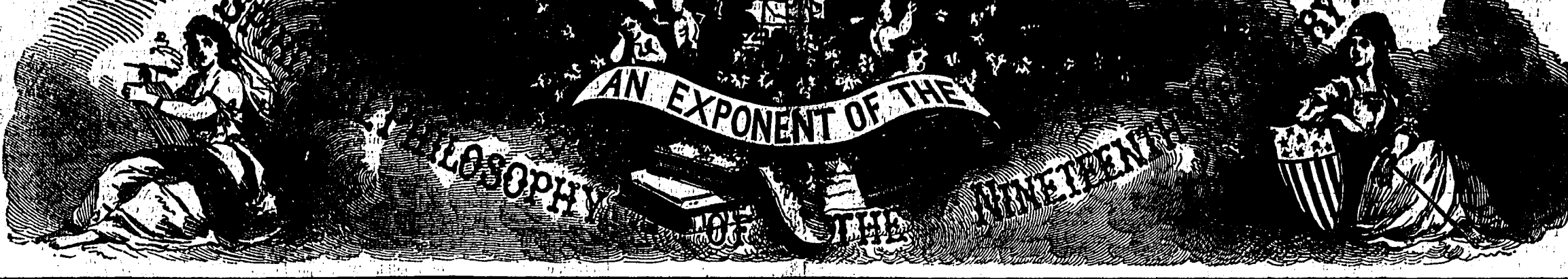


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"Resurrexit."

"To Each of Us is Given the Hour and Duty to Perform."
(Henry Kiddle's last words.)

Inspirational Invocation, Address and Poem delivered at the Funeral Services over the Earthly Remains of Henry Kiddle, at 7 East 130th Street, New York, Monday, Sept. 28th, 1891.
BY W. J. COLVILLE.

INVOCATION.

Indefinite and Eternal Spirit, Parent of Life Immortal, we can only praise thee for thy glorious gift of life unending to all thy children, even in hours when the occasion seems saddest to mortal sense and the form born of earth awaits interment in Nature's bosom. We praise thee because from out of seeming death springs larger life and fuller blessedness; because the onward path of the soul is toward more perfect realization of bliss and usefulness than earthly conditions ever afford; and thus though tears are falling from mortal eyes, the clearer vision of spirit discerns, and the voice of spirit proclaimeth resurrection. We praise thee, O! Fountain of Light ineffable and inexpressible, for the light of Truth and Goodness which shone so clearly and so brightly from the lifelong ministrations of the brother so recently ascended to his abode in the realm supernal; we rejoice in the knowledge extended by his voice and pen; and most of all we show gratitude for the helpful and inspiring influence exerted by this true educator of youth over the schools of the land and thence extended to the families of this nation and to climes beyond the seas. For every word of truth that he has uttered, for every deed of kindness he has performed, for every sweet and gracious thought sent forth by his prolific mind, we would render gratitude to thee, O! Eternal Giver of every good and perfect gift; and may this sense of grateful recognition which fills our hearts not spend itself in verbal acknowledgments of abiding indebtedness, nor in simple reverence for a hallowed memory, but springing forth into harmonious deeds and words according with his own, may these many friends and neighbors gathered here spread the influence he so long exerted in their respective scenes of effort till the stream has become a mighty river and the river emptied itself into the ampler ocean of a new and purer intellectual state among humanity, a state made glorious by reason of the spiritual apprehension which dignifies and crowns it.

Upon the wife, the sons and daughters, the various relatives and countless friends who remember Henry Kiddle as friend, teacher, husband, father, guide or benefactor, may the mantle of his sincere devotion to uprightness gently fall. May they feel that he and they are not divided; that the removal of an outward form can never separate such as are one in spirit, but that they are the closer drawn in bonds of spiritual embrace because the senses need no longer be appealed to to make communion known. Above the thought of earthly loss, beyond the sense of mortal sorrow, beyond the confines of all regret, may the aspirations and the vision of all here assembled now arise; and as soul meets soul in the realm where time and sense with all their limitations are unknown, may the blessed expediency of the removal of the outer casket dawn graciously on each and every one. And not only for those who are especially concerned in this transition do we offer prayer for light and beautiful assurances of immortality: we would pray equally for all who are under any sense of bereavement from any cause; and as our aspirations reach out into etherial space, as palpable breathings after spiritual reality, may there be felt a veritable baptism of the spirit, consecrating this place and this occasion, that from this moment forward all who have in any way participated in this service mentally or bodily may feel themselves endowed with deeper faith and firmer courage than they have ever known before. May the gates of the inner temple of the soul, the hidden sanctuary of immortal spirit, be unlocked in every one of us, until we all perceive, not as through a darkened window, but face to face, the glories of the life which is immortal. Spirit of Life, to thee and in thy sight there can be neither death nor burial, for all thy children must live unto thee and in thee throughout eternity; from thine all-perfect dwelling place within man's innermost nature may the three-blessed truth be now revealed, that all things work together for perfect good, that all is absolutely right, and thus life's strangest mysteries are but veiled angels, messengers of light, love, peace and progress unto all humanity. Amen.

ADDRESS.

Why should there be tears instead of only smiles to-day? why should there be plaints of sorrow as well as psalms of rejoicing when a brave and noble soldier in the army of truth lays down his armor, and passes from the battle-field of strife and struggle to the serene and blessed pastures where 'beside still waters the noise of earthly turmoil is forgotten,' and in green and flowery gardens the arid wilderness of earthly travel is no more remembered, or if ever recollected for an instant is regarded only as a necessary transition stage from lower to higher states of consciousness? To every one of us is given an hour and special duty to perform. Words to this effect were the very last

which issued from the mortal lips of our translated brother. Feeling that though apparently unfinished his work was really done, though not without regret in contemplating the grief of those who clung to his earthly form most tenderly and pleadingly, he passed beyond the mortal to a fuller consciousness, an intenser realization of that immortal state which had been to him so vivid a reality for many years. All who knew Henry Kiddle—and he was indeed widely and honorably known, not only in New York, but over the entire globe—must have recognized in him one of the most loyal and fearless champions of truth, as he perceived it, the world has ever witnessed. At the time when our special personal acquaintance with him commenced, and we were privileged to acknowledge publicly the value of his first contribution to the literature of Spiritualism, he was undergoing social martyrdom; and most of all was he wounded in the house of those who had long professed to be his warmest friends. As Superintendent of Public Schools in the city of New York for ten useful, active years, he had won the affectionate esteem of men and women of the highest literary rank in all parties and denominations; for not only was he a amazingly gifted man of letters, one whose amazing versatility of intellect was only matched by his profundity and remarkable precision, he was in the fullest and most conspicuous sense a man of unimpeachable veracity, of untarnished honor, winning and enjoying an unblemished reputation in addition to a truly brilliant fame. Such a man, in the very height of his prosperity, and in the active midst of his numerous and arduous professional activities, would not be likely to embrace Spiritualism unless some unusually strong pressure had been brought to bear upon him.

Mediumistic gifts developed spontaneously in his own household; his own children were moved upon to declare the way open between the two states of consciousness familiarly called two worlds. Of a somewhat skeptical turn of mind as religionists count skepticism, Prof. Kiddle weighed the matter long and carefully; not actively connected with any church, nor being in any sense inclined to the missionary or romantic side of religion, Spiritualism must have appealed to him as a beautiful, rational philosophy, acceptable to reason rather than as food for highly-wrought emotion. It was the ripe scholar, the cultured, distinguished man of letters who saw beyond the simple, often childlike communications he received, a scientific and religious verity which caused them in his estimation to far eclipse the teachings of ecclesiastics and the speculations of philosophers who delight in agnosticism, and consider the trend of culture to be inevitably in the direction of spiritual know-nothingism. How fierce the battle raged around him only he and his immediate friends have any just idea; for though America is nominally a free country, and Church and State are studiously kept apart, those who do not bow to prevailing bigotry and sophistry are made to feel the lash of intolerance, not on their bare backs indeed, but far more exorbitantly in the most sensitive parts of their affectional anatomy. We hear and read with shame and horror of persecutions in Russia and other semi-barbaric lands; but alas! we are prone to ignore the unpalatable fact that liberty of thought and speech is often as mercilessly assailed in this country as on the Asiatic border. The great man is he who, though suffering under oppression, is never moved to retaliate; he is the true lover of freedom who espouses her sacred cause so faithfully that instead of answering back in counter-recrimination, he passes by the calumny with dignified contempt, and regards the one who utters words of bitterness as a case for kindly education, but not for censure or unwise rebuke. To see a man relinquish an honorable and lucrative position and retire into comparative obscurity for the sake of a conviction, is indeed to witness a glorious object-lesson in these mammon-loving times, presented far too seldom for the edification of the nation. No matter whether one agrees or disagrees with another's point of view, nobility itself shines forth conspicuously indeed when the call of the spirit comes not to accept but to decline honors and emoluments, and to sacrifice even the greatest apparent means of usefulness to prove one's self uncompromisingly faithful to an idea, yes, rather to a vision of truth. And what is most of all humiliating to relate in the history of Spiritualism, as memory scans the past ten or twelve years, is that Spiritualists themselves, instead of welcoming with brotherly ardor this noble accession to their ranks, in far too many instances joined the critics, instead of holding up the hands of the brave, self-sacrificing man, who gave up almost his earthly all to defend and promulgate a truth that to him was veritable bread of life.

