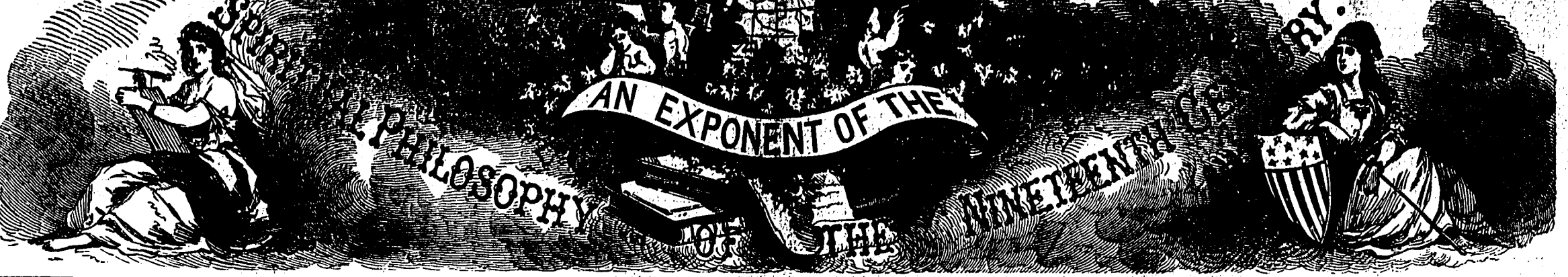


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 4.

## THE LAD AND THE MERMAID.

At the silvery edge of the summer sea, her tail in the waves at play,  
A mermaid came from her salt sea lair, sat combing her hair one day;  
And as she combed she spied a youth—a youth of medium size—  
Whose freedom from guile made the mermaid smile as she smote him with her eyes.  
“Come hither, good youth; come bask awhile in the sunlight of my smile;  
And I’ll sing you a song twelve verses long, in my best auguement style;  
A song of my home down there in the sea, a mile beneath the waves,  
And the gems serene that the ocean green doth brightly bear in its caves.”  
Then she sang to the youth, in a wooing voice, of life on the ocean’s floor;  
How fast sped the time in that watery clime, afar from the billows’ roar;  
And when she felt her victim was fast in the mazes of her charm,  
She said: “Come with me to the depths of the sea,” and coaxingly grasped his arm.  
But it happened this youth knew well the plan of Neptune’s scaly daughter;  
He knew of the guile there is in the smile of a mermaid out of water.  
He cast about her a herring net: “Excuse me, ma’am,” said he;  
“You could make it go with some folks, I know,” and he tore her away from the sea.

Alack! for the mermaid rash; her scales are rapidly growing dim.  
The hot, dry air takes the curl from her hair; she’s no longer in the swim.  
But day by day, in a slide-show tent, she’s now to be seen instead,  
Where she sings her song to the surging throng at shillings two per head.

—Puck.

## The Spiritual Rostrum.

### AMERICA.

A Lecture given on Soldiers’ Day (Aug. 25th, 1892) at the Ashley, O., Camp-Meeting, by  
C. W. KATES.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

“My country, ’tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing.  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrim’s pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring!”

What sweeter notes can be added to the symphonies of time than those which glorify freedom, and inspire the minds of generations with the spirit of liberty that shall usher in progress, and only thereby unfold true civilization? Should every one love his native country? Should patriotism enslave the person to a devoted obedience to the will of a sovereign? What are the motives and bounds of patriotism? Home and native land have been, with all peoples, the sweetest and dearest of sentiments. Is it only a sentiment, or a factor of life created by laws of heredity, that makes it a necessity?

These problems confront us as we witness the devotion of ancient tribes and modern nations to their rulers, flags and customs.

One can readily understand the love for home and mother, no matter if the latter be deformed physically, and the former be but a rude hut.

Duty and sacrifice beget love. The greater the obligation, the stronger becomes the sentiment of devotion. No one comprehends the value of good things unless attained by trials and labor. None can love country who are but bounteous receivers of the toil of serfs, or simply the slaves of a will that grinds souls and bodies upon the rack of labor without comforts and foods to assuage the waste of tissue and barrowings of mind, while the whole personal self is dwarfed, and untimely sent but half made up into the realms of eternity.

The relations of subject to ruler are changing, but the relations of child to parent never will change through all the aeons of eternity! Unnatural relationship will be banished by earthly environments; but nature ordains that consanguinity shall perpetuate devotion. We may hate our monarch or civil official, and yet love the rocks and rills of our native land enough to sigh for its sweet influences. We may love our parents, but dislike the home place; yet the home attracts us because love ties are there. Let any one dislike the scenery and climate of his native place, and no monarch will possess virtues or magnetism sufficient to hold his presence there as a dweller. There is no naturalness in the relationship of subject and king. Empires and principalities are forced by the subjugation of people by cannon, swords, prisons and fagot piles. Whether religions employed a similar force to gain dominion is not our province now to discuss, but we must say that an autocratic state or religion depends upon the mental and physical subjugation of the races of men.

Fear of punishment compels obedience to each the State and Church! Rebellions in each have occurred; and reforms been accomplished. The angels of heaven, we are told, rebelled, and instituted war in order to establish the authority claimed by the opposing gods. What can be expected, then, of humanity, who clash with regard to authority, and are selfish enough to desire a kingdom? The cup of dominion came from the exorcised hosts who were not evolved beyond the plane of human crudity. The divinity of those in spirit-life, made to appear so, was the begueter of an idea that divine right to rule could be established on earth—hence popes and kings were created. The gods have grown to authority by force, and yet humanity have oftentimes dethroned them. The divine right of kings has been trampled upon by a long suffering people, and these sacred rulers ignominiously lost their heads. Pagan Rome made the throne of the Caesars tremble, and drove therefrom to death many of its occupants. Tyrants have always been short-lived. Great warriors, by all the

panoply of war and glory of conquest, never enjoyed to any degree the satisfaction of achievement. What humanity has done silently, and without ostentation, has lived to bless their fellows down the ages.

The Czar, the Emperor, the Queen, have caused to fear rebellion and anarchy. And so do plutocracy and monopoly rest on uneasy beds in dread of the avenging hands that may be raised by those who have given health, strength, home and life itself to create pampered pride and autocratic dominion. Wars, crusades and riots have cursed the world since man was evolved. And lo! in this so-called Christian era nations, like schoolboys, are daring each other to make the slightest menace!

Internal discords are gnawing at the heart of society and commerce. Discontent and rupture are being fermented in a caldron at white heat. Volcanoes of anger are ready to burst forth almost without warning. And this is our boasted era of Christian civilization! And this is America, where liberty and equality are guaranteed!

Oh! most potent human force, put some wondrous power at work to quell all this tendency to disaster, that the spirit of peace and prosperity may bless the nations as wars and strife have never done! Let immaculate justice reign supreme! The gods have never satisfied human needs by peaceful arbitrament; and hence we appeal to humanity to use higher qualifications of genius than have ever been displayed by the ruling powers. Humanity has that genius which is greater and purer than that possessed by the gods of all time.

Love for native land must be born of higher sentiments than racial pride alone. Patriotism is of no value when lofty principles are lost sight of. The great conquests have been to add territory for the ruling power, to strengthen the military arm and increase the volume of treasure. To bless a subjugated people, or establish a great principle of civilization, are the lesser quantities in a war estimate. Religious wars, to propagate a so-called gospel of peace, have been the most cruel.

What might find much of good in the outcome of national warfare, but the evils have been so much greater that it is safe to say all patriotic sacrifice has been loss instead of gain to progress.

We cannot see much gain in the forms of monarchy, except as the royal powers have been shorn of prerogative.

We will not trace that slight evolution of the ages in the older countries, nor dwell with a discussion of present attitudes and future indications. Our theme calls us to witness the life and progress of a republic. There is a more fruitful lesson in witnessing what the people have done and contemplating what they can do, than in studying the history of royalty throughout historic time.

The land of the free and the country of progress is America. To thee, oh! fair continent of the West, have millions of souls turned their eyes and directed their hopes.

What thankfulness to the great Giver of all good has silently and vocally been given when upon thy soil have stepped these yoke-bound serfs, who realize that then and there they are free men and women, with every inalienable right guaranteed to the enjoyment of “life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness!” Magic words, these, that have enticed the children of earth to leave native land and king, and find in North America a better home and a better government. Not only are physical freedom and mental freedom guaranteed, but there shall not be enacted any “law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.” Who can claim this to be an exclusively Christian nation, when the first constitutional amendment, made necessary by religious encroachment, incorporated the words just quoted?

“Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.”

Read that, and impress its meaning upon every Sunday-school and church-meeting in America, and every nation of the globe, and then read it to Congress, and ask by what right they have agreed to refuse an appropriation and a government exhibit at the approaching Columbian Exposition, unless the doors thereof are closed on each Sunday? Then read it to the Directors of the Columbian Exposition, and ask them if they can conscientiously close on Sunday to accommodate the Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, or any sect, or from any mercenary spirit, to satisfy bigots in Congress?

Each day is a Sunday to some nation, and in Chicago the time is not exact with San Francisco or New York. Let each nation close its exhibit on its Sunday, and the American Christian his exhibit on his Sunday, but keep the gates open.

That will be in accord with our Constitution and be just to personal and religious freedom. Congress disobeys the Constitution when it enacts anything contingent upon the observance of a religious Sabbath.

The slow encroachments upon personal and religious freedom call for a protest from the spirits of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and from Washington and his armies! No doubt they are watchful that America shall never become a nation to tyrannize the people as George III. did, from whose authority they rebelled. No doubt but they will protect to the generations that freedom for which they fought and sacrificed!

It was a proud act, yet boasted of, when from the old church in Philadelphia, where our forefathers worshipped, was taken down the statue of King George. Equally will they all be dethroned from the pedestal of honor who seek to curtail the freedom of an Ameri-

can citizen, no matter what his religious persuasion, color, or previous condition of servitude.

Is America a new country? Did Columbus discover it? These questions are pertinent. The Columbian anniversary leads us to look at history. The revelations of ancient deposits show that a prehistoric race once trod the hills and vales of North America, where the frozen masses during the ice age swept the vast expanse and made these same hills and vales. The civilization of that prehistoric race is found to be the peer of the middle ages. The connected hemispheres were separated by the convulsions that destroyed what is called the continent of Atlantis, and by a violent separation of continents, in some mysterious manner, completed the decadence of the western tribes. But the Caucasian of the East and Mexican of the West, and most likely the American Indians and Asiatic tribes, had their origin in the Atlantean era. There are native legends among the Mexicans of a land toward the rising sun, and among the North-east Indians of tribes in Greenland. The encyclopedias tell us the Aztecs were living in Aztlan in the eleventh century. In 1000 they commenced their journey toward Mexico.

Iceland was discovered about 860, and colonized by the Norwegians in 874. About fifty or one hundred years later they planted colonies in Greenland. An Icelandic in 1001 was driven by a tempest out of his course, and landed in the locality of Rhode Island, where he then found people that we recognize from the description to have been Esquimaux. There is but little doubt that the Western Hemisphere was known thousands of years ago by the tribes of Asia, and was perhaps more closely connected geographically than now, which caused them to fail in the discovery of ocean divisions; and mechanical appliances were unknown by which they could arrive at an earth sphere. Indeed, it has been a comparatively modern settlement that the world is spherical and not flat. Ptolemy, Copernicus and Galileo were not permitted to prove the earth’s rotundity, and the space, and constellations of planetary worlds, because it was considered anti-scriptural.

Christopher Columbus was imbued by an intense desire to navigate the unknown seas. He fully expected to reach the east coast of Asia, and not find more than ocean islands. But he touched and explored the islands of an unknown continent, embracing the richest nature’s treasures. On the 12th of October, 1492, the western world revealed itself but faintly to the wondering eyes of Columbus and his companions. You are familiar with the history. He landed upon the small Watling Island, in the group called the West Indies. He supposed these islands belonged to that part of eastern Asia called India; hence they are called West Indies. Though he made three more voyages, and coasted along South America, he died ignorant of the great value of his discovery. A startling fact is related by the Encyclopaedia Britannica: “If Columbus, resisting the counsel of Pinzon, had kept his original route, he would have entered the warm current of the Gulf Stream, have reached Florida, and thence perhaps been carried to Cape Hatteras and Virginia. The result would probably have been to give the present United States a Roman Catholic Spanish population, instead of a Protestant English one—a circumstance of immeasurable importance. Pinzon was guided in forming his opinion by a flight of parrots toward the southwest.” Never had the flight of birds more important consequences.

In 1607 the first permanent settlement of the English in North America was made on the banks of the James River in Virginia. In 1620 the first English colony was established at Plymouth, Mass. In this year, also, the first negroes were imported into Virginia—brought by a Dutch vessel. In 1682 William Penn established a colony in Pennsylvania.

With from three hundred to four hundred years to develop a newly-discovered country, is not the result most marvelous? Aladdin is outdone!

Travel with me across the continent from Atlantic to Pacific, from Lakes to Gulf, and there we will find continuous signs of thrift and progress. Tongue, pen nor brush can do justice to this mighty work of men! It exceeds the labors of all the gods of fable! America has civilized the world! She has been a mother of arts, science, mechanism and philosophy! Upon her fair bosom have been nourished the children of genius, who bless the world with a progress and civilization never dreamed of! In the midst of America stands the United States as the ideal government. It is the pivot now around which revolves the great wheel of progress!

“Columbia, the gem of the ocean!  
The home of the brave and the free,  
The shrine of each patriot’s devotion,  
A world offers homage to thee!”

If we extol America, we must broaden our view and enlarge our vocabulary. We must find adjectives to enlarge upon America as a beautiful and a bountiful land, America as a government, America as a country filled with factories and homes, America as the great agricultural country, America as the producer of literature. We must consider America politically, socially, commercially, fraternally. We boast of peace more than war. Our standing army and naval squadrons may not rival foreign powers, yet, in necessity, from the plow and workshop come the warriors who are ready for any foe! We are an unconquerable people, because we are bred to a diversity of pursuits.

(Continued on second page.)

## Literary Department.

### LED.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,  
BY MRS. EMMA MINER,  
Author of “Bare and Thresholds.”  
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#### CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

“In nothing. Indeed you have not!” protested Mildred.

“But you have certainly avoided me,” he replied.

Mildred could not dispute the fact, so she was silent.

“If I could only know what the trouble is I might be able to offer suitable apologies.” At that moment Eunice entered the room. She started nervously a little as she saw Mr. Chase and Mildred seated upon the sofa, the face of each wearing an unmistakable sign of embarrassment. Her face flushed instantly, and she exclaimed,

“Ah! I see I am *de trop*!” and she turned from the door.

“Indeed you are not! It is nothing!” and she seized Eunice’s hand, and drew her into the room.

“Nothing indeed!” exclaimed Mr. Chase, attempting a laugh. “Here I am in misery, not knowing what I have done that Miss Symonds should avoid me, and when I ask for an explanation, she says ‘nothing’ with such charming assurance! Do come to my assistance, Mrs. Mayne, and help me solve the riddle!”

Mr. Chase, in his eagerness to conciliate Mildred, did not see the mistake he was making in calling upon Eunice to assist in this delicate matter. Mildred’s heart throbbed excitedly. She saw that Eunice was very angry, and knew instinctively the anger would rebound on herself.

“I have not the honor of Millie’s confidence,” replied Eunice, and she left the room. Mildred forced herself to turn to Mr. Chase, and her lips quivered as she said:

“You have not offended me, Mr. Chase. I suppose I have given you reason to think so; but, indeed, that is not the reason.”

