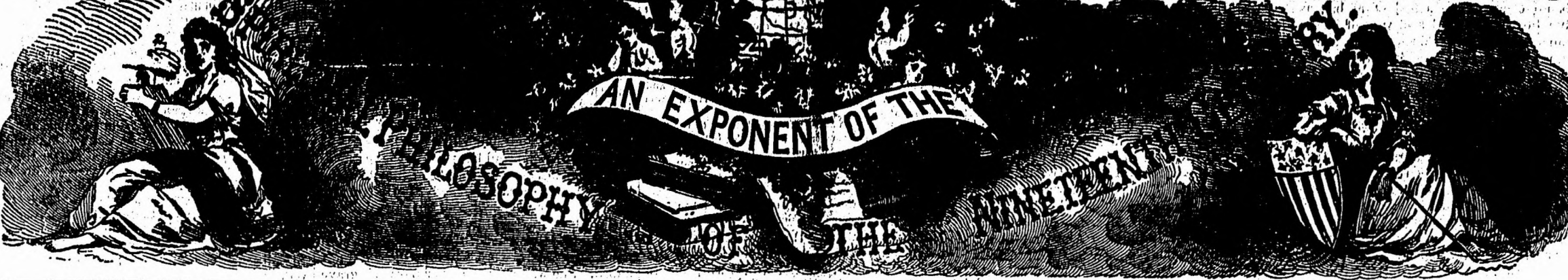


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. 70.

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1891.

(\$2.50 Per Annum,
Postage Free.)

NO. 13.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.—Original Essay: Self-Reliance. Free Thought: A Layman's Saints; The Importance of Harmony. Literary Department: Amy Lester; or, A Strange Girl.
SECOND PAGE.—The Spirit Messengers. Poetry: The First Thanksgiving. December Magazines. A Rosary of Pearls, etc.
THIRD PAGE.—Banner Correspondence: Letters from Massachusetts, New York, Illinois, California, Maryland, and Maine. Sympathy with Lost Limbs. Poetry: A Spirit's Home, etc.
FOURTH PAGE.—Treatment of Criminals. The Sweating System. Marsh and Webster. News Notes and Pithy Points, etc.
FIFTH PAGE.—Meetings in Massachusetts. The Veteran Spiritualists' Union. Cleveland (O.) Notes. Movements of Platform Lecturers. New Advertisements, etc.
SIXTH PAGE.—Message Department: Questions Answered and Individual Spirit Messages given through the Mediumship of Mrs. M. T. Longley.
SEVENTH PAGE.—Miss Maggie Gault in New York. Meetings in Boston. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
EIGHTH PAGE.—Meetings in Boston, New York, and Elsewhere. Explanatory Letter from Helen Stuart Briggs, etc.

Original Essay.

SELF-RELIANCE.

BY JOSEPH MAILLE.

Complete self-reliance is of the essence of perfect manhood. Man does not keep this idea in mind with sufficient persistency. Mankind renders itself next to unworthy of itself by not being self-reliant. It is gross error to be always relying on another before deciding for oneself. I do not mean that unity of thought and of action should be discarded. No! Unity of thought and action is simply a more compact and powerful form of self-reliance. I hold that a person should always know the cause of every effect, and thus be able to act for himself, and be able to act intelligently as distinguished from acting by precedents, or doing or saying a thing because another does or says the same thing. A person who only acts according to another's dictation or example shows his weakness of mind and his ignorance.

A person fully self-reliant is one who acts and speaks according to what he thinks is just and proper, no matter who thinks or acts otherwise. A self-reliant person is always independent, and we can say of such a one, as we say of the cat: "Come what may, he always falls on his feet." If he has anything to do or say he reflects upon the subject, and when decided, acts. Self-reliance begets bravery and confidence in oneself. A person of this character will seek to accomplish almost anything. If he fails he will try again and again until he succeeds if opportunity is given him. It is impossible to keep him down. When you think that you have him down to stay he springs up, better prepared than before for the fray. The more he meets with opposition, the more he contests every inch of ground. If he seeks your opinion he will not be satisfied with it if it proceeds from the collective opinion of others. He wants your opinion based upon your own thorough investigation of the subject, and as the conclusion of the analysis emanating from your brains and not from those of others to whom he has not submitted anything.

The lack of self-reliance so prevalent in certain sections of this country is produced by the teachings of parents to their children. Under the mistaken belief that their children are more especially favored or disfavored by nature, parents are apt to keep their children continually around themselves. They must always be within the immediate sight of parents—which is extremely limited even with the sharpest eyed person. Parents fear to allow their children to go anywhere or to do anything alone. To overcome this fear they seldom teach them anything except a continuation of the restrictive practice. Then, children are too much inspired with an awful fear of some great evil that they are taught may overtake them in the future life, and being so thoroughly imbued with the pernicious belief, they live a life of ignorance, of fear of transgressions, and always depend on some one else to tell them what is right and what wrong. They adopt and grow up with very narrow ideas, and though they may see the enormous advantages of being self-reliant and progressive, they nevertheless abstain from becoming so lest they diverge from their regular routine and fail in their undertakings. In acting thus they lead a life of monotony; when not engaged in active employment of some kind they are at a loss as to what to do. They seldom think that the reading and studying of a book might greatly assist their intellectual and spiritual growth on earth. If they are out of employment they have no courage to ask for any, fearing a refusal. They finally sink into complete indolence, and when asked to do a thing decline because they feel themselves incompetent, and when asked for information are forced to make a display of their ignorance by saying: "I don't know." If a friend has been fortunate in securing employment for such a person it is often a cause of regret. A dependent person becomes a regular machine, doing absolutely nothing unless moved by another. He does it without any exercise of his own reason or judgment. How can he do otherwise when he has surrendered his own self-reliance? He becomes a follower, and not a leader; a slave, and not a man.

The best way to acquire self-reliance is to bear in mind that if one does not look out for himself, no one will do it for him. Some may do it for a time, but everything except eternity has a limit. The limit of doing for another, no matter how long, is always very soon reached. On the pretext that a future life may be the right

place for you, and that it is an error of nature to have brought you here, you may think that in the hereafter everything will be all right. A reasoner of this kind imagines that by laying everything at the feet or on the shoulders of another, he may escape personal responsibility. This is an error productive of great magnitude. All individuals should at once begin to learn that they are responsible to themselves, and to themselves only, for any and all derelictions of duty. They must learn at once that they are in this life to be useful not only to themselves, but to those who surround them, and that by no possible law of nature can they shirk this stern and settled duty. To the timid who are the unfortunate victims of dependence, we would say: If you are out of employment, go and seek some at once. Keep on seeking, and there is no telling what good results may crown your efforts. If you feel defective in any branch of education, and would like to excel in that branch, begin by finding out what is necessary and what books will aid you. If you cannot buy them, borrow them. Read the newspapers until you are able to say which is the best newspaper, and be able to give a reason for saying so. If you find nothing to do in one place, work your way to another. There is nothing better in this world than a little "salt of hardship."

Do not readily believe everything you are told. Disbelieve one half and doubt the other until you know for yourself; all men are born free and equal, and it is only the superficial wealth of this world that puts one in a higher station than another. If you speak to a wealthy man, forget his wealth and think only of him as a man. This has a wonderfully beneficial effect; many a time you will find that the wealth is only a veil concealing a gross nature. Remember always that you will never live long enough in this world to become perfect, but that it is your duty to do as much as you can toward attaining perfection. Remember that when you die, you live, and that you may regret wofully the negligence of which you may have been guilty. Never forget, once for all, last and forever, that your happiness lies in your own hands, and that none but yourself with self-reliance can develop that happiness.

Free Thought.

A LAYMAN'S SAINTS: THE IMPORTANCE OF HARMONY.

BY WM. FOSTER, JR.

October 27th, 1891, was to and with me a saint's day—St. SERVETUS [Oct. 27th, 1533]. I have a long list of saints, rivaling, perhaps, that of the churches. And why not? As an individual man, have I not as good a right to formulate a list of those wise and good men who have been persecuted and have died for an idea, because that idea exceeded or fell short of the popular ones? The Old has ever been jealous of the New, and battled against it. So I honor those brave souls who gave themselves to the New, lost reputation, and often life, in the cause of Freedom—ever seeking the progress of the race, and the weal of humanity.

So as the anniversaries of these men and women come, I sit down, run back over the lines of history, and note how wearisome has been the development of religion and humanity. The Church has enthroned as saints many who were bloodthirsty and blood-shedding bigots. Let us, therefore, who are in touch with the idea of progress, forget not those who have been the world's saviors, whose labors have fruited most bountifully, and are yet further to lift and bless the race. Let us perpetuate the memory of all who have lived, labored and died in the cause of free thought and rationalism, whether in ancient or modern times, in heathen (?) or Christian lands. Let me recall some of my saints, that the reader may set out against them an equal number from those whom the church has canonized, and ordered her followers to pay special reverence to. I name SOCRATES, ASPASIA, HYPATIA, BRUNO, GALILEO, COPERNICUS, MAHOMET, ANN LEE, MARY DYER, GILES COYNE, VICTOR HUGO, JOHN BROWN, as specimens of those I deem worthy of reverence and commemoration. I have noted one name which perhaps may call up criticism, MAHOMET. He has rested under the special opprobrium of the Christian world. I remember our geographies were made to slander him, for when children, we recited from the book that "Arabia was noted as the birthplace of Mahomet, the impostor." But he who reads history aright, and correlates the events which transpired subsequent to the advent of Mahomet, will see that Islamism came in the due order of development, and has been a mighty factor in the life and activities of the world. So I honor Mahomet, although he is under the ban of the church.

With these general considerations I pass to the special object of this writing, MICHAEL SERVETUS. Servetus was a Spanish physician, evidently a learned man, who found time in the intervals of professional life to discuss the theological questions of the day. His conclusions did not coincide with popular ideas, nevertheless he candidly put them forth in a mild temper and with a gentle spirit, as one seeking truth. One of his works closes with this paragraph:

"I do not hold in all points with the Papists, nor yet with the opposite party; nor do I look upon either the former or the latter as being in all points wrong. It seems to me that both have the truth in part, and are partly in error. It should not be so difficult to distinguish between truth and error. If only every man might without hindrance express his opinions in

the congregation. But our teachers dispute with one another out of selfish ambition. May the Lord destroy all tyrants of the Church."

The close of this paragraph was much distasteful; for it rebuked the theological despotism of the time which sought, to force the intellect and reason to subordinate themselves to the decreets of Councils and Synods. The Church has always hated reason, following its exercise with a venom more or less deadly.

JOHN CALVIN then lived and ruled in Geneva, Switzerland. In all things theological and ecclesiastical he was as arbitrary as the Pope in St. Peter's at Rome. He dominated the magistracy and bent it to his will. To him Servetus was an arch heretic. He longed for the heretic's blood, and for years watched for an opportunity to wreak his vengeance and vindicate his God, for Calvin's God was much like Calvin himself. In 1533 another work was sent forth by Servetus, entitled, "Restitution of Christianity." This provoked anew the anger of Calvin, and he wrote to a friend as follows touching Servetus:

"He wants to come to Geneva, if I think fit; but I will not pledge my word to him for a safe conduct, for if he comes here I will never suffer him to leave this place alive, if my authority can prevent it."

Note the infernalism embodied in this paragraph; it emphatically expresses the spirit of the man from which, as a logical result, came that terrible, horrible and blood-chilling theological system which is known as Calvinism. The opportunity soon occurred for Calvin to exhibit himself. Sunday, Aug. 18th, 1533, he was informed that Servetus was in Geneva. At once he communicated with one of the town council, by whose orders Servetus was arrested and thrown into prison. Then he ordered one of his servants to appear as accuser, spending the rest of the day in preparing a special indictment of forty counts which the accused was to face on Monday, preliminary to his trial on Tuesday. It was set forth among other things that he had promulgated pestiferous heresies, "against the doctrine of the Trinity, the Eternal Generation, the Incarnation, the Divine Nature and Infant Baptism." Servetus appeared before his trial on Monday, and eight times subsequently, the final trial occurring Oct. 26th, when he was condemned as a heretic and sentenced to be burned alive. The sentence was carried into effect the following day, the pile being made of green wood to increase his agonies and intensify his sufferings, this extreme course being taken doubtless to extort a recantation and an abjuration of his heretical opinions. But he remained firm, swearing not a hair's breadth from that line of belief which was the outcome of his reason and conscience.

Thus was accomplished the fell purpose of Calvin, who had shamelessly declared that his victim should never leave Geneva alive. Yet not Calvin alone is to be condemned but other so-called reformers: Melancthon, Beza, Farel, Bullinger, and others. It should be stated that the Baptists generally condemned the whole procedure, for they had been the victims of innumerable persecutions. The Lutheran and Reformed churches stood by Calvin, for the former was the State Church in Saxony, and the latter was the State Church in Switzerland. Where Church and State are united we may look for persecution, blood and carnage.

