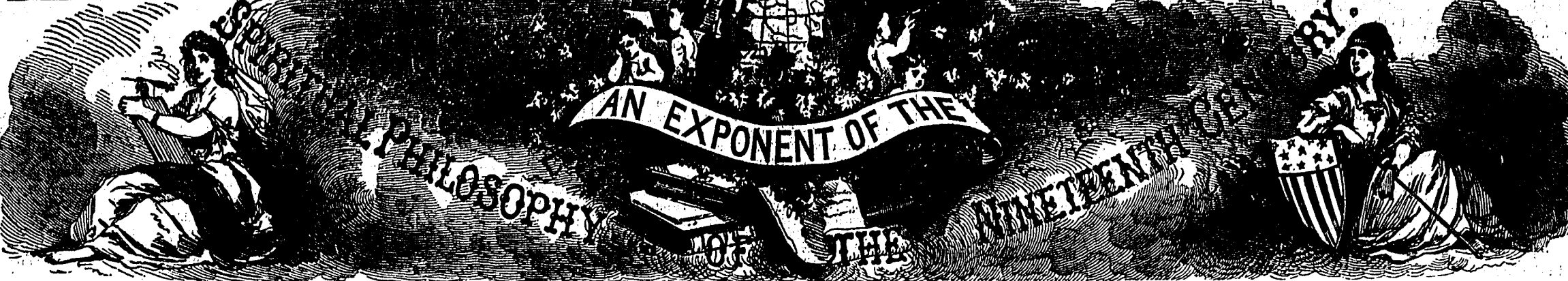


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. 72.

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BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1892.

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NO. 2.

TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

RETROSPECTIVE.
Dear poet of our youthful days,
Thy flowing verse, thy graceful lays,
So musical in rounded rhyme,
They charm us still in manhood's time;
For though our locks be tinged with frost,
None of thy magic power is lost.
With retrospective glance, the thought
Looks back to years when hearts were light:
To school-boy days dear memory glides,
When rang thy grand "Old Ironsides,"
From tongues whose patriotic fire
Woke at the fervor of thy lyre.
"The Spectre Pig," the stranger tall,
Who stalked unbid to Commons Hall,
"My Aunt," unmarried and alone,
"The Glances and the Pudding Stone,"
And low in merry measure ran
"The Ballad of the Oysterman."
Now discord grates on nerve and ear:
"The Music Glinders" still are here,
But yield to laughter loud and long,
That greets the tramping "Treadmill Song."
Thy wit and humor's rattling pace
Told "How the Old Horse Won the Race."
Who'll e'er forget that "read it, pray,"
"The Story of the Old Horse" say?
From gay to grave, thy glorious verse
Floats forth "The Chambered Nautilus."
With memory's tear each cheek is wet,
And thoughts of sadness or regret
Mingle with jests o'er sparkling wine,
When needs "The Glass of Twenty-nine,"
(The few that time has spared) and poise
Their glasses to this toast—"The Boys."
What though so many years have flown?
Thy way, dear Autocrat, we own;
Thy torch triumphant shall be ours,
Though Death thy life's "Last Leaf" may turn.
May many "Hundred Days" go past
Ere comes the one thou countest last.
CURTIS GUILD.

PROPHETIC.

From the late John G. Whittier's last poem, published in
The Atlantic for September, and dedicated to Dr. O. W.
Holmes on his eighty-third birthday:
Thy hand, old friend! the service of our days,
In differing moods and ways,
May prove to those who follow in our train
Not valueless nor vain.
Far off, and faint as echoes of a dream,
The songs of boyhood seem,
Yet on our autumn boughs, unfurled with spring,
The evening thrushes sing.
The hour draws near, however delayed at last,
When at the Eternal Gate
We leave the words and works we call our own,
And lift void hands alone.
For love to all, our nakedness of soul
Brings to that Gate no toll;
Giftless we come to Him, who all things gives,
And life bequeaths the free.
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

RECEPTION TO MRS. WALLACE, At Portman Rooms, Baker Street, London, July 28th, 1892.

In a previous issue we made a brief notice of
the reception given by the Spiritualists of Lon-
don, Eng., to Mrs. M. E. Wallace of New York,
at the Portman Rooms, in Baker street, on
July 28th.

Below we give the several addresses delivered
upon that occasion, as published in the *Medium
and Daybreak*, from a *verbatim* report sup-
plied by Mr. Dever-Summers, and also the illu-
minated address presented to Mrs. Wallace.

MR. EVERITT'S ADDRESS FROM THE CHAIR.

Dear Friends: We have to thank the ladies
for this social gathering, and I am sure the
ladies would willingly thank you for your
ready response to their invitation.

It was thought that another social gathering,
similar to the Reception given to Mr. Spriggs,
would be appreciated and enjoyed, as the feel-
ing generally expressed was that we wanted
more such meetings, more such opportunities
of mutual intercourse for sympathy and en-
couragement.

But this was not the primary object the
ladies had in view in promoting this meeting.
It was to give a stranger to this country a
hearty welcome. I refer to Mrs. Wallace of
New York, who is on a flying visit to England.

Although this lady is not generally known to
the Spiritualists in London, she has been taken
by the hand by a few friends, who have tried
to make her visit as pleasant and enjoyable as
possible.

Personally I stand here with mingled feel-
ings: I am delighted that you have met here
in such large numbers to do honor to Mrs.
Wallace and to give her such a warm recep-
tion; I regret that Mrs. Wallace is almost
upon the eve of her departure from our shores.

Although her stay here has been so short, it
has been most useful and beneficial to all who
have had the privilege of listening to those ad-
dresses she has so kindly given amongst us.
As I listened I perceived that her controls
were complete masters of the situation. It was
as though a bright seraph had winged his flight
from above, and touched the lips of an earth-
child with a live coal from the celestial altar.

Or as though a band of bright intelligences
had filled their chalice to overflowing with
spiritual wisdom and burning love from their
sphere, and poured it through the lips of this
medium for the benefit of those who had the
privilege of hearing those soul-stirring words.

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because people wanted to get rid of her; nothing
of the sort; on the contrary she is wanted back
again. She was simply taken here for a pur-
pose; it is hoped she may come here again; in-
deed, I might almost say I know she will.

Another reason which induces me to support
this resolution is the sterling moral character
that our friend as a lady enjoys, and also her
culture as an intellectual woman. Some peo-
ple have got it firmly fixed in their heads that
the more ignorant mediums are the better
spirits can work through them. This is en-
tirely false. The more highly developed and
cultured a medium is intellectually, morally
and inspirationally, the better can spirits use
the organism. We have advanced beyond that
childish age when little girls speaking in platitudes
were considered phenomenal. We wel-
come Mrs. Wallace because she seeks that
higher spiritual work and power.

We must not depend upon any one medium or
class of mediums for our spiritual light and sus-
tenance; all mankind are subjects of spiritual
influx; we are all agents of the higher spheres,
and every true Spiritualist is a medium. Ay,
more than that, all mortals are mediums, for
not one of you can be shut out from the influ-
ence of the spiritual world. All have a duty
to discharge from those celestial realms, and
each individual can be medium and worker
according to the place occupied in the univer-
sal field.

My hope is that ere our guest returns to us
again, we shall have instituted a broader basis
of work than exists at present; that we shall
have a free spiritual movement in London,
from which center will emanate a power that
will give an impetus to the Cause, not in Great
Britain alone, but throughout the world.

Friends, as I have already said, I cannot do
my part justice; and, therefore, will say no
more beyond that I most heartily second this
motion, laid before you by my friend Mr. Ever-
itt.

Miss Rowan Vincent then read an illumi-
nated address to our fair American guest,
which ran as follows:

TO MRS. MARY E. WALLACE OF NEW YORK.

From the Spiritualists of London.

Warmly recommended by kind friends in
your Native Land, we gladly welcome you
amongst us!

We welcome you in appreciation of your
Personal Worth.

We welcome you because of your Natural
Gifts, devoted to the Service of Humanity.

We welcome you as an Instrument of the
Spirit-World, which through you so lovingly
speaks to the Children of Earth—EXCELSIOR!

We welcome you as an American Spiritual-
ist and Medium; and in doing so we recognize
the Union of Mankind and the exalted Spheres
of Spirit-Life, the Union of Spiritual Workers
of both Hemispheres, the Union of Humanity in
one Universal Brotherhood, bound together by
the omnipotent attraction of Infinite Truth!

May you have a pleasant voyage across the
Atlantic, bearing in your kindly keeping the
Fraternal Regards of the Spiritualists of this
Country to our Brethren in that Land of Promise
where Modern Spiritualism had its origin.

May we all with united Aspiration seek
further guidance from the Source of all Light
and Love, that, with the divine blessing on our
efforts, the Will the Father may be
done on Earth, it is in Heaven.

Now that we have made your acquaintance
we shall await with eager expectation the time
when your Mission will again bring you into
our midst.

