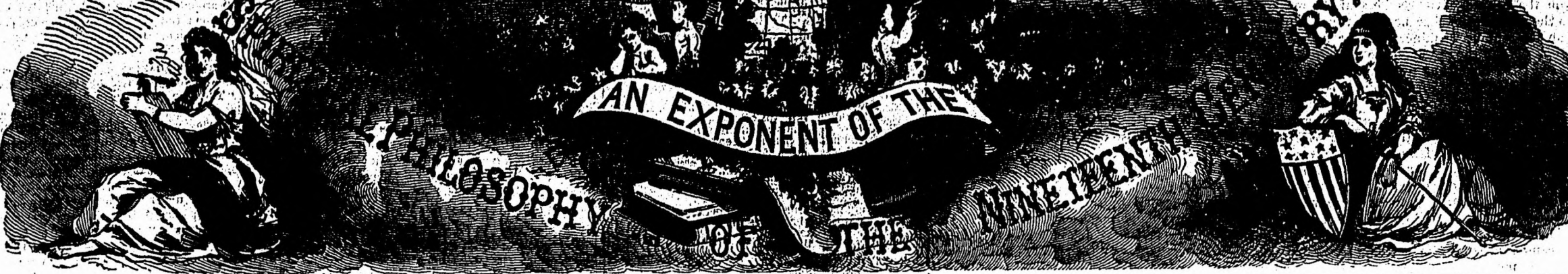


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NO. 3.

Children's Department.

TO GROWN-UP LAND.

Good-morrow, fair maid, with lashes brown,
Can you tell me the way to Womanhood Town?
Oh! this way and that way—never stop,
'Tis picking up stitches that grandma will drop.
'Tis kissing the baby's troubles away.
'Tis learning that cross words will never pay,
'Tis helping mother, 'tis sewing up rents,
'Tis reading and playing, 'tis saving the cents,
'Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to frown—
Oh! that is the way to Womanhood Town.
Just wait, my brave lad, one moment, I pray,
Manhood Town lies where—can you tell me the way?
Oh! by toiling and trying we reach that land—
A bit with the head, a bit with the hand—
'Tis by climbing up the steep hill Work,
'Tis by keeping out of the wide street Shirk,
'Tis by always taking the weak one's part,
'Tis by giving mother a happy heart,
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and notions down—
Oh! that is the way to Manhood Town.
And the lad and the maid ran hand in hand
To their fair estates in Grown-up Land.

THE GIANT'S HEART.

BY GEORGIANA FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

There was, once upon a time, a very good little maiden, who all day long gathered fagots in the forest. Now this maiden Little Lightfoot's step-mother was exceedingly jealous of her daughter's beauty and goodness, and said that Little Lightfoot "was far more giddy than the birds, and more fickle than the winds," and often when her bundle of fagots was small this wicked step-mother sent Little Lightfoot to bed with nothing to eat.

Now, beyond the borders of the kingdom lived a giant who did great harm to the king's subjects. This giant had two heads and two hearts. One head always said no, while the other head said yes; one heart throbbed with wickedness, the other heart with goodness. But the wicked heart beat perpetually, while the good heart always remained silent.

So great had become the depredations of this giant that the king sent out his armies, and promised that whosoever should bring into the palace at the expiration of a year the heart of the giant that always beat with wickedness, should be given a great reward, and elevated to a state of high degree.

Little Lightfoot's mother, hearing of the king's offer, thought that in sending her daughter to fill the almost impossible mission, it would be a laudable excuse for her. Little Lightfoot, therefore, one day into the depth of the wood bordering upon the giant's domain, and after giving her a crust, bade her gain the reward offered by the good king, and departed.

Wandering one day, weeping, through the forest, Little Lightfoot came upon a wolf, lean from starvation, lying upon the ground.

"Ah! my beautiful maiden," the wolf said, "find me but a morsel to eat, for many days have I been without food."

Overcome with pity at the sight of the dying wolf, Little Lightfoot ran quickly away in search of food; but after wandering about many hours she came upon nothing save a black crow with a broken wing lying dying upon the grass.

"Alas! alas! pretty maiden," a voice said, "in pity do not carry me as a morsel to eat to the dying wolf, but go yonder in the forest, and bring me a drop of juice contained in the stem of the mandrake flower; it is the only thing that will restore me, and heal my wound."

Although Little Lightfoot was very hungry herself, she went and gathered her apron full of wild berries, and took them to the wolf; but it had vanished. In spite of her weariness she remembered the crow, and going deep into the forest where the mandrakes grew, stooped to pluck a single stem; but as she did so the mandrakes rustled their many heads in wild commotion, and a voice said, "Spare us, beautiful maiden, for at harvest time the Ice King is to marry the Snow Maiden, and should one mandrake fruit be missing, the Ice King will send his bitter winds to freeze our stalks and roots."

"Alas!" cried Little Lightfoot, "I know not what to do for the poor crow that lies dying in the forest with a broken wing!"

"Be not sorrowful," the voice said, "but take a single drop of dew from a mandrake leaf and carry it to the crow."

Hastily did Little Lightfoot obey the voice; but when she approached the spot the crow had vanished.

Starting once more to walk through the forest, Little Lightfoot came upon a magnificent orchard where the fruit hung abundant and luscious upon the trees; but no sooner had she entered than an immense giant seized her.

"Ha! ha! pretty maiden," the giant said, "know you not that this is the orchard of my master, the great giant?"

But instantly there appeared a great pack of wolves, and rushing upon the giant quickly devoured him.

In terror Little Lightfoot fled from the orchard, never stopping to gather the ripe fruit, or pausing until she came to a magnificent garden, in which were growing innumerable flowers and trees; but on entering she was again seized by a hideous giant. But suddenly the air became darkened with a cloud of black crows, that screaming flew down and plucked out the eyes of the giant.

In terror Little Lightfoot ran weeping through the garden, without pausing to behold the beauty of the flowers or to inhale their fragrance. On she sped, until her course was impeded by an immense iron gate which led into the mighty giant's palace; but the gate was guarded by a giant even more hideous than the other two.

"Ha! my pretty maiden," the giant said, "seizing Little Lightfoot by the flowing tresses. But as he did so the air became laden with the perfume of the mandrake's flower. More intense it became, until so overpowering was their odor that the giant was suffocated by the choking perfume."

When Little Lightfoot beheld the prostrate giant she fled through the iron gate to the palace, where she beheld the master giant sitting upon his throne, shaking his head, that always said "No," and she heard the beating of his heart, whose every throb was wickedness; but the good heart was still.

When the giant's courtiers saw Little Lightfoot they would have seized her, but the giant shook his "No" head, for he was struck with the beauty and goodness of this maiden, and one single throb stirred his good heart, and he commanded that Little Lightfoot should be released and given the liberty of the palace and garden.

became motionless, and throughout the palace and garden and orchard was heard the giant's good heart throbbing; but his bad heart remained silent, and no longer did he deal out trouble to the subjects of his enemy, the King. One day, when Little Lightfoot had been in the kingdom of the giant many months, she came upon him as he walked through the garden.

"Most beautiful of maidens," the giant said, "though once a very wicked giant, your goodness and beauty have caused my bad qualities to be overcome by those which are good; for your generosity to the wolf and the black crow, and for listening to the pleading voice of the mandrake flower, I will reward you. I know well your good king's promise to the one who shall bring unto him my wicked heart. The reward is yours." And instantly the giant plucked out his bad heart and placed it upon the ground at Little Lightfoot's feet. But no sooner had he done so than he vanished, and upon the spot where he had stood sprang up a beautiful rose-bush laden with crimson roses.

Grieved at the act of the giant, because he believed she desired the reward, Little Lightfoot took her apron, and, after filling it with roses, covered the heart of the giant. But as she stood by and wept, there appeared a prince robed in garments gorgeous as the tints that clothed the garden.

"My good maiden, you Little know the service you have rendered me by refusing to carry unto the king my heart; for had it been burnt in the furnace he has built for that purpose, I would have suffered a cruel death. But, believing a good act greater than the reward, you have delivered me from a wicked enchantment under which I have been held for many years."

Then Little Lightfoot dried her tears, because the prince had been restored to his former self, and they were married with great pomp and ceremony.

Original Essay.

THE DIVINE BEING.

BY M. R. K. WRIGHT.

(Concluded.)

In speaking of the word God, Sir Isaac Newton says: "This term is a relative one, and has respect to servants." Then he further adds: "The dominion of a spiritual being or Lord constitutes God." He believed that God existed necessarily, always and everywhere. He was all eye, all ear, all brain, all arm, all perception, intelligence and action. He was destitute of both body and shape, could not be seen, heard or touched, and should not be worshiped through any form of physical or material representation.

Annaeus Seneca, the celebrated moralist, who was born at Cordova, in Spain, just before the Christian era began, and who is said to have had correspondence with Jesus of Nazareth, presents us with some very pleasant thoughts concerning God and nature. He says: "Who is the author and preserver of the world? Does he condescend to consider us, or is his attention wholly given to himself and other affairs? Was his work originally done, once for all, or is he still in action? Is he a part of the world, or the world itself? Did he make matter, or find it ready to his hands? Was matter first, or the idea of it?" Then again he remarks: "The truth lies deep, and we can only reach it by degrees. Nature is full of mysteries which we can only gain a knowledge of by diligent thought and contemplation. The truth of the divinity is profound and obscure, or else, perhaps, we see it without understanding it. What it is we are not able to determine. If we gather some idea of God, the greater part of his being is still hidden from us." Seneca was naturally noble and generous, and his opinions in regard to an omnipotent ruler partook very much of his own logical and kindly reflections.

How different were the views of this sage philosopher from those entertained by Epicurus, a wise thinker and teacher who lived in Plato's time, some three hundred years B. C. His doctrine was that God possessed no power to do special things, or change his own fate; that he was above the influence of fear or favor himself, and as little to be feared or favored. He located God among the shining orbs of the sky, solitary and idle, out of all reach of mankind. He neither heard the prayerful utterances of mortals, nor paid any attention to their concerns.

Some of the ancient philosophers and statesmen entertained very singular notions about Deity. Anaximander, for instance, employed the word infinity as expressive of the identity and purpose of the Divine Being who supervised its operations. His general conception was that all things proceeded from the Infinite, and must terminate or continue in it. Anaximenes entertained a very different idea in regard to this subject. He taught that the first principle of all things was air. The air was God, because it contained all elements and was diffused through all nature. It was always active and creative. It was ethereal in its composition and possessed of Divine Life, which embodied itself in the various forms of the vegetable and animal kingdoms.

Xenophanes pronounced the whole heavens to be "the unity of God," while Xenocrates made unity and diversity in creation the real instigating cause of things and of life. He made unity the representative or father-principle, while diversity was the mother or feminine attribute. His view was that the firmament was Divine, that it was ruled over by the celestial divinities, that the demons occupied an intermediate station, and like human beings were partakers, in a limited degree, of the passions, emotions, fears and feelings, and, altogether, presented and manifested a great diversity of character.

The opinions of the pre-Christian pantheists differed as widely concerning God, or the great First Cause, as do those of our modern atheists,

materialists or agnostics. Heraclitus taught that the "All," as he designated nature, was first made conscious in man; that man was a reflection of the powers and principles of the universe. He asserted that fire was the basic element of all phenomena, and the substance from which all things have been evolved.

It is a wonderful truth that the most comprehensive thinkers and scholars of all ages have been unable to reach a knowledge of the Divine Being, or to so define the nature of his actuating life and presence as to render his existence a matter of uniform belief or definite understanding. The methods of the Divine Cause or Creator are so permanently and fully commingled with the phenomena and operations of the heavens and the earth that in case we consent to accept the hypothesis of his independent personality we at once become involved in mental inconsistency, and our confidence in the stability of universal law and order is belocuted by apprehension and thoughts of uncertainty. If we suppose Deity to be independent of nature, we acknowledge his existence to be of limited or finite capacity. Hence, as the permanent and substantial can only be predicated upon the basis of the Infinite, we become confused in reflection and faith by any supposition less comprehensive.

It is no doubt true that our ideas of God and nature have been too circumscribed. Our misconceptions regarding the dimensions of the universe, and our want of knowledge concerning the motive energies that are associated with and control the movements of matter, have tended to limit our ideas and reflections in regard to the instigating and governing cause of all things. The broader our views become, the less tenacious we are as to the strict measure, condition or state of the Divine Cause or Life.

"The Egyptians," says Porphyry, "worshiped animals, because they supposed that the attributes of Deity were prominently represented by many creatures of the material kingdom. They idolized the bull, dog, ibis, cat, hippopotamus and crocodile, which were honored by statues and images during many generations, as symbols of their sacred convictions."

