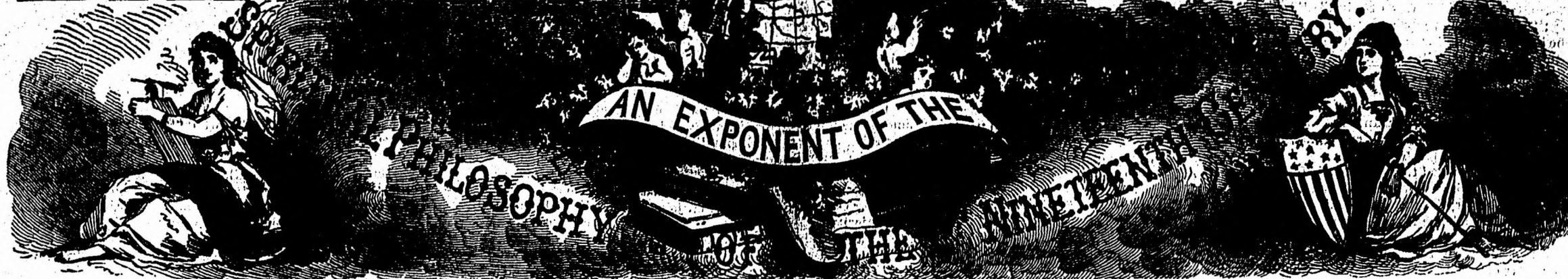


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IT STUCK IN HIS CROP.

There is too little corn an' too much husk an' cob,
An' it sticks in my crop.
An' folks that works hardes' git least for their job,
An' it sticks in my crop.
It takes a big tree to produce a small cherry,
An' it needs a large bush for a turnt small berry,
An' a man must git wealthy afore he can marry,
An' it sticks in my crop.
An' the men who earn bread by the sweat of their brow
(It sticks in my crop),
Git the worst kin' of bread that there is, anyhow.
An' it sticks in my crop.
But the men who dress up like a dandy or a dandy,
They eat nothin' worse than puddin' or candy,
An' reach out an' grab jest w'atever comes handy—
An' it sticks in my crop.
An' the poor man, like me, who digs in the dirt
(It sticks in my crop),
Never wears a b'iled coat, never wears a b'iled shirt,
An' it sticks in my crop.
But the swell chaps, who never do tiffin' nor splinin',
But divide up their time betwixt sleepin' an' shinin',
Go aroun' like men peacocks, in purple an' lilien;
An' it sticks in my crop.
It sticks in my crop—I can't swaller it down
(It sticks in my crop)—
That hard-workin' man, who wears a coarse gown;
It sticks in my crop.
While the gals who 're too nice to let the ole cat in,
An' all study music an' paintin' an' Latin,
Never wear nothin' poorer than swastikin' an' satin—
An' it sticks in my crop.
An' it sticks in my crop that me an' my wife—
Hev pressed our juice from the wine-press of life;
An' it sticks in my crop.
Fate seems to delight just to kick us an' cuff us,
An' the world does n't care how much either one suffers;
If we jaw, it exclaims, "What ungrateful ole duffers!"
An' it sticks in my crop.
—S. W. Foss, in *Yankee Blade*.

The Spiritual Rostrum.

Three Noble Workers and Their Work—Whittier, Tennyson, Renan.
An Inspirational Discourse delivered in New York, Nov. 1st, 1892.
BY W. J. COLVILLE.
(Specially Reported for the *Banner of Light*.)

The recent transition of three notable men, Whittier in the United States, Tennyson in England and Renan in France, makes the subject of this discourse particularly timely. One by one the old workers are passing away—men who have borne the burden and heat of long eventful days and nights of earthly labor are now being called in rapid succession to a home of rest after toils, where all work faithfully accomplished is rewarded with the priceless boon of full equipment for larger and more delightful service.

A poet's death is very plainly a new birth. After eighty five years of active life in the external state—years from earliest infancy filled, first with useful preparation and then with noble discharge of an important mission—the happy, emancipated spirit finds itself immediately at home in new surroundings, which, after all, are not novel; for the true seer is ever while on earth catching glimpses of the vast unseen universe in which every one of us—though many quite unconsciously—is here and now dwelling. As a child, Whittier, in common with almost all poetic geniuses, showed remarkable precocity as a maker of verses, and was compelled to labor among people who, though kind and upright according to their light, were not likely to specially encourage a youth's early courtship of the poetic muse. The sturdy Quaker stock from which the stern yet gentle New England bard or minstrel sprang was composed of brave, daring men and women, who could fight their way to mental freedom even though peace was ever their watchword. The Society of Friends is always foremost in propagating schemes of arbitration to banish warfare from the earth; but these quiet people, clad in sombre attire, who renounce the pomp and vanities of the world, have from the days of Fox, Penn, and all their early leaders, been remarkably distinguished for their decided action taken against everything they regarded as injustice. In "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe found none so ready as Quakers to champion the cause of the fugitive slave, and afford an asylum of rest, and often of safety also, to the poor, oppressed negroes, who, torn from the embrace of their families and subjected to the horrors of a nameless despotism, fled for refuge in vain to the pharisees of modern Christendom, who justified the course from their pulpits, and urged submission to lawless tyranny on the alleged authority of God's holy commandment.

No one can read Whittier at all thoroughly, or attentively without being forcibly struck with the sharp, often startling contrasts he exhibits; but he is never contradictory. He can be sweet, gentle, tender; his verse can flow on in smooth, rippling measure as he appeals one by one to all the softest emotions of the human heart; but he can also be tremendous in his protest against iniquity, stern denunciation of ungodliness being as much the poet's and the prophet's mission as it is to extol righteousness, and sing in dulcet, limpid measure the praises of all such virtues as make human life divine, and the earthly home a vestibule of heaven.

To understand a man thoroughly, or even to be able to fairly estimate his subsequent career, requires a certain degree of familiarity, if not with his heredity, certainly with his early difficulties and temptations, as well as with the decided bent of his genius. Talent will display itself; genuine inspiration is irrefragable; all attempts to turn its current are both futile and dangerous. Many inmates of lunatic asylums are the victims of repressed mediocrity; they are misunderstood geniuses, the current of their life-force being artificially restrained and forced back when seeking normal

expression. A severe shock to the brain and entire nervous system ensues, with the pitiful result of absent mindedness, arrested development or driving idocy, when the intrepid spirit does not lash itself against the bars of its cage, and seek, through the agency of violent outbursts of seeming fury, to throw off the shackles imposed upon it and strike for liberty at any cost. Of all the denominations in Christendom, not one has been so ready from the start to accept intuition and interior illumination as the Friends; and seventy years ago, when Whittier's early poems were first discovered, Quakerism had as a movement far more of pristine freshness than to-day. Universalism had made great strides in New England, and it is not difficult to see how fully the boy-poet Whittier grasped the idea of universal salvation, and made it, even if unconsciously, the under-current of his song. William Lloyd Garrison, and other world-renowned abolitionists, were Whittier's early friends, contemporary with Wm. Cullen Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, and all the distinguished bards of New England, who, with a solitary exception (Holmes), have joined the great majority.

It is not surprising that, despite very strong traces of marked individuality in many of his compositions, Whittier nevertheless belonged to a school of American poets, and was not a lone star shining in immensity, but one of a galaxy of brilliant orbs who, though wisely fraternizing, differed one from the other in constellated glory. Despite the extreme transcendentalism of the Emersonian school, which must have created an influence over Whittier, he never lost the sense of complete individual identity in any endeavor to grasp a view of the soul's ultimate attainment incompatible with perfect individual immortality. He was in many senses the Wordsworth of America. He was rustic, not urban in his tastes; to him the trees and birds and flowers of New Hampshire were far more inspiring than the bustling mercantile throngs which crowd the thoroughfares of Boston, New York or Philadelphia. He loved men, women and children, but he loved them in simplicity; he loved them alone, or in little groups of two or three. His friendships were deep and tender and very lasting, but no one friendship monopolized his life or dominated his thought.

Keenly alive though he was to the pleasures of a domestic hearth, he never married, but his affection for his sister Elizabeth, and other good, noble women, was truly ideal. He understood woman at her best, and was a true advocate of her hallowing influence wherever it could be brought to bear. He did not advocate celibacy, and he was not an ascetic or recluse; he simply did not marry because he never found exactly the woman of all others whom he could take to his heart, and feel that in her, and her alone, he had discovered an abiding counterpart. Poets of the passions, like Byron, have borne affairs in rapid succession; they write fervid, amorous verses to the goddess of the hour; they lament in bitterness, and prefer dogs to human friends if a beloved one proves false to them. They are comets or meteors darting across the sky; they soon burn themselves out in the very intensity of their ardor; but poets of nature like Wordsworth and Whittier, are enduring stars in the firmament above the heads of the crowd, and while not so dazzlingly brilliant as the former, these latter live long, as well as worthily, and for all coming generations prove themselves a powerful incentive to nobler living.

Whittier's color-blindness has been the subject of considerable remark. He never sought to conceal this visual defect from his friends, and the wonder to everybody was and is, how he could describe natural scenery so vividly when suffering under this provoking limitation. In one of his best known songs, a portion of which is found in nearly every good modern hymn book, he, while alluding to the burning bush which Moses saw unconsumed at Horeb, uses the simple, homelike simile, for purposes of comparison, of the maple-wood, which in autumn days had turned from green to scarlet, in the vicinity of his own dwelling. It is recorded as a fact by his friends that the most amusing scenes in his social intercourse with intimate acquaintances would take place when two skeins of silk, one red and the other green, would be held up to him for the purpose of testing how far his eyesight was available for discrimination in matters of shades—his verdict would be that one piece of silk was darker or lighter than the other, and that was the extent of his visual perception. For a poet in the midst of a sublime composition, evidently filled with lofty ideas concerning the universality and eternal perpetuity of divine revelation, to introduce at a vital point a comparison between the changing colors of forest trees in this century, and one of the most wonderful episodes in the experience of the great Hebrew prophet of more than three thousand years ago, in a far distant land—if the poet could not discriminate between one color and another, but only between shades as in pen and ink or crayon sketches—this poet must have been a seer, a veritable possessor of genuine clairvoyance, which in its true sense, signifies clear spiritual vision.

The spiritual world to Whittier was always a real world. In his conversation he would strike his foot firmly on the floor when people were talking about heaven merely as a state, and declare that it must be a place also; and so it is. Let the astronomer seek to measure the distances between what appear like universes, and he must confess that infinity has no end. Chemists acknowledge about seventy so-called primates, all of which are found in varying proportions in so called material com-

posites, but they are compelled to admit that there is an unknown quantity, an unacknowledged factor in the construction of bodies, causing them to differ one from another. This unknown force is sometimes vaguely called *ether*, but what it absolutely is, only the student of the occult can approximately explain, and to him it is force, the element which constitutes the spiritual world and the spiritual body. This second of the three great elements acknowledged by Occultism—SPIRIT, FORCE and MATTER—is the universal ether which Prof. Dolbear of Tufts College, and many other modern professors, are endeavoring to find and describe. In these researches they are endeavoring to rediscover what the Illuminati of all ages in all countries have abundantly testified to, and what all modern spiritualists and Spiritualists are recognizing in some degree, and to which they are assigning various names.

Thomas Edison, the world-famed electrician, says there are two things discoverable in the universe—Force and Matter; but his definitions are so entirely metaphysical that, though perhaps a Substantialist, he is in no sense whatever a Materialist. Substance or Force is neither Spirit nor Matter, but the intermediary element which connects the second. Our spiritual senses cognize Force as a substance, and when we are in a clairvoyant state we are in the realm of force, which is everywhere, but just beyond the confines of the material state. In that realm every object has perfect form, and our organisms there are adapted to our environment in precisely the same way that physical structures are related to our ordinary waking surroundings. In the truly scientific words of Mrs. Stowe:

"It lies around us like a cloud,
A world we do not see,
Yet the sweet clinging of an eye
May bring us there to be."

The spirit-world is no mere subjective state of vague illusion; we do not dream away our existence in the life beyond, but are never so wide awake or fully conscious of realities as when the sensuous veil drops, and we see the inner, which is always the truer and more abiding side of things.

Whittier is now in the full enjoyment of those realities which to him were vastly more than the flitting artifices of the outer state. He was a true evolutionist; what Lamarck, Darwin and Wallace have reached through long, persistent inquiry, the poet grasped on the interior sight through quick flashes of intuitive perception. The spiritual evolutionists' hymn is that grand song of Whittier's:

"Oh! sometimes gleams upon our sight
Through present wrung, eternal right;
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.
That all of good the past has had
Remains to make our own time glad.
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine."

He then continues: "We lack but open eye and ear," and in that single line gives us all the clue we need to the secret of our blindness and deafness while in the presence continually of angelic visions and celestial harmonies.

Placeards announcing Mrs. Potter's and Mr. Bellow's appearance at the theatres to present Zola's *TRISTE*, are headed with the significant words, "What is not seen does not exist." Are theatrical managers and advance agents going into the business of instructing the masses in pure metaphysics? In one sense it is true that multitudes of things exist, perpetually all about us, whether we are conscious or unconscious of their presence; but in another and very vital sense, it is the case, as Rev. W. F. Evans said in his works on divine healing, the important thing for each of us is not whether "it shines," but whether "I shine." Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten has often published and recited portions of her wonderful clairvoyant experience, wherein she relates that there are myriads of dark, undeveloped spirits, not necessarily evil intentioned, but utterly self-seeking, who, on passing from earth, no matter into whatsoever sphere they enter, find everything dark and still about them, while, though surrounded by multitudes of fellow-beings, are oppressed with an overwhelming sense of awful loneliness. It is the great needed lesson of the hour, which Spiritualism alone can teach, that our individual experiences hereafter will be and must be exactly proportioned to our spiritual growth; and this is to be attained by no other methods than those laid down in the gospels, where the Christ says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." No belief can save; no trust in vicarious sacrifice can avail anything. Every soul must work out its own salvation, and no one is saved himself except to the extent that his aim has been to save others. Ingersoll is at one with Jesus here; the professed agnostics of the hour clasp hands with the saints and sibilys of all ages and climes; mystic and rationalist—Mme. Lutzon and Charles Bradlaugh are here found united; and on this platform stands in stately, imposing magnificence the glorious, all-embracing Spiritual Philosophy, whose light is destined ere long to dispel the lingering though lightening shadows of sorrowful doubt and hopeless discontent with shrouded life.

Whittier may not have been a Spiritualist in the usual acceptance of the term, but those who estimate the Spiritualists of the United States alone at from ten millions to twenty millions, must surely include Whittier as a prominent worker in the spiritual ranks, though he was not a phenomenalist. There are so many spiritual gifts vouchsafed to human-

[Continued on second page.]

Literary Department.

LED.

Written Expressly for the *Banner of Light*,
BY MRS. EMMA MINER,
Author of "Bars and Thresholds."
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CHAPTER XIX. Lost and Found.

James Crane remained at the farmhouse, as Ned was not fairly able to resume work. He was quiet, saying but little, but evidently meaning all he said.

Every evening, before they separated for the night, they sat together and held what Mrs. Haskins called her little prayer meeting.

Millie rapidly grew in development in her mediumship, and especially in clairvoyance.

The truth came overwhelmingly to James Crane, and in an unexpected manner.

Several evenings had passed, and Millie had failed to obtain anything of a psychic nature for Jim.