Such was the fate of Michael Servetus, an honest, a noble and in the best sense of the word, a religious man. Amid the flames, with his lingering tortures, purposely made so, no words of recantation came. His pure soul went untarnished into the land of purer souls to join the hosts martyred, like him, who had drank the fatal poison, or felt the headman's axe, or in one of the many ways devised by bigotry, exchanged the life of the body for the life of the spirit. Therefore I canonize him among my saints, and honor his memory, hoping one of these days to erect him on the verities of the human spirit-land. To him, and others like him, who have testified to the truth, as they saw and felt it, faced scorn and obloquy, and often met death, the world owes a debt of gratitude; and for one, I love to recall their labors, garland their memories and enter into the spirit of their lives, that I may the better perform the duties pertaining to me, and do my part in the battle of the New with the Old.

Servetus was not the only martyr. Anterior to him there were many. All along the lines of history we find a flowing tide of development, and progress by the rack, the dungeon and the scaffold, still exists. It is less virulent; nevertheless it is still bitter, constantly asserting itself, and in various ways seeking to strike down those who believe a little more or a little less than is expressed in the popular creed. It seems to me that Spiritualists should present a solid front to this persecuting, domineering tendency, especially those who are medial instruments, and are able to respond to the wants and wishes of the denizens of the spirit-sphere. With them discord and inharmoniousness have no place. As it is now, there are intense jealousies, backbitings and disparagings, harmful both to the mediums and the Cause. Let each one labor as best he or she can in the particular phase their adaptabilities may permit. All are not on the same plane. It is with mediumship as with poetry, music, painting or mechanical aptitude; there are degrees, and why not recognize the fact without heart-burnings, slanderous words or unseemly epithets? Suppose our loyal army before Richmond had become jealous, the several arms warring one with another. Suppose the infantry had arrogated superiority over the artillery; the artillery over the cavalry; the sharpshooters over all the other arms, and thereupon began fighting with one another. The effectiveness of the army would have been destroyed, and the enemy would have reaped the advantage, and in the end secured a victory. Each arm of the service was an essential, and co-operating became a power, accomplishing the great object of overthrowing the rebellion. So now our spiritualistic army confronts a mighty host, the devotees of century-nursed creeds and dogmas, and can succeed only as did our loyal army in the time of the rebellion, by concentrated effort, and a coordination of those forces from the spirit-world, exhibited in a multiphase mediumship, through which the human mind unshackled, through the exercise of reason in solving the mighty problems of life, the realization of justice and the attainment of happiness.

Providence, R. I., 1891.

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.

(Copyright by the Author.)

CHAPTER X.

Questions for Mr. Goodman to Answer.

The following were the questions on Amy Lester's paper: When did God create the angels that lived with him before he created heaven, and where did he and they live? When did God create hell? What kind of form did the earth have in the beginning? What is the Spirit of God? Did God make light before he made the sun? How did God divide the light before he made the sun? How did Moses know that it was one day until the light was divided? Did Moses mean the air when he said firmament? How did the firmament divide the waters from the waters? Is the air heaven? Why did Moses say the waters were all gathered together in one place, and in the next verse call it seas? Why does not God make the grass and trees to grow as quickly now as he did in the beginning? What kind of light was it that God made on the first day, before he made the sun, moon and stars? Why did it take God six days to make this little earth, when it took him but one day to make countless millions of other suns, moons and stars? Did God make all the fishes and birds in one day? Is there a female element in the God head? How did Moses know there was a God in the form of a man, that inspired him to write, and created heaven and earth? How did God come into being himself?

The last two questions Amy wrote unknown to her mother. She folded her little paper up neatly, and gave it to Mrs. Lester, to be given to the minister on the morrow, with the request that he answer them, as Mrs. Lester was not able to do so.

The next day Mrs. Lester went to spend the afternoon and take tea at the minister's house, as was the usual custom with many of the ladies in the village. Louis and Amy were dressed in their best, and went with their mother.

Mr. Goodman's family consisted of his wife and three children. The present Mrs. Goodman was his second wife, and by her he had two children—little Benny, about four years old, and Alice, a girl about Amy's age. William Goodman was a son by Mr. Goodman's first wife, and there had also been a girl a year or two younger than William, but she had died shortly after her mother, of consumption. The present Mrs. Goodman was a tall, pale, rather dejected-looking lady, very quiet and silent, and was constantly casting furtive glances at her husband, as though she feared and disliked him, yet she was very affable and polite to the ladies of the parish; everybody liked her; and as she uttered no word of complaint, her strange glances were overlooked or forgotten. Mr. Goodman was not at home, and was not expected until tea-time.

Mrs. Goodman took Amy and little Louis into the nursery and left them with her own little girl and Benny. The nursery-maid was busy in another part of the house, and the children were left to themselves for an hour or more. Mrs. Lester and Mrs. Goodman chatted while they sewed in the drawing-room. Alice was seated in a low rocker, with little Benny in her arms; he looked extremely pale, and his eyes were swollen with weeping. Amy noticed a number of black-and-blue marks about the little boy's head and face; both his little hands and arms were bandaged. Alice invited Amy to be seated, and, taking little Louis in her arms, Amy occupied another chair near Alice, and they talked together as children often do.

"Is little Benny sick?" asked Amy.

"Well, no; not exactly," answered Alice. "You are not sick, are you, little brother?"

The child laid one of his bandaged hands against his sister's breast and gave a little sobbing moan. "No, Allie, Benny feels better. Sister kiss Benny."

Alice bent her head and kissed the baby face over and over again; he sighed heavily and closed his eyes.

"What is the matter with little Benny?" asked Amy.

"He has been punished," answered Alice, her cheeks reddening and a flash coming into her mild eyes.

"Punished?" questioned Amy. "Who has punished him?"

"Papa," replied Alice, and Benny hid his little face in his sister's breast and sobbed afresh.

"Do you mean the minister?" said Amy, a little bewildered.

"Why, yes, of course papa is the minister; and look, Amy! just see his little fingers; they are all broken! two on this hand and three on the other, and he cannot move this little wrist," and Alice gently lifted the arm, that was hanging, helplessly down. The child gave a moan of pain, and Alice desisted, again kissing him fondly.

"Oh, Alice!" said Amy, tears of sympathy

rolling down her cheeks, her own punishment coming up vividly before her.

"What did little Benny do that he should be so dreadfully punished?"

"He would not say his prayers," replied Alice, "and father took a great big ruler and whipped little Benny's hands until his wrist and these little fingers are all broken. And look, Amy! see all these black-and-blue marks on his head and face where the edge of the ruler hit him." And Alice doubled up her fist and set her teeth hard. "Amy," said she, "I sometimes think I should like to kill my father. I hate him! Oh, I hate him! and as soon as I am a grown woman I will take little Benny and run away with him, where my father shall never see us more, and I will work for little Benny and he shall never be whipped or punished, and he shall not say his prayers if he do not want to." She again kissed the baby all over his little face.

Amy put Louis down and going up to Alice and Benny, she, too, kissed both the children a number of times, while Louis, seeming to understand it a little, laid his baby hand on the bandaged one of Benny's sympathetically.

"And why wouldn't Benny say his prayers?" questioned Amy.

"I don't know," replied Alice. "Papa said it was because he had a depraved heart which made him stubborn, willful and disobedient; so he kept whipping him, and said he would break every bone in his body if he did not obey and say his prayers. I guess Benny could not say his prayers after papa had struck him once, for Benny screamed and caught his breath and turned purple in the face; then mamma ran up and tried to get Benny away from papa, and he turned and struck her with the ruler on her head, and she fell down on the floor, and was just as white as though she were dead, and then he went on whipping Benny and telling him in a loud voice to say his prayers at once; but I do not think Benny could say them then. I ran up and caught hold of the ruler and tried to pull it out of papa's hand, but he wrenched it away from me and gave me a hard blow, just here," and Alice uncovered her little shoulder, which was very much discolored. "Just then mamma came to herself, and catching Benny in her arms, she ran with him up here and locked the door. Papa ran after her and kicked and pounded loudly on the door and bade mamma, in a dreadful voice, to open it; but mamma would not. I ran out into the barn and hid in the hay-mow, and papa could not find me."

Little Benny's eyes were wide open now; he had very large beautiful brown eyes, and they were flashing with excitement. "When I am a great big man," he said, "I'll dit a ruler and wip my papa till he do die and do to 'ell."

"Why didn't you say your prayers, little Benny, when your papa wanted you to?" asked Amy of the baby.

"My papa say to my mamma, Dod would dam her soul, and she do to 'ell! Benny love mamma, an' won't talk to Dod if he burn my mamma in a great big fire; an' when papa say 'Benny, you say prayer to Dod,' I won't talk to Dod—who has a great big fire to put little boys in, an' burn my mamma; if I do, I'll ask Dod to put my papa in that big fire an' burn him all—up; an' then I won't have any papa to wip me an' to curse my mamma."

Poor little Benny now looked as though he were in a raging fever; his cheeks were hotly flushed and his breath came pantingly. Alice soothed and quieted him as well as she could. She bathed his head and hot cheeks in cool water; he closed his eyes and fell asleep. Alice laid him on his little bed. Louis had also fallen asleep in Amy's arms, and he was put by the side of little Benny.

The two little girls now fell into confidential conversation.

"Amy," said Alice, "you must never tell anything that little Benny and I have said; for papa said if we ever told any one he would punish us dreadfully; and we are not to be allowed to go into the drawing-room, or to see any company until Benny is well. Mamma would be here herself if she did not have to entertain company. Papa says she must make herself agreeable to all his parishioners."

Poor Amy's brain was in a whirl of questioning excitement. She wondered if the minister would answer her questions, and what he would say to her mother. Her respect for the minister was entirely destroyed, and she thought it would make but very little difference to her whether he answered them or not.

"Alice," said she, "I do not believe there is any hell."

"Neither do I," said Alice; "but when I said as much to papa once, he told me it was because of the natural depravity of my heart, and unless my heart was entirely changed, I would find my everlasting torment."

there was a hell indeed. But, Amy, I don't believe there is a hell at all, and papa don't act as if he did; for when we are all alone, and there is no company, he acts just as bad as anybody who has not had a change of heart. He stamps and throws things about, scolds mamma, me and little Benny in a loud voice. Amy, you must never tell, but sometimes he swears awfully! He had been scolding and swearing at mamma, and that was why little Benny would not say his prayers. Benny never refused to say his prayers before."

While the children in the nursery were thus talking, Mrs. Goodman was trying to entertain Mrs. Lester in the drawing-room. She was very pale and distraught, and could scarcely hide her distress. Presently Mr. Goodman came in. He had been out making pastoral calls, exhorting his parishioners to be faithful to God, and not faint in well-doing. He had prayed with the unregenerate that they might be born again through the merits of Jesus Christ, and their naturally depraved hearts washed clean in the blood of the Lamb. He gave his hand to Mrs. Lester with great cordiality:

"Well, Sister Lester," said he, "I hope you are working faithfully for God."

"I am trying to do as well as I can," answered the lady.

"Faithful in prayer, madam—praying unceasingly?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Lester, "my heart is constantly uplifted in prayer to God."

"Praying, madam, for the unregenerate, that they may be turned from their wicked ways, be washed clean in the blood of the lamb, and brought into the fold of Jesus like sheep from the burning?"

"Yes," replied the lady, "I think no one tries to do her duty in this respect more than I do."

"Well, my sister, you are one of the faithful, and heaven will be your reward at last."

Tea was now served, and Mrs. Lester thought of the note in her pocket; she dreaded very much to give it to Mr. Goodman, but she had promised Amy that she certainly would do so, and she thought he might approve of her course in bidding Amy read her Bible chapter by chapter until she had read it through; so taking the paper from her pocket, she gave it to Mr. Goodman, saying: "My little girl, Amy, has just commenced to read the Bible through in regular order, and as there are many things which her childish mind cannot understand—and really, Mr. Goodman, so many things that I am not able to explain—she thought she would write down questions, and you could tell her all she wanted to know."

Mr. Goodman's face paled a little, but he took the paper politely from Mrs. Lester's hand, and opened it; his eyes glanced rapidly over the questions, he flushed and paled, and paled and flushed again; he tried to speak, but could not for anger; he closed the paper with a snap, and gave it back to Mrs. Lester; he arose from the table abruptly, and walked the floor rapidly for a few moments. Mrs. Goodman turned as pale as death, and cast furtive, frightened glances at her husband. Mrs. Lester arose from the table in great trepidation; she felt that she had committed a fearful mistake in foolishly giving a child's questions to the minister for explanation.