In the very earliest periods of human history we find every nation had its God or gods, and these were worshiped in accordance with their good or bad qualities and characteristics. The early Scandinavian tribes adored As as their chief divinity, with Odin, who was transferred from Asia by the emigration of this people. They recognized and revered a divine concave of rulers in the sky, which was composed of twelve members, each being a counsellor, and having his own heavenly province of power and his duties to perform. These gods were associated with twelve goddesses, who exercised great influence, and were often importunate in their demands upon their divine husbands, compelling them to obey their suggestions and commands, often even against reason.

Odin was venerated as the god of the Germanic race for more than a thousand years previous to their conversion to Christianity, which occurred during the third and fourth centuries of our era.

The term As, plural Asi, seems to have been one of the oldest appellations of Deity. It is frequently met with, in various forms, in the several languages of Europe and Asia. In the Coptic, Os signified lord or Deity. The Persians called the good and wise divinities Ized, while by Borosus, an educated priest of Babylon, we are informed that the gods were termed Isi. In the Sanscrit we find the word Ishta, meaning lord or master, of which the feminine is Ishana. Among the ancient Gauls God bore the name of Esus, a word that carries us back to the periods of Druidical worship. Among the Finns the Divine Being bore the appellation Esa or Osa, while in the early Etrurian nomenclature Aesar signified Supreme Deity or God.

Free Thought.

WHAT I THINK.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

While at Onset Bay, during the present camp-meeting, I had occasion to listen to several discourses from speakers who are well known in the ranks of the anointed. I mean, of course, those who claim to be Spiritualists of long standing. To my very great confusion I heard the whole-souled and Simon-pure doctrines of the old Orthodox church. What does it mean? Have those who of old were gifted with prophecy gone back into the fold? Who shall say what is the right road, anyway? Time alone can prove.

In the days of old, when the bible stood for something in the religion of the world, it was all very well to say that "God was all-in-all" to a good Christian; but now when we are all standing side by side upon it, and looking upward for something better in its stead, why do those who are chosen to tell the story of Life's Pilgrimage to those of this age, fail, and sell out to the enemy in the very heat of the battle?

I went up to Lake Pleasant, called the "Mecca of Spiritualism" only a decade ago, when I and behold! the same incongruity was manifest as at Onset! What upon earth is the matter? Are we to be overlaughed by quasi-orthodoxy at this late day? Would it not be well for some of our outspoken platform speakers to wake up, and call a halt?

Spiritualistic ideas are not wanted either at Onset or Lake Pleasant, it seems to me, but instead, apostolic dissertations by those who have the prefix of "Rev." to their names. That is what I thought by.

Yours sincerely, B. F. RANDALL.

Original Story.

FROM AGE TO AGE.

BY ALBERT E. ALLEN.

(Copyright, 1893, by A. E. Allen.)

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

We were certainly good throwers, but had not enough clubs, and when our little supply gave out our foes rushed upon us with long knotted sticks. This was very disastrous to our side, as we were prepared for no such method of warfare. Moreover, we had no means of defending ourselves. The prospect was not so bright as I wished.

It was pleasant, however, to see so many men drop about me. Had I only been at a little distance such a sight would have been glorious. I had thrown my last club. The giant was a little to the left of me, struggling for dear life with two foes. One was trying to cripple him by breaking his legs. Presently a club struck him on the forehead, and he fell headway to the earth. How agreeable it was to see him drop! I never enjoyed myself more in my life. Just in front of me was one of my men endeavoring to resist three enemies. He called loudly for my help, but I was too well pleased at the spectacle to take any part in it. Finally he fell. I saw the blood spurt from his wounds, and wondered how he felt now.

There were two others of our number against two of the seashore race. This being so ever a contest was well worth looking at. I chuckled as one of the enemy fell, and another ran to take his place. Then one of my men fell. I stood watching how hard the other was fighting, when, woe to me, I felt a terrible blow upon my own head, an awful buzzing was in my brain, and a darkness before my eyes. I fell heavily upon the ground, with a fractured skull, never again in that life to recover consciousness.

The blow I received deprived me of consciousness, but life yet clung a little while to the clay that so long held it. It is not easy for things so closely bound together as are the flesh and soul to separate.

The life is the soul; when in the body it animates it, gives it all it possesses above rocks and earth. When this life leaves the body it retains all the prejudices it had in the flesh. It is sensitive to mental pleasure and pain, just as it always was. It has at first the same feelings, desires, hopes and fears that it had, and very often it does not know it is separated from the body.

Any effect that the body had on the mind is obliterated at the separation. Eating, drinking, sleeping, bodily pain of any kind, as well as appetite, that have birth in the flesh, are alike no more. When a man dies nothing remains but what he has been in the habit of calling his mind. This contains all his thoughts, his whole thinking capacity, memory, knowledge and will-power. In the flesh we live an existence, in the spirit we live another. We pass alternately from the one to the other over and over again. We have trials in one as well as in the other, and we are rewarded for good deeds in both.

When a man does a charitable act, especially if such charity costs him sacrifice himself, then such a man has progressed one step forward. When he comes to live again he will feel the benefit of this good deed; perhaps he will be in easier circumstances than he otherwise would have been, perhaps he will be beset with fewer temptations, but certain it is that he will feel the benefit in some way.

No good deed is without its reward; no bad deed without its punishment. The law which regulates this is simple and natural, and easily understood. That element in men that leads them to do wrong will punish them; that which makes them do good rewards them. The elements of doing good and bad are in every one. In our present imperfect state the bad element if left alone will act of itself, and leads us to misery, while the good element generally needs some cultivation and encouragement to be brought into action. Yet there is something in every one which tells us that the good and not the bad is the right one to assist; according to how we divide our time between these two elements will we find ourselves after death. A good earthly existence necessitates but a short spiritual preparation for another life in the flesh, but an evil one entails suffering while in the spirit, and is followed by another life in some peculiar situation which will give us an opportunity to expiate our wrong-doing.

I had lived a life altogether for self. I had gratified every desire. I had caused others pain and suffering. I had been harsh, relentless and cruel. Nevertheless, I had always known there was a better way to act—a way which something told me was more just—but it did not offer me the immediate gratification which my other mode of living did, so I refused to follow it.

Nothing in my life had been unselfish, nothing had been pure—all I did was to benefit myself. I forgot that others were in need of things I deprived them of. I was not forgetful of self and mindful of others. In short, I led, as you have seen, a cruel, selfish, wicked life, and now I came to die, the evil followed me.

When life had ebbed out of my body, and my spirit was free from the flesh, I looked over the

battle-field and saw the men still fighting. I did not know I was dead. I watched the struggles of those I had encouraged and led to battle; I went from one place to another watching the movements of the enemy, planning, seeing that had we five times as many men we could not be victorious.

I called loudly for them to retreat! They had better be with me among our own hills than be slain and leave me alone. They did not hear me call; perhaps the noise was too great; so I waited awhile, and called again. But even the men nearest me took no heed whatever. I concluded to wait until they stopped of their own accord.

When the fighting ended and the few survivors retreated, I went with them back to the woods, where we rested.

There were not more than seventy of them. I asked questions, talked with them about the blow I had received, but they heeded me not. This set me to thinking there was something wrong. Presently two or three began conversing about me in my presence, yet they spoke as if I was not there. By what they said, I learned that I must have died, which seemed to me very strange.

I went back to the battle field to look for my body, which, after a long search, was found. Now, indeed, I knew death had overtaken me. The house of flesh I had inhabited, that I loved so well, now as I saw it upon the field, looked mean enough. A mass of flesh it was which had never been worthy, when animated, of the life within it, but which was now mere material, ready for decay and disintegration.

When fully conscious that I was alive no more, I began to look about for means of amusement in this new mode of living. To go from one place to another gave no trouble whatever, yet it gave me no pleasure.

Some time was spent in trying to find amusement, and, when I failed, some time was spent in trying to content myself with my new life; but I failed in this also. By degrees, as the months and years went by, I gave up frequenting the favorite haunts of my old corporeal self and sought to endure my present surroundings, which were literally no surroundings at all. I was absolutely alone. A sense of loneliness first stole upon me, and a knowledge of it grew rapidly and strong. Finally a terror of still solitude took possession of me, and this lasted, it seemed to my troubled soul, countless ages.

The more fully I realized my situation the more miserable I became. The better I understood the reason I suffered, the keener such suffering was. That I had lived to improve my talents, and that I had not improved them, was now very clear to me.

For a long time I would not acknowledge that I had not done as well as was possible under the circumstances, and endeavored to convince myself that I had not always known what was right to do, but upon examination it was plain that what I had known I had not observed, and learned that no pain was inflicted for having done wrong unconsciously—one paid the debt he owed, no more, no less. The life led had had a purpose: it was to overcome my desire to inflict pain and to subdue my extreme self-love. I was bound to acknowledge that I had accomplished but little.

My suffering was not connected with the flesh—that had decayed, as all animal matter does. It was a pain, an agony, that grew in my soul and was nurtured by solitude, darkness, dread of the future, horror of the past. All hope was gone. My loneliness fattened upon the darkness, and my memory and fancy combined in sketching pictures most fearful.

A time came when the sufferings decreased, and some one came and talked to me. I desired to live another life, and try again to overcome self and destructiveness. I learned to repent for what had been done, and to crave forgiveness wherein I had offended the laws of nature and the rights of man.

The words, "How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?" had not yet been spoken; indeed, I had rendered none, but implored that some be shown me. All my lone suffering had kindled in me a wish to be better, and another life was granted me. It was to come on earth. The country was ancient Egypt.

With the best intention that can fill the soul of man, I entered the long corridor that leads from the intangible to the corporeal. I passed through the doorway of birth, and, placing foot upon the first step of the stairway of life, began again to climb.

CHAPTER III.

On this great world I have a will
To choose between the good and ill;
My thoughts, as yet, are small,
But still if I with all my might
Will try to practice but the right,
I need not fear the fall.

Under Sesostris, King of Egypt, I was born. The physician who helped me into this world, helped my mother with rapid strides out of it. He had his rules laid down for him centuries previous, which he had to follow, even though he killed every patient. In truth, no physician fell upon him should he depopulate a country.

so long as he followed the sacred book. But if the villain acted on his own judgment he lost his life. Of course he would rather kill his patients than be killed himself, so he followed instructions written for physicians to follow, and the consequence was he sent my mother to the gods before her natural time. But no one thought of blaming the poor man. The truth is that the physician so often made mistakes that my father was probably surprised to see either my mother or myself come out of the ordeal alive.

Being motherless at the commencement of life's pilgrimage, my father's other wife took me in charge. How I was treated when I was an infant was not so much of a consideration to me in my boyhood days, as it was how I was being treated then. I thought there was room for improvement, and do not doubt it yet.

When my father was about I had no reason to complain, as my step-mother (it was she who ill-used me most) took pains to treat me with great affection. But when he was absent, many was the outgelling I felt her to. I had great reverence for her, even though she did belabor me, and while a child I believe I was always dutiful to her—at least she never said to the contrary.

We lived on the Nile, about twenty miles from Memphis. Our house was placed on a little knoll, which my father's grandfather had built. If the knoll had been a little higher it would have been more effectual in protecting us from the inundations of the river, for which purpose it had been put there. But my father always said that he never would think of changing anything his grandfather had made. It would have been a lack of respect to his memory. I thought so myself, so we continued to live at the risk of being drowned each flood season, in order that we might pay deference to the memory of a man who had not sense enough when building a hill to make it high enough for the purpose it was intended.

My father sustained himself and family comfortably by raising cattle. He was one of the fortunate men who did not go to war. I call him fortunate, yet many considered themselves unlucky if they missed the chance. This was because soldiers, as a class, were above husbandmen and shepherds, and also because the king was especially kind and generous to them. Indeed, Sesostris was a most excellent king to all, even the meanest of us, and we dearly loved him. He was just and liberal in his dealings, and had a most unrivaled respect for the gods; accomplished noble victories, brought into Egypt vast wealth and many captives from strange lands, and built to his honor and the glory of the gods many temples and monuments. He was also good in having all the governmental drudgery done by foreigners, Egyptians acting chiefly as task-masters.

My father did not have to go to war, as I have said. He was rather infirm to endure the hardships incumbent upon soldiers; so he remained at home and raised cattle to feed the men who were fighting, and many were the cattle that were taken from us by the king's officers. They were by right allowed only one-tenth our products, and so strict was the law that they could take no more than their tenth, but we often gave them more, that we might both please the king and keep them from stealing them.

My father was an ordinary man of his time. But the time was extraordinary for one thing, at least, and that was the routine in which son followed father, and generation walked in the footsteps of generation. Beside that, it was a time when all the known world was almost mad with nonsensical religions and brainless superstition, and Egypt had the glorious honor of having the most gods and of being the most religious country existing.

My father revelled in such honors. He was a very religious man, indeed. He paid particular attention to crocodiles and onions, which were deities with our nation. I conceived a great passion for the loquemon, which we also worshiped. This little animal was serviceable to us, because it killed many crocodiles, and also destroyed their eggs. It may seem a little strange that we should worship crocodiles, and worship also an animal which killed them. Perhaps, when I think of it, it was odd, but we had a great deal of faith in those days, and paid no attention to such things.