“Then there is a reason?”

He was looking down upon her now with a face that was very pale, in which a little anger and a great deal of wounded pride were blending. Mildred met his gaze with flushed cheeks.

“I will tell you now, Mr. Chase; I think I ought, now the matter has gone so far.”

He was looking wonderingly at her. “The first day you came here it seemed to me you were surrounded by a great black cloud; and wherever you moved, the shadow kept on just before you, and I had a strong impression of some coming trouble, something coming upon us as a family through your coming here. I could not explain it or drive it away, and it made me afraid of you.”

“But the last time I saw you, you were unusually kind to me. How was that?”

“Yes, I remember. I felt perhaps I had been unjust, and then—one of the family rallied me about it, and I felt so embarrassed I thought I would keep away from you.”

Mildred looked up into his face with a sudden sense of relief.

“There, now! I have confessed,” she said, smiling a little ruefully.

“Pon my word, I don’t know what it all means,” exclaimed Mr. Chase. “I am not aware of anything in particular except my attachment for you. I am sure enough of that!”

Mildred had arisen as he uttered the last words. She hastily interrupted him. He saw that she did it purposely, too.

“I am sure you have meant to be friendly, Mr. Chase, and I have not meant to be unfriendly, I entreat you to believe that.”

The entrance of Harvey caused the conversation to cease. Harvey, looking at Mr. Chase, saw that he was seriously disturbed and annoyed. He also noticed Mildred’s agitation, and wondered if Mr. Chase had been annoying her; and as Mildred passed out of the room he looked after her with a questioning glance, which he directly turned upon Mr. Chase.

He saw in that gentleman’s face a blending of perplexity, chagrin and defeat, which darkened the usually smiling countenance.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### “My Guides.”

The June roses were blooming. The work on the new railroad was progressing rapidly. The time allotted for the visit of Harvey and Eunice had passed. It found Harvey ready and eager to go back to business.

But Eunice was not well. She was pale and nervous, and although she had always had a preference for the city, yet now she seemed reluctant to return to its gaieties.

“Eunice thinks she may get stronger if she stays here a few weeks longer, Harvey,” said Mrs. Haskins; “our sweet summer air may do her more good than the city with its hot, stifled places. Hadn’t you better leave her a spell?”

“I will agree to anything Eunice wishes,” said Harvey. “You know, mother, I always used to say my wife should be free to do just as she pleased in everything.”

“Yes, I remember, and I must say you do live up to it. Eunice seems as free as the wind.”

“I think we will sit down and talk it over,” said Harvey, as Eunice entered the room.

The question of remaining a few weeks longer was proposed to Eunice. A gleam of satisfaction passed over her face, but so quickly that Harvey caught but a glimpse of it. He wondered a little at it.

“Oh! it’s a matter I cannot settle,” said Eunice; “I must leave it to my guides.”

Harvey felt a little uncomfortable. Eunice appeared to be losing her individuality. She referred everything to her “guides,” even in questions of what garments she should wear.

Eunice sat for a few moments apparently in deep thought.

“My guides say that I am to stay here for a time longer. They will impress me when to leave Haskinsville,” she said, finally.

“Very well; but what is your wish in the matter?” asked Harvey, pointedly.

“Mine? oh! I shall do as my guides say, of course,” she replied.

“If your guides had said you must return to the city with me would you have done so?”

Eunice colored, and hesitated a little before replying.

“Certainly I would,” she said.

Mrs. Haskins looked from one to the other doubtfully, and as she looked up she saw Ned coming across the kitchen-garden.

“You are welcome to stay, Eunice,” she said in a tone which indicated that she meant it; “but there comes Ned. I’d like to know if he can hear or see anything about it. Of course he doesn’t know what we have been talking about, as we have just begun to plan for it; but perhaps he can see something for you.”

She reached her head out of the open window and called: “Ned! come in here a minute, will you?”

Ned came in obedience to the summons. He looked at the trio before him.

“Just sit down here a moment and see if you can have one of your spells, will you?” Ned fingered his old straw hat nervously, and murmured something about “work of importance.”

“Well, this is important, too. I’ll tell Rufus I kept you.”

Ned felt he could hardly refuse; beside, he felt the drowsy influence coming over him which always preceded these controls. At last he spoke:

“The same lady comes here who always says she is your mother,” he said, addressing Mrs. Mayne.

Eunice did not speak, but Mrs. Haskins said: “She is welcome. What has she come to say?”

Mildred was entering, but paused in the doorway that she might not disturb them.

“She turns to Mrs. Mayne and says, kind of troubled like, ‘Eunice, you had better go home with Harvey.’”

Eunice flushed and paled alternately. Harvey looked troubled. Millie looked from one to the other wonderingly, not knowing what subject was being discussed.

“Is that all?” asked Mrs. Haskins.

“Not quite. There’s a dark cloud hanging over Mrs. Mayne’s head. The mother points her finger toward it and says, ‘Go home, and it will be dispelled; remain, and it will grow larger and darker.’ Now she has gone.” And Ned woke from his trance.

“That’s all. You can go now, Ned,” and Mrs. Haskins sat back in her arm chair, looking exceedingly puzzled. Not a word was spoken for some moments.

“My guides tell me to stay, and I think I had better do so.” There was a very decided ring in Eunice’s voice.

“Isn’t your mother among your guides?” asked Mrs. Haskins.

“No.” The answer came from Eunice very abruptly. “That is strange! I should think she would be the most interested of all,” and Mrs. Haskins thoughtfully picked up a stitch she had dropped.

“Do you suppose what’s-his-name, Watsequoquo, and Socrates, care more about your welfare than she does?”

There was an absolute silence.

“Mind you, Eunice, I am not saying this because I want you to go away; it’s only that I want to inquire into these things. I say again, you are welcome to stay, but you may be sure of one thing: if I see any signs of that dark cloud gathering, and I can do anything to dispel it, I shall certainly do so for your sake as well as Harvey’s.”

Eunice looked up quickly at Mrs. Haskins with a questioning glance. “What did she suspect?”

Mrs. Haskins’s face told her nothing, but Harvey could see his mother was inwardly disturbed. He said, gratefully,



"I am sure you will do all in your power, mother; but, as I said before, Eunice shall do as she pleases."

And Eunice chose to remain.

When the farewells were being uttered Harvey found time to take Mrs. Haskins a little apart from the others. There was a deep anxiety on his face as he said:

"Mother, I feel a strange impression of something not just right. If you feel that I am needed here at any time will you send for me? I shall depend on you to do it."

There was an emphasis on his words which Mrs. Haskins could not misunderstand.

"You may rely on me, Harvey: I will do it." Harvey felt assured by his mother's words, and departed, trying to force himself to believe his fears were idle imaginings.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### AIDA.

Eunice went directly to her room; but Mrs. Haskins and Mildred remained a few moments on the piazza, looking after the receding stage.

"It looks a little mixed to me, Millie," said Mrs. Haskins, as she leaned thoughtfully back in the old-fashioned settle. "Still, I will do my best by Eunice. I do wish she had not such queer notions about her guides, as she calls 'em."

"Now there's Ned. His guides keep him straight and out of trouble, and yours appear to, so far. Maybe hers will; but somehow I have my misgivings. It isn't that I want to distrust Eunice, either, only I don't like to see things working the way they are."

Mildred was pulling a rose to pieces as she listened, and pressing the petals against her pretty lips, which had grown quite grave.

"I'm sure you mean all right, auntie, and so do I, only I think she misunderstands me sometimes; but now Harvey is gone she may feel differently"; and then for the first time Mrs. Haskins read in Mildred's patient face how much she had quietly suffered from Eunice's unjust words.

Millie brushed the rose-leaves from her lap and went to her room. She leaned by the open window, looking thoughtfully out and down the pleasant road. Place the matter which way she would, she felt sorrowful and oppressed. Eunice misunderstood her in relation to Harvey, and also to Mr. Chase.

She bowed her head upon her hands, and prayed that her dear mother might be her guide, for she felt there were to be dark and trying times before her. She struggled to regain her composure, and, wiping away her tears, descended the stairs.

She met Eunice in the lower hall, who noticed the traces of tears upon her cheeks, and said, sneeringly:

"Really, Millie, you show a great deal of emotion! One would almost think your husband had left you for an indefinite period."

Millie's pale cheeks flushed. Indignation and sorrow were blended in the glance with which she confronted Eunice. For a moment she looked straight into her black, shining eyes, and then, with her head lifted proudly as Eunice had never seen it before, she passed her without replying.

Even then Eunice felt no compunction for having disturbed Millie. She glanced cautiously around to see if any one were near, well knowing that if Mrs. Haskins had heard her words she would have defended Millie against them, but she saw no one.

Nevertheless she had a listener, for Mr. Chase stood on the piazza, unobserved by either of them.

He caught the intent of Eunice's words. His face darkened as he exclaimed to himself, "Ah! is it so, my lady? Let us see what I shall do about that little matter! So it is Harvey himself who is standing in my way, is it?"

He entered the parlor unannounced. A quick glance at Millie's innocent face instantly disarmed his suspicion. He resolved to watch.

During Harvey's visit it had been the custom of the family to hold what is called a family circle every week. Into this meeting Mr. Chase had frequently tried to enter, but Harvey had seemed unwilling to invite him.

Mr. Chase thought now was his opportunity. He felt sure that through Eunice he would obtain the desired invitation.

Mr. and Mrs. Haskins had become exceedingly interested in these meetings, and in the Spiritual Philosophy. Mr. Haskins had admitted there was "something to it." Millie had already manifested a sensitiveness that gave promise of fine mediumship. She was becoming clairvoyant, and occasionally wrote messages, her hand being controlled independently of her own volition.

Ned, too, grew wonderfully, and, entranced, uttered words of wisdom and truth which were food for thought to all except Eunice.

Eunice seemed to bring into the meeting a careless, frivolous spirit. To her Spiritualism was a pastime, not a religion. While the other members of the family seemed strengthened and uplifted by what they learned during the hour they sat together, in her there appeared no evidence of a spiritual or interior growth.

Neither did there seem to be any indication of a development in mediumship.

While not wishing to criticize severely, Mrs. Haskins could not help seeing that although Eunice had a great deal to say about "guides" and "influences," and although she seemed to submit herself unconditionally to them, yet all their advice seemed to run in the same groove with her inclinations; and she seemed disposed to follow these advices blindly, even though they had on several occasions involved her in considerable trouble. It became an open question with all except Eunice of how far they should trust the spirits. Mrs. Haskins, Millie, and Ned had sought knowledge and aid sincerely, and nobly had the spirit-world responded to their call.

On the first Thursday evening after Harvey's departure, Mr. Chase had called at the very hour they were seating themselves for their little meeting. He had avoided doing this previously, but he felt sure he would be able to make an entrance on this particular evening.

He had a double motive, a part of which was to advance a little plan of his own concerning Eunice during the opportunities these meetings would afford him. Besides, he felt a little curious as to the methods of carrying on these circles for development.

He paused in the hall with hat in hand. A shade of annoyance passed over Mrs. Haskins's face, but Eunice did not see it, as she was turned from her.

Directly following this annoyance Mrs. Haskins began to reprove herself, and to question if Mr. Chase might not get some good in this little meeting? She permitted her benevolence to overcome her prejudice. Going toward Mr. Chase she said:

"We were about to hold our family meeting. You can remain if you choose to do so."

His entrance necessitated making another place in the circle. Mr. Chase managed to place his chair between those of Eunice and Millie; seeing this, by a quick movement, Millie placed herself between Mrs. Haskins and Ned. This evidently disturbed Ned, for, as soon as he was entranced, he deliberately arose and asked for a space between Mrs. Haskins and Millie, which was readily granted him.

Meanwhile Ned, although entranced, remained quiet. Mrs. Haskins was wondering if she had really done the right thing, and Millie was striving to overcome her dislike to Mr. Chase's coming.

It seemed finally as if Eunice's guides were intending to take the matter in their hands, for after a severe and prolonged shake, which chilled even the sympathetic Mr. Chase, she gave utterance to one of those wild and prolonged whoops.

The effect on Mr. Chase was electrical. He sprang to his feet instantly. Eunice caught hold of his hand and pulled him back into his chair. He had never seen Eunice under control, and did not understand it.

(To be continued.)

#### AMERICA.

(Continued from first page.)

Military genius, commercial ability, agricultural knowledge, scientific culture, poetic fire, inspiration to construct literature, and a sweet domestic character, are all embodied in the typical American! He may be plebeian, and not servile to aristocracy; he has the soul that shall find birth into the glories of intercourse with the best and highest in the eternal realms.

Nations must lay aside strife and warfare to insure progress. The idea of disarming all the nations found birth in the mind of an American. Its realization must come; for, in the very nature of the deadness assured to warfare by modern inventions, the nations will not risk extermination. The only recourse of safety will be by arbitration. And yet this spirit of exterminating an enemy dominates the minds of men in high places—even in this Republic.

An ex-President of the United States said, on Decoration Day: "Let it be understood that whoever makes war with America will never make war again. When America is driven into war, let the war end only with the annihilation of the power that caused it."

Self-reliance is a good thing; but many a man has gone to destruction by a conceited ability. Nations should protect their citizens and their homes; but counsels should always be for the culture of peaceful pursuits. War is glorified too much! Christian peoples should forsake the Mosaic treatment of enemies. The spiritual era must be ushered in, and America will therein be a leading factor.

The dominion of Church over the State has been another damning influence to the nations of the world. It took many centuries for any people to break away from this spiritual autocracy as the supreme temporal ruler. But, gradually has it been coming, until Rome itself looks elsewhere than to the Vatican for authority. The American colonies suffered under the yoke of both civil and religious oppression. A free church as much as a free government was desired. Our Puritanical forefathers enacted some religious laws that restricted freedom, and those "Blue Laws" gradually became obsolete; but many were not repealed; modern Puritans seek to enforce them. The brazen claim is made that this is a Christian nation. Christianity and churchianity are not frequently separated. The mistake is too often made that the interests of the latter constitute the life of the former. A reverent spirit leading to the use of the words "God," "Providence" and "Anno Domini" in State papers; the employment of chaplains to pray in Congress and in the armies; and the inscription, "In God we trust" upon coins, gave many an idea that Church and State are slightly removed. Hence, efforts to establish Sabbath and sumptuary laws, and church influence organized to secure a constitutional amendment recognizing in the United States Constitution that God is the supreme ruler.

Among the things which now threaten our nation may be named: "God in the Constitution" and monopoly. The God party in politics are active; and its insidious head peeps out of hidden recesses. Capital is usurping legislation, and grinding labor to the uttermost, surely forcing a conflict. Do I mistake the force of the "God in the Constitution" support? I believe not. I see it making headway in all the States. It is not a defunct hope! A dozen religious sects hope to secure it—and depend upon their churches to work for it. Catholics and Protestants find here a joint interest. But there are too many freethinkers! Liberal thought has marched almost silently, and the great masses are infidel! The Church is honeycombed with doubters. Even the pulpits have servants for pay, some of whom will not entirely sell their souls, but will be on the side of right in extremity! The question needs but little argument to settle what should be. The functions of Church and State are widely different. They have nothing that is dependent upon a mutual interest. Each can thrive better upon distinct and separate lines. But in politics and legislation the hidden hand of this enemy to a true Republic will be found. It creeps even up to the White House and into the President's Cabinet, and there seeks ways and means to ends. It may be but the closing of the doors of a village post-office on Sunday, yet it is an item of value. Soon may come the stoppage of all Sunday mails. It may be but the reference to Jesus as the Savior of the world in a President's message. It is a precedent to cause such reliance for justice in formulating all legal documents.