At last Mr. Goodman stopped in his rapid walk and confronted Mrs. Lester. He spoke. His voice was stern and sepulchral: "Mrs. Lester," he said, "how dare you allow that child of the devil to question the most high and holy God in this blasphemous manner? Yes, Mrs. Lester, this blasphemy! blasphemy of the blackest kind! I fear it can never be forgiven! It is the unpardonable sin! Mrs. Lester, you are guilty before high heaven of upholding and encouraging your most wicked and unregenerate daughter in her vile and sinful schemes of trying with her puny hands and the help of Satan—the master whom she serves—to destroy the sanctity of the Holy Word of the Most High. You are aiding and abetting the devil, Mrs. Lester; he has assailed you at your most vulnerable point—your mother-love for your most sinful daughter! Mrs. Lester, you need to wrestle in prayer to God for many, many days, in order that you may be forgiven this great sin. I shall bring your case before the church, and there shall be special prayers on your account that your great sin may be forgiven."

Mr. Goodman threw himself into his armchair and closed his eyes. Mrs. Lester trembled in every limb.

"Oh! Mr. Goodman," said she in a faint voice, "forgive me! forgive me, I pray! I did not know I was doing such a terrible thing; but I now see my folly, and I greatly repent of it. Do you think God will forgive me?"

"Though your sins be as scarlet, yet will he forgive if you ask it for his Son's sake." Yes, Mrs. Lester, I think you may be forgiven, as you were not the one who questioned the Word of the most high and holy God. But that daughter of yours—that spawn of Satan! I have heard of her wicked ways before. Mrs. Lester, your daughter's destiny is everlasting perdition!"

"Oh! Mr. Goodman," said the anguished mother, "please remember Amy is but a very little girl yet; she is not ten years old. I think when she becomes a little older, Mr. Goodman, her eyes will be opened. She really is an excellent child in all things else but religion."

"Except religion!" echoed the minister; "but religion is all, madam; if she falls there, all else is naught. You say she is young, but it appears she is not too young to doubt and question the word of God; therefore, madam, she is old enough to understand religion and the blessed Savior of mankind. Mrs. Lester, you should resort to severe punishment in order that you may save your child from the burning; if you do not punish her, break her wicked spirit, humble it in the dust, and make her obedient to the most High, God will surely cast her soul into hell, there to be forever tormented by the devil and his angels. My own little son is but four years old, and yet he manifests so much of the evil one that I have been obliged to punish him with great severity; young as he is, his obstinacy is something wonderful; if he is old enough to be disobedient and obstinate, he is old enough to be punished, his unruly spirit humbled and brought before God in prayer. Yes, madam, my own little son, Benny, refused to say his prayers, and I have been obliged to humble his haughty and unregenerate heart."

Mrs. Goodman stood with downcast eyes and face as pale as the white marble mantel against which she leaned heavily for support; she now raised her eyes to Mrs. Lester's face, and they wore a pleading expression which seemed to say, "Oh, Mrs. Lester, spare your child, give her love and not hate;" but the pale lips uttered no sound.

"Well," said Mrs. Lester, "Amy has been punished a great deal of late. Miss Layelle

punished her, her father has whipped her, she has been kept after school. What kind of punishment would you advise, Mr. Goodman?"

"Well," answered the clergyman, thoughtfully, "I think when Benny refuses to say his prayers again I shall not resort to the fettle, but I shall shut him up in a dark closet until God puts a meek and obedient spirit within him. How would that do, Mrs. Lester, as a punishment for your unregenerate daughter?"

"I can but try it, and I promise the next time Amy manifests an insolent spirit toward her Maker I will shut her in a dark closet."

"Give her a foretaste of outer darkness," said Mr. Goodman; "that may have a tendency to drive her toward the fold of God."

It was now time for Mrs. Lester to return home; the maid was sent for Amy and Louis, they soon made their appearance, and shortly afterward were at home in their own cozy little parlor.

CHAPTER XI.

The Reading Continued.

"Amy," said Mrs. Lester, "I am greatly disturbed on account of those foolish and wicked questions that you persuaded me to carry to Mr. Goodman. He considers them blasphemous and wicked in the extreme. My daughter, why are you so incredulous about all good and holy things?"

"Oh! mamma, I do not know; but some things don't seem good and holy to me. It don't seem good and holy for God to make a hell (and a wicked devil), and then make people on purpose to put them into it. It don't seem good and holy for the minister to whip little Benny until he breaks his fingers, just because he would not pray to that kind of a God. Mamma, I want to be a good girl, but try as hard as I may, I can't make all these things come right. But, mamma, would n't the minister answer any of my questions?"

"No, not one of them; and he thinks you ought to be severely punished for asking them."

"Mamma, how can I read the Bible understandingly, then? It will never do me any good if I cannot understand every word as I read it; and you said yourself that I must read to understand."

Mrs. Lester was in quite a dilemma, and could hardly see her way out.

"You said the minister called my questions blasphemous. Mamma, what is blasphemy?"

"It is to speak irreverently and impiously of God and sacred, holy things."

"But, mamma, I never meant to do anything of that kind. I only want to understand the meaning of all I read."

"Well," replied Mrs. Lester, "here are the questions, and I fear you will have to answer them yourself, for I cannot, and Mr. Goodman thinks you a most impious and impertinent girl. Now, Amy, do, for my sake, if not for the sake of God and holy things, do try and be a good Christian girl."

Amy dearly loved her mother; she wanted to be good, but the child's reasoning brain would assert itself in spite of all things. The next day she tried the second chapter of Genesis, but this time all by herself, in her own little room. She took her pencil and paper, thinking she would write down, as before, the questions about things which she could not understand, and perhaps sometime somebody would answer them.

THE SECOND CHAPTER OF GENESIS.

1. Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them.

"And all the host of them?" Amy now talked aloud to herself as she read: "Then Moses did mean all the countless worlds on high."

2. And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made.

3. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made.

4. These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens.

"I do not think," said Amy, "that Moses meant any particular heaven; he said Heaven in the first chapter, and now he continually says heavens, which is plural, and means more than one."

5. And every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew: for the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and there was not a man to till the ground.

"I wonder why God wanted the ground tilled when he could make it all so nice in just one day?" said Amy.

6. But there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground.

7. And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

"I wonder," said Amy, "if God breathed the breath of life into the birds and beasts and fishes, for they all breathe just the same as man? I wonder if he formed them all out of the dust of the earth, for they all have flesh and blood and bones just the same as man, and their bodies are all sustained now by what they eat? I wonder if they are all living souls, for they breathe and live and move just as man does?"

8. And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed.

9. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

"The tree of life," said Amy. "Now what does Moses mean by the tree of life, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil? I wonder if there are any such trees now? I never heard of any."

10. And the river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted and became into four heads.

11. The name of the first is Pison; that is it which compasseth the whole land of Assyria, where there is gold.

"Then the waters were not all gathered into one place, as Moses said at first, but there were rivers as well as seas. I don't see why Moses contradicts himself so much."

12. And the name of the second river is Gihon: the same is it that compasseth the whole land of Ethiopia.

13. And the name of the third river is Hiddekel: that is it that goeth toward the east of Assyria. And the fourth river is Euphrates.

14. And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it.

15. And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat:

"I wonder how God talked to the man, and how Moses knew what God said?"

16. But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.

"Oh, dear!" thought Amy. "Why did an all-wise and perfect God put such a tree there. If he did not want the man to eat of it; and why did he make such a tree of good and evil? If he was a holy God, why did he make evil at all?"

16. And the Lord God said, It is not good that man should be alone; I will make him an helpmeet for him.

"And in the first chapter," said Amy, "God said, 'Let us make man in our image, male and female'; and now he says, 'I will make him an helpmeet for him.'"

17. And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air; and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them: and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof.

20. And Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field; but for Adam there was not found an helpmeet for him.

21. And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof.

22. And the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man.

"Well," said Amy, "that is a strange story for Moses to tell; if I were to tell such a story as that I think my father would whip me to death."

23. And Adam said, this is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man.

"I thought God did not take any flesh, but closed it up after taking out the rib. I wonder how Adam felt when he had lost one of his ribs?"

24. Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh.

"I wonder if it was God or Moses who said that, for Adam and Eve did not have any father or mother?"

[To be continued.]

THE SPIRIT MESSENGERS.

BY EUREKA.

She sat alone in the chamber of death, the scene of her life's bitterest struggle. At last the final change had come, the change for which she had looked with fear and trembling through all the long autumnal days. Her dear mother had watched the flowers fade and the leaves put on their brilliant colors, knowing that before the crimson, gold and amber had faded from the elms, the birches and maples, she, poor and lowly as she was at that minute, would have the right to wear the garments of the King's household—the Infinite Father who hath bestowed upon every soul the title to Immortality and the royal robes of Eternity.

Edna glanced at her mother's face. Its expression of calm, silent contentment pleased her. The cheering smile lingered about her mouth, as if the departing spirit had caught a gleam of heavenly brightness and had impressed upon its earthly habitation a sign of its immortal pleasure. Edna sighed; it was her dear mother, her last earthly friend, lying there, speechless and still; the dear mother for whom she had toiled for more than a year, working night and day. She had never faltered in her love nor her labor. There was a whole history of her sufferings written on the young girl's sweet, patient face, grown so old and faded before its time, for she was not yet out of her teens. The poor never measure their age by numbering the passing years, for a lifetime of sorrow and suffering may be crowded into a brief space. Human suffering prematurely ages the children of the poor. Bread-winners generally have no youth. The sunny period appointed to childhood had never been known to Edna Gray. She had been her mother's sole support for eighteen months or more. She had expended cheerfully all her small daily earnings in procuring comforts for her only parent, who had been unable to do anything toward their mutual support. She had tried to help her daughter eke out their small pittance by saving in every possible way.

Edna toiled through the day in a dressmaker's shop and increased their meagre income by sewing evenings; but when the duties of nurse were superadded to her other labors, she had become weary and well-nigh hopeless. Now the task was ended, and life had no longer an inspiration for her. It seemed to have grown dark and hardly worth the struggle. Practically a stranger and friendless in a large city, there were no assisting hands extended, no strong arm was stretched out to offer those kindly attentions which the poor usually extend toward each other when death casts a shadow over the humblest threshold; and so it happened that Edna sat alone with her dead—a most desolate mourner by her mother's lifeless form. She was trying to think, to press down her heart's bitterness, but it was impossible, and the tears of grief almost choked her when she thought of her lonely life and compared it with that of the dear ones united in the Summer-Land. All were there but her, and she could imagine the beauty and peace surrounding them with brightness and joy in "the Father's house of many mansions." There, parents and children were united; there, sickness and want would be known no more forever. Oh! why could she not go too? She thought of her dear mother, whose sweet spirit brightened their humble home, when together they had shared each other's woes and divided their coarse fare, and which, though often scanty in quantity, was always sweetened by the mother's cheerful prayers and thankful spirit. And how often Edna had thanked God that she had some one left to care for, while her mother was spared. Toil was sweet, cheered by her tender smile. As long as this dear one could share her small earnings, it was a sin to complain—so she lived on.

Now there was no one but herself to struggle for, and she lost heart completely. She prayed to die and be done with life's weary battle. Ah! the bitterness of death was upon her, and she had no more courage to contend against the ebbing tide of hope, which would soon leave her stranded upon the shores of time, and she had no more heart to struggle against it. "After life's fitful fever" was over, there would be eternal rest, endless peace!

There are people who have borne up against the storms of Fate until everything lovely and beautiful in life has been frittered away, and finding themselves unequal to the conflict, they have sunk down in hopeless despair. Edna had reached that point when hope was dead and life no longer attractive.

Poets have sung of hope, of courage, in life's dark hours; they have sung of Elysium, resting in chairs of ease and surrounded by friends and plenty. The inspired have sung sweetly of heaven and life's duties, but if their strains could give expression to the first deep and instant consciousness of relief from sufferings like Edna's—long protracted and ended at last by death and the shattering of every earthly tie—there would be deeper and holier melody than human poet has ever written or inspired tongue ever uttered. Her heart had been penetrated to its inmost shrine by the keen, sharp pangs of sorrow; every fibre and nerve had

quivered with pain, and now the struggle was over. Neither hope nor fear thrilled her soul. She was dead to sensation. She gazed upon her mother's face, noted the sweet, changeless smile, the reflection of the departing spirit as it cast a backward glance upon the lifeless casement which had been its earthly shrine. Ah! the sweet, patient smile was there, but where was the dear mother's soul that had smiled so joyfully at parting?