The chief thing in our minds—although we did not see it in that light then—was to worship, and so long as we did so our duties might have been a broom-stick or an old tin boiler; it made no difference to us.

As I grew up, and year by year passed me almost unheeded except as they made a change in my stature, I was given a scanty education in the knowledge of the Egyptians. More strictly speaking, my education was such as was always given to those of my class, but it was scanty at best. It encompassed among other things an exhaustive knowledge of the gods, what I was to believe, and how to ride a horse. The love of everything conventional, due to my surroundings, was strong enough within me, but they tried to make it yet stronger, and doubtless they succeeded.

I was taught to respect old age, to almost adore my father, to give precedence to anything that was old, or stale, or worn out by antiquity. Above all things I must do nothing new, but try to follow the exact steps of my ancestors. All this pleased me well; I would have done it without teaching; I was naturally a machine, and would have run in any groove in which I was set to go; I especially loved to do things as other people did them. My mainstays in life were conventionality, authority and antiquity. When sixteen years old my education was complete, and I was prepared to learn and follow my father's vocation, as was the law. We employed no Egyptians, but owned three slaves. These, with my father's help, were able to attend to quite a number of cattle.

Apophis, one of the slaves, about my own age, I was attached to. He had been born in Ethiopia, and brought to Egypt in his infancy. Together we had grown up, and almost together we had passed our lives. My fare was somewhat better than his, but I frequently shared my food with him. The one thing, however, on which we could not agree was our gods. He had his and I mine, and many a disagreement we had on the subject. But, having more judgment than myself, he usually avoided this topic unless I insisted upon discussing it, which I oftentimes did. On such occasions, being a slave, he was bound to acquiesce or hold his peace.

One day my father sent me to Memphis on business for him. Apophis was to accompany me. We started out very merrily, reached our destination without mishap, and accomplished our errand, and while returning fell to conversing on the delightful subject—the qualities of the gods. Mine I knew to surpass anything in the line of deities that had ever ex-

isted, or ever could exist. Apophis did not agree with me. I spoke sharply to him for being of a different opinion, and warned him not to disagree with me in the future. He had always been my friend. We had acted as companions, therefore he doubtless felt hurt to have me suddenly hurl him beneath my feet. But I was very angry to find him ever so cold on a subject that was growing dearer to me every day. In the past, if I became angry, he was wont to pacify me, but I had wounded his feelings, and he retorted sharply:

"Do you say that Osiris is the father of every god, including those of my country?"

"He is the creator of every good god," said I, "and if you have any he did not create they are evil."

"You know no more than the Hebrews," he replied, "whom your fathers drove out of your land. They said that Jehovah was the maker of all things good, and they have as good a right to say so as you."

"Then the curse of Ra be upon you!" exclaimed I, beside myself with rage, and before I knew what I did, my knife was plunged deep into his back, and he fell with a feeble cry, dying, to the ground. No sooner had I done this dreadful deed than I repented. Nay, I would now have given my own life rather than have his blood on my hands, but it was no time to repent. I must act. It was a lonely spot. A few feet distant was the steady flowing river. The crocodiles lay lazily sunning themselves upon the water's edge. I drew the body to one side, disrobed—that no tell-tale blood stains should mark my clothing—threw sand over the great crimson spot where my companion had lain, and began before life had fled to dismember legs, arms and head from the body, throwing them one by one far out into the Nile. The trunk I placed upon a log, and had the satisfaction of seeing two crocodiles combat for it. Then washing myself and knife thoroughly in a small pool and adjusting my dress, I continued my journey homeward, full of misgivings and apprehension.

On reaching home, "Father," said I, "poor, dear Apophis, while reaching for a flower at the river side, fell in and was drowned." The mention of his name caused me to cry so bitterly that my parent comforted me, promising another slave quite as good to fill his place.

At the absence of one who had been my friend and companion for so long a time I was quite disconsolate; but my mind was particularly grieved and troubled when I thought of the manner of his taking off. If it was ever discovered it would deprive me of being buried with my fathers, and if never discovered on earth the body of judges who examine us after death would surely condemn me for it. Suspicion and dread had taken prominent quarters in my cranium, and the only relief I found was in forming new acquaintances, and thereby driving my thoughts into other channels than the festered subject they were wont to feed upon.

A young man about the same age, living near us, and engaged in the same work, now grew quite friendly to me. I had always known him, but we had never until now become confidants. He was a much better soul than I had imagined, and had many traits of character I would have done well to copy, but which I never did copy notwithstanding. We grew to think more and more of each other, took long walks after the farm-work was over, and although I was given to be morose and taciturn, his superabundant spirits had a cheering effect, making me happier than I would otherwise have been.

When I became of age, I went in company with my father, as was the custom, to the magistrate, where I registered my name, occupation and means of existence. This done, my father told me of his intention to bequeath to me, at his death, the estate. This happened in March, our harvest month, and full soon the unhealthy south wind began to blow. We dreaded it because it was warm, unpleasant and pestilential. It brought with it a disease which spread among the cattle, and which killed more than half our number. Growing in age and growing in grace do not go hand in hand. There was a time when the loss of the cattle would not have given me discomfort, but now that I knew they were all to be mine some day, I was greatly worried to see the disease spread.

Sesostris, who had been away nine years, conquering the world, and causing foreign realms to render tribute to Egypt, now returned.

He was a young man, and all his principal officers were young men also; in truth, they were exactly his own age. He marched into our land with glories heaped upon him. Being a favorite with the gods he had been successful in almost everything he undertook, and though he had some interruptions in his career, he had been on the whole as victorious and fortunate in his wars and government as any man could reasonably hope to be.

Not a subject in the land but loved him, not a soldier in his ranks that would not have died for him, and when he came to Memphis, we formed a little party in our neighborhood and went to the city to pay our deferences.

While there, Bethos, my new friend, and I bought two slaves each. We did it with the consent of our parents, who knew slaves were to be cheap on account of Sesostris bringing in so many captives.

Bethos had brought to Memphis with him his sister. We made love in those days and in my country without any great ado or ceremony. Being fond of the young lady, Sesostris by name, I gave her one of the slaves I had purchased, in order that she would have a lady's maid. This was a very munificent thing to do, but I consoled myself by thinking I would make Sesostris my wife, and thereby lose nothing.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." So it was with me, but I had grown so narrow in all my views that I even hesitated about getting a wife, when most men about me had two or three of them.

At last I determined to marry Sesostris and have the vexed question over.

All along the thought that had absorbed my mind was whether I should or should not marry her. Now that I concluded to do so, I made my proposal through her father, and was surprised to see him hesitate. I went then direct to Sesostris herself, and learned that she intended to marry her brother Bethos.

Like many people who have lived after me, I wanted a thing more than ever when I found I could not get it. Hitherto I was in doubt whether I wanted Sesostris at all; now that I stood but little chance of getting her, I loved her to distraction, and determined to have her at all hazards.

[To be continued.]

After a sea diet, to prevent boils and assist acclimation, use Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

THE DEAD KING.

The king was dead. His body lay in a plain, bare and grim. While round him fell the solemn day sifted through windows dim.

His sword was clasped within his hand As firm as when in life 'Mid battle clouds that dreadful brand Had flashed, and led the strife.

Beside his gray and stately head His jeweled crown was set In readiness, as though the dead Had need to wear it yet.

And flags from many a battle plain, Standing about his bier, Told of rebellious chieftains slain, And nations taught to fear.

And there with plumes of tufted snow Cresting their figures tall, Stood steel-clad sentinels, arow Like pillars of the hall.

And all day long with curious stare And dim, but eager eyes, The people passed, and eyed him there, Dead, yet defying death.

Right royal seemed his upturned face, For on it lingered still The majesty of all his race And of his own high will.

The king was dead: before God's throne A SOUL STOOD IN THE LIGHT, Shrivelled, maimed, and stripped, alone, And trembling with a fright.

—George Horton, in the Century.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Manifestations at Lily Dale.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

On Aug. 14th a few friends gathered at the rooms of Mrs. Stoddard-Gray and son for a seance. The manifestations of full-form materializations were strong and distinct to a marked degree. The light, and other conditions, were very good, and all in the seance were visited by spirit-friends; the full details of the sitting would be too lengthy to report, therefore only a brief mention of a few of the more remarkable manifestations will be in order.

Col. Baker, who we understand presides at Mrs. Gray's seances, came from the cabinet to the center of the circle. His form was perfect, step elastic, and he presented the appearance of a noble specimen of manhood, dressed in military uniform. We mention this manifestation because it was so remarkable in form and feature. These remarks apply as well to a male spirit, who gave his name as McClure of Philadelphia. Both manifested with an unusual degree of power. No person in the seance looked more solid and substantial in form than did these two spirits who stood before us.

The spirit-wife of J. B. Daniels of Denver materialized by his side, six feet or more from the cabinet. As the spirit-form became perfectly materialized, and knelt by him, they conversed for five minutes in low tones. Mr. Daniels then led her to a table, where they were seated, when she wrote him a communication. He then bade her adieu, and his spirit-wife passed into the cabinet, and was lost to sight. This spirit was before the audience some twelve minutes, in beautiful form and graceful movement—with a light sufficient to enable all to observe every motion. A manifestation at once so natural and perfect seldom occurs in our seances for this class of phenomena.

Dr. Baker, who is one of the medium's spirit-brother—an old gentleman with bent form and gray hair—passed out of the cabinet to a part of the room outside of the circle (the friends were seated in a semi-circle before the cabinet), after which he dematerialized over fifteen feet from the medium, who sat in the cabinet. He gradually diminished in size, until there was nothing to be seen on the floor where he stood but a few seconds before. In less than ten minutes he wrote these lines, the tall and beautiful form of a female appeared on the very spot where the doctor had disappeared. He was dressed in black. The spirit that appeared in his place was clothed in spotless white. Passing to a gentleman in the seance she was identified as a dear friend, after which he led her to the cabinet. This manifestation took place before all present, with nothing to obstruct the view. It was repeated again by the doctor, who stood the second time by Mrs. Stoddard-Gray, while she sat in the center of the seance, between the cabinet and the audience.

Later on four spirit-forms were seen at the same time, as the curtains of the cabinet parted. Two of them were children. They were the friends of H. Augusta Kimball, M. D., and Dr. Augusta Stow Gulien, who stood by the cabinet and recognized them.

At least thirty forms appeared at this seance. We fully believe that Mrs. Stoddard-Gray and son rank among the best instrumentals we have for form materialization, and we do not feel that they need any recommendation or vindication at our hands. The manifestations occurring in their presence speak for them more potently than anything that can be said in their behalf; to investigate the phenomena through them is to be convinced, if demonstrations will convince.

The undersigned were present and affirm this statement:

C. W. Elope, West Monterey, Pa.; A. G. Wilkins and wife, Meadville, Pa.; Sydney Kelsey, Erie, Pa.; J. B. Daniels, Denver, Col.; Dyer Cochran, Meadville, Pa.; H. Augusta Kimball, M. D., Philadelphia, Pa.; Dr. Augusta Stow Gulien, Toronto, Canada; B. B. Hill and wife, Philadelphia, Pa.

I must not overlook in this report other materializing mediums who have done a great and good work here; as well as those for wonderful phenomena for slate-writing and pictures upon porcelain plates, produced between slates fastened together; these pictures are executed in oil and with pencil in a few minutes. One hundred years ago the mediums for this phenomena would have been hung or burned as witches.

Surely art is to be an important factor in the demonstration of truth by the silent workers in the realms of spirit. With all the wonderful phenomena and remarkable evidence at hand, we often hear the cry of "fraud": Not only from the bigoted and thoughtless, but from many who call themselves Spiritualists. To shout "fraud" means nothing—proves nothing—explains nothing; but demonstrations settle the question in all mediums phenomena. Carefully investigate, and then draw conclusions.

B. B. HILL.

Seance with Mrs. Allen.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

Being attendants at Mrs. Allen's materializing seances, 400 Washington street, this city, my wife, myself and several other friends were invited to her house on Sept. 9th; while there we formed a circle around the cabinet—twelve in all—and Mrs. Allen sat outside the cabinet;

she was not entranced. We darkened the room, as is necessary in all such manifestations; in a few minutes our spirit-babe sat on my wife's lap; the little one held out its arms, as if it saw something on the floor, and very soon a form appeared—that of my little daughter; she came and greeted us, also, kissed the baby, who evidently saw the form before any one else. My son and daughter, also my wife's mother, appeared. All the other sitters had spirit-friends come to them.

Mrs. Allen asked my wife to go into the cabinet, and in a few minutes she came back to her seat with a form by her side; the same manifestation occurring with other sitters.