That you may at all times be protected and
directed by the Angel-World is our earnest
prayer.

(The address has been signed by a number of
Mrs. Wallace's new-found friends, in addition
to Mr. Everitt as Chairman.)

Mrs. Wallace thereupon presented to Mrs.
Wallace this illuminated token and memento
of the appreciation and esteem engendered
during her short sojourn with us.

Mrs. Wallace, who, on rising, was heartily
applauded, delivered in reply the following
warm and animated address:

MRS. WALLACE'S ADDRESS IN REPLY.

I hardly know how to find words of my own
to thank you, and all the dear friends who have
so warmly welcomed me, and made my stay so
pleasant. I came amongst you without any
thought of entering into any particular line of
work, except as I might be prompted by my
guides to touch a heart here and there, where-
ever I might be, and leave the impress of their
light with you. Here upon this beautiful em-
blem you see the stars and stripes of our fra-
ternity, transversed by the Union Jack of
Old England, all in loving sympathy, bound
together with a wreath of laurels and sweet
lilies of the valley. In one we have the type
of innocence and purity; in the other a symbol
of strength and all that is bright and beautiful.

These emblems encompass two of the greatest
nations on earth; mother and child—the flags
of your own glorious land, and of my own
country.

We see in this great truth of Spiritualism
that the breadth of God's love recognizes no
country, or clime, or keeper; it is the great
power that is flowing underneath the surface
of all thought, and striving to bring man into
a closer bond of union; so that we may bring
about the realization of that desirable common
purpose—the Love of God, Father, Mother, and
that which should be made manifest, the
Brotherhood of Man. Spiritualism has too long
been regarded as a something attached to the
phenomenal only. The phenomena are merely
the groundwork upon which we build; hence it
is not enough for man to say I believe, but I
know that I am a conscious spirit, and shall
continue to live through all the ages. I know
because those who have preceded me return
with the assurances that life means eternal
progression; ever onward and upward to loftier
heights where the possibilities of spirit im-
pinge upon the vision.

Immortality, we find, is not for a period, nor
for a time, but represents endless grades of
progression, where all live in true recogni-
tion of that beneficent infinite power of life
and wisdom, whose presence obtrudes itself
upon every department of existence.

Too long has our time been engrossed with
controversy as to this and that being true;
why, all leaders reflect the truth to the extent
of their capacity; and while life lasts there
must ever be a diversity of opinion, and a differ-
ence of thought. But the prime motive
power beneath all differences is one, the living
thought of love that inspires all children of
earth; and it is incumbent upon us all to bring
these differences into union; so that when the
object the angels are striving for in your midst
shall have been attained, you will be able
to reply to the question, "Am I my brother's
keeper?" with a universal and emphatic
"Yes."

Yes, and to the extent that I know my respon-
sibility I will give it forth in all its beauty
and brightness to any sphere of life in which I
may be placed. It will not be sufficient for me
to say I believe or I know, but aside from words

it will be my duty to embody that living prin-
ciple of life and truth made manifest in him of
Nazareth. That Sermon on the Mount comes
pealing down through the generations that
have rolled by with all its pristine freshness
and force; and in this new age we find the
same ideas reiterated again and again. "Unto
the pure in heart, though who practice love and
tenderness to all, shall be given the realization
of the divine spirit, made manifest within."
The force of this power is like a mighty tropi-
cal wave, that comes as the breath of the south
wind, and fills every heart receptive to it. It
is a positive reality, potentially active in the
world of thought; a living purpose made ob-
jective in all lines of material intelligence.

Do you know that the purpose of God never
moves in one given direction alone; it ignores
all lines of demarcation, rises superior to all
obstacles, and fills the whole universe with the
sweet influence it exerts. "It is a power that
energizes and uplifts humanity, and makes
mankind greater than itself; it is an agent
that permeates the very atmosphere we breathe,
and as he of old said, it whispers, "I am the
Light of the World." This light daily seeks to
make itself visible, and in proportion to your
possession of it, so shall it radiate from you,
no matter where you are. Where light is, dark-
ness shall disappear."

Frequently the most silent and subtle forces
are the most potent, and it is they which live
in the great power of God made manifest.
Spiritualism, like Jesus of Nazareth, from its
lowly origin as a messenger, has sent a voice
sounding over all quarters of the globe, and the
children of earth, wooed from their agony by its
tender invitations, are responding to its kindly
call. Its message of "Peace, be still," is calm-
ing the fierce storms of life, and on its loving
breast the wearied sons of men are reposing
beneath the smiles of God. It knows no lan-
guage, nor nation, nor creed, nor race, and
the cause of earth are pressing mortals
down, there you will find some ministering an-
gels of God bending over, and giving them
courage with the injunction, "Be thou brave
and strong." If thou canst rise to understand
the true meaning of this life, there shall come
a recompense in the world of spirit, and the as-
surance that you work not alone. How much
does all this mean to the mortal bathed in
tears? Not only is this gospel to the poor and
the wretched; the angels come and minister
unto the rich as well, for with them, sur-
rounded in luxury and wealth as they are, all does
not go as merrily as marriage bells, and they
have their moments of doubt and anxiety, which
angel messengers seek to dispel.

All you that are working in different con-
ditions and spheres, I bid you go forward and
try to know more and more of this truth.
Desire to be bound together in loving harmony;
and with it shall follow peace on earth, the
love of God, and we shall see Christ made
manifest in impresses of harmonies and spiri-
tual strength. This indeed will constitute the
new age to which the children of earth have so
long been looking forward. Listen and you
can hear that mighty pulsation that is throbbing
and beating and telling of the changes that
are to come; which are even now here in
our midst. Over the distant hills you can see
the light is breaking; at this very moment it is
gliding the hill-tops; the birds in the valley
are catching up the beautiful refrain; love is
burning; Christ, the spirit within, has come
again; and now is the opportune time to catch
the loving embrace of the messengers who bear
from heaven to earth all kinds of inspiration
which will assist in the elevation of the race.

Too long have we been living under formulas
opposed to our conception of right, and confined
to prescribed limits by the dictates of man. Now
the spirit of God is making an outlet for every
line and action of life. Will you, as children of
light, as living expressions of this great thought,
recognize your birthright? Let this outpouring
of love permeate your souls; this condition of
change shall not be one of rest; it shall lead
men higher and higher in the true scale of
divinity. When you have realized all this,
you shall become as gods, and be united to the
spirit within. God's work and love are made
manifest in the bud as in the beautiful lily
whose sweet fragrance is so liberally given to
you. You hold the same living impulse within
yourselves as shall be yours after years of
progression; only it shall be unfolded more
perfectly. Strive to comprehend the divine
admissions, and come closer one to another
in this harmony which would have established
and at last you shall see the true mission of
Spiritualism expressed, and the love of God
made everywhere manifest. Love one an-
other; and exert yourselves to understand the
higher law of God which should control all
children of earth, and then the blessing of the
angel-world shall fall upon you like a holy
benediction, and the day shall begin to dawn
when the will of our Father shall be done on
earth as it is done in heaven. Here shall the
prayer of the Nazarene receive fulfillment,
"That they all may be one," and viewing
this great desire of his heart bursting into its
full fruition, from the heights of his divine at-
tainments, to which he is calling you and I, he
shall see of the travail of his soul and be sat-
isfied.

Pleasant Incident of Mrs. J. H. Conant's Mediumship.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

About the year 1870 I accompanied Mrs. J. H.
Conant and Luther Colby to an annual cele-
bration of the Children's Progressive Lyceum,
held in Music Hall, Boston. As we entered,
a lady medium, entranced, was on the rostrum
engaged in delivering a poem. We stood
awhile listening to her beautiful utterances,
when suddenly Mrs. Conant surprised us by
reclining the words before the medium on the
platform uttered them.

HENRY LACROIX.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.—This important question is fast pushing its way toward a final settlement.

Meantime the battle is being waged warmly on both sides, as far as speech and pen will carry it. One of the latest contributions to the question is by Lady Bowyer, in the form of a pamphlet reply to the letter from the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P., on the subject. Her ladyship ably argues in favor of the movement, and says that as "the nations will not advance toward the truth, truth has to be placed before the nations. In questions of Divine right, the nations must be led to obey and learn that the true and original sphere of woman was to be a legislator with man."

There is only one way in which the subject can be successfully mastered—that is, by proving her right to government; the fitness will follow by the exercise, and the willingness, like all ranges of duty, is beyond the permission of her choice. Messrs. Hatchard, of 187 Piccadilly, publish the pamphlet, which is presented on application.—The *Mid-Sussex Times*, Eng.

Literary Department.

LED.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,

BY MRS. EMMA MINER,

Author of "Bars and Thresholds."

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CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"But honestly, mother, I don't expect to spend all my time throughout eternity singing God's praise. I want to sing another tune once in a while."

"Why? Aint the song of Moses an' the Lamb good enough?" asked Mr. Haskins.