Finally the right time came. She said, "I see a man very much like yourself, only older. He says he is your father. I also see a load of hay. He leads me to infer that the load of hay was the means of his death."

"Yes. That is so. I thought I would not say anything about it, for I wanted to see if you would get anything in reference to it."

"Your father writes out for me the name of 'Blanchard.' He says that is the name of the man your mother married last. Is that so?"

"Yes; at least that's what the neighbors told me around the old place."

Millie began to write slowly, and with difficulty. She could not write what the influence wished her to, and had to give up for that evening.

The next night she again took up the pencil and wrote the following words:

"To my son James: Go to Blank, Iowa. Go to the outskirts of the village on the south side. After you pass a small wood lot you will see a small old house. It stands between the woods and a pond. Your mother is there. It is true that I can come to you. Keep to your good resolutions. Do not fail to go to your mother."

ROBERT CRANE.

"In Iowa! Oh! poor mother. Do you suppose it's true?"

Jim gazed pitifully at the paper he held in his trembling hands.

"I think it must be," said Millie, "only I don't feel that your father made my hand write it. It seemed to me just as if he stood by and told somebody else what to write who could make my hand move; but I don't doubt the message at all. We are trying honestly for help. Why should any one come to us to tell us falsehoods?"

Mrs. Haskins took the paper to look at it, and was about to speak, when she was interrupted by Ned, who was entranced.

"I am taken there now myself," he said. "It is a small, wooden house, and there is a pond near it. Your mother sits by the fire, sewing; and there is a young girl with her, about eighteen years old, I should say, and she has yellow hair. The girl is of very light complexion. She is sewing, too. I think they are very poor. Now I see a great rocky ledge near the house."

This was all Ned had to say.

"I feel as though I must start at once," said Jim. "I have just about money enough to take me there, and if it's true, and I find mother alive, I will find some way to take care of her, so she need not work in her old age."

Mrs. Haskins and Millie really advised him to go.

"Tell ye what, Jim," said Mr. Haskins, "you go out there, an' if you don't find things as they have been told ye, you come back here, an' I'll make the expense all up to you."

So Jim consented, and in two days was on his way, with the parting injunction to write them as soon as he could learn anything about it.

Ten days passed, and on the eleventh the inmates of the farmhouse began to look anxiously for a letter. They had not long to wait, for in a couple of days more it came. It read:

"BLANK, IOWA.

Friend Haskins—I arrived in Blank, Iowa, and lost no time in making my way to the south side of the town. I found my mother in just the place described to me. It is wonderful! Poor old mother! how glad she was to see her scapegrace boy. There is such a girl here as Ned described. Her hair is the yellowest hair I ever saw. She is Mr. Blanchard's daughter by his first marriage. They live together, and have had hard work to get along. I shall stay here for the present, and go to work to-morrow, driving a job wagon over to the village until I can strike something better. I have taken the sewing away from mother and Mary—that is the girl's name—and Mary will help keep house for us. The house is mother's, and I shall make it as comfortable as I can for them. Mother looks younger and better already. When I told her how I found her she couldn't at first believe it, but she had to at last. She prays for blessings on you all every day. I give you all my word I will work honestly and do the best I can. I can't thank you all enough for the good you have done me, especially for the new light you have brought to me. I will write to you again and let you know how I am getting on, and I shall be glad to hear from any of you."

JAMES CRANE.

There was great rejoicing over this letter at

the old farmhouse. Harvey was informed of what they had heard. He and Eunice wrote James a letter full of encouragement.

"There's one thing about it," said Mrs. Haskins, lifting her hand impressively, "a man that can write as fair a letter as that will be apt to make his way in the world. Mark my words, Jim will become a good and prosperous man!"

"That is just what I think," said Millie.

"An' so will Jack, too, for that matter," said Mr. Haskins.

"Yes, he is in a fair way for it now, and I guess he will keep to it. He says Harvey is as good as gold to him, and not a word breathed of the past."

"I wonder what has become of Chase?" said Ned.

"Harvey says he has n't had any trace of him since he went away. I asked him in my last letter," replied Mrs. Haskins.

"There's enough in Chase to make a smart man, if he will only take a turn in the right direction," said Mr. Haskins, as he took up his weekly paper.

"Perhaps he will some day, who knows?" said Millie. "Now I think of it, something seems to tell me he will, or rather that he has already. How I wish we could know if he has! So many strange things have happened, I begin to feel I would not be surprised at anything now."

CHAPTER XX.
An Unexpected Meeting.

Two years passed. During that time Mr. Haskins had become quite feeble, and relied upon Ned to do the hard work. Millie was the light of the house, and they could not bear the thought of having her leave them. She was glad enough to remain.

Jack was in business with Harvey, and doing well. Eunice was happy, and had come under better and more reliable influences, and her mediumship was developing into good and faithful work.

Harvey said to Eunice one day:

"I think I must take a trip to London. There is business which needs to be attended to, and I think I had better go. Jack can attend to everything here. I don't know what I should do without him now. He is a comfort to us all."

Jack looked up with a grateful smile.

"I ought to be," he answered; "you have been a blessing to me."

It was arranged that Harvey should sail for London the next week by the *Echo*.

Harvey had been in London three days, when, as he sat at dinner, he noticed a gentleman sitting at a table in front of him whose form and movements seemed familiar. He sat with his back toward him, and Harvey watched him curiously, wishing to see his face when he turned around.

The gentleman finally arose to leave the table, and Harvey looked upon Burtho Chase.

Their eyes met with a prolonged stare. Mr. Chase turned pale, then red, then pale again.

Harvey took note, even in his surprise, that the lines of care on Mr. Chase's face had deepened. His hair was turning a little gray. He looked perfectly sober and in good physical condition.

It was Mr. Chase who spoke first, and he said:

"Mr. Mayne, can I see you alone for a few minutes?"

"Yes; come to my room."

Mr. Chase followed him.

"You have found me," said Mr. Chase in a low tone.

"Yes; but I did not come here for that purpose. It was only by the merest chance I came across you."

"I came directly from New York to London," said Mr. Chase. "I have been here ever since. I resolved when I came that I would turn over a new leaf. I have worked honestly ever since I came here. Nobody here knows of my past history. I have a good position, and I want to keep it."

"I am glad to hear that, Mr. Chase. I would be the last man to throw a straw in your way," replied Harvey.

"I should think you would be the first man, for I wronged you and yours deeply by making so much trouble for you. I have no excuse to offer, only I say I am sorry; and I would say the same if I knew you would expose me this very day."

Harvey was very much affected. Mr. Chase's whole appearance and bearing bore testimony to the truth of his words and the genuineness of his repentance.

Harvey extended his hand to Mr. Chase.

"If I can say one word to strengthen you in your good resolution I would speak it. You need have no fear of me. I will be silent as to the past. I have been so for the sake of the others, and shall be glad to help you in the same way."

Mr. Chase was too much overcome to speak for a moment. He could only grasp Harvey's hand, while tears rolled down his cheeks. Then he said:

"I would like to tell you all about it," said Harvey; "come to my room and tell me. I shall be interested, and in turn may have something to tell you which will interest you."

They parted for the day, each looking forward with a curious anticipation for the evening.

"It's very strange that you and I should have met here in London," said Harvey, when they were once more seated together.

"Yes, it was unexpected to me," replied Mr. Chase; "but my life has been so full of changes that I need not be surprised at anything."

Harvey waited in silence for him to proceed.

"I was left nearly alone when a little boy. An aunt took me when I lost my mother. I was four years old then. Aunt was good to me, but when I was eleven years old she died, and I had to look out for myself partly."

"A farmer took me, and sent me to school for three years. That was a good thing for me. I was naturally a quick scholar, and it gave me a good start in education. I was very sorry for that good old man's death. This left me alone again. I have no relatives that I know of."

"I clerked for a while in a grocery store, then from one thing to another until I came to a situation in a railroad station, and finally got several promotions in different offices of the corporation. That is how I came to get in charge of the work in Haskinsville."

"I never married, but I was once engaged to a good girl named Alida French. She was the Alida of whom Mrs. Mayne told me. Just before we were to have been married, I saw the way was open for me to marry a very rich girl. I wanted money, and was dishonorable enough to break my engagement with Alida. She died very soon after. The doctors said it was of quick consumption, but I knew I had killed her by my heartless conduct."

"In turn, death cheated me, for the wealthy girl died suddenly a week before our wedding day; so her fortune slipped from me."

"I drank some at this time, but not freely. My inclinations did not lead me that way. In fact, I was not disposed to be morally bad. Except for the determination to get money, even if I had to get it dishonestly, I should have done fairly well."

"I had been connected with Jack and Jim in various schemes for making money for—four or five years. We did not succeed very well in any of them. Our attempt at Haskinsville was the first bank affair."

"It was just after I went to Haskinsville that I learned of the relationship of Jack to Mrs. Mayne. I saw, or thought I saw, a great resemblance between them. I managed matters a little, enough to know that she did not know him, or he did not know her."

"Then I questioned him of his early history, and got a little from Mrs. Mayne of hers, and satisfied myself of the relationship between them."

"I did not reveal Jack's identity to Mrs. Mayne, but I told Jack about her, on the strictest promise of his secrecy until I should give him leave to speak."

"The long and short of my plan was this: I had been considerably worried in trying to meet all the demands for money made by Jack and Jim. I knew if Mrs. Mayne knew of any criminal practices concerning her brother, she would give anything rather than it should be made public; so, although she had not met him to know it was her brother, yet she gave me such sums as I asked for for him. These sums I divided between Jack and Jim."

"But the time came when she braved the exposure and refused me. I am sure she did not care so much for the money as for the thought she was leading such a life of deception toward you."

"The rest you know. I do not pretend to try to excuse myself in the least. I don't know what possessed me to act as I have done, unless it was the determination to get money at all hazards."

"I look back upon my past life in connection with these scenes with a positive horror. I think nothing would tempt me to associate myself with anything of the kind again. Since I came here I have kept myself straight. I would be willing even that you should look my life through here, and know all about it."

"I think you have had a most unfortunate life, Mr. Chase," said Harvey, when he could command his voice. "I think if you had had as good a mother and home as I have had, it would have saved you."

"Perhaps," Mr. Chase replied; "but only think how many boys do have good homes, and see what rascals they become! I must have had the elements of a rascal in me."

"Well, be that as it may, I am glad you have seen wherein you were wrong, and I'm your friend from this time forth."

[To be continued.]

Remarkable Public Seance in Baltimore, Md.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

Accompanied by several ladies and gentlemen, I attended last week a public seance given by Miss Maggie Gaulle, and found assembled a representative audience composed of persons from all walks in life, old and young, but the majority past middle age.

After singing one or two pieces, Miss Gaulle arose, and it was noticeable that she was greatly moved. She stated as the cause the great number of spirits present, and that their anxiety to communicate was so intense it was with difficulty she could handle the messages, because of the rapidity with which they came to her. I never attended a seance so full of power. The medium gave test after test, all of which were publicly acknowledged, and many were in tears because of the truthfulness of said tests and the tender messages from their loved in spirit-life.

Among the tests was one given a lady, which she acknowledged privately to myself and others, after the seance, to be a most convincing one, and it has been the talk of those present ever since.

This lady was told that strange conditions surrounded her—there were present four spirits who had been killed by an accident in a copper mine or works; that she had on her finger two rings, one made of copper from the works where her husband lost his life, and the other of brass, which he wore when killed. This brass ring was given him by a soldier, who made it out of a button from his coat, while kept a prisoner in Libby Prison during the late war.

This soldier was also present, and gave his name, and this account of the ring. The lady who received this test had never met Miss Gaulle until that evening. To all present the names, given, and the peculiarity of this test, were very convincing.

As your paper is read extensively in the city, I desire through its columns to inform inquirers of what is going on in their midst, so they may come, see, hear and enjoy these seances. Miss Gaulle has greatly advanced in test conditions, and is the most rapid worker I have seen in my privilege to see and hear. She is doing an immense work for the truth of Spiritual Philosophy in bringing facts to thinking minds; for, after being convinced by these tests, they desire to know more of the higher phases of this beautiful truth. In our day facts are winning every time over speculation and theory.

Yours truly, DABSTU.

Baltimore, Md., Oct. 31st, 1892.

[Continued from first page.]

ity to adapt the revelation of human immortality to the needs of all, that it is impossible to exclude one set of gifts because we honor another. Poets are not like the practical-headed men of science who want everything demonstrated to one or all of the five bodily senses which they declare are the only avenues through which information can reach the human brain; sixth and seventh senses are to them known possessions; thus they receive intuitively and psychometrically what the bulk of mankind cannot apprehend at all unless it be materialized. Among the sweetest of Whittier's songs is the charming poem:

"All as God wills who wisely heeds,
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told."

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track,
That whoso'er my footsteps swerved
His chastening led me back;

That death seems but a covered way
That opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight."

These lines, which constitute three brief stanzas of a sublime confession of a poet's faith in the supremacy of goodness throughout the boundless universe, contain and express the theology of the church of the future. Prayer is not to be offered with the vain hope of changing universal law to meet our petty whims, or with the impious thought of enjoining Deity to bless our personal friends, and curse our enemies, but with the sole object of opening our own hearts and minds to receive truth. To pray for wisdom is never useless if we earnestly seek it, and to a Quaker, accustomed to the silence of the Friends' meeting house, a restful, expectant attitude, "waiting upon God," would naturally be by no means an unfamiliar experience. Stillness is necessary before we can hear any sound distinctly, or receive the correct impress of any image upon a sensitized plate; therefore, in its original intent, the Quaker mode of communion with the invisible was a vast improvement upon the stereotyped monotonous repetitions of the liturgical churches. It takes, however, a well unfolded nature to grasp the meaning of concentration, and to so practice it as to become truly illumined. Praise can hardly be too extravagant when meted out to that glorious movement royally presented to the readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT Oct. 15th by that eminent scholar, Mr. W. N. Eays, whose eulogistic tribute to the work of Mme. La Grange in Paris, and other lovers of humanity the world over, constitutes one of the choicest and most instructive additions to periodical literature we have anywhere encountered. On the twenty-seventh day of every month, when it is 12 M. in Portland, Ore., and 8 P. M. in Paris, the thoughts and desires of all lovers of peace are to be directed for at least thirty minutes in silence to the great end that war be abolished, and peace reign triumphant over the globe. Who shall dare to question the matchless power of loving thought to peacefully revolutionize the world? The boom of cannon, the fire of musketry, belong to the past; in future love, acting through intelligence, is to govern the world.

