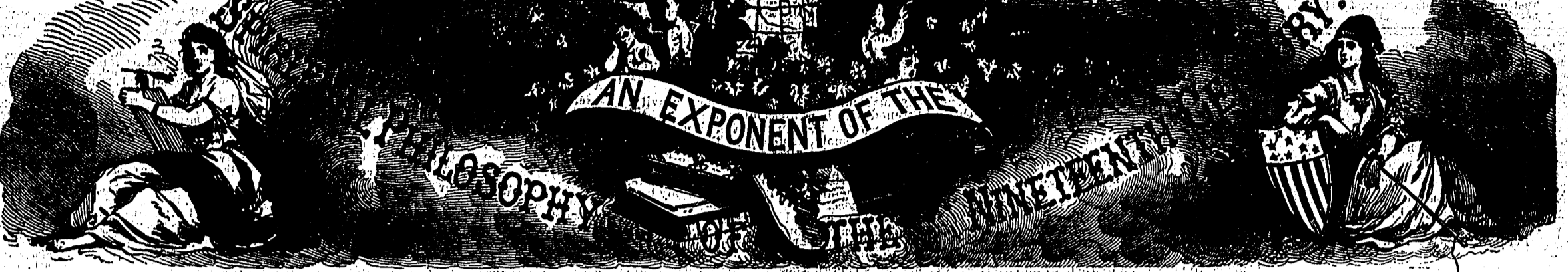


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 11.

ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

St. Martin's Lane winds up the hill,
And trends a devious way;
I walk therein amid the din
Of busy London day;
I walk where wealth and squalor meet,
And think upon the things
When others tread this gaudy sod,
And heard St. Martin's chime.

But when those solemn bells invoke
The midnight's slumberous grace,
The ghosts of men come back again
To haunt that curious place;
The ghosts of ages, poets, wits,
Come back in gaudy train,
And all night long, with mirth and song,
They walk St. Martin's Lane.

There's the Jerrold paired with Thackeray,
Maglin, and Thomas Moore;
And here and there and everywhere,
Frasers by the score.
And one was ghost that climbs the hill
Is welcomed with a shout:
No king could be revered as he,
The padre, Father Prout!

They banter up and down the street,
And clamor at the door
Of yonder inn, which once had been
The scene of mirth and gloom;
'Tis now a lonely, musty shell,
Deserted, like to fall;
And echo mocks their ghostly knocks
And iterates their call.

Come back, ghost of that ruddy host,
From Pluto's misty shore,
Renew to-night the keen delight
Of bygone years once more;
Brew for this merry motley horde
And serve the steaming cheer,
And grant that I may lurk hard by
To see the mirth and hear.

Ah me! I dream what things may seem
To others childish, vain,
And yet at night it is my delight
To walk St. Martin's Lane;
For, in the light of other days,
I walk with those I love,
And all the time St. Martin's chime
Makes piteous moan above.

—Eugene Field.

The Rostrum.

REVELATION PROGRESSIVE.

[The following discourse, preached awhile since at Palmer, Mass., by the then Universalist minister there, is furnished us by Mr. ASAHEL ABBOTT of that place, with a wish for its publication in THE BANNER. This eloquent and outspoken sermon is one of the many signs of widespread modern inquiry concerning the origin of the Bible—a book once so generally and flatly declared by the clergy as the direct and personal handiwork of the Architect of the Universe, but now admitted by so many authorities to be a human compilation, the outgrowth of blended inspiration, cumulative civilization and gradual mental evolution. As such we give the address to our readers.—EDS. B. OF L.]

"Ye search the Scriptures."—John 5: 39.

I am going to speak to you this morning about this old book, precious to every sincere seeker after truth, sacred to every Christian heart from the tender associations and memories it calls up of devout father and mother who have taught us from its sacred pages. I am going to say some things about it which may surprise you, which may disturb the cherished views of some of you, and maybe cause you pain; for I find there is nothing concerning which we are so conservative and prejudiced as that which orthodoxy has sacred book.

Our text is one of the few references in the Bible to the Bible itself—for we must remember that the phrase, "the Word of God," has a much broader significance; such references are rare, and we sometimes wonder why the prophets and Jesus and the apostles have not enjoined more urgently than they have the study and use of this book, which to-day the Christian world holds in such sacred esteem; but we must remember that the times of these different characters mentioned were the very periods of the Bible-making, and its value was not realized as it is to-day, no more than the plays of Shakespeare in his own day were prized as they are now by the whole civilized world.

The Bible, we shall learn, has been a slow, gradual growth from the original ten laws of Moses, down to the complete book which we to-day call the Bible. Of the purpose and nature of this book many are as ignorant as they are of the geography of the planet Mars—they read it as a kind of fetish; they have set it up as a kind of ideal to be worshipped; they make it differ essentially from all other books, and consequently read it—rarely study it—with blind eyes and confused minds.

Now I am going to try to answer the question, What is the Bible? To preface the way to our answer let us inquire how it is that we come to have a Bible, how did it originate, what causes called it into being? We must remember that we are not the only people who have a Bible. Countless millions throughout Asia hold their sacred books in even more devout reverence than we do our own. The Brahman, the Buddhist, the Persian, the Mohammedan, each has his Bible, and, like us, thinks it the only Bible in the world, the sure and only guide to holiness and right living. This is significant, that during these long ages great bodies, races of God's children, of whom, until recent years, we have known little, have been worshipping the great All-Father in one form or other, and this by the light gained from sacred books whose similarity to our own in many of their teachings, and some of their forms, surprises scholars to day.

But how came these people with a Bible? Just as we have come by ours. Religion is older than Bibles; there was a time when there were no Bibles, but there never was a time when man, in some form or other, did not give expression to the religious instincts which are as native to his life as breath itself. Long before the art of writing was discovered, even before the first rudiments of an alphabet with which to write had been invented, man had been reaching out in aspirations, and homage to the power which instinct prompted him to seek.

We know not how many generations, how many centuries, how many ages even, man had thus worshipped before he began to record the experiences of his religious life in a book, but we know that our oldest religious books look back into an antiquity so gray and distant that they themselves seem very modern in comparison.

I can do no better here than to quote Dr. Sunderland:

"Almost every people, as soon as they begin to have a literature at all, have a Bible, and it comes about somewhat in this way: In the early times of a people, before they have a literature and before they have writing, there are tales and stories and legends about extraordinary persons and events, which, in one way or another, get into existence. The most notable and striking of these will be told from generation to generation and from family to family. These tales and legends will assume either a warlike or religious character. As rude instruments are invented they will be sung and chanted, and will take on more or less metrical forms. Now when the people arrive at that condition of civilization in which writing makes its appearance, it is, of course, these heritages of the past, these hymns, legends and tales, together with accounts of religious rites and expressions of religious worship, that naturally are embalmed in writing first. These, because they have come down from revered ancestors, and have the halo of a shadowy past upon them, are naturally looked upon as peculiarly sacred. The more religious of these become, naturally, the first germ of the future Bible. As ages go on other writings come into being of one kind or another, some of which are of necessity religious or semi-religious. Such are the books of Ruth, Esther and the Song of Solomon in our Old Testament. By a sort of natural selection the best of these are preserved and grow in honor, while the rest sink into obscurity or pass away altogether. But at last there comes a time, as a result of national disaster or the stagnation of intellectual and religious life, when a line gets drawn and the sacred Book gets sealed up. Anything written at any time on this side the line is not true Bible. Such is, in brief, the history of one class of sacred books or Bibles. In the other class the starting point is a man—a great teacher—who has made a profound impression or inaugurated a new religion. Such Bibles are the works of Confucius, Buddha, Mahomet, and the memoirs of Jesus's life, the New Testament, which is the outcome of Jesus's life."