We do not allude to those things to find fault, but only to prove that it matters not what may be the supposed belief of people, their conduct is regulated by their affection, or lack of affection, for what Confucius regarded as the first of virtues, sincerity, Julia Ward Howe titles a popular lecture "Is polite society polite?" Is it after all a great matter whether it is or not? Should not a reformer press home the query ever more and more, Is polite society sincere? Do we as a people value downright sincerity as we should? Are our eyes anything like sufficiently opened to the need of the highest ethical training in secular schools? Do we attach sufficient value to what a man is, independent of what he has? Do we value loyalty to conviction beyond all other virtues, and subordinate—as we should—esteem for acquisitions to regard for stirring moral worth?

It is not our object or desire to eulogize our departed, i. e., ascended brother. A panegyric is often a poor compliment, for a man's own life is his testimonial; but when our hearts and memories alike are full to running over, and we realize the importance of the lessons to be drawn from the record of a noble brother, it is surely right to point the moral and show wherein others may emulate his virtues, while never seeking slavishly to imitate the person. To Henry Kiddle Spiritualism was a religion in the fullest sense of the word, and he understood religion to be the science of up-right living; the knowledge and practice of all the virtues which conduce to unity. His pure and simple theism, coupled with his critical yet tender appreciation of the truth contained in the Bible, enabled him to steer clear of the Scylla of superstition on the one hand, and the Charybdis of infidelity, or materialism, on the other. Spiritualism was to him an incentive to a nobler life here and now, as well as a map of the hereafter. Had it not been, he would probably soon have dismissed it as a profitless philosophy, for his interests were so centered in the higher education of the race that, though devoted to exact science and an ardent lover of astronomy, he practically cared nothing for anything unless he saw in it some power to lift humanity. His Spiritualism was natural, intuitive, and, at the same time, profoundly philosophical. As a contributor to various papers and magazines, he evinced the keenest analytical ability, the deepest logic, and the most exemplary charity. And here let us pause a moment to especially note his attitude toward those who, morally weaker than himself, and exposed to manifold temptations, might sometimes be lured from the path of strict integrity.

All who knew him declare without exception that his moral character from youth up was exceptionally pure and strong. It is a great mistake to think that the purest men are the most censorious; on the contrary, they are the tenderest, the most lenient, because the wisest judges; those who advocate and enforce severest measures of punishment and slay in recrimination are invariably the feeblest and most uncertain in their own moral standing. Spiritualism has its lights and shadows; mediums are not all angels; and it is impossible to investigate any phases of psychic phenomena continuously without meeting with many dubious and some disagreeable experiences. Prof. Kiddle was ever in search of truth; he was a fearless investigator; he abhorred shams and artifices of every kind, but he believed in giving every one the benefit of the doubt, if doubt existed, and exemplified his faith in the soundness of the counsel, Believe your brother honest until positively proven false, and then seek to reform him. All mediums, all psychic investigators, owe this great and good man a priceless debt of gratitude; he showed a light to all who would examine all things thoroughly, and yet conduct investigations in so reasonable and impartial a manner that the best results might follow through due regard for the conditions necessary to impose. Among his latest literary efforts was an attempt to show how the Psychological Research Society, by proceeding along other lines than those usually adopted by that body, might secure more important and satisfactory results; and it really does seem to many honest inquirers that facts of many years' standing are far more eagerly endorsed and readily accepted by such bodies of people as constitute societies for psychical research than the living facts transpiring all about us.

As he advanced in years, and neared the end of his terrestrial pilgrimage, the sweetest side of our beloved brother's character showed forth more conspicuously than it had ever done before; in years gone by he had sometimes been led to speak and write very strongly in opposition to error, using occasionally forcible invective; but as his steps approached nearer and yet nearer the confines of the invisible state, every vestige of asperity left him, and those who were privileged to enjoy his companionship to the last could not but remark upon the almost divine charity which characterized his reference to all persons and all things concerning which he talked.

The saddest affliction of his life, from the outer standpoint, was his almost total blindness in his latest years; during the past year of his earthly career he hardly saw anything external; and to a man of letters, a voracious reader, and a constant and most fluent writer, this trial must indeed have been a severe one. About six months before his passing away we called upon him, and enjoyed two hours of most delightful converse with this spiritually wonderfully clear-sighted man. He did not hesitate to confess that his blindness was a disappointment and an affliction; but had it made him irritable? did he repine? No indeed; he was in every sense more sweet, gentle, mellow and spiritually-unfolded than in previous years, when it had also been our privilege and delight to converse with him while his physical eyesight was unimpaired. Very often an earthly deprivation is a spiritual gain; and though we do not wish to say, in the conventional sense, that God afflicts us even for our benefit, we cannot shut our eyes to the obvious certainty that spiritual powers are often best developed during periods when there is the least to attract us on the earthly side of things. Often when we cannot look without we are peculiarly apt to look within; often when we miss our prizes in the outer world we are led to seek the riches and joys of the spirit with more unflinching assiduity; and thus it is that many blind people are very cheerful, and singularly intuitive. For those who have no realizing sense of inner beauties, blindness

must indeed appear an overwhelmingly depressing burden; but when the soul turns from sense to spirit, though the earthly eye is shut, as in visions it often is, the inward eye can and does open to the invisible state. As you gaze on the quiet, peaceful features of a friend who has passed beyond, we implore you to think of him not as in any way connected with the corpse, not as in spirit present with you because you are gathered in the place where the body is awaiting interment; your friends are attracted to you not because their cast-off garments are prepared for burial, or because their bones are interred or ashes preserved in your vicinity, but because you are here, and it is you who attract them, not their cast-off bodies.

There is a lingering feeling, which should be dissipated as rapidly and effectually as possible, that in some special way our friends who have cast off their robes of flesh are in the cemeteries; that they are specially honored when we decorate their graves or erect tombstones in their memory; such delusions we must overcome. Your brave and useful workers did their work for humanity in schools, temples and homes, not in graveyards, and well you honor them; then place some monument to your appreciation of their worth where it can be best made use of to carry forward the work they are still interested in; for our departed friends are not actually departed, they have but become invisible to mortal sight, and are still actively, happily, effectually engaged in doing what they loved best to do ere the angel of transition called them within the veil. Those friends of John Boyle O'Reilly who proposed that the memorial in his honor should be a fine substantial home for working-boys in Boston, did credit to their appreciation of the distinguished Irish patriot and their own good sense and noble feeling. We cannot honor or win the approval of our friends by uselessly afflicting ourselves, by weeping where their bodies lie or decorating grassy mounds; but we can do more than honor, we can verily commune and cooperate with their living spirits by engaging with them in some useful enterprise to perpetuate their work and thus do more than perpetuate their memory. We know it is but natural to weep over the earthly remains of friends beloved, as in most cases affection, however strong and pure, is not entirely free from earthly elements; we all desire our friends on the same plane of expression with ourselves, that we may commune with them as uninterruptedly as possible. In the spiritual world you will converse with them on their own plane of existence, which will then be also yours; but even now it is not impossible to so lift our thoughts and feelings from the earthly to the spiritual state that at least occasionally free communion may be experienced. To some of you who are gifted with clairvoyance and other distinctive phases of mediumship there may appear some phenomenal evidences of your arisen brother's presence which others less endowed in such directions may fail to enjoy; but to each and every one who truly values him there can assuredly come evidences of his continued activity and regard, beautifully borne in upon the spirit's inner consciousness, which when awakened transports its possessor, even though it be in vision only, to the region where life's immortality is more fully realized than perhaps it ever can be upon earth.