The nine demands of Liberalism express the true needs, and it should be the desire of every loyal citizen to secure the perpetuity of what was fought for and gained in the Revolution for Independence!

Washington said: "The government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian Religion." He was not an infidel, yet saw that such a government was best, and was emphatic in asserting the absolute civil foundation.

Grant said: "Keep the Church and State forever separate." He was not an infidel; but he knew that the wedding of such powers would surely lead to monarchy and despotism. He fought to keep the Union intact as a Republic. Heed well his words, for he seldom spoke!

Lincoln said: "To the end that a government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

He was a liberal thinker, a lover of humanity, and was advised by spirits. His words add

weight and power to the needs of the time which require our watchfulness.

No matter what the sect which asks for a State appropriation to support its schools, there should be in each case a positive denial. No American citizen should ever be taxed to support a sectarian school! A non-religious public school is the only one over which can justly float the American flag. Bibles, prayers, sermons or dances have no business in a public school during the sessions thereof.

The impeachment of an oath, and denial of competency to testify because one is infidel to the Christian religion and refuses to kiss the Bible, are of frequent occurrence. By what right have courts to doubt conscience from the standpoint of a denial of personality in God or saving grace in Jesus? Spiritualists and freethinkers have been adjudged incompetent as witnesses, because of their religious opinions—or rather infidelity to Christianity.

Coins are inscribed, "In God we trust." They are supposed to possess intrinsic value, and hence there is a paradox in the statement. Some one has said they are not full value coins, the dollar being alloyed a few cents' worth, and it is for the shortage that God is trusted. These poor coins are fought for to obtain happiness, but in the fight untold misery is created. These God-inscribed coins have been incentives to theft, murder, lewdness, debauchery, and all the crimes in the calendar.

American politics create untold criticism, and being constructed upon special molds are fruitful of thought and action. I am personally opposed to any invidious criticism, but a calculating and weighing of capacities and possibilities is an American birthright. Political freedom is a great source of personal development. Party politics is the source of personal servitude, when leaders of its machinery whip in the voters with a lash of authority. We have also seen the evils of party lines geographically drawn. Sectional selfishness is but an aggravated form of personal selfishness. The spirit is toward despotism. The wise and inspired Washington said: "Toward the preservation of your government... resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretenses.... And there being constant danger of excess [in parties] the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it." Public opinion must mitigate the excesses soon, for with each national election the contest grows in bitterness. Yet the American character seems able to abide by defeat, and resume the even tenor of its way. There would not be much use in fighting a battle or a political canvass if the Lord is on one side. A prayer-gauge should determine. As each side prays to the Lord to help, only the one that wins has had the petition favored. In a late national convention the minister prayed that "the standard bearer might be one chosen by the Lord, and a man after his own heart." I do not know whether the minister meant a man after his own heart or the Lord's. Most likely the nominee gratified the minister the most. Political bedfellows are very incongruous sometimes, but to sandwich the Lord is ridiculous nonsense.

The social customs and lack of morals which endanger life, health and good order are within the sphere of government to restrain and punish, and perhaps government is responsible therefor. Yet, if home and church would develop moral character, the State would have no cause to restrain and punish. Government deals with effects—the home with causes. The church has taught vicarious future unfoldment—but men and government create possibilities for the future by carefully executed present acts.

Some writer has said: "A lack of reverence is one of the prime defects of American character. Sacred things and sacred places are no longer held in such respect as in days gone by." I should call that an unfoldment instead of a defect. All places and things have been found to be sacred—at least to the use thereof; hence reverence has become an inborn quality of justice, and not an acquired obedience demanded by superstition. The same writer deprecates that the American boy too frequently speaks of his father and mother as "the old man" and "woman"; and falls away again from the natural reverence, and deprecates that the minister is no longer held in the high esteem with which our ancestors held him.

The small boy does many things wrong, but he occasionally shows greater sagacity than his ancestors. The American boy may be a diminutive "rough and ready, go-as-you-please" sort of fellow, but he often evolves into the wise statesman, philosopher or scientist. He lays the physical quality first, and upon that he builds; and only on such quality can he build the healthy mental structure to make him a genius and a blessing. But though he may go to the heathen with a helping hand, and seek to convert him, the heathen can teach him many wholesome lessons. But the soil and climate of America are more fruitful than other continents for the evolution of human possibilities, hence we grow self-reliant, and perhaps a little arrogant.

Reformers of all characters are apt to think they should convert the world to their way of thinking. Missionary work is frequently needed near home. Older nations and older people should not endeavor to keep the younger in the treadmill of past ways and ideas; and the younger should not despise advice from the older. "Young America" is a youth typical of all that is progressive. The many sides of this character would afford food for reflection and entertainment. He is a reserve force, and we can well rely upon him. Like all others he must run the gamut of experience, but when his feathers are clipped he will remember the "I told you so" of his elders, and then relegate himself to be an adviser from experience.

Let the idealist and reason of the youth have play, and he will discover who and what is entitled to reverence. The sense of justice will be born, and the sphere of life enlarged. There is life and health in the free expansion of all powers. There is nothing that destroys possibilities in the world of spirit more than aborting physical powers in the earth-world.

American philosophers have changed religions from a sole interest in life after death, to a decided claim upon life now and here. Let us not fall into the error of solely cultivating spiritual forces. See that these evolve from the healthy physical. America shall yet give birth to a race of people whose unfoldment shall be upon the higher planes that foretell the true civilization and the true brotherhood, which only will precede an age of science that will obliterate war, pestilence, disease, poverty, crime, ignorance, misery and slavish toil.

The life of these terrors to the human race, for long ages, is the great monument to superstition and religion. The breath of freedom

has been breathed into the nostrils of the children of America, and they have become living souls, conscious of the inborn divine quality that shall cause the Christ-spirit to be made manifest, not incarnate in one person, but in all humanity.

Geographic America is a theme requiring artistic illumination more than pen portraiture. And nothing reveals its marvelous more than the eye whilst we stand upon magnificent summits, and rest in the shade of fertile valleys. The Alleghenies, the Rockies, and old Lookout are all in speaking distance with the gods. Why go to the Alps and Himalayas when you have not seen our own country's fair and proud upheavals? Why hunt for the Garden of Eden when you can easily find the Yosemite Valley? Why visit in foreign lands man made parks when in our own Yellowstone we have grandeur of nature so inspiring that awe unspeakable ensues as we realize the place is God-made!

The magnificence of lakes and rivers is not excelled. America is a natural jar of wondrous grandeur, telling of God-power or the bounty of nature, as you may see it; but man, with genius equaling or excelling the fabled gods, is clearing away the debris of past ages, which God and nature could not do, and is permitting new forces to work and achieve added beauty.

Oh! to live a hundred or a thousand years hence in America, and see the magic work of the generations to follow! And yet we may expect to do so. From our spirit-homes we shall come and assist this utilization of dormant forces to unfold the possibilities of conception.

Agricultural America is able to feed the world. That is all which needs be said to tell of the fertility of our soil and thrift of our farmers. Yankee thrift has been gained by shrewd advertising, and hence there need be no wonder that the Church and social charities are patronized less for the good done than for personal gains. But from whatever motive, let all good work of aiding the poor and needy go on until there shall be no chance for mendacity and suffering.

Literary America has attained a high standard in the practical more than the aesthetic and transcendental. But its poets have possessed the divine fire not excelled in the Orient. In volume the literature is immense, and the quality is not to be despised. With large public libraries in nearly every community, there need be no failure to become acquainted with the literature of all ages, and the young American is being so schooled; his greedy brain grasps it all with fixed resolve.

The age of ignorance is fading away, and with it go myth, dogma and creed. The scientific age is coming, and with it the worship of the true, beautiful and good.

Progressive America is the theme for our prescience. Let us cease, for a time, the retrospective and prospective. It has been the proud boast that we have in this Republic no titled aristocracy nor corporations of monopoly. The latter can be said no longer, for a time at least. The former is very nearly a ridiculous statement. Aristocracy is a usurping quality, and its insidious ways are keenly cutting the sensitive natures of the poorer classes. Millionaires are multiplied, and many times millionaires are frequent. Think of it! A man controls corporate labor and product, based upon a capital of nearly two hundred millions of dollars!

Railroads, steamboats, coal mines, vast factories and extensive highways are under his direction, upon which he can place a tariff that millions of people must pay! He not only controls the output of his plants, but can make a corner, and bull or bear the wheat, corn and other agricultural products of thousands. He can almost control the results of commerce throughout the world!

A dozen such men combined would be more formidable in America than all its armies, for they could tie up the resources that a nation must possess in war. They could easily force a monarchy. But that monarchy could not survive. The people would soon overthrow it. Plutocracy in America threatens the institutions of freedom more than kings could possibly. Anarchy is a foul exorcism, but it expresses the desperation of a down-trodden people. It is not a means to a desired end. The results will be destructive. Yet the horizon of peace is clouded by the cyclone of such destruction. May better advice prevail and help come from some source.

There can be no Christian civilization while there are starving poor living in attics and cellars, with all the foulness of vermin, damp and darkness making their lives hardened to misery and their souls callous to joy. There can be no Christian civilization while palaces of pomp, display and hauteur establish a resident class whose vanity makes labor an indignity, and who gild their lives by forcing misery and squalor upon others. It is not charity that is wanted, it is justice.

It is required labor that is clamored for. Capital has its rights, and capital is sterile unless it employs labor. The joint relation is manifest. It is the business partnership of these that will make reciprocal justice. Protection, reciprocity, free trade, will require no legislation when capital and labor properly combine.

Agriculturists and mechanics in America enjoy many benefits that other nations do not permit, yet the menace upon their rights makes it necessary to combine. Political alliance with dominant parties only gives them chaff, whilst the kernel of value goes to the demagogue and trickster. There must be issues of merit and necessity to originate a political party. The signs of the times are that money-kings have had control of votes and legislation long enough. Labor is asserting itself, and will seek justice at the ballot-box. Strikes, riots, anarchy will not prevail. Pinkerton officers may shoot strikers who menace property, but no policemen nor soldiers can deny the rights of the ballot-box to an American citizen. There will redress be found; and the party of people who are the bone and sinew of the land will gain legislative power and reforms ensue. But it is only a question of time when they, too, will become corrupt if power is positive. The balance-wheel which regulates the machinery of American politics is change of party power and change of officials.

The real nature of the nation was once not firmly established. Rebellion was a right exercised a century previous. It was then discontent with monarchy, but later it became a discontent with the limitations of a republic. Human slavery was the prime cause. Millions of treasure and thousands of lives were sacrificed upon the altar of opinion and efforts of coercion.

The republic prevailed, and human property

was eternally, it is to be hoped, forbidden in this free land. But the emancipation of slaves as property in fee simple did not entirely banish slavery. It became the beginning of another form. Ignorance and poverty combined will never arise from the level of obedience to a task-master.

There is freedom to labor, and freedom to starve! One may take his choice.

The hard conditions of human relationship make it obligatory. Upon this soil will be built an issue that shall shake the foundations of government until cemented by equality, fraternity and justice!

Citizenship must have an intelligent evolution. The black man, enslaved in body and enslaved in ignorance, when physically freed was given citizenship, became a law-maker and a law-executor. The better portion of humanity, the purer and wiser element, the mothers of mankind, they who have done the most to civilize and refine the human race, are denied suffrage and legislative and executive power.

Woman needs emancipation! The Declaration of American Independence will not be complete until sex is eliminated—or until the word "men" is construed to have no sex meaning—and all people are held to have been and "are created equal,"... with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Citizenship, then, for women! Abolition, then, of servitude from the lives of women. Abolition, then, of servile labor from all who must toil for physical support. The marriage, then, of commerce, trade and production. The ushering in, then, of brotherhood, peace, prosperity and a true republican government! All hail to the day when in America will be found the government of all the people, for all the people, and by all the people.

The tide of immigration has brought pauper labor and capital to our shores. The cities and broad lands are being filled with competing classes. These ignorant laborers, these low-minded, no matter what their station—be it even that of an escaped criminal from some foreign power—can here find refuge, home and labor. From these and the sturdy toilers that came across the seas, came the yeomanry and land-holders of our nation. We are only Americans by growth—yet nativity has added new claims. All these can become citizens; but the women who helped defend the log-cabins on the frontier, the women who helped at Concord and Lexington, the women who toiled as men during the Revolution, and all their daughters, are denied citizenship. We can now justly say, hold up the immigration tide, turn back the paupers, the criminals, the scum of foreign nations, and let us give full opportunity to these who have for about four centuries sought to develop this fair land. That may sound a little haughty, and smack of caste privilege, yet there is justice in it to the toilers of ages.

True, we have turned the Indian who roamed these forests and fields toward the West, and almost driven him from the earth. And he at an epoch of time in the past doubtless came from the North, and drove to the South, into Mexico and Peru, that civilized race who have left tracings of their lives and customs only in the mounds of the Mississippi valley.

The stronger have always oppressed the weaker. The Anglo-Saxon race forced their way into this vast domain by strong conflict. They won! But what elements and powers are now at work to once more change the civilization of this hemisphere and alter the constitutional government of this nation?

Will it be racial? Will it only be political? Will religions have powerful support to enforce the mighty greed for power? However it may be, right shall prevail!

America has a destiny! It is not a Divine Providence embodied in a creative personality that watches over nations: The vast host of exalted patriots of both sexes who loved and fought for this fair land, that here Liberty might be enthroned, are watchful yet.

The great Spiritual Congress controls events and shapes destiny more than has been dreamed of. Into its hands and unto mortal wisdom do we commend the safety of our constitutional rights, and the progressive unfoldment of all that conduces to the growth of the nation, its homes and its people.

"Our past is bright and grand  
In the purpling tints of time,  
And the present of our land  
Points to glories more sublime.  
For our destiny is won,  
And 't is ours to lead the van  
Of the nations marching on—  
Of the moving hosts of man.  
Yes, Columbia, great and strong,  
Shall forever lead the van,  
As the nations sweep along  
To fulfill the hopes of man."

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.—A Key to the Mystery of the Ages; or, Philosophy of Civilization. By Leonard S. Crafts. 8vo, pp. 221. Dexter, Me: Day & Bunker.

Evidences of Man in the Drift. A Description of Certain Archeological Objects Recently Discovered in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Read before the American Numismatic and Archeological Society March 28th, 1892. By Francis Worcester Doughty. 8vo, pp. 18. New York: Privately Printed.

Independence and Memorial Day. An Oration. By Luther B. Marsh. With Portrait. 8vo, pp. 24. Middletown, N. Y.

Telegraphic Suggestion the Key of Power. By Charles M. Barrows. 8vo, pp. 16. Boston: L. Barta & Co.

Spiritual Lectures. By Dr. N. F. Ravlin of San Francisco, Cal., author of "Progressive Thought on Great Subjects." Together with a Portrait and Biographical Sketch of the Author. 12mo, pp. 75. San Francisco, Cal.: Carrier Dove Print.

Seed Thoughts from Robert Browning, selected by Mary E. Burt. Charles H. Kerr & Co., publishers, 175 Dearborn street, Chicago.

Neglect of the hair often destroys its vitality and natural hue, and causes it to fall out. Before it is too late apply Hall's Hair Renewer, a sure remedy.