"Good enough in its time and place for folks who believe in Moses and a Lamb. I don't feel so particularly attracted to Moses that I want to sing about him forever."

Mildred looked up in surprise, and her hand ceased to ply the needle.

"What's the matter with Moses?" asked Mr. Haskins.

"Some of the same things that were the matter with some of those other so-called saints," replied Harvey.

"Now, honestly, father, if you were to submit their characters to a close analysis, you would not feel like having them for a next door neighbor. You would respect yourself too much," and Harvey looked at Mr. Haskins with a glance which tokened his appreciation of his worth of character.

Mr. Haskins laughed a little, but said a sively, "Oh! well, I guess they are all right enough. It won't do to question too close, you know."

"But there is just where I beg leave to differ with you. We have been so accustomed to accept all this as a matter of course, that we are not expected to do anything else."

After a short pause he continued:

"In ordinary affairs of life, you and I would question very closely the character of a man with whom we associate, or with whom we were to have dealings. If we caught him in a mean act, we would lose our respect for him. If we knew of his deceiving somebody, we would not trust him; at least, I would not."

"I don't think I should be apt to," replied Mr. Haskins.

"There's Jacob, now," said Harvey. "If I remember rightly, you used to have a great respect for Jacob."

"Certain, an' I aint lost it yet." Mr. Haskins's tone implied a determination not to let his favorite slip from his esteem now. "Jacob did n't sell his birthright for a mess of pottage."

"Seems to me there are two ways of looking at that little incident," said Harvey.

"Well, what's your way?" asked Mr. Haskins.

"Just this: Here was Jacob, plotting and planning to ingratiate himself in his father's favor, to Esau's harm. More than that, there was Jacob's mother planning to help him along. The old lady ought to have known and done better; any good mother would, but she watched until the right time came. It was when Esau started off to the woods for a hunt. She knew just what effect that would have on Esau's appetite. At any rate, she went to work and made a delicious stew, one of those savory messes that penetrate clear through to the depths of a hungry man's stomach; and Esau smelled it before he got into the house. Ah! but wasn't the odor delicious? What was the result? What is a birthright to a man who is starving to death? It's of no earthly use; so Esau gladly gave it up for some of the food placed so temptingly before him, just what they wanted him to do. I would n't be surprised if you or I had done the same thing!" and Harvey smiled at the look of astonishment on Mr. Haskins's face.

"And then read the rest of the story," he continued, "how Jacob deceived his father, with his mother still helping him on in that! I think it was dreadful. I'm sure I haven't any respect for him;" and Harvey leaned back in his chair with a look of disgust on his face.

"I declare!" said Mr. Haskins, stroking his beard, "I never thought of it in that light before. I guess you are not far out of the way. It was n't a straight, square game, that's a fact."

"And I'm sure I never did either," said Mildred. "Why, Harvey! I do n't know what to think!"

"Think just exactly as you would if Jacob were your neighbor, and all this had happened. You might have charity enough to treat him civilly if he happened to come in your way, but you would n't have any respect for him, would you?"

The honest face turned so interestedly to Harvey expressed a decided negative.

"But seems to me we are sheering off from Spiritualism. Suppose we get back on that track now?" said Mr. Haskins, who was secretly afraid some of his other idols might suffer a downfall.

"Where were we?" asked Harvey.

"You were talking about eternity," said Mr. Haskins.

"Oh! yes; eternity! I remember the time when I looked forward to the future with a great deal of doubt and misgiving. I was a member of a church, in good standing, but

somehow I did n't feel that I had anything to anchor to. It all seemed so indefinite, and so largely a matter of faith, and mine must have been weak, for it slipped from me."

"Do n't you ever feel any misgivings now?" asked Mr. Haskins.

"Not one—not one! I have had an assurance of immortality, and progression beyond the grave, and also of communication with the spirits of the so-called dead."

"What do you mean by progression?" asked Mildred. I have had an idea that we came to a general standstill, and had nothing to do but sing, play our harps, and wave our palm branches."

Harvey smiled a little. "I think that used to be my idea, too. Now let us debate a little on this question."

"The fact is, we have some very erroneous ideas concerning heaven," said Harvey, earnestly. "Now as to progression. Recall the names which have been illustrious in history as great in arts and literature. Can you believe that their wonderful gifts died with them? They exerted a wonderful influence here on earth. Did it ever occur to you that it might be possible for them still to exert that influence, and continue to progress themselves? Or that it was possible for them to reach some of us in the mortal, who might, by attraction, be receptive to their teachings?"

"Well, no; I can't say I ever did. I thought they were dead, an' that was the end of it, except as I said before, I believe in the immortality of the soul;" and Mr. Haskins looked unusually thoughtful.

Harvey looked up quickly. "What is the good of being immortal if we are not going to do something with ourselves? Must we lay aside all desire for new thoughts and the ability to express them? The genius that develops the invention and construction of mechanism? Why, father, I believe that all who have passed through the change called death are still living, and that many a thought and inspiration comes to us from their influence, and we all the while may be unconscious of it."

"Oh! if I could only believe that!" said Mildred earnestly. "Do tell me why you think so. I know you did n't once."

"I had my doubts about a great many things we are generally taught by old theology, quite a while before I got interested in Spiritualism. I could not help questioning and reasoning. At first I thought I would not do so. Then I thought if all I had been taught were truths, it would bear questioning, and so suffer nothing. If it would n't stand reasoning upon, then it was n't truth, and I did not want any part of the error."

"I remember when you were a boy you were always asking questions," said Mrs. Haskins. "I used to think you'd drive me crazy some days."

"I'm only a grown-up boy now, mother, and quite as full of questions. The only difference is, I take time to think over some of my questions myself, rather than ask somebody. Still, I am always grateful for information, no matter from what source; and there is just wherein so many people fail to obtain truth. They are not willing to accept it from any but customary channels. I stand now where I do not accept theories from any church or creed simply because it is a church or creed."

There was a very decided ring in Harvey's voice as he said this.

"But you believe the bible, don't you?" asked Mildred anxiously.

"I am afraid you will be very much shocked when you hear my answer," said Harvey. "I believe some parts of it, not all."

"Don't you believe it was inspired by God?" asked Mildred.

"No more than any other book which may be in any degree helpful to us."

"Now, Harvey, you do n't mean that!" said Mr. Haskins in a deprecatory tone. But glancing at Harvey he saw that he did mean it.

"Certainly I do, father. You may be sure I will not jest on this subject. I shall tell you honestly just what I think in regard to it all, first and last."

Mildred turned toward Harvey a very anxious face.

"What is it, Millie? Something troubles you, I am sure."

"Perhaps I ought not to say it to you, Harvey, but are you quite sure you are right?"

"I shall say I am sure in some things, and in others I am questioning. I want to say one thing to you. You are to say to me whatever you like. I think people sometimes make a great mistake by not speaking freely to each other. When we have doubts and are in a quandary about them, I think often they might be cleared away by speaking about them, for we are more apt to look at things in different lights. You know the old saying, 'there's always two sides to a story.' I suppose there are a great many ways of looking at the bible."

Pearls.

And quoted and, and few words long,
That, on a pinched finger of all time,
Sparkle forever.

The paramount question at issue to-day is the maintenance of personal liberty.—Edward Atkinson.

I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch where through
Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move. —[Tennyson]

Each advancing conquest is a new power of power.
Suffering and trial are the attainment of the soul for
the song of triumph.—Lady Dwyer.

There is no death, 'tis but a shade;
Be not of outward loss afraid;
There is no death—'tis but a birth—
A rising heavenward from earth!
For, sharing life's unbounded span,
Eternity is thine, oh man!

Every event that a man would master must be mounted
on the run, and no man ever caught the reins of a
thought except as it galloped by him.—O. W. Holmes.

These three men all at once the slender-polson burns:
The one who speaks, the one who hears, the one whom
it concerns. —[Alger]

Banner Correspondence.

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.—H. Clay Stephens, Counselor-at-Law, writes: "It affords me much pleasure to attest that I have known Mrs. Henrietta Lane Woodhouse, of 980 Sixth Avenue, this city, both as a spirit medium and a lady, about twelve years, and can with reason and soul commend her for such to the public as very worthy of confidence and patronage.

In the former years of our acquaintance I had sittings with her very frequently. Her phase then was the trance subjection, for the most part to her own seemingly well qualified guides, but usually with me she came under the direct control of those who had been my nearest and dearest of earthly contemporaries. So faithful was she as the reflex face smile of the original in mentality, with idiom expressions and even voice-intentions, that to me it was starting as well as most gratifying proof of communion with my own, and that they had returned and were *compos mentis*—able to show intelligence and give sound advice regarding all my complex concerns. Many others, too—strangers as well as friends—have witnessed to me that they have had good 'tests' and fruits through the voice of this medium.