Now our Bible has thus two distinct origins. The Old Testament (which we must not forget is also the Bible of the Jews and of the Mohammedans, along with their Koran,) is in part legendary, and the reflection and record of a slow national growth; while the New Testament, the other half of our Bible, arises wholly out of the life of Christ.

Now how did the Old Testament come into being? Keep distinctly in mind that it is not one book. It is a compilation or aggregation of books. Our English word "Bible" comes from the Greek word "biblia," which means "the books," and is evidence of its composite nature. It is a library in one binding of the most ancient Jewish literature. It is made up of legends, history, genealogy, poetry, maxims, prophecies—this very list indicating the various hands which have had its making.

Probably the nucleus of the Old Testament is the ten laws of Moses, which in that absence in the mount he drew up for the moral guidance of that race of liberated slaves whom he was so patiently trying to teach a just conception of God as he conceived him. These ten laws the best scholars believe to be the kernel from which the Old Testament gradually grew. These were written on stone, the common material for records among all nations at that time. They were the sacred treasure of the ark, and naturally the first embodiment in a literature when they began to form one. But they existed on stone, and before this in the hearts and memories of the Jews for hundreds of years before they were placed in the record in Exodus as we now find them. The Pentateuch, which is the name given the first five books of the Old Testament, contains the old records of the Jews, but, as nearly all scholars agree, is not the oldest written part of the Old Testament, nor was it, as has generally been believed until recent years, written by Moses.

Davidson, the greatest of English biblical scholars, does not put the date of the earliest document further back than 1000 B. C., which is after the time of Samuel. Ewald, the greatest of German scholars, fixes the date of the "Book of Origins" (the name given by him to the first extended historical document that we can get distinct, continuous traces of in the Old Testament narrative) at about the same time. Thus we have a period of five hundred years occurring between the time of Moses and the appearance of any written documents giving accounts of his deeds. How were these accounts preserved during these five hundred years? They must have been preserved mainly by oral tradition—recollected from father to son, from mother to daughter, as religious devotion and instruction; somewhat as Homer's poems were preserved by the troubadours or minstrels, who sang them from village to village.

But if the events of the life of Moses came down for several centuries mainly by tradition, how must it be with the events which are recorded as occurring long before the time of Moses? The book of Genesis purports to narrate events which occurred from three hundred to twenty-five hundred years earlier than Moses's time; whence came the original data of these? Whoever wrote them wrote as an historian desiring to preserve the records of his race and religion. As they record events

and teachings older than the discovery of the alphabet, before letters were known or the means of writing, they must have been preserved in the memories of the people and transmitted from parent to child, from teacher to pupil, by word of mouth. This was the prototype of the modern book—this was the ancient library.

Now this is the way the Bible came about. It is the natural and inevitable attendant or outgrowth of civilization. Man must tell of his religious experiences. It is by word of mouth at first, and the most valuable of these are treasured in the memory and told again and again, until they become the revered treasures of a whole nation or race; and then, when letters are invented, these sacred records of their ancestors, of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, are embalmed forever in literature.

Our Bible is a natural growth. It grew out of the people's hearts and minds, as has every institution of man. God did not say, "Now I have placed man on earth he will need a Bible to guide him in his life, and so I will inspire Moses and David and Isaiah and St. John to write one. I shall dominate their minds; they shall have no will but to write my thought, and all they write shall be as though I myself had written from the very secrets of eternal truth itself." No, God did not make machines of these men to write infallible truth. If we believed this, actually believed it, the Bible would become a terrible stumbling block to us, for we could not harmonize our ideas of God's love and tender mercy with David's hot utterances of vengeance, nor with Moses's conception of an avenging God, nor his sanctioning of slavery when he tells the children of God that they shall buy bondmen and bondwomen of the heathen round about them; nor when his superstition said: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live"; nor when he commanded that unruly and disobedient children should be stoned to death. These are not the thoughts of God, even though they are prefaced with "Thus saith the Lord." This is the legislation of a man great above the common run of men, inspired, if you will have it so, but yet of a man limited by finite human weakness, and the crudity of his intellectual and spiritual environment. Moses stumbled on through broken lights; dark shadows fell across his path. He went up into Sinai, he lived on the heights, he came close to God in the loftiness and purity of his life, but storms and clouds now and then shut out the vision of his God, and drowned his utterances in the storm of human passion all about him in those rude, clamorous, uncivilized slaves; and when he legislated and prophesied under these conditions, he put the human and not the Divine into his laws.

The Bible is not to be read as though it were the infallible utterance of God. It is not of equal worth in all its parts. In places it rises almost to the very soul of Deity and Truth in the sublimity and purity of its teachings—in others it is an eloquent reminder of how men's passions can traduce even divine truth. This estimating the Bible as all divine, all of God, equally binding in all its parts, has done more to inspire infidelity, and drive sensible, reasoning men from the church, than any other cause you can assign. Men and women with instinctive distaste have recoiled from a representation of God which makes him less just in many of his characterizations than an earthly tyrant of human passions. In other characterizations less just than they see men and women all about them. They prefer a sanction for their morals which is less inconsistent.

We have traduced the character of God in making this book a faithful likeness of his nature. It is not infallible. It has countless mistakes and errors, contradictions and misrepresentations. It is a record of the struggles of human nature to conceive the divine nature, and it has all of the errors and contradictions with which human nature is filled. When we come to realize this we shall study the Bible more intelligently, and shall not be confused and bewildered by these awful representations of our God.

Right will always be right, and wrong will always be wrong, and God planted deep in the breast of every man when he made him in his image a principle which discovers these; and, moreover, right always has been right, and wrong always has been wrong, as well in the days of Moses as to-day.

Do you recall John Norton—that Christmas eve, sitting in his old cabin in the glare of the firelight, reading the old dog-eared Bible, and saying: "There's another spot in the book I'd order look at to-night; it's a good way further on, but I guess I can find it. Henry says that the furdur on you git in the book the better it grows, and I conceit the boy may be right; for there be a good deal of murderin' and fightin' in the fore part of the book that don't make pleasant readin', and what the Lord wanted to put in fur is a good deal more than a man without book-larin' can understand. Murderin' be murderin', whether it be in the Bible or out of the Bible; and puttin' it in the Bible, and sayin' it was done by the Lord's commandment, don't make it any better. And a good deal of the fightin' they did in the old time was sartly without reason and agin judgment, specially when they killed the women-folks and the little uns."