#### Passed to Spirit-Life.

From his home at Barton Landing, Vt., on the morning of Sept. 1st, Daniel Buchanan.  
Calmly and peacefully he entered the new state of being, firm in the belief that we shall meet again amid fairer conditions, where mortal suffering comes not, and "all is well."

From the home of her son in Charlestown, Mass., Hannah O. Parshley, aged 84 years.

Mrs. Parshley was born into the land of the living Aug. 3d, 1807, was one of the gentle souls that never grow old. She was a close pursuer of the BANNER OF LIGHT; she kept pace with the times, and was an intelligent reader of social, religious and political news.

"Looking on death as simply an entrance to another life, she went forth calmly and fearlessly. 'Do not try to keep me, they are waiting,' were among her last words. She will be missed by relatives and friends, though they realize that she was ready for the transition, and continues her interest in them."

Funeral services at the home of her son, Mr. Cleveland Parshley, by the writer. C. FANNIE ALLYN.

From Corning, Ark., on the 10th of June, Ethel Estes (after a short illness from congestion of stomach), aged 18 years.

She was a beautiful and intelligent girl, good, kind and obedient, and beloved by every one.

[Obituary Notices not over twenty lines in length are published gratuitously. When exceeding that number, twenty cents for each additional line will be charged. Two words on an average make a line. No poetry admitted under the above heading.]







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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.

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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.

### Prayer and Its Office.

A writer in a leading church review some time since attempted to explain and argue the conditions of prevailing prayer. He insisted that the prayer shall be offered by men who are in their lives and tempers consecrated; that it shall be offered for things that are truly worth having by the individual, and are vitally precious to society; and that the petition shall have in view the dignity of the Supreme Being to whom it is offered. The man who prays must be consecrated, pure in life, simple, sincere and earnest, willing and able to postpone his private desires to the will of the holiest and best. His prayer must be, not for any outward perishable things, not for any personal gift or private advantage, not for wealth, fame, power, or temporal emolument—but always for something which shall dignify and ennoble a spiritual or rational man, and always for something which the human race holds dear. And it must be offered in the spirit of an extreme simplicity and sincerity, and in a lowly trust that the being to whom it is addressed is infinitely wise, just and good, and wise, just and good enough to withhold the gift should it be harmful or unbecoming.

An eminent liberal thinker and preacher comments on this view of prayer on this wise: He says that, on the above conditions, it is easy to understand why prayer should not be either generally or frequently answered. For, he asks, how many times in the whole long history of the world has prayer been offered by perfectly holy men and women, for gifts purely spiritual, in a temper perfectly sincere and disinterested, and in a spirit of utter submission to the will of the holiest and best? It is safe, he thinks, to say that nine hundred and ninety-nine prayers out of every thousand deserve no response, and, in truth, condemn the asker. As a matter of course they are unanswered. They are but foolish breath flung out into the bleak and wintry air, which absorbs them.

But again, on these conditions, he thinks it easy to understand how genuine prayer should be answered. When human beings, in a spirit of perfect consecration, in mood entirely simple, sincere and disinterested, in the temper of lowly trust, of entire submission, ask for some really good thing, for health, knowledge, wisdom, serenity, patience, an uplifted and devoted spirit—will not such supplication be granted? Let a man pray with all his heart and life, all over and all the time, for goodness, intelligence, reasonableness, composure, fortitude, power to forgive his enemies and bless his friends—will not that prayer, from the nature of things, be granted? Let one pray in this manner for wealth, not that he may lead a selfish, idle or luxurious life, but that he may bless the world in which he lives—let him in this spirit pray for power, not that he may exalt himself above his fellows, but that he may lift the lowliest to the level of something higher than himself—will not such prayer be granted? Of course it will, not arbitrarily, but in accordance with the conditions of nature.

There is an unsounded, unfathomable abyss of power lying outside of us all. Over and above all the strength that is used, the mind that is put forth, the will that is exerted, there are endless and bottomless spaces of possibility, containing the pledge of all performance, the promise of all the future. Men have dreamed ever since the time of the ancient Hebrew prophets of a golden age in the future. The poets of Christendom have taken up the strain. In our best literature we have been encouraged to look forward to an age when slavery and war and hopeless poverty and the manifold calamities and crimes of men shall be at an end. Yet there is not, therefore, to be a new race of men on the planet, nor are the natural and social relations of men to be reconstructed. While the world lasts the same economical laws will hold. Sympathy will be of the same stuff, and the responsibilities that men sustain to each other will be precisely the same that we recognize as noble and binding.

men will understand them enough to do them; and the better society, the perfect love, will come in by force of what we ought to be, not by force of

our being something else. When man is truly natural, when he is fairly himself, when the latent capabilities of his being are called forth, then the world will be regenerated. It is only as the individual strikes in with this universal force and uses those vast capabilities of power that he succeeds. He must open the doors and windows just as far as he can. Every living creature needs the universe to give fullness of life. And the office of prayer is to put the individual in concurrence with the universal, to enable the separate man (or woman) to become receptive of these awful powers, that are ready to shelter him and bear him on triumphantly.

### Conciliation and Arbitration.

From Australia comes another plan for the solution of current difficulties. The first device for relief was the ballot method, which has achieved immediate popularity in this country. The next and last one is contained in a public document of great intrinsic merit and interest, entitled a "Report of the Royal Commission on Strikes," published by the government of New South Wales. It is pronounced by competent authority one of the most remarkable and valuable contributions that has ever been made to the literature of social economics. The appointment of the Commission grew out of extreme agitation over the labor question, and in its membership both sides of the controversy were fully represented. The Report, however, was unanimously adopted by the seventeen members. It deals with the great struggle between capital and labor in a spirit broad enough to make its conclusions as applicable in the United States as in Australia.

The labor question is admitted to be the great social problem of the age. It is maintained that in this controversy the capitalist stands outside the arena, though intensely interested in the issue. The exact antagonism is between the direct employer and the employed. A very broad and important distinction is to be drawn between all those demands of the wage-getting class which directly affect their comfort, and those which are put forth in defense of their labor organizations, and in assertion of their right to extend the operation of those unions and their confederation. The federation of labor and the counterfederation of employers, says this Report, is the characteristic feature of the labor question in the present epoch. Now the union of men in a trade has developed into a union of different trades together, and practical sympathy has taken the form of aiding a strike by striking also. Obviously there is no limit to this extension of any strife except the limit of the labor organizations themselves. The effect of this organization of labor has been to draw all employers together.

Thus the industrial community is being organized into two vast camps, jealous and suspicious of each other, and preparing for a possible conflict which, in a few months, may destroy the savings of many years. The distinctions to be observed in examining the cause of strikes are likewise to be observed in treating of their cure. No better method of dispersing the mists that envelop a controversy of this kind can be found than a friendly conference. The difficulty is very often easily cleared up in this way. It is this experience that leads to the conclusion that the very first thing to be done in order to permit of the settlement of a labor dispute is to try the effect of conciliation. Conciliation and arbitration, however, are by no means interchangeable terms. The function of any conciliative agency is to get the parties to a dispute to come to a common agreement voluntarily, before any opinion has been pronounced on the merits or any instructions are given. The function of arbitration is distinctly to determine the merits and to give a positive decision to be abided by.

Yet it is well to avoid the declaration of such a decision if it can be done, for the reason that decisions are generally more or less adverse to both parties, since even splitting the difference is an equal censure upon both. But conciliation, if it succeeds, allows of a friendly settlement on a mutual agreement, and leaves no opening for discrediting the understanding or the impartiality of the arbitrators.

In England boards of conciliation have been voluntarily established, and have lasted for several years. They have done good work, and often difficult work. Still, the service of conciliation would be greatly assisted if there were an established organization instituted by the State, and always ready to be called into action by either of the parties to a dispute. Such an institution, clothed with the authority of the State, would stand before the public as a mediatory influence always and immediately available; and public opinion would be adverse to those who, except for very good cause shown, refused to avail themselves of its good offices.

The Board, say the Commission, should be a representative one; that is, it should contain persons sympathizing respectively with the two interests involved. If a complete agreement should not be reached by conciliation, then all points remaining unadjusted should be referred to the permanent part of the tribunal, which should then resolve itself into a court of arbitration. All disputes should, if possible, be settled within the trade itself; and there would be the greater probability of this being done if it were known that, failing a settlement, either party could force the case before the State Board of Conciliation.

### The Mansions in the Heavenly House.

It was as startling to his hearers when Jesus told them of the "many mansions" in his father's house as it is to-day to orthodox Christians to be told by Spiritualists that there are many states in spirit-life, and that people are not condemned to one place of misery, or elected to one place of happiness. It constitutes a great lack of spiritual perception that orthodox Christians believe in but two future states, a place of endless misery, and a place of eternal happiness, without any degrees whatever. The Roman Catholic Church, it is true, modifies this by the intermediate state called purgatory, yet Protestant theologians have never adopted the conception of different degrees or states in the spirit-life. Paul is mainly responsible for incorporating this essentially Jewish idea into the early Christian churches, which was adopted and made authoritative by the Council at Nice in 325.

Some thirty-five years ago Theodore Parker declared a pending revolution in religion through the presence of Modern Spiritualism. Earl Russell saw the "little cloud" in the west, not larger than a man's hand, and said it was destined to change the entire theology of the age. His words have been literally fulfilled already. Spiritualism has wrought a greater change in theology in the last twenty-five or

thirty years than the world has ever witnessed in the same space of time in any direction whatever. Spiritualism distinctly portrays the occupations, conditions and states of those who have passed from earth—describes the "many mansions" in the "Father's house."

The text containing these words should be the hope and promise of Christianity, but it has been converted into bitterness, turned into doubt and despair; men and women have been driven from its promise by the conviction of theological creed and dogma. The promise of Jesus has been deserted for the two-headed creed of the Council of Nice, and the articles of the Christian Church are taken in the place of the Sermon on the Mount and the Golden Rule. The mind turns from these to whatever in the universe can declare a full and certain promise. They who listen to the voice of inspiration from the other world can scarcely realize how gradually, yet certainly, those tides of the spirit have been flowing toward them. The mansions of the Father's house, instead of being far away, have drawn nearer to their habitations. The visible dwelling is no longer the limit of our home; physical limitations are no longer the boundary-line of the household; the links have been extended, the dwelling has been enlarged, the bending skies and the green earth have united their habitations.

We advance toward the future life no longer in the dust and doubt, in the darkness and oblivion. The pathway leads upward, to the light, to the open doorway of life eternal. The words of Christ are fulfilled, and now these "many mansions" are declared. We know of a certainty that our loved departed ones live and can minister to us; that the dark shadow line that separated us from the inner and other world has been broken; that the mist has been removed, the veil of uncertainty taken from before our eyes. If we cannot see into their abodes, they have taken on material raiment to walk in our earthly dwellings. They have drawn nearer to us, and with something of their divine life, their palpable presence and love and light have brought these mansions to our very sight.

### An Issue that will not be Silenced.

The Sunday closing of the World's Fair is far from being a settled question. The discussion widens as the snap decision announced becomes better understood, and the indications multiply that the great public are less and less disposed to submit to the dictation of bigotry entrenched in the forms of ecclesiasticism. That, in fact, is the simple truth about it. Among the representative journals, religious and secular, that have taken up the discussion in opposition to the decision to close the Fair on Sundays, we find in the *Universalist Monthly* a most sensible and convincing article, which deserves the widest possible reading by persons of every shade and shape of belief. We are told that in Chicago and its environs are half a million workmen, whose only leisure day, whose only opportunity of seeing this wonderful treasury of the world's achievements, with all its masterpieces of beauty, and invention, and knowledge, will be on Sunday. The question is whether it is either fair or wise to cut them off from such uplifting and enlightening influences.

There will be in Chicago, beside these, every Sunday, a host of visitors over forty or fifty thousand strong. To assume that they will go to church both morning and afternoon is to show deplorable ignorance of human nature. The saloons, the pool-rooms, the dance halls, the gambling dens, the low theatres, and all the vile resorts will be open all around, and will reap an extra harvest out of Sabbatarian bigotry. If the churches do not know this the saloon-keepers do, and for this reason are promoting the Sunday closing movement. If any one's conscience forbids his attending the Fair on Sunday afternoon, he is at liberty to stay away. But should not the same liberty of going there be granted to those whose conscience approves of their visiting it? According to our national constitution, correctly argues *The Monthly* writer, the liberty of conscience is guaranteed to all, and the establishment of any one religion or its ordinances over those whose faith is different is forbidden. Shall orthodox Protestants, then, forbid Catholics, Jews and liberals of one sort and another to frequent the Fair on Sunday, whose consciences do not at all disapprove of their visiting it on that day?

Let each man's conscience, says this writer in *The Monthly*, regulate his own action. But when it invades the liberties and equal rights of a neighbor, it travels out of its proper province. If the Sabbath was made for man, then surely the Sunday which was made by man can best be kept in the way in which it will do most good to humanity. Whatever refines the mind; whatever makes the appreciation of beauty stronger and more delicate; whatever makes a man acquainted with the speaking marvels of God's creation; whatever calms the nerves and clears the brain, does something to make a man better fitted for the performance of his duty to God; does something to make a man more Christian, and more inclined to that higher spiritual life which is the great end of the Sunday. They are all steps—some higher, some lower—in the celestial staircase; and religion, when it is wise, looks upon none of them as common or unclean.

Admirably said and completely convincing. This fuss of a comparative handful of men who mistake formalism for religion, is the veriest twaddle in the line of profession, while in practice it answers in no way such an end as it assumes its ability to attain. This is in no sense a matter of religion as that word is commonly understood. It is simply a matter of public morality. All turns on the deciding point whether that morality is best served by opening the Fair on at least a part of each Sunday of its continuance, or by closing it altogether on that day, and thus playing into the hands of a body of sinister and corrupting influences that stand waiting with their pernicious lures to tempt refused and ejected crowds to their degradation and ruin with the active misplaced and fatal help of those who pretend to believe they are thus doing God service. It is a plain insult to the intelligence and healthy morality of the time, and as such deserves only to be denounced and discarded by all good citizens in the name of honest common sense and common morality.

It has been felt that Congress did not reflect the deliberate thought of the country, says last Sunday's *Boston Herald*, when it attached the condition of Sunday closing to its grant of assistance to the Chicago Exposition; and Bishop Potter's article on this general subject will do much to express the better sentiment of our people which was shut off by the condition attached to the gift of Congress.

His paper in the *October Forum* is a candid

and broad discussion of the whole subject of the American Sunday; and happily presents the broader view, generally entertained, without antagonizing the narrower view which has been persistently insisted upon by religious fanatics.

It is exceedingly difficult to lay down a rule of discrimination which can be followed in regard to the observance of Sunday or in regard to Sunday openings. Provided certain important ends are kept in view, says *The Herald*, the wise course seems to be to mark the character of the day and yet give the largest possible liberty to the individual. Bishop Potter has come nearer to pointing out the happy medium ground than any one else, and his paper will undoubtedly have much weight in favor of the removal of the unfortunate condition which Congress attached to its gift to the Exposition.

### Evidences of Prehistoric Man.

The existence of prehistoric races of men has revealed itself in the soil of Brooklyn, N. Y., if reports are true, and there appears to be no good reason to doubt them, as the evidences presented can be seen and handled in the home of their discoverer, Mr. Francis Worcester Doughty, 340 Hoyt street, Brooklyn, who has long been a devoted student of American archaeology, and best known as a numismatic writer and coin collector. Last March he read before the American Numismatic and Archaeological Society a paper entitled "Evidences of Man in the Drift," which attracted considerable thought, and has since been printed in pamphlet.