To quote one instance: At a social levee, given by fifteen or twenty persons in honor of the medium some time ago, I met a very intelligent young lady, Catharine. She was surprised to find her in that company. I asked her what had led her to stand in favor of this medium. She replied for the good that the medium had done for her family. Then explained that her father had dropped dead from heart disease about six months before our meeting. Just afterward one night her mother dreamed that he had lent money, but the dream gave no clue as to the sum or to whom, nor could the family trace either. But a wise friend advised that they go with the subject to a clairvoyant. They sought such, and were directed to Miss Henrietta Lane, then a stranger to them. The medium went into a trance for the daughter (my narrator), and soon reported: 'Your father is here; he wants to tell you of money he lent; that he lent five hundred dollars to...' (name and other identifying facts being given).

From this direct guidance they came to the debtor, challenged and recovered the money, which (as I understood my witness) otherwise had been lost.

On one occasion—and in denouement much to the satisfaction of a professional brother—I had Mrs. Woodhouse pass into deep trance before us two only, in order to discover, if I could (she having no clue to our quest), the fate of a man with whom about three weeks before I had begun important business, but who had suddenly disappeared whilst en route to his Canada home, to the consternation of many interested. The only subsequent clue had been the finding of a boat floating on the Niagara River without oars, but containing the overcoat, seemingly, of the missing man, for the pockets were stuffed with his business papers. So whether suicide, murder or absconding should be concluded, became the vexing problem, to all which antecedents the medium was quite surely an utter stranger. Through her aid I was informed that the man was not dead, but would be long restored to us, and account for himself. She purported to be controlled by the spirit of the man himself; he denied having died; and soon he satisfied all my queries with careful detail as to what had befallen him (which included his falling in with confidence men, drugging, robbery, etc., and his escape from a strange place near Buffalo, under brain fever). He reported his escape then as recovering therefrom, and that soon as able to come he would greet us in New York; all of which I carefully wrote out forthwith, but submitted, and as a close secret to be kept, only to two male parties concerned. Three weeks later the missing man did reappear in New York City, and the same day, he had the least clue to the exploring I had made, I had him come to my private office, and, before a witness give report of his experiences. He then voluntarily and intentionally the same as I had already a record of as given by the medium.

I still regard that instance (of seeming possession by an absent and yet living mortal man) as one of the most extraordinary displays of psychic powers, both for influence and instrument. I have ever known, to myself and others' evidence indeed! I can surely swear to the facts.

This medium has also been to others many wonderful tests of a business and philosophical range. In handling I understand she has had such marked success that her house in New York has become a sanitarium.

P. S.—Since writing the above, because Dr. J. M. Harris (himself known to me as a conscientious, worthy healer), has had large experience with Mrs. Woodhouse in the range sanitarium. I sent him request for his opinion of her, and in a note to me he replies as follows, to wit:

Having had acquaintance with Mrs. H. L. Woodhouse as a psychic medium for the last ten years, I cheerfully concur with you in your estimate of her extraordinary powers, as such medium, not the least of which is her adaptation for diagnosing disease clairvoyantly. So many instances come to my mind of her success in such, they would fill too much space to give. I have seen her, as a magnetic physician (of about twenty-five years' practice), I have had occasion to frequently consult her, and am convinced that she has many times been the means of restoring health when my unaided effort would have been powerless to save.

(Signed: H. M. HARRIS, M. D., 23 E. 81st Street, N. Y.)

ROCHESTER.—Latham Gardner writes: "Whether cremation should be substituted for burial is the question of the hour. There is a difference of opinion as to how best to dispose of the body after the spirit has left it. Fifty or seventy-five years ago it was not so much of a question, for the preachers of that age told the people what to do.

Some forty years ago I came into this city, and became acquainted with a man. We soon found our thoughts were running on the same line, that of Spiritualism, so we pulled along together. But there came a time when we got on diverging lines. He had taken into his head Blavatsky-Olebobitism. I wanted none of it. Spiritualism was friends to the last, believing that all should gather up the light as it came to them. He did not know but when we passed out of the earth state we might become Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones. About six months ago this friend of mine passed on. Before doing so, he asked to have his body cremated. It was done, as he requested. A short time since I called on a friend, who was and is a friend of the brother (we were all members of the Church of the Divine Presence) who had been shining down to shut out the light. Soon after entering the room a voice said, through my

organism, 'I want to talk to my old friend—' 'The voice said 'I am here.' The friend recognized the voice, and spoke the name, and the name was a camp-meeting. Then the brother went on to say, 'I find that I am still in it. I witnessed the cremation of my body, and the effect on me was very pleasing; it was like seeing an old garment that had served its purpose destroyed, that was all. I find that I remember many of the mistakes of earth-life, and if I had it to live over again I think I might do better, knowing what I do now.'

YONKERS.—Olivia F. Shepard writes: "One of the instances of special spirit guidance with which my life has been illumined, recurs to memory so vividly to-day I feel like putting it on record. I am on a swift little river steamer *Christenah*, and nine days ago today I made my first trip on her, under the following circumstances:

I was a stranger in Yonkers, and had gone by rail to New York City in the morning. The day was oppressively warm, and I recalled to mind that I had heard a friend speak of the delightfully cool and pleasant ride by boat between the two cities, and resolved to come that way. I did not know the name of boat, or that more than one stopped here. My windows (as now) commanded a fine river view, but being on a hill, one mile from the river, I knew nothing of the names or destinations of the numerous steam and sail boats which were continuously passing up and down it. I inquired the number of the pier where the boat lay, and on reaching it, it was told by the dock-master, 'Both those boats which lie side by side stop at Yonkers.' They were equally good looking, and I walked over the plank to the one next the pier, and as swiftly and resolutely across its deck, as if it held some dreadful danger, which I must escape as soon as possible. When an official approached me, and said, 'Excuse me, madam, but why did you not remain on the other boat, as it goes twenty minutes sooner than this one?' I had felt startled and surprised at the overwhelming rush of spirit-power, which had sent me with such determination off the other boat, and certainly could give no reason in answer to his query. I had moved with a strange energy, but now I felt all power of motion taken from me, and I answered, curtly and with emphasis, 'I did not wish to. The real truth was, I had been moved like an automaton, without any wish or thought of my own about the matter.

Reason would have said, 'the man is right; leave the close air of the dock, and get out among the river breezes as soon as possible; but the power which transcends reason, as far as the lightning outflashes the swiftest arrow, held me with overmastering force.

The next afternoon (Aug. 28th, 1883), the boiler of the *Asterade* (the boat on which I had not been allowed to stay) burst soon after leaving New York pier; several passengers were killed, and others were severely wounded.

The boiler was proven to have been a defective one, and I shall never doubt that spirit guardians saw the danger to passengers, which might occur at any moment. I heard no voice, I saw no vision, I was simply mentally pushed, and held! I have been asked 'Why was not your mediumship used to save the lives of others?' The world so persistently ignores mediumship, and the proper understanding of the laws which govern it, that I had heard a voice saying 'That river is a mass of fire, and had repeated it, I should simply have been arrested as a lunatic, or accused of willful interference with the legitimate business prosperity of the steamboat company.

When the time comes, as it surely will, when every person recognizes, respects and cultivates mediumship as the divinest gift of creative love and power, no such accidents can happen. In the thirty-five years' acquaintance with mediums I have never known one lose life by accident in travel; yet the number of mediums who travel almost constantly, and ever on the increase. Let investigators who really wish to know of the ways in which mediumship blesses those on whom it is bestowed, take this into their reckoning."

Canada.

MONTREAL.—A correspondent informs us that on Aug. 30th and 31st and Sept. 1st, Mr. W. J. Colville lectured in St. Catherine's Hall, that city, to large and enthusiastic audiences.

On the first two evenings stated discourses on Spiritual Science and Philosophy were given, but on the third occasion the time was spent in answering questions, which were numerous and diversified that a very protracted meeting was the result.

The poems following the lectures created quite a sensation, particularly among the "freethinkers," who were present in force. On the Wednesday evening, when a prominent member of their body asked questions, and then gave the subject himself for the poem, he was exceedingly courteous, and expressed himself delighted with the handling of his favorite theme—Free thought.

The great success attending the meetings was largely due to the judicious advertising and earnest efforts of Dr. Fulton (a popular homeopathic physician) and Mr. George Dawson, who is an indefatigable worker in the cause of Spiritualism, and all reformatory issues. Arrangements are contemplated here for an extended course of lectures later in the season.

KINGSTON.—T. Darley Allen writes, concerning "Miracles": "Skeptics tell us that miracles are impossible because they violate or suspend the eternal laws of the universe. But a miracle is no mere violation or suspension of the natural laws than is the lifting of a book or the throwing of a stone. As we lift a book without transgressing the laws of the universe, so also may God uplift a mountain or give life to the dead, so-called. It must also be borne in mind that miracles are involved in the very idea of religion, as without them it would be impossible to show that a system of religion introduced by the bearer of a Divine message was in reality what was claimed for it.