The four hundredth anniversary of the landing of Columbus on the American coast has been, of necessity, painfully overshadowed by memories of cruelties practiced, if not by the great discoverer himself, by those who immediately followed him, and like him, represented the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella. We need not, however, travel back to 1492; we have only to read the story of 1890-'95 to learn how deadly was the feud in America between North and South, and at what a tremendous and awful price the liberties of the negroes and whites alike were secured; nor is the country quite free yet, and will not be so long as gold is god and votes are purchasable. Gentle, firm, steadfast, brave, peace-loving but justice-hating, Whittier did much by his intrepid verse to precipitate a needful clashing of swords. If the people on both sides the line were not then reasonable enough to arbitrate, warfare must needs come to purify the political atmosphere and save the State, as the dread messengers of fire must often purify the earth, even though it be through the awful agency of an erupting Vesuvius, or a desolating earthquake, cyclone or pestilence. Among the best known of Whittier's popular poems we may mention "Voices of Freedom," composed between 1833 and 1848, as clearly showing the bent of Whittier's heart and intellect long before the Civil War broke forth. In these lays we listen to a marvelous mingling of fire and sweetness; stern denunciation of injustice, coupled with heaven-born pleas that mercy and right may reign. "The Chapel of the Hermits and Other Poems" (1852) contains many verses of singular power and excellence, and in these we are introduced to Whittier's simple but sublime theology. A Quaker by instinct as well as birth, he looked within, above and before, but rarely behind or without, for inspiration. It is the constant, deep impression of Divinity near by, not far off, that makes one feel that poets and prophets are most truly the same. Spiritual realities are certainties to poetic natures; dogmas are of no use to them, and they ruthlessly sweep them aside whenever they would intercept the light of the clear shining sun. In "Poems and Lyrics" we are favored with glimpses of a keen, analytical intellect; there is no dodging or evading a question; great problems are boldly faced; but however dark at first appears the Infinite design, the illumined soul finds a key to unravel the mystery of seeming evil in a universe which, when fully understood, is wholly good. "The Eve of Election" is one of those short, vigorous poems, which reveal at a glance the intense earnestness of the man who wrote it, one who regards political issues as moral questions of the deepest import.

Political issues are moral issues; the ballot is a sacred, grave responsibility; votes are not to be idly cast; principle, not self-seeking, must guide us at the polls. The issues of today are as great as ever in the past; questions as important as the abolition of slavery are still hanging in the balances, and it surely needs another Whittier to sing into the ears of the young the vast importance of the trust so lightly accepted by the multitude. "In War Time," poems written in 1863 or before, we find many sparkling gems, no one of which is more truly admirable than "The Cry of a Lost Soul," wherein the poet turns from the harrowing creed of the barbarian who calls himself Christian, to the virtues of the truly human spirit, to universal salvation. "Father of all!" he urges his strong plea, "thou lovest all; thy erring child may to himself be lost, but never lost to thee."

"Snow-Bound," a winter idyl of 1865, and

"The Tent on the Beach," issued in 1867, with the numerous poems of varying lengths in all sorts of metre and on all kinds of subjects, which follow them, evince from time to time, and quite frequently, the rich, mellow thought of the aging bard, who was so fond of dedicating verses to beloved and faithful friends.

Whittier makes home and temple one; his religion is an every-day affair, needing no set observances or special garb. The perfect simplicity and naturalness of his many songs have won for the Quaker poet of New England a place among the immortal bards, no less illustrious than that occupied by England's Wordsworth and the later Tennyson, whose happy spirit left its mortal cage so peacefully and gloriously in the early morning of Oct. 6th, just one year after Charles Stuart Parnell joined the great majority.

The poets and leaders of past generations are passing in rapid succession to their homes beyond the fleshly veil, and we may well ask upon whom will their mantles fall? who will be their successors? Born, not made, are the world's true seers; but this being true, it becomes us all, nevertheless, to hold ourselves in such readiness to obey every call of the spirit which may come to us, that if the world lacks seers, it will not be on account of our disobedience to a heavenly vision.

To pass in rapid review from Whittier to Tennyson is, indeed, but an easy journey in these days of ocean greyhounds, fleet on the seas of thought than on material waters. Tennyson was America's friend, and Whittier was no foe to England. Great souls seem to come to earth in groups at special epochs when they are most needed; thus the great poets of the now closing nineteenth century were all born within a few years of each other, near the commencement of the century. One by one they have dropped the mortal form, until few, indeed, are left to carry on their work on earth. Unless some new poetic impulse is awakened at the dawn of the twentieth century, and a new race of young, vigorous bards appear to fill the places left vacant by the passing of the illustrious veterans, great poets on both sides of the Atlantic can be counted easily on the fingers of a single hand. England is perhaps in the immediate present rather richer than America in genuine poets who have already made their gifts manifest. Swinburne, Sir Edwin Arnold and Eric Mackay are truly great, while there are many others upon whom the laureate's mantle may perchance not lightly fall.

Elisha is never Elijah. Tennyson was not Wordsworth, though he was, indeed, a worthy successor of him who uttered nothing base. Wordsworth was a pure, simple hearted rustic, yet a deep scholar. His lines on the flight of a skylark, whose voice can be heard above the clouds after the form of the little singer has passed from sight, are sublime in their suggestiveness as they are exquisite in their fidelity to fact. The "Ode to Immortality" is deep, subtle and far-reaching, like the choicest of the gems we may gather from the works of the German Schiller and Goethe. In 1850, when Wordsworth vacated the laureate's chair, Alfred Tennyson was the only one who could fill it acceptably, and how nobly he filled it his own glorious verses plainly tell, without any comment whatsoever from any source.

In early life he formed and enjoyed a deep, tender, ennobling friendship, one of those rare college friendships between high-minded, gifted young men, which give grace and dignity to character by teaching both that sincerity is a real virtue, and does exist despite all that doubters of humanity may say. Arthur Hallam left the mortal form at the very time when Alfred Tennyson most needed, as it seemed, the continuance of his personal companionship. But the young poet's heart, though saddened, was neither soured nor crushed; he gave the world his matchless "In Memoriam," which for beauty of expression, sublimity of sentiment and depth of spiritual philosophy, stands almost if not quite unrivalled in literature.

To the very end of his career Tennyson was intensely, almost it might seem morbidly, sensitive, as many very sweet and gifted natures are. He was so highly strung as to be almost overstrung; though nothing of an egotist, and working not for vain and selfish ends of personal aggrandizement, but for very love of truth and humanity, and speaking out of the very depths of his inner consciousness, he could not endure adverse criticism of his work; his gentle heart was pained beyond words, and bitter tears would flow when he read from the pen of some conceited, unpoetic scribbler, who had somehow forced himself into meretricious literary prominence, an unfavorable and usually harsh and unjust censure of his works.

Reviewers have often inquired why poets demand so much sympathy; why they are so grateful when it is extended and so pained when it is withheld. If these literary "lights" who would consign all poetry to oblivion knew of the human affections as well as they sometimes know of the simple intellect, they would be able to answer their own question by their own experience. Eric Mackay, in the preface to his charming book of poems, "Love Letters of a Violinist," gracefully thanks the American public for generous sympathy accorded to an English writer, and the newspapers ask why do poets need sympathy more than prose writers? Let the sad experience of the boy poet Chatterton, and the only slightly less tragic life of Byron and Shelley, make reply.

A true poet is, as Marie Corelli says in her "Soul of Lilith," possessed by a spirit which takes full control of the bard, and when in that divine frenzy the poet is not unconscious, but superconscious to a wonderful degree. Poets are rarely entranced, in the sense of being comatose, but they are uplifted out of their ordinary selves; they see heaven opened; they have an experience with which the ordinary mind cannot grapple, for it knows no parallel.

Isaiah was a poet, David was a poet; the other contributors to the Psalter were poets also. John, who wrote the Apocalypse, was a poet; so were the authors of the Books of Job and Daniel; and as Matthew Arnold often said—and he, too, was a poet, though a critical, scholarly essayist of the rationalistic type—the bible can only be fairly interpreted by poets, and because the unpoetic Puritan has sought to literalize its glowing imagery, magnificent Oriental figures of speech have been hardened into dogmas which the original writers of the so-called "proof-texts" brought forward to sustain them would declare utterly incomprehensible to them.

Poetic religion is the religion of the heart, which supplements but does not contradict that of the head. Head and heart are at one in the true poet, and while inspiration takes him far beyond his common self, transcendent revelation never opposes science, it only dares to

soar while mortal science can but walk; it roams among the stars, but never contradicts, as genuine astronomy never can, the sober facts revealed as the result of painstaking labor to the faithful, uncompromising geologist. Tennyson, who was scarcely less a philosopher than a poet, said, in the course of his career, many things about women. If he had been merely a poet, the fact would not have been so important, for poets are forced to say whatever the muse dictates, but as he was a thinker also, it is interesting to see how he interprets the gentler half of creation.

One thing that he insists upon is the indissoluble bond between men and women.

"The woman's cause, is man's; they rise or sink together; dwarfed or god-like, bond or free; if she be small, slight-natured, miserable, how shall man grow?"

That places a burden of responsibility upon woman, but elsewhere he remarks:

"As the husband is, the wife is," which places the burden on the masculine shoulders. The poet evidently meant to divide it equally.

About the esteem in which woman should be held, he speaks in no uncertain manner:

"Who does not honor his wife dishonors himself," and "it is the low man thinks the woman low."

His various heroines were all above the ordinary. Among his expressions in their praise we find:

"Her eyes are homes of silent prayer."

"Eyes not down-dropped, nor over-bright, but fed with the clear-pointed flame of chastity."

"By common clay, taken from the common earth, molded by God and tempered by the tears of angels to the perfect form of woman."

"Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane of her still spirit."

"Happy he with such a mother! Faith in woman-kind beats with his blood, and trust in all things high comes easy to him; and though he trip and fall, he shall not blind his soul with clay."

"She stood a sight to make an old man young."

So much and much more did he say of women. And they in gratitude may well apply to him other lines of his:

"He rested well content that all was well," and "he crowned a happy life with a fair death."

Passing from his noble estimate of woman to his divine views on pure and simple Spiritualism, we find him in the midst of his "In Memoriam" bursting out into those noble lines which have found their way into too few hymn books by far, though to the credit of James Burns of London it should be said that he incorporated them into his deservedly popular hymn book, "The Spiritual Lyre," in 1870, and they were sung at the first Spiritualist gathering ever attended by your present speaker, then a child, at the Concert Hall, Brighton, Eng., May 24th, 1874, when Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond addressed over one thousand people on a Whitsunday evening at that fashionable seaside city, which has no equal, so far as we know, among all the cities by the sea on earth. The four stanzas which here follow, in our judgment, express in a few lines, which any child can memorize, the entire gist of necessary conditions for securing exalted spiritual communion:

"How pure in heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thoughts would hold
An hour's communion with the dead."

They hush the silence of the breast,
Imagination calm and fair,
The memory as a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest;

In vain shalt thou or any call
The spirits from their golden day,
Unless thou, too, like them, canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all."

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates
And hear the household far within."

There is no mistake greater than to suppose pathological states favorable to orderly spiritual experiences. Still there are many occasions when overstrained nerves seem conducive to psychic effects. There are two reasons, at least, why illness seems conducive to the development of desirable mediumship. First, we are all far too much occupied with material concerns to hear the soft whispers of spirit-voices. A period of sickness is one of enforced cessation of common activities; our thoughts at such times turn upward and inward, and we recognize much on the psychic plane which generally escapes our notice, because of our engrossment in worldly affairs. Second, few comprehend that sickness is a necessary effect of error; it is in reality a purgative discipline, and results from nature's determined efforts to cleanse the organism of impurities. While a work of purification is going on, extreme sensitiveness is induced, and this is a reason why, when apparently out of health, people are more conscious of spirit-life than at other times. The ideal state is often only reached through painful discipline. Tennyson's bereavement, his heartfelt grief for his beloved friend, Arthur Hallam, drew from him the finest verse he penned, hundreds of lines of which are all summed up in the couplet so often quoted, and not infrequently misapplied:

"Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

This refers in no sense to desertion or infidelity, but exclusively to the elevating effect of a noble friendship whose object has been transferred to the immortal state.

There are many places in his works where England's poet laureate advocates the truest democracy, even in his address to the Queen.

As a popular inspired teacher he reached the literati and the masses equally; he gave little offense, yet he spoke truth boldly. In theology he was Christian, but in the widest sense, and in his view of the ultimate condition of humanity, a Universalist, as also are A. R. Benson Farrar of Westminster, and hundreds of the ablest clergymen in the English Church, even though her rubrics apparently teach a much harsher doctrine. It seems a little incongruous that the author of "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" should have occupied a seat in the House of Lords, but his peerage was granted to him in full accord with the sentiment, "Tis only noble to be good." He proved himself good before he was pronounced noble by his country.

Tennyson's last hours in the earthly form were truly divine. No poet's death could have been more ideally perfect; and those who have pondered his last song must have seen how clearly he foresaw concerning his own translation. Whittier in America and Tennyson in England, passing on within a few days of each other, must have met, and rejoiced to find themselves brothers in the truest sense, in a

land where national distinctions are unknown, and where genius alone survives.

Though we would gladly linger longer in the Poet's Corner, our duty to day is not done till we have turned from the two great singers who have thus far occupied our thoughts, to a man scarcely less widely known, but in a far different capacity; we allude to Joseph Ernest Renan, the great French scholar, pronounced a skeptic by many, but one who was in a truth a firm believer in the soul's immortality, as his latest utterances abundantly prove, than multitudes who bow the knee at Christian altars, and would excommunicate all who dare to disagree with their narrow theology, which is, after all, far less liberal and reasonable than that of Pope Leo XIII., who has positively refused to anathematize the departed Renan, though according to ecclesiastical verdict he died impenitent. The Pope's words are indeed significant; he dares, as Head of the Church, to say that Renan was, without doubt, an honest man, and that the Almighty used him as a scourge to afflict Christendom on account of the infidelity within the church itself; God, says His Holiness Leo XIII., will surely deal mercifully with the man by heaven appointed to do God's work in a manner no theologian of conservative views can possibly approve. Renan's latest utterance that has called forth so much comment, was in substance, "Au revoir, we shall surely meet again, and know each other, somewhere, sometime." Spiritual convictions may lie dormant for many years, and then, when the end of an earthly pilgrimage is rapidly approaching, burst forth in radiant glory to the surprise of their possessor fully as much as to the wonder of those to whom such stirring words of hope and consolation are addressed.

The introduction to Renan's "Life of Jesus," his most widely circulating book, is dedicated to the pure spirit of his sister Henriette. He concludes the dedication with these words: "Reveal to me, oh! my good genius, to me whom you loved, those truths which master Death—prevent us from fearing, and make us almost love it." If Materialists ever claimed Renan as one of their school, they claimed one who was not of their number. Deists, Free Religionists, Freethinkers or Rationalists may have had the right to number him in their ranks; but Atheist he was not, and could not be, though he was in no sense an Orthodox adherent of traditional beliefs. His view of Jesus is skeptical, but it is also idealistic. He does not enter into a deeply intelligent inquiry as to the *pros* and *cons* of so-called miracles; he merely dismisses them as legendary; his conclusions are inadequate and unsatisfactory in many instances. Any Spiritualist or Theosophist could deal more fully with the general subject in the light of well-authenticated nineteenth century miracles; but as a whole Renan's life of Jesus is far more beautiful than that of Strauss, from whom he differed as the Frenchmen are apt to differ from Germans.