The soul has its own eyes, its own ears, its own faculties of every kind; there is a spiritual body, and there is a psychical body; the psychical body outlives the form of earth, and can be seen by the clairvoyant as partaking largely of close resemblance to the physical structure of which it is the informing life. The spiritual body is immortal. In Prof. Kiddle's private copy of the Revised New Testament he specially marked the word "psychical" in Paul's second letter to the Corinthians, where the word "natural" is placed by the translators. The original meaning is that while we are on earth we have a psychical body, and this body continues to live long after the physical has perished in the ground; there is also a truly spiritual body, and this fair and beautiful structure, perfectly symmetrical in all its parts, is yet to be revealed. We have witnessed the manifestation of the sons of men, we are yet to see the sons of God made manifest. The saddest thought that can ever come to any when a faithful, useful worker drops the mortal form is that his work may have been abruptly broken off, and the world therefore may have lost what would have helped forward the progress of the race for all coming time. This dread can only be silenced by a knowledge of the spiritual world, its activities and their relation to the outward states of man on earth. There are occasions when the tired intellect seeks repose; times when rest is the only word which has music for our ears, but the higher meaning of rest is that it is activity. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest," is followed immediately by "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Rest is to be won through doing a work and learning a lesson; rest is for the soul (psyche). The immortal spirit, the breath of Deity in man, needs no repose, for it can never feel fatigue; but that measure of our intelligence which works through the brain longs for rest, and often needs it; the rest it craves is tranquility of thought, release from anxiety, friction, turmoil; in a word, deliverance from everything which can agitate or perturb. "They rest from their labors—their works follow them." In this profoundly significant statement we have suggested to us a whole world of beautiful theology and anthropology at once. Rest

in work, not rest from work, is our desideratum. The summum bonum of human experience is to work incessantly but never tire; to be perpetually employed but never grow weary; to find in life's boundless possibilities for usefulness the antidote for all care, complete emancipation from all worry and distress. Into what a glorious life our friend has already entered; how his eager, ardent nature must expand as the prospect of unlimited usefulness opens up before him; he who enjoyed so to be busy; he who with tireless industry found hard work true recreation; to be no longer oppressed with a sense of worry because time is fleeting; to feel that ages can unroll, each new period affording scope for the fulfillment of some new task; to realize that duty and pleasure are one; that it is the spirit's meat and drink to do the Father's will; to realize as one can never realize it on earth that works are not cut short by accidents or misfortunes; to look at earthly events from a point whence the most mysterious occurrences appear plainly as footprints of infinite Love and Wisdom—this, we say, is to rest actively, to work restfully, to know what it is to labor no more, while activity is endless and the chief boon of every living creature.

It is a pitiable delusion to teach that happiness in the unseen world is illusory in character; it is vastly more real than any joy can be on earth. There will yet come to the world, and that we predict right speedily, a revelation from the realm of spirit so clear and so convincing that error's misty cobwebs will be quickly brushed aside, and the eager, longing ones on earth who are seeking through Spiritualism a fuller revelation than any that has yet been given, will rejoice with joy unspeakable at the utter goodness of the great glad tidings soon to be revealed. When such a man as Henry Kiddle passes to the state unseen by mortal eye, he at once commences his work among the messengers to earth, not shaded by doubt, not dazed or bewildered, not startled to find himself still living as those are who have ignored everything spiritual during the term of their earthly existence; to such as he the new activities are not only welcome, they are expected, and he is ready at once to engage in them. Having become familiar to a large degree with the spiritual world, its manner of life and modes of ministration to earth, during years of earnest study and active cooperation with heavenly messengers, he is now prepared to plunge into the vortex of divine activity, and with strength and courage wonderfully increased, to begin without delay to teach others what he has learned himself. A natural educator, one in all things peculiarly qualified for his chosen work, he is again, or soon will be, a Superintendent of Schools, a teacher of age and youth. His efforts on the platform were always singularly able, while with strangely facile pen in graceful diction he could present the abstrusest themes in classic yet simple phrase to the reading world. You will all hear from him again, and that shortly; he bears no slightest shade of ill will to those who ignorantly persecuted him. He was a martyr, it is true, but a martyr means a witness more than it means a sufferer. He suffered, it is true; he bore, he overcame, he triumphed; he pointed the road along which others can follow, and the one sense in which vicarious suffering is a fact is that when one has been over the ground and demonstrated the truth of victory, others are energized by such example, and more still by the sacred influence left behind. Example and precept are alike great, noble, useful; but silent influence is far more potent than both combined, and it is the perpetual silent force of spiritual influence that breaks down the thickest partition walls and levels the sternest barriers to the earth. Let us rejoice in the conqueror's coronation, and with loving alacrity follow in his steps as he uncompromisingly followed Truth.

POEM.

Not dead! Ah! no, not even sleeping!
He, our dear brother, guide and friend,
Calls unto us, Oh! cease your weeping,
My path to endless light doth bend;
I am not where my form is lying
Cold and recumbent, prone on earth,
But I am with you here in spirit,
Joyful because of my new birth.
Let these sweet flowers, each lovely token
Placed round the bier by tender hands,
Speak to the heart of love unbroken,
Tell of the strength of heavenly hands.
Let you fair column tall and stately,
Vast and unbroken, say to all,
Spirit departs from earthly prison,
Climbing earth's ladder steep and tall.
Sometimes the pathway darkly shrouded
Seems unto mortals naught but care;
Toll, grief and anguish often enter
Earth's loveliest gardens; but most fair
These blossom garlands born for heaven,
There trees uplift their stately heads,
For when the soul seems most forsaken
Most by God's angels is it led.
Let each fair blossom, pure and fragrant,
Speak from the spirit-life to all,
Say to the mourner sad and lonely,
Though every petal here must fall,
Sweeter than incense heavenward rising
Rises the spirit of the flower;
Leaves, buds and fruits on earth must vanish
But when they die is new-born power.
Look on these silent, graceful emblems
Hark to their voices; hear them tell
How he, our brother, nobly conquered,
Vanquished most nobly death's dark spell,
Roses to white and roses golden,
Speaking of wisdom and of peace,
Blossoms immortal, glowing symbols
Of the pure soul that's found release;
Weep not; we pray you; tears are blinding;
Sigh not because life's light has fled;

He who doth love you stands to greet you,
Joy now adorns his noble head.
Now are his eyes, with gladness beaming,
Opened so wide, he now can see
More than in days on earth when glory
Shone o'er his path resplendently.

Gather the flowers, and let them sweetly
Preach with an eloquence divine,
Tell how the mingled graces gather,
How in one crown they all combine,
Peace to his ashes, and joy to his spirit,
Welcome, thrice welcome, sing angel bands;
Now we're united, knowing each other,
Working as one with heart, intellect, hands.

BENEDICTION.

May we all realize that the blessing of life immortal
is already ours, and that in the service of loving kind
ness heaven's kingdom is realized forever.

A Deserved Tribute.

The following contribution to our columns
in memory of PROF. KIDDLE is from the pen of
an old daily journalist, who both in Chicago
and New York has made an enviable record,
and whose devotion to the New Dispensation
has grown with his years:

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The telegraph has flashed to the uttermost
parts of the earth the glad tidings that the
heroic spirit of our brother HENRY KIDDLE is
no longer a dweller among men. A metropol-
itan press, the creature of material power and
worship at the shrine of religious and social
conformity, has illustrated by the amount of
space devoted to remarks upon the event how
great and conspicuous was the man who has
gone from among us. In a few instances, the
spirit of intolerance that made our brother a
martyr to his faith was still reflected in the
comments; but, in most cases, the better
thought prevailed, and the great teacher, the
ripe scholar, the upright citizen, the courage-
ous man of duty, received a fair measure of
recognition.

