston, Room 4, 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. 218 South Street, Malden, Mass., 4 to 8 P. M. Nov. 21.

Mrs. A. Forrester,

TRANCE, Test and Business Medium. Also Magnetic and Electric Treatments. From 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. 181 Shawmut Avenue, one light, Boston. Nov. 21.

Mrs. M. E. Johnson,

BUSINESS and Test Medium. Hours 10 A. M. to 9 P. M. Circles Monday and Saturday evenings, 8 o'clock, 41 Winter Street, Boston. Nov. 21.

Adelaide E. Crane,

TEST and Business Medium. Magnetic Treatments. 8 1/2 Bosworth Street, Room 4, Boston. Hours 9 to 5. Nov. 7.

Mrs. H. B. Fay,

17 APPLETON STREET, Boston. Séances Thursday and Saturday at 2:30 P. M.; Sunday at 8 P. M. Nov. 14.

Mrs. E. E. Welch,

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

Mrs. A. E. Cunningham,

MEDICAL, Business and Tests, 247 Columbus Avenue, Suite 10, Hotel Wagon, Boston. Will answer calls for platform tests. Nov. 21.

Mrs. CHANDLER BAILEY,

26 Cazenove Street, Suite 8, Boston, near Albany R. R. Station, Columbus Ave., Magnetic Healing and Business Medium. Circles Monday and Saturday evenings and Friday afternoons at 2 o'clock. Platform test speaking. Nov. 28.

MRS. H. W. CUSHMAN,

Musical, Test and Business Medium. Six questions answered by mail. \$1.00. Examination by lock of hair, \$1.00. Circles Wednesday at 2:30, Mondays at 7:30. 7 Walker Street, Charlestown. Sept. 28.

Miss J. M. Grant,

TRANCE MEDIUM, No. 8 1/2 Bosworth Street, Banner of Light Building, Boston. Nov. 7.

Miss Helen A. Sloan,

MAGNETIC Physician. Vapor Baths. No. 178 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass. Patients visited at their homes. Nov. 7.

DR. E. A. BLACKDEN,

Magnetic Treatment, Lectures and Lectures, Writing and Test Medium. Letters answered, \$1.00. 10 Burroughs Place, off Hollis Street, Boston. Nov. 21.

DR. JULIA CRAFT SMITH,

25 years successful experience. Gives free Clairvoyant Examination Thursdays to ladies. 15 Warren Avenue, Boston. Sept. 28.

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