The evidence in support of the gospel miracles is perfect. To the facts recorded in the New Testament we have the testimony of witnesses who sealed the truth of the gospel and the sincerity of their belief with their blood. Exposed to every kind of persecution, the apostles and their converts preached the new revelation with great disinterestedness, zeal and boldness, without fearing men or death itself. Nor were these witnesses deceived. As A. L. Hastings of Boston, the eminent author and publisher, tells us in his 'Square Talk to Young Men,' these men 'testified things which they knew. They testified that they saw Christ in his life and in his death, that they saw him after his resurrection, and felt his hands and feet, and saw the nail-prints and the spear-wounds; and they knew these things and testified of them, and they preached Christ, who had died and risen again.'

The diffusion of Christianity in the first three centuries is a proof of the truth of miracles, for which there cannot be a stronger. For unless we admit the supernatural works of Jesus and his apostles, we cannot explain why hundreds of thousands embraced a religion which was without the sanction of authority, and the founder of which was one who was crucified as a malefactor. Had no convincing proof of the divinity of Christ been given, it would have been impossible for Christianity—a religion that promised nothing in this life but disgrace and suffering—to have caused so many to forsake for it the religions in which they and their fathers had been taught to believe. For that multitudes embraced Christianity in the early ages, is certain. In fact, above the great altar of the death of Christ, the apostles of Christianity spread not only over Judea, but as having 'reached the city of Rome also.' Pliny, in his famous letter to the Emperor Trajan, written about 112 A. D., stated that the Christian religion 'is spread like a contagion; not only into cities and towns, but into country villages also.' And Christianity kept on increasing until in the year 300 A. D. it became the established religion of the Roman empire, and idolatry was abolished.

[We print the above at the request of our correspondent, adding that to our mind the miracles were not "supernatural," were in accordance with natural law; were in most in-

stances the direct result of spirit-power acting (under specially harmonious conditions) through the Galilean as a medium; and hence and by them Christianity made its remarkable advance among men. When the Church became "crystallized," and looked down with disfavor, even persecution, upon those spiritual gifts and their exercise which were enumerated by St. Paul, the said Church commenced a period of decadence which, though long drawn out, on account of its pecuniary and other power, is to-day most clearly manifest.—Eds.]

Oregon.

PORTLAND.—A. Z. Stiles writes: "We have read your paper the last six months, that being the length of time since our eyes were opened, and we began to live a real-life with a true knowledge of the future. Previous to the 28th day of last December we were laboring under great mistakes, like a vast majority of blindfolded humanity. When death took from our home the sunlight and love, the idol of our hearts, no tongue or pen can describe the intense suffering it caused us. Death would have been a happy relief; but when that could not come, we must content ourselves by seeking more ardently for the comfort we were assured God would send. We had dear friends in the church who tried hard to give us comfort, but it all sounded then like that same old hollow, meaningless story. They are better off. 'God thought it best to take them,' and so forth. Spiritualists told us God had not taken our loved one to a far-away heaven, but simply released her from this cumbersome house of clay, that she might be ever near us and watch over and guide our footsteps. By hearing so many theories we were made to feel that no fact is worth knowing unless we have a way to prove it a fact. The numerous leaders we questioned failed to give us proof. They said Matthew, Mark, Luke and John had their proof, and their knowledge seems to satisfy the present generation of ministers and a majority of the congregations. But Spiritualists said, 'If God manifested to them, he can to us.' They told us God had sent them the same proof he did the prophets of old. This was what we needed. Angels manifested to them in various ways, why can they not come to us? Jesus arose from the grave and appeared in a bodily form before his disciples. He was a human being with a Christ spirit; his body was as ours after the spirit had left it, and no less than that. If his spirit could return after death to comfort the mourners, our dear departed could also.

But how was this to be accomplished? We realized it was ourselves who were lacking. The clue to this must be that matter exists in other conditions than those cognizable by the five senses. One great barrier to our conversion was how to know anything about it without going to a medium or having one come to us. This difficulty was surmounted only when we decided to sit by ourselves, just the three of us, and not let even our dearest friends know for what we were seeking; so we would know that whatever we got would not be fraud. We did so; we got wonderful demonstrations, and in a very few nights we were receiving messages from our departed friends that could not be doubted. Then we were so overjoyed with it we told every one, and instead of being ashamed of the name Spiritualist, we were proud of it. It was a new name; it meant good thought and good intent; it meant that we meant true, pure spirituality; it opened the Book of God and blends all original sectarian distinction. We have over a hundred messages, and they all teach us that it is not a breaking down of the sweet simple faith of our youth, it is simply building up on a solid foundation where no storm, however hard, can break down the imperishable rock of truth. We get our light directly from heaven, and we know that to be true. There is no word in the theory that suggests that any of his fallen angels have ever entered into our peaceful home-circle to communicate to us. They all tell us it is through God's power and his name that they come, as my grandfather, who has been in the spirit-life about fifteen years, wrote:

'We love you so much we cannot see you mourn when God's holy kingdom is all around you, and we are only waiting to open the gates of your understanding that you may see we surely are near.'

Hoping you will excuse me for the length of my letter, I will close by kindly thanking you for the many rays of shining truths we have received through the columns of your BANNER OF LIGHT, and pray to God that it may find its way into every home in the land."

Michigan.

GRAND RAPIDS.—A correspondent writes: "Frank T. Ripley lectured and gave tests to large and delighted audiences here on Sunday, Sept. 4th.

Mr. Ripley is engaged for September and October at Grand Rapids; November at Leon, Wis.; December at Cleveland, O.; January at Akron, O. He can be engaged for February, March and April, for which purpose he can be addressed at Grand Rapids, Mich., general post-office.

In this city the people speak well of the BANNER OF LIGHT, especially of its Message Department—many messages appearing in it having been recognized here, and in other parts of the State."

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Worcester, Mass., Aug. 30th, Mrs. Jessie May Fuller, wife of Willis M. Fuller, aged 19 years and 6 months.

After a short illness she was called by the angels to enter the higher life. She leaves a husband and little boy to mourn the loss of the outward shell. The husband has the tenderest of spirits commingled to comfort him in his hour of sorrow. Mrs. Fuller was a quiet, patient and kind-hearted woman, and will be missed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. May and June, 1899, she was stricken with a physical ailment, which finally developed into a healing medium. The funeral services were pronounced by the writer.

Worcester, Mass., 5 Doughton street.

July 21st, Mary Temple, beloved mother of Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham, aged 85 years and 6 months.

A true and consistent Spiritualist, living her religion day by day, death came to her as the dawn of a glorious morning.

The funeral address was delivered by Mrs. Clara H. Banks of Haydenville, Mass. Mrs. Farnsworth of New York also read a most beautiful original poem.

From the home of her parents in Greenwell Village, Mass., Aug. 21st, Fannie A. wife of Herbert W. Russell, of Goffstown, N. H., aged 27 years.

C. B.

Hiram T. King, late of Rochester, N. Y., was called to exchange the earth-life for the higher spirit-life Sabbath evening, Aug. 28th, 1892, aged 60 years.

In his youth, when but sixteen years of age, the spirit came upon him, and he became a medium and a Spiritualist. For those days (in the development of Spiritualism) his gifts and graces were truly wonderful. He was first a physical medium, with many manifestations, and a healing medium. His cures were many and marvelous.

For forty-four years Hiram T. King was an earnest, honest friend of Spiritualism; a generous supporter and promoter of the same. As a man of business he was both honorable and successful.

His years prior to and at the time of his departure, he was President of the Spiritual Society of Rochester. In his upward flight he has left a host of admiring friends. He was a devoted father, and two daughters he leaves behind in earth-life.

The funeral services were conducted by the writer.

H. W. ANNIS.

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All can therefore understand the bitter and heart-felt grief of Mrs. H. H. Watson, of 183 Bloomingdale street, Worcester, Mass., when her darling little four-year-old child, a child of most singular sweetness and beauty, was seized with severe and serious nervous disease, and parents alone can appreciate the depth of her joy and thankfulness when the little idol of her heart was suddenly snatched back from the grave, as it were, after doctors and friends had given up all hope.

We will let the happy mother tell the story.

"My little daughter, Ethel May, was terribly and alarmingly sick. She had twenty-five convulsions in two years. Her nerves were very weak, her appetite very bad; she could not sleep nights, her limbs would draw up, and she suffered, oh, so much! She was as yellow as saffron, and weak and delicate.

"Our local doctors gave her up, saying she could not be cured.

"But thanks to a wonderful medicine she is now perfectly well and healthy. This remedy is Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and it has completely cured my little girl."



LITTLE ETHEL MAY WATSON.

Another grateful mother is Mrs. Henry Fry, who resides at 4 Flint Place, South Boston, Mass. She, too, had a daughter who suffered terribly from St. Vitus Dance, an alarming nervous affection, but by the same marvelous remedy her child has also been restored to perfect health.