"Ehlo, indeed, answered 'Where?' Those dear eyes that had shone like familiar stars of love, whose sweet soul-light had never changed, never wandered—would they continue to shine brighter and more cheerily? Oh! if she could span the far horizon of eternity and see the soul in its royal robes of the Father's household! She tried to imagine it, but all was dark. Tears were a luxury she could not afford. She was poor, and her mother's grave would consume all her money; while her rare beauty and gentle sweetness had failed to bring her friends, save those who seek the poor and beautiful to tempt them to evil lives. Edna was pure in heart, and if "seeing God" meant doing right, living pure and spotless from the world, she walked and talked with Him daily.

She stood long beside the still form of her mother, and at last knelt down by her side, resting her fair head against her mother's pillow, weeping bitterly the while. She was alone and heart-broken, and longed to die and be at rest. The burden of her prayer was, "Let me die; oh! let me die."

After a while she felt a soft hand upon her head, and the room seemed illuminated with light. She felt the gentle touch of her mother, and listening she heard her whisper, "Fear not, I am still with you, my darling. Weep no more; henceforth you will nevermore feel alone; all the deeds of your life shall be rewarded, and angel-ministers will bring you heavenly blessings. We have come to comfort you. Your mother is not dead. I still live. Your father is with me. Here also are the others—Alice and little Bennie, Annie and Frank; Bennie comes close because you loved him so. Edna, dear Edna, you will yet be happy and stand as a communicating medium between the living and the dead. Call us when you need us, for lo! we love and will attend you. In sleeping and in waking hours you will know the angel messengers are near. Peace be still; God and the angels are surrounding you. Edna, you will wear the heavenly mantle and I will show you your crown jewels and symbol of your order. Weep no more, my darling, for we are here."

The radiant light faded, the messenger disappeared; but now how often in still hours she beholds her mother, and the other loved ones of her family—all "ministering spirits." She has become a gifted medium, and is blest by the cherished communion with her heavenly messengers, daily realizing that she is not alone.

Washington, D. C.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

A. D. 1622.

"And now," said the governor, gazing abroad on the piled-up store of the sheaves that gleamed in the clearings, and covered the meadows over."

"Tis meet that we render praises, because of this yield of grain."

"Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest be thanked for his sun and rain."

"And therefore I, William Bradford, by the grace of God, do hereby give thanks, and the franchise of this good people, Governor of Plymouth, say, Through the virtue of vested power, We shall gather with one accord, And hold the month of November Thanksgiving unto the Lord."

"He hath granted us peace and plenty, And the quiet we've sought so long; He hath thwarted the wily savage, And kept him from wrack and wrong. And unto our feast the sachem Shall be bidden to sit with us, We worship his own Great Spirit, Who maketh the harvest grow."

"So shoulder your matchlocks, masters, There is hunting of all degrees; And fishermen, take your tackle And scour for spoil the seas; And maidens and dames of Plymouth, Your delicate crafts employ. To honor our first Thanksgiving And make it a feast of joy."

"We fall of the fruits and dainties, We fall of the old home cheer— Ah! these are the lightest losses, Mayhap, but heavy to bear. But see, in our open clearings, How golden the meadows lie; Enrich them with sweets and spices, And give us the pumpkin pie."

So, bravely the preparations Went on for the autumn feast, The deer and the bear were slaughtered; Wild game, from the greatest to least, Was heaped in the colony cabins; Brown home-brew served for wine, And the plum and the grape of the forest For orange and peach and pine.

At length came the day appointed; The glow had begun to fall, But the clang from the meeting-house belfry Rang merrily over all, And summoned the folk of Plymouth, Who hastened with glad accord To listen to Elder Brewster.

As he fervently thanked the Lord, In his seat sat Governor Bradford; Men, matrons and maidens fair; Miles Standish, and all his soldiers, With corselet and sword, were there; And sobbing and tears and gladness Had each in its turn the way.

For the grave of the sweet Rose Standish O'ershadowed Thanksgiving Day, And when Massasoit, the sachem, Sat down with his hundred braves, And ate of the varied riches Of gardens and woods and waves, And looked on the gathered harvest, With a blow on his brawny chest, He muttered, "The good Great Spirit Loves his white children best."

—From *Margaret J. Preston's "Colonial Ballads."*

Mr. E. J. Bowtell, who will be remembered by Truist Seeker readers as formerly a frequent correspondent, and writer of some interesting experiences of his life in a Trappist monastery, sends this note from Greenfield, Mass., to the *BANNER OF LIGHT*: "On Sunday, the 8th inst., I had the pleasure of making my first appearance in New England as a Spiritualist lecturer. On that occasion I addressed the society here in Union Hall. On Tuesday, 10th, at a special meeting called for the purpose, I related my experiences in the Trappist Order of Roman Catholic monks. On Sunday, the 15th, I am engaged to speak for the Society again. "The editor of the *BANNER OF LIGHT* adds: 'We understand from Mr. Bowtell is a recent convert from a materialistic belief, and that he has already done good work as a speaker at Elmira and Saratoga Springs, N. Y. We trust the friends will keep him busy in his new field of labor.' Mr. Bowtell is an Englishman, formerly a member of the National Secular Society, and an editorial writer on the London *Freethinker* when Mr. Roote was in Holloway jail for blasphemy. While residing in this country he has been employed at the *Freethinker*, and has occasionally lectured upon *Freethought* and literary topics. We shall be glad to hear from him now that he has found additional light to guide his footsteps."—*The New York Truthseeker*, Nov. 21st.

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

December Magazines.

THE ARCHA.—A new and excellent picture of J. G. Whittier as the frontispiece is accompanied by a pleasing and familiar sketch of his life and writings by Geo. Stewart, D. C. L., LL. D. The leading paper is by the distinguished French Astronomer and Spiritualist, Camille Flammarion, upon "New Discoveries in the Heavens." Prof. Funk-Brentano of the Paris Academy of Science contributes an interesting article upon "The Logic of Port Royal and Modern Science." "Faith in God as a Personal Equation," is discussed by Rev. C. A. Bartol. As a Christmas number the present has sixteen additional pages. A thrilling novelette by Helen Campbell, entitled "In the Meshes of a Terrible Spell," and a Western sketch by Hamlin Garland, "Uncle Wipley's Speculation," are given. Hon. David A. Wells advocates the Free Trade side of "Protection or Free Trade—Which?" in reply to Mr. Lodge's defense of the former in the October issue. Boston: Arena Pub. Co., Copley Square, Boston.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.—Marble Dickens, the favorite daughter of Charles Dickens, commences "The Staircase of Fairlawn Manor." The approaching world-wide holiday is celebrated in "Christmas Eve," a poem; "Christmas on an Old Plantation," a characteristic sketch of Southern life; "Yo Men of Good Will, a Christmas Romance," in verse; "A Christmas Girl," a story; "Hats and Bonnets for Christmas wear;" "The Brownies Through the Year," and "Greetings from 'Cross the Sea," all of which are fully and finely illustrated. This number abounds with good reading and attractive pictures, and in its various departments is all that can be desired. Philadelphia: Curtis Pub. Co.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART.—A new feature is a colored frontispiece, "A Breezy Day," from a painting by Detmold, produced by *Chromotypographie*, a process employed by the Paris *Figaro Illustré*. "The Mystery of Holbein's 'Ambassadors,' a Solution," by W. Fred Dicks, is the opening article, with eight illustrations. A striking picture is a full-page reproduction of a painting by H. Y. Titcomb, entitled "Primitive Methodists." A finely illustrated article is given on "Recent Honiton Lace," and the first of two papers by Mr. Sambourne on "Political Cartoons," has portraits of two of the most famous artists in that line. A new department of this fine monthly, "Our Illustrated Note Book," has eight illustrations, and gives promise of much to interest its patrons. New York: Cassell Pub. Co.

THE QUIVER.—Two new serial stories are commenced this month, and three stories complete, the latter being "The Two Miss Torringtons," "Give a Dog a Bad Name," and "For a Little While," all imparting good lessons. An edifying paper "About Church-Bells" is contributed by J. F. Rowbotham. "On the Top of Mt. Vesuvius," a descriptive sketch by Dr. Blake, will interest all. The frontispiece, in colors, has for its subject "Their Evening Hymn." New York: Cassell Pub. Co.

We are often deceived in the age of people having beautiful and luxuriant hair, not knowing that they use Hall's Hair Renewer to keep gray hairs away.

A Rosary of Pearls.

In the evolution of thought, which has resulted in the upheaval and modification of old and generally accepted theological beliefs, the inspired writings of Andrew Jackson Davis have been a potent factor.

When the "Harmonical Philosophy" first made its appearance, it was hailed as a "Divine Revelation of Truth" by those who had the courage to assert their right to independent thought, guided by reason and common sense. But by the general public it was regarded as an utterly pernicious production of decidedly questionable origin. With the lapse of time, however, the principles enunciated and the thoughts projected have taken root, and in one form or another have been sent forth liberalizing and emancipating the world of to-day. They permeate the utterances from pulpit, press and platform. Are you interested in Astronomy, Theosophy, the Science of Healing, or any of the vital questions involving social or political reform? The "Harmonical Philosophy" is an unfailing source of information where all these subjects are considered with a wisdom passing the wisdom of mortals. Is not this the true "Wisdom Religion"?

Many who have been enlightened, uplifted and strengthened by the writings of the "Seer of the Harmonical Dispensation" have long desired to see some of the "rems of wisdom" set in such a form that all seekers after truth might perceive their wondrous beauty. That such was the design of the higher powers is shown by the publication of "Starnos." This "Rosary of Pearls," which the accomplished wife of the Seer offers to the world, cannot fail to enrich the lives of all who receive it. They shine undimmed, these priceless pearls of truth, showing the possibility of even now rising to the heights of true spiritual living, and bridging the chasm between us and our ascended loved ones. Death is robbed of its sting, the grave of its victory. God speed the little messenger of light on its mission of love.

Hyde Park, Mass., 1891. MATILDA H. CUSHING.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

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

To Correspondents.

No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer in all cases indispensable as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return cancelled articles.

G. D. F. WOODBERRY, MASS.—Your missive did not reach this office in season to print in last week's *BANNER*, we are sorry to say.

E. P. H. HAVENHILL, MASS.—The report of your meetings, held Nov. 22d, did not come to hand in season to print, as our forms went to press one day earlier than usual on account of Thanksgiving.

W. P. SWANSEA, MASS.—Your notice of Mrs. Nellie F. Burbeck's lecture Sunday was not received at this office in season to print.

A. E. W. NEW YORK.—The Adelphi Hall report came to the Boston P. O. at 9 P. M. of the 23d, and the *BANNER* went to press at 9 P. M. This is the reason it did not appear.

C. G. H. CINCINNATI.—Pamphlet received. Will see what can be done.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Colby & Rich, Publishers and Bookellers, 9 Bowditch Street, Boston, Mass., keep for sale a complete assortment of Bibles, Prayer-books, Hymn-books, and all the latest and best of Religious, Educational, and Miscellaneous Books, at Wholesale and Retail.

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

Subscriptions to the BANNER OF LIGHT and orders for our publications may be sent through the Purchasing Department of the American Express Co., at any place where that Company has an agency. Agents will give a money order receipt for the amount sent, and will forward us the money order, attached to an order to have the paper sent for any stated time, free of charge. The price for forwarding the order, which is 5 cents for any sum under \$5.00. This is the safest method to remit orders.

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

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1891.

Entered at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class Matter.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE,
No. 9 Bowditch Street, corner Province Street,
(Lower Floor.)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS:
THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY,
14 Franklin Street, Boston.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
39 and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

COLBY & RICH,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

ISAAC B. RICH, Business Manager.
LUCY COLBY, Editor.
JOHN W. DAY, Assistant Editor.

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

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

We shall give our readers next week another of MAJ. C. NEWELL'S interesting sketches of Indian life, prepared expressly for THE BANNER'S columns. The theme of the forthcoming number is:

"The Dances of the Dakotas."

Treatment of Criminals.

In the opinion of Rev. Mr. Savage, crime is not increasing, in spite of statistics showing the contrary, and society has no right to punish crime, because it cannot decide the degree of any individual's intentional guilt in the commission of any crime whatever. A boy born in the midst of criminal conditions which he did not create and for which he is not responsible, never having had an opportunity to get a clear idea of human justice or human right, and trained from his childhood to the idea that society is responsible for all ignorance, criminality and poverty, is taught to think it is somehow a heroic thing to be re-venged on society and to get out of it all he can.

Other people are criminals largely from weakness, the battle of life being an unequal one for them. Others have inherited a tremendous overweight of passion, overmastering reason and self-control, who are not responsible for being thus overweighted. And thus something is to be said on behalf of all the criminal classes, whose origin we need to study in order to understand them before pronouncing judgment. No man or body of men is wise enough to untangle all the threads of inheritance and condition, so as to ascertain the exact amount of responsibility that is to be charged upon any man for any act he ever commits.