There were twenty-seven forms in all. I think I am only doing justice to Mrs. Allen in speaking of this seance, and giving my endorsement of its genuine and satisfactory character. Spiritualism is a grand truth, of which fact I am fully convinced—my wife being a medium. I have good proof in my own family. THE BANNER finds its way into my home every week, and will continue to do so as long as I can obtain a copy. JAMES WILSON.

Providence, R. I., Sept. 11th, 1893.

Proofs by Materialization.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

While visiting the Camp at Onset, Mass., I attended several of Mrs. H. V. Ross's materializing seances; one of these was a small circle, only thirteen in number. After sitting a few seconds only, several forms appeared, all gladly recognized by their friends present.

We were all singing, when two female spirits walked from the cabinet into the middle of the room and joined in quite distinctly, one a very sweet soprano, the other an alto voice; they retired to the cabinet, and in a few moments appeared with a male spirit, who also joined in the song.

Several little children came from the cabinet. Two beautiful spirit forms materialized in the middle of the circle—quite distant from the cabinet.

At another seance a lady appeared with a little babe in her arms; the grandmother being present, her daughter carried it to her to see.

At another seance a spirit walked out of the cabinet and approached a lady, saying: "Come, mother, I want to talk with you"; after standing a short time, talking all the while in a low voice, she exclaimed: "I will bring my husband; remain where you are, mother, and give us strength"; she returned to the cabinet, opened the curtains, and there stood the materialized spirit of her husband. The form speedily walked out, with his young wife on his arm.

Another evening a certain lady came to me as a spirit. I said it could not be, as she had not yet passed over; but in three days thereafter I received a letter from her daughter informing me that her mother died suddenly at the dinner table; her body was not yet buried when she appeared to me, told me she was gone, and sent a message to her dear husband, whom she had left sorrowing for her.

I have seen as many as sixty spirit-forms materialize during one evening, in the presence of this most wonderful medium.

Washington, D. C. Mrs. A. M. J.

To the Spiritualists of the Pacific Coast.

The Spiritualists of San Francisco, Oakland, and surrounding country will hold a camp meeting at Treble Glen, East Oakland, October 1st to 22d, inclusive.

Every effort is being made to render this one of the grandest reunions of all zealous workers in the great and noble cause of Modern Spiritualism ever held in our State, and we hope that you will give us your aid in making the enterprise a grand success spiritually and financially.

The grounds selected for the holding of this camp-meeting are delightfully located in Indian Valley, hills of East Oakland. Treble Glen is easily accessible, being located at the terminal of the East Oakland street railroad. Cars leave Eighth and Broadway or Clinton Station, running direct to the Glen; all street railroads in Oakland transfer to the Glen or to the end of the line. The grounds are reached from San Francisco (by using the Davis Ferry) for ten cents, which will bring thousands from that city to the grounds, it costing no more to go to camp-meeting than the Cliff House.

A Pavilion has been erected with a seating capacity of two thousand, and with acoustic properties that are seldom found in structures of this character, which is a matter of importance equal to the audience and speaker. The Pavilion and grounds are brilliantly illuminated with incandescent electric light at night, and present a fine appearance on the approach.

The camping ground is located on a level plaza only a few steps to the west of the Pavilion, and is surrounded by the hills of Oakland, and is evergreen and beautiful. Water has been piped to the grounds, and campers will be supplied with fresh sparkling cold water direct from springs in the surrounding hills.

To those who desire to camp upon the ground during the meeting, the following terms are offered: Those owning tents can erect them upon the grounds free of charge, for ground and water will be furnished. Those not owning a tent can secure one from the management at small expense, the charge being according to size, and including the use of the tent. Orders for tents must be placed with the management as far in advance as possible, that in making our contract with the tent men all may be included, and all erected at once; thus reducing the expenses to the minimum. Campers have the privilege of doing their own cooking if they desire, or they can get first class meals at the restaurant on the grounds.

To accommodate those who live at a distance and desire to attend the meeting and remain upon the grounds, the management has arranged to have ground two or three days of a week, arrangements have been made to provide tents furnished complete, for their accommodation; but it is requested that all who contemplate visiting the camp in this way, notify the management of the date they will arrive and the accommodations required, that they may be reserved for them.

The meetings will be held in the Pavilion at 2:30 and 7:30 upon each day, except Sunday, when three meetings will be held, as follows: 10 A. M., 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. Friday only one meeting will be held, at 2:30 P. M. Every Friday evening has been set apart for dancing and literary exercises and a general good time for the young people, who must have their share of recreation, and living all the better chance of becoming acquainted with each other. Saturday afternoon will be devoted to Lyceum work, with regular meeting in the evening at 7:30.

Connected with the Pavilion will be a large tent to be known as the "Circle Tent," in which circles will be in progress at all times when the Pavilion is not being occupied, and where mediums will form circles and give tests. This tent is for the purpose of interesting visitors, giving positive proof of the return of the so-called "dead."

The grounds will be open free at all times, and the public are cordially invited to attend. A general admission of ten cents will be charged to the meetings in the Pavilion and circle tent; all else is free. The choir is now being organized to render music at each meeting; and special soloists will be present and render selections suitable to the occasion.

For further information address:

THOMAS ELLIS, JR.

1217 Magnolia street, Oakland, Cal.

September Magazines.

THE COSMOPOLITAN—a World's Fair number—is unequalled in point of excellence as regards illustrations and faithful and interesting descriptions. "The Introductory: The World's Fair of Democracy," is written by the editor; Walter Besant gives "A First Impression," which is followed by a description of "The Foreign Buildings," by Price Collier; George Frederick Kunz contributes "Notes on Industrial Art in the Manufacturers' Building"; "An Outsider's View of the Woman's Exhibit," from the pen of Ellen M. Hennrich; Julian Hawthorne writes of "Foreign Folk at the Fair"; Murat Halstead treats of "Electricity at the Fair," after which appears the editor's paper on "Transportation, Old and New"; "Mines and Metallurgy" is contributed by the Chief of the Department of Mines and Mining, F. J. V. Skiff; Robert C. Chatfield-Taylor tells how Chicago entertained distinguished visitors; "The Government Exhibit" is by F. T. Blockford, Secretary Board

of Management Government Exhibit; Franz Boss writes on "Ethnology at the Exposition," ex-President Benjamin Harrison concludes this capital series with a paper entitled "Points of Interest." Other articles not mentioned here are given, and the illustrations throughout, which number nearly a hundred, many of them full-page, are exceptionally clear and elegantly finished. Published at Sixth Avenue and Eleventh street, New York.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE opens with an article of more than ordinary interest by Herbert D. Ward, entitled, "The Man with a Country: E. K. Hale," which contains a personal sketch and entertaining account of an interview with the eminent and venerable clergyman. The paper is fully and finely illustrated from photographs taken for this magazine. Portraits of the Emperor of Germany, Eugene Field, and Col. Albert A. Pope, taken at different periods of their lives, are presented under the head of "Human Documents"; "Pasture at Home," with an account of a visit to his laboratory, profusely illustrated, is a valuable contribution from the pen of Ida M. Tarbell; R. L. Garner's article written from the wilds of Africa, entitled "Among the Gorillas," with portrait of Mr. Garner, author of "The Speech of Monkeys," will at once attract the reader's attention. Several entertaining stories, interspersed with poems, appear, together with other interesting matter. Published by S. S. McClure, 743 and 745 Broadway, New York.

PHENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND SCIENCE OF HEALTH.—The portrait of Edgar William Nye appears on the cover, and the frontispiece is an engraving of Charles Darwin, which accompanies the opening-article by Louisa A. Honyest Nash, entitled "Memories of Charles Darwin," under the heading of "Race Studies." F. L. Oswald, M. D., analyzes the character of the Italians; "Negative Days" is a thoughtful paper by Harriet E. Jams; "How to Study Strangers," by Nelson Sizer, is an instructive article, illustrated with engravings of prominent individuals possessing the mental temperament; Charlotte Fowler Wells contributes entertaining phenological biographical sketches of Dr. Joseph Hurford and Dr. Samuel Irwin. Much instructive matter, as well as curious facts, are contained in "Notes on Anthropology," "The Science of Health," etc. Fowler & Wells Co., publishers, 27 East 21st street, New York.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL opens with an article on the culture and care of ferns, under the title of "Nature's Lure Work"; two interesting biographical sketches appear—"The Daughter of Andrew Johnson," by M. V. Moore, and "The Widow of Stonewall Jackson," by Mrs. Jefferson Davis; the Brownies, in their exciting tour, visit Holland and Russia; the editor speaks a timely, sensible and forcible word concerning the strain that is placed on merchants (and others) by the demands of churches, societies and organizations for contributions to fairs and bazaars, and he also expresses the belief that a goodly portion of our methods of charity are inoperative of the best results; other excellent articles are contributed, and the various departments team with valuable suggestions and hints. The Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

NEW OCCASIONS opens with a thoughtful article on "Reconstructing the Saloon," by M. C. O'Byrne; "The Way Out—A Sermon in the Desert," by Pax, is a description of the method employed in successfully running the most noted of cooperative factories that exists, namely, that situated at Guise, in the Department of Alsace, France; "Money and Banking" is an able paper by D. H. Lamberson; B. W. Ball, who sees in the present the elements of a terrible civil and ecclesiastical convulsion, writes of "The Future." Timely topics are fully discussed in other interesting articles which appear in this excellent number. 175 Monroe street, Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

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SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Lynn, Mass.—Spiritualist Fraternity holds meetings at Redwood Hall, 64 Munroe street, Sundays at 2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Mrs. E. L. Webster, President; Mrs. E. B. Merrill, Secy. Children's Lyceum meets Sundays, 12 M., at Exchange Hall, 14 Market street. T. J. Troy, Conductor; Miss B. C. Collier, (18 South street) Secy.

Worcester, Mass.—Association of Spiritualists, Arcanum Hall, 555 Main street. Geo. A. Fuller, M. D., President; Mrs. George D. Fuller, Vice-President and Corresponding Secretary; Woodbury D. Smith, Secretary; Edgar F. Howe, Treasurer. Lectures at 2 and 7 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum at 12 M.

Springfield, Mass.—The First Spiritualist Society, O. J. Leonard, President, Worcester street. The First Spiritualists' Ladies' Aid Society, Mrs. T. M. McCormick, President. Mrs. E. B. Wood, Secretary, Florida street. Meetings at the hall in F. Wood's block, corner Main and State streets, every Sunday at 2 and 7 P. M. Societies Thursdays, afternoon and evening.

North Scituate, Mass.—Children's Progressive Lyceum holds sessions at Gannett Hall at 2 P. M. each Sunday. Silas Newcomb, Conductor.

Newcomb, Ill.—The First Society of Spiritualists meets at Washington Hall, Washington Boulevard, corner Ogden Avenue, every Sunday at 10 1/4 A. M. and 7 1/4 P. M. Speaker, Mrs. John L. Richardson.

Cleveland, O.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets regularly every Sunday, 2 P. M., in Army and Navy Hall. Everybody welcome. T. W. King, Conductor.

Cleveland, O.—The Spiritual Alliance holds regular Sunday evening meetings free at Army and Navy Hall at 7 1/2 o'clock. Mrs. H. B. Lake, permanent speaker. Everybody invited. Thomas A. Black, Chairman.

Buffalo, N. Y.—First Spiritualist Society meets Sundays at 10 A. M., U. W. Hall, corner Court and Main streets, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Henry Van Buskirk, President; L. O. Reisinger, Secretary, 445 Prospect Avenue.

Baltimore, Md.—The Baltimore Psychosociological Society meets every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. at Rialto Hall, corner Baltimore street and Post Office Avenue. Edwin W. Wright, 1314 N. Broadway, Secretary.

Providence, R. I.—The Spiritualist Association holds meetings every Sunday at Columbia Hall, Broad street, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Progressive School at 1 P. M.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—First Church of Spiritualists, 6 Sixth street. Meetings Sunday at 10 1/4 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Thursday, 7 1/2 P. M. Nicholas Schenck, President; J. H. Johnson, Secretary.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Spiritual Association holds public meetings every Sunday at 10 1/4 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M., also Thursdays at 8 P. M., in Lincoln Hall, 64 Pearl street. L. J. Sanborn, Secretary, 205 North Lafayette street.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Progressive Spiritualists' Society, Elks' Hall, Ionia street. Meetings Sunday, 10 1/4 A. M. and

Parls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That, on the polished forefinger of all time,
Sparkle forever.

Daily wickedness is wrought;
Tyranny is swollen with pride,
Bigotry is defiled;
Error intertwined with thought,
Vice and misery ramp and crawl,
Root them out, their day has passed;
Goodness is alone immortal;
Evil was not made to last.

[Charles Mackay.]

We are living in a time full of unrest, but possibly matters will again flow calmly. Anyhow, there is hope, so let us hope that science, commerce and labor will flourish, for the shedding of blood is a thankless business.—Bismarck, to the Holstein Students.