Too often it happens when some man of
mark in our ranks departs this life, that the
angel of consolation, the voice of the minis-
tering spirit is notable by its absence at the
last rites—is absent because some one, or all,
of the members of the translated man's family
subscribe to a different faith, or because of
bondage to social opinion—and that which on
these memorial occasions usurps the light of
the noonday sun of spiritual knowledge is the
clouded faith, the trembling hope of a dispen-
sation now fast withdrawing its spiritual po-
tency from the earth. Happily in this in-
stance, that which was the knowledge-faith of
the departed husband and father remains the
gracious possession of the entire household;
and it will give pleasure to every Spiritualist
to know that he who above all other men won
the martyr-crown of the New Dispensation, at
the parting of the ways received (and in spirit
acknowledged) the loving tribute of his brethren,
and that at the bier of our foremost cham-
pion, the mystery of death was resolved in the
fullest light and recognition of the new spiri-
tual dawn.

The services were held at the family resi-
dence, 7 E. 130th street. The funeral was an-
nounced as private. There were present not
a few of Mr. Kiddle's former associates in his
great educational work; but the larger num-
ber of those assembled were men and women
whose names stand for whatever is truest and
best in the Spiritualism of the metropolis.
Beautiful as were the floral offerings of the
family and friends, yet far surpassing these
were the tender tributes sent only of angels—
tributes composed of the heart-flowers of love—
and these the departed will find transplanted
into the garden of the spirit, to be the undying
joy of his immortal life.

Mr. V. J. Colville voiced the spiritual thought
fitting to the hour. Needless to say, the event
was not set forth as an occasion for mourning.
There was no wail to tell us our friend is
dead; but each utterance emphasized our
blessed knowledge that he is alive, and that he
was then and there in our midst in the full
consciousness of his transcendent natural powers,
with vast spirit powers and perceptions
super added.

Before Henry Kiddle became the best known
of Spiritualists he was one of the best known
of educators, and this side of his life work was
fittingly presented by an illustrious co-laborer,
Prof. David B. Scott of the College of New
York. It was a noble tribute that the pro-
fessor paid to the man who had been his asso-
ciate—a tribute of fullest recognition of the
services to mankind of the educator, the scholar,
the moral hero, and the martyr to conviction.

The speaker, a noble type of ripest manhood,
began by saying that he had no liking for
formal eulogy on these occasions. Ordinarily
it was to his mind best to read a simple
service, and then commit the body to mother
earth. But this was no common occasion, for
Henry Kiddle was an uncommon man. The
speaker's knowledge of him dated back forty-
five years. Few of the companions of their
youth were now alive, and from among them
all Henry Kiddle stood out as leader and mas-
ter. So great were his talents, and so broad
and comprehensive his mind, that he could
have succeeded in almost any vocation. He
might have achieved highest rank as a mathe-
matician; he could have won high honors in
the classics, or he might have won wisdom at
the bar. His leading general characteristics
were intrepidity, power for work, and clear-
ness of judgment. He was intrepid as a boy,
he was intrepid as a man, and this quality
seemed to grow with advance in years. His
power for work was simply phenomenal.
Never had he known its equal. Primarily Mr.
Kiddle's education was that of the common
school. Having decided on the career of an
educator, he set about to fit himself with all
his prodigious energy and power of assimila-
tion. For what thing he determined to do, he
Latin, and when his teacher set him a task of
three hundred or four hundred lines of Virgil,
he remarked at the next lesson that he had not
been given enough to do, and asked for a double
or treble quantity—which was rather more
than the teacher had bargained for. His judg-
ment was clear, and went straight to the
mark. The speaker vividly recalled one par-
ticular occasion when he had gone to Mr. Kid-
dle in great perplexity over a matter on which
he was vainly struggling. Having explained the
situation, Mr. Kiddle, without a moment's hesi-
tation, said, "This and that need not concern
you, the solution is here," and so it proved. He
had hit the bull's-eye.

As principal and superintendent of schools
he was especially great as an examiner in the
classroom. His patience was inexhaustible,
his manner simple, direct and kindly, and the
form of his questions always directed to find-
ing out what the pupil actually and clearly
knew. In his opinion, Prof. Kiddle has been
one of the world's greatest educators, and
superintendents might come and superintend-
ents might go, but it would probably be many
a day before New York would see his equal.

While Mr. Kiddle was still a young man, and
his career not unalterably determined, the
speaker had counseled him to forsake the
vocation of teacher and turn to the law as
the offering better financial results. "If I do it,"
he said, "you'll go to the law with me." The
speaker's reply was that in such an event Mr. Kiddle would work him to
death within three months, or certainly in six
unless in the meantime they had dissolved
partnership.

Turning his discourse to higher themes the
speaker said that the qualities of Mr. Kiddle's
heart were no less great than those of his
mind. He was for one thing a man of unalter-
able friendship. Love was a conspicuous trait;
but dominant over all was his moral sense.
Never had he known a purer, sweeter nature,
both as a young man or in the ripest manhood.
When they were young, he, the speaker, was a
Christian, but Mr. Kiddle was not, and he had
been troubled about him. But strange things
had come to pass. As they grew older, the one
who had been a doubter became a fervent be-
liever in the things unseen, while as to himself

things seemed to grow darker and darker with
the advancing years. His friend was anxious
to help him to his own light, and he had tried
somehow to find it, but without success.

"But," the speaker continued, and his utter-
ances came out of an overflowing heart; "I
envy you the faith that you have and that he
had, and if he here or you believe, I want
him to hear me say that I wish I had it. I
know what this faith was to my friend in the
hour of his supreme trial. If ever a man was
a martyr to his conviction it was Henry Kid-
dle. But even in the hour of his Gethsemane
—and I use this word advisedly—his spirit was
unsubdued, and shone out like a star. He was
as a man transfigured—his face reflected the
light of an angel. What he was called upon to
bear was terrible. In that hour, indeed,
were they who stood by him—his wife and man-
ly worth, reputation, all were as naught in the
eyes of the populace. I well remember how I
pleaded with a member of the Board of Educa-
tion as he was coming out of church one Sun-
day, and how he turned on me with the re-
mark: 'I would crucify my own brother if he
were in Kiddle's place,' and he who said it was
a good man, too." In after years the speaker
on a certain occasion began to refer to that
time, and the spirit then exhibited, but Mr.
Kiddle stopped him saying: "Let that pass;
that is all over now." And when he said it,
said the speaker in closing his remarks, "the
light as of another world seemed to shine from
his countenance."

When this is the verdict of one not of our
faith, what is there that remains for Spiritual-
ists to say? Before these eloquent words had
found utterance, I had determined in my mind
to say somewhat through THE BANNER upon
the life of our departed friend, but now any-
thing that I could possibly say would be but a
faint echo of this strong and noble man's
verdict of this unbeliever upon our brother's
life will one day be the verdict of the world
that crucified him. "To each of us is given
the hour and duty to perform." These were
our brother's last words, and they fully sum-
up the thoughts and acts of his noble life.

FREDERICK F. COOK.

A Rallying Word!