Here is what she says:

"My daughter, twelve years old, became affected with St. Vitus Dance. I at once placed her under the care of physicians at the Boston Dispensary, where she was treated for three months. She grew worse until she entirely lost her speech, and the right arm became useless. I tried other remedies without benefit.

"Finally I began the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and before finishing one bottle she could talk. She has now used six bottles, and she talks as well as ever, has perfect use of her arm, and is wonderfully improved in all respects.

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Mr. Conway occasionally indulges in some fine satire at the expense of the sects and churches of to-day, but he is in no case abusive or bitter. He writes in the kindly spirit which is natural to him. He frequently reminds one of Emerson.

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CONTENTS.

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November 30, 1880—March 15, 1881.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1902.

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

The Passage of a Pure and Gifted Spirit.

The venerable poet Whittier passed to the spirit-world on the morning of the 5th inst. from Hampton Falls, N. H. He came to the end of mortal life calmly and peacefully. A circle of his loved friends stood about his bedside. His decease occurred at the house of Miss Abby Gove, who was about the only remaining survivor of the Quaker colony that established itself at Hampton Falls years ago, and who had long been a very close friend of the poet.

John Greenleaf Whittier was born Dec. 17th, 1807, in a lonely farmhouse three miles to the north of what was then the village, but is now the city of Haverhill, Mass. For seventy years he has been the writer of poetry. Until the day he died, himself and Dr. Holmes were the only poets remaining of the coterie that belonged to the middle of the century in America. As a poet, Whittier was entirely American, and that of course implies that his sympathies were as broad as the world.

For two generations he has been known and loved as no other American poet ever was, because his verse was simple and homely. It sprang from the closest and most endearing associations with nature. He devotedly loved woods and rivers, the fields and the brooks, country living and loving, the peaceful fireside and the close family circle. His imagination was not bold and aggressive, but rather reflective and philosophic, and entirely under the guidance and control of his conscience and affections. He chose themes from his native soil. He has aptly been called the hermit thrush in the grove of American songsters. His verses, it is true, were hot with protestations against all forms of human wrong, in his earlier period, but with the ripened maturity of years they grew warm with sympathetic benevolence, with a quieter if not deeper force of charity and love, and with a lifelikeness and homely truthfulness that carried them straight to the hearts of all readers alike.

Unlike the Scotch school of poets—the Burns, the Allan Ramsays, the William Cunninghams, and the rest—Whittier's verse was seasoned through and through with conscience and profound morality, preached a holy truth through rustic smiles and homely illustrations, and treated the domestic virtues with a plain and familiar sincerity that kindled the consciences of others with a glow of the deepest tenderness. His poetry invites to quotation without end, not merely because it is finished in nature's own mold, but because it carries the simple and undying truth to all hearts and wakes them to quiet and deep ecstasy. We have had no such poet in America before, and it is altogether unlikely that we ever shall again. He has been the poet of the heart and heart, of the unobserved life of the people, of events which other poets pass by as possessing neither frankness nor myrrh to delight their muse, of experiences too simple and uneventful to invite their treatment, of hopes and faith which enter into the lives of the lowly equally with those of the powerful and rich.

This man of wide and rich fame was the son of a common farmer who tilled his own fields for his daily bread. He was born in the home-spun instead of the purple, yet he was royalty because of his righteous spirit. He learned the trade of a shoemaker at an early age. He hoed and mowed, digged and delved, toiled honorably, received pure and high thoughts as he plied his daily vocation, lived a life of austere simplicity, yet more and more moved the world of humanity with the pungent potency, the fiery zeal, the deep but simple reflectiveness, and the tender benevolence, the faithful portraiture, the plain but philosophic truthfulness of his attuned utterances in perfect verse. It was no miracle; it was only what is going on in the spiritual kingdom continually. It was but the free working of the spirit to accomplish a divinely foreordained purpose. He blessed the human race with the lyric communications which were made through him for seventy years.

Whittier was in reality and fact a mystic, although his Quaker faith hid him from training to rigidly bordering on asceticism. Yet in his very mysticism he uttered what

proved to be the popular voice. He was of and with the people of his country from first to last. What were his concepts as a citizen of the nation is superbly indicated in that masterful piece of verse written by him in praise of the centenary of American Independence. It seems as if so grand yet simple, so complete yet plain, an expression of national glory and gratitude could have dropped from no other pen than his. At least it never did before in our common history. Pastoral as he always was in the poetic spirit and treatment, he was nevertheless political to the intensest degree. The unusual union of two such elements in his nature formed the best possible indication of his strength and tenderness combined.

Since he approached the fourscore limit of his life, his annual birthdays have furnished the repeated occasions for tendering him the expressions of affectionate and reverent esteem which the hearts of old and young alike were impatient to utter. He has been the recipient of thanks, of admiration and praise, and of memorial gifts. All people became increasingly charmed with his unaffected simplicity, his plain manliness, and his quiet life in the lap of the nature he loved to the last. They knew him as a kindly neighbor, an honest and sincere friend, a preacher of the holy truth. His home was beautiful in its perfect simplicity. He silently taught the creed of healthy and happy frugality. With him it was indeed "plain living and high thinking." His character was all "sweetness and light." Amesbury and Danvers treasure the memories of his long life within their township bounds with a pride that is equalled only by their constant affection. His world-wide fame reverts to them as their perpetual legacy, which they inwardly feel is the greatest wealth they could ask for or possess.

His last poetic utterance was contained in some verses to Holmes on the recent occurrence of his eighty-third birthday. They were as clear and nervously strong, and in all respects as felicitous as any he had written in former years. He has gone forward into the other sphere in which the work begun here is continued without ever being completed. It could have been no surprise to him to awake in that other world. He knew personally more and more of it the longer he lived and wrought in this. He had long known the companionship of spirits, and recognized the blessed power of their intimate presence. No truer or more real Spiritualist dwelt among men than he. His life was a perpetual benison because the higher life was hidden in it continually. All men and women loved him because he first loved them. And he will enter more and more into their lives as an invisible than at any time of his association with them in the form of man.

The Planets and Spirit-Life.

Speculating upon the brilliant planet Mars and the character of its supposititious inhabitants, the Baltimore American discusses the conjectures respecting the destination and condition of the souls of those who have lived on our own planet. It argues that while Mars may be inhabited by beings like ourselves, there are innumerable planets in space, many of them much greater than Mars, which probably have not the same elements, and are therefore unfitted for beings like ourselves. But, when the soul leaves the body, it is no longer subject to the conditions which limited and controlled the body. Therefore being no longer restrained, it can move through space swifter than the lightning, with the most rapid moving substance of which we have note.

After death, says The American, the soul must pass into some other body, similar in general respects to that which it has left. St. Paul says—"But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him"; and, "it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." He took special pains not to commit his hearers to the doctrine of an earthly resurrection. He expressly affirmed that "flesh and blood" cannot inherit the kingdom of God. And in speaking of the fact that all will not die, he says, "But we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye."

This certainly shows the suddenness of the change that would occur, nor could it be more strongly expressed. But even this, says The American, can scarcely give the faintest expression of the rapidity of movement of a quickening spirit, absolutely released from all the conditions which hinder motion here on earth. Nor is it necessary to cling too closely to the doctrine that the spiritual body must conform to the natural body. It may be assumed that the soul after death can take any form which God chooses to assign to it. God is infinite in every respect, and it is proper to infer that in the infinite number of worlds he has established infinite variety.

We find infinite variety, comparatively speaking, on our own planet, which is really an infinitesimal affair compared with the numberless other planets in space. The greatest difficulty in speculating lies in our inability to imagine anything beyond our own limited sphere.

Hence it is possible that the soul, when set free from the body, flies, in an absolutely inconceivable moment of time, to one of these planets, and assumes a new and altogether different garb, agreeing with the conditions existing on the planet to which it has gone. Such a theory at once disposes of the prevalent notion of "dead planets" which many astronomers have entertained, and gives a far more exalted idea of the Deity than the supposition that these immense masses were made for no useful purpose, or that the purpose for which they were made had already been accomplished, and they were forever hereafter to move through space as rubbish. As science develops the possibilities of our own planet, we become more familiar with the fact that nothing on it is really waste, but that everything, no matter how many times it may have been used, can still be used for some good purpose. And the principle is probably true of the universe, of which we form so small a part.

This is the essence of Spiritualism, and shows how the real spiritualistic thought is spreading and taking on expression. The Baltimore American, as will be seen, has the courage to take issue with the scientists on the life and uses of the planetary world.

"Lillie," the sprightly control of Mrs. M. A. Wallace (of New York); Col. and Mrs. W. D. Crockett (of Boston); Mrs. S. M. Ingraham (Windsor, Vt.); C. Winter (Westboro, Mass.); S. M. Pearson (Stratham, N. H.) and others will please accept our sincere thanks for donations of flowers for our Free Circle-Room Table, which added efficiently in rendering the opening circle of the season so enjoyable.