In later years Renan became perhaps hypercritical in some respects, but he always strove to be just. He handled some of the Old Testament characters harshly, but his invectives were chiefly directed against what he felt to be false and demoralizing in current theology. Some people, no doubt, thought he denied all future retribution because he attacked the *Dies Iræ*, which forms a prominent feature of the Catholic ritual for the departed; but his chief objection was to the building of stupendous dogmas on utterly unscientific evidence, as, for example, "Teste David cum sybilla"; Renan declares that no evidence whatever can be deduced from scripture or elsewhere that David ever predicted a day of final judgment such as the church believes in, and as to the sybil, where is the record of her ever having existed? To oppose the erection of structures on sandy foundations is not irreligion; what can be undetermined had better be, and those tender, pious souls who are afraid their temple will fall if its foundations are searched, are like Dagon of old, who tried to steady the Holy Ark of the Covenant in Israel. Renan taught the modern pulpit that if it is to live it must concern itself with living ethical truths of vital importance to humanity to-day, and waste no more time in fruitless scholastic controversies, no matter how learned such dissertations may appear. The influence of Renan has been felt all over Europe by Jew and Christian alike, and it has extended with salutary effect across the seas till America also has come to be deeply indebted to the great French writer, who was in all civil and domestic relations almost a model man. Renan's successors may have more light than he enjoyed; they may interpret the esoteric side of history as he could not, but among the true enlighteners of the age Renan deserves to take with Victor Hugo and others of his illustrious compatriots exalted rank. As past generations of workers pass within the veil, and the thought of seekers for light everywhere turns lovingly and inquiringly to their new abode, we may confidently expect that earth will hear from all of them again, and when they next speak it will be to announce a still more glorious message.

A Psychical Experience.

Under the above heading a contributor to that up-to-the-times monthly, *Eleanor Kirk's Idea*, writes that a short time since her husband left home for an adjoining town. As he was not expected to be back until ten P. M. she passed the evening at a neighbor's, and returning to her home at about 8:30 had her attention drawn to a recent magazine. "As I turned the leaves, I was," she says, "conscious of a singular sensation in my head and throat, and before I had time to wonder what it could mean the following words were communicated to me:

"Upset and injured by Red Brook. Get John and his wagon and come at once."

This message, she says, came to her as clearly as if spoken by human lips, though she heard no voice. We give the sequel in her own words:

"John was our hired man, who lived only a few rods away. I did not wear a single instant, and in less than fifteen minutes we were hurrying along. John almost doubled up with laughter at my determination to put a mattress in the wagon."

"Oh, ma'am, it is all perfect nonsense!" he said; "and won't Mr. Clark just split his sides when he hears about this extraneous?"

"It was a little more than three miles to Red Brook; I had to hear John's chuckles all the way, and no journey ever seemed so long. It was a moonlight night, and as we turned a corner in the road, John gave a jump and exclaimed:

"Sure, and there's something there. Great—ma'am, it's a buggy—and—"

A minute more and we were on our feet beside the prostrate body of my husband, who was perfectly unconscious. We bathed his head and hands, and after a while he could tell us what had happened. A coach containing some drunken men had taken a wheel off the buggy, and thrown him with great violence to the ground. He could not move the hurt side, but he had to use his own expression, 'telegraphed' me the very words I had heard."

False Economy.

Is practiced by people who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gall Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best.

Written for the Banner of Light. PRE-EXISTENCE.

BY MYRON H. GOODWIN.

This problem haunts my brain,
And will man's evermore;
If I shall live again,
Have I not lived before?

Eternal is all force,
We surely must allow;
That being so, of course
I was before the now.

West Newbury, Mass.

Banner Correspondence.

Massachusetts.

HYDE PARK.—P. C. Marsh writes that on Wednesday, Oct. 20th, Mrs. S. W. Sawtelle and family left for their home in Western Iowa. "This lady came to Boston a little over two years ago, intending to stop only a few months; but her spirit-friends organized their forces, and commenced the development of her mediumistic qualities. Starting with the a b c phase, she has developed her spiritual gifts step by step, until she has been through all the phases required to fit her as a teacher of the philosophy and phenomena, including inspirational speaking and music-vocal and instrumental."

She has done but little public work here, as her spirit-friends have told her repeatedly, in the presence of the writer, that she had no public work to do in this section, but that they were fitting her for the Western field. We have ever found her wholly unselfish, and ever ready to minister to the wants of others.

She goes direct to Council Bluffs, where, with her family, she intends to spend the coming winter. We bespeak for her a cordial welcome from all friends of progressive spiritual truth, for in her they will find a true friend and a faithful and untiring co-worker."

EAST BOSTON.—Geo. F. Plummer writes: "In the year of '91 I was living in Roxbury, Mass. One morning in the fall of that year I was resting on my bed with my eyes nearly closed. I saw two hands before me; I saw a form near my bed, on the left of which I was lying. I could not recognize the face; as I was looking, that form bent toward me as if to see whether I was awake. This disturbed me, so that I turned over on my right side and went into a sound sleep. I dreamed, yet the dream was so earthly in appearance that I can accurately describe the details:

I had opened my closet door, when I saw my father there inside; I had one of his hands in mine; I felt as though I was dying. The eye he could not see out of presented the appearance of having a new piece of white flesh on it. He appeared as though he was listening, and made a motion with both hands over his mouth for me—I thought—not to say that I had seen him.

After I awoke I went into that same closet, and felt as though he was there. My father died in the year of 1887, on the 7th day of April; was buried in Salem, Mass.

I was sleeping down one day to pick up a basket, when I felt a touch on my left hip, which had been troubling me with pain. After that touch the pain disappeared. Subsequently I commenced to hear raps. I commenced to see spirits with my eyes open and shut; and other strange phenomena occurred.

Such has been my personal experience; if there are no spirits allowed to communicate with mortals, what becomes of this and the experience of thousands of witnesses now living? and what is to be done with the historic bible record in the same direction?"

BOSTON.—Mrs. Kate R. Stiles writes: "I passed seven very delightful weeks at Onset this season. Dear old Onset! Its wooded shores and shimmering waters are a fresh inspiration to me each season. The lovely and diversified scenery of this charming Bay never fails upon my senses. Here my spirit is at one with nature—and not alone with nature, but with humanity."

Notwithstanding an occasional jar is made upon the mental atmosphere by some self-constituted censor of mediumship, yet harmony and not discord has been the prevailing condition at this camp during the past season.

Spiritualists, like all other people, are liable to error, and while their motives may be good, they may lack wisdom in their methods. To be progressive one need not necessarily be aggressive. Indeed, the aggressive attitude which many well-intentioned people assume in their desire to elevate the cause of Spiritualism only tends to inharmonious, and throws a false light upon the whole movement.

Love is the only weapon which a true Spiritualist should ever wield. There are none who will not sooner or later yield to its benign and elevating influence. Let us, as students of the progressive philosophy of Spiritualism, keep constantly in mind the beautiful and true Scriptural asseveration, "Love is the fulfilling of the law."

Canada.

HAMILTON.—"Reporter" writes: "This city, with a population of about forty-five thousand, has been thoroughly roused from its theological lethargy by the united action of a few stanch Spiritualists, who opened the Macabees Hall on Sunday, Oct. 23d, for a spiritualistic service. For some time past that able champion of Spiritualism and trance medium, Mr. Geo. W. Walrand, has been defending the Cause through the public press; and Mr. Geo. Maddocks, with Mr. Thomas Lewis, determined to take advantage of the situation by plunging right into public work, and stand the enemy's cannonade at all hazards. In all three papers of this city a spiritualistic meeting was advertised with the result that the hall was crowded to excess, and many were turned away for want of room."

Mr. Walrand occupied the platform, under the Chairmanship of Asher Holmes, Esq., an old-time Spiritualist. The subject chosen was "The Position of Spiritualists, the Definitions of their Creed and Philosophy." The medium did ample justice to the subject, in all its various aspects, so much so that the three local papers contained long reports, and leading articles on the subject of Spiritualism. The audience was a representative one, and expressed its thorough appreciation of the address given, and the answers to questions, which took place when the address was over.

There are more Spiritualists in this city than even the Spiritualists themselves thought there were. Now that a movement favoring Spiritualism has been inaugurated in Hamilton, it is intended to go on with a series of public meetings until the subject has obtained a firm hold among the many.

The press was very fair and just in its reports. In the Hamilton Herald, a column and a half and a leader being devoted to the Spiritualistic meeting alone. We trust the good work will continue in spite of the ridicule and contumely which is sure to fall to the lot of those who are endeavoring to launch the good ship Truth on the troubled waters of doubt."

Michigan.

GRAND RAPIDS.—J. H. T. writes: "Referring to the slaughter of our fellow-citizens at the 'lookout' in the Homestead Mills, Pa., at the strike in the mines of Idaho and other places, your correspondent submits that such conflicts are opposed to the general welfare, contrary to public policy and dangerous to national perpetuity.

That, therefore, it is the duty of Congress and State Legislatures to empower courts of equity, upon the application of either party, to appoint a Receiver for all plants, manufacturing and producing establishments wherein such conflicts or controversies occur, and are continued beyond a limited period; and that, pending such receivership, such courts shall proceed to determine and decree what natural, political or property rights have been violated by either party; what rights to continuous employment during good behavior have

accrued to workmen in establishments built up or maintained by their labor; what wages the workmen are fairly entitled to; and all other matters pertinent to a settlement of the questions at issue between the workmen and their employers, and to direct the terms of a settlement. What does the angel-world say of this proposition?"

[Our spirit-friends say the above substantially expresses their own opinion upon the subject; and that not until some such legislative system is adopted will the best industrial interests of the country be established and maintained.]

California.

SANTA BARBARA.—Solomon W. Jewett writes: "It may be presumed that no other than myself, born in the Green Mountain State, has, from boyhood to old age, lived strictly free from the use of meat. The chief of my diet to this hour has been milk, bread, and occasional apples and pears. I have labored at home on the farm. At eighteen I commenced teaching district school. All through my life the diet above mentioned has been my chief support without meat. It is my opinion that not one child in every thousand arrives at the age of seventy years without bald head or wrinkles; and where is there a man that employs no physician to administer drugs until himself or to a family of children while in his charge? This has been the case with mine. Six daughters and three sons all have had a competence of this world's goods and needs."

All through life I have heard it declared that some meat must be consumed to give strength. Such theorists I refer to the Chinese, who are most rice-eaters, and use no meat, yet are constantly under the power of strong and are doing the work of beasts of burden."

If this communication sets some to thinking, and a lessening of the shedding of blood of innocent brutes, I shall feel remunerated for the little time given penning this plain Christian message."

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.—Prof. J. Jay Watson writes: "Allow me to add my congratulations, as well as those of my family, upon your recent birthday. Your life has been eminently suggestive, and the good which you have wrought for humanity during your earthly pilgrimage should be, as it were, a beacon-light to those who may come after you, and follow in your noble efforts in pointing the way, the truth and the life to the down-trodden, weary and friendless. You once asked me a very pertinent question, which I was, and still am, unable to answer. During the course of a pleasant conversation a remark of mine caused you to ask, 'Are there any accidents?' If there are no accidents in this strange world of ours, we can safely say 'All's for the best,' and that 'All nature is but art unknown to thee.' All chance direction which thou canst not see."

If such people as yourself are simply the result of accident, I will say the more such accidents happen the better for the less favored of God's creatures."

Montana.

DEER LODGE.—Albert Larson writes: "Can you inform me as to where I may secure a medium who is willing to come here and stay on a ranch and teach some children this winter? I prefer a medium to a general teacher, as I am a Spiritualist, and would like to hold circles for development—as we are mediumistic." Any medium reading this request, who feels to respond, can address the writer as above.

Important to the Cause of Spiritualism.

LIBERAL OFFER OF MR. H. L. WILLIAMS.

To the Spiritualists of Sumnerland:—I propose that an organization be effected under the laws of the State of California, with eleven Trustees to be selected by the shareholders, who can vote in person or by proxy; that the shares have a value of ten dollars each; that no one be permitted to subscribe for more than ten shares, which shares shall not be transferable, but shall be accepted at par by the Association in payment or part payment for any property purchased by the holders, at any time they choose to purchase. That all gas, oil, coal, and other minerals under the acreage property, be reserved by and for the Association, in selling the same.

All subscribers to send their money, with their subscriptions, to the Commercial Bank of Santa Barbara, Cal., the money to be held in trust by that bank until the organization is completed, which shall be effected as soon as enough shares are subscribed to pay for the property, and provided these shares are subscribed for within six months—it being understood that all money will be returned to the subscribers by the bank if the organization is not completed.

The objects of the Association will be the promulgation of the grand truth of spirit return, and to teach Spiritualism in its highest and purest sense; the promotion of harmony in all efforts tending toward a liberal discussion upon science, philosophy, religion, and all things pertaining to the advancement of free-thought and religious liberty.

In offering this property for this purpose, I reserve my present home, and forty acres of land surrounding it, leaving for the Association seven hundred and ten acres of acreage property, one thousand lots in Sumnerland, and one hundred and one acres in the town site of Ortega, which can be annexed, and be made a part of Sumnerland.

All lots or acre tracts sold pending the organization to be sold at list price, and the price to be paid on the purchase price in case the organization is perfected.

The number of shares fixed should include enough to provide a fund of about \$25,000 in excess of the purchase price, to be used in the development of the mineral resources of the country.

Respectfully submitted, with a request for opinions and suggestions, H. L. WILLIAMS.

Sumnerland, Cal., Sept. 24th, 1892.

In answer to the above circular, a call for a meeting of the citizens of Sumnerland was made for Oct. 3th. This said meeting was held at the residence of Mr. Williams, and was also unanimously adopted, appointing the undersigned as a committee, to represent the citizens in presenting the matter to the public, to advertise the same, and to attend to the details of the same.

The committee will be addressed to the Citizens' Committee of Sumnerland, Sumnerland, Cal.

The climate here is the most equable known, is free from atmospheric disturbances, and is, therefore, the best for spiritual development in this country; the value of the mineral waters on the Rancho, together with the fine beach for sea bathing, will make it one of the greatest sanitariums, health and pleasure resorts on this coast.

Let us provide homes for those mediums who have exhausted their strength, and spent the best years of their lives for the cause.

Let us establish a college for our healing mediums that will give them a diploma, which will protect them against their present persecution by medical quack societies of the world.

The money paid for shares is not a contribution, if the share-holder does desire it as such; they can receive it by face value, or by using it in part payment for real property, or they may receive a fair interest thereon, in the discretion of the Trustees, which must be elected annually under the laws of this State.

The Trustees are to be selected by the share-holders. By selecting fair, liberal minded, practical and successful business men success will be assured, and these can be found in the spiritualistic ranks.

An examination of Mr. Williams' list prices for land and lots, (and we desire to state they are not higher than the land is selling for in this country) the value of the seven hundred and ten acres of land included in this offer, and the one thousand lots in Sumnerland, at \$30 and \$40 each, and the lots in the town site of Ortega, at the same price amount to \$342,200; one-half of this would be \$171,100, as a further inducement for the Spiritualists to secure and devote this property to the cause of Spiritualism, has made a reduction below that contained in his circular to \$180,000; and throws in in addition his entire pumping machinery and pipe lines.

Send all subscriptions, with the money, to be held in trust, to the Commercial Bank, Santa Barbara, Cal., all other communications to the Committee, as above stated. All money will be returned if the organization is not completed.

Do not delay; Sumnerland has already over one hundred dwellings, with several flowing gas wells. J. W. DAHLING, Z. T. CROOK, W. D. WHEELER, Committee.

A Dream Verified.

(Translated for the BANNER OF LIGHT from *La Messager*, by W. N. EAVIS.)

From the most ancient times dreams have been considered as the means which the Deity employs either to announce future events, to give us warning of impending danger, or to procure for us some advantage. They are also considered as a means of communication between the living and the dead. When I was living in Paris, M. P., a man of fine education and by no means superstitious, told me a dream which he had once had, and which was verified. He was a landholder, in very easy circumstances.