The following essay, entitled "The Two
Schools of Spiritualists," appeared originally
in THE BANNER, and was written for us by
PROF. KIDDLE some time before he was visited
by that affliction of his earthly vision which
so burdened his later years. We reproduce it
now, in his name, as a rallying word to the
friends and well-wishers of the New Dispensa-
tion:

It is to be regretted that unanimity as to practical
principles and methods does not prevail to
a greater extent among the exponents of the
New Dispensation. These are now divided into two
schools, which are daily becoming more
widely differentiated; and their respective
members seem to be entirely irreconcilable;
because they reason from different principles,
and look at facts and phenomena from totally
different standpoints. It would be uncharita-
ble and unwarrantable to impute to the mem-
bers of either of these conflicting sects any
want of sincerity or desire to promote any-
thing else than the truth—that there are any
persons among them who are dishonest, or
dealing and parrying of purpose and conduct as
applied to mediumship; but there are honest
differences of opinion as to what constitutes
conclusive evidence of dishonest dealing by
mediums, and a natural love of justice prompts,
on the part of one class, the defense of medi-
ums who seem to be wrongfully condemned by
the other. This makes mediumship a "bone
of contention," while it should be a means of
harmony. One of these schools seems espe-
cially anxious that the cause of Spiritualism
should occupy a respectable position before the
world; and they manifest a willingness to
make concessions, or even sacrifices, to court
the approbation of the respectable classes of
society; the other, no less anxious to make
Spiritualism worthy of respect, will not accom-
modate their methods, nor refrain from the free
utterance of their convictions, however ex-
travagant or irrational they may seem, to gain
a single gleam of the sunshine of popular favor.
It is not respectability nor popularity that
they are in quest of, but the truth, the
whole truth, and they offer no compromise
with its enemies. They know full well that,
with every sacrifice and concession, Spiritual-
ism at present can be only "quasi-respecta-
ble" in the eyes of those whose church, social
and professional associations forbid them from
expressing, or even indicating, any regard for
so unpopular a thing—so hateful a practice, as
"dealing with the dead." Spiritualism must
go to them, they will not come to it. ALL AT-
TEMPTS AT CONFORMITY OR CONCESSION ARE
VAIN AND USELESS. WHY, THEN, SHOULD NOT
THE BELIEVERS IN THE NEW REVELATION
STAND IN UNBROKEN FRONT, REGARDLESS OF
THE HOSTILE SENTIMENTS OF SOCIAL, RELIGIOUS
OR PROFESSIONAL ORTHODOXY—without
caring a straw whether they are regarded as
"quasi-respectable," or utterly condemned as
reprobates?

In a recent article, a lady of distinction in the
Spiritualist ranks, as a medium and authoress,
has dissipated, without a conscious aim, the
"intelligent woman of New York City," that
"Spiritualism is the great curse of the nine-
teenth century." Why? Because, as she said,
a "relative had been hopelessly ensnared in the
toils of a professional medium, pretending to in-
tercourse with eminent, pure and wise spirits."
What a non-sequitur! As well might we pro-
nounce every blessing we enjoy a curse; for
what is there that has not been abused and
perverted by some unscrupulous impostor?
The heedless, wayward and self-willed can
only be taught by painful experience. For
example, since the electric light has been in-
troduced, some men, disregarding the instruc-
tions given them, have grasped the conducting
wires and perished. Why not, then, say that
the electric light is "the great curse of the
nineteenth century"? Probably the widows
and orphans think so; but it is sheer nonsense,
nevertheless. To fail to discriminate between
the use and the abuse of a thing is unworthy of
one who claims to be at all intelligent. Medi-
umship, doubtless, has been abused both by the
possessors of the gift and those who have re-
sorted to them; but this is no reason for con-
demning it as a curse. The best and purest
mediums may become, under certain condi-
tions, the instrument of deceiving influences.
It is not the instrument that is to be con-
demned, but the persons who use it. The elec-
tric wire or battery is not to be destroyed be-
cause a man, by its use, has disregarded natural
laws, loses his life through its use. It is, of
course, a painful one, and must be heeded
by others. If a person does an irrational act,
under the real or apparent suggestion of a
spirit, the ordinary consequences of folly must
be suffered; and if a person—whether a medi-
um or not—obtains money or other property
under false pretenses, he or she must suffer
the penalty, as a criminal, not as a medium.
Mediums are not to be exempted from the pun-
ishment due to crime, nor should they be ele-
vated to the position of saints or martyrs when
so punished; but they should not be con-
demned and executed by Judge Lynch with-
out a fair trial, or, as is too often the case,
without any trial at all, being run down by a
senseless mob, put into the public pillory, and
pelted with dirty newspaper missiles.

Let me specify a few points by which the two
schools of Spiritualists are distinguished: One of
these schools, which, for the sake of conveni-
ence, we will call the Conservative School,
(some call it the Obstructive), would apparently
compel all mediums to go before a board of ex-
aminers and obtain a certificate of morality
and social respectability, besides proficiency in
mediumship, before being permitted to exer-
cise their God-given endowments. They must,
it is said, "have been graduated in the profes-
sion of expositors of spiritual phenomena, not
tyrants in their alphabet, to satisfy a critical
public." Lawyers, physicians and clergymen
have to be licensed before they are permitted
to practice in their several professions, and
why not mediums? The community needs
protection from fraud and deception; and as
licensed lawyers, physicians and clergymen are
always (?) truthful, pure and honest, mediums
will be made as good as they, if they are re-
quired to get the regular credentials.

On the other hand, those who may be called

the Progressive School (some have derisively
called them the Credulous, Quasi-respectable
School), while not denying that there are pre-
tenders among mediums, and occasional decep-
tion among the genuine ones, would leave them
to be judged by their patrons. Let medium-
ship be free and untrammelled, and the respec-
table body of men can make or un-
make a medium, or no certificate, or creden-
tials of any kind can confer any value upon
their labors, protect their patrons from charlat-
anism, or save the mediums from the conse-
quences of error, ignorance or folly on the part
of those who consult them. Mediums, with all
their faults, are probably as free from fraud,
deception, dishonesty and false pretense, as
any of the licensed practitioners of medicine,
law or divinity. In the eyes of certain curious
people it is a "mortal sin" for a medium to
receive one dollar for service rendered; but it
is a very dignified and proper thing for a
licensed lawyer to extort a one-hundred dollar
fee for misleading his client, a certificated
M. D. a ten-dollar fee for helping his patient
into the spirit-world, or a legalized Reverend
a twenty-thousand dollar salary for undertaking
to teach what he does not know, and will not
learn.

Hence, the Progressive School would leave
mediums and those who consult them to work
out their own salvation, without any repressive
or prohibitory measures. These mediums have
in thirty-four years converted a large part of
the world to a belief in Spiritualism; and the
Progressives are anxious to have them go on,
and finish the work, in such way and at such
time as the invisible workers may decide.

Let the people be enlightened as to the true
principles and methods to be observed in con-
sulting mediums and in judging results. Time
and experience will then cure all defects, and
Spiritualism will grow in power and respecta-
bility day by day, and its believers will become
more numerous and better informed. "Expos-
ures" will then become obsolete, with the
ignorant notions that gave rise to them; and
ruffianly "spirit-grabbing" will be forever ban-
ished to the limbo of popular errors and cruel-
ties.

The Conservative School would, "as a means
of protection against imposture," have all the
appliances and methods of investigation mi-
nutely prescribed by a board of inspectors or
commissioners—wise from their earthly expe-
rience, shrewd in worldly sagacity, versed in
all the devices of cunning tricksters, and, be-
sides, fully initiated in all spiritual things—and
would pronounce a solemn anathema of ex-
communication against all mediums and sit-
ters, who should dare to refuse to submit to the
dicta of this inquisitorial tribunal. Thus, they
believe, "the ignorant and unworthy," both
in earth-life and spirit-life, would be pre-
vented from intermeddling with the sacred
things of the spirit-world. These mediums, they
state are to be the duly-ordained priests of the
new religion, being selected from those wise
ones who have "learned something in the thirty-
four years they have been investigating spiri-
tual laws," and who are, therefore, "capable
of cooperating with spirits in devising judi-
cious means to advance our cause"; for, it is
said, "the new spiritual dispensation can only
reveal itself in full glory when men can
co-operate intelligently with the ascending
and descending spirits, and bring it to a firm
foundation among an intelligent people." We,
the Conservatives, are the very ones thus
prepared to "co-operate intelligently with the
ascending ones," and all others must bow to
us and adopt our methods, or woe to Spiritual-
ism.