The Soul's true self is that which closest lies
To that dumb Mighty Heart whence all things rise.

Blessed is the man who is cognizant of the fact that
he has a few imperfections, for by this knowledge
shall he climb the golden stairway to a perfect existence
in the life to be.—Waldwood Messenger.

Old laws are spent! What need commandment more
With crash of Sinai's thunder, not to rob,
To murder, covet, bear false witness? Those
Were chains for hatred—Love is done with them!
Love standing with the children at His knee
Spells the new lesson that the neighbor wronged,
The poor left comfortless, the foeman slain,
Were kinsmen used unkindly, lovers lost,
Being one household, with one Father—God.

[Edwin Arnold.]

Banner Correspondence.

New York.

FARMERSVILLE STATION. — A correspondent writes: "I was educated a Pharisee of the strictest sect—the Presbyterian, with its inerrant Bible, its partial deity and its vicarious atonement. I say this with no unkindly or disrespectful feelings toward the best of parents, who were so taught by their ancestors. At the age of fifteen I assented to those doctrines and 'joined the church.' Take notice, I say assented, I did not believe those monstrous doctrines then, and never did during the twenty years I remained in the church. I assented the same as the ancients assented to the popular teachings of astronomy; nor do I believe, in the true sense of belief, anybody does now, or ever did believe in these credal enigmas. I believe any religion must be established by logic—facts that are verified by the senses, and are reasonable and just.

After spending twenty years of what should be the best part of man's life imprisoned in the church, bound by promises unthinkingly made, I was suddenly, and in a very singular manner, converted to Spiritualism. At once the fetters that had bound me within the narrow limits allowed to thought in the church were broken, and to this day I seem to see them fall as I spring to my feet, while a radical change of feeling and as radical change of belief came to me at once! The truths of Spiritualism came to me with the force of an overwhelming conviction, confirmed by all my senses, fortified by reason and a sense of justice.

More and more do I value the New Revelation for the comfort, the light and knowledge it brings; plainer and plainer I see what a power it has already become, and with tears of joy and unspeakable gratitude I look forward to the time when every religion will be taught of it, and evolved into one religion under the teachings of the highest wisdom and an enlightened reason!

To teach the doctrines of Spiritualism by precept, and a life corresponding, is our highest duty. I think the most earnest and enthusiastic among us have not begun to realize the power ready to aid every individual in his efforts in this direction.

Spiritualism's great mission is to establish an intelligent and reliable intercommunication of the two worlds—to fulfill the glowing prophecies of the good, the great and wise of all times. Among all the people in the world Spiritualists should be the last to say 'impossible,' or 'can't be done,' whether it be a material, a social or a spiritual reform. Emerson says: 'Do what is assigned thee, and thou canst not hope for too much, nor dare too much.'

New Hampshire.

STRATHAM.—H. F. A. writes: "It has been a pleasure during the summer season to meet with the many Spiritualists of this town, and I feel that our friends elsewhere will be glad to know that the interest in the Cause has not waned. Many home circles have been continued throughout the season just passed with good results.

A séance for physical manifestations was held Saturday evening, Sept. 9th, at the residence of Mrs. J. B. Severance, a generous and earnest worker in the Cause. Friends were present from Boston, Malden and Portsmouth. Sunday, Sept. 10th, the first public meeting of the season was held in Severance Hall. The morning session was devoted to conference. Mr. Byron Haskell of Boston added greatly to the occasion by relating many interesting personal experiences.

The hall was filled to repletion in the afternoon—parties coming from many of the surrounding towns. Miss S. Lizzie Ewer of Portsmouth, N. H., occupied the platform most acceptably. She is a fine inspirational speaker. Her remarks on the theme "From Death to Life" were received with attentive attention, and the tears which followed, mostly strangers, were so positive that they could not fail of recognition."

Maine.

EAST PITTSFORD.—Mrs. H. J. Marson says: "I saw in the BANNER OF LIGHT of Aug. 26th a message from WATSON GOODSPED, which I am glad to be able to verify. I have known him from boyhood. He says he is not all used up and started out now. I will say that after the death of his mother, who was his best friend, he did not wish to live without her, and at last refused to take any food, or other nourishment, and finally succeeded in starting himself out of life. I am very glad to hear of his better condition, and also to learn he is feeling 'first-rate,' as he says, in the spirit-world. This is a great test to those who have read his message, and as it speaks of his mental condition, and also of the way he passed out of this life.

We all thank you for the Message Department; long may THE BANNER wave, to bring glad tidings of great joy to all who believe in the Spiritual Philosophy."

A Corroction.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:
In your issue of July 22d is a communication from "Rosie, to her medium," and in your issue of Sept. 2d appears a verification from the pen of my dear friend, Mrs. J. A. Chapman of Norwich, Conn. While prizing beyond words the value of THE BANNER Circle Messages, holding in highest esteem the medium through whom they come, and grateful for the love that prompted your correspondent's letter of verification, I am forced by my sense of right and justice to correct the mistake into which Mrs. Chapman (and others) have fallen. The message is not from my daughter. It contains statements that make this self-evident fact to me. In addition to this, however, she herself declares it is not her message, but that she

believes it to be the message of an Indian guide to a test medium in Minnesota. Remembering how a message I have received from my daughter through the mediumship of Mrs. Longley filled my heart with joy, I am anxious that this one should not mislead by being delivered to and tacitly accepted by the wrong person.

With best wishes for THE BANNER, and its faithful standard-bearers,
I am its and their friend,
HELEN STUART-RICHINGS,
240 Alpine street, Dubuque, Ia., Sept. 11th, 1898.

Glints from our Foreign Exchanges.

Specially translated for the BANNER OF LIGHT by
W. N. EAYRS.

SPIRITUALISM IN ITALY.

[From the Italian Review, La Luz di Roma.]

We note with the greatest pleasure the increase of interest in psychic phenomena that is now taking place in the Academy of Rome. There is, on the one hand, the bitter struggle with the enemies of the Cause, who do not shrink from resorting to any means to degrade it: these are the everlasting opponents of the truth, whether it be moral, philosophic or scientific. We pity them, but the annals of human progress are in great part the story of their warfare and defeat. On the other hand, new phases of mediumship are constantly developing to offer to the adversaries of Spiritualism greater and greater evidence of the truth.

Signor Aleggiani, a noted Roman painter, and an old disciple of Kardec, recently invited some members of the Academy to his house to assist at a sitting for psychic phenomena. There were to be sixteen and no more, and among the guests we were glad to see many men of illustrious names.

The table selected for the experimentation was a large one, weighing thirty kilograms. The cloth that covered it was removed; a lamp, protected by a transparency of rose-colored material, was lighted, and suddenly powerful blows were heard upon the furniture. The lamp was extinguished, and a very distinct phosphorescent light of the size of the two hands was seen to be resting on the shoulder of Signor Fontana; thence it moved to the centre of the table, accompanied in its passage by a tremendous rap.

The spirit was requested to moderate the strength of his blows, and, if possible, to materialize his hand. To this he replied affirmatively. The hand was extended above the table, many psychic lights appeared, and a large, cold, perfectly-formed hand came and clasped that of one of the sitters, beating it with such force that all present could verify the phenomenon; it went then around the circle, and touched in turn each one; the hands of the fifteen who sat about the table were all the while rigorously united in a psychic chain.

The spirit was invited by one of the party to write something upon a sheet of letter paper placed in the centre of the table. In the silence which followed his assent, we clearly heard the sound of a hand moving upon the paper. The light was called for, and by it we read the following words in the German language, but written in Latin characters: "Gott, ich dank. I thank God." At the request of Signor Dezi, the spirit gave his name as Peter, and said that he was from Nuremberg, and in reply to a question, he added that he was sent to take an active part in the labors of the academy.

Invited to repeat the phenomenon of direct writing, he assented; the light was extinguished; in a few minutes the sound of writing was heard, followed by a rap upon the table. This time the phrase was in French, and as follows: "Je vous salue et vous remercie." "I salute and thank you." At a third repetition the spirit wrote in Gothic characters this phrase: "Lieben Sie Gott; er ist sehr gut." "Love God; he is very good."

In Memoriam.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

By the mutations of earthly affairs, and by the operation of those laws which govern the phenomena of being, it becomes necessary to chronicle the going forth of one whose absence from his accustomed haunts will be a sorrow to many. On the 27th day of August, 1898, HARRY, the only son of our honored friend, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. BRYAN, passed from the scenes of earth to realms beyond. A young man of amiable character and sterling worth, with prospects particularly cheering, his severance from the opportunities of life seems to the finite mind, untimely.

With due acknowledgment of his merits, and appreciating the distress of the parents, who for a season must tarry here, bereft of his dear companionship, it is

Resolved, That to our associates in their affliction, we follow with them in promulgating the doctrine of Spiritualism, and co-partners in a faith that illumines the highway to the Hereafter—do extend our earnest sympathy, and the assurance of our high regard.

Resolved, That a record of the sentiments herein expressed to them be tendered, and a copy of the same be forwarded for publication to the BANNER OF LIGHT.

N. H. LORD,
MRS. MARY B. REDLON, } Committee.
Portland, Me., Sept. 10th, 1898.

Sunday, Sept. 9th, from South Boston, EMILY DODGE, one of the early Spiritualists, who, long since, passed out of the sphere of faith into that of knowledge, entered the higher life, at the ripe and venerable age of 86 years 8 months and 28 days.

In the dawn of the New Revelation she took her stand, and though opposition was bitter, she firmly threaded her way, finding strength, consolation and comfort in the knowledge that there are no dead. Husband, children, and those that were near and dear preceded her, yet these partings were only stepping-stones for her to ascend higher and higher, till now she has joined the vaulted host where age has disappeared, and time no more shall wrinkle her brow and pass her limbs.

Her transition was speedy, as she lay enrobed for the last rites there was a smile on her face, an expression which said: "It is sweet to die." She has only passed beyond the veil; we shall meet again in that "sunny, sunny land." WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.,
Providence, 10 Peace street.

FRANCIS R. REED, of Winchester, Mass., passed to spirit-life Aug. 30th, aged 68 years.

He was a firm Spiritualist for many years, and a constant reader of THE BANNER. He will be missed in Boston and vicinity by the many friends he loved to meet at circles and meetings which he loved to attend. He was a kind and devoted husband, a good father, and a firm friend.

The funeral took place at his home in Winchester Friday, Sept. 1st, and was conducted by Dr. Drisco of Lynn, who delivered a most able address, which was very comforting and comforting to the relatives and friends who had gathered there to pay their respects to the loved one. Saturday the remains were taken to Forest Hill Cemetery at East Derry, N. H., and there laid to rest by the side of his daughter.

East Derry, N. H. C. F. EVANS.

In South Braintree, Mass., Aug. 21st, free evanescence of cerebral apoplexy, Mary Amelia Stiles, wife of Nelson E. Hayden, went to spirit-life, aged 56 years 3 months 10 days.

At Onset a telegram was received by myself, announcing the sad intelligence of my youngest sister's

sudden departure. She was stricken at eleven o'clock at night, and before the clock had sounded the midnight hour, she passed beyond the confines of earth. The intelligence was a shock, and a surprise, for she had suffered severely at intervals from heart difficulty. I can hardly realize how my merry hearted sister is gone, and that I shall never meet her genial presence in this world.

Husband, eleven children, three sisters and a brother are left to mourn the departure of a kind and loving wife, mother and sister. The family line is saddened. Who will be the next? Fare thee well, dear sister Mary. We shall meet again. Come to us in spirit when you can, and tell how you are faring, how you like your new home, and if you have seen father and mother.

JOSEPH D. BITTLES,
Weymouth, Mass.

At Los Angeles, Cal., on the night of Aug. 31st, our greatly beloved brother and friend, A. C. LADD, a resident of Atlanta, Ga., and one of the first and most able teachers of the Spiritual Philosophy, passed from this life. At a meeting of the Atlanta Society of Spiritualists the departure of our beloved brother and teacher was discussed, and a committee appointed to draft a suitable expression of our feelings.

Whereas, In the falling asleep of Bro. A. C. LADD, an active and efficient co-worker has passed out of this life whose guidance and assistance we shall ever miss in the walks of earthly experience; therefore,

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family and friends of our brother—not in the grief of those who mourn without hope, but as those who miss temporarily the form of a loved one on whom we could look with confidence and teachings would guide us in the way of the higher life.

Resolved, That in his departure from the active participation in this life, he has simply fallen asleep, to wake in that beautiful spirit-world, to go on in growth to perfection; and dwell forever in the presence of the Great Master, under whose approving smile our brother shall continue to live.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family of our deceased brother, and also to the BANNER OF LIGHT, as an expression of our sympathy.