The Brooklyn Standard Union, of which Murat Halstead is one of the editors, recently sent a representative to Mr. Doughty's home, who in that paper subsequently gave an interesting report of his visit, occupying, with illustrations, over a column:

"If science only knew what I have got to tell, this little house would not hold the crowd of scientists to see the specimens I have been taking from the 'drift' of Brooklyn," was the startling announcement made to the visitor. "But science," continued Mr. Doughty, "is naturally timid, and loth to accept any new departure from the regular order of things. The prevalent idea of these specimens to which I allude, is the human head, either in profile or full face, and reversed they present the head or body of an animal, thus becoming the totem or tribal mark of the tribe to which the specimen belongs, the use of which still prevails in the totem posts of the Alaska Indians, which are covered with the heads of men and animals."

The materials composing the drift specimens to which Mr. Doughty referred, and which he proceeded to exhibit, comprised, first, bawn stone; second, the clay-iron stone, so-called, of the drift, which Mr. Doughty has demonstrated to the satisfaction of every scientist with whom he has come in contact, are not natural concretions, as hitherto supposed, but archeological objects of the highest interest, representing the art ideas of races older than the dawn of history itself; and third, pressed clay, which is found generally in oblong slabs. Mr. Doughty has many examples of each, and they are both quaintly curious and deeply interesting. Some of the designs are but faintly discernible to an unpracticed eye, while others stand out with a distinctness that is startling when the antiquity which is claimed for them is considered. The age of these objects is far greater than the oldest Egyptian monuments, or the remains of the cave-dwellers of Europe.

The Standard Union closes its account by saying, "A visit to Mr. Doughty's museum would convince any observing, intelligent person that he has certainly struck a rich vein of most remarkable specimens of human handiwork which, if the teachings of science are true, have great antiquity."

### The Poet Whittier.

It is understood that the biography of John G. Whittier will be written by his literary executor, Mr. Samuel T. Pickard of Portland, Me., assisted by Mr. Chase of Providence, R. I. Incidentally we may here mention the fact that our friend Whittier was at heart a Spiritualist—knowing the facts for a long time, but declining to publicly acknowledge them for reasons of his own. We learned, however, a few days since, from a reliable source, that while on his deathbed he made the remark to a personal friend, that he had seen and had a lengthy conversation with the spirit-daughter of the late Senator G. W. Merrill, a young lady whom he had highly respected, who was herself quite a poet.

Friday, Sept. 23d, we had a sitting with a reliable medium, and the demise of Mr. Whittier was incidentally alluded to, when the spirit in control remarked that he had seen him when he first entered the spirit-world, and that Mr. W. seemed much surprised—not realizing the change; everything appeared so natural to him; and he remarked: "I am very sick; I don't think I can possibly recover." When told that he had already departed from his physical body, he could not for some time comprehend the fact, until he saw his father and mother, who welcomed him to their home in spirit-life, where his spiritual form is rapidly recuperating. "When he renews his vitality," said the spirit-communicant, "he will meet those of his numerous friends who have preceded him; and will receive a grand ovation such as he never dreamed of in his earthly life."

### How to Sustain a Spiritual Paper.

One way, and a most effectual one, by which a large class of professed or sympathizing Spiritualists can help on the cause they hold so dear, is to sustain well-established spiritual papers by contributing to their legitimate advertising department. Advertising is to a newspaper what the freight trains are to a railroad: they are not only a substantial part of the business, but they are the really profitable part. Every branch of the reading department is capable of continued improvement; by reason of the prosperity of the business department of a paper. A steady growth of the advertising business of THE BANNER could not fail to enlarge its limits of practical usefulness and increase very greatly the measure of its interest for those who habitually resort to it for the satisfaction of their appetites for reading of a spiritualistic character.

### Local Organizations.

And the necessity for their support, are trenchantly treated by E. J. Bowtell, on our fifth page. At this time, when the fall brings on the lecture season, his recommendations are especially applicable. THE BANNER has always urged the importance of these local gatherings upon the people. Get up neighborhood meetings, friends, everywhere where the effort is practicable.

### Re-opening of the Lyceum.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum will recommence its sessions on Sunday next, at 514 Tremont street, Boston.

### Important and Significant.

The "diploma" doctors of this State have been endeavoring for the last sixteen years to obtain the passage of a sumptuary law to prevent healing mediums in Massachusetts from practicing their divine gifts in the healing line—by and through the same law that brought the humble Nazarene so prominently before the world as a healer.

The medium Paul, in the twelfth chapter of Second Corinthians, vividly portrays the spiritual gifts of such as "healing by laying on of hands," the speaking in unknown tongues, "but by the same spirit," etc.

The Spiritualists of this day fully endorse and practice these gifts, to the detriment of the Pharisees of the present era. The glorious works go on notwithstanding all opposition—as did the works of the Christ, though the high priests denounced him as an impostor; and the bigots of his day made loud prayers against him at the corner of the streets, in order "to be heard of men!"

Knowing these facts, as well as their results at this era—when "the agitation of thought" is really proving to be "the beginning of wisdom"—THE BANNER OF LIGHT desires to call especial attention to two valuable mediums in this city, whose powers have been exercised heretofore in private with the most potent results, as this paper has an abundance of evidence to prove; and now these mediums propose to come before the public in a modest way to heal the sick and give encouragement "to the weary and heavy laden."

Not only these mediums, whose advertisements appear the present week in our columns, but there is another pure-minded, refined medium in this city, who is at this time doing a wonderful work in the healing line. We have noticed this fact in a previous number; but this gentleman says he has no sort of reason to advertise, as he has more than he can attend to daily at his residence, 22 Berwick Park—his applicants being the most highly respectable people in this city.

But as to the matter in hand. We have known for a long time of the qualifications of the two mediums we notice below, and are willing at any time to attest to the truth of our statement, notwithstanding the outrageous declarations made in last Sunday's *Boston Courier* to the effect that Spiritualism is not what it purports to be, namely, a demonstration of the power of the spirit over and above the material things of the present age. Here is evidence to the contrary:

The spirit-guides of Mrs. M. T. Longley have at length decided to utilize a portion of their medium's time and gifts for the consideration of private letters upon personal matters, such as health, mediumship, etc., as will be seen by her advertisement in another column.

The reason for such action on the part of Mrs. Longley's band is the incessant appeals this lady receives from various sections of the country to exercise her medial gifts in those directions. Spirits Dr. John Warren as medical adviser, John Pierpont as counselor on spiritual matters pertaining to mediumship, etc., Lotela as delineator, and others, comprise the band whose work undoubtedly will be useful in their chosen field.

Mrs. W. P. Thaxter we have known for several years as a high-toned, moral woman, who is alive to the distresses of humanity, and is desirous of alleviating their condition, which she has done through her spiritual gifts for a series of years, gratuitously, although not in a financial condition to do so; consequently, by advice of her spirit and earthly friends, she has (though reluctantly) consented to sit for the public twice a week, at No. 3 Berwick Park, as will be seen by her advertisement on our fifth page. Ample reference will be given as to this lady's reliability.

### A Relief for Idleness.

It is indeed lamentable to think of there being upwards of two millions of able-bodied men in this country idlers and tramps. It is owing, of course, to the derangement in industrial occupations in consequence of lack of confidence in currency matters and for other vital reasons. Yet there is one opening that is never crowded, and one field that is never full. It is farming. Here in rocky New England, as our personal observation attests, there is a famine among the farmers for help. In many parts it is harder to obtain this needed help than it is to do all the rest of the work together. Farmers do not know which way to turn in order to secure their annual harvest. Many farm products are suffering to be gathered in.

No one, certainly, need starve so long as there is work to be done, especially when that work is required on the land. But not all idlers are fitted for such work, and a great many refuse to do it on any terms. Yet the vacant places are plentiful, and can be had if they are earnestly sought for. Hard and dirty as farm work is, it is at least honest and healthy, and the human conscience is smitten with no kind of remorse after it is performed. Nature possesses a store of varied medicaments for those who dwell with her in her tranquil retreats. Even the hardest struggle with the soil is sure to bring invigoration instead of exhaustion. Not so the struggle in the crowded streets, the close mechanic shops, the factories and the foundries, and the other places where the competitive strife is all the time going on. At this season of the year labor is in constant demand in the country, and we point to the fact in a spirit of fraternal sympathy only.

Cold weather is approaching, and coal is already six dollars a ton!—and liable to be advanced, owing to the mercenary combination of the coal barons. Is it not high time to crush this unjust monopoly? It is worse than the cholera plague that threatens the nation! Why does not the General Government at once take action in this important matter? This is what everybody is asking except the "barons" aforesaid.

Our thanks are returned to Mrs. M. J. Stewart and Mrs. Isabella Brown, Everett, Mass., Minnie M. Rand, Waltham, Mass., Hattie C. Mason and others, for choice flowers for our Free Circle table.

An extract from the Biography of the late Mrs. J. H. Conant will be found under the heading "Spiritual Phenomena." The work is for sale by Colby & Rich.

Mrs. H. S. Lake, whose eloquent and inclusive lectures have been enthusiastically received at the various Champs, re-opens the Fraternity meetings at the First Spiritual Temple (corner Essex and Newbury streets, Boston,) next Sunday, Oct. 2d, at 2:45 P. M.



## Pigs and a Minister!

A lively writer for the *Banbury Courier* of Boston shows up a recent case of profound "medieval" bigotry—this time unearthed in the good State of Maine—in such a clear-cut style that we cannot refrain from affording our readers a perusal of what has given us a hearty laugh:

"There lives in Maine a clergyman who has been endeavoring to persuade his congregation to expel as a heretic an estimable lady who has boldly announced that she does not in the least believe that a flock of actual devils entered into the swine of Gadara's eccentricity. She is prepared to concede that there might have been pigs which ran violently down a steep place into the sea; but as to believing that there were any devils concerned in the transaction, she finds herself wholly unequal to that intellectual gymnastic. The entire community is in a ferment. The lady is beloved by her neighbors, and it is to be feared that the undoubtedly well-meant zeal of the pastor—who seems to possess far more theology than common sense—may in the end work rather to his undoing than to hers.

The amazing thing about the matter is that in this day and generation it can be taken seriously. It is one of those things which an ordinary mortal would regard as a jest in rather poor taste, which no one would for an instant look upon as other than a thing to smile at. That the peace of a community should be destroyed by so silly a thing indicates that the Middle Ages are by no means over."

Mrs. H. S. Lake, who reopens the meetings at the Spiritual Temple (Back Bay), Boston, next Sabbath, has of late been doing excellent work in Washington, D.C. The *National View* of that city says of her:

"A cultured eloquentist and a cogent, incisive reasoner. Whether inspirational, as alleged, or only extemporaneous, as a speaker on any other platform Mrs. Lake would be world renowned. Be that as it may, she challenges close attention and deeply interests the thinker, and has no superior and but few equals on the spiritual rostrum."

Prof. J. Jay Watson of New York expects soon to start for Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and promises to take notes of his experience on the way for the benefit of the readers of THE BANNER.—We shall print next week a tribute to the worth and work of the late Mrs. A. LEAH FOX UNDERHILL, from the Professor's kindly pen.

Read what the veteran Dr. A. H. Richardson says of THE BANNER and its work, on our third page.

## Cholera and the Stars.

It is stated that the disease began its westward march about the time Saturn entered the sign Virgo, which rules the intestines, and has moved on as the planet progressed through that part of the zodiac. There will be general absence as Saturn gets into Libra, but not entire disappearance for some time yet.

The character of the disease will change—indeed, according to European reports is already changing. The symptoms at first were violent pains in the stomach and adjoining organs, while now the kidneys are greatly affected; in fact, they are almost absorbed. Some physicians maintain that cholera microbes come out of the earth, and so get into the water and food, and finally into the bodies of human beings. These microbes are dormant, like locusts, for a regular number of years, and then at stated periods revive and do the work of death allotted. Virgo is what the astrologers characterize as an "earthy" sign, and Saturn rules matters connected with the ground.

## Our Municipal Systems.

To show how our modern municipalities are managed or governed, it is stated by a writer in *The Forum* that Boston's Board of Aldermen consists of twelve members, and its Common Council of seventy-five members, making eighty-seven in all. These eighty-seven men control the appropriations of the city, whose assessed valuation is over eight hundred and fifty million dollars. Yet of these eighty-seven men there are sixty-two who possess no visible property and pay no taxes; and of the city's seventy-three thousand registered voters less than two fifths pay any property tax. The writer pertinently asks if it is not just here, and not in any particular system of administration, that lies the explanation of our extravagant and unbusinesslike city governments. Is it not an accepted political truth that men who have property will be more careful in voting for expenditures, a part of which they themselves have to pay, than those who have not?

## College of Therapeutics.

Prof. Buchanan being about to remove to Los Angeles, Cal., will give the last course at Kansas City, beginning Oct. 1st, 1892, lasting, as usual, six weeks (fee \$25), and teaching a complete scientific practice, independent of drugs.

**Cremona.**—The monthly meetings of the New England Cremation Society have been recommended, after vacation.

Many members have filed a formal statement with the Society setting forth their desire to be cremated after death, and a circular will doubtless soon be issued giving instructions as to what is necessary to be done by the family of a deceased member preparatory to cremation. Boards of health of the large cities were recommended to take immediate steps to establish city crematories, in view of a possible cholera epidemic. It is, indeed, a grand idea.

**Vaccination.**—for Cholera!—The hard-worked system of "vaccinating" for everything is now being set at work on the cholera. The *Boston News* announces that the "French scientist, M. Pasteur, of the cure for hydrophobia fame, is now juggling with what he calls 'cholera vaccine,' and after experiments upon animals finds that his new discovery completely protects them from cholera virus." It is said he will try the new cure on criminals as a starter. He should get his cholera cure out of the experimental stage before he is allowed to use his new contrivance on men.

Miss Harriet F. Monroe of Chicago, Ill., is the writer of the World's Fair dedicatory ode. She is about twenty-four years of age. She was commissioned to write the ode by the Ceremonial Committee of the Fair, at a compensation of \$1000. The *New York World* for Sept. 23 prints the ode in *extenso*. It will be read in part in the course of the dedication exercises by a woman (name not yet made public), and sang in part by a chorus of five thousand voices—musical accompaniment conducted by Theodore Thomas.

The general sentiment of this country to-day is: "Keep out unclean and filthy immigrants, no matter what country they come from." By a United States law applying the educational test, undesirable foreigners would be left at home. The cholera scare will set our people to thinking, and then it is to be hoped such a law will be placed upon the national statute books.

THE BANNER will contain next week an original poem by Matilda H. Cushing of Hyde Park, Mass., entitled "We Build for Eternity." It was suggested by hearing Mrs. Della E. Davis sing a selection at a Monday evening reception of her own and the friends of Andrew Jackson Davis.

THE VETERAN SPIRITUALISTS' UNION acknowledges with thanks the receipt of nine bound volumes and nine pamphlets for its library, from John F. Hayes of Roxbury, Mass.

New Orleans, La.—Read the announcement of the Association work at 59 Camp street, made under list of "Spiritualist Meetings."

Commodore Melville thinks that it is possible to go to the North Pole on foot.

## NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

## INQUIRY SUMMER.

Just about the time when fall gets to rattling the trees, An' the man that knows it all 'Sploians frost in every breeze, When a person tells himself That the leaves look mighty thin! Then that blows a meller breeze! Inqui summer hyere again.