But the Progressives ask these *soi-disant* wise
ones for their credentials. Who has certificated
them? Who has "laid hands upon" them, and
made them the high-priests of this dispen-
sation? Their own consciences, protesting against
any kind of priesthood. They want "some-
thing of Levi." They prefer to let every one act as
his own priest, and to exercise, without let or
hindrance, the judgment, much or little, which
God has given him or her. If any make a mis-
take, or disregard wholesome advice, the conse-
quences will teach them how to avoid the
error in the future. This school of Spiritual-
ists refuse to be trammelled by a *Thus saith the
Lord*, or by a "Thus saith the
board of inspectors, or by a 'Thus saith the
Lord' through the speaking of their Lord,
for it is through the speaking of their own
minds, and not through the notions, prejudices
or arbitrary opinions of other men or women.
Besides, they believe that the spirit-workers
should be consulted as to appliances, methods
and conditions of spirit-intercourse; for they
are foolish enough to think that the spirits who
are to do the work are wiser than conceited
mortals who boast of how much they "have
learned in the last thirty-four years." Per-
haps the spirit-workers have been studying
and practicing for three hundred years.
The Progressives do not say we must take
what the spirits give, without complaint or
criticism; but they do ask (never "demand")
the "best the spirits can do" for their eleva-
tion and enlightenment. They believe that
the spirits will give or do all that weak mortals
are capable of receiving, or that the state of
their minds demands. Sometimes that is a les-
son, and often a painful one, to convince them
of their ignorance, arrogance and conceit.
They believe that the mass of the part of
mortals to make "demands" upon the spirits,
feeling that passivity and humility (not credu-
lity or the abnegation of reason) are the indis-
pensable prerequisites to the obtaining of what
is pure and true. They believe also that "like
attracts like," and that to sit in a circle with a
mind reeking with suspicion and skepticism,
will necessarily bring manifestations of fraud
and deceit from the false and degraded in-
spirits. Holding the arrogance and almost
impudent pretensions of the material sphere,
these have their counterparts in the sphere
just beyond, and that "birds of a feather flock
together." Hence they repudiate the prin-
ciple or proposition that any *coterie* of men or
women, or board, or commission, can properly
be invested with the office which the Con-
servatives would assume or confer upon others
of like views with themselves.

Can an intelligent Spiritualist seriously
think that any falsification, however violent,
from whatever earthly source, will ever
prevent the employment of any instrumental-
ity which the powers controlling the spiritual
movement have suggested, or to cause its abo-
lition before the time comes for its disuse?
This, of course, does not preclude rational dis-
cussion as to the usefulness or propriety of
these or other methods of investigation; but
let there be no arbitrary edicts, or dogmatic
condemnation. Cabinet scenes and dark cir-
cles have not been the means of fostering
fraud; if there is any tendency to deception,
any spiritual darkness—the mischief is just as
likely to be done in the light as in the dark.
Those who are constantly fishing for fraud
will be sure to catch it, whether in light or
dark scenes. The cabinet and the dark circle
supply useful, and often indispensable condi-
tions; and they have been in the past among
the most valuable instrumentalities in spirit-
manifestation, and promise to continue to be
the same for many years to come. It is true,
some do not like dark scenes; well, the rem-
edy is easy, let them keep away from them;
but when they undertake to abolish them by
"circular," they are about as wise as the Pope
who issues his bull against the comet.

But, say some of our Conservative friends:
"Mediums who can only demonstrate in the
dark must give way to those with whom it is
a necessity." According to this arbitrary
dictum, the mediums of the genuine and
honest mediums must be retired, crushed by
this juggernaut of human arrogance and pre-
sumption. How absurd this seems! Destroy
all clocks and watches, because they sometimes
show false time! Let no man use a razor, be-
cause some children have cut their fingers with
razors! Abolish all railroad travel, because
the trains sometimes run off the track, or run
into each other! Such seems to be the logic of
the situation! At present, according to the
reasoning, why not abolish all mediums?
All inspirational writers and speakers, be-
cause some have written or uttered falsehood or non-
sense?

Our conservative friends appear to think
that Spiritualism wholly consists in those ru-
dimental investigations which are needed to
convince unbelievers, or skeptics, ignorant of
facts, unwilling to accept them, and only to be
persuaded by such methods of test as were re-
sorted to by the vain, arrogant and cruel peo-

ple who experimented with the abused Fox
girls "thirty-four years ago." But Spiritual-
ism now stands on very different ground from
that which it occupied then. It no longer
needs to go a-begging for investigation. It
is not only a science, but a religion. It has
not only a severe and logical basis, but the most ac-
complished and angelic materialistic scien-
tists could subject it to, and its cardinal facts
are established. Those who do not believe are
they who will not believe. Only ignorance or
bigotry can now deny the truth of Spiritual-
ism. Science has really surrendered to it; and
the Church can only interpose the "devil the-
ory." All whose minds are open to conviction
have the scientifically-attested facts to study;
and these they should study, and digest, and
use, and then, through the science chamber, if
any circular is to be issued, let it be against the
intrusion of ignorant presumption into the "hol-
ly of holies"—the dark circle and the cabinet
scene. What harm can it do to Spiritualism
for a conceited ignoramus to deny the truths
that a Hare, a Wallace, a Crookes or a Zollner
has attested after patient investigation? We
pay little attention to the "crank" that dis-
putes the Copernican theory, the law of gravita-
tion, or the theories of Euclid. We do not
advise the pupil in astronomy to begin his
studies by asking a telescope. What could he
see with it? Without doubt, in his ignorant
conceit, he would dispute the inferential state-
ments of the experienced observer. God, in
his estimation, would have waited, during all
previous ages, for a shrewd observer, until he
deigned to take a peep through the wondrous
glass. Thus the tyro in Spiritualism, without
any preliminary study of facts and principles,
goes into the science room, sees what he thinks
is fraudulent, and by a hasty experiment
disputes the truth of the manifestations. But some-
times mars the apparatus for their production.
Then he goes swaggering off, exulting in the
ruin he has ignorantly wrought, and filling the
hearts of many virtuous conservatives with
horror at the debasement of "our cause."

Wise and experienced observers know the
wretched shallowness of all this. As I write I
have before me a letter from an eminent judge,
residing in Boston, who says: "After a quarter
of a century's intercourse with what we term
the spirit-world, through various methods and
media, and with as perfect a control of all
these methods as the astronomer has of his tel-
escopes or the chemist of his crucible and com-
pounds, I have failed to find a scintilla of proof
of any fraud, excepting in cases where un-
scrupulous persons, having mediumistic pow-
ers, have used them in speculative attempts to
expose Spiritualism."

There is no question that the "hue and cry"
against fraud is, in a great measure, based on
the ignorance and dishonesty of those who
investigate.

HENRY KIDDLE.

Points Current.

Eleanor Kirk to the Ministers.

From a syndicate letter to the press, by this
gifted writer, we make the following excerpts:
"I want it distinctly understood that I
haven't the slightest fear of any minister that
ever was ordained. I do not need to be told
that I do not understand theology. The trouble
with many of our ministers is that they under-
stand it too much, and religion too little. For
the first I do not care a rap. For the second I
care everything. There is no narrowness or
bigotry in true religion, and all religion is true
that has unselfish love for a foundation."

One minister writes me that 'if a man has a
creed, it is his business to hold fast to it.' I do
not believe that we should stick to things
whether or no. Some one has said that 'a
creed is as valuable as an egg to a chicken, in-
dispensable in embryonic stages of spiritual
evolution, later useful only to settle coffee
grounds.' Those are my sentiments. I do not
want to hear any creed preached. *He argu-
ably knows, and he knows my intelligence in-
stantly combats.* I think it dishonest for a mi-
nister to preach a creedless sermon in a creedy
pulpit, but I nevertheless love to hear him, and
very often have an opportunity to do so. I
know that he is broader and better than his
creed, and will, after a while, shed it as the
chick sheds the shell. But I am rather im-
patient with the slowness of some of these
processes.

It seems to me that the shell sticks longer in
certain cases than it is any need of. Per-
haps I am mistaken. The Congregationalists
do not know it all, nor the Baptists, Methodists,
Unitarians or Universalists, and those who
think they do are simply wise in their own
conceit. The attitude of the Christian in every
church should be a desire to learn, and a wil-
lingness to concede to others the most perfect
liberty. When a member of any denomination
says: 'This seems the best to me now, but if
there is something broader and nobler, I want
it,' I can find fault, I shall take it that man
of that woman's kind. What is most need-
ful in the church, in the medical profession, in
politics, in short, everywhere, is a broad eclecti-
cism.

I am sharply criticised for calling Dr. Heber
Newton an athlete of eclecticism, but that is
just what he is, and my soul delights in him,
though my conscience disapproves of him.

In a few days I shall be asked to explain the
relation of the soul to the conscience, in terms
of a knowledge of the soul, and to understand them. Let
me say right here, that I do not know anything
about it, and so save my friends the trouble of
troubling me. We have bothered long enough
about terms. Let us now lay hold of principles."