At the age of twenty-six he married a young lady of great beauty, of amiable character, and of many accomplishments. For eleven years he lived in perfect happiness, then his charming companion was taken from him by a sudden death. This unexpected misfortune seriously affected him; his health failed rapidly. His malady, which grew worse as time went on, defied the art and science of the ablest physicians. In this condition he had a dream, which made a deep impression on him. He was walking on a bright summer's day in a charming meadow, enamelled with flowers, when suddenly his wife appeared to him. The apparition seemed to be formed of something airy, vaporous and transparent. She seemed to float rather than walk; but the resemblance left nothing to be desired. It was, indeed, the image of his beloved wife, transfigured and idealized. There was no doubt of it.

"Your sufferings are cruel, my poor friend," said the graceful shape; "it is grief for having lost me that is the cause of your illness, I know; but come, cheer up, cease to regret me; here where I am, I am very happy. You will soon be cured. I have come to show you a plant of which you must drink an infusion every morning for one month, and your health will be restored."

As she said this, she pointed to a very common plant, well known to him, but of whose medicinal properties he was wholly ignorant. He stooped to gather it, and the form disappeared.

When he awoke his mind was strangely occupied with the dream. It seemed to him to be real, and he could not refrain from relating it to his physician, M. Gerardin, who, like all his profession, had an instinctive antipathy toward everything that has a trace of the marvelous about it.

The doctor, in spite of the courteous habit which never failed him, could not refrain from smiling, and the influence of this smile was so great over M. P. that the impression of the dream gradually faded away.

Three months later his wife appeared to him again in a dream; he was in the same meadow. She reproached him bitterly for his incredulity, pointed again to the same plant, and insisted, in the most pressing manner, that he should use it. "It is your only hope," she said.

This second dream made a more vivid impression upon him, and for several days his mind was wholly engrossed with it; yet he did not dare to come to a decision, although his illness was increasing. At last, driven by his suffering, he sought the plant and pulled several roots of it. He followed closely the instructions that he had received in the dream for an entire month. His health steadily improved, and to the amazement of the skeptical Dr. Gerardin, he was cured.

Thus a dream, an "empty" dream, restored to health and life a sick man whom the decrees of the pontiffs of the god of medicine had irrevocably condemned to death.

H. PELLETIER.

SPLINTS.

BY ELLA LUCY MERRIAM.

Act for the present—reap in the future. To live is not so much to partake as to impart. Loving Virtue, how can we but love her votaries? Brain is brain, thought is thought—sex is another thing.

Knowledge is opportunity; be, therefore, vigilant and valiant. Heed the inner voice—'tis your talisman—not the babbling of others.

Individual effort may seem long; but it is the only approach to a realm of true, not fictitious living. Guard well thy lips. An inadvertent word may fall like a stone in the well of some heart.

The more truly refined, the more en rapport with Nature (life's fountain) do we become.

A full life is not necessarily a long, but a busy one. Good words are cheering, but a "shoulder to the wheel" will sooner put our feet on safe and pleasant ground.

We may all desire to do well, but to actually accomplish it, under the trying phases of circumstance, is to establish our sincerity.

If you give yourself just service you will never grow a fellow mortal.

Perhaps the most important lesson we can learn, and difficult as well, is that genuine happiness flows from within outward—not from the external inward.

Why shrink from disappointments? They are but the testing stroke of the artisan, demonstrating the soundness of the progression we have made!

Los Angeles, Cal.

If the pretty girls whose eloquent pleading brings the Chinamen to church would try one-half as hard to save the Americans who are deserving of being reclaimed to goodness, their work would be better expended. Anything "foreign," however, must be attended to by these "missions" before the heathen in our midst are looked after.—Ez.

THE MEANING OF LIFE.

A Lecture delivered at Berkeley Hall, Boston, Mass., Sunday, Jan. 17th, 1892, by Dr. F. L. H. WILLIS. Pamphlet, pp. 22. Price 5 cents; 6 copies 25 cents. For sale by COLBY & RICH.

EATING FOR STRENGTH. A Health Cook-Book. By M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D. This book should be in the hands of every person who would eat to regain and retain health, strength and beauty. It contains the science of eating and one hundred answers to questions which most people are anxious to know. Nearly one hundred pages devoted to the best healthful recipes for foods and drinks, how to feed one's self, feeble babies and delicate children so as to get the best bodily development. Mothers who cannot nurse their children will find full directions for feeding them, and so will mothers who have delicate children, and invalids who wish to know the best foods.

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TAKE 21,000 BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRLS! And then consider that of this large number 7,000 will, according to medical statistics, Die of Consumption. One-third of the human race dies of Consumption; facts and figures back of facts, show it. Preventive medicine is doing much now. AERATED OXYGEN stands King of preventive agents. It removes impurities, makes bright, rich, health-giving blood, heals ulcerated lungs, strengthens the respiratory system, and makes iron nerves.

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PIAO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail, to E. F. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

What Is The Matter?

Time a Halt Was Called Before We Go Farther.

It Is Certainly Most Dangerous Ground We Are Treading.

It Is Time We Looked the Matter In the Face,

And Decided Just What We Had Better Do.

Do Not Delay, For Delay May Be Fatal!

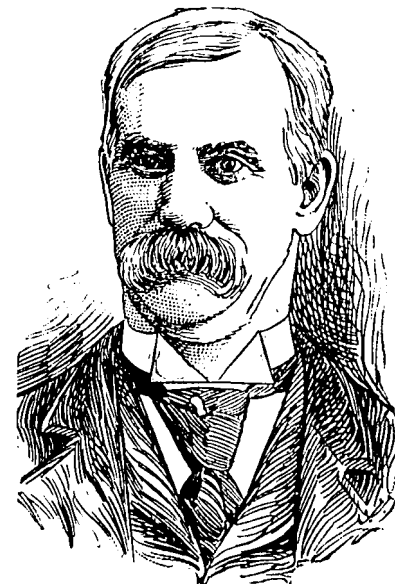
What is the matter? Why do so many people, like Senator Plumb, Senator Zach Chandler, Congressman Itay and Secretary Windom, drop suddenly dead?

Only what is the matter with thousands upon thousands of others, brain and nerve exhaustion from overwork, fret and worry and the cares and anxieties of the pushing and hustling age in which we live, and which finally end in the dread paresis, insanity, heart failure, nervous prostration and sudden death?

Men without number are straining their brains and nervous systems in the mad race after fortune and fame, and exhausting their nervous and physical energies, until sleepless nights, falling power, complete nervous exhaustion, paralysis, insanity or death, must be the inevitable end unless help from some source is received.

Thousands of women are overworked, exhausted, worn out in nerve-force and power until they feel tired all the time. Clerks, students, mechanics and laborers, from close confinement, long hours, strain upon the nerves, dissipation or other causes, are losing their vitality and becoming nervous and physical wrecks.

You, reader, are rushing on blindly to sure destruction. You are warned every day and every hour of your impending doom. How? By those strange sensations, that dull, dizzy and bad feeling head, that restlessness, irritability and nervousness; by those more or less sleepless nights, from which you wake tired and unrefreshed; by the weak, trembling, cold limbs; by the languor and sense of nervous and physical exhaustion which grow upon you more and more. These are danger signals, and not to heed them is the folly of a fool.



ANDREW H. OLNEY, ESQ.

What is to be done? The answer is plain enough. You are losing your nerve-force and power, and running down in strength, energy and vitality. Whatever will restore this lost strength and vigor to the brain and nerves will put you again in sound health and strength. This is precisely what Dr. Greene's Nervura, that great blood, brain and nerve invigorant, will do. As a restorer of nerve force, a builder-up of nerve power, vigor and energy, this wonderful remedy has no equal in the world. You can have no idea until you try it of its marvelous toning, strengthening and invigorating effects, its beneficial and healthful action as a brain and nerve restorative. It is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless, and can be purchased at any druggist's for \$1.

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"I was broken down with nervous and physical prostration," he says, "before using Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and life was a burden. Now life is a joy, and sleep is a luxury compared to it before taking Nervura. I relish my food, and my nervousness has left me; so has the numbness. I wish I could shout loud enough so all the world could hear and tell them the good this wonderful medicine has done for me. It has made me from a weak, trembling, nervous, irritable man, to one who feels he is on the highway to long years of health and happiness through Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy and the blessing of God."

Can you do better than to use it? Especially as it is not a patent medicine, but the prescription and discovery of the eminent physician, Dr. Greene of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., the most successful specialist in the cure of nervous and chronic diseases in this country. He can be consulted free, personally or by letter.

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Spiritual Philosophy.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1892.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

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

THE BANNER will give its readers, in the forthcoming issue, No. XXIII, of Dr. F. L. H. WILLIS's justly celebrated series of SPIRITUAL FACTS OF THE AGES, which he has for some time past contributed to its columns. The topic of this number will be

"The Founder of Methodism."

Short Sermon on Repentance.

We have always heard a great deal preached about repentance, and penitential remorse, and all those duties which are assumed to be necessary to improvement in conduct and the rebuilding of character. At the same time we are told that the larger part of us are too far gone in sin and wickedness to feel the pricks of repentance and the pangs of remorse. If that indeed be so, then there is hope of what is called salvation for but an amazing few of us. But why so much remorse and general bad feeling in order to convert an imperfect character into one more nearly approaching perfection? Why all this manipulation of phrase and mystery of meaning, for the sake of simply changing one's course for a better one? Is there anything so difficult to understand about the process? Should it not, on the contrary, be made as plain as possible to the common comprehension, and the way toward perfectness be made inviting and easy, especially in view of the difficulties which the journey along it will inevitably present?

Ecclesiasticism has employed its artificial terrors upon this most practical of subjects as long as it should be permitted to do unchallenged and uncorrected. It is time all this mystery that has been made to surround it was cleared away. If we can do one thing simply because we wish to do it, without regard to motive, then we certainly ought to be able to do another for no better reason. Therefore if the person of violent temper, of unrestrained passions, of irascible speech, of sensual tendencies—if a blasphemer, a drunkard, or any other sort of a waster of his life and destroyer of his real happiness, has the thought seriously impressing upon him that, all things considered, he is going wrong in any one of these directions, and that it would unquestionably be better for him to stop right where he is and turn about, just as he would face about on finding that he had lost his way in traveling a certain road—what is to hinder him (aside, mayhap, from untoward conditions in his environment) from forming an instantaneous resolution to change his course and acting upon it without the least delay.

Why need such a person think it necessary to first go round and round in a fog-bank of dogmatic speculation as to what he must do before he can really do anything? What is the occasion for so much hemming and hawing over the preliminaries, and most likely getting confused and lost among them, so that he never actually strikes into a change of course? As we said before, it is time all these artificial obstructions were cleared up with a resolute hand, and actual business in the line of reformation and improvement begun on the "spot cash" principle. For instance, you, sir, or you, madam, or you, miss, really feel tired of some prevailing fault or flaw or habit, and inwardly would be glad indeed to be finally rid of it. Do you not see that that very weariness, and that very desire, are the main elements and essentials of repentance, and that all you need to do is to turn short about on the object of your merited dislike and go the other way from where it is taking you?

The only way to prove whether this is so or not is to try it. Having resolved—no matter how suddenly—to discard an evil practice or a wrong tendency, then go right to work and discard it. Do not try everything at once, but take each fault or vice or failing in its turn, one only at a time. Do not stop to ask yourself if you are feeling as sorry as you were taught that you ought to be over the past, but take it for granted that the best and truest way to feel regret is to make your regret work with you in your new course, instead of against you by weakening your healthy purpose in pulling you back. Do not spend to-day in mourning to no purpose over yesterday, but

put your remorse for yesterday's mistakes and sins into to-day's endeavors for doing differently and better. Thus what we are wont to consider as lost to our lives is turned into gain, and helps us on instead of keeping us back.

What is the first result of this healthy and direct and simple course of action? It may be asked. Answer: the old habit is suddenly stopped, to be broken. That is everything. The French maxim holds especially true here: "It is the first step that costs." The switch is newly set, and the first separation of a few inches will eventually make a difference of hundreds of miles. Now comes forward the will-power; never stop to reason, even to review the resolution, or all may be lost; trust to the naked will, and do not forget what excited the desire to form it in the first place; only follow it up, obediently, even blindly, but without flinching; let it for a while be a matter of pure, unreasoning will alone. It will be but a little while before you will secretly feel the practical benefit of the change in your course. That is the first fruit. A little further along, if the resolution be firmly kept, this perception of benefit will rise or expand to a perception of the pleasure derived from the benefit. That is the second and more generous fruit. You not only realize the benefit, but you feel the pleasure it gives you.

The correct doctrine of Swedenborg is that we are to shun evils as sins; in turning our backs on evils we do indeed avoid the path of sin. We are all the time preached to on the necessity of self-examination; very well, when a person looks within and decides that he or she has a fault which would better be got rid of, and wishes sincerely that he or she were finally rid of it, what is that but self-examination to the extent to which it goes? And what is the resolution to turn about and travel the other way but repentance? And what is the actual going the other way but regeneration? And through it is received, first, a recognized benefit, then an acknowledged satisfaction and pleasure. After that, the renewed nature will not fail to see whence all the secret power is derived that, through a reformed habit, transforms the glow of occasional pleasure into permanent happiness. Custom will have proved itself to be the true channel through which flow the current of good and the graces. The whole secret lies in breaking a habit short off and turning abruptly about.

Not to attempt something of this sort is to render it continually more difficult to begin reformation and improvement at all. One grows weaker and weaker from never putting forth an effort to gain strength. That is precisely what our weaknesses—by whatever name called, or whatever their degree—are implanted in us for, that in the voluntary act of emerging from them we may grow strong. Without some sort of an individual effort we certainly never should. We are much like the seeds sown in the earth: out of our environments, difficult and contradictory and forbidding as they may seem to us, we are to come only with effort and struggle into the light, into the condition of strength and health and progressive happiness. This is the sort of repentance that need never be repented of. This is regeneration indeed, for it goes on without cessation. Try it but for one day; try it on but a single vice or fault or habit; and note the sense of increased strength that marks the first benefit.

What can Bigotry Say Next?

Mr. Carpenter, a Boston *Advertiser* editor, read a paper very recently before the Methodist ministers at their weekly Monday meeting in Boston on "Ministerial errors in reference to Sunday newspapers," which went straight to the mark, covered the ground and put questions that only silence could answer. He reminded his listeners, the ministers, that in condemning the Sunday paper offhand they were standing on slippery ground. A presiding elder of their denomination had said at a legislative hearing that a Sunday newspaper was a cesspool of vice and crime. The sin—if any—lies either in the distinction between the Sunday paper and the week-day paper, or else in the fact that the Sunday papers call for Sunday work. The former charge is fully answered by simply reading the contents of the Sunday paper. A copy of the heads of the contents of a Sunday Boston paper of June 8th was given. The speaker could see nothing vile in that. And as to keeping people away from church, he asked his hearers how they could really know that. The true and only way to ascertain the fact is by making a careful comparison of the statistics of church attendance now and those made before the Sunday paper existed.