G. T. BRUFFY, Sec'y. C. A. HARRIS, Chairman.

Mrs. RACHEL LYNN, } Committee.
Prof. BOBWEILL,
W. G. FORSYTH.

Camp-Meeting Echoes.

Impressions at Onset.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

By a warm sense of gratitude and duty, I am impelled to beg your permission to make, through THE BANNER, some expression of my thanks for the many friendships begun at delightful Onset, and which, I trust, shall continue in unending time.

My brief stay—for me too brief—was from August 13th to the 16th P. M. But it was filled with spiritual joys which refresh, comfort and build me up, and settle me on the sure foundation that stands steady. The foundation of the "many-mansioned" spirit-land, the ever-expanding theme, and enrapturing joy of the spiritually minded: the actual revelation and demonstration, that have come in upon this mixed world-life and being of ours, as each (when man became too earthly), concerning the continued or unending nature of our psychical being after separation from contact with body-life in this present state.

The actualizing, the realizing, the verifying of that all deciding fact in this present time, which I understand it, the very ACME and supreme NEXUS and vital essence of real this-world-Spiritualism.

Actual, as the complete opposite of the theoretical, "as it is," and not as it is hoped and believed for, merely faith-founded theories of the churches, one and all; not only about their present spiritual life and salvation, but also about the salvation and life that is hoped for to come to their members after death.

The love of the human father for his children, and the natural uncertainties of faith alone, as the only supplier of soul experience, which my soul and my reason and my experience constrain me openly to proclaim.

It was in obedience to such impulse that I accepted the kind proffer of my friend, R. S. Wheeler, to "switch off" from his prearranged route to Boston, and escort me to Onset, although he had never been there. I had for some time occupied the platform of the Association, and I was in the presence of the Philadelphia. It was there I made my first distinctively spiritual address, and openly espoused Spiritualism. My conversion was quite slow, extending through several years.

It was in obedience to the people of the East in name and person, I realized myself a stranger in a strange land. I anticipated no more at Onset than an unobtrusive onlooker might hope for by such use of appropriate demeanor as should, by proper advances toward the spiritual, develop the claims of a clairvoyant which springs out spontaneously between persons of similar type. I made my advent to the (by me) ever-to-be-admired grove and people, and found my highest expectations ardently realized.

The section of nature in hay and landscape is of the most restful I ever anywhere felt. I shall not attempt any physical description of the place, as that has no doubt been more graphically done than my hand could draw.

It is more than an ordinary experience for one but a few degrees above the general status of those who prefer the study of the sensuous and material things of this world, to things more spiritual and divine, to come into the large company of superiorly sensitive, contemplative people—many of whom are clairvoyant and clairaudient. Thus it was with a spirit of proper receptivity I heard the speaker of the morning illustrate the love of God for mankind by describing the love of the human father for his children, and then depicting the "Orthodox" and its creed, by showing how its God eternally reprobated the greater portion of his children by providing no salvation for them. This is not like as our fathers pity their children! No marvel that Mr. Wiggins, the speaker, was disesteemed by the Baptists as it was told, for whom he was some time a preacher, but speaking under spirit control gave them the orthodox of the truth, instead of the diabolism of Calvinism which is the result of the "regimental" basis.

The P. M. discourse was given by the spicy Mr. C. F. Allen, who is never at sea for a word, and a grip of whose hand and a flash of whose eye tell how earnest, bright and true hearted he is; and the greeting of the speakers gave me to know that they knew it.

Monday A. M. was used for recreating, as one wished. I voyaged on the Bay and had introductions. Camp conference opened at 2 P. M. Dr. Storner made a bright new speech—as he seems to do every time he speaks—and then Dr. Storner, Dr. Storner, Dr. Storner, introduced several presidents, and notably of them, Mr. Henry J. Newton, President of the New York Association, who gave a semi-scientific discourse on Spiritualism, suggestive in many ways.

The Creative Work of Thought, by Mr. Warren, Philadelphia Spiritualism; closing somewhat abruptly by making a slight demand upon the undersigned "to tell whatever he had to say about his conversion to Spiritualism." In response, I did what I could. At this time the speaker and the audience were that I would remain till to-morrow morning I should have all the conference time to speak. I felt that such an honor should not be declined but for imperative cause, yet the acceptance of it would be to me embarrassing. I had quite a number of interviews, and seven volunteer and remarkable descriptions by superior mediums.

Dr. Storner arranged and invited me to a special circle. Although he was the only person there whom I had ever met or heard of, the revelations given for me were demonstrations which could have but one solution as to their source. Departed friends, I felt, were manifesting to me, were minutely described, and their words, personal experiences, and facts—known only to them and myself—were detailed correctly. Mrs. J. W. Miller, Boston, and Dr. G. W. Ewell, deserve special mention for that.

Dr. Storner, E. R. Warren, Mrs. Pierce, Mrs. Chase and Mrs. G. W. Cutter gave me great encouragement by descriptions. The latter lady brought me a special message from the late Bishop Phillips Brooks, which, taken in connection with the heart-aid to Dr. Storner, and the address of March 4th, 1893, is peculiarly remarkable and interesting to Episcopalians, and to Spiritualists, of course.

I had a kindly and sympathetic assembly of people that I had the privilege of addressing that Tuesday morning in Onset, Groveland, I never met.

To the people I publicly and personally met there, who, one and all, made my experience in their presence precious to me, I return the thanks of their deeply obliged friend and servant,

Zyattner, Pa. J. H. MAO EL'REY.

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Banner of Light.

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Thanking its regular subscribers anew for their continued kindness, THE BANNER's publishers desire that this—the veteran journal of the spiritual movement—shall receive its share of support from the new comers into our household of knowledge. With this hope the above offer is made.

A Timely and Instructive Address.

The wholly admirable résumé of Spiritualism in the United States, on its historical, critical and prospective sides, which formed the address by Giles B. Stebbins before the Psychological Science Congress at Chicago, and was published entire in THE BANNER of the 9th inst., merits many readings and much reflection. It is an open, candid and familiar presentation of the facts, the reasonableness and the promise of the cause, by one who was brought to a thorough personal knowledge of them with no intention of accepting and acknowledging them as such, but who nevertheless refused to be blinded by ignorance and enchained by prejudice, and was willing and even glad to come to the light of the truth by whatever means it might be made plain to his sight.

Modern Spiritualism, as Mr. Stebbins told his hearers, is so called solely in distinction from that which rups through history, and is an element in all the great world-religions. Beginning in this country forty-five years ago, its central and unitive idea was the reality and the naturalness of the life beyond, personal immortality, and the return and real presence of those released from terrestrial bodies and clad in celestial forms, with their faculties and powers refined and enlarged. He accepted the Psychological Research Congress as the fruit and result of this awakening. Angels who were men and women on earth have stirred the waters of life, and we are being healed and our blind eyes being opened. All things come in the fullness of time. When the development of man's spiritual nature made him more receptive to supernatural influence, the spiritual telegraph came to supply his need; conveying the message from blessed immortals to the spiritual thinker and student, and the means by which we get such glimpses of a progressive immortality. To know of the life beyond we must know of the life within, which is akin to it.

If, said he, there be no spirit-return, a strange delusion has gone round the world, spreading but little among the ignorant and debased, but finding its victims mainly among the thoughtful and intelligent. Thousands of messages have come in many lands. The varied growth of these manifestations forms the phenomenal history of Spiritualism. Its ideas and its philosophy may be found in discourses and books and journals. Some of these are of great value, and wait for the wider appreciation sure to come. The simple rap opened the phenomena; then followed alphabetical messages swiftly rapped out, automatic writing, trance speaking, independent voices, music in the air, piano and guitar music with no visible performer, moving and lifting of objects with no visible power, planchette, levitation of persons, the gift of healing, materializations, spirit-portraits and pictures, and writing in languages unknown to the penman.

Fearful superstitions and lawless miracles are no more, but all comes under the divine order. Science and religion are reconciled by a divine philosophy. No truth of established science, not even the theory of evolution, has greater weight of evidence than spirit-presence and power. One remark of the speaker deserves to be kept in mind continually; it is, that "investigators to-day are apt to suppose that the phenomena of Spiritualism never had a thorough and critical sifting," and he hastens to correct this error by citing the careful work of investigation and working done by Drs. Hallock and Grey of New York, and Professors Hare and Mapes. We are not going over wild

ground never surveyed, said he. "We may well appreciate and emulate the pioneer investigators, fortunate if we equal them in zeal and care and devotedness, more fortunate if we excel them." These pioneers understood the interblending of magnetism, clairvoyance and other psychic faculties with influences of the higher life, but their leading efforts centered on the solving of the great matter of spirit-presence. The cry of the waiting world was, and still is—"Give us assurance of immortality. Give us a living faith, rational and inspiring, and add to that faith knowledge. Old traditions fall; materialism opens before us a black and fathomless gulf; give us light!"

To answer that cry has been the main work of Spiritualism, and the clear and inspiring reply has reached millions in many lands. The tests given by gifted persons, and the writings and discourses of those who have gone far along the lines of thought which such facts suggest, have a deeper and more lasting power than many dream of.

"Elementals" and "astral shells" find no abiding place in Spiritualism; it has no fragmentary creations, but only the terrestrial and the celestial body. Mediumship is not a miracle, but a delicate susceptibility to influences and impressions, an opening of interior faculties marked in certain temperaments, and of which all have some share. The passive medium, or psychic, is psychologized by some positive spirit, as the will of the psychologist on earth controls his subject.

The ideas and experiences of Spiritualism, and psychical science are strong and needed helps to a basis of thinking with a clear view of the meaning of this universe, which goes beneath external nature to guiding mind. That deeper philosophy must come, to vitalize and perfect our scientific method, to recognize the range of the spirit as wider than that of the senses, and to realize the inner world of mind, ever shaping and ruling the outer world of matter. Sooner than we imagine, the day will dawn when a "Godless" science will be an unscientific absurdity. What truth has greater significance, or is more needed?—what facts open wider fields than immortality and spirit-presence?

Spiritualism has awakened man to deeper self-knowledge. We are entering a new era, which the great awakening discussed has helped to open before us. We have learned much, and shall know more, of the outer world, the realm of effects and results; and we shall study, as never before, the inner world, the realm of causes. Man—"a spirit served by a bodily organization"—is the special field of psychical research, and the wealth of that field is a constant surprise. Interior faculties and subtle relations open before us. We transcend the limits of the outer senses. To know the inner life of man is to know his immortality.

Industrial Pugilism.

In discoursing on labor, and the benefits of fewer hours and higher wages, ex-Senator Ingalls remarks that the situation of the wage-worker is so much like personal servitude that the average American turns from it with aversion. The engines of Massachusetts do the work of a hundred million men. Capital irresistibly concentrates into vast aggregations, because the greater the production the smaller the cost, and profit depends upon expansion. In the minute subdivision of labor which machinery compels, the workman no longer competes with the employer nor with his fellows, but with the pitiless and inexorable energies of nature. He becomes cramped and dwarfed. He is like a part of the machine which he supplies with oil and fuel, or feeds with the metal that it turns into utensils and implements with almost human intelligence and more than human uniformity. Hence sympathy between the employer and the operator ceases.

Mr. Ingalls further observes that while all tyranny is detestable, the tyranny of labor is as execrable as the tyranny of capital. He sketches a strike of labor in the graphic language of which he is a master. He stigmatizes all strikes and lockouts as examples of industrial pugilism, in consequence of which the general public has to suffer. And he justly accuses both parties (labor and capital) of being insurgents, and declares that all the interests of society are deranged that the gladiators may tug and wrestle till one or the other is exhausted. Both parties are insurgents, he says, who should be censured as public enemies rather than be encouraged in their senseless, irrational and costly combat. And he says it is a direct appeal to force, to determine an issue susceptible of determination by reason, and is liable at any instant to result in the destruction of property, personal violence, and the shedding of blood.

The interstate commerce law and the anti-trust law came to signalize a triumph of popular rights over monopoly. But these beneficent statutes, for which so much was expected and predicted, missed the capitalist, the millionaire, the corporation, the employer, but the laborer is on his back. Four national judges, in four quarters of the country, in one breath utter four opinions that cut the breaching of every labor organization in the United States. Hereafter the nation is supreme in this matter. In all future conflicts of this nature, the people's comfort and welfare are not to be wantonly disregarded and indifferently sacrificed. And now the country stands in an attitude of eager, if not impatient, expectancy, waiting to hear from some national judge the accents of a decision against railroad discriminations, evasions, frauds and abuses, trusts and other combinations of capital in violation of law and to the great detriment of the American people!