Still, society has a right to protect itself, and to any necessary extent, and by any method that is necessary, in order to enable it to go on in its progress from its present to a higher and better condition. But it may do this only in the spirit of self-protection, never in the spirit of vengeance. Almost any one of us, if we are sufficiently humble, might say as he looks upon any case of crime, There goes myself but for the accidents of birth, education, training, and the many other things that have given me a chance that this criminal never had.

Yet we may not coddle crime because he who commits it may not be responsible. We are not to make the criminal's condition more comfortable than that of the hard-working, honest poor man. We have no right to surround crime with a maudlin kind of sympathy that tends to break down the distinction between right and wrong. Crime is still crime, just as disease is disease. Because a man may not be responsible in the one case or the other, it does not make the condition a healthful one in either case.

Nor is unduly severe treatment justifiable. Barbaric methods of dealing with crime always indicate a barbaric social condition, and tend to the increase of crime rather than its diminution. People tend to become coarse, hard and brutal, as they treat crime in a coarse, hard and brutal fashion. It is universally true that less crime and a higher type of social order are to be found where humane counsels, humane methods of treatment and humane dealing with crime prevail. This only means that when it practices the brutal and cruel way society is itself in that brutal condition out of which crime naturally springs.

The Reformatory plan for dealing with prisoners was emphatically approved and endorsed by Mr. Savage. At Elmira, every one of the thirteen hundred convicts receives marks for personal conduct, for diligence and attainment in study, and for faithfulness and ability in his work. Naturally all strive to attain the highest grade. The door of hope is opened to the criminal, giving him an opportunity to work out his own salvation. The sentence implies a definite time of restraint before he can be released, and in no case can he be held beyond a certain definite time. Release inside of this maximum term is on parole, and is not a final discharge. He is under constant supervision. He must report himself just so often, and is subject to rearrest if he breaks his parole, or commits a new offense. Seventy-five per cent. of the prisoners thus treated are reformed. This is the kind of social self-protection that turns social enemies into friends, and foes into allies, to protect society.

The Sweating System.

A public meeting was held in the Melancon in this city one evening last week, at which the evils of the obnoxious "sweating system" were discussed and denounced, being the first popular meeting ever held for that distinct and direct purpose. The meeting was one of the most deeply earnest character, and many things were uttered that bore closely and seriously upon the make-up of our present industrial system, and the social system it upholds and sustains. The speakers were among our most distinguished citizens, and their words carried an unusual degree of weight with them, as they well deserved.

Rev. Louis Albert Banks said: "We must rely on the great conscience of the country. There is always enough conscience in any community to stamp out any evil, if we can only arouse it. . . . In Europe, this thing began in the clothing business, demoralizing the tailors' business, and then extended to the furniture and other trades. We have found this sweating system in the clothing business of our city, but it is enough to down our civilization if allowed to fasten and get root in our midst."

George E. McNeill said: "Some of the people in that position called society owe that position to ancestors who were engaged in the slave-trade. Some others owe it to ancestors exporting rum to the heathen. Others owe it to the wealth from letting houses and tenements at usurious interest. Some pay an interest of forty per cent. Society, then, consists of children of ancestors who have amassed wealth under such circumstances and conditions. Some of them owe it to an ancestry that built factories for the manufacture of cloths, and then earned their money out of the long hours' work of women and children."

"In New York there are miles of tenement houses where the English language is not spoken, and where people are crowded together regardless of decency, morality or human life. . . . We wonder at the spread of anarchy, but look at the condition of your working people, and you will no longer wonder at the spread, but at the submission of the working people, and the apathy of Christian people. But tears will not wipe out this curse. The resolution we may pass denouncing this evil is of little avail unless we touch the pocket-books of the people. When you go to purchase clothing, ask where it was made; and when you begin to do that, you have given such a blow as was given to the slave-trade."

Hon. Elijah A. Morse wrote a letter, saying that "many a poor woman has died with her needle pointing to the bar of God, whose sorrows are not heard by mortal ear, and are heard only by the pitying ear of heaven."

Frank K. Foster said: "I recognize in this sweating system an incident of our civilization, and it is developing a chasm almost impassable, dividing the strata of society. The whole system has developed in the unequal opportunity, and under all is the great labor problem."

Rev. Dr. Miner closed the discussion by saying: "The whole problem stands before me as a unit. If you want to strike a blow that will have broadest, strongest and deepest influence, crush the liquor traffic."

Our own present thought on the subject is this: If our industrial system itself were to be put into a shape for its progressive reorganization, on the basis of industrial association in place of industrial competition and contention, many if not all of the questions that today separately agitate and disturb the desired repose and stability of our social system would fall into place silently and disappear for good in the final establishment of a more perfect harmony of feeling through a closer unity of interest. Once supplant competition with co-operation as the ruling spirit of our entire industrial system, and labor strives would gradually disappear, class prejudice would be less and less heard of, all forms of waste would give way to an intelligent and inspiring economy, and the enormous evils of the liquor traffic would be forgotten in the higher and freer aspirations of all men.

New Demonstrations.

To fully understand the great value of spiritual revelations, one must try to convince a skeptic of immortality. No argument has any effect except the one of fact. The facts of the New Testament are not admitted. The reasoning from cause to effect does not avail, because the cause is denied.

If one can produce a fact or show cause, then argument is unnecessary. The prophets among us say that within a short time fresh revelations will be given to the world, and the truth of immortality again be demonstrated. Let us earnestly pray that this may be so. We can understand the significance of the petition, "Come quickly."

Some of our Government officials are agitating the question of fortifying our Southern seaboard and our Western Lake territory, in case we should have occasion to burn powder against the encroachments of (paradventure) Great Britain. But we need not hurry in this respect. "John" has as much as he is willing to do the next ten years to prevent France and Russia combined from getting on top of his possessions in India, to say nothing of the Egyptian imbroglio and the Chinese insurrection. Then, again, Americans don't want to antagonize the mother country, if it be possible to keep the peace between the two nations by arbitration.

At Our Public Circle, on Friday last week, a gentleman from New Bedford was present, and recognized a spirit in control of the medium, who gave the name Thomas M. James. The New Bedford gentleman remarked that the message was exactly like Mr. James in sentiment, expression and manner of delivery, and added that a friend with him, who had known Mr. James twenty years, was of the same opinion.

It is admitted that coffins were burned at Harvard street Cemetery. Under such vandal circumstances would it be a good idea to do away with coffins altogether, as we suggested some time ago, and cremate all corpses? THE BANNER'S columns are open to a free discussion of this important subject pro and con.

Veteran Spiritualists' Union.—We are requested to announce that a meeting of the Directors of the Union will be held on Tuesday evening, Dec. 8th, at 7:30 o'clock, at the house of Mrs. John Woods, No. 603 Tremont street. A full attendance is requested.

Marsh and Webster.

Luther R. Marsh addressed two meetings in Horticultural Hall on Sunday last on the subject of "Miracles" and on "Egotism." [See synoptical report on the eighth page.] On an evening of the previous week he spoke by apologetic announcement in Tremont Temple on "The Life and Character of Daniel Webster." He opened his address with the remark that "Boston doesn't realize the greatness of the man" he was there to eulogize—Inleted, no doubt, by the smallness of the audience gathered. Mr. Marsh was a law-partner of Webster in New York back in the '40's, and he was thus enabled to intersperse his lecture with personal reminiscences, anecdotes of Webster told by mutual friends, and extracts from writings for the press, forty years ago, on Webster's work.

Mr. Marsh said Mr. Webster was, perhaps, the only man who ever lived whose personal appearance was never disappointing to admirers of his intellect when they saw him for the first time. Thorwaldsen, the great Danish sculptor, who had made a study of the heads of great men of ancient and modern times, said Webster's was the grandest head he ever saw.

His speeches, said Mr. Marsh, are classics of our language, and his mind was eminently a legal one. His leading faculty was a power of condensation in the highest degree, and a transcendent ability to state an idea in the widest variety of phrase without repetition. He was likewise a great philosopher. Among the anecdotes related of him was this one: When he was once asked how he felt when in the act of delivering his memorable reply in the Senate to Hayne of South Carolina, he answered, "I felt as if everything I ever read or heard or said was right around me, and all I had to do was to reach up and seize a thunderbolt and hurl it at him."

A number of anecdotes of Webster were told by Mr. Marsh, who was enabled to recall them as a personal associate and friend of the great statesman rather than as an outside or distant admirer and reporter. The speaker held his audience enthralled for an hour and a half, and the applause was both sincere and liberal. It made all the difference to listen to one who had personally known Webster in the past.

Annual Pardons.

Two life prisoners were pardoned from the Massachusetts State Prison at Charlestown on Thanksgiving Day by Governor Russell, according to the practice of forty years. The scene of the announcement by Warden Lovering, in the presence of the six hundred assembled prisoners, was one to be long remembered by those who witnessed it. The gratitude of the pardoned men themselves was in the deepest degree moving.

There are some who are beginning to protest against this annual exercise of executive clemency, declaring it to be mere sentiment, calculated to weaken discipline, and introducing into our penal institutions a wrong influence. They apparently would not have prisoners receive any but harsh and punitive treatment. If discipline and correction are any part of the prison system, who shall say that it is not just as effectual to employ kindness as to exercise severity? Nor is it by any means agreed, but, on the contrary, it is vigorously denied, that society has any right in depriving an offender of his liberty to go any further than to protect itself.

THE BANNER has lots of good things to print in its next issue: beside the continuation of its Original Story that most everybody is reading—and likes so well—another paper from that classic writer, Mrs. Love M. Willis, the subject being a portrayal of Thomas C. URBAN, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Bowdoin College, will also appear, with a fine poem by the well-known talented poetess, Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle, entitled, "COMANCHER," (the subject of the poem,) preceded by an explanatory note regarding the death of the most celebrated war-horse in the U. S. cavalry service during the late civil war. The Message Department will also give some strong individual evidences of spirit return. And here we would say to the clergy on the one hand, and Free Thinkers (Infidels) on the other, who doubtless—at least many of them—are not aware of the fact, that the meetings every Tuesday and Friday afternoon at this office are free to the public; and we take this method of notifying those designated above that they would be especially welcomed by the excommunicated individuals that manifest, who are so anxious to inform the world's people that they still live, and under proper conditions can demonstrate their identity.—Other matters of much interest will also appear in our next issue—of interest to the world at large.

An active and experienced Spiritualist of New York City, upon remitting payment of a year's subscription for two copies of THE BANNER—one of them for a friend who, hitherto skeptical, is from recent occurrences coming to a knowledge of the truth of Spiritualism—this friend writes: "He is a very intelligent man, and quite influentially connected in this city; formerly a political leader, and years ago correspondent of a popular Boston paper. He is a relative of the recently deceased actor, W. J. Florence. This afternoon he has been reading to me how his own grandson but six years old—here in New York City—being sick the night of the death of Mr. Florence in Philadelphia, at exactly the time of the death (as subsequently verified) went into what was thought a fit that threatened convulsions (to the great alarm of the family), but soon came out of it and was very peaceful, but exclaimed with great earnestness that he had just seen his Uncle William. From that my friend was strongly impressed with the idea that Florence must have died. About an hour later came to him a telegram stating that such was the sad fact."

It gives us pleasure to announce that the grand trance-medium, W. J. COLVILLE, so well known not only in this community, but throughout the whole country, will lecture in Horticultural Hall, 100 Tremont street, next Sunday, Dec. 6th. His subject in the morning, commencing at 10:30, will be "An Ideal Spiritual Temple." In the evening at 7:30 he will discourse upon "Abraham Lincoln's Spiritualism, and what it enabled him to accomplish." Mr. Colville will also give lectures on Spiritual Science, at Room 1, No. 4 Berkeley street, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:45 P. M.

We recently had a pleasant private interview with Luther R. Marsh, Esq., who is one of the most genial gentlemen we ever met. A report of his lecture last Sunday morning in this city will be found in another column.

The Mediumship of Edwin Arnold.

The mediumship of Edwin Arnold, author of the "Light of Asia," the poem, "He that Died at Azan Benda," etc., is apparent in all he writes, and is further shown in his method of composing poetry, which he describes as follows: "Sometimes the lines are importunate, and will be at once registered. Reading, driving, dressing for dinner—it does not matter how I may be then employed, the verses will haunt me, fascinate me, dance before my imagination, demanding to be fixed; and I must catch them then and there or they will go. Sometimes the right ideas will come as suddenly as if by electric message."

Mrs. Ada Foye

Has accomplished a vast amount of good in this city and adjacent places the past month, convincing hundreds of the soul-satisfying truth that intercommunion is not only possible between the mundane and supramundane worlds, but is positively assured. In consequence of which she has aroused the attention of many skeptics, and led them into a course of investigation that will undoubtedly illuminate in a like conviction. Mrs. Foye leaves New England with the blessing of thousands resting upon her, all of whom hope she will be with us again at no remote period.