Kind uh smoky-lookin' blues Spins across the mountain side; An' the heavy mornin' dews Greens the grass up an' wide. Natur' rally 'yours ez of She waz layin' off a day— Sort uh drovin' in her breeze 'Fore she freezes up to stay.

That brilliant lecturer, Mr. Murray—ex pastor of the old Park Street Church, Boston, Mass.—will, it is announced, soon address the people of the country on topics of interest.

A TIP FOR NEW YORK REPORTERS: Some intelligent man has quite a field before him: let him catch the cholera and write up his experiences.

Conductors' voices are heard calling out at Jaffa: "All aboard for Jerusalem; train starts in five minutes!" Several railroads are started there that will bring these old biblical cities in touch with the modern world; the poetic prophecy will soon be fulfilled.

"And from 'Dan' the tourist ble To 'Beersheba' by the rail!"

No more enthusiastic celebration of Columbus Day, October 21st, will be carried out than by the children of the public schools of the land.

Those who possess a bad heart wag a lying tongue.

THE EIGHTEENTH TRIENNIAL FAIR, under the auspices of the Massachusetts "Charitable Mechanic," will open at the fine building of that Association, on Huntington Avenue, Boston, Oct. 5th. Its intended display will involve a wide field, and by it the progress of our country during four centuries of mechanical and manufacturing improvement will find a surprisingly correct epitome.

SIGNIFICANT.—We saw two one-horse teams standing opposite the Crawford House yesterday, one labelled "Saw Dust," the other "Welcome Soap."

CHOLERA PREVENTION OF 1830.—Dose three times a day with pure elder vinegar, one tablespoonful; common table salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful. *Cholera Cure*—If in cramps, give once an hour, mixed with water, *Chick as molasses*, one tablespoonful of fine starch, ten drops of laudanum. Half of this is a dose for a child. Without cramps, one dose is enough. Keep the body warm by every means possible.—*Ez.*

The *Century* has sent a man to Europe to gather the latest data with regard to railway crossings. The magazine is soon to have an article on this subject, and kindred topics, which relate to "Good Roads."

The *London Times* says: "It may almost be said that what Scott did for Scotland, Whittier did for New England. The most salient features of his verse were those also observable in his personal character—sincerity, simplicity, earnestness and manliness."

A Yarmouth captain thought himself a handy fellow with a paint brush. He decided to put the name of his schooner on her bow, and as he could not reach high enough from the boat, and did not wish to swing a stage, he leaped over the bow, and thus did the lettering. He went ashore after doing the work on one side, to view the effect from a distance, and this is what his astonished eyes beheld: "YIPPOYK—Hartford (Ct.) Times."

Sunday last was the eighteenth anniversary of Rev. Minot J. Savage's becoming minister at the Boston Church of the Unity.

Capt. E. G. Colby, a prominent citizen of Wakefield, died at his home in Greenwood Saturday, 24th ult., aged 78 years. He was a native of New Hampshire, and was captain of Company I, 8th Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers.

A little kerosene in the water for washing clothes and dishes will cleanse them better than anything else in the world.

The new shapes and colors of jardinières for holding plant pots are a feature in the china shops, both in Boston and New York, this season. Hydrangeas, chrysanthemums and palms now form an important feature of interior decoration.

Professor—"What terrible affliction did Homer have?" Pupil—"He was a poet, sir."—*Boston Beacon*.

At a recent meeting of longshoremen in Boston, Congressman O'Neill was instructed to do all in his power toward restricting immigrants coming to this country, as immigration was a drawback to labor interests.

The Cambridge (Mass.) city government is considering the proposition of establishing a crematory for the disposal of the city garbage. It is the proper thing to do, neighbors; burn it up.

Capt. W. A. Andrews, who sailed from Atlantic City, N. J., in the sixteen-foot dory "Bapollin," arrived at Lisbon, Portugal, Sept. 21st—after an Atlantic voyage of two months and one day.

St. Peter—"What's the trouble, Michael, over there?" Michael—"Oh, it's Liep Ericson and Columbus at their old quarrel."—*Jury*.

Hon. Nathaniel S. Berry, New Hampshire's war governor, celebrated his ninety-seventh birthday Sept. 8th, and is in the enjoyment of excellent health.

HOMESTEAD OUTCOMES!—Bergman, the anarchist who shot and wounded H. C. Frick, manager of the Homestead works, was found guilty at Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 19th, and sentenced to twenty-one years in the penitentiary. On the other hand, Private Iams, who was hanged by his thumbs and otherwise punished by his officers for applauding the attempted kill-

ing, has entered heavy damage suits against Colo. Streator and Hawkins; and the grand jury at Pittsburgh has found true bills against Lieut.-Col. Streator, Col. Hawkins and Assistant Surgeon Grinn of the 10th Regiment, National Guard of Pennsylvania), charged with aggravated assault and battery in connection with his case.

New York has done well. It has kept the "comma bacillus" out of the city thus far, and it is to be hoped it has put a period to that infernal "comma."

The G. A. R. celebration at Washington, D. C., was a grand success. Sixty thousand men were in the ranks of the procession; the business meetings were well attended; Capt. A. G. Weissert of Milwaukee, Wis., was chosen Commander-in-Chief, and Capt. J. M. Piper, of the department of the Potomac, Senior Vice Commander. The next encampment will occur at Indianapolis, Ind.

Patrick Barsheild Gilmore, the famous bandmaster, died at the Lindell House, St. Louis, Mo., on the night of Sept. 24th. He was essentially a musician to the people, not to the cultured few; as a popular leader he had no equal.

The health authorities of the city of Washington, D. C., in 1832, were so impressed with the connection of cholera and drink that they closed the saloons for three months.—*The Voice*, (N. Y.).

One hundred years ago the 22d of September was the "First Day of the year of the Republic," following the Revolution. It was also the centennial of the "Cannons of Valmy," the first triumph of the Republican arms. The two events have just been celebrated appropriately in the city of Paris.

Alas for him who never sees The stars shine through his cypress trees! Who, hopeless, lays his dead away, Nor looks to see the breaking day Across the mournful marble play; Who hath not learned, in hours of faith, The truth to flesh and sense unknown, That life is ever lord of death, And love can never lose its own.

In Brazil and Spanish America young monkeys roasted form the favorite dish. The cook scoops out a hole in the ground and makes a small bake oven, in which the monkey is done to a turn, flavored with various herbs and vegetables.

The festival of Rosh Ha-Shana, the Jewish New Year, the year of the world 5653, was signaled in New York, Sept. 23d, by trouble in a Jewish synagogue, in the heart of the foreign quarter, whereby, through a fire panic, a thousand people tried to escape at once from the edifice; many were killed or injured, mostly women.

Great privation exists in Hamburg because of the ravages of the cholera and the almost total suspension of business there. It is whispered that Paris is not telling "all she knows" about the plague at the French capital. England has not yet hoisted the "yellow flag." New York news at time of going to press was favorable in the extreme.

The beautiful poem, "I Live for Those who Love Me," was written years before the individual to whom our *London contemporary*, *Light*, attributes it, was born.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, sending the brain pure blood, makes sound both mind and body.

**Movements of Platform Lecturers.** (Notices under this heading, to insure insertion the same week, must reach this office by Monday's mail.)

Mrs. A. H. Colby-Luther may be engaged for November, '92, and January, '93. Address Crown Point, Ind.

Mrs. Ada Foye is engaged during October at Cincinnati, O.; November and first two weeks of December at Conservatory Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. Her permanent address is P. O. Box 517, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. M. W. Leslie, speaker and platform test medium, having returned from Cassadaga, would like to correspond with societies anywhere in New England. Terms liberal. Address 542 Tremont street, Boston.

W. J. Colville speaks in Kingston Hall, Kingston at 10 A. M., and Saturday, Oct. 1st, at 10 A. M. and 8 P. M. He will meet friends in New York at Dr. Dewey's rooms, 117 West 42d street, Oct. 1st, 8 P. M., and then proceed to Baltimore, where his engagement with the Society meeting in Wurtzberger's Hall, North Exeter street (near Gay), commences Sunday, Oct. 2d, at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. He will devote Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of each week in October to Washington; his courses of lectures in that city will be given in Perkins's Hall, at 609 F street, N. W., Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, 8 P. M., Tuesdays and Thursdays, 3 P. M. All letters, etc., for Mr. Colville, till further notice, should be addressed 609 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Mary A. Charter was well received at Lake Pleasant, Queen City Park, Burlington City, Vt., at 10 A. M., and at Brattleboro, Vt. She is at present in Greenfield and Deerfield, Oct. 4th she returns to Greenfield; 12th will be in Gardner and Bath, Me.; 20th in Boston; Nov. 1st, New York City and Brooklyn, N. Y.; thence to St. Augustine, Fla., for the winter. Address at Greenfield, Mass.

**Married.** At Onset Bay, Mass., Sept. 17th, by James H. Young, Minister, H. Newton Stansbury and Hattie C. Stalford. Mr. and Mrs. Stansbury will reside in Boston during October. Their address will be hereafter given in THE BANNER.

NEW THOUGHT.—The contents of the October number are led by the fourth chapter of "Spiritual Alps." U. G. Figley contributes "Soul Secrets," Allie L. Lynch "Thoughts," mainly on inspiration, and "The Efforts to Build up an Aristocracy in this Country" are considered at some length by W. D. Hull. "Hulled Kernels" are as thoughtfully spiritual and suggestive as in former numbers, their author, Mattie E. Hull, following them with a poem entitled "My Inner Room." Chicago, Ill.: Moses Hull & Co.

## JARDINIERS (For Holding Plant Pots).



We have just opened many new shapes and colors of Jardinières (with and without Pedestals, from Mintons, Wedgwood, Burmantoft and Doulton, adapted for windows, vestibules and conservatories. All grades and sizes, from the moderate cost to the most expensive.

Also small plant pots and rich glass pieces of choice design for dinner table decoration.

In our LAMP DEPARTMENT (on Gallery) will be seen an extensive exhibit of the best Reading Lamps, also Banquet Lamps, with newest Parisian silk and linen shades.

In the DINNER SET ROOM (3d floor) are many new stock patterns of dinner ware, from the low cost up to the Royal Worcester, which can always be readily matched, an advantage appreciated by experienced housekeepers.

**Jones, McDuffee & Stratton,**  
China, Glass and Lamp Merchants,  
120 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON.

## ORGANIZATION AND ORGANIZATIONS.

BY E. J. HOWTELL.

We frequently hear it said that Spiritualists should organize. We meet with people who insist that to become a power in the land a national organization is necessary. They are very apt to resemble the dog in the fable, who dropped his meat in the stream to grasp the shadow which looked larger. Spiritualism can only become a power in the land by Spiritualists becoming powerful for good in their own localities. This they can best do by supporting their local societies where they have them, and establishing them where they do not already exist. This may pave the way for a national or even an international organization which may develop in the future, and which we may have the opportunity of supporting from the other side of life, where we shall all then be.

To call for national organization, and neglect the organizations we have, is to be like children crying for the moon and refusing their baby food. Spiritualism must spread not from a national centre, but from tens of thousands of centres, each a little circle of earnest seekers after truth. Where there are two or three or ten or twelve gathered together in honest investigation, both of the phenomena and of the philosophy, there is truth in the midst of them, for their longing souls have invited its divine presence. So if you would spread Spiritualism give your aid to your local societies. Keep up the homes where truth-lovers from both worlds may meet and communicate. Keep them free for the expression of every possible shade of opinion, that the light of reason shining upon all alike, the genuine may be the more readily distinguished from the false.

The churches, that have taught a little truth mixed with oceans of error, have been maintained at heavy cost by long suffering peoples. Spiritualism does not need elegant structures as an essential—although beautiful temples can never be erected for any more appropriate purpose than that of dedication to its service. The main point is to gather together somewhere, under as good influences as can be obtained. If you are compelled to meet where the influences of the spot are not all that you would wish, bring your own good influences with you. Engage the best speakers and test mediums you can, and if possible in sufficient variety to present, for the approval or disapproval of each individual mind, all shades of spiritual thought. Use your own reason upon all you hear, for each man's reason is the judge of truth and right for himself. If your community is so poor that to engage outside help is an impossibility, still meet. You know not what instruments for good risen spirits may find among yourselves. Our Spiritualism knows no order of priesthood. No one in its ranks is more entitled to be distinguished as Reverend than any other man or woman who is possessed of equal intelligence, and lives up to the same moral plane. Neither individuals nor classes have any monopoly in spirit-gifts. One thing more can be done in almost every place. Spiritual literature can be purchased and spread among investigators. Help your own societies, help your own press, and you will be helping organizations which may sometime unite by mutual attraction and become a power not only in this land of ours, but in all countries of the globe, and on both sides of the mystic river.

## Spiritualist Camp-Meetings for 1892.

**Camp Progress, Mass.**—Grove meetings every Sunday until further notice. (Spring Pond road, off Boston St., Peabody.)

**Nummerland, Cal.**—The camp-meeting will be held from Sept. 11th to Oct. 2d.

An airy front room, up only two flights, with water and steam, situate on the corner of Bosworth and Province streets, is to let. Terms moderate. Apply to Colby & Rich, 9 Bosworth street, Boston.

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## Message Department.

ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS  
Of each week Spiritual Meetings are held at  
the Hall of the Banner of Light, Estab-  
lishment, free to the public, commencing  
at 8 o'clock P. M., J. A. Shel-  
hamer, Chairman.

At these Spiritual Meetings of Mrs. M. T. Longley will occupy the platform for the purpose of answering questions propounded by inquirers, having spiritual bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor. Questions forwarded to this office by mail, or handed to the Chairman, will be presented to the presiding spirit for consideration. Besides, excommunicated individuals anxious to send messages to their relatives and friends in the earth-life will have an opportunity to do so.

It should be distinctly understood that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirit-carriers with lives—whether in the earth-life or the spirit-life—pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We advise the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

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

Natural flowers are gratefully appreciated by our angel visitors, therefore we solicit donations of such just as they are forwarded to this office by mail, or handed to the place upon the altar of Spirituality their floral offerings.

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

Questions Answered and Spirit Messages  
GIVEN THROUGH THE FRANK MEDIUMSHIP OF  
Mrs. M. T. Longley.

Report of Public Séance held June 7th, 1892.  
(Continued from last week.)

**Grace Bonick.**  
[To the Chairman:] Please say that Grace Bonick has come. I think it might be just as well for me to tell the people in Denver that I am alive, and that I am doing very well. Perhaps some of them think I am not in a pleasant world, where the sun shines and the flowers grow; but I am, and I have been trying to learn things that belong to the life of the spirit; things that I knew nothing about when I was here. It is important, they tell me, that I should go to school, though a woman grown, and study these things, so as to know how to take hold of life in the best way and make it serve my own growth of spirit and mind.

The days were dark to me here. The last days were very dark to me and to one very dear to me. In one sense we are not separated, but on the spirit-side we are not together, for there is work for him to do and work for me to do that is apart; and before we can come to the union of the true spirit-life many things must be learned about many things must be performed. That is what I am told. I am in a pleasant world, and many kind friends give me encouragement, and show me how to make my studies light and pleasant; so I am not unhappy, and I do not feel sad that the life of earth is given up.