May not the alleged falling off in church attendance be due to the ministers themselves? As for the charge of sensationalism, the speaker admitted that it might be found in the notices of sermons in the Saturday night and Sunday morning papers. He had seen a bulletin in front of a church lately, announcing a noon prayer-meeting, led by Rev. Blank, the invitation being thus: "Come in and rest your weary limbs. God inside." For a minute he did not know whether it was a noon prayer-meeting or a dime museum inside. Another point: very little of the labor of getting out the Sunday paper is done on Sunday; it is done through the week; even the boys who sell it on the street finish up their work by eight or nine o'clock. But almost the entire work for the Monday paper is done on Sunday. Why not oppose the Monday morning paper instead of the Sunday morning paper? He asked them why they read the Monday morning paper, as every one of them did. It was to get the news and see if the paper said anything about their sermons of the day before. Ministers, too, are in the habit of sending to the office of the newspaper and asking to have a reporter come and report their special sermon on the following day. They do it unblushingly. The reporter works six days; why should he not have his rest on the seventh? If they want their sermons printed, why do they not write them out beforehand?

The question is a vexed one, concluded the speaker, but it will never be decided by the use of wholesale charges, forced legislation and misrepresentation.

IN MEMORY OF THEODORE PARKER.—It is the intention of this liberal preacher's friends in this city to erect an imposing edifice, which will be an example of ancient Grecian architecture, and a fitting memorial to Theodore Parker, after whom the new structure will be named. The plans are not yet completed. It has been mooted, also, that Rev. M. J. Savage is to occupy the desk at this new Temple, as the right man in the right place.

"Westward Ho!" by G. W. Kates, next week.

The Sunday Opening Question.

It will not "down" at any man's or church's bidding; it will come before Congress next winter with a drive of energy that will make the sleepy traditionalists and the power-coveting plutocrats rub their eyes in wonder. It makes reasonable people justly impatient and common-sense people righteously indignant, that an attempt should be seriously made to dictate to a whole people, supposed to be intelligent enough to care for their own true welfare, how they shall and shall not spend their Sundays for six months of next year, what shall constitute the standard of common morality for them on that one day, what they shall not be allowed to visit and view, and in general, how they shall conduct themselves in reference to a superstitious shibboleth which neither Church nor State has the least authority to enforce upon them.

More and worse than this, a canting class of zealots, affecting to hold the rod of religious empire, and extending their tireless tongues to lick clean the outside of their platter of piety, would rise and command all the nations and tongues of the earth, our invited and contributing guests, to keep away from the great exposition on the day these self-elected saints assume to be holy, and not to look at the collected treasures for a certain twenty-four hours' term, impliedly because the collection contains volumes of profane lessons on that day that are not to be opened, and is reeking with impious blasphemy which is not to be allowed to contaminate them. What is the great outside world to do but send up a chorus of contemptuous jeers at the national legislature that thus invites it to stay away?

Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale says that "no man is injured in his religious growth by seeing how man has taught and served the world. God displays with equal love all the glories of his world on the first day of the week, and on the seventh day, as well as on the second and the sixth. He has no fear that the wonders of the world or its beauty will disturb men's worship or reverence."

Rev. M. J. Savage expressed himself in our issue of Oct. 29th, and of course it was most positively for Sunday opening.

Rev. James Huxtable, of the Hawes Street Church (Boston), says: "I am heartily in favor of having the Fair opened on Sunday. No matter what you look at it, the Fair should be open on Sunday. It is the right of the spectators to expect admission every day. I think you will hardly find a minister among the Universalists who does not advocate having the Fair open on the Sabbath."

Cardinal Gibbons, of the Catholic Church, published an opinion on the subject declaring that the Fair should be opened in the afternoon of Sunday, not only because it would enable the multitude to visit it, but because it would prevent many of them from spending the time in worse places. And the pronounced position of the Cardinal is openly endorsed by many of his order of theologic belief.

No time is to be lost in preparing to make a popular move on Congress at the very opening of its approaching session. Petitions should be rained upon the heads of the members for the immediate abrogation of the condition that was made to accompany the appropriation voted by it for the Fair. Let it be fully understood by that erring body, by the entire country, and by the outside world which has been invited to participate in this common exhibition, that the people are overwhelmingly opposed to making it an exhibition of blind and arrogant bigotry.

The Columbus Critics.

It is worse than merely bad taste to offer such harsh criticisms on the character of Columbus as some few public writers and speakers do, when nothing is legitimately to be said of the immortal navigator and discoverer but words of praise and gratitude for his actual achievement in the face of obstructions which no other spirit of his age was sufficiently heroic to surmount. We are not called upon to judge his private life. We have no warrant to condemn his actions in any respect, when his one great deed is the sole object of our admiring commemoration. The conception and execution of his immortal discovery should be more than enough to swallow up all possible faults of personal character and conduct, supposing them to have really existed. We have no right, either, to judge any man who lived centuries ago by the standards of our own time, which are at best just as fleeting and changeable as were those of his own age. What was esteemed moral then may not be so esteemed now, but that fails to warrant his condemnation.

Columbus has been called a pirate, and other names; but, as the *Journal of Education* remarks, "there is piracy money in the cornerstones of church and college in New England, and lotteries were the pet foundations of our most Orthodox colleges and universities, and the world is not so truthful or virtuous to day that we need to go back four hundred years for an opportunity to censure falsehood or laxity in private virtue." Also, that "eminently respectable men in later days had a part in the slave trade, and the money from the traffic frequently went into the founding of colleges and churches in New England." It is in no sense the private life of Columbus that we are this year pretending to judge, but the grand discovery that we are trying to celebrate. The 21st of October was the birthday of the New World, not of the man who discovered it. So far as honor accrues from such a great deed in human history, it assuredly belongs to this one man of the ages. No other man ever won such fame in all human history. His conception was grand, his faith was sublime, his knowledge of his science was perfect, his perseverance in the face of rebuffs and ridicule was unparalleled, his self-command was all but superhuman, and his is the glory without a flaw.

Mrs. Brown, an excellent and estimable lady—better known to the Spiritualists of the country as Mrs. Edward S. Wheeler—is now located at 54 Dwight street, we understand, and "feels like taking up the spiritual thread of life once more, under the influence" of the brave spirit whose name she bore when he was in the mortal.

A letter from Dr. J. M. Peebles assures us that this veteran is in excellent health, and is meeting with great success in San Antonio, Tex., where he has established a Sanitarium. He has given several parlor lectures of late on Spiritualism.

Mrs. M. J. Stewart (Everett, Mass.) and others will please receive thanks for floral offerings for THE BANNER'S Public Free-Circle table.

"Pacific Notes," by J. Madison Allen, in the forthcoming BANNER.

Nationalism Defined.

Rabbi Schindler asks the question of himself in the September number of the *New England Magazine*, "What is Nationalism?" and proceeds to answer it by saying what it is not, to begin with. It is not, he says, an endeavor to upset the existing order of things with one turn; it is not the shibboleth of a secret society or of a few disgruntled persons who wish to bring the rest of humanity down to their own level because they cannot bring themselves up to theirs; it is not a Utopia which has its existence merely in the fertile imagination of a novel writer—its finishing touches are neither the big city umbrella nor the sermon by telephone; it is not alone the possibility, it is the reality of the future, the logical consequence of the inventions of the nineteenth century. It is, he explains, an irresistible current into which the rising tide of civilization is carrying the whole human race. Its details can as little be apprehended by us as could the details of our cars propelled by steam or electricity be apprehended by people who lived a hundred years ago.

Nationalism, says the Rabbi, is not anarchy and communism, but their antipodes. It is not Socialism, but strives to do for the nation what Socialism would do for the world, until such time as national boundaries may be stepped over. Individualism is the opposite pole of Nationalism. The blame of our existing social evils is heaped by him on this idea of individualism, and the responsibility of every injustice in our social fabric. The end and aim of Nationalism, declares the Rabbi, is to make every member of the nation an official, and to burden the government with the care of the production, manufacture and distribution of all articles needed for the support of life. Why not? ask the derided nationalists. If the nation can carry our mail, why can it not carry as well and as cheaply our parcels? If our parcels, why not carry as orderly our dispatches? And why not carry our persons? In Europe this part of the problem has already been solved.

He denies that such a system would create a class of corrupt officials, with all the ills that paternalism is heir to. And he denies further that officials, as a class, are corrupt, and says that even if they were, it would still be better to trust them than the private corporation. In regard to the practical and concrete aims of Nationalism, he says that the nation could carry on beside the mail service the express service, the telegraph and telephone service, the treasury department, already handling thousands of millions, being made to manage the whole banking system of the land. The State could just as well handle the insurance business, which it now supervises. The City, which now has its water department, could have also its gas and electric light departments, the possibilities of uniting a number of companies in one large concern and the advantages of so doing having been demonstrated by the amalgamation of all Boston street-car companies into one. The last thing for Nationalism to do is to tax huge inheritances, and thus prevent the piling up of colossal fortunes in the future.

Spirits as Well as Men.

On Sunday last the congregation at the Church of the Unity listened to a discourse from Rev. M. J. Savage on the "Profit of Living." His sermon was of an eminently practical kind, as reported, but in its course, "supposing that life were all"—by which we of course take his meaning to be human, mortal life—he uses an illustration, with a limit, which it seems applies itself in a broader measure (which must have suggested itself to him) to the reflection of thinking minds when casting the balance as to the "profit of living."

"The reformer [says Mr. Savage] is met by coldness and a lack of interest even in those whom he would help. But what man is there so selfish as not to care for the future of his children and the race? I remember, when a small boy, seeing my father setting out a tree by the roadside, 'I shall not be here to enjoy it,' he said, 'but some of you will walk under it.' And there are a lot of men all about us who are every day setting out trees for posterity; and it is good. Is there not such a thing, then, as an earthly immortality? Are not the men of the past truly present to-day, more than many of those whom we can touch? And is it not worth while for you and me to thus become a part of the future? And can we not hear the future call to us out of the coming ages, bidding us be strong and labor?"

While we are willing to admit the possibility of an earthly immortality, as existing in good deeds left behind by men in their struggles with the world, we prefer to emphasize the fact that when these men become exalted spirits, their influence is not lost but still acting upon the race yet in the mortal with added power, and the tree of reform they plant for future ages, and water with their tears, while it broadens its roots and expands its trunk on earth, looms up to flower and fruitage in the realm of spirit. There is, indeed, a spiritual immortality both for man and his deeds!

There is a coterie of individuals in this locality who imagine, because THE BANNER is devoted to the Spiritualist cause, they—their members—have the right to decide what we shall print; and thus admonish us that if we do not conform to their *ipse dixit*—that is, print verbatim the reports of their meetings—we must not publish anything from them at all. So be it. We shall conform to the latter arrangement, as with such people, "silence is golden." In the meantime we would inform this combination, the members of which call themselves Spiritualists, that we edit our own paper, pay our paper-makers and compositors and clerks—no thanks to our would-be critics, whose reports we have been publishing for a long time gratuitously.

We printed on our sixth page last week a message from the devoted Spiritualist, Mr. JOSEPH WOOD, late of Philadelphia. Several of his personal friends inform us that the said message is perfectly characteristic of the man. He avers, with truth, that he is well and happy on the "spirit-side of life," and rejoices at the change. He says he shall continue spreading the truth of Modern Spiritualism to the best of his ability. Peruse every word of this message, and then ask yourself, dear reader, if the Spiritual Philistine is not worth advocating, and living for, both here and hereafter.

From the tender recesses of the breast flows the milk of human affection, more powerful than the bitterness of hate, more eloquent than the melody of the spheres, and sweeter than the perfume or nectar from the flowers of sun-kissed hills, teaching us that after all we are only members of one great family, forging on toward an era when we shall recognize the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

Better Roads and Highways.

The common road is the symbol of civilization. The obstructions to that civilization caused by bad roads are incapable of estimation. By good wagon roads the population and prosperity of a country are built up. Sparingly settled districts, with accompanying poverty and ignorance, abound where there are no adequate roadways. Good roads are essential feeders to railroads. The condition of our common country roads is the index to the prosperity of railroads. When highways are impassable, freight and passenger earnings are diminished; when the roads are in good condition, merchandise accumulates at the depots.

The railroad companies of the country are interested in creating a right sentiment in regard to the improvements of the highways in their respective neighborhoods. Depot masters can be supplied from time to time with pamphlets containing instructions for the construction and maintenance of highways, for distribution to persons doing business at their stations, and thus educate them in building better roads and teach them how better highways effect saving in transportation.

Not only the railroads themselves but the entire community is to receive the inestimable benefits of improved roads. A memorial is to be presented to Congress on the subject of roads, which will contain the opinions of a number of the Presidents of the leading railroads of the country. All railroad companies are being solicited to establish a road department for the purpose of aiding in promoting the improvement of the common roads of the country. Few current subjects could be more important or merit wider advocacy. It is suggested that it would be for the advantage of railroads to make special concessions in rates on all road material and road machinery delivered to points on their lines. And it might prove ultimately profitable to them to deliver without charge material and machinery to be used on highways directly connected with their stations.

Every Day Against a Single Field-Day.

Comparing genius with character, Dr. Holmes remarks that genius gets public praise (though not for a long time afterward generally) because its work is a tangible product, to be bought or had for nothing. But character evolves its best products for home consumption; and we are not to forget that it takes vastly more effort to feed a family for thirty years than it does to make a holiday feast for our neighbors as genius does once or twice in our lives. This feeding a family for thirty years is by no means a slight test of character. Genius is not often subjected to such a wearing, wasting test. If anything will tend to build up and fixly establish character it is that.

All of which practically means that the man who spends his days in the faithful discharge of his common and minor duties is more likely to have achieved the crown of right living and serviceable living than the man who produces a comet-like rush of brilliant light across the intellectual heavens and then ends what is called his career. After he has done all, he is just as likely to be a bankrupt in point of character as the person whose daily and yearly experience never called him to form one at all. Life is for something more substantial and lasting than effect or display. It is real, it is earnest. As true philosophy is to be practiced in discharging the daily round of homely and unheralded duties as in performing service generally held to be noble and exalted because it is chiefly conspicuous.

Renan's Dying Words.

"Throw more light on the Parthenon!" was the last exclamation of the French philosopher as his life passed away. Unquestionably the past trailed its memories across his spirit. He passed the night at the Acropolis of Athens on his journey to the East, and is said to have there received that direct and intimate communion with nature which colored the whole of his life. In his enthusiasm he prayed to Minerva, the presiding goddess of the place, imploring her to grant him wisdom to direct his course aright and, understanding, to direct the belief of others in "Nature, the only Truth." He held communion with the goddess of Wisdom, that first of the divine gifts which Paul enjoined it upon the Greeks of Corinth to "earnestly covet." In the list of nine desirable gifts of the spirit enumerated by him, wisdom and knowledge ranked first. Solomon chose these above all the rest. Renan went to the Orient to discover so far as he could the mysteries of life, and made the declaration that "Nature is the only truth." There are those who believe that this was the answer which the goddess made to his prayer. The Spiritual Philosophy has always inculcated this truth—that is, that everything proceeds in natural harmony, and to the end of the highest physical and interior evolution, holding death to be but the natural commencement of further progress for humanity.

An Ancient Lesson in Precocity.