Restricting Immigration.

It is certain that new elements have appeared in our immigration in increasing numbers. Statistics show the enormous increase which has taken place in recent years in the Russian, Hungarian and Italian immigration. And the recent immigration shows deterioration in quality, being largely of the unskilled classes and of those who swell the number of the inhabitants of almshouses and jails. The whole body of it is rapidly increasing, and thus affecting the wages of our workmen and threatening their standard of living.

This immigration is likewise influencing every day the quality of our citizenship, bringing to our suffrage vast numbers of people utterly unfamiliar with our modes of thought and action, and thus sapping the life-blood of our republic; it should be intelligently restricted in order to protect our citizenship and our workmen, and in these cholera days more than ever, for the defense of the public health and welfare. The undesirable part of our immigration should be shut out.

We have debarred by ordinary statute the pauper, the diseased and the criminal classes; why not go further and shut out illiteracy, also?

There is no doubt that the great mass of the people believe that immigration should be restricted; yet the living tide rolls on, and in spite of this general and earnest wish, Congress does little or nothing about it.

As has been truly said by Mr. Lodge, in the course of a recent lecture in Boston, we can no longer shut our eyes to the fact that immigration from the sources from which this country's population was mainly drawn, viz., Great Britain, Ireland, France, the Scandinavian countries and Germany, is decreasing. The tendency now is to accumulate a great mass of people coming here—differing from us in race and language, and wholly strange in modes of thought—in the large cities of this continent, and thus put into their hands the will of its commonwealth.

We are not going to change American principles, said Mr. Lodge, or make this land other than the land of freedom, or shut the door on the oppressed of any clime; but we do owe it to ourselves, and to those who shall come after us, holding, as we do, a heritage in trust, to declare that those who come among us and to whom we offer the priceless boon of a residence with us and citizenship in the country, shall at least be properly selected. Under any restrictions that may be imposed there will be an abundance of people to fill all our waste places. When there is plenty of good immigration in the world, and when the world understands that the best immigration comes to the United States, that will make people who are the best desire to come here, and our immigration will in consequence be constantly improved instead of lowered.

Rev. Mr. Hinman of the South Boston Fourth Presbyterian church said in a discourse on the subject that, while there is room for many more, and a large population in many ways is desirable, it is quality and not quantity that should claim our attention in the matter of immigration. He would lay down as grounds for restriction, a fair amount of education, enough money to help begin life anew, a declaration of intended citizenship, and loyalty to the United States in word and deed when the immigrant is once here, and also to the principles on which our republic is founded.

The subject is one that confronts us with a much more grave meaning and significance than it ever did before. And we cannot much longer put off its serious consideration except at the imminent peril of all the freedom that we enjoy. We cannot be expected to suffer our birthright itself to waste at the hands of those who are entire strangers to it, and are therefore its natural enemies.

Not of a Roseate Hue.

Critics of public affairs are often denounced as pessimists, if not worse, because they openly decry the incompetency and venality that mark the operations of government, and lament the growing decay of high capacity and unimpeachable integrity. It is not to be denied that instead of practicing self-government we are helplessly ruled by political organizations. The people are really without voice or power. Voting is little more than registering the will of a separate and irresponsible power. It of course is careful not to so proclaim itself, but that does not detract at all from the reality of the statement.

We all of us know too well, since we are continually confessing it in an accusatory way, that the interests of the people are either misapprehended from indifference to them, or else they are neglected, or they are wantonly and willfully sacrificed. Comparatively few men, it has to be confessed, enter public life in obedience strictly to a laudable public spirit. The controlling motive of public men is private advantage, either money or power. Why else are legislatures all the time besieged with charges of corruption, and executive officers accused of inefficiency and mercenary leanings, and even the judiciary suspected of partial rulings and decisions?

What will fitly define and describe the confused and chaotic mass of our legislation, state and national? Who can make it appear to be a harmonious body of statute law, rightly proportioned and possessing regular and recognizable features? The public interests are without visible security. What do modern investigations amount to? What regard is paid to responsibility? Who ever hears afterward of the penalties which derelict public agents are made to pay for their misdemeanors? Yet official criminality continues to increase, and justice is all the time mocked and defrauded. The common faith in the stability of our free system is weakening and loosening. Reflecting people are growing more and more anxious about the country's future.

Spiritualist Meetings.

When the lecture season closed last spring THE BANNER was printing a list of notices of meetings then occurring in various parts of the country.

Now that services are again resumed in many localities we republish that list, with the request that the secretaries of the societies (or any other persons knowing to the facts) will notify us of such changes as have naturally occurred in it—as we desire to have the roster correct and reliable.

"Sitting Bull's Message" can be obtained of its author, Mrs. K. R. Stiles, by addressing her at her home, 48 Dwight street, Boston.

Be sure to read the articles under "Banner Correspondence."

Re-opening of the Banner Circles.

The Public Spiritualist Meetings (Free), which have been held ever since its foundation as a newspaper by the BANNER OF LIGHT, were successfully inaugurated for the season of '02 and '03, on Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 13th, at the Circle-Room, 9 Bowditch street, Boston.

Mrs. M. T. Longley—the regular medium at these séances—gave succinct answers to questions, and voiced the messages of several individualized exorcanted intelligences; Dr. J. A. Shelhamer presided; Prof. C. P. Longley furnished the music; and the reporter's chair was filled by Miss Ida L. Spalding.

The display of flowers was good, and pleasing to the sight. The attendance was all that could be wished.

Remarks were made by Spirit S. B. Brittan, who also answered the Questions; the other controls were as follows: Rev. John P. Humphrey, Mrs. H. B. Hurley, Cheney Green, Susan Ward, Sarah Scott, Franklin Simons.

Harvest Festival!

The Annual Harvest Festival and Grand Ball for 1902 will, it is announced, be celebrated Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 17th and 18th, in the Temple, at Onset Bay, Mass. Music will be furnished by the Bay State Symphony Orchestra.

On Saturday afternoon, 2 o'clock, addresses will be in order; Saturday evening, 7:30, entertainment, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, readings, etc., followed by dancing from 9 to 12 o'clock; Sunday, speaking and music day and evening.

OBADIAH COLBY, brother of Luther Colby (the senior editor of THE BANNER), passed to spirit-life at his residence on Main street, Amesbury, Mass., on Thursday, Sept. 8th, at the ripe age of eighty-one years; the cause of his decease being paralysis. He left four sons and one daughter, also a brother Moses, who resides in Amesbury. The funeral was held at his late home, on Saturday, Sept. 10th.

His remains were consigned to earth on the same day as those of the late John G. Whittier of Amesbury, and it is a curious coincidence that the dying words of Mr. Whittier, as reported, were, "I am worn out," while those of our brother, as his spirit was about leaving the body, were, "I have got through," meaning, of course, that he had lived on earth his allotted time, and was perfectly satisfied to meet the future that awaited him on life's thither side.

Right justly does a correspondent of the New York Truth Seeker speak concerning the action of our national law-makers in closing the World's Fair gates on Sunday. Not only "Freethinkers," but Spiritualists, and all in every community who love liberty, and the best good of the people and country, should take the lesson he gives to themselves:

"American Freethinkers should draw from the late action of Congress regarding the World's Fair some important facts regarding the present state of theology, and the condition of Freethought. Those of us who think that the time is past when we are under obligation to fight Christianity should acknowledge their mistake. When any one says that the church does not and cannot influence the government, let him look at the action of the late Congress."

"Barbara Freitche" a Spirit Message.

Among notes of song from the musical soul of the now deceased Whittier during the saddened days of the war, was heard above its dreadful din the immortal ballad of "Barbara Freitche." The original story, as it now appears from the statement of the lady herself, was given to Whittier by his long-time friend, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, the popular novelist. In an interview with the reporter of the Washington Star since the poet's death, she related her connection with the famous poem.

The story of Stonewall Jackson's raid through Maryland in 1862, and his passage through Frederick, was told Mrs. Southworth by a neighbor, Mr. Ramsburg, in the presence of her son. Barbara herself was an old lady of ninety, and a connection of Mr. Ramsburg. The town of Frederick was about equally divided between Unionists and Secessionists. Mr. Ramsburg related the story to Mrs. Southworth in September of the following year.

Mrs. Southworth's son remarked what a grand subject for a poem by Whittier it would be. Upon this hint his mother at once wrote to the poet, telling him the story and acquainting him with her son's suggestion. She received an early reply from him, which is now published since his death. In his letter he said to her that he had "just written out a little ballad of Barbara Freitche, which will appear in the next Atlantic." "It," he adds, "is good for anything, this deserves the credit for it."

Mrs. Southworth further explained that when she sent the poet the story of "Barbara Freitche," she wrote him that she considered it "a message from the spirit-world."