Tell the good people that they know little of the spirit-world. Oh! how much there is to know! How much there was for me to learn! If I had known, how different things would have been! I hope I shall have the power, when I have grown strong and wise enough, to come back here to earth and tell people of the blessed life beyond, and how they must live here so as to find the brightest light, the sweetest flowers, and all things good, when they pass from the body.

They told me to come here, because it would help me to see clearly how to get back and do some work that belongs to me to do; and also that it would help me to understand the lessons I have to learn over there. So I thank you for letting me come, and I will do something for you, if I can, in the future.

**Daniel Purlington.**

[To the Chairman:] You don't make objections to an old man coming now and then? [Not at all.] Well, that's very good. At some places they don't like to have the old people come; they want the smart and young to appear. But we don't feel old when we come here, we feel as if life was young for us; and when you come to think, as the good man said, of an eternity, why, a few years more or less don't seem like anything to brag of. So I think I am only a child, after all, and I come back here to pick up lessons along the way of life, and trying to make them of some use, for I want to get to be as strong and full of knowledge as are some of the wise spirits that are all about us in that bright world.

I thought it might do some good down in Brunswick, Me., and wake them up a bit, to let them know that the dead are not dead, but alive. Tell them old Daniel Purlington gives them good greeting. He is not feeling bad because he went out of the body. You see I had a fall, and it was the cause of my going out, but it got me into a good place, and a good state, so I do not mind.

I tell you things are different from what I thought. There is a good deal to life that I never dreamed of. I guess many a soul is surprised and struck with wonder upon opening his eyes on the spirit-side and finding such a great life as it is. Why, you cannot take the thought of it all in here, for there is much about it that we never heard of on this side, and I am like a child picking up things along the way, and trying to find out what they are, and how they will apply to my life and others; just as a little one here, roaming about the lanes, picks up a flower and pulls it to pieces to see what it is made of, and who wants to know what the grasses and plants are for. That is the way we go on there as well as here, picking up information, and trying to get ahead.

Well, now I am here, and I am not sorry. I feel that I have done a big thing by coming here. I shall have it to tell of to the friends, and I hope I can help them to come for themselves.

**Richard Larkin.**

[To the Chairman:] I used to live in Lowell. I've got people there that knew me very well. I wish you'd just say to them that "Dick" Larkin has got back here, that he feels about the same as he did when he was in the body, and he isn't changed so much that he won't be known, although he has been going on for quite a while, and trying to brighten up and look a little better.

I've been around this way a good many times, hoping to get in and say a word to my friends; but somehow I couldn't make the right hitch, and I'd about made up my mind I wouldn't make the attempt again. Sure enough, though, the way seemed to be open, and I was told to step right up and see if I could manifest myself.

Sometimes I used to work pretty hard, and then I'd have a laying-off spell. I hadn't got rested up, you see, but I think I have turned over a new leaf. I don't have laying-off spells as much as I did. I keep right at work to see how much I can do, and I'm getting along first-rate. I'd like to tell the folks this, because they don't think I've got to the very best place in the world. I don't know who has. Some are up higher and in a better place than I am, but I'm pretty well off. I think we get as much as we deserve over yonder. Somehow I think we get the full extent of what we deserve, and it looks pretty good to us, too. So I feel all right, and I would like to have those on this side that thought I was a queer sort of a chap know that I am alive and have not gone to dust, and that I am still going to live. When they meet me, some of them will be surprised to find how spruced up I am. Richard Larkin is my name.

**Nellie Peters.**

My name is Nellie Peters. I have lived longer in the spirit-world than I did on earth, and that please me very much.

I have not forgotten the friends that I had here, nor the days that I spent with them. Memory holds fast the associations of the by-gone life, and I have many times tried to come to the dear friends and give them something of spiritual influence that would help them. But the old life seems more like a dream than a reality, for the spirit-world is real to me, and I have so many kind friends and teachers there, so many beautiful associations, so much

that is lovely and sweet, that that seems to be the substantial world and this more like the shadow. Now that may seem strange to my friends on earth, because they cannot see spirit, and they can see and touch the material things of this world; but when they have been in the spirit-world as long as I have, and have found their principal growth and learning there, they will not wonder that I speak as I do now.

I bring my love to the dear friends. I want them to know how much I have thought of them, and how many times we go from our spirit-home to visit them. If Lucy or Henry could know what we are doing and how we live, how often we say that we would like to take some of these good and beautiful things down to the friends of earth, and give them a portion of them, and how many times we speak of the dear ones here, they would, indeed, feel that we do not forget them; and we never do. I hope sometime that we shall succeed in our efforts to develop mediumship among the friends we have known, so that they can come into close communication with the other life. It will be so much to them, it will bring such new thoughts of existence, it will give them so much to look forward to and to think about that they have not got now, that I feel it will enlarge their lives, increase their growth, and give them a more delightful time.

My friends live in Pennsylvania. Those that I hope will learn of my return are in Meadville.

**Mary A. Searle.**

'Tis sweet to know that there is no separation to loving hearts. 'Tis a precious thought to me that though the body decays and returns to dust, the spirit, the real life, continues to live, and to regard its friends with love and sympathy.

Oh! this spirit-life opens so much of beauty to my mind. It shows me so much of the goodness of God—the wonderful care, tenderness and protection of the Heavenly Spirit. Why! I am filled with the thought of this care, and the glorious provision which has been made for mankind; a world of beauty and usefulness, a life that has its society and its work, where friends unite, but where there is separation that can be called such. Our friends go away from us there as they do here. They leave our homes and go to distant places, but we hear from them, and we know that life is well with them. Therefore we do not feel sad, for we understand that there is no real separation of loving hearts.

I think of my dear ones that I left on earth—the precious ones of my family—and how near they are to my soul. Why! I could not go far away; I could not leave them, knowing that they are meeting with the experiences of earth-life. I do not mean that I have no bright home, for there is a beautiful place where I live with friends; dear brothers and sisters are there; congenial souls have given me greeting; all the loved ones of the Mansfield family that passed away before I did are safe in that beautiful world, and I have met them and had pleasant times; but what I mean is that I cannot go away so far from earth that I could not care for the welfare of my dear ones here. I send them my love; I give them my thought and care; I want them to feel that there is life beyond, where we shall be reunited; that they will know their friends in heaven and that their friends will recognize them.

I am glad to be relieved of the physical body. Its weakness and its sufferings are past. I feel that I can do better with the spirit form that is mine. I am not encumbered with the cares and the trials of the outward life; I feel free from pain and weakness, and am happy in this spiritual world.

[To the Chairman:] I lived in Chicopee, sir, and I had many friends there beside the dear ones of my own home; and there are loved ones in other places that are closely allied to me. To all I send my love, and tell them I have found there is no death.

I am Mary A. Searle.

Report of Public Séance held June 14th, 1892.

**Spirit Invocation.**  
Oh! Infinite Spirit, thy holy presence is about us this day. We realize thy nearness, for thou art within the human heart as much as in every other point of space; but, oh! thou who art the light of the world, thou who art all love and tenderness, the soul of all wisdom, we would in this hour become more fully conscious of our relationship with thee, and realize more deeply in our souls that we are truly a part of thy infinite life. May we at this time comprehend that we gather from thee all that we have in life, that thou art to each human child and to all the universe the All-in-All, the Supreme, Protecting Power.

We thank thee for the privileges and blessings that are ours. We praise thee for the boon of life, with its unfoldments and achievements, with its varied experiences and its discipline. Although at times the shadows may press upon thy human children, and the pathway they have to tread may seem rugged and steep, yet we praise thee that shadows fall as well as sunshine, that trying experiences are given as well as pleasant prospects, for we know that these things tend to develop the human mind, and the human spirit; we know that every event, dark or bright, helps the spiritual life to expand, and the inner qualities of mankind to reach out nearer and nearer to the divine life.

We desire to come into communication with pure beings, those who have experienced the vicissitudes of life, those who have known temptation and have overcome it, those who have risen, step by step, through their own exertions to higher planes of being and accomplishment. We desire to learn of them, that we, too, may grow and reach out for a knowledge of higher things. We ask that we may receive gleams of truth from those who have gathered from thy storehouse of great learning and wisdom, that we may come into harmony with loving souls who are full of beneficence and good purposes. May our sympathies expand and reach out to our kind through the influence brought to us by beautiful angels from the world beyond. Oh! give to us peace, that peace which the world can neither give nor take away, that we may be filled with the spirit of concord and harmony, and find ourselves growing into unity with the pure, and the sweet, and the holy of the heavenly life.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

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

**QUES.**—(By F. E. Woodbridge, Jacksonville, Fla.) *Is conscience the result of spirit-mission to us from the outside, or is it the voice of the indwelling spirit?*

**ANS.**—Conscience, to our mind, is a quality of the human spirit inherent in every individual life, developed more fully in some than in others owing to various circumstances and environments, pre-natal, and otherwise.

It may be that a person upon the earth is sufficiently sensitive or susceptible to external influences as to be acted upon at times by some attendant spirit who guards his life, and seeks to guide him according to the higher dictates of right. Perhaps this guardian spirit, beholding his charge tending toward forbidden pathways, may have the power to impress upon the mind of the friend on earth a consciousness of his wrong-doing, and also the results of his misdeeds. This would be an impression of an attendant intelligence, and not the action of the conscience, which is a quality of the spirit.

Every one, we repeat, possesses this quality. Those who are extremely sensitive may perhaps feel the action of this spiritual impulse more strongly than those who are more positive, and who are repellant to the influences and the conditions of spiritual life; yet all possess this quality, and it may become developed in them. As the sensibilities of the individual become unfolded, conscience will make itself felt more and more, until by-and-by the individual, perhaps not on this side of life, but somewhere in his experience, will find that it is an inherent guide and monitor, and that it will not be stilled until its exactions are paid to the utmost limit.

**Q.**—(By the same.) *Is progress attainable with any greater rapidity by the individual in spirit-life than when amid the experiences of the mortal existence?*

**A.**—Yes; all things being equal, the progress of the mentality and the spirituality of mankind is more rapidly attained in the other world than on earth, because here man is surrounded by many limitations. He is hindered in his advance by various circumstances, of which he has but little if any control. He

may be so circumscribed by associations and conditions, not only of his home and business life, but also by the lives of others, that he may not be able to overcome to any extent, and may, therefore, be held down. It may be that he cannot gain the education that he desires, that he may not have the advantages of unfolding his intellectual powers, even though he may long to do so. It may be that he feels certain talents and qualities of mental and spiritual life stirring within him to which he cannot give active expression because of the limitations of his physical existence; but let that man pass to the spirit-world, and as soon as he has become freed from the entanglements of matter, he will be set on the upward road, his talents will be given opportunities for unfoldment; all those qualities which were cramped in expression will find avenues of manifestation; he will be brought in contact with wise teachers and guides who will advise him concerning the best methods of spiritual and mental development, and, consequently, he will progress more rapidly in the spirit-world than he could have done on earth.

You cannot long for anything that is high and noble but what the opportunity and facility will be given you on the other side to develop that longing into some active and vital expression that will bear useful results to your life. We do not mean to imply by this statement that, no matter what their lives have been on earth, individuals are placed immediately in a condition by which they may rise to a happy state after leaving the body. We must outlive the consequences of the earth-life; they have been of an unpleasant nature, before he can rise to a higher condition, and appreciate a higher state; but the facility and opportunity are given to every soul to rise, to conquer, and to reach out, and just as rapidly as one is fitted to understand and to take hold of these opportunities, just so soon will he be able to pass on in spiritual growth and progress.

## INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

**W. W. Merriam.**

[To the Chairman:] How do you do, sir? [How do you do?] I do pretty well. I've come back to see what my folks think about my life and its conditions now.

I suppose I was a positive man, at least I didn't ask the opinion of others, but I acted generally to suit myself, and people thought I was queer because I chose to march out a little faster than the crowd of commoners. I think I got glimpses of them while I was here. Perhaps that was why I was different from those related to me, and perhaps that was why they thought me queer. Some things in the spirit-world have appeared very singular to me, and I have taken a great interest in their study. I want to express myself forcibly, and say that I don't think I should have done differently in the settlement of my earthly affairs if I had known what I know now, if I had been back in the body and taken up the old life again after my recent experience; and so perhaps my friends and acquaintances will say, if they believe that I have really come back. "William does n't seem to have changed much."

I not only direct my remarks to friends and individuals in Long Island, N. Y., at River Head and near places, but also to friends, or those who have known me, in the State of Massachusetts. I hope that they will feel that there is a life beyond the present one of earth, that this mortal life is but a brief span in man's experience, and that the life-lines of an individual stretch interminably on into other worlds and other experiences.

Now, sir, if any of those who have known me really wish to come into communication with me, I promise to do my part in coming to them. I do n't know as I can furnish an instrument, but if they will do what they can in hunting me up a channel through which I can communicate, I will be on hand to manifest, and will say what I can that may be of use. Perhaps I did n't always speak smoothly that others might feel tickled, but I tried to live the truth as I understood it, and I shall try to do so now. I am W. W. Merriam.

**Ralphie Howes.**

[To the Chairman:] You don't know me, do you? [No.] Well, I don't know you, but I wanted to come here, and I brought so many lovely flowers to take home, because I think they will be helpful. I'm a little boy. I'm Ralphie Howes. I'm most nine years old now, and I want to say that I'm all strong and straight, and I've grown since I was a baby. I was a good deal better than I was here, because I wasn't strong and straight here; but I am now, in the Summer-Land. Don't you think they'll all be glad to know it? [Certainly.] Oh! I could n't say a word when I tried to come before, but the nice gentleman that stands here to help the people come told me to come right along and it would be all right to-day. I want to send lots of love home. I tried so hard after I got out of the body to have mamma know that I loved her just the same. I did n't want her to cry, and I wanted papa to know that I loved him. Every time I got near 'em I tried so hard to make 'em feel that I had n't died, but that I'd only got away from the poor achy body that wasn't strong.

[To the Chairman:] Won't you please say that I have a lovely home in the Summer-Land, and the flowers grow there all the time? Everybody is so kind I feel as if I was in heaven, and I think I'll go to school, too, and my teacher has been so much. I've learned ever so many things I could n't learn here. They say I'm getting along as well as if I could have gone into the high schools of this life; so I feel happy, and I want them at home to feel happy to know that I am right there, and have n't gone away and haven't died.

My mamma's name is Minnie Howes. Do you want to know where I live? [Yes.] Well, it was in Ashfield. The gentleman says to say it is in Massachusetts.

**Elijah Upton.**

[To the Chairman:] That was a bright little spirit, as full of intelligence and love as he must have been on earth. I feel happy to step in after one of God's little ones, for the way seems more peaceful and helpful to me. The child spoke of having tried to come before. So have I, quite a number of times; but the door has not been opened for me, although it has been for so many others who have succeeded in making themselves known.

I esteem it a great privilege to be able to come here to-day, and to send words of greeting and remembrance to those who yet travel the earthly way and have knowledge of me in times past. It seems to me, sir, that life introduces so much to the thinking mind when it can come to reason upon the things of immortality and to find it is a part of the great eternal world.

I had an experience on earth that gave me changes in many ways, so that I gathered to myself information which I did not leave on this side of the tomb, but carried it with me. Some of the things that I took along, that they would be useful, I found to be mere rubbish, and I had to throw them away, for they were taking up in my mind room that ought to be occupied by something better; but other lines of light were mine, and truths and information of life I have kept, which have been useful to me in my life on the spirit-side.