On a gravestone in the old burying ground of Salem, Mass., an inscription reads, "Mr. Nathan Mather died October 9, 17, 1688, an aged person that had seen but nineteen Winters in this world." Hawthorne, in one of his Note Books, refers to it only to puzzle over the history of the "aged" young life it conceals. In a recent search into the genealogy of the Mather family in the Essex Institute, it has been discovered—as announced—that Nathan Mather was a son of Increase Mather, and therefore brother of the famous Cotton Mather. He was a prodigy of learning for his day in New England, considering his years. He was qualified to enter college at twelve, and could then converse fluently in Latin, had read the New Testament in Greek, and the Old Testament in Hebrew. He graduated from Harvard at sixteen, and delivered on the occasion an oration in Hebrew upon the state of learning among the Jews. He was also distinguished for his attainments in theology, mathematics and philosophy. Of course the brain thus prematurely and abnormally developed, and the physical constitution subjected to such a strain from study, must naturally have given way, and brought him to an early grave. No doubt his Puritanic father ascribed it to a dispensation of Providence, when it was only a case of parental ambition, ignorance and folly.

Spiritualism in Australia.

Our Melbourne exchange, *The Harbinger of Light*, comes with a fresh face, and a table of contents which of itself demonstrates that the Cause is not sleeping in the Antipodes.

The new premises in Collins street, Melbourne, which had just been leased by the Victorian Association of Spiritualists and Progressive Lyceum, were opened on Thursday evening, Sept. 8th, with a well-attended conversation, the President, Mr. W. H. Terry, in the chair, supported by Mr. J. S. Elliott, the Conductor of the Lyceum.

The Melbourne Lyceum has also opened its sessions for the season, with good numbers and excellent presences. A correspondent writing from Baltimore, Md., says, in reference to the veteran medium, Lottie Fowler, now located at 276 Seventh Avenue, New York City: "It is only just and right to speak in reference to a medium who has struggled as she has. My first acquaintance with her was some two years ago, when she reached Baltimore after her return from abroad. A called on her with others. Lottie Fowler is a grand medium, good and true, and has given many remarkable tests; several of her predictions have come wonderfully true, and among my most intimate friends. I would recommend her to all Spiritualists, and hope they will stand by her and aid all they can, for she is true and worthy."

A WAX CLOUD.—Gen. Miles said, Nov. 8th, at Kansas City, Mo., on the occasion of his return from the Indian Territory, where he had been investigating the condition of the Indians:

"I consider the condition of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes such as to demand the immediate intervention of the United States authorities in order to prevent an outbreak that looks almost like a certainty. These two nations sold their lands and took their allotments early last summer. Following close on this the government reduced the rations of these nations to one-fourth of the original amount. I believe that before the winter is over the Cheyennes and Arapahoes will be in need of food, and then an outbreak will more than probably occur."

W. J. Colville in Boston.

Mr. Colville lectured in Boston during his flying visit to this city, Thursday, Nov. 10, at the Copley, 18 Huntington Avenue, in Mrs. F. J. Miller's charming rooms (suite 4), at 3 p. m. A large audience was in attendance, though the weather was not favorable for a gathering. The speaker, in his most forcible style, dealt with the always-important and thrilling topic, "The Woman Who Dares." A just and equitable course was recommended to parents, wives and daughters; educational measures were allured to be the only effective means of reform, and the speaker maintained that whenever a stand is taken for principle and the general good of humanity the workers labor not in vain; but if selfishness dictates movement, the cause, no matter how admirable it may appear to be, is likely to sink under the pressure brought to bear by its ostensible upholders.

In the evening at 8, at William Parkman Hall, on Boylston Place, Mr. Colville gave an address to the members and friends of the Second Nationalist Club. The speaker was honored with the close attention of a distinguished audience, much applause, and a hearty vote of thanks. He left the day following for Grand Rapids, Mich., where his work commenced Sunday, Nov. 6th. Mr. Colville's present address is 103 Barkley street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

A Larger One!

Chicago, Ill., it is said, is to have the largest and most powerful refracting telescope in the world. It is the gift of Charles T. Yerkes, the Chicago street railway magnate, to the Chicago University. Alvan G. Clark, the famous telescope maker (who inherits the fame of his departed father), has undertaken to cast the glass, which will be forty-five inches in diameter, or nine inches greater than the Lick glass. It is thought that the new telescope will probably be turned on the skies for the first time in the autumn of 1895. The outlay which Mr. Yerkes will meet is estimated at \$500,000.

In its review of the spiritual press of the world, *The Revista Espriritista de la Habana*, in the September number, refers to this paper as follows:

"THE BANNER OF LIGHT, the oldest of the spiritual publications of the United States, has always been the leader of the most resolute defenders of the reality of communication between the visible and the invisible world. Quotations from its columns are constantly made by the spiritual press of all countries, more frequently than from any other paper; and, notwithstanding the competition of more modern publications, the influence and importance of THE BANNER have kept constantly increasing."

Le Messager de Lige published in its September number a translation into French, by M. L. Gardy of Geneva, of Mr. Eay's analysis of "Après La Mort," which appeared in our columns Feb. 27th, 1892.

Mrs. J. R. Pickering—who was so successful as a materializing medium in Boston some years ago—paid a visit to THE BANNER establishment on Tuesday, 8th inst. She states that her health is much improved, and that she has decided to re-commence the holding of séances in this city, at No. 8 Dwight street.

Augustus Day writes us from Detroit, Mich., that "Spiritualism is taking a new lease of life in this city just now that Mr. Courtney of California—a genuine, true materializing medium—is here and has been giving highly satisfactory sittings the past two weeks. I have had some six private sittings myself, and they were the most wonderful of any I have ever witnessed. Mr. Courtney is a gentleman in every sense, quite young; he is accompanied by his wife, a very pleasing lady. I give my fullest endorsement of his séances."

A fine little text-book for children has just been prepared and published by Myra F. Paine of Painesville, O., entitled "Easy Lessons in Spiritual Science Especially for the Young." The lessons are twelve in number, of moderate length, clear, concise and comprehensive, and appear to be well adapted to the purpose for which they are designed.

A GRAND MOVE.—The large dealers of London are refusing to purchase docked horses. This is a step in the right direction; and now that the cruel as well as useless fashion seems in a fair way to die out in England, perhaps the Anglomaniacs of this country will follow suit.

Mrs. Sara A. Underwood frankly confesses that her experiences with automatic writing, through her own hand, have forced her "from the standpoint of a doubting Agnostic to a firm belief in continuity of individual existence beyond this limited phase of earth-life."

Séance in Cleveland.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:
The Spiritualists of Cleveland, and also the skeptics, had the pleasure of seeing on Sunday night, Oct. 23d, what they never saw in Cleveland before, and that was a public materialization séance. It was held by Mrs. Edie Moss, as the medium for that form of spirit-manifestation, and Mr. Chase for independent sittings, under the auspices of the Cleveland Progressive Lyceum. About one hour before the time announced the audience began to gather, and when the time came the hall was crowded.

After remarks by our able Conductor, Mr. C. Collier, and Mr. Critchley, the lights were lowered and the audience commenced singing. In a short time a form appeared at the opening of the cabinet. She said her name was Ann Russell, and she wanted to see her husband. An elderly gentleman went up and said the spirit resembled his wife in appearance and manner. Next came a little girl whom a lady recognized as her daughter. Lucille Western then materialized, came to the end of the platform, and made a few remarks. After she disappeared an old lady materialized, and joined the audience in singing. An aged lady materialized, and asked to see her sons. John and David Critchley recognized the spirit as their mother. A boy was recognized by a lady as her son. A spirit, who gave his name as Richard Coleman, was recognized by giving Masonic signs to one of the audience. Others appearing were recognized as Sandy Cummings, "Sunshine," an Indian messenger spirit, Mrs. Manning, Gertrude Bruce and Lilly Wallace. Several present who had not power to appear gave their names. The most satisfactory thing about the apparitions was that all were recognized as soon as their friends saw them. All differed from the medium in stature, color of hair and dress.

Mr. Chase produced his slates, and after the audience had thoroughly examined them they were cleaned and fastened together. Our Conductor held one side of the slates, Mr. Chase the other. In about five minutes the slates were opened, and found to be covered with names of some of our departed friends, many of which were recognized. After remarks from the Conductor the audience gradually dispersed. As a public séance, it was generally considered to have been very successful, and the thanks of the Lyceum and many others are freely accorded to Mrs. Moss and Mr. Chase for their services.

JOHN W. TORPINO,
Assistant Conductor and Cor. Secretary of the C.M.A.'s Progressive Lyceum, Cleveland, Ohio.

Cole, Streeter and Hawkins have been acquitted in the case of Private Jans, who sued them for assault and battery at Homestead, Pa. The National Guard officers no doubt like this verdict; but how do the private soldiers of the Guard stand affected?

This Interests You Especially.

An eminent physician who has established the highest reputation as a specialist in the cure of nervous and chronic diseases, and whose name is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has resolved that if there are sufferers from any form of chronic or long-standing disease who need medical advice free, they can have a carefully-written letter of advice in regard to their cases, and explaining their diseases, etc., without charge. If you have not consulted a specialist in your particular disease, or if you have not been helped by your physician, do not give up hope until you have learned what Dr. Greene, of Temple Place, Boston, Mass., has to say about your case. If you write at once you may be cured. Send for his symptom blank to fill out. Dr. Greene is the discoverer of the most famous nerve strengthener and restorative, Dr. Greene's Nervine Blood and Nerve Remedy.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

Brother of the greatest poets—true to nature, true to art—
Lover of Immortal Love—uplifter of the human heart—
Who shall help us with high music, who shall sing it thou depart?
Silence here—for love is silent, gazing on the lessening soul;
Silence here—for grief is voiceless when the mighty pass;
Silence here—but far above us many voices crying Hail!
—Henry Van Dyke, in N. Y. Tribune.

The women of Virginia have adopted an ingenious plan to raise \$15,000 with which to reproduce Washington's Mount Vernon home at the Columbian Exposition. They have prepared fifteen thousand engravings of the old home, and of Washington's tomb, which they are selling as souvenirs.

[A VANISHED INDUSTRY]—Mrs. Goodson—"I think it's a perfect shame that the early settlers killed off the Indians in the way they did." Miss de Pretyt—"Indeed it is. Just think what lovely furs they used to sell for a few glass beads."—New York Weekly.

Mr. E. M. Macdonald, who has, since the death of D. M. Bennett, been the editor of *The Truth-Seeker*, the New York Free Thought Journal, has become the business as well as editorial manager. Persons having relations with that paper should address him at 28 Lafayette Place, New York City.

Prof. Huxley says that an oyster is a far more complicated piece of machinery than the finest Swiss watch.

And now comes the chilly November,
And coal is ten dollars a ton;
I wish that the winter was over,
Although it has scarcely begun.
Can't I speed it?—I'll buy coal on credit,
And then very soon 't will be done.
—Kansas City Journal.

The microscope shows 4000 muscles in the body of the common caterpillar, and that the eye of the dragon fly contains 28,000 polished lenses.

A Michigan woman has patented a device for securing glass in the doors of stoves and furnaces, in order that the process of baking may be watched without opening the doors, and also to save fuel by decreasing draughts.

To love what is good and true for the sake of what is good and true, is to love our neighbor as ourselves, and to love God above all things.—Swedenborg.

"Women," quoth Jones, "are the salad of life, at once a boon and a blessing." "In one way they're salad indeed," replied Brown; "they take so much time in their dressing."

LONGEVITY.—No death has occurred in the family of Rev. Samuel Wakefield of Latrobe, Pa., in sixty-one years. He is in his ninety-fourth year; his wife is a few years his junior; they were married in 1821, and have ten children. Here is a grand opportunity to get points as to how Samuel Wakefield has lived in the physical such a length of time. When we get up to that notch, Bro. Holbrook, we'll give you full particulars as to how we became "a law unto ourselves" for so many years.

And now we are threatened with a sewer pipe "Trust."

"Der mill id don't vould grind some more mit vater dot vas past," is Tuetonic paraphrase for "the mill will never," etc.

Mr. Francis Darwin's forthcoming Life of his father, Charles Darwin, the great teacher of the Evolution Philosophy, will consist of an autobiographical chapter and selections from letters.

Connecticut burglars show their opinion of the prison officials by having their friends send them tools in a bible.

"It is not the first aim of religion to make men beautiful, but to make them strong; not to make them happy, but to make them good. In due time the strength will produce the beauty, and the goodness will bring forth the happiness."—Rev. Dr. Deems.

In reading one quite often finds
Bombastic nonsense in small minds;
And being wise in their conceit,
Their false deductions they repeat.
But such characters play out after awhile.

One inducement to old maids to be good is the cheerful thought that matches, if the proverb tells the truth, are made in heaven.—Somerville Journal.

Doctor—"Troubled with sleeplessness, eh? Eat something before going to bed." Patient—"Why, doctor, you once told me never to eat anything before going to bed." Doctor (with dignity)—"That, madam, was in 1880. Science has made great strides since then."

An Irishman has written a strong article in favor of cremation, and says that cremation has one great advantage: it will prevent "dead" people from being buried alive.—Texas Sittings.

A bicycle is denominated "the devil's chariot" in Turkey, and the Sultan forbids its use.

More than eighteen thousand letters are put in the post-offices of the United States every day that, through the misdirection or miscarriage of some kind, bring up in the dead letter office.

If the sun gave forth sounds loud enough to reach the earth, such sounds, instead of reaching us in the space of about eight minutes, as light does, would only arrive after a period of nearly fourteen years.—Ex.

Instructor in Latin—"Miss B., of what was Ceres the goddess?" Miss B.—"She was the goddess of marriage." Instructor—"Oh, no; of agriculture." Miss B. (looking perplexed)—"Why, I am sure my book says she was the goddess of husbandry."

Members of the Salvation Army were arrested in Pittsburgh last night for obstructing the streets. Their leader said that they would remain in jail for months rather than pay a fine. They will probably be accommodated.—Record, 7th inst.

OLD WORLD GROWLS.—Belgian workmen are demanding universal suffrage. Osman Digna is collecting his own forces in Egypt, with a view toward revolt against the government. Bismarck has been giving his "views" to an interviewer, and the Germans (Kaiser included) are enraged at his revelations.

The woman who discovered Christopher Columbus is entitled to some credit, and so is the woman who found Moses in the bullrushes, but they seem to have been forgotten and shadowed by the halo that hangs over the heads of the men.—N. O. Picayune.

A dispatch from Rome to the *Pall Mall Gazette* of London, Nov. 6th, says that the Pope is very ill. The clerical papers, *The Gazette's* correspondent adds, make every effort to conceal the fact of his illness. A few days since he was found motionless in his room, and his condition caused a panic in the Vatican. Physicians were hastily summoned and succeeded in restoring him to consciousness.

Our brother, lately deceased at 81, said to us a month previous that a man could live upon the earth until he was a hundred years old—"yes," he said, "even until he was a hundred and fifty, if he lived according to law." Now, if the records are to be believed, long life is one of the blessings of Russia. In one year the deaths were reported of 858 persons between 100 and 105 years old; 130 between 115 and 120 years old; and 3 between 120 and 125.

Owing to the refusal of the Austrian Government to grant funds for a theatrical exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair, the Vienna theatres have determined to raise by private subscription sufficient money to carry out the project.

It is the imperative duty of every American citizen to serve the great Republic, to conserve its interests, to uphold its constitution and to guard its honor.