Lieut. Robinson, of the First Cavalry, at Fort Custer, Montana, writes to the Washington Post in terms of the highest praise of his troop of Crow Indians, of whom he says that they are the first troop of really disciplined and trained regulars ever made from an Indian tribe for the United States service. Out of loyalty to them as such, as their commander, he would see them "reap the fruits of that docility, intelligence and soldierly pride which since their enlistment has made them what they now are—a troop of efficient regular cavalry of which no commander may be ashamed." With the exception of a single instance, the Crow Indians have been the unswerving friends of the whites. They are, however, brave in war and skillful in council. Within four months after their enlistment, these men were regularly barracked, mounted on American horses, their hair cut short, and appeared in full dress at regular dress parade and guard mount, for the first time in the history of the American Indian. The American Indian promises to become a most valuable military contingent.

According to the San Francisco Chronicle, a suit has been commenced by the attorney-general to dissolve the organization known as the "Order of New Life," incorporated under the State laws in June, 1887. This Order, while not exactly a faith-cure, was a new departure in healing the sick. The sanitarium has for some time been shut up. A wealthy citizen of San Francisco, who was taken with the tenets of the Order, presented it with a property worth \$40,000, which gave it at once a home where its theories could be put in practice. His heirs not long afterward began actions at law, alleging a waste on his part, mental incompetency, no value received for money, and so on. Upon this the trustees agreed to change the gift to a ten-year lease, at a nominal rent. The donor has himself revoked his gift, and taken measures legally to reclaim it. The matter is expected to be fully adjusted by the time the year expires.

An informal but very pleasant reception was held on the evening of Nov. 22d at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Reese, 135 Olive street, Kansas City, Mo., in honor of Dr. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, the eminent Boston psychologist and medical lecturer, who has recently made his home there. An extended report of the interesting occasion was given in THE JOURNAL of that city, to which we shall make further reference next week.

In a note appended to a business letter from Mr. J. Frank Baxter, he alludes as follows to Mr. Howland, an obituary notice of whom is given in another column: "Mr. Howland was a deep thinker, and a thorough Spiritualist. He was alive to all the great reforms, and assisted proportionately to his means far beyond what many of the wealthiest do; he purchased THE BANNER OF LIGHT regularly, which he and wife perused, discussed and enjoyed together."

We welcome earnest workers in the Cause of Truth to the spiritual field, North and South, East and West, where an abundant harvest awaits the reapers. Send reports to THE BANNER.

Pound Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Loomis Hall will hold a Pound Party at Ladies' Aid Parlor, 1031 Washington street, Monday evening, Dec. 14th, at 7:30. All are cordially invited. Each bring a pound of fruit, cake or pie. Admittance twenty-five cents for those not bringing a pound. There will be an entertainment by the Lyceum children, and music and singing.

Our old friend, Dr. J. R. Newton, possessed the power of healing disease at a distance in a degree never equaled. It was his request that Mrs. Newton should go on with this work after he passed on; and he afterward repeatedly urged this request, with the assurance that he, as a spirit, could and would heal through her. In many ways she was prepared for the work, having been long associated with him in his labors. For further particulars see advertisement in another column.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS RECEIVED.—Montieur Spirite and Magnetique, Paris, France. Le Messager, Liege, Belgium. Annali dello Spirittismo, Turin, Italy. Constantia Revista Quincenal, Esprittista Bonerense, Buenos Ayres. La Perseverancia, Buenos Ayres. La Verité, Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic. Spirituelletheche Blätter, Leipzig, Germany. O Regenerador, Para, Brazil.

Ella Lucy Merriam of Los Angeles, Cal., sends THE BANNER a number of Pampus Plumes for the adornment of our Free-Circle Room, and expresses her regrets that distance prevents her from keeping it constantly supplied with beautiful flowers—for all which she will please accept our thanks.

Col. A. A. Wheelock of New York, who has recently been cured of Pneumonia by the use of Dr. J. A. Shelhamer's preparation, states that it is the best thing he ever used in that line. A few weeks since, he informs us, he had a severe attack, so that he could neither swallow nor speak except with great difficulty. For sale at this office.

"UNITY PULVER."—With this as their general title the Sunday discourses of M. J. Savage are published, each week, in a pamphlet of sixteen pages. They have reached No. 7 of Vol. 18. The late issues consist of a series on Every-Day Religion, that of Nov. 27th having for its special theme, "Man the Way to God." Geo. H. Ellis, publisher, 141 Franklin street.

"THE JOYFUL STORY" is the name of a Christmas Service consisting of choruses, recitations, responsive exercises, quartettes and solos; published by S. Brainerd's Sons Co., Chicago.

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

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

PUMPKIN PIE.

I hear 'em talk of patties,
Welsh rabbits and sich trash,
Ragouts and tapioas,
And Frenchy kinds o' hash,
But I guess there is n't any dish
Made underneath the sky
Can teach the wholesome flavor
Of New England pumpkin pie.

—N. Y. H.

The Kansas City man who stole \$6000 worth of paving-blocks should be promptly indicted for highway robbery.

Half a million dollars' worth of orchids is one of the items promised for the Chicago Fair; and, indeed, everything is on the same grand scale. It does give one cause, however, to reflect that so near the end of 1891 as it now is, there is not a single building yet put up for that gigantic enterprise.

It has been conclusively proven that a reasonably good street-car service is practically impossible in Boston as it is at present governed, and since it is evidently impossible so far to counteract the influence of the West End Company at City Hall as to have that corporation brought to its bearings, it is time that a rival company was created to be a thorn in its side.

John Burroughs, the author, does all his literary work during the cool months, it is said. He burrows the while.

AFTER THANKSGIVING.—"What did you do on Thanksgiving?" "Oh! I had a glorious time! I was helped three times to Turkey." "So was I." "And twice to ice cream, and I had a quarter of a mince pie, and a lot of custard." "I had pumpkin pie, and custard pie, and mince, and apple and nutmegs. Then I had nuts and raisins." "So did I." "And candy." "So did I." "And the next day I had the doctor." "So did I!"—*Youth's Companion.*

The secret of cheap living consists in selecting the best food materials and preparing them properly. At the average table, the food that is wasted on account of being badly cooked costs more than the food that is eaten. The prime factor in obtaining cheap food is a knowledge of the culinary art.

The higher classes in Moscow are becoming alarmed at the extraordinary state of affairs caused by the famine in Russia. The alarm is visibly felt throughout society. A crisis is constantly imminent.

Thanksgiving is well over, and now the enterprising dealers in gifts are beginning to talk Christmas. They do it mostly in advertisements.

A meeting in the interest of negro and Indian education was held in Trinity Church in this city last Sunday evening, and the Hampton quartette sang and Indian and negro students from Hampton Institute made addresses.

A bad way to get clear of a mother-in-law is to set fire to the house in which she resides. This, it is asserted, W. H. Lambert of Cambridge did—for which he was arrested. In defense he said that she and her children had been living on him for a long time, and he wanted to get rid of them. It is no wonder he got desperate.

A man in Waterbury has been fatally stabbed seven times by his brother. They are foreigners. They belong to the British Isles.

Our young friend William of Germany, who is intensely fond of oysters, is in another strait. He thinks his Chancellor Von Caprivi don't pepper and salt his oysters enough—and so William is going for a more genial gentleman—"one of the modern time."

They have recently had four incendiary fires in Haverhill, Mass. Beverly also has its firebugs.

Four funny Canadian Frenchmen, all good looking young fellows, visited Boston recently to talk over reciprocity between Uncle Sam and the Dominion, and of course their brethren here gave them an ovation at the Vendome. The dinner was superb, the speeches lively, and the champagne *au fait*. All right thus far. But the quartette who filled up at the Vendome, *supped* at Wright & Willis's oyster saloon below stairs on oyster stew, and glibly discussed, in French, the difference between champagne, turkey and oyster stew.

The poor man who ate a "square meal" Thanksgiving Day was round.

Great will be the honor of the singer who shall rightly sing the praises of the war of the peaceful world of to-day against the ills of the present.

An exchange remarks that the situation in Europe is one of sensational avement one day, succeeded the next by stout denial. That exactly describes the situation in regard to most of the public journals in this country. They boom a loud story one day only to burst it the next. The intelligent public is beginning to pay little heed one way or the other.

The first Calendar for 1892 comes to us from the Great Rock Island Route R. R.—Omaha, Chicago, Denver & Kansas City. E. St. John, General Manager, Chicago. It is tastily gotten up, neat and useful.

Only a woman can appreciate an indulgent word when out of sorts; a tender word when she has failed in what she undertook; a gracious word after making a mistake; a generous word when, from being tired out with petty worries, she has spoken unkindly, and an ingenious word when she asks advice upon some important event.

Unity—published in Chicago—summing up a generous estimate of Ingersoll, says he is "a man who demonstrates by his eloquence the inadequacy of his own position, the ungraciousness of a flippant humorist in the presence of the high realities of life. Robert Ingersoll is a brilliant relic of the free-thinking that has gone, rather than a forerunner of the free-thinking that is to come."

It is old Montaigne who says that it is good to rub and polish our brain against that of others.

The unsatisfactory condition of our social life, says an exchange, is not due to some new disease which humanity has caught. It is not due to some specific wrong that any individual or class has wrought. It is rather but a phase of that immaturity out of which we have not yet grown. And so the only way out is to keep on growing. A lasting betterment can come only through the slow process of increasing knowledge and industry and self control, through temperance and providence and continence.

Every woman who wears a bird on her hat contributes—let her stop and think seriously of it—to the yearly sacrifice of thirty or forty millions of humming-birds, orioles, robins, sea-gulls, etc.

Later reports confirm the stories regarding the outbreaks in China, and the massacre of hundreds of Christians; and it is said that the rebels are marching upon Peking, the seat of government.

For a jackass endowed with the power of speech, Baalam's did very little talking, says the Brooklyn *Life*.

Late news from Japan, considered authentic, state that the earthquakes there the latter part of October last were more destructive to human life than the first accounts gave. A great amount of property was destroyed by fire and flood, and thousands of people lost their lives in consequence of the terrible upheaval.

Thanksgiving in this city was extensive Turkey-giving in many of our best establishments.

Recent foot-ball victories of Yale College students show that they are "alive and kicking."

The national encampment of the G. A. R. is to be held in Washington next summer, and a committee from that city is coming to Boston next month to learn how to make it a success!

La Griffe has got Germany by the throat once more, and better than in 1880. Physiologists estimate that forty thousand persons have been attacked already Nov. 1st in Berlin alone. It will come here soon, probably, and then our people will want "Shellhamer's Specific," which is a sure cure.

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. Scholhamer, Chairman.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS, AND THE GIVING OF SPIRIT MESSAGES, will occur on the SAME DAY, and the results be consecutively published in this Department of THE BANNER.

At these sittings the spiritual guides of Mrs. M. T. Longley occupy the platform for the purpose of answering questions propounded by inquirers, having practical bearing upon human life in 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 instructions 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 these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much as truth in their communications.

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.

Natural flowers are gratefully appreciated by our spiritual friends, and the donors of such flowers are placed upon the altar of Spirituality their floral offerings.

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

Questions Answered and Spirit Messages

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEMBERSHIP OF

Mrs. M. T. Longley.

Report of Public Séance held Oct. 16th, 1891.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou Divine Spirit of Holiness and Peace, we would be turned in thought and aspiration toward thy spiritual kingdom to receive light and a quickening of understanding concerning thy laws and thy most beautiful ways. We desire to be stimulated in spirit, that we may receive and realize more of the inner life, more of the interior nature of man and its possibilities. We wish to learn how we may unfold in grace of spirit, in soul qualities, so that we may grow in power and also become more and more like unto thee angels, who delight to do thy will in serving humanity.

May we at this time be brought into nearness with such glorious souls, those who go forth unselfishly doing the work that they are called to do, and who are not content with the ignorant, to minister unto the sad and needy, and in bearing consolation and comfort to those who mourn. We desire to associate with such beings, who are able to receive the influence, in power, in aspiration and in achievement. May we at this time be brought into their atmosphere to receive of their light, and to be uplifted and blessed by the holy influence which they bring.

We thank thee for the divine blessing of immortality, for the knowledge of the continuity of life which has been conclusively proven to us in this time.

We thank thee for the divine blessing of immortality, for the knowledge of the continuity of life which has been conclusively proven to us in this time. We thank thee for the divine blessing of immortality, for the knowledge of the continuity of life which has been conclusively proven to us in this time.

Questions and Answers.