Perhaps the good people of Salem will be interested to know that I have returned. Tell them that Elijah Upton does not forget the old earth-life and its associations at Salem, or elsewhere, nor does he forget any friend that he has known. My companion is with me in the spirit-world. She lingered long after I was called, but she has been summoned to the other world, and rejoices in its light. She wishes to send her greetings and affection to the dear ones on this side, to any who have ever given her a pleasant smile or kindly word, and to assure them

that she lives, that she has a pleasant home in the spirit-world, with its sunshine and flowers and friendly associations. We are anxious to spread the great truth, to do all in our power to make humanity smile at the thought of death, instead of trembling with fear because of the change they know they must meet.

Elizabeth says, "Tell my friends that the passage over was very smooth; there were no rough places; it was only a step, and I found myself safe in a beautiful home."

**Mary E. Kent.**

I have been assisted to come here by that dear old Quaker lady, Mary Haynes. My friends live in Richmond, Ind. It is a long ways from here, I know, but to the spirit it seems short. Distance is nothing to speak of, if only we can send our love and thoughts to those on earth.

I would like to tell my friends that Spiritualism opens a broad highway to those who dwell on the other side, over which they may come to their loved ones here, and give them not only an influence and impression, but also intelligent communications sometimes, and information concerning the life beyond, and how best to prepare for it. I did not know of this when I was here, and I was not anxious to die; but when I found my eyes closing on this mortal side, there came to me a great light, and I saw in it faces of those whom I had known. They were full of joy, which gave me courage and comfort, so that I had no pain and sorrow in passing to the spirit-world.

I would like very much to have my friends know that I am happy there with Florence and Susan. I have been very much with mine, and many who are mourned for by the friends on this side. If you could see our lives, and know that we have bright homes, sweet associations and pleasant studies, I know you could not grieve for us, because you would feel that that was the real abiding-place, and that you would soon enter it after your time of discipline on earth had closed.

My name is Mary E. Kent.

Mrs. Haynes gives her greeting to her dear friends, and wants them to know how happy she is. Joshua sends his greeting also, and says that he feels in this new life more powerful to express himself than he ever was on earth.

**Sophia French.**

I am Sophia French, and I come with Julia to our friends in Boston. We lived in the city of Boston, and we had relatives and friends here. They cannot think we are dead; I cannot believe it is so. I hope they feel that we are living and are active human beings. My people are not Spiritualists, but they are liberal-minded and tolerant in their opinions, so I hope that they will take this kindly, and feel that possibly this is true—there we have come back, Sophia and Julia, from the spirit-world, bringing them our love.

I had desires and plans in mind while I was here. I wanted to accomplish something, to make of my life something not only useful, but that would be felt, and I was very sorry to have to give up these hopes and plans, and succumb to disease; but when I found myself on the spirit-side, and saw that schools of art were open to me where I might study and try to develop that which was within me, I did not have any more sadness, and I felt that all was for the best.

Julia is not a teacher now, in the spirit-world, because she is not qualified to teach, and yet she is unfolding many qualities of beauty that are utilized in the other world. She wishes me to say that were she to take up the old life she would understand true methods of tuition much better than she did while here trying to train the young mind, but she is doing all she can to help others who are called to such positions in such ways that they may perform a more perfect work.

There are many things I would like to say to my friends, if I could come to them privately. I do not like to go over the past in public, nor do I think they would be pleased to have me. If they can find some medium in Boston that I can use to talk through, I shall be very happy to come, for I have much that I would like to say.

**Mamie Williams.**

[To the Chairman:] I don't know you. I come in, too, 'cause I see a lot comin', an' I asked a big man if I could come along, an' he says, "Yes, it's a good time for little children to come when the roses bloom."

I'm a little girl. I think I was about four years old, somewhere near that, when they shut me up in a box. I didn't stay there—no, I didn't. I slipped out before they put the top on. I've been gone a long time; I don't know how long I've been livin' in the spirit-world with my auntie and her friends. My mamma lives 'round here. She used to live over in Chelsea. Do you know where that is? [Yes.] There's a bridge just over the water, an' that's where my mamma used to come when she came to Boston, yes.

My name's Mamie Williams. Does you s'pose you could find my mamma? [Perhaps so.] Her name's like mine, 'cause she used to say I was named for her. I want to tell her I've got to be in the spirit-world. I have nice times, too, an' I'm goin' to be a big girl. Won't you say I loves her heaps? [Yes.] That's a nice man.

I want to know where Freddie is. I lost him, an' I want to find him, 'cause I 'spect he's gettin' to be a big boy. I used to play with him. Tell him I think he never went into a box, 'cause he's here.

I remember everybody I used to know. There was a nice lady gave me a ten-cent piece. I kept it all the time. I had a little hole in it, an' I strung it. I don't have it now, 'cause it was left on this side.

**William H. Cummings.**

This is very acceptable to me, the opportunity of gaining an experience through your public meeting by coming in contact with the external life, and perhaps by finding the means of sending spiritual greetings to relatives and friends on earth.

I am well known in Lisbon, N. H., perhaps more fully in Lisbon than elsewhere, but also in other parts of the State, and I bring my greetings and respect to good friends and neighbors of the old life. I was a man of active energies, and so came in contact with many individuals connected with manufacturing interests, and also with other lines of business life. I found many opportunities of learning something of my fellow-beings. I hope I took advantage of those opportunities; I think I did, so that in going to the spirit-world I had for a sort of ballast a goodly sum of experience gathered along the way of this mortal existence.

It seemed to me to be about the right thing to send word of my welfare to those who are on this side. It seemed to me that I ought to make myself known, and have it understood that in general all things are well. True, I

had a new life to take up, and although a part of it seemed very natural, yet working out from that life are many lines of employment and investigation for the human spirit that are not familiar to me. I have to become conversant with them, and so I am constantly coming in reach of something new. This makes the life of the spirit all the more grateful to me and all the more interesting, so I have no time to look back over the past and see myself here or anywhere else.

I lived a long life in the body, and have no complaint to make. The years brought me all I could ask; not, however, but what I had many painful experiences. Sorrows came to me, as to others who live here, but, take it all in all, I do not know as I would have anything changed. They all wound up in an experience that perhaps was exactly what I ought to have had.

I am William H. Cummings. I want to say to my old associates, Don't think of me as gone to dust. You may say, "Peace to his ashes," if you will, but do think of the ashes as all there is left of a living, active man, for he is alive and full of energy still, and, thank God, he has the power of putting this energy into expression through many channels in another world. I hope, good friends, that you will investigate Spiritualism and learn all you can of its truth. Go and seek means of communication with your near and dear ones in the higher life, for every one is full of love for you, is in sympathy with you, is full of the desire to give you comfort and peace and knowledge from the spiritual life; and if you go to them with the earnest wish to know of their life they will do their best to respond in loving assurances of their fidelity and affection.

## INDIVIDUAL SPIRIT MESSAGES

TO BE CALVIN NEXT WEEK.

June 21.—S. B. Brittan; Calvin Hall; Gen. John Hammond; Ida Wood; Samuel Cooper; Mrs. Julia Foster; Joseph T. Wood.

June 24.—Fannie A. Conant; H. S. Finn; George L. Breed; George Kenny; Emily Chace; Levi K. Conoley; Naota, to her medium; Closing remarks by John Pierpont.

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

Sept. 16.—Rev. George F. Tewksbury; Mabel Wing; James Lockett; Robert Stott; Mary Peeney; David Lawrence; Maud Ryder.

Sept. 20.—Jessie B. Ferguson; Nellie Fletcher; E. B. Smith; William Hutchins; Kate Lawrence; Robert Davidson; Col. A. B. Meacham.

## 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 Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

### Materialization in the Early Days.

The public reception room of Mrs. Conant, at about this time [1892], began to be the scene of very unique physical manifestations, varied in character as to violence or quiet humor; some of the most important of which are here recorded. The table used for her sittings was of oak, three feet six inches in length, and very heavy. When the company sat around it in the circle, sometimes it would be made so light by the agency of the spirits that Mrs. Conant could lift it with one hand; at others, the same table was rendered so heavy that four men found it impossible to raise it from the floor. It would frequently—and sometimes without warning, when no séance was being held—be tipped at an angle of forty-five degrees, while the pens, paper, ink, and other paraphernalia which covered it, would be held in place—not an article falling upon the carpet. The individuals generally composing her circle were finally told that if they had the patience to sit and wait for the manifestation, they should see clearly defined spirit forms. They announced themselves possessed of a sufficiency of that quality. One evening when a party of six were gathered around the table, the promise was renewed, and all those present became quiet save Mrs. Conant, who found it impossible to do so by reason of the magnetic draught which was kept up upon her vital powers. The party continued to wait patiently from six p. m. to twelve o'clock, midnight, and at last, as if to reward their faith or persistence, there suddenly appeared behind Mrs. Conant what seemed a fleecy cloud of steam or light smoke, luminous and bright. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness; the cloud of steam or smoke, which before originated it, closed around it; it sank gradually down to the floor and disappeared. It bore the aspect of a beautiful female, and an enthusiastic member of the company said:

"I feel like imitating the disciples of Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration, and saying: Let us build two tabernacles—one for the spirit and one for the medium!"

The table then ascended high above the heads of the circle. The company arose and sang the old melody—

"Come holy spirit, heavenly dove,"—

The table keeping time to the music by swaying to and fro. The greater part of the manifestations occurring in presence of Mrs. Conant, took place in a brilliantly illuminated room, but on this occasion the lights were turned down so as to render objects barely visible—the electric rays furnished by the spirits themselves then completed the illumination, so that all forms, such as the above, together with faces, arms and hands, were distinctly apparent.—*Biography of Mrs. J. H. Conant.*

It is by presence of mind in untired emergencies that the native metal of a man is tested.

**JOHNSON'S ANODY**



Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,  
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time,  
Sparkle forever."

Thoughts are blossoms of the mind, and deeds are  
the fruits of desires.

The day is breaking in the East of which the prophets  
told,  
And brightens up the sky of Time, the coming Age of  
Gold;  
Old might to Right is yielding, battle blade to clerical  
pen,  
Earth's monarchs are her peoples, and her serfs  
stand up as men.

The cry of the age is justice. Not help nor charity,  
but justice.

Nothing before, nothing behind—  
The steps of Faith  
Fall on the seeming void, and find  
The rock beneath.

—[John G. Whittier.

The power of him who stands morally highest is  
the only real power.

To-morrow's fate, though thou be wise,  
Thou cannot tell nor yet surmise;  
Pass, therefore, not to-day in vain,  
For it will never come again.

—[Omar Kayam.

Joy is an uplifting force, increasing the facility of  
spiritual ascent.—[Lady Bowyer.

Man's work is to labor and heaven—  
As best he may—earth here with heaven.

—[Robert Browning.

**A British Officer Reports His Own Death.**

A very remarkable story is told by Col. H., a British army officer, and recently verified in all its essential points by the Psychical Research Society, of which the well-known Prof. Henry Sidgwick of Cambridge is President.

The story tells how Major J. Poole, of the Royal Artillery, who was killed at the battle of Lang's Neck in the Transvaal, reported his own death in London to his friend, Col. H., many hours before the telegraphic dispatches announced that the battle had been fought.

Col. H. begins his story by stating that he is not a believer in ghosts, spirit manifestations or esoteric Buddhism. He formed a friendship with Major Poole twenty-three years ago, when they were both subalterns, and their intercourse continued up to the time of the Transvaal war, when Poole was ordered out upon the staff. The narrator's story reads in part as follows:

"The Transvaal war was at its height. One night, after reading for some time in the library of the club, I had gone to my rooms late. It must have been nearly one o'clock when I turned into bed. I had slept, perhaps, some six hours or so, when I woke with a start. The gray dawn was stealing in through the windows, and the light fell sharply and distinctly upon the military chest of drawers that stood at the further end of the room, and which I carried about with me everywhere during my service. Standing by my bed, between me and the chest of drawers, I saw a figure, which, in spite of the unwelcome dress—unwanted, at least, to me—and of a full black beard, I at once recognized as that of my old brother officer.

"He had on the usual khaki coat worn by officers on active service in Eastern climates; a brown leather strap, which might have been the strap of his field-service glasses, crossed his breast; a brown leather girdle, with sword attached on left side, and revolver case on the right, passed around his waist. On his head he wore the ordinary white pilot's helmet of the service. I noted all these particulars in the moment that I started from sleep and sat up in bed looking at him. His face was pale, but his black, bright eyes shone as keenly as when, a year and a half before, they had looked at me as he stood with one foot on the hansom bidding me adieu.

"Fully impressed by the brief moment that we were stationed together at C. in Ireland or somewhere, and thinking I was in a barrack-room, I said:

"'Hello! Poole, am I late for parade?'

"Poole looked at me steadily and replied:

"'I'm shot!'

"'Shot!' I exclaimed. 'Good God! how and where?'

"'Through the lungs,' replied Poole; and as he spoke his right hand moved slowly up the breast until the fingers rested upon the right lung.

"'What are you doing?' I asked.

"'The General sent me forward,' he answered, and the right hand left the breast to move slowly to the front, pointing over my head to the window; at the same moment the figure melted away. I rubbed my eyes, to make sure I was not dreaming, and sprang out of bed.

"I felt sure that my old friend was no more, and what I had seen was only his apparition. But yet how account for the voice, the ready and distinct answers? That I had seen a spirit certainly something that I had seen a ghost and blood—and that I had been told by him, I was like indubitable facts. But how to reconcile these apparent impossibilities? The thought disquieted me, and I longed for the hour when the club would open and I could get a chance of learning from the papers any news from the seat of war in the Transvaal. The hours passed feverishly. I was first at the club that morning, and snatched greedily at the first newspaper. No news of the war whatever.

"I passed the day in a more or less unquiet mood, and talked over the whole circumstance with an old brother officer, Col. W. He was as fully impressed with the apparition as I was.

"The next morning I was again a solitary member at the club, and seized with avidity the first paper that came to my hand. This time my anxiety was painfully set at rest, for my eyes fell at once on the brief lines that told of the battle of Lang's Neck, and on the list of killed, foremost among them all being poor Poole. I noted the time that the battle was fought, calculated it with the hour at which I had seen the figure, and found that it almost coincided. From the simple fact I could only surmise that the figure had appeared to me in London almost at the moment that the fatal bullet had done its work in the Transvaal.

"Two questions now arose in my mind. First, as to proof that poor Poole happened to wear that particular uniform at the time of his death, and whether he wore a beard, which I myself had never seen him wear. Second, whether he had met his death in the manner indicated, namely, by a bullet through the right lung. The first facts I established beyond dispute, about six months afterward, through an officer who was at the battle of Lang's Neck, and who had been invalided home. He confirmed every detail."

The narrator adds that the second fact was confirmed by an old brother officer who went to the Transvaal with Poole, and who, in answer to a question as to how Poole was shot, replied: 'Just here, placing his hand over the right lung. The Psychical Research Society, in its investigation of this case, finds from *The London Gazette* that the battle in which Major Poole was killed began, according to Gen. Elley's dispatch, at 9:30 A. M., Jan. 28th, 1881. The first account of the battle appeared in *The Times*, *Telegraph* and *Daily News* of Saturday, Jan. 29th, 1881, with "no list of casualties."

The first announcement of Major Poole's death was in a telegraphic dispatch from the Transvaal, dated Jan. 28th, and received by the Secretary of State for War in London on the 29th. The society concludes from these facts, and from an examination of the persons with whom the narrator talked immediately after his experience, that the apparition appeared to him about the time of Major Poole's death, and certainly before the news of that event reached London.—*Memphis Commercial.*

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