FREMY DOINGS.—Twenty-two buildings were burned and a loss of \$688,000 inflicted by the Brooklyn (N. Y.) fire of Saturday night, Nov. 5th. East Boston, Mass., had a fire Saturday night, Nov. 5th (one of the largest and most disastrous it has experienced for many years), by which a loss of \$100,000 was sustained, and buildings covering five acres were consumed. Rockwell

& Churchill, Boston, sustained a loss of \$10,000 by fire on Sunday morning last, and many valuable specimens of book-work were lost to grief. Fire in the furniture establishment of Whidden, Beaver & Co., Boston, did about \$20,000 damage on Sunday evening, Nov. 6th.

THROPHOPHY EXPLAINED.

It may be true, as modern sages state, that in some tropic seas, Our saint, in prehistoric times, Was once a sea-unicorn.
It may be true, the oldest strata That form the solid earth's foundations, Are but the shells of Radiata.
Our prehistoric "poor relations."

Bad snow-storms are reported in the Northwest.

Last Tuesday was a genuine summer day in this vicinity, and everybody was happy in consequence, and the voting precincts in this city showed that our people were uncommonly orderly.

An English sailor, coming up the British Channel after a long journey, exclaimed: "Thank goodness, we've done with them eternal blue skies and that blinding sunshine. This taste of good old English fog puts fresh life into a fellow."

A great lookout in England, Nov. 7th, has thrown fifty thousand British cotton mill operators upon the world; the labor war in that country has opened early.

THE BALLOT.

A weapon that comes down as still As snow-flakes fall upon the sod;
But executes a freeman's will As lightning does the will of God.
—John Pierpont.

Capt. Andrews, who left these shores in a dory, has arrived in London with his small craft.

The great strikers in New Orleans have paralyzed business of all kinds except the cotton laborers. Only one paper is printed there at this time, owing to the general strike of the printers.

Enterprising druggist—"Here's a card, madam. Each time you buy something, I'll punch it. When two dollars are punched, you get five soda water tickets free." Madam—"That's a fine idea. I'll take two dollars' worth of postage stamps now."—Judge.

MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

LYNN.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum met at Exchange Hall, Market street, at 12 m. Conductor T. J. Troye in the chair. Opening exercises, singing by the school. Recitations by Harry Cheever, Carrie Moore, Charles Ames, Eliza Garland, Linwood Hurd, Jessie Hutchins, Grace Hines, George Garland; song by Amy Adams, Blanche Atherton, Winnie Aberton, Herbert Watts, Florence Merrill. After singing, and removal of badges, closed in form.
Miss S. S. COLLEGE, Sec'y.

Cadet Hall.—Afternoon services opened Nov. 6th with a song by George N. Churchill and an invocation by Mrs. R. S. Little. Questions from the audience were considered by her, and Mr. George N. Churchill spoke, giving some of the most brilliant lectures of the season, which was well received by the large audience; closing with a poem.
Evening service opened with a song by Mr. George N. Churchill and an invocation by Mrs. R. S. Little. The subject, "Some of the Works and Distinguishable Features of Spiritualism." The lecture was listened to with close attention throughout, and closed with a poem. Mrs. R. S. Little will occupy the platform next Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30. T. H. B. JAMES.

HAVERHILL AND BRADFORD.—Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding was the speaker and test medium at Brittan Hall last Sunday. In the evening she gave an interesting narrative of her experience in attaining to a knowledge of Spiritualism, and to development as a medium. Her story was followed by several well recognized tests.—Next Sunday the platform will be filled by a new speaker and medium in this city, S. H. NELKE (Boston). E. P. H.

LADIES' SPIRITUAL UNION.—Meeting held in the ante room of Brittan Hall Tuesday evening, Nov. 1st. There was a good attendance.
The "Union" will have a supper and entertainment in Brittan Hall Friday evening, Nov. 11th.
Mrs. INEZ WOODBURY, Sec'y.

WORCESTER.—Dr. Geo. A. Fuller gave us for discussion Nov. 6th "The Influence of Spiritualism upon Science" and "Man's Moral Progress Depends upon Intellectual Growth and not upon Revelation." Dr. Fuller will occupy the platform Nov. 13th.
Mr. J. Frank Baxter will present a strong program for Friday evening, consisting of songs, remarks and tests. After the close of the séance a social party will follow, with music, dancing and refreshments. Union Veterans' Legion Hall, 500 Main street, is the place of entertainment.
GEORGIA D. FULLER, Cor. Sec'y.

SALEM.—Dr. Edwards (Lynn) gave the Spiritualists of Salem on Nov. 6th exercises in poetry, lecture and mediumship. He was greeted with a large audience and gave a grand discourse, followed by remarkable tests, all of which were recognized. We have him secured for several Sundays this season. Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock (Boston) speaks here Nov. 13th, F. A. Wigham (Salem) Nov. 20th and 27th.
Mrs. N. H. GARDNER, Sec'y.

FITCHBURG.—Mrs. Julia E. Davis (Boston) occupied our platform to the acceptance of all on Sunday, Oct. 30th, and gave us a benefit circle Monday evening, the 31st. Sunday, Nov. 6th, Mr. F. A. Wigham (Salem) gave two fine inspirational lectures. During the séance which followed each address, the ballot test was demonstrated in a very satisfactory manner. Mr. Wigham speaks again next Sunday, to be followed by Edgar W. Emerson.
The Frost Orchestra has furnished fine music the past two Sundays.
Miss E. P. LYON, Pres't.

BROCKTON.—Oct. 30th Rev. S. L. Beal lectured for the Ladies' Aid Society, subject, "What Good Does Spiritualism Do?" Coming as he does from a Christian pulpit into our ranks, having the courage of his convictions to boldly declare him a Spiritualist, Mr. Beal stands forth as an example of what will nineteenth century ministers should be. Societies in need of an earnest and progressive speaker should not fail to engage him, and keep him busy.
E. B. C.

MALEDEN.—The progressive minds of Malden listened to an interesting and instructive lecture by C. Fannie Allen, Sunday evening, Nov. 6th. The Lyceum subject was introduced by Mr. W. Potter, Mr. Hatch and Mrs. Allen.—Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes will address us Sunday evening, Nov. 13th.
MARY E. THOMPSON, Sec'y.

LOWELL.—Nov. 6th Mrs. E. C. Kimball (Lawrence) lectured and gave tests to a full house.—Next Saturday evening (Nov. 12th) the children of the Lyceum will give a supper, and musical and literary entertainment.—Dr. Drisko (Lynn) speaks here on Sunday, the 13th inst., at 2 and 7 p. m.
E. PICKUP, Hon. Sec'y.

CHelsea.—D. Anderson reports that the developing circle was held at 2:30, on Nov. 6th, and was well attended and interesting.
In the evening the following mediums participated: Mrs. Vornbrack, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. George Anderson and Mr. W. Anderson, Chairman.

LAWRENCE.—Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock was our speaker Nov. 6th, and gave excellent satisfaction. Mrs. E. C. Kimball of this city is our next speaker.
L. E. GOSS, Sec'y.

Interesting reports of local work in New England, the West and South, will also be found on our seventh page.

CONNECTICUT.

Norwich.—Sunday, Nov. 6th, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring continued her work upon our platform. A good address was given in the afternoon upon "Mediumship and its Possibilities," followed by the usual test séance.
The evening session was equally interesting; many excellent descriptions being given.
A good number of ladies attended each session, and manifested genuine appreciation of Mrs. Loring's work. Next Sunday will close her present engagement with our Society.
Copies of the BANNER OF LIGHT are for sale every Sunday.
Mrs. J. A. CHAPMAN, Sec'y.

INDIANA.

The Indiana Association of Spiritualists will hold its next Quarterly Meeting at Rochester, commencing Thursday, Dec. 16th, at 7 p. m., to continue over Sunday.
Mrs. Colby-Lathier and other good speakers will be in attendance. Reduced hotel rates \$1.00 per day. Everybody cordially invited.
J. W. WESTERNFIELD, Pres't.
FLORA HARDIN, Sec'y.
Anderson, Ind.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

(Notices under this heading, to insure insertion the same week, must reach this office by Monday's mail.)
Mrs. H. S. Lake spoke in Washington, D. C., on the evenings of Nov. 2d and 3d, and began a course of Sunday lectures in Albany, N. Y., on the 6th. She may be addressed at the latter place, General Delivery.
Prof. J. M. and Mrs. M. T. Allen closed their engagement with the society at Liberal, Mo., on Sunday, Sept. 25th. They spoke at Cherryvale, Kansas, Oct. 2d, leaving there on the 4th for Kansas City, Mo., whence Mrs. Allen proceeded to Decatur, Ia., while Prof. Allen took the "Santa Fe" line for the Pacific coast, stopping off at Topeka, the Kansas capital, to lecture Oct. 6th. His first engagement in California is at San Bernardino, where he opened work "on Sunday, Oct. 6th. Address 142 Seventh street, San Bernardino, Cal.

W. J. Colville's lectures in New York and Brooklyn Oct. 31st, Nov. 1st and 2d, were very successful, and many friends deeply regretted the extreme brevity of his stay. He is now lecturing every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. in Kennedy Hall, Grand Rapids, Mich., and holding special week-day courses of lectures in same place. His address till further notice is 103 Barkley street.

Mary L. French is making up her engagements for the season of '93. She has just finished her twenty-first season with the West Groton Liberal Association, and has open dates. Address Box 98, Townsend Harbor, Mass.

Rev. S. L. Beal, the distinguished lecturer upon spiritual topics (who is now President of the Spiritualists' Cape Cod Association), is open to calls to lecture the Sundays of December, 1892, and of January, 1893, at address, Brockton, Mass.

Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock spoke Nov. 6th in Lawrence, Mass. Will speak at Salem, Mass., Nov. 13th; Providence, R. I., Nov. 20th; Lynn, Mass., Nov. 27th; Dec. 4th, Lawrence, Mass.; Dec. 11th, Greenwhich, Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 18th and 25th; January, 1893, she will speak at Carnegie Hall, New York City. She has a few Sundays in the early spring which she would like to fill. Societies desiring her services would do well to correspond with her. Her address at present is 3 Pelham Place, Boston, Mass.

E. J. Howell speaks in Lowell Jan. 8th; he lectured in Pawtucket, R. I., Nov. 6th, and returns there Dec. 4th and 6th; the 13th of November he will be in Plymouth; Newburyport, Mass., Nov. 20th; 11th of December, Malden, Mass. Address 223 Shawmut Avenue, Boston.

J. Frank Baxter lectured in Pawtucket, R. I., Monday evening, 7th inst., and is booked to lecture in Worcester Friday evening, the 11th, and in Brockton on Sunday, the 13th.

Geo. A. Fuller, M. D., lectured in Worcester, Mass., Nov. 6th. Will speak for the same society the 13th. He lectures in Norwich, Conn., the 20th and 27th, and in Philadelphia, Penn., the 20th of December. For dates and terms address 5 Houghton street, Worcester, Mass.

S. H. Nelke will speak and give tests Sunday next at Haverhill. Secretaries of societies in vicinity of Boston are invited to correspond with him in regard to securing his services and dates. Address 1185 Washington street, Boston.

To Correspondents.

Several of our correspondents do not seem to be aware that rejected manuscripts are not preserved. With the vast amount of matter sent to us it would be impossible for us to file that not utilized. We have a standing notice in another column stating that rejected MSS. are not preserved.

Subscribers' Notice.

The date of the expiration of every subscription to the BANNER OF LIGHT is plainly marked on each address. Subscribers who wish their paper continued will avoid inconvenience by remitting before the expiration of their subscription, as we stop every paper after that date. It is the earnest desire of the publishers to give the BANNER OF LIGHT the extensive circulation to which its merits entitle it, and hence they look with confidence to the friends of the paper throughout the world to assist them in their important work.
COLBY & RICH, Publishers.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Jan. 2.

Andrew Jackson Davis, Physician, will be in his office, 63 Warren Avenue, Boston, Mass., Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, from 8 A. M. to 3 P. M. No new patients after 2 P. M. July 2.

J. J. Morse, 36 Monmouth Road, Bayswater, London, W., will act as agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of Colby & Rich.

James Burns, 15 Southampton Row, London, Eng., is agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and keeps for sale the publications of Colby & Rich.

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

If each subscriber to the Banner of Light will charge himself with getting one new subscriber, the circulation of the paper will be doubled at once, and with little trouble. Let each subscriber try it.

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

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. A. P. Webber, SCIENTIFIC Massage and Magnetic Treatment. Offices: Peabody—67 Main street; Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday, Boston—4 Beacon street; Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. Office hours 9 to 5. 1w Nov. 12.

Mrs. Bickford, MAGNETIC Healer, 102 West Springfield street, Boston. M. Hours 10 A. M. to 9 P. M. Treatments given at your home if desired. 4w Nov. 12.

Mrs. H. J. Pratt, MAGNETIC Physician, will see patients at her office, No. 6 Beacon street, Room 8, Boston, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Office hours 9 to 5. 1w Nov. 12.

Mrs. J. R. Pickering, MATERIALIZING Medium, No. 3 Dwight street, Boston. Séances Tuesday, Friday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock. 4w

Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Towne, MAGNETIC Mind and Magnetic Treatments, also Remedial Massage, located at Hotel Aldrich, 202 Market street, Boston. Hours 10 to 7.

ASTROLOGY.—Most fortunate dates for all purposes, life writings, advice, etc.; full description of the future. Send date and hour of birth with stamp. T. I. EBBES, Astrologer, 172 Washington street, Room 13 and 14, Boston, Mass. 1w Nov. 12.

DR. ANNIE LEDYARD, Magnetic Massage and Electric Treatment, Rheumatism, Kidney, Liver and Nervous Disorders a specialty, 311 Columbus Ave., Boston Nov. 12. 2w

ASTROLOGY. Send time of birth, sex, 10 cts, and stamp for Prospects coming year, with character. PROF. HENRY, 172 Washington street, Lynn, Mass. Oct. 29. 13w

PRICE REDUCED. Proof Palpable of Immortality. Being an Account of the Materialization Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, with Remarks on the Relations of Facts to Theology, Morals and Religion. BY E. E. SAUNDERS. The work contains a wood-cut of the materialized spirit of Katie King, from a photograph taken in London, cloth, reduced from \$1.00 to 50 cents; paper reduced from 75 cents to 35 cents. For sale by COLBY & RICH.

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AYER'S Sarsaparilla
Tones the system, makes the weak strong.
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At the earnest solicitation of her numerous friends, will give **Two Sittings** (by appointment only) Tuesday and Thursday of each week.
Diseases diagnosed, with advice. Also Spirit Communications given. 7tcwis

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
Until further notice the undersigned will accept Clubs of six yearly subscriptions to the **Banner of Light** for \$12.00. We ask for the united efforts of all good and true Spiritualists in its aid and our behalf.
COLBY & RICH, Publishers.

MECHANICS' FAIR,
Mechanics' Building, Boston.
Oct. 5 to Dec. 3. Daily, 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.
Six acres of displays, comprising an exhibit of the latest and best specimens in all lines of our New England industries.
Oct. 1. ADMISSION 25 CENTS. 5w

Mrs. M. T. Longley,
UNDER the influence of her Spirit-Hand, will answer questions and give advice upon the development and care of mediumship, matters of spiritual interest, health, business and domestic problems. Will diagnose and prescribe for disease. Send leading symptom of patient. Fee \$1.00. By mail only. Address 34 Sydney street, Dorchester District, Boston, Mass. 1w Nov. 12.

S. H. NELKE,
Electro-Magnetic Healer and Medium,
1185 Washington Street, Boston.
Hours 9 A. M. till 5 P. M. Nov. 12.

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