John Norton is right. It was wrong for Jehu by God's command at Elisha's suggestion to kill King Joram, and then order the assassination of King Ahaziah, and then craftily obtain the heads of seventy of Ahaziah's children and send them packed in baskets to Jezreel—all this, as it is written, under the command of God. God never commanded this. Neither you nor I believe this, no matter how many Bibles tell it to us. It would shatter the very

basis of all morals did we believe this; our tongues would become palsied as we prayed to such a God; our very hearts be frozen in despair as we thought of such a Being as the ruler of our destinies. We know the writer was mistaken. He saw God as truly and clearly as his civilization and religious culture would allow him; but we cannot permit him to be the revealer of God to us to-day. Yet, I should be sorry if these things were blotted from the Book, or if they had never been written; for they show us that the revelation of God has been progressive—that God has been schooling the race in knowledge of himself and the truth—that as he has grown in civilization, in manhood, in character, he has grown into purer and nobler conceptions of his God. The very fact that such a conception of God is revealed in a sacred book shows the antiquity and truthfulness of the book as a faithful historical revelation of the life of that day. If the Bible reveals one thing without dispute, it reveals this, that from the earliest accounts of recorded history down to the present moment there has been a continuous progress in man's conception of God. Pope said: "An honest man's the noblest work of God," and someone else has reversed the sentiment, saying that "An honest God is the noblest work of man." We do, in a sense, make our God. He is an ideal in our hearts, varying with each individual, the purer, truer and nearer the absolute truth, as the sources which have inspired and given shape to our ideal have been pure and true. No man has seen God at any time. We know him only as faith and love interpret him to our souls; and faith and love are partial and weak here on earth, and so must be our conception of God.

But the God who dominates civilization to-day is far different in character from the God of the Old Testament. The God of the Old Testament is not the God we worship to-day—we could not, we could not, we could not love him, we could not respect him. "He is," says Dr. Sunderland, "represented as walking, talking, having bodily form, wrestling with one patriarch, eating veal and cakes with another, contending, and for a while in vain, with the magic of other gods, getting angry, being jealous, repenting, sanctioning fraud, commanding cruelty and exhibiting almost every passion and imperfection of man." Now these are not theories of what the Old Testament teaches about God, but actual facts descriptive of God in his dealings with men. Now it troubles, pains many good people to hear these things said of the Bible; it seems sacrilegious to say such things of God's word. They feel these things themselves; they are pained and puzzled every time they come across them as they read their Bibles, but they cry "Hush!" to their doubting hearts, telling themselves it is wicked to doubt, and counseling themselves that these are the mysterious things of God which the audacity of feeble man should not inquire into. Martin Luther made the Bible into another Pope, or rather those who came after him did, and since then devout but misguided souls have elevated it upon a pedestal of awful reverence, and made it more mysterious and sacred than the sphinx itself. This adoration has been pagan, and has palsied Reason as it stood timidly wondering at these strange anomalies of religious utterance. But fortunately a strong tendency is at work counteracting this disposition, the result of the remarkable scholarship which has been focused upon the Bible the past fifty or sixty years. And what does this scholarship tell us? It tells us that this dogma of infallibility and inerrancy is false; it tells us that certain parts of this book are no more inspired than are the writings of Plato, Dante or Shakespeare, nor as much inspired! It tells us that counsels of men, with like passions as ourselves, met to determine which of many books and writings should go into the Bible and which should be denied admission. It tells us that bitter passions, intimidation and crafty intrigue carried the vote for some and denied sanction to others because of their doctrinal import, the majority voting for the books which agreed with their theories. For proof of this, read Hefele's history of the early councils.

There are sixteen books missing from the Old Testament—which clearly ought to be found there—which are referred to in one place or another in the Old Testament as if they were genuine books. And there are books in our Bible which some of the great leaders of Christianity thought were not scriptural and of little worth. Luther thought that Esther did not belong to the Bible. He thought the book of Revelation neither apostolic nor prophetic, and of little or no worth. The epistle of James he pronounced unapostolic, and called it "an epistle of straw." Zwingle also thought the book of Revelation not properly a biblical book—and Calvin denounced it as unintelligible, and prohibited the pastors of Geneva from all attempts at interpreting it. All this going to show that the books are not equally inspired, nor equally of value; for to such minds as we have quoted, and in the judgment of the best minds of to-day, many parts of the Bible have little spiritual or moral value.

"Are all the books of the Bible of equal value?" asks one of our leading American scholars. "How can they be? Can a book like Genesis or Exodus, made up largely of legends, be of equal value as history with a later book which really is history and can be verified? Can a book like Chronicles or Kings or Judges or Joshua, made up of records of bloody and inhuman wars, be of equal value with a biography of Jesus? Can the Song of Solomon, an amatory poem which the author of Don Juan or of Laus Veneris might well blush to have written, be weighed over against such grand and noble books as Job and Isaiah, full of con-

ceptions of God and man and duty as lofty as can be found in literature?"

All this, coupled with the intuitions of our good sense, must convince us that the Bible cannot be taken as a whole authoritatively in morals and the religious life. We must read it discriminatingly, or we read it to our harm and to mental and moral confusion.

It is inspired: it is from God as all things are from God, and parts of it, as parts of all nature and epochs in human experience, speak with a telling force on life, while other parts are indifferent, or, improperly read, positively harmful. Here and there, as in the Psalms, the Prophets, the Gospels and the Epistles, it reaches the very heights of inspiration; and man seems almost to hear the breathings of the Eternal One; while in other parts it seems but mental raving, religious ecstasy, uncontrolled, or dull, empty commonplace, with not one tithe of God's mind that there is in passages of a Wordsworth, a Browning, a Whitman, a Carlyle or a Ruskin.

What is inspiration? Something we know nothing of now? Up to eighteen hundred years ago did God come into human lives in some strange mysterious way we know not of to-day? Did he then act on human minds by some occult law which now has gone out of operation? "Is not God the life of all that lives, and the motion of all that moves? Is not every good and holy thought, every noble deed, every high endeavor, every pure aspiration, by and through so much of God as works through humanity?" Inspiration is something natural to the human soul—is just the same to-day as it was on the morning of creation in principle, and its degree is determined in individuals by character and capacity. "An inspiration as true, as real and as certain as that which ever prophet or apostle reached is yours if you will," said Robertson, the devoted Brighton preacher.

There are in the Bible loftier, truer, grander utterances than elsewhere in recorded speech; yet I think God still speaks to men in the same old way, and has never yet left his truth without a witness on the earth.

Now some of you, I fear, will think that if this view of the Bible is to be held, its charm, its sacredness, its halo of divine authority will be gone forever. Some of you may wish you had not heard these facts of scholarship and research, but had again your old sense of security and certainty. I am not sorry for you. If you have been making of your Bible an idol for reverent but unreasoning worship, tear it down. God never meant it for an idol. My hope and aim is that you will read it carefully, devoutly, intelligently and rationally. It is literature, sacred literature, and you will never understand it except as you read it as a reflection of the human mind as it struggled to give expression to its loftiest experiences. They were crude and false oftentimes in the early days of the world's history; recognize this—do not be troubled by the fact. The true is none the less true because mingled with error—this only the more clearly cuts its outline; the foil of error makes truth the more clearly manifest. Gold is gold, whether shining as bright dollars in the mint, or mixed with baser minerals in the soil.