For such a conflict, darkening the whole social landscape and threatening the overturn of all accepted rules of life for the community, there must be and there unquestionably is an adequate remedy which ought not to be far to seek. Where the two potent energies of our modern civilization are arrayed in hostile attitude against one another, the supreme power of the nation, representing its supreme good, should be fully equal to the great emergency. And it is equal to it. There is but one way of settlement for this difficulty. It is arbitration; not voluntary arbitration, to which one side or the other can agree as it thinks fit, but enforced arbitration, in the name and by authority of the whole people, to which both sides in a prolonged and wholly wasteful issue will be compelled to submit. It should be arbitration that will bind both sides alike, and from which there can be no appeal nor escape. This is the only present way of permanently adjusting these constantly recurring disputes and differences. Let us at least give it a trial and see.

To anxious inquirers: Mrs. B. F. Smith, the excellent trance medium, informs us that she will return to her home, from her Western tour, some time this month.

Common Life and Common Things.

Why is not the common the uncommon as well? What is common, and what is uncommon? Are not all things one and the same? Our mere estimate is not enough to constitute the difference. Why is not the glory of what we choose to call a common life the glory of every life, of all life? It cannot be denied that God is in the commonplace of every day, and is not that enough to make it uncommon? In what other way may we find God, or Good, than in the common, every-day experiences and obediences of our every-day lives? We do not, in human life, need the great man nearly so much as we need the common, unobserved people of the world. We want the honest mechanic, grocer, dealer in life's necessities, far more than we want the millionaires and the Napoleons of finance. We need the faithfulness of the common soldier before the general who commands him, and can do nothing without him. The beauty of the world, too, is in the common things of the world, in the things of which no one can have a monopoly, in the things that are open to the vision, the enjoyment, the inspiration of the humblest and the poorest. The grass is far more beautiful in its actual use to us than the most gorgeous and the rarest flowers. This beauty of the world is to be found in the commonest things. The poets see it, the painters see it, and then it seems to us uncommon.

Steam is one of the commonest things in the world, the simplest, the most natural; it has been in existence as long as water and sunshine, since fire was discovered and a kettle was boiled; yet it is simple steam, and the most natural and simple application of it, that has wrought a revolution in human life. The telephone has always existed; whenever we speak we set in motion the air, like waves that follow one another. They are to appearance generally lost in space, but by the road provided by the telephone they travel to a fixed destination. A motion at one end repeats itself at the other end, reproducing the effect there which started it here. That is all. So with electricity, which has rightly been called the life of the earth. And so are use and beauty and power common and commonplace things.

Take the matter of health, about which so much thinking of one kind and another is done; the question of health is the simplest thing in all the world. Health is really a matter of cleanliness, of sanitary regulation, of food and drink, of exercise. We are the victims of those who will not join us in trying to find out the simple, natural conditions of life the world over. When it is recognized as the most natural thing in life, then disease will vanish and be gone.

When we come to learn the methods of this wondrous universe, we shall know that the great things, the sublime things, are the common things. It is almost a disease with young men to want to get better places than those they now hold. The best advice for them is to fill the ones they are in till they will hold them no longer. The true and only way for us to find greatness is to serve. That is the law of the kingdom of humanity, as Jesus asserted it. It is one of the eternal and unchangeable principles of human life. The greatest man is the greatest servant, who fills the place he is in, and shows his capacity for more. When the opportunity comes it will not change him; it will simply give him room to show what he is, and what he can do. So that the greatness of the world is simply common, every-day faithfulness meeting an unusual opportunity.

Happiness—where is that to be found? Not in striving after it; not in great or high positions; not in conspicuous places, in the great opportunities of the world. The things that enter into the happiness of human life are not the unusual things, the things that are beyond the reach of the masses. Happiness does not belong to the few and the favored. A friend, a book, a picture, the ability to do something for somebody else, the opportunity for common service, health—these simplest things in all the world are the elements of human happiness. And so with the divine; the world has so long gone astray hunting after manifestations of the divine; a law kept is no sign of God's presence; it must see a law broken before it can believe it to be there!

An Old Disease by a New Name.

A writer in an English contemporary—subscribing himself "Dr. Watchman"—has coined a Latin name from the prevailing love-of-money disease, calling it *Pecuniomania*. He knows of but one other creature outside of mankind that is afflicted with it, and that is the magpie. Diagnosing this disease, jocularly, Dr. Watchman defines it to be, in many cases, hereditary, and often acquired, not exactly by contagion, but by sympathy or imitation. The disease has spread as civilization has advanced. It is more than probable that it had its origin in the first "safe-box," since we find that the natural tendency of very young children is to squander and destroy, instead of save and keep. They will go with their half-pence naturally to the nearest candy-shop, instead of putting them into the "safe-box," and exchange them for the sweet things they take pleasure in eating. Extremes in anything show an unbalanced mind, which is another name for disease; and when the child ceases to enjoy the sweet things pennies will buy, and begins to hoard them in the "safe-box," it shows the first symptoms of the disease, and great care is then required. After a certain stage the disease becomes incurable.

To increase its store of money the child will very often beg and sometimes steal, and as it grows older will not scruple to do many acts of selfishness that will add more and more to the heap; and this, too, long after it has acquired enough to satisfy the wants of the whole life-time.

What untold misery has not this disease of money-madness brought upon its victims! Highwaymen have murdered innocent people under its irresistible influence; sons and daughters have murdered fathers and mothers to possess themselves of the family store before natural death permitted its distribution. It is like a mighty cancer that has the power to creep insidiously over the whole body, and then attack the inward affections—love, sympathy, benevolence, tenderness, charity—until at last the individual enters the spirit-world a pauper!

These cases are to be met with every day in every class of society. Those who have bread enough of their own will not hesitate to feed on that of the widow and fatherless. The sweeter, the unscrupulous dealer and the grasping bishop are alike afflicted with the disease. All who have it have moral blindness also, and cannot distinguish between themselves and others who are sane, and who show it by the lawful use of their money, taking no

service from any one for which they do not give adequate remuneration, and making it a means of discharging a neighborly or friendly duty to those who may need their help.

No true Spiritualist, says this writer, ought to suffer from this disease, because he has opportunities for studying it which others have not; yet so insidious and pernicious is it that we seek those with ample wealth and lucrative appointments who consider it a sin for a platform worker to get more than the merest pittance weekly. It is a calamity that so effectually fixes the eyes that they always look outward and never turn to look upon the individual within. All truly philanthropic physicians should warn every one of its dangerous character, do all they can to prevent it, and, above all, warn those having the symptoms that it thrives on greed and is cured only by unselfishness.

Dr. Talmage Heard From!

We certainly have no criticism to make on Rev. Dr. Talmage's views on woman in her distinctly home relations, as he expresses them in the September issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. There is no dispute over her supreme dominion in the home and her silent but restless influence over its clustering affections, its unselfish aims and its purifying power. That, however, is but the sop with which he would betray her rightful sovereignty as man's equal in the affairs of life at large, embracing the care of the common public interests and the management and direction of what intimately concerns public morality and the general welfare.

To say that she is intrinsically unequal to the discharge of the plain duties of citizenship by reason simply of her sex, is to propose an argument which has lost all its force and meaning at this stage of the case, and is the last residuary resort of ignoramus. Dr. Talmage uses only strutting and wing-flapping phraseology when he speaks condescendingly of "women of most undesirable nature, who wander up and down the country, having no homes of their own or forsaking their own homes, talking about their rights," and he says that he knows very well that they themselves are fit neither to vote nor to keep house.

He holds his article in the *Ladies' Home Journal*: "Male and Female Created He Them," and proceeds to comment on women as above described and denounced by him. He says "their mission seems to be to humiliate the two sexes at the thought of what any one of us might become. No one," he asserts, in the true Talmagean way, "would want to live under the laws that such women would enact, nor to have cast upon society the children that such women would raise." In this manner does he presume to speak of those noble, self-sacrificing women, the acknowledged ornaments of their sex, who have the courage to advocate, as prophets of the coming time, the equal rights and coordinate responsibilities of the sexes, and spend their lives in the work of hastening the desired consummation of a theory so completely in harmony with the influences of a progressive civilization and an expanding humanity. Mr. Talmage autocritically announces that "the best rights that woman can own she already has in her possession." We should advise him to crawl into his shell and close up the entrance.

The Banner Message Department.

In the last issue we gave our readers to understand that the Spirit-Message Department of this paper would continue to be held twice a week, and that two mediums would be employed instead of one, etc.; that one would answer Questions propounded by inquirers; that the other would attend to *Individual Spirit-Messages*.

We are able to state at this writing that, at the urgent request of many of our patrons, we have engaged the services of Mr. W. J. Corville to fill the position, through his guides, of answering important questions for publication the coming season on our sixth page. Therefore all those who are interested in this phase of spirit-manifestation, are requested to send at once to the Publishers of THE BANNER all proper questions for answer through this most wonderful and scholastic medium.

The medium for the expression of *individual messages*, which messages are to be published with the Questions and Answers on the sixth page, has not as yet been engaged. We are quietly waiting to ascertain who the person is to be—according to the promise made by our active band of spirits (which Band has always in the past selected the mediums required).

A correspondent writes: "Over the whole globe, civilized and uncivilized, the spirit-world through a vast agency is scattering the seeds of everlasting truth. I had the opportunity of beholding and realizing the fact of what I say in a quiet séance in Pekin, China, some time since, in a family belonging to people of high rank called Heikong. There were five members of a family around a small table anxiously awaiting the results they might receive. The oldest daughter was the medium. They communed with departed friends, who were able to give their names and short messages of importance to their friends, communicating for some time by table-tipping. At length the medium was entranced by a spirit whose name was Alkein, who is quite intellectual and fairly developed. With my assistance he controlled her very nicely. This family was led into the light by information received from a British soldier belonging to the garrison stationed there. I hope this family will be the foundation head, from which a large portion of the population of China may receive the light of truth."

From the tenor of the above it might possibly be inferred by some that Spiritualism was introduced into China of late years through the agency of a British soldier, when the fact is the physical manifestations were known there and intelligent answers by spirits given hundreds of years ago. The late Capt. Hunt of Salem, Mass., once informed us that while a resident of Canton, China, he often attended spiritual seances there. He was much surprised, he said, at being told by several wealthy Chinese merchants that they had historic records of similar seances, with like manifestations, which were known there the length of time above stated, if not longer.

THE CONGRESS OF EVOLUTIONISTS will be held in the Memorial Art Palace, (Michigan Avenue, foot of Adams street), Chicago, Ill., Sept. 27th, 28th and 29th, 1898.

A Searching Analysis of Spiritualism.

A very able, instructive and impressive series of articles appeared in the *Nashville (Tenn.) American* not many weeks ago, from the pen of Prof. John Mosley Clarke, who has been lecturing in the First Spiritual Church in that city, and attracting the attention of all thoughtful people. Prof. Clarke is a scholarly man in the truest sense, and a very eloquent and magnetic speaker. The First Spiritual Church of Nashville is indeed fortunate to secure the services of a speaker of such admitted attainments and power. The four elaborate articles from the pen of Prof. Clarke are on—"Spiritualism and its Phenomena;" "Spiritualism;" "Spiritualism, Its History," and "Spiritualism and the God-Idea." He sets out with the statement that Spiritualism properly sustains a threefold relation to us—that of the Phenomenal, the Ethical and the Religious. He points out the necessity of guarding against the prevailing conception that the word *phenomena* denotes something unusual; the phenomena of Spiritualism are simply realities evidenced by our senses; only such as occurring under natural law mark the lasting display of universal life.

The Spiritualist affirms that every manifestation of force in nature, all activities of men, all labor productions, are Spiritual Phenomena; that industries of every kind, all physical motion, all force exerted by the worker, all movement in the universe, and every appliance of physical strength, are spiritualistic. The organs of our body are powerless till they are made mediums of our will. The effecting force is just as invisible in material forms as in the immaterial formless. May it not be true that we, the *real* ourselves, are always unseen, and that matter even is but crystallized mind? We may rationally conclude that as force here in the form is invisible, so it may be identical with force beyond the form; that whatever power can accomplish when exerted through the mediumship of the body, it may accomplish the same through other organisms than our own, or indeed without any at all. If the invisible can cause the mesmerism phenomena, why can it not also move a chair or a table, rap on the wall, overcome gravitating law for the time being, send musical instruments flying through the air, and supplant the slow process of natural growth with more rapid methods? If it be true, then all that can be done in the body may be done out of the body, or without bodily agency. Jesus recognized this when he declared that faith had power to remove mountains.

When freed from corporeal limitations Spiritualists believe that our capacities for the exercise of power in a material sense will be vastly increased. We now have power over organic matter only as we bring muscular activities into action; but when we enter upon more spiritualistic conditions, we shall deal more easily with that inorganic substance which is the primal condition of all entity. Methods and activities of growth and decay, chemical construction and destruction, will be within the scope of our powers; and materialization and dematerialization, now in part accomplished by growth and decay, may be effected by direct spirit activity, and independent of the limited process of now-known organic development. The ancient phrases—"Building of God," "House not Made with Hands, Eternal in the Heavens"—seem to favor this view. Spiritualists believe that spiritual power can form directly out of infinitesimals of the infinite all known shapes, substances and combinations; that a spiritual body is in the possession of every one; that all power is to spirit universal. The phenomena of Spiritualism cease to be wonderful when we recognize as a fact that they are the result of invisible forces working upon invisible matter unrevealed to our senses.