Truly enough, the suggestion of the poem came from the spirit-world. Thence came its simple power and its transcendent beauty. The poet himself acknowledged the fact in so faithfully acting on the suggestion.

Burial of John G. Whittier.

The funeral of the great poet occurred at Amesbury, Mass., on Saturday, Sept. 10th. All business was suspended; many buildings were draped in mourning, and flags displayed at half-mast.

The funeral rites were simple, as is the wont of the "Silent Church." The deceased poet's will expressly desired this, it said:

"It is my wish that my funeral may be conducted in the plain and quiet way of the Society of Friends, with which I am connected, not only by birthright, but also by a settled conviction of the truth of its principles, and the importance of its testimonies."

His former home on Friend street, the residence of Judge Cate, was thronged with friends anxious to cast one more glance at his rugged, honest face, beautiful in its peacefulness and rest. A plain black broadcloth casket inclosed the loved form. Until 2:30 o'clock the body lay in state, thousands passing through the room to do silent homage to his worth.

Many distinguished people were there from various localities to attend the funeral.

In Salem and Danvers flags were at half-mast, and a memorial service was held at Danvers.

The funeral services were profuse. The interment occurred at the Friends' Cemetery, at Bartlett's Corner.

The Final Trust of All.

We note by the newspaper accounts that the Minneapolis and Dakota Funeral Directors' Association has recently held a meeting, at which it was voted to break entirely away from the National Coffin Trust. The policy of the members, it is stated, has hitherto been to patronize only the "houses" that compose the Trust, but this policy has now been changed. The Association will pursue the same line of policy, but there will be waged an active warfare against the Trust.

This is indeed "the ruling passion strong in death." It is not possible to conceive how much further the heartless spirit of these Trusts can pursue us. Certainly not beyond the grave. It has generally been said that it could do it up to the grave, but it seems, after all, that it can follow us into it. It may yet be that the better and more economical custom of cremation will be forced upon our civilization as a measure of sheer self-protection. When there shall be no more call for coffins, there may be hope for rest.

The Indian Problem.

Dr. T. A. Bland of Washington, D. C., has recently by public addresses in Battle Creek, Mich., awakened considerable interest in behalf of the Indians, and especially in the operations of the National Indian Defense Association, of which he is corresponding secretary. He told his hearers how he became enlisted in the work by incidentally hearing Col. Meacham give an address in New York in the spring of 1894, after the bloody Modoc massacre of '93, in which he almost lost his life. Col. Meacham promised Captain Jack, while standing beneath the gallows, that the white men should hear the Indian side of that event and of their wrongs, and so long as life lasted he kept his word. When he passed to the higher life in 1897, he asked Dr. Bland and his wife to pledge themselves to carry on his work, and in all faithfulness they are keeping their solemn pledge.

He claimed that the real solution of the Indian problem lies in the establishment of industrial schools, in which the rising generation shall be taught the simple English branches and have their hands skilled to some form of self-support, agriculture being preferred. That this policy is practicable was demonstrated years and years ago among the settlements of the five nations in the southwest, the Cherokees, Choctaws, Creeks, Chickasaws and Seminoles. At the time of their removal they were given the land in fee simple, and they have become a prosperous agricultural community, living in good houses fitted up with modern conveniences and in some cases even luxuries. He mentioned attending a service among the Creeks when the bishop preached a missionary sermon, and in a little church of less than three hundred people. At its close the bishop took up a collection of over four hundred dollars. The Cherokee nation numbers about twenty-four thousand, of whom there is not a man, woman or child above fifteen years of age who cannot read and write.

The Indian Defense Association is a noble organization, aiming to bring about such results as the above. It is entirely benevolent in its working, no salaries being paid to its officers. Two dollars is the annual membership fee, and ten dollars makes one a life member.

In one of the lectures above referred to, Dr. Bland, whose long study of and familiarity with Indian life enables him to speak authoritatively of the matter, said:

"The 'Ghost Dance,' of which so much has been heard, is merely a religious ceremony. It is really a prayer-meeting. They form in a circle around their totem post and begin to sing their prayers to the Great Spirit, first in slow movements, and then more and more fully quickened until they begin to fall out of the ranks in a trance-like state, in which they have visions or dreams. It is not much more wonderful nor superstitious than some of the performances witnessed at camp-meetings in Illinois in the early days. When the Sioux began to dance and sing, the agent at Rosebud got scared and wanted them to stop. They could not stop, for they believed that what they were doing would hasten the coming of their Messiah, who would restore all things to them by conquest. But he had not the army, the Indians packed up and fled to Red Cloud at the Pine Ridge Agency, and he gave them room, and there they continued their prayer meetings. From here they were again obliged to flee, and they took to the Bad Lands—dreary alkaline plains in which they consider that the spirits of bad Indians will be doomed to wander while the good Indians are in the happy hunting-grounds. The slaughter of these poor deluded people by Custer's old regiment was a most atrocious act. The Indians had surrendered, and the men—numbering one hundred and twenty-one—were divided into squads of ten or twelve and surrounded by soldiers and their arms demanded. No resistance was offered until the last squad, when a single Indian—the trigger pointed at an Indian, so that every Indian was covered by a deadly rifle in the hands of a soldier. They knew that any hostility would bring death to them instantly, and they did. Had the white soldiers stopped with this slaughter by conquest, but for a slight, but the other soldiers began shooting down the unarmed Indians, and when these were killed they massacred the women and children mercilessly, regarding not a flag of truce which a poor squaw raised above her tent.

The only survivors of this tragedy at Wounded Knee were a few wounded squaws and a babe, whose face was slightly frozen from exposure. This helpless little one was adopted by Gen. Custer and his wife, and I often see the little girl in calling at their home in Washington."

Mr. J. Jay Watson.

An ardent friend, and worthy correspondent of the BANNER OF LIGHT, has had a wonderful career. Mr. Watson was originally a Cape Ann fisherman, with a taste for music which he indulged on board a fishing craft, and his is a history that reads like romance.

Cast ashore in the bay St. Lawrence when a mere boy, he gave concerts through the country to defray the passage of himself and shipmates home. Step by step he advanced in the musical world until he became the friend and associate of Old Bull, Wendell Phillips and others, traveling throughout this country and Europe, where his name and fame became broadcast.

His Cooper Institute concerts in New York were a standing feature of the metropolis. The selections given by himself and daughter during the celebration exercises in Gloucester, Mass., (of which we have previously spoken) were in most cases played upon Old Bull's famous old Cremona violin, an instrument made by the Amati Brothers, and which was given him by Old Bull, Maj. Robert Anderson of Sumter fame making the presentation speech.

Prof. Watson also gave some very entertaining preludes to his selections, one of which was performed on a violin of American manufacture, the back of which was made from wood taken from the old Brattle street church, Boston, over two hundred years ago, which fact, the speaker said, led Old Bull to remark, "must make it very good, as it came from the pulpit."

The September number of The Problem of Life, W. J. Colville's monthly, contains one of his inspirational lectures reported in full, entitled: "True Methods of Psychic Development, and Two Kinds of Theosophy"; a fine paper on "The Divine Science of Health," by Mrs. F. J. Miller; various short articles, and an installment of Mr. Colville's serial story, "Onesimus Templeton"—which is deeply interesting, and well worth perusing. This is a monthly magazine of forty-eight pages, fine paper, clear type, published by Lottell & Co., New York. \$1 per year, 10 cents single copy. By a special arrangement with the editor it can be sent to any address with one year's subscription to the BANNER OF LIGHT for only 50 cents extra. \$3 for both papers.

The new African empire—the "Free State"—which Henry Stanley established on the Congo, appears to be doomed, unless some extraordinary action be taken for its preservation. On the upper Congo the Arabians have annihilated the white garrisons, destroyed their forts and goods, and advanced, murdering, and burning villages, down below Stanley Falls. With this victory of the Arabians slave-hunting revives, and all white influence between the Congo and Lake Tanganyika is annihilated.

THE LYCEUM BANNER (September) contains new chapters of six stories adapted to children; a letter from New York by Walter Howell; more of Alfred Kitzon's "Lyceum Notes"; interesting correspondence of "The Golden Group," and several poems, original and selected, suitable for recitation and singing in Lyceum exercises. J. J. Morse, editor and publisher, Florence Morse, assistant editor. 36 Monmouth Road, Bayswater, London, W.

According to the Annals of Spiritualism (Turin), Her Majesty the Queen, who is, it is well known, an ardent Spiritualist, has completed a work entitled "Memorials of the Life Beyond the Grave," and has placed on record explicit directions for its publication after her decease.

A. W. Hill, of Summit, Miss., informs us that JUDITH R. G. W. JEWELL, a veteran in the ranks of Spiritualism in that vicinity, passed to spirit-life Sept. 13, in the 78th year of his age. His remains were taken to New Orleans for interment.

In Lisbon it is reported that the phenomenon of materialization has been produced so successfully that a spirit-form, said to be Katie King, has been photographed.

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