Read the Bible in the light of these facts, and many others you may discover by study, and it becomes, indeed, a source of light and strength and comfort—an aid to man's progress and not a stumbling-block. There never was book like it; never a book with so much of truth and beauty between its covers. The best minds of all literatures have acknowledged this. It contains the wisdom of ages, expressed in the richest, strongest language in our literature, and with this key of rational interpretation becomes the richest source of spiritual life open to man. Let us not come to its pages with reason blindfolded and conscience dumb; rather let us come as God has bid us, and reason together.

Historical Apparitions.

The following list of apparitions is taken from *The Humanitarian*. They are connected with the names of famous men:

Goethe states that he one day saw the exact counterpart of himself coming toward him.

Pope saw an arm apparently come through the wall, and made inquiries after its owner.

Dr. Johnson heard his mother call his name in a clear voice, though she was at the time in another city.

Svenborg believed he had the privilege of interviewing persons in the spirit-world.

Loyola, lying wounded during the siege of Pampeluna, saw the Virgin, who encouraged him to prosecute his mission.

Descartes was followed by an invisible person, whose voice he heard urging him to continue his researches after truth.

Oliver Cromwell, lying sleeping on his couch, saw the curtains open, and a gigantic woman appear, who told him he would become the greatest man in England.

Ben Johnson spent the watches of the night, an interested spectator of a crowd of Tartars, Turks and Roman Catholics, who rose and fought round his arm-chair till sunrise.

Bostock, the physiologist, saw figures and faces, and there was one human face constantly before him for twenty-four hours, the features and headgear as distinct as those of a living person.

Benvenuto Cellini, imprisoned at Rome, resolved to free himself by self-destruction, but was deterred by the apparition of a young woman of wondrous beauty, whose reproaches turned him from his purpose.

Napoleon once called attention to a bright star he believed he saw shining in his room, and said: "It has never deserted me. I see it on every great occasion urging me onward. It is my unfailing omen of success."

Nicolas was alarmed by the appearance of a dead body, which vanished and came again at intervals. This was followed by human faces, which came into the room, and, after gazing upon him for a while, departed. (The *Denver, Col.* *Beacon*.)

Pearls.

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

The blossom cannot tell what becomes of its odor,
And no man can tell what becomes of his influence
and example, that roll away from him and go beyond
his ken on their perilous mission.—Becher.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

A bird sang sweet and strong
In the top of the highest tree;
He sang—"I pour out my soul in song
For the summer that soon shall be."
But deep in the shady wood
Another bird sang—"I pour
My soul on the solemn solitude
For the springs that return no more."
—G. W. Curtis.

God offers to every mind his choice between truth
and repose. Take which you please, you can never
have both.—Emerson.

In this dim world of clouding cares,
We rarely know, till wilder eyes
See white shapes lessening up the skies,
The Angels with us unaware.
—Gerald Massey.

He that does as well in private between God and
his own soul as in public, hath given himself a testi-
mony that his purposes are full of honesty, nobleness
and integrity.—Jeremy Taylor.

There's beauty waiting to be born,
And harmony that makes no sound;
And bear we ever, unaware,
A glory that hath not been crowned.
—Adeline Whitney.

Hitherto I have been an exile from my true coun-
try: now I return thither. Do not weep for me. I
return to that celestial land where each goes in his
turn. There, is God. This life is but a death.—Her-
mes Trismegistus.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If rising on its wreck at last,
To something nobler we attain.
—Longfellow.

A STRANGE VISITOR.

The Hallowed Box at the Theatre—A Question
for the Psychical Society.

"Harry, you might take me to the theatre
to-night."

"My dear child, on a night like this, with the
thermometer at heaven knows what, and not a
breath of air!"

"Let us go to the Thespian. You know you
said the other day that you would like to see
Miss Bertram act again, and she makes her re-
appearance to-night."

"Ce que la femme veut!" In ten minutes I had
won the day; an hour later we were driving
toward the Strand, and after a little, by a lucky
chance, were seated in two stalls that had been
returned at the last moment.

The house was full, in spite of the heat, and
the audience was exceptionally brilliant and
well-dressed one; for Miss Bertram was an es-
tablished favorite, and was making her re-
appearance after a long tour in America. She was
a very beautiful woman, though, as my hus-
band remarked, "a little too full-blown now."
"A few years ago," he went on, "she was
splendidly handsome; half the town went mad
over her."

"You among the others?" I gently inquired.
"I used to come here pretty often to see her,
I'll admit that much," he responded. "And
I thought as much. I understand now why
you were so reluctant to come here to-night; you
were afraid of falling under her spell again."

My husband laughed back at me with the
happy frankness of complete mutual under-
standing. We had only been married a few
months, and in my absolute certainty of my
husband's affection, it gave me a foolish plea-
sure to play at being jealous, to pretend to
think he had been unfaithful, and frequently cap-
tured before he met me. And this evening
I pretended to think that instead of being over-
come by the heat, as he said he was, he was
really the prey to uncontrollable emotion at
the sight of the captivating actress. Certainly
one could understand an infatuation for her.
She not only had an enchantingly beautiful
face, but in spite of advancing embonpoint her
figure was superb. It was delightful to watch
the magnificent freedom of her gait and ges-
tures, as she strode the stage. As an actress
she hardly satisfied me; I thought her heavy,
monotonous, unemotional, wanting in variety
and intelligence. But I must have been wrong,
judging from the enthusiastic manner in which
she was applauded.

After the first act, I took a good look round
the house, observed with keen interest the
latest style in hair-dressing, picked out, as only
a woman can, the prettiest and best-dressed
specimens on my own sex, and remarked on
the strange preponderance of bald heads among
the other, with an inclusive glance at my
husband's perspiring cranium. Finally, my
vaguely-wandering attention suddenly fixed
itself with vivid interest on the box immedi-
ately over the stage box to the left of me.

Three people were occupying it: a very dis-
tinguished looking man of about forty, and a
most charming girl, with lovely dark eyes and
a radiantly happy expression. It was easy to
see that the couple were acquainted, and as a
young matron myself I inclined toward the
latter belief just married.

It is a delightful thing to see two people
raised above every-day life into a rarefied at-
mosphere of happiness, and I watched them
with deep sympathy and interest.

The third occupant of the box puzzled me.
He was so evidently *de trop*—the man and girl
so entirely unaware of his existence, they could
not have appeared more unconscious of it.
They never turned their heads to address one
word to him, nor moved their seats one inch to
enable him to have a better view. There he
sat, silent and motionless, with his great dark
eyes fixed eagerly on the stage.

I have my husband tells me in unflattering
moments a vivid imagination. I like to piece
together the casual incidents of life, to evolve
situations, to guess the links that bind peo-
ple, or the fence that separates them. But
about this young man I could come to no con-
clusion. Could he be the brother of the beau-
tiful girl, or a rejected lover, compelled by
some subtle web of circumstance to the intol-
erable agony of looking on at the bliss of an-
other man?