Who Was El Dorado?

"Yet unspoil'd Guiana, whose great city Geyron's
sons
Call El Dorado."—Paradise Lost. Book XI.

There is nothing obscure in the etymology of
this Spanish phrase, which means literally
"The Gilded"; yet to such an extent has it
been abused that few know that it originally
related to a man and not to a country. In the
latter sense it has been applied to almost every
gold-bearing district encountered in America
since the discovery; and there is scarcely a
mining camp in our Far West but has named
its richest lode or most popular resort, whether
grove-shop, billiard saloon, or theater, El Dorado.
As early as the sixteenth century it served to
designate an imaginary region abounding in
gold and precious stones in the interior of
South America; but prior to this acceptance
it had become a synonym for the most remark-
able legend of the New World, the supposed
eastern proximity of which invested its unex-
plored territory with the glamour of Oriental
romance. The term was, indeed, an appellation
of royalty, and El Dorado, perhaps, a veritable
king, whose daily attire is said to have been a
glowing coating of gold, and whose reign was
sprinkling of gold dust blown through a bam-
boo cane.—Lieut. H. R. Lemly, in the October
Century.

What Folks Thought in A. D. 1000.

Lieut. Totten, U. S. A., of Yale College, who
has of late been making the most lugubrious
prophecies regarding next year, and the ma-
terio-theologic cataclysms and judgment-days
which are wrapped up in it, will do well (as
also will his followers) to read what people
thought in the year 1000 A. D., concerning the
immanent (?) end of the world, etc., the ex-
tract being from an article on "Europe and
Cathay" in the September Atlantic, by Prof.
John Fiske, of Harvard University:

"Let us for a moment recall what was going
on in Europe in the year of grace 1000—just
enough to get a suggestive picture of the time.
In England, the Danish invader, fork-bearded
Svend, father of the great Cnut, was warring
the kingdom from the people grasp of Ethelred
the Redefoe. In Gaul, the little dukedom of
France, between the Somme and the Loire,
had lately become the kingdom of France, and
its sovereign, Hugh Capet, had succeeded to the
feudal rights of lordship over the great
dukes and counts whose territories surrounded
him on every side; and now Hugh's son, Robert
the Debonair, better hymn-writer than
warrior, was waging a doubtful struggle with

those unruly vassals. It was not yet, in any
way apparent, what the kingdoms of England
and France were going to be. In Germany,
the youthful Otto I., the wonder of the
world, had just made his world visit to the
tomb of his mighty predecessor at Aachen, be-
fore starting on that last journey to Rome,
which was so soon to cost him his life.

Upon the eastern frontier the wild Hungar-
ians had scarcely ceased to be a terror to Europe,
and in this year Stephen, their first Christian
king, began to reign. At the same time the
power of heretical Bulgaria, which had threat-
ened to overwhelm the Eastern Empire, was
broken down by the sturdy blows of the Mace-
donian Emperor Basil. In this year the Chris-
tians of Spain met with defeat at the hands of
Almanzor, and there seemed no reason why the
Muslim rule over the greater part of that
peninsula should not endure forever.

Thus, from end to end Europe was a scene of
direct confusion. Nowhere were the outlines
of kingdoms or the ownership of crowns defi-
nitely settled. Private war was both incessant
and universal. As for the common people, their
hardships were well-nigh incredible. Amid all
this anarchy and misery, at the close of the
thousandth year, from the birth of Christ, the be-
lief was quite common throughout Europe that
the Day of Judgment was at hand for a world
grown old in wickedness, and ripe for its doom."

A Strong Portraiture.

Judge Albion Tourgee, in a recent novel,
gives the following graphic picture of the great
founder of Christianity: "The Carpenter of
Nazareth worked for his father by day, and at
night went fishing with Peter and John. His
hands were hard, calloused, blistered. His
nails were black and broken, and his Jewish
garb made him coarse and grimy. The sandal-
strings chafed his feet, and sweat and dust de-
filed his body. He lived in peace, after the
Tetrarch died, for thirty years, laboring for his
daily bread. Then he wandered about, living
where he might and as he might, stirring up
discontent among the people. Society dis-
owned him. The recognized interpreters of
the Divine will condemned him. The Romans
despised him. The poor revered, but distrust-
ed him. A lover of self betrayed him. Society
counted him a tramp; religion esteemed him
a scoundrel; politically he was regarded as a
'dangerous character.' Hardly one in this
audience would permit his counterpart to enter the
door. 'We have no use for rags and grime but
to pity them.' He wore poverty as a crown."—
American Spectator.

The Origin of "Lullaby."

According to the Jewish Talmud, Lilith, the
mother of demons, was taken to wife by our
first parent Adam, prior to the appearance of
Eve upon the scene. Being the legendary
mother of evil spirits, one would naturally ac-
cept the story as a fact when told that she be-
came unmanageable, and tried to supersede
Adam as lord of all creation. Thwarted in
this, she took to the regions of the air, where,
as a specter in the guise of a beautiful woman,
she lies in wait for and poisons upon defense-
less children. Some ignorant European Jews
still believe that the beautiful mermaid in-
habits the air, waiting for a chance to murder
their little ones. It is said that the word "lul-
laby," is a corruption of the words "Lilla,
abi," or "Begone, Lilith," words used as a
charm by superstitious mothers of legendary
times.

October Magazines.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY continues "The House
of Martha" (by Frank R. Stockton) and "The Lady
of Fort St. John" (by Mary Hartwell Catherwood);
and has two articles treating of or verging upon the mili-
tary province, to wit: "Gen. George H. Thomas"
(by Henry Stone), and "The Cave-Dwellers of the
Confederacy" (by David Dodge)—the article on Gen.
Thomas being a superb description of a marvelously-
gifted chieftain, to whose individual worth and strate-
gic value coming generations will give a higher esti-
mation than has for the present been accorded them;
Oliver Wendell Holmes breathes a solemn strain of
elegy in his poem, "James Russell Lowell, 1819-

THE RELATIONS OF SCIENCE TO THE
PHENOMENA OF LIFE. By PROF. MICHAEL FARADAY.
DAY, late Electrician and Chemist, of England.

THE INVISIBLE.

The red man, whom we so despise
And proudly try to drive,
Are wiser in some ways far
Than we and all our teachers are.

We preach the after-life and range
Through nature's round of senseless change,
And search the hopes and fears of men
To prove that we shall live again.

We only half believe, at best,
Our faith is not the greatest test,
For when our closest art we stop
More than for those who do but sleep.

And on each marble slab we write
Some legend of the spirit's flight,
Lest, passing by, we might forget
That he who died is living yet.

The Indian, with a single phrase,
The ghost of doubt and terror lays,
And lifts the viewless curtain spread
Between us and the so-called dead.

He knows no "dead"; just for a space
His friends have faded, form and face,
Through Nature's strong and subtle spell
They have become "invisible."

We are too fine and wise; we need
Much less of logic and of creed,
Oh! let the untutored forest child
Teach us his credence undeluded!

Let us no longer say "Our Dead,"
Nor think that those we love have fled.
They are "invisible" as we
Shall close our eyes some day and see.

—George Horton.

Banner Correspondence.

Maine.

NEWBURY VILLAGE.—W. E. Luce, Secretary, writes: "The Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting at Buswell's Grove, Etna, Me., which began Aug. 29th and closed Sunday, Sept. 6th, was well attended through the whole time, and was a grand success. The interest in the meetings was great, and continued from first to last unabated. Sufficient funds were taken to pay all bills, although the last Sunday, which usually is the 'big day' of this as all other camps, was stormy.

A. E. Tisdale of West Springfield, Mass., was the most prominent lecturer, and remained with us the ten days. He is a grand inspirational speaker, and commands the close attention of his audience. Mrs. Juliette Yeawell sustained the excellent reputation she has gained in the field of Spiritualism and liberal thought, and is a very efficient worker. The inspiring songs and wonderful tests given by J. Frank Baxter, who was with us the last five days of our meeting, were a source of pleasure and benefit to all. Frank T. Ripley gave tests from the rostrum nearly every day, and astonished unbelievers with their accuracy and the promptness with which they were recognized. Bro. Ripley was a valuable acquisition to our meetings, and we consider him one of the best in his line of thought and action. The concert held on Thursday, Sept. 3d, under the management of J. F. Baxter, was well attended; the recitations, songs, etc., received the attention and applause they fully merited. The receipts were forty-two dollars.