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

Q.—[By G. W. F., in the audience.] Can the Controlling Intelligence tell how long it will be before the Southern States are covered with water, the same having been foretold?

A.—No doubt the climatic conditions of various parts of this planet are undergoing a change, and that various sections of the earth, especially in North America, will in time be submerged; but it is not possible, we think, for any spirit to predict just at what period in the world's experience and history this may occur.

We know it has been prophesied that the southern district of this land will in time be submerged. Possibly that is true. We have no reason to doubt it, because planetary conditions are changing, as the earth itself develops its forces and reaches out toward a more matured state of life; yet it would be of no special service to the present age and generation for us to prophesy at what time in the remote future this change may take place in the South; and, as we have said, we do not feel ourselves sufficiently well enough informed upon the subject to make any prediction.

Q.—[By T. H. Morse, Plainfield, N. J.] Many spirits who have passed from earth have thus far failed to make their presence known to the friends they left behind. In such cases, is the failure on their part to do so the result of their ignorance (willful or otherwise)? or is the power to return through a medium a matter of individual development on the part of the spirit so doing? Must the spirit be developed to communicate, as well as the mortal to speak the message?

A.—In a certain sense there must be a degree of development for this special work on the part of the spirit, just as there must be on the part of the medium. And yet you may ask, How can this be, since some spirits return and communicate almost immediately after their passage from the body, while others may not come for many years? We would answer: Some individuals show a degree of mediumistic power almost as soon as they are able to talk, or in other ways to make themselves understood, while other mediums are around the opened enough to show any marked signs of their occult power until they have passed through many years of experience in mortal life. Yet, undoubtedly, the gift is there, or the requisite power and state of the spirit for performing the special work.

Spirits of all grades of understanding, mentality or moral development make their presence known through your various media, so that it does not seem to be a condition of high exaltation, mentally or morally speaking, that is required by the communicating spirit in order to make itself understood by friends on earth; but, on the other hand, there must be a certain understanding of the forces of the medium that it is to employ, or some special adaptation between the atmosphere of the instrument and that of the operating spirit, or some degree of spiritual assimilation.

Then you may inquire, Why is it that a medium can be entranced, perhaps in the same hour, by spirits of various grades of mental and moral unfoldment, from one who exhibits depraved and unholy appetites or passions, or who portrays himself as an illiterate, ignorant individual, to those of great spiritual exaltation, expressing high moral sentiments and principles, and giving clear views upon sound subjects in pure diction, if there must be adaptability between the instrument employed and the spirit communicating? We reply to this question, in a way that may seem strange to some, but which we believe is the way in which mediums have various faculties of his organism, capable of being touched upon by these invisible presences, and these faculties must have power to respond to the thought, desire or expression, whichever it may be, of this communicating spirit.

Now a spirit of one grade of unfoldment may control our medium this afternoon, and immediately following that intelligence may come one of a very different order of development, and perhaps both will be able to manifest fairly intelligently, so as to identify themselves to their friends. The medium, during the hour of entrancement, is, first of all, brought into subjection to one or more spirits of her personal band, whose business it is to surround her with their own magnetic forces, which can assimilate with her own, and with which she is so familiar, through force of association for many years, as to be herself almost unable to perceive them; and, therefore, these magnetic forces from the band are able to manifest through the medium to mingle with her own, partially that a spiritual atmosphere may be created for the use of these returning strangers who are to handle her organism, which perhaps they could not do were they to depend entirely upon her own magnetic environment, and partially that they may be used as a protection from encroaching spirits with their adverse magnetisms for the medium herself.

When this magnetic atmosphere has been prepared and established by the guardian spirits, such intelligences as are present wish-

ing to control who have the right degree of magnetic power, positive will-force or spiritual quality that may be required at the time to mingle with this atmosphere we have mentioned, are selected by members of the spirit-band present and marshaled forward to give their communications. One spirit may come to-day and manifest who, although being in our circle a week or more ago, was unable to announce himself. Conditions with the medium or the circle, with the audience or the general surroundings, are never precisely the same. There is always some variation, some difference in the elements and in the state of the séance.

Therefore, friends, you will see that while your particular dear ones may not have been able to present themselves through the medium at one time, they may find the conditions just right to do so at another, or, if they are unable to control one medium, some other may be suited to their requirements, for there is no medial instrument on the earth who is capable of being controlled by all spirits, even had she the strength to yield herself to such work. Different temperaments and various organizations call for instruments for their use that will in some measure be adapted to their work just as much on the spirit-side as they do on earth.

There are many spirits in the other life who have never had any desire to manifest through medial organisms. Some believe that they cannot do themselves justice, or give their characteristics sufficiently clear to establish their identity; others think it will be time enough for those on earth who have known them to learn of a continued spiritual life and the reunion of friends there, the reality of homes and occupations, when they have laid aside the physical conditions and are prepared to enter the spirit-world. There are various reasons why many spirits do not return. Some may have passed beyond the earth-life and its environments so far that they feel no special attraction toward this planet. But there are thousands upon thousands of intelligences who are anxious to come, who through the highways of mediumistic communication, and who are waiting their turn somewhere to make their presence and influence felt by their mortal friends.

Sylvester Judd.

I-to-day feel an attraction to this place, urged by my own desire to see by the flesh eye, and who has recently come to the spirit-world, and who for many years served me well as an instrument through whom I could express my sentiment and thought to the world.

This friend is gratified with the greeting received on spiritual shores. He feels that it is best for him; and for the work he has done in connection with the revelation of truth from spirit-realms, he will advance from the present state which he has found. Not long will he remain idle, and already he is giving up his home for ever work, to take upon himself the yoke of spiritual labor which he even now feels pressing upon him. By-and-by his spirit will be heard sending out the high truths which he gains in the immortal world to the friends whom he has left on earth. Already has his influence been felt by mediumistic souls who have known and loved him, and the consolations that have been brought to them because of his presence are truly sweet, as he well knows.

To the friends who have listened to words of truth and exaltation given through his organism in the New England States, he sends greeting; and I, as one who has been a controlling intelligence of that organism, expressing my interpretation of great truths to those who cared to receive them, send my greeting and the assurance that my work is not done. Other instrumentalities I have employed during the years of my labor for the expression of my thought, and other instrumentalities I shall employ in the future, but not perhaps to give my name or to make my personality known. These are nothing compared with the presentation of truth; and one who has never been known to the world through the press or pulpit, one who has never been understood as possessing a great nature, may be as capable of expressing lofty sentiments and wielding a spiritual influence for good as may one whose name has been sounded throughout the land in eloquent words of praise.

I look upon old creeds and dogmas as a mass of rubbish that needs to be cleared away from human lives. The false system of theological pretension has been built up upon a book which of itself, in my opinion, is but a collection of human ideas, interpretations and assumptions. It is the work of many spirits to reveal these things in their clear light to human understanding, and we do our best with the means at our command to reach those who are ready to see the light and to accept it with the higher truths that come from the spiritual kingdom beyond.

I will not weary you, Mr. Chairman, with any further words. I come not so much in my own name as in that of my friend and in that of the band of spirits whose work has been known in many places, and which shall be known as an effective force through the coming years, because none can rest from their labor connected with such bands as that until the grand redemptive power of truth is felt in every soul, and man, rising above the shackles which have bound him in ignorance, error and superstition for ages past, shakes himself free from them and stretches out his hand to the clear sunlight of spiritual revelation, rejoicing to receive it in his soul, and to lift his head into its beautiful splendor and warmth.

I bring greeting to all friends, and assure them that the good cause goes marching on. Sylvester Judd.

Capt. Isaac Oberton.

I have been listening to the gentlemen who have been talking to you, and I do not know very much about these things, but I take in a little of what they say, and I feel the warmth and the brightness that comes from them, and I am trying to learn.

[To the Chairman:] I think I could tell you more about what good farming is, and a little of what the real interests of shipping are, and all that sort of thing, than I can tell you about the concerns and labors of the spirit-world, for I have not used to them yet, sir, and I have not got knowledge of them.

It doesn't seem very long since I went out of the body; it seems hardly a day; but I suppose it is some weeks since I was called and answered to the summons. Somehow I have stepped in here. I felt a strong pull, and I just followed that line, and came to the end to find your meeting-place. I have been kindly assisted to step forward and say a word. I know it will brighten me up a bit. I hope it will brighten my friends on this side, and that they will believe I have come back to tell them it is all well across the deep waters, and there is nothing to fear.

You may call me Capt. Isaac Oberton. I hail from Rockland, Me.

Lily May Loverton.

[To the Chairman:] I was present at your last meeting, and I had reason to think I could come and speak, but I could not, after all.

I come to-day to bring my best love to my mother, and my love to others who are here in the mortal life, and to tell them I am so happy on the spirit-side. Why! it is beautiful, with its music and its flowers, its sweet associations and its grand prospects to every spirit that I have seen unfold in the spirit-world, and gain strength of mind as well of the outward condition or form. I find that those who have been deprived of any sense on this side are given the more perfect state in that spirit-world. Those who cannot speak find expression there; those who are unfortunate on earth, and cannot see, have the full sight of the spirit in the glorious sunlight of the angel-world; and so we all who have been deprived of that which should have been ours on earth find the full recompense when we enter the true spiritual state.

I feel called upon to speak in this way. My friends may be surprised that I come and manifest at all, but I want them to know the truth of this life, and how it is with us spirits who are over there. We watch over our friends here. We love and care for them, and wish them to truly feel that we send our thought and affection to them every day.

I was only nineteen when I passed to the

higher life, and I have not yet been a year in that other world; but the months have been so full of experience and pleasure to me that they seem to have rolled away like magic.

I come here to-day to send so much love and happy greeting to those who are left, and I only hope they will be glad to have me come and say a word to them.

My father is in the spirit-world, and I know that he would like to send words of advice, and words that may be acceptable to some who are yet in the body. The time may come when he can do this, for he, also, has been learning much since he went away.

I am Lily May Loverton, and I wish to reach my friends in Manayunk, N. J. My mother's name is Caroline.

Dan Evans.

[To the Chairman:] I do not know, sir, as I shall be received. Perhaps my friends will turn their backs, and shake their heads, and say, Oh! it is impossible; Dan never came back that way. In the first place, we do not believe spirits can talk to mortals, and, in the next place, we don't believe Dan would, anyway.

It makes no difference to me, sir, what they may think and say. I come trying to do the best I can to show my individuality. I was an individual, and no one else was exactly like me, and I am glad of it. I had rather be a little peculiar, and then every one knows just who you are, than to be a sort of every-day kind of fellow who is no different from the hundred or two you meet on every corner. Somehow you need to be a little marked in some lines to make any sort of an impression upon the time in which he lives. Now I don't mean to say that I was a public character, and I don't mean either that I made any special or lasting impression on my times; but while I was here I moved with a force, some said like a hurricane, and that was just like me.

I come to give my greeting to my friends, and I want them to know I think that most of those who live in Cleveland, O., and in the western part of that State, would draw their faces down, and shake their heads, and refuse absolutely to believe I have come back. Still I think of the very same dear old souls with any amount of good-will, and I am just looking forward to the day when they will step over the border into the spirit-world, and look so surprised when they see Dan Evans, standing with his hands in his pockets, looking at them. They will just as sure as you are alive; and will be happy to see them by the hand, and shake them the way that I have found.

But I think some of my friends in Cleveland are far enough over the road to spiritual knowledge to believe I have got back. They would, perhaps, say there wasn't much that was spiritual about Dan. Well, there may have been a little of it in my make-up, but it didn't crop out very much on this side, because there wasn't much chance for it to show its head; but now I have got to the other side it's coming up a little, and making itself felt somehow.

I have many friends on this side, and would give a helping hand and a good strong lift to any one who wants to hear from me. I had considerable lifting force when here, and I used sometimes to show my skill with my friends, just as a sort of pastime in that line. Now I am trying to develop that same quality in the spiritual sense, and taking that force that belonged to me and making it useful in some way, however it is possible for those who are living on this side to know just how to do it, but I am seeking information. They told me to come here, and I might get help; so I am here, more like a scholar than a teacher, more like a new hand than an old workman; but I think I shall be able to pick up something along the way.

Hannah Martin.

I have brothers and sisters, and I have other relatives in this world, and I have taken an interest in them, and wish they could all know I have not died. They think of me as dead, as one who has gone to dust, not as one who is a living spirit.

I did not know of Spiritualism and its beautiful philosophy. I have had to study it up and learn of this life of the spirit since I went from the body. By this time I feel that I know something of both sides, not by any means all there is to learn, but enough to be able to tell my friends of their own condition of ignorance and of my state and surroundings in the spirit-life, if I could come to them personally and speak as I would like.