The curtain drew up. Miss Bertram was on
the stage. I glanced upward at the box. Ah!
at last, I had solved one part of the mystery, at
any rate. In the next, hungry, adoring, en-
raptured expression of the young man's face, as
he fixed those glowing eyes on the beautiful
actress, I read his story, a story of infatuation,
and passion, and reckless self-abandonment.
He seemed absolutely unconscious of every-
thing and everybody except Miss Bertram.
His gaze dwelt on her with the same devour-
ing, burning look, and followed her every move-
ment, as compelled by a mesmeric influence.
I felt indignant and angry. My at-
tention kept straying from the drama on the
stage to the real life drama in the box.

I nudged my husband.

"Look, Harry, just glance up to that box one
moment, the one just over the stage box. Do
look at that young man."

My husband turned indifferently round,
vexed at the interruption.

"Young man! I should n't call him young,"
he remarked carelessly, turning back to the
stage.

I resolved to wait till a more convenient
season.

The curtain fell on the second act, Miss Ber-
tram was enthusiastically called for, and came
forward, smiling and bowing. I could not help

looking to see how the dark young man was
affected by his divinity's ovation. To my sur-
prise, instead of joining in it, he sat as still as a
statue, though that strange, intent look, never
wandered from her for a moment. I deter-
mined I would watch his husband's interest.

Now do look at the young man," I said;
"just look how worshipfully he is looking at
Miss Bertram."
He turned obediently, and looked earnestly
at the box.

"But surely, my dear child, you do not call
him a young man," he said again; "and as to
being interested in Miss Bertram, it strikes me
he is far better employed talking to that
sweet-looking girl. Now that is evidently a
case, I should say, in spite of some disparity."

"You are looking at the wrong man," you old
goose; "I don't mean the tall, middle-aged
man; I mean the dark, pale young fellow sit-
ting at the back."

"I see no young fellow sitting at the back."
"You must be getting blind, dear! Do you
mean to say you can't see him sitting behind
that pretty girl?"

He looked long and earnestly, at length
turned to me with a puzzled air and said:
"One of us must be laboring under some de-
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see the people in the box."

"Well!"
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"Yes."
"Now, are there not three people in it?"

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"Not at this moment, certainly," he said;
"I see a particularly charming girl, and a man
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"Yes, a black moustache, and he was unusu-
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"It is most strange, most remarkable," he
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"Is this a sketch from spirit-land, Gertrude?"
Rather a good-looking fellow, I should say."

Mr. Hibbert was studying me with intense
interest.

"What I am going to say will strike you as
absurd, and absolutely incredible," he said, at
last; "but the sketch you have made is of a
man whose sad history is well enough known

to me, but whom you could never, I should im-
agine, have seen."

"Never have seen! When I have drawn a
sketch of him!" I exclaimed.

"Suppose I give you a theory of mine about
the connection between the mysterious young
man, and the extraordinary refusal of Miss
Bertram to act again at the Thespian Theatre.
You will think I am deeply interested in
psychical researches, and have a firm belief
that we stand on the threshold of great
discoveries with regard to the connection be-
tween the spirit-world and our own."

My husband nodded with assumed gravity.
I listened with breathless interest.

"Some years back, when Miss Lottie Ber-
tram was promoted from one of the lesser mu-
sic halls to the Thespian, a lot of young fellows
quite like the fellow in the box, and I am deeply
interested in psychical researches, and have a firm
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In Memoriam.

Strong Testimony to the Worth of a
Cleveland Spiritualist.

THE IMPRESSIVE FUNERAL OF THE LATE FRED-
ERICK MUHLHAUSER OF CLEVELAND, O.

Several Thousand Friends Attend the Services—Eulogies
by Dr. Hahn, Rabbi Gries and Thomas Lees.

A tribute to the memory of the late Frederick Muh-
lhauser stronger than words, more impressive than
any eulogy, was the popular demonstration at the
funeral yesterday afternoon, remarks *The Cleveland*
Leader of Nov. 18: Such an assemblage has rarely
been seen on a similar occasion in this city. Sur-
rounded by elaborate and beautiful floral emblems
the body lay in state at the family home on Walton Ave-
nue, throughout the afternoon.

At one o'clock the employees of the Northern Ohio
woolen mills, which were founded and operated by
Mr. Muhlhauser, marched to the house. Five hundred
were in line, and there were few dry eyes as they
gazed for the last time on the face of their late em-
ployer.

An hour later the friends of the family were as-
sembled to attend the funeral services. Mayor Blee,
and several other officials, were present on behalf of the
city. Gen. James Barnett, Mr. W. J. Akres, and
others of Mr. Muhlhauser's associates in the Chamber
of Commerce, were in attendance. Then there were
those with whom he had to do in his own business
affairs, friends with whom he had mingled in social
life, scores of people whom he had befriended, and a
small army of employees who had learned to look to
him as the best of their friends.

The speaker, Dr. Aaron Hahn, climbed upstairs and down-
stairs, the front yard was filled, and in the street there
were at least three thousand people who had found it
impossible to get within hearing of those who con-
ducted the exercises. Rabbi Gries offered the open-
ing prayer. Dr. Aaron Hahn delivered the first ad-
dress.

The interest taken by the people and the
press in the life and death of our departed friend," he
said, "shows clearly that he was no ordinary man.
During our friendship for over nineteen years I often
had occasion to observe his motives and aspirations.
In his struggles and his triumphs, in both his public
and private life, he showed himself to be a man of the
noblest type. He was a man who would have been
an honor to any community. In his connection
with the Board of Education, Board of Aldermen and
Board of Trade he was true to the trust imposed in
him. He was always sincere, frank and outspoken.
He was true to himself, true to his convictions and
true to his friends. He was a true friend to the
poor and the oppressed. The orphan asylums, homes
for the aged, hospitals and relief societies have well
recorded his generosity. But it is to his family that
the greatest sorrow has come. A considerate hus-
band and father and a noble son has gone to his
last rest."

Mr. Thomas Lees paid a touching tribute to Mr.
Muhlhauser from the standpoint of a friend. Referring
to his belief in and high regard for Spiritualism
he said: "I am coming on this and some
what poor things these bodies of ours are when not
animated by the spirit. It hardly seems possible that
the shrunken form lying there so quietly in the cas-
ette should have lived here, and that Frederick Muh-
lhauser manifested ability through only a few short
months ago, then so robust, muscular and symmetri-
cal, with bright-beaming eyes, the personification of
mental and physical vigor and activity."

On seeing his wife, who, the day after
his return from his European trip in quest of health,
he (noticing, perhaps, my look of painful surprise)
feebly said, "What do you think of me now?" Ah!
what a change, my friends, was there—a mere shadow
of his former self. The spirit being poor and weak,
less to manifest longer through such an emaciated
body, at last arose to its next stage of existence—to
the newer and higher conditions of spirit-life.

Meekness I thus hear his newly freed soul speaking
to his dear wife, his dear children, his dear friends,
his dear country, his dear world, his dear God.
"So we must part, my body, you and I,
And have spent so many pleasant years together.
'Tis sorry work to lose your company,
And I must journey on my way alone,
From winter unto winter, wet or dry;
But you have reached the limit of your tether,
And I must journey on my way alone,
And leave you quiet in your bed of stone."

But, on must stay, dear body, and I go,
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Banner Correspondence.

Maine.