The social meetings this year were a prominent feature and a pronounced success. Our younger mediums here had opportunities to develop the powers given them by the angel-world. Many converts to our faith were made, and we all enjoyed this season of camp-meeting very much.

California.

LOS ANGELES.—Ella Lucy Merriam writes: "Is not the grandeur of any philosophy in the living of it? In the golden, luscious, nutritious fruit it bears? And what philosophy under the sun yields the import and graces of our immortal Spiritual Philosophy? Reaching from everlasting to everlasting! Glowing in every expression of nature, from the most majestic to the minutest; but always sublimely in the hearts and lives of men! Broadening and intensifying their spiritual vision, warming and softening their hearts to deeds of charity, filling their minds with uplifting, purifying thoughts and desires; feeding their emotional natures upon the choicest inspirations of progressive lore; bidding in imperishable bands the interests and welfare of the entire human family; permeating every atom, beautifying every object, and clothing every occurrence in life with delightful significance. A philosophy of deeds, not theories; of growth, not stagnation; of life, not death.

Oh! ye sons and daughters of earth, awake to its beauties and blessings! Awake to its momentary opportunities and its God-like possibilities! And we, who have received its inspirations, and drank deep draughts from its inexhaustible fountains, are not only highly favored, but deeply obligated. Beholding earth's vast majority as yet in darkness and weakness—what better are we, or the world, for our spiritual advantages, if our lives do not exude hope and happiness in every act? Let our deepest desires, our noblest efforts and our highest happiness consist in giving freely to the needy of that which we have so fortunately and so unstintingly received."

Massachusetts.

FITCHBURG.—A correspondent writes: "During the summer just closed many of our thinking people were privileged to listen to an excellent lecture delivered before the Ladies' Progressive League by Eliza Lath Martyn, and its publication in *The Sentinel* found many interested readers. In it she spoke of Modern Spiritualism as having accomplished much in its comparatively short existence. It has been and is, she said, a wonderful educator. After briefly reviewing the religions of the past and remarking upon the great and rapid change the popular religion of the last few centuries has undergone, and is still subject to, she said: 'Modern religion is a worship of a larger God than humanity has ever before comprehended—a God large enough to shelter the entire human race. It is a recognition and worship of the one principle taught in their peculiar way by Buddha, Mahomet, Confucius and Christ, for it is true that the golden rule was taught by each of those teachers or prophets. 'If ye love me ye will keep my commandments,' said Christ. If ye love your friend you will endeavor to make him happy. The only way to make him happy is to help him to a larger and nobler manhood.'

New York.

ROCHESTER.—A correspondent writing over the signature "Lm." says: "One often hears the remark made, 'I would like to believe in spirit-communication, for it is a beautiful belief, were it not that mediums or spirits at times knowingly prevaricate or tell downright falsehoods.' Well, such a remark cannot but be made by those who are ignorant of the philosophy of spirit-communication. They do not consider that thousands hourly are passing to the other shore unprepared for the change. Mediums are but instruments in the hands of excommunicated spirits, from whose ranks good, bad and indifferent come, wanting to voice their thoughts through the mediums. We must remember that those who pass to spirit life are for a shorter or longer time the same in character and habit they were before that event, and when the time returns to us through a medium they manifest their leading earthly traits."

Michigan.

GRAND RAPIDS.—Ella F. Jusselyn (President of the Progressive Spiritualist Society) writes: "We have had for our speaker during September that grand, profound orator, Hon. Sidney Derr, who has given us much light upon the Spiritual Philosophy. A millionaire materialist has placed B. F. Underwood in one of the Opera Houses at the same hours of our lectures at no expense to the public, which has made it somewhat hard for us; but knowing that our Cause is a just one, and that we must work if we would win, we keep at it. Edgar W. Emerson is our speaker for October."

VAN HOUTEN'S Cocoa—The Standard of the World.

A FORTUNE

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

"I consider that I have been

SAVED

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

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

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

By Taking

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

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

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

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

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Roxbury, Mass.

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Mar. 29.

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Oct. 7.

J. K. D. Conant,

TRANCE and Business Psychometrist. Sittings daily from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Séances Sunday evenings at 7:30; also Friday afternoons at 3:30. Psychometric Readings given by letter of Business Prospects, and if Clairvoyant Examination of Disease, state sex and age, enclosed lock of hair. Terms \$2.00 per hour. Boston, Mass., between Shawmut Avenue and Tremont Street. Answers calls to lecture, or hold Public or Private Séances. 1w* Oct. 10.

Osgood F. Stiles,

DEVELOPING, Business and Test Medium. Sittings daily, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Development of Mediums and Séances. Test Séances Sunday and Wednesday, 8 P. M. and Tuesday afternoon at 1 P. M. Dwight Street, Boston. Will be in Lynn every Friday and Saturday at No. 77 Pearl Street. 1w* Oct. 10.

Miss A. Peabody,

BUSINESS, Test and Developing Medium. Sittings daily. Séances Sunday, Thursday evenings, and Tuesday afternoons at 3 o'clock. Six Developing Sittings for \$4.00. 104 Washington Street, opposite Davis Street, Boston. Oct. 10.

Mrs. Lizzie Kelley,

PSYCHOMETRIST, Business, Test and Trance Medium. Gives private sittings daily. Public circles every Sunday evening at 7:30, at her parlour, 623 Washington Street. Oct. 10.

Mrs. Fannie A. Dodd,

MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN and Test Medium. No. 233 Tremont Street, corner of Eliot Street, Boston. Oct. 10.

Dr. J. C. Bowman,

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Mrs. A. Forrester,

TRANCE, Test and Business Medium. Also Magnetic Healer. Electric Treatment of A. M. to 2 P. M. 181 Shawmut Avenue, one flight, Boston. 4w* Sept. 26.

Mrs. M. E. Johnson,

BUSINESS and Test Medium. Hours 10 A. M. to 9 P. M. Séances, Thursday and Sunday evenings, 8 o'clock, 41 Winter Street, Room 5, Boston. Oct. 10.

Adelaide E. Crane,

TEST and Business Medium. Magnetic Treatments. 84 Bowditch Street, Room 4, Boston. Hours 9 to 5. Sept. 19.

Allen Toothaker,

CLAIRVOYANT Physician and Business Medium. 150A Tremont Street, Boston, Room 45. 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. 216 Cross Street, Malden, Mass., 4 to 8 P. M. Oct. 5.

Mrs. CHANDLER-BAILEY,

26 Cazenove Street, Suite 3, Boston, near Albany R. R. Station, Col. Mass. Magnetic Healing and Business Medium. Séances Monday and Saturday evenings and Friday afternoons at 3 o'clock. Platform test speaking. Oct. 10.

Mrs. H. W. CUSHMAN,

Musical, Test and Business Medium. Six questions answered by mail. \$1.00. Examination by lock of hair, \$1.00. Séances Wednesdays at 7:30, 7 Walker Street, Charlestown. Oct. 26.

Miss Helen A. Sloan,

MAGNETIC Physician. Vapor Baths. No. 118 Tremont Street, Boston. Oct. 10.

Miss J. M. Grant,

TRANCE MEDIUM, No. 84 Bowditch Street, Banner of Light Building, Boston. Oct. 3.

Dr. Fred. Crockett,

Moody House, 1292 Washington Street, Boston. Oct. 3.

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

MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, 35 East Concord Street, Boston. 3w* Sept. 26.

DR. M. LUCY NELSON,

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MRS. M. W. LESLIE, Trance Medium, 1064

lecture and give Platform Tests. 2w* Oct. 3.

MRS. J. C. EVELL, Inspirational and Medical

Physician, 442 Tremont Street, cor. Hanson, Boston. Sept. 19.

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

cinal and Magnetic Medium. 123 Tremont Street, Boston. June 6.

DR. JULIA M. CARPENTER, 303 Warren

Street, Boston, Mass. 1f Mar. 14.

DR. A. H. RICHARDSON, Magnetic Healer,

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