I would if I could bring a message to my sister Charlotte. I would tell her that, while she grieves and feels disappointed, and almost rebellious, because life has not turned out as she hoped and anticipated when I was with her in the form, yet if she could look at it from the most philosophical side, if she could reason upon it with her best judgment, she would see that in this life, after all, she has gained just as much in her own experience as she has lost, because she did not have the experience that she had looked forward to. I would like her to know that her spirit-friends have been trying to help her through all these years to bear her burdens and to perform her duty. I know that she has been dutiful to others, and that she has given out from her own life for the benefit of those who have surrounded her much more than she has received from them all, and that she has found comfort and solace in the fact that I am sure. I think, however, that more of brightness would come to her life here if she could see things in their best light, and feel that what has been has only been a part of her needed experience, and has really helped to round out her spiritual qualities and to develop impulses which she knew were not expressed in the old time. My name is Hannah Martin. Our friends are in Buffalo, N. Y.

Col. Richard Dryott.

I shall wish to be pardoned if I do not communicate according to your line of desire, for this is an untried experience to me, and I am a stranger upon your ground.

I have seen the months slip away since I passed from the world of matter to that which at first seemed intangible to me, but which I find day after day is full of substance and reality. Here on the mortal side my interest was strongly centered in the welfare of my borough, and I felt that as I exercised my thought according to my best judgment, it would be exercised in behalf of those whom I represented.

I find myself on the spirit-side something in the same situation as was Obello when he awoke and found his occupation gone. I have not entered into the councils of the spirit-world and taken a seat there, nor do I know much of its parliamentary rules. I realize that I am not fitted for such a station when I behold the wise spirits who have the reins of government in their hands, and who exercise them for the welfare of immortal bodies of individuals. I find that our own methods of work and of enactment are very passive according to the idea of spirits; I find that they are looked upon as remnants of ages gone by, as belonging to a past history and form of government. So, sir, I set myself to study the new rules and usages on the spirit-side, and am trying to learn something concerning them which will be of profit to my mind.

It occurred to me to follow the line of travel toward the way and when it would be fitting to my experience, I find myself landed here, in possession of a brain foreign to my own, speaking in my own name and sending out a thought of remembrance and a word of greeting to the friends upon my native shore. I would have them know that death is not the end, but in reality the beginning of vital experience and positive existence for man. Such has it been to me, and such will it prove, I think to my family and friends and to mankind in general when they meet it, as all will have to do.

I take an interest in Litchfield now, even more than I did when here, because I can see much more that concerns its actual life than I could behold through mortal understanding. I take an interest in the doings of Parliament, and in the various chambers of council, full as much as I did in days past.

If it is possible for me to come into private communication with associates of bygone days,

I shall be ready to give to them something of the light I have gained from the spiritual shore. I have many friends in London, and it seems to me that some will learn of my return to earth-life at your American office, and will, perhaps, be ready to respond to my thought. Col. Richard Dryott.

Moses F. Chandler.

[To the Chairman:] I do not suppose you know me, but I feel acquainted around in these parts. I do not mean here in this building, but in Boston, not far away.

I just looked around the corner to-day, and had an invitation to come here and speak if I could to my friends. I want to tell them that I have got back here, and that I am not dead.

I have not been out of the body a great while. It hardly seems any time at all since I found myself on the spirit-side, and I am sure that matters connected with my life, my earthly affairs, are not settled yet. Well, they do not trouble me very much, for I have done with them, although I would like to talk to one who has some of these affairs in hand, and give her some ideas of mine in regard to matters connected with my earth-life. I do not want to do this in public, but I thought if I stepped in here, and just mentioned my wish in this line, it might be the means of getting me an opening somewhere else. [To the Chairman:] I wish you would send my communication to E. M. Chandler, in this city, and perhaps that will work what I wish to see accomplished.

I am quite surprised at this new life. Why! I am taking a holiday, and resting a little from business matters. Not that I intend to rest all the remainder of my life, for I find that I really have a long stretch before me, and I see nearly all the human beings around me in the spirit-world busy at something; so I shall be quite ready in a little while to go to work and do my share, and I am sure that the opportunity opens for me to take hold of some practical employment.

Just now I wish to give my greeting to my friends. Tell them I am in good condition, and come back to send them a word concerning my welfare. I think of them, and after awhile I expect to meet them on the spirit-side.

My name is Moses F. Chandler.

Mrs. Elizabeth Perkins.

My daughter Sarah makes her home in San Francisco, and perhaps I am more closely attracted to her than I am to others on this mortal side of life. I think I have friends here whom I have not forgotten, and for whom I cherish a kind remembrance and affection.

I wish to send my love to my child, and also to my friends, and to assure them that, though years have passed since I went to the spiritual life, yet not all of my heart has been there or my labors. A portion of them have been on this side with dear ones, for I have felt that I must use an influence to assist them in passing through their experiences toward the higher life.

I was not a believer in this philosophy when I went to the spirit-world. I knew nothing of it to speak of, and my thoughts of the future were very different from those of the people who believe or know that spirits can return and communicate with their friends. I was much astonished when I entered the spirit-world and realized my surroundings, when I met my husband and children face to face with other dear friends whom I had mourned and grieved for from the early life. They seemed so natural, so much as they did in the old time, except that they were more highly cultured and refined, perhaps, than they were on earth, having gained new experiences and profited by them.

I have thought many times that it would gratify me so much if those I have left on this side could know how we really live in the spirit-world. If they could look in upon us in our happy homes it would be such a revelation to them of the goodness of our Heavenly Father in providing such abiding places for his children after the life of earth.

My daughter has passed through experiences, some of them sad and burdensome, since I lived here. She has known what it is to place the forms of her little ones away, and to miss them from her heart and home. If she could only have known that those children lived in a bright world, cared for by her own mother, and taken in charge by wise teachers, who gave them training and instruction worthy the unfoldment of their spiritual natures, I think the sorrow would have been less hard to bear, but we could not make the truth known, and so she has passed through this discipline, perhaps growing all the brighter spiritually because of it.

I have been told to come here and say what I could, because it might reach some of my dear friends and be of use to them, and I thought it might also help me in my work on the spirit-side to come under this influence and to gather experiences from this hour. I am Mrs. Elizabeth Perkins.

William Lang.

[To the Chairman:] I hail from Chicago. I passed out from that great city, and naturally in coming back, sir, my first thought is of Chicago and my friends who are there. In one sense I can claim it as my abiding place; in another not, for I fully understand that I am a spirit, divested of the physical form, and have taken up my abode in the spirit-world, which has its localities and its places of interest and labor. Now, if I should tell my friends the nature of this country where I live, on the spirit-side, it would be no evidence to them, for they do not know as there is such a place, and they have no knowledge of the localities and places of interest in the spirit-world, so I defer speaking of them, and say that I come to give them greeting.

I reach here from the spirit-world because I have seen and heard some of my friends recently, and know what they have been thinking and talking about. Two of my particular friends are very much interested in Spiritualism, and are visiting mediums to learn something of spirit-control, and that has seemed to give me a lift in coming here to make myself known.

I am William Lang. I did not feel old when I passed away, nor did I look my full years. Some of my acquaintances would not believe that I had reached the age which I had when I went out of my body, and I was always active and young and full of power, if you can understand that. Somehow the years as they passed did not lay much weight upon me; but after all, I was called to the spirit-world, and I had to lay aside my affairs.

I had things in mind that were very important to me, schemes that I intended to push and work out for my own financial benefit and also for the benefit of others. I was unwilling at first to let them go. Even after I found myself in the spirit-world I paid more attention to the things of this side than I did to those that belonged to that side; but after a while I learned my lesson. It took me some years to do that, but it came to me at last, and I have turned away from those old schemes, content to let others carry them on, though somehow I could not help thinking they would have turned out better if I had pushed them, because I saw failure in the lives of some others who tried to follow in my steps; but nevertheless it is all right, and I want my friends to know I see it so. If they will give me the opportunity I will be very glad to communicate to them in person.

I have a friend Frank, who is still a comparatively young man. He was quite youthful when I passed away, but I took a great deal of interest in him, and I know that he was very much attracted to me. Now he is beginning to talk about Spiritualism. He has had some strange experiences that make him think perhaps he is mediumistic. I think he is, and that fact will account for many things in his life which could not be accounted for on other lines. I hope to come to him after a while and give something tangible, for I think if that can be done it will make a sensation among certain individuals who need to be aroused upon this subject. They are paying too much attention to material things, and I want them awakened to those things which belong to the spirit-side.

Nicholas Longworth.

George P. Nichols said to me, "Go to that meeting, that circle in Boston, and ask permission to talk; it will do you good."

I have come to say a few words to those who know me, who have known my life and my work. I had to have the experience that I went through. No one can judge the life and work of another as well as he can judge himself after he gets out of the earthly body and looks back over his career.

I built up a fortune, and ever since I have been out of the body I have been glad to see much of it going out in different ways of usefulness. That does my spirit good. I have seen others on the spirit-side who left big fortunes, and some of those who got hold of them held them tight, so they do no good, but do harm to those who have them; and then the spirits that built up the fortunes feel very bad; it hurts them. They want they could live their lives over again; they would make them very different. Now, I would, too. In some ways I would make my life different; in other ways not. We see more clearly when we get away from the physical; we see many things that were blank to us here. They show us lessons and studies that we have to take hold of and learn.

[To the Chairman:] I do not know, sir, that I have anything special to say to any particular individual. I have been very glad a good many times since I went out of the body to see the work my daughter has been doing. It has helped. She did not know, but I could feel it, and it has made the way clearer and more open to me in the spirit-world. I do not come here to give speech, but I come to say that money is nothing unless it be used for good works. Good works are everything for the spirit, for they build up a bright home around him and make it pleasant to his soul.

Just you say, sir, if you will, that I had Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, making these remarks, and talking the best he can with the machine he has got hold of, and that he comes with an earnest spirit to talk over these things, hoping that those who have the time and the means now will look well to their ways, and do the greatest good they know how in the world. I do not mean by that to go out into the streets and take in every one that looks shiftless, dress him up, feed him full, and put him in an easy place where he can lay back and take things comfortable. No, I do not mean anything of that kind. I do not believe in that. I believe that the lazy and the shiftless should be left to shirk for themselves; but I mean by what I say to make your means help others to help themselves. That is what my daughter has done, and that is what I want to see done—take those who have ability and talent, and something inside of them that ain't brought out, but is good to be brought out, and help them to make a way in the world; put them where they can have the means to bring these inner forces and powers to the surface. That is what I mean, helping somebody help himself, putting him on his feet, and making him stay there by his own efforts. That is what I call practical benevolence, and I don't believe in charity at all as the world understands it.

Timothy O'Connor comes with me to-day, and he would like to have me send his greeting to his friends, and tell them he has been sitting on a hard bench since he went away, not just the same kind of a bench that he occupied here, though, but it has been good for him, it has given him time for reflection, and he has been trying to make use of it. Sometime perhaps he will speak for himself when he feels that he has got something to say. He is from Cincinnati, too.

Georgiana Hall.

My name is Georgiana Hall, and I have a sister Lizzie and a sister Alice. They live in Philadelphia.

I feel sometimes that I would give anything to have my sisters know how much I think of them. Sometimes they think of me and speak of my past life, never as one who is with them, but always with regret, as one who is gone, who is done with life. At times I have been amused to hear them talk, thinking little that I was by their side, and again, I have been pained because they could not realize the beautiful life that spirits can enjoy.

I have tried before to come here. Five years ago I came to this circle, and tried to speak, and thought I should; but the medium became cold, I took on the same sensation that I had when I passed away, which frightened me, and I left. Then the spirits said that perhaps when I came again I would not pass through that chilly feeling; but I could not make up my mind to tempt myself until we were ready to receive it. I did not pass away as soon as my friends thought. What I mean is this: I fell into some kind of a strange state. I was cold and stiff, and to all appearances gone. I remained so more than twenty-four hours, and then I gained consciousness again. I lived after that a little while; I do not know whether it was days or weeks, I can hardly tell, because I was not fully aware of the external life; but in a little while I really did sever the connection with the body and pass to the spirit-world.

I was able to tell my friends something of my experience during those hours when they thought me dead; and I wish to say now that I found, after I really entered the spirit-world, that I had come into communication with mother and other spirit-friends, just as it seemed to me, and that I had been given a glimpse of my spirit-home.

All our dear friends who are with me send their love, and wish friends on this side to know that, no matter how many years may pass, or what may come to the outward life, their spirit-friends remember them still with love and sympathy, and will be very happy to meet them when they, too, pass from the earthly life.

Albert Hamm.

I do not belong in these parts. I lived in Nova Scotia, but I have been sculling around in these waters to see what kind of a place I should find. I am pretty well pleased with my discoveries, and I feel just as if I could take hold as I used to and win in the race.

I felt bad for quite a good while. I could not seem to get