FORT FAIRFIELD.—Mrs. M. J. Wentworth writes: "Spiritualism has been tardy in the presentation of its truths to the public of Fort Fairfield and vicinity, but it may be interesting to the readers of THE BANNER to learn something of this far-away inland town, only some miles and a half from the boundary line that divides Maine from the British possessions. It is pleasantly situated on the southern side of Aroostook River, and is not only interesting because of its picturesque scenery, fine public buildings and private residences, but because of its historic record. A fort was built here by the Americans at the time of the bloodless Aroostook war, and relics of the old barracks are still to be found where once it stood. A long, low building on the opposite side of the street, now used as a tenement house, was then a hospital. Fort Hill is a bold bluff with almost precipitous front, and forms a picturesque background, with its elegant residences looking down almost haughtily from their heights upon the busy town on the plain beneath. There are evidences of industry and prosperity that impress one as they gaze on the factories, stores and streets filled with loaded teams, bearing the harvest yield to market. Not only does it impress thus, but it also gives evidence that intellectually and morally it keeps in touch with the 'Outside,' as they designate the localities beyond the vast forests that here and there like marshaled hosts seem holding them 'Inside,' and around and through which, at present, the cars convey through the Province to Vanceboro, thence on to Bangor and stage by way of Houlton.

Two years ago more a Salvation Army band built their 'barracks,' as they called the substantial structure, at the base of the fort. They could not pay their indebtedness, and Mr. R. L. Baker, an esteemed and wealthy gentleman of Fort Fairfield, purchased it. Some fifty or more Free-thinkers, among whom were a few Spiritualists, organized as a Liberal League for mutual entertainment and profit, and made the 'barracks' their headquarters. Mr. Baker furnished the place with fine estates, table, chairs, etc., and presented nearly all the books in the library. He also purchased a fine toned bell that gives its invitation when church bells call to worship.

To prove all things is virtually their motto. The Society employed Samuel P. Putnam, a talented and cultured gentleman, to discuss with any one; the religiousists selected the question: 'Is the Bible the Word of God?' Rev. A. J. Wheeler, editor of the *Christian Reporter*, met him in Hacker's Hall, which, spacious as it is, was crowded. The result was a victory for Mr. Putnam.

There are a few Spiritualists at the Fort, but Mr. F. Grant, an earnest and old-time Spiritualist, was invited to select some one to lecture on Spiritualism. He decided to engage your correspondent, and on Sunday, Oct. 8th, for the first time, a spiritual lecture was given in Liberty Hall, or 'Mr. Baker's Church,' as some call it. Mr. Baker's posters announced as the subject, 'If a Man Die, Shall He Live Again?' If there be a Continuous Life, is it an Individualized Life? and is Spiritualism possible?

A good sized audience listened to the opening remarks of Mr. Baker, President of the League, during which he said in part: These questions have confronted man in all the ages of the past, and at present are being considered and discussed more widely than ever before. Nothing but Spiritualism can answer them. If Spiritualism be true, none would be more glad to be convinced of it than he himself. He stated that the League had organized for the purpose of seeking for knowledge and truth, and aiding all in moral and intellectual development, etc. His remarks were listened to with marked interest.

The questions were of such magnitude that the spirit-control made each question the subject of a discourse. 'If a Man Die, Shall He Live Again?' was selected as the subject for the first address, which was followed with intense interest by the intelligent audience, and at its close Mr. Baker frankly admitted in his remarks that new light had been thrown on the problem of life.

In the evening the second question was chosen for the subject, and was answered in the affirmative. Thursday evening the subject given by the audience was, 'What Does the Bible Teach?' In the lecture reference was made to the erroneous record of creation, as demonstrated by the facts of science, etc.; it met the needs, however, of those to whom it was given. Facts recorded in the Bible teach that in all times and among all people unseen intelligences—souls who had once worn the mortal garment—did continue to labor for man's enlightenment and spiritual advancement. Spiritualism has not come to prove the Bible specially, but to prove by physical and mental phenomena that immortality is true, and thus it substantiates the recorded spiritual phenomena of the Bible.

Sunday forenoon, Oct. 15th, the last of the three questions, 'Is Spirit Communion Possible?' was taken as the subject of the lecture. In the evening Mr. Baker made very interesting introductory remarks, after which the address was delivered. Sunday, Oct. 22nd, we held our last meeting. Mr. Baker had bills posted announcing the meeting and subject, 'Spiritualism: Its Social, Moral, Religious Influence upon the Future.' Mr. Baker opened the meeting with remarks, in the course of which he said that no religion of the past or present has answered the question, 'Shall we have continued life?' When their exponents have been asked if they knew immortality to be a fact, they invariably have said, 'We believe, we have faith, but we do not know.' Spiritualists say, 'We know.' To them, therefore, we look for the evidence.

In the lecture the origin, the need, the utility of Spiritualism were spoken of, its evident influence in past and present was traced, and its probable influence upon the future portrayed in words that glowed with prophetic revelations of the good time coming. We were present at the W. C. T. U. meeting, Thursday afternoon, at which a letter was read by the Secretary, from an old schoolmate, soliciting aid to send her husband to the Keeley Cure in Portland, Me. Her letter, so pitiful in its appeal, so sorrowful in its narration of the loss of the once pleasant home, and of the struggle to feed the four little ones with the aid of her needle, touched our heart, and moved us to make an effort to render her assistance by giving a temperance lecture on Sunday evening, instead of our usual discourse, depending upon the same source for the thoughts spoken. All approved, and we decided to read the letter and solicit aid for the poor woman.

The house was well filled. Mr. Jones presided at the organ, and the audience joined in the singing. Mr. Ellis, editor of *The Leader*, offered the invocation, after which Mr. Baker spoke earnestly of the great evil, and said his interest and influence were with the workers for temperance. Then followed our address and appeal, and thus closed the engagement for the three Sundays.

We were kindly entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Baker; also by Mr. and Mrs. Grant; to whom we extend our thanks.

Indiana.—"Justice" writes: "The Indianapolis Association of Spiritualists elected for the coming year the following officers: B. F. Schmid, President; Mrs. George Bartholomew, Vice-President; D. B. Herblin, Secretary; Thomas Barritt, Treasurer; Grace Mayhew, Librarian; C. W. Cotton, J. Finnegan, Mrs. Belle Kirschmiller and Mrs. E. E. Barritt completing the list. Most of the above officers have served us the past four years, which in itself speaks well for them as earnest and efficient workers.

for this season's work are Mrs. A. M. Glading, George V. Cording, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twinn, Mrs. Helen S. Richings, Mrs. Adah Sheehan and Mrs. Colby-Luther, all of whom rank high in their respective spheres of activity.

September and October Mrs. A. M. Glading of Doylestown, Pa., so well and favorably known, has been with us, and to say we have been well served speaks but mildly of her ministrations; her rare gifts, by which she reaches the heart of humanity, instructing and enlightening them in our beautiful Philosophy, can only be spoken of in highest terms of praise. Her work has already borne a harvest of good, fully evidenced by the increased attendance the past month. At the literary and musical entertainment gotten up by Mrs. Glading, with the assistance of the ladies and the hearty cooperation of all the members, Thursday evening, Nov. 2d, Mr. George V. Cording kindly assisted and gave some most perfect tests, with full names and dates, most of which were recognized, and a wonderful interest was manifested by the large audience present. May the good work go on, may truth and knowledge take the place of intolerance and bigotry; may light be given those blinded by ignorance and superstition; may the dawn of the coming day see humanity nobler, truer, more charitable and self-sacrificing; and may all become united in fraternal bonds of universal love, our motto, 'One people, one country, one flag,' are the earnest prayers of one who loves mankind."

Massachusetts.

BOSTON.—Abbott Walker writes us a letter, from which the following is condensed: "While I am in sympathy with the general tenor of the beautiful inspirational discourse of Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, published in THE BANNER of Oct. 28th, and also with the motives of Bro. Edson in giving it to the public, I feel that portions of it are too sweeping. Emerson says: 'It is the fault of our rhetoric that if we strongly state one fact we seem to belie some other.'"

Mrs. Brigham says: [1.] Well, that man [who watches the sun and the moon] is just about as much of an astronomer as some people are Spiritualists. They vie with each other in sending to the press to have published the most marvelous stories of Spiritual Phenomena, but their Spiritualism has no root."

Spiritualism is based on its phenomena! and without them there would be a slim gathering to listen to inspirational lectures, and perhaps to profit thereby. From the first issue of THE BANNER of LIGHT, its editors have published reliable accounts of spirit manifestations to benefit the world. How would they have done this had not some persons—who had the courage of their convictions—sent them wonderful descriptions of what they had witnessed, not to vie with each other, but because they had stronger evidence to give, perhaps, that might reach some that former communications did not, also for new readers, and because they thought it to be a duty to do so? Is it just to say that in the correspondence Spiritualism had no root? May not many or even have taken an interest in the ethics of this subject and been benefited? What right have spirits in or out of the physical body to pass judgment of this kind?

[2.] Why is it that those who believe the most, those who are already convinced, those in whose minds there is no doubt, take up the most prominent and the best places at seances, etc., while those who desire light take the furthest from it? Is that right?

If those who are convinced are given the best places it is because their sympathetic condition makes it necessary for a successful seance. Little satisfaction would be gained by a party of unbelievers. Neither is it for texts that all confirmed Spiritualists attend seances and visit mediums, but to meet their loved ones, and to receive wise and loving words—while spirits say that they are benefited and made happy by the communion. Is it strange that old Spiritualists should continue to visit seances and mediums to meet their spirit loved ones, when they say so much of the presence of earthly friends? Within a few years I have had over four hundred sittings with a writing medium, Mrs. Stratton, and it has given my spirit-friends and myself much pleasure, without, I hope, preventing investigation by others, or being detrimental to my moral growth. I have attended many seances of different kinds in the past thirty-eight years, and I do not remember of proper seekers being kept away by the presence of believers. The latter are needed for the best results."

New York.

LILY DALE.—Mary Webb Baker writes: "One who has never visited Cassadaga—this 'Mecca' of Spiritualism—can hardly conceive of the beauty and attractions of the place: Beginning early in the year, and lasting until every leaf has dropped from the trees—and even then I doubt if the attractions are ended, for the social atmosphere here holds within itself that which lends a charm the whole year round. The beauty which greets one in June, extending into autumn—as displayed in beautiful flowers, singing birds, laughing waters and shady groves—cannot be equalled unless it be in that land of eternal spring, toward which our earthly footsteps stray."

While we feel uplifted and exalted by these sweet and simple things, there is still more which is hungry to meet the wants and needs of the hungry souls who are ever asking for spiritual food, for peace and rest, for comfort which passeth all understanding. All this can be found at lovely Lily Dale.

All that warms and inspires to thoughts of better things and higher aspirations, to deeds of love and kindness, to that which uplifts the spirit and beautifies the soul, are but preparatory lessons, to be developed in the great school of eternity."

Canada.

HAMILTON.—"Cor." writes: "Bro. Geo. W. Walrond, President of the Spiritualists' Association of Hamilton, is conducting public services every Sunday in this city."

His spirit-controls take subjects from the audience, and discourse on them at great length, and in a manner that sets many of the more skeptical ones to thinking. Every Sunday for over a year has Mr. Walrond carried on these public services without a break in the exercises. To-day Hamilton is looked upon as the headquarters of Spiritualism in Canada. Mr. Walrond has developed a new mediumistic gift, viz., that of astro-psychological reading, or the diagnosing of life, character, health, mind, psychic power, and the general unfoldment of body, mind and soul. All who have been favored with readings say they are correct in detail, and scientifically accurate. The Cause is gaining ground in Canada, for letters pour in from all quarters asking for information on the subject, and for advice as to the manner and method of conducting sittings. Mr. Walrond will answer all questions on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope ready for the mail."

Ohio.

TOLEDO.—"X." writes: "The Progressive Thought Society met in the Annex Hall, Memorial Building, recently, a fine audience being assembled. Mr. C. Turnbull, the speaker for the evening, dwelt on the subject of 'Life, and Its Issues.' The theme was treated scientifically, the lecturer insisting that man should rise from the common sphere of his present understanding to a conception of his true relation to the universe, and of the affinity of his spiritual being to the universal intellect. The lecture was listened to with close attention."

South Dakota.

ABERDEEN.—A correspondent informs us that Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings, the gifted lecturer and talented elocutionist, is doing excellent work in this place by her week-evening meetings. The secular press there has treated her with marked courtesy—as proved by the following extracts from *The Daily News*: "The lady is of a nervous, intense disposition, who discloses her creed and maintains her position with much eloquence and force. Those who could not agree with her became thoroughly interested in her remarks, and the feeling was general at the close of the lecture."

that no more forcible advocate of any cause has been heard in Aberdeen in recent years.

The speaker maintained that Spiritualism taught and demanded the highest principles of morality, and was the most advanced religion in the world to-day. Other religions and creeds were commended as rounds and steps of the spiritual ladder of which her doctrine was the topmost. Spiritualism had come into existence because man had advanced, and it answered to the higher spiritual and religious demands of his nature. The lecture was delivered with the graces of the trained elocutionist and scholar, and was interesting to everybody present."

MOTHER EARTH'S CARPET.

BY MRS. M. A. STONE.

I wonder why I never thought
Or never seemed to see
The artistic work of Nature—
How lovely it can be.

I thought, "What a lovely carpet,
That covers this earth so grand!"
I knew it was wrought by Nature,
And never by human hand.

Then the carpet grew more lovely;
As I watched the weaver weave
The living threads from the shuttle,
I hardly dared to breathe.

Spell-bound I stood, but the weaver
Knew not that I was there;
I saw how she wove the carpet,
And fastened it with care.

The rich blue dome of sky above
Reached down to kiss the earth,
And then I saw as in a dream
How flowers have their birth.

I knew the weaver saw them all—
For instantly she took
And wove them in with magic spell,
And such a loving look.

There were violets and buttercups,
And daisies with eyes of gold,
Ever sparkling in the sunshine
With a beauty all untold.

Then the lilies of the valley,
So white, with leaves of green—
I thought as I looked upon them
The loveliest I had seen.

But the weaver seemed enchanted
As over the earth she flew;
I watched her weave the clover-blossoms,
And the dandelions, too.

Flowers of every kind were there;
The names of some I knew,
Strawberries red, with blossoms white,
Vines running as they grew.

I followed on. At last I stood
Within a wooded dell;
The cunning weaver then, I knew,
Threw over me a spell.

For I seemed like one enraptured:
The carpet here had changed:
'T was woven with moss and fern-leaves,
And differently arranged.

I saw fox, box and bunchberries—
Such leaves, with berries red—
They were lying on the carpet,
As though they were in bed.

The bridal wreath that grew so high,
Forget-me-not was there,
Snowdrops, fox-glove and golden-rod,
With Solomon-seal so fair;

Cowslips, star-flowers and daffodils,
Tea vines, with berries white,
Indian pipes, with anemone—
'T was such a lovely sight.

There were birds from every nation,
Trilling their notes on high,
Then soft and sweet. How it thrilled me,
Till heaven seemed so nigh.

Bluebells the fairies were ringing—
I heard them calling me:
'Oh, awake! Idealist, dreamer,
The Frost King! don't you see?'

The spell the fairies had broken—
I thanked them, bowing low,
As over the beautiful carpet
He threw a sheet of snow!

Swampscott, Mass.

Verification of a Spirit Message.

In the Message Department of THE BANNER of Oct. 26th, 1898, there is a communication from DEAN DANIEL CHANDLER of Berlin, Vt. Such a man lived there many years ago, who represented the town in the State Legislature, and also held town offices. F. L. COMINGS, Sheffield, Ill., Nov. 6th, 1898.

THE QUIVER.—"The Air that Mother Sang" is the subject of the beautiful frontispiece in this number; installments of the three serials now running are given, together with the usual number of complete stories; Mabel E. Wotton writes a pathetic article on the sadnes of childhood in lowly places. Cassell Publishing Co., 104 and 106 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Do You Have Asthma?

If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is reported as a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery that they are sending out free by mail large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma who send their name and address on a postal card. Write to them.

Far greater numbers have been lost by hopes than all the magazines of dangers, ropes, and other ammunitions of despair. Were ever able to dispatch by fear. —Butler.

A Weak Digestion

strange as it may seem, is caused from a lack of that which is never exactly digested—fat. The greatest fact in connection with

Scott's Emulsion

appears at this point—it is partly digested fat—and the most weakened digestion is quickly strengthened by it.

The only possible help in Consumption is the arrest of waste and renewal of new, healthy tissue. Scott's Emulsion has done wonders in Consumption just this way.

There is no Death.

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

This singularly interesting book contains an account of Miss Maryat's own experiences in the investigation of the science of Spiritualism. In doing so she claims to have confined herself to recording facts, leaving the deductions to be drawn from them by the reader. The book is a very convincing work to hand to skeptics, and should be widely circulated. Paper, pp. 220. Price 60 cents. For sale by COLBY & RICH.

PHILOSOPHIC IDEAS; or, The Spiritual Aspect of Nature.—By William Brewster. Paper, 181 pages. Price 60 cents, postage 2 cents. For sale by COLBY & RICH.

A PRETTY STORY.

And Told, Too, in a Most Entertaining Manner.

An Interesting Bit of History of a Lovely Family.

The Strongest Lights and Shadows of Our Home Life.

Mrs. Pauline N. Blakewell, of 740 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich., says: "Three years ago I found myself bordering on nervous prostration. I could neither eat nor sleep. I was under the care and treatment of eminent physicians, but all to no avail. Happening to have my attention called to the wonderful restorative effects of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, I decided to give it a trial. By the time the first bottle was gone I felt better, and was satisfied that it was doing me good. When I had completed the third bottle I felt entirely cured. My appetite was now good, and I could lie down and



MRS. PAULINE BLAKEWELL.

sleep soundly, something I had not been able to do in years. I can conscientiously recommend the use of this great strengthening medicine to all similarly afflicted as myself.

"A year ago my little daughter was taken suddenly and seriously ill with what physicians pronounced spinal meningitis. After their remedies had failed to cure her, I commenced giving her Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and in less than two weeks from the time of taking the first dose she was on her feet running around, and in a little while was as well as ever. I have never used any medicine with such marked success as I have found in Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy."



MRS. BLAKEWELL'S LITTLE CHILD.

Everybody says the same thing, and from the unanimity of opinion of the doctors and the people, we are assured that this great and widely known remedy is just what our sick and suffering children require to restore them to health. All the doctors say that it does cure, and all sufferers from nervousness, weakness, poor blood, debility, stomach, kidney or liver troubles should give it an immediate trial. It is purely vegetable and harmless. Take it yourself and give it to your children. It will cure.

It is indorsed by physicians because it is the discovery and prescription of the famous Dr. Greene, of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. The Doctor can be consulted free, personally or by letter.

Price Reduced from \$1.50 to \$1.00.

Poems of the Life Beyond and Within.

Voices from Many Lands and Centuries, saying, "Man, thou shalt never die."

Edited and compiled by GILES B. STEVENS, Detroit, Mich. These poems are gathered from ancient Hindoos, from Persia and Arabia, from Greece, Rome and Northern Europe, from Catholic and Protestant hymns, the great poets of Europe and our own land, and close with inspired voices from the spiritualists. Whoever seemed best to illustrate and express the vision of the spirit catching glimpses of the future, and the wealth of the spiritual life within, has been used. Here are the intuitive statements of immortality in words full of sweetness and glory—full, too, of a divine philosophy.

The best translations from a very wide range of literature, ancient and modern, all relating to a most important subject. From so many gems each reader will find some treasure for hours when the weary heart reaches out toward the higher things of the immortal life.—Chicago Inter-Ocean. Poems dear to all who look beyond this mortal life. It is a good service to gather them into this convenient form; an unusually good collection, and to many a drooping soul their music will bring refreshment.—Christian Register. Fourth edition. Hmo, pp. 24. Price \$1.00, postage free. For sale by COLBY & RICH.

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The sacred Vedas, as written by Manon, and the Genesis of Moses, or the story of the Creation and the Fall. Three hundred stanzas, with an introduction and appendix by Amananthas. Compiled by James H. Young. Paper, pp. 18. Price 50 cents, postage 2 cents. For sale by COLBY & RICH.



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Philadelphia, Pa.—S. WHEELER & SONS, 472 North 8th street.

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THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. P. ROWELL (Spring street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in New York.

WORLD'S FAIR TEXT-BOOK

Mental Therapeutics,

COMPRISING TWELVE LESSONS DELIVERED AT THE HEALTH COLLEGE, 8 SOUTH ADA STREET, CHICAGO, BY W. J. COLLVILLE.

DOT LONG-HANDLED DIPPER, a delightful dialect poem, is a clever travesty on the *Old Oaken Bucket*, by the genial author of *Leeds Jacob Strassen*, Charles Follen Adams, that met with such favor some years since. It has been brought out in a novel form from L. Prang & Company, the fine art publishers of Boston, Mass., the cover being the shape and size of a long-handled tin dipper, of which it is an excellent counterfeiter. The bowl, which forms the book, contains a half tone portrait of the author, and several colored illustrations from sketches by "Boz."

The Wetter Block at Memphis, Tenn., was destroyed by fire Nov. 13th, causing \$500,000 loss; four persons reported killed, and several injured.