To the Spiritualist, so-called miracles are thoroughly natural—unfolding only the powers we have over incorporated matter. The day is dawning when the unseen shall be life's main motor in the creation of that which shall supply human needs. These phenomena mark a transitional phase in the great evolution now taking place in relation to mind as connected with matter. The time is coming when visible organic matter will be recognized by every one as acted upon by unseen agents only, and also that the media through which these forces act will be largely unseen. Spirit Phenomena! They comprise all workings of possible power. All natural philosophy, so-called, is but its elemental manifestation. Spirit, love, will, are the soul of all law; the heart of all order; the essence of all being. Spirit phenomena are only natural appliances of that which in our finite weakness we call natural laws. No miracle exists in nature, for her vast domain is omnipotence, omniscience, omnipresence. If spirit career a star, shall it not avail to rap on a table? Shall endless "I Am" be regarded of the vast only, and the minute be devoid of his watchful care? Let us rejoice that spirit-phenomena have disclosed this life-giving thought to the world; that we are our Father's children; that the works He can do we can do also; that the Spiritual is the only Real: We, too, like Him, shall be "Immortal, Invisible." All possible powers shall blend in the many-in-one of the universe.

In its broadest sense, Spiritualism may be defined as the functions and forces of spirit, with the knowledge of conditions in which they shall avail to produce results perceived by men; in its more limited use, as the development of its great central theory—the possible intercommunion of all mind. Spiritualists hold that interblending is a necessary, primal factor in all spirit existence; that life has its own sequences fixed in the very law of existence, entirely independent of penalty or reward; that substitution of merit for demerit is impossible, as annihilating cause and effect and outraging the most elementary conceptions of justice; that heavens and hells are possible in all stages of being; that sin and holiness are ever developing factors of the universe, by which "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain till now, waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God"; that physical things have exact correlation to things spiritual; that depravities are of the material as well as the immaterial, meaning thereby the unwellcome and undesirable. The Spiritualist conceives spirit as not bounded by space or form; the real entity is limitless as thought, conception, will or desire. Consequently the terms "gone," "come back," "return," do not express our idea; come and go should be used of physicalities only. Spiritualists deny the existence of the supernatural; as well say super-infinity, super-eternity, super-space. They believe that all possible manifestations of power are as perfectly natural as the most familiar happenings of daily life; nature is to them the synonym for universe. They limit the possible by self-evident antagonisms alone.

Only one article of agnostic faith do Spiritualists recognize as their own—never to believe, or claim to believe, without evidence. The Christian scheme which makes faith essential and bids reason be silent and makes creeds (ordoes) authority, they reject, regarding even the best as but imperfect utterances of a partially discovered truth. They believe conversion to be an eternal, instead of an instantaneous work, resulting from myriads of forces varying in power and duration. They believe that change is imminent in all existence; that all psychic qualities are inseparably connected with the universe, and that the universe is "aggregation vast" of the to be. They care not what it is called—Cosmos, Destiny, Law, Jehovah, Jove, Deity or God; they propose only to live; death is to them but a garment, powerless alike to confer the orthodox raptures of heaven or torments of hell. They believe inspiration to be the breath of divinity, existing in every age, glowing in every truth, lighting every soul; Bibles numberless, oracles countless, opinions limitless have felt its touch divine. Spiritualists believe much more than all others in inspiration; not so much the handmaid of truth, as the perfecting animus of high endeavor. They regard so-called belief or disbelief as unessential to character, except where it is held at the expense of reasonable investigation.

Spiritualists believe in good deeds rather than external devotion, philanthropic yearning rather than words of formal prayer. They believe that prayer is "the soul's sincere desire," but far oftener "unexpressed"; that prayers are answered according to the asker's intelligence and power to do his part in

Message Department.

The Messages published from week to week from excommunicated individuals under the above heading are hereafter to be given in private and reported as such by the Editor of the Banner of Light. The Editor of the Banner of Light is not responsible for the contents of the Messages published in this department. The Editor of the Banner of Light is not responsible for the contents of the Messages published in this department. The Editor of the Banner of Light is not responsible for the contents of the Messages published in this department.

Questions Answered and Spirit Messages

Report of Public Séance held May 2d, 1893.

Spirit of Life and Love, that holy presence, whose infinite splendor radiates throughout the universe, making light on every hand, this influence, like a baptism of peace, rests upon all the land, and we who are human children ask to be uplifted into this atmosphere, that we may be bathed in its glory, and be strengthened and refreshed by its power. We know that this spirit everywhere; we know that those dwell in that spot of space, and that they presence in all things in Nature. We ask to become conscious of this presence within our own lives; to feel our oneness with it, and to realize that we are not only bathed in its light, but that we are also its instruments, and that we are to be used by it to bring forth its power. We know that this spirit everywhere; we know that those dwell in that spot of space, and that they presence in all things in Nature. We ask to become conscious of this presence within our own lives; to feel our oneness with it, and to realize that we are not only bathed in its light, but that we are also its instruments, and that we are to be used by it to bring forth its power.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have questions, Mr. Chairman, we will consider them.

Ques.—[By R. V. Way, Wilmington, O.] Are we employed in the spirit-world in the same manner as we are employed in the material world? If we are, can we adopt another on the spirit-side of life?

Ans.—There are many phases of human activity, and its external expression may be as varied as individuals are different from each other.

In the spirit-world opportunity is given to every human being to outwork his inner possibilities, and develop his powers and talents along such lines as are best adapted to the unfoldment and growth of the spirit. It is not necessary for one to have a life to be employed in uncongenial pursuits. Owing to force of circumstances and external environments on earth, many individuals here are obliged to follow a certain calling, or engage in some line of manual labor for which they are not at all adapted, and toward which they are not attracted. Consequently every hour spent in such employment is one of unfulfillment and dissatisfaction. It is not necessary for one to have a life to be employed in uncongenial pursuits. Owing to force of circumstances and external environments on earth, many individuals here are obliged to follow a certain calling, or engage in some line of manual labor for which they are not at all adapted, and toward which they are not attracted. Consequently every hour spent in such employment is one of unfulfillment and dissatisfaction. It is not necessary for one to have a life to be employed in uncongenial pursuits.

In the spirit-world the field of occupation is broad. Many of its phases are similar to many phases of employment followed by man in the physical sphere, while many other employments in the spirit-world are very different from anything that we have on earth, and as you have nothing here by which these higher employments may be compared, it would be impossible for us to describe them to you by your forms of mortal speech.

The man of studious habit here, who desires to search into the mysteries, so-called, of nature, to study her laws, and their operations in any chosen field, will not only have the desire increased, but he will be able to do so, but will also find the opportunity of following such lines of study and research. He who is interested in astronomy will find the entire heavens open to his gaze, and he will be assisted in his studies by intelligences who have, perhaps, visited various planets, and who understand much concerning their movements, their stage of development, and the conditions of life upon their surface. He also who in other fields of science has long desired to gain knowledge and understanding of certain branches, will be enabled to do so when he has become fitted to understand or to take up such lines of thought and research.

If, however, a man is of a carnal nature; if his likes, attractions, habits and tendencies are of a gross, coarse character; if he has developed the animal nature more fully than he has paid attention to the spiritual, he will not at once be enabled to cast off those earthly elements which bind him to the physical sphere, and enter upon those higher pursuits of which we speak. For a time he may be obliged to delve in contact with earthly things and gross people until his indulgence of the lower tendencies and habits has a cloying effect on his life, and he becomes disgusted with his evil doings. This experience will bring to him a new force and impetus to rise above these conditions, and a new desire will be born within him for higher things. Sometimes it is necessary for that which has been pleasing to cloy upon the taste or appetite before one becomes weary of it, and seeks for something more helpful to his nature, and more spiritual.

It would be impossible for us to describe to your correspondent all the various branches of labor, thought and study which engage the attention of mankind in the spirit-world; but he may rest assured that if he aspires for the blessing of things, if he desires to learn and to grow into a spiritual atmosphere and a line of life that is uplifting, purifying and instructive to the human soul, he will not be obliged to devote himself to employments that are uncongenial to him. He will be given scope and opportunity to take up such an occupation as will be adapted to the unfoldment of the best part of his nature, employing to the full the energies of mind and heart, and bringing out the highest and sweetest possibilities of his life.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Mary Webster.

[To the Chairman:] I used to visit the Banner office occasionally, and speak a word from the spirit-life to the workers here in the field of truth who were sowing the seed, that by-and-by might bring forth the blessing of things. But it is a long while since I have spoken, and to-day I feel just like making myself known once more to the good friends that knew me as an old, very old lady, and a medium for the spirit-world, one who was glad and happy to have her organism used by the angels in doing their work as best they could for humanity through its agency. Since I have been among those bright spirits in the higher life, I have been deep along with them in their efforts to do good.

I was a medium here, and I am a medium in the other life. I am proud to say that my organism is used by spirit-intelligences in higher departments of life to communicate with those

who are around me and in other spheres below me, and I feel that it is blessed to be an instrument for higher powers in their work.

I bring my greetings to all who have known me, not only in Amesbury and those parts, Mr. Chairman, but here in the city; and I want to say to my dear friend, Mr. Colby, that I often think of him and the good work he has done. I know how many years have passed since he began to sow the good seed, and I know that he has sprung up, grown, and borne beautiful flowers that human beings wear on their breasts here and in the spirit-world, and they are made happier and brighter and sweeter because of their fragrance and beauty. I know the spiritual world has held him to the work, and that he has had strange experiences; but we who are instruments for the dissemination of truth, have all passed through a strange discipline that sometime seemed very hard, but which, after all, has been for our own best good.

To all who care to hear from me I say: Keep at work; do your best; fill up your time with the effort to do good and to make the world better because you are here. You will not regret such action when you pass onward, but will only feel glad that you tried to do what you could for the benefit of humanity.

I come to say a few words, not to preach a sermon, and to tell my friends that Mary Webster remembers and loves them.

Elizabeth Blake-Lake.

[To the Chairman:] The good lady who has just spoken to you has helped me with her magnetism to come. I have approached your medium quite a number of times since I went from the body, but every time I seemed to feel a terrible shock and sensation of pain and horror in my head. To-day it came again; but the good spirit who has spoken has taken it from me by passing her hands over my head, and I feel grateful to her. I know she is a good soul, and has done just such blessed work many times when on the earthly side.

Now, sir, I come to give my love to my friends in Amesbury, and to tell them I am getting along beautifully in the spirit-world. At first I was very anxious and unconsoled at the change which had come to me. You know, I was walking along the street when this dreadful accident happened that sent me from the body. I was not prepared to go, although I had thought of the other life. I knew of the spirit-world, for I was myself mediumistic and felt the influences that came about me; but, for all that, I did not expect to go in such a way or so suddenly, and I did not feel that I was prepared for the change. So for a little while I was anxious and restless. I thought more of the business I had left here so unsettled, and other affairs, than I did of the spirit-world; but now that has passed away, and I am contented to live in the spirit-world, that it is all for the best, and I have met with pleasant associations, bright surroundings and good friends that have done me a great deal of good.

I had many things to perplex and trouble me on this side, especially for a few years before I passed away, and there were days when I seemed almost as if I was beside myself for fear of what was to come, worried and made anxious as I was by other persons and conditions. Now all that has gone by, and I come to my friends here with a great deal of love and with gifts of flowers, sweet and lovely, which I hope will give them strength and make their hearts glad because of the spiritual love and presence that comes from the other life. Tell them all that I hope to accomplish some work yet. I am busy with a dear friend of mine here who is a medium, and I think I can assist her in her work so that she will be able to carry out certain plans and views that she has in mind that are for her own good and for the good of others. In trying to do that I feel stronger and better myself.

I am Elizabeth Blake. I was Elizabeth Blake-Lake before I passed away; but I have dropped the latter name in the spirit-world.

Fred Brown.

Good afternoon, Mr. President. [Good afternoon.] It is only a step, so to speak, from Amesbury to Newburyport, so I feel I can come in now and say a word from Newburyport—as far as this life is concerned. I really do feel as if I belonged in a way, to the quaint old town.

I was a young man when I passed out of the body, and I was known to my people as Fred Brown. I have been gaining something of experience since I laid down the mortal form and went from earth, and I really believe I have grown in many ways, although I am not at all what I was when I was on earth. I have passed since I went to the other life—years that have brought discipline and hard study, and years that have brought some changes into the lives of my friends on this side; but I feel to-day that all is well, and that I am in a better condition now to take hold of vital things, and try to make of them and of myself, than I ever was before.

My friends of our own who are with me in the spirit-world would like to have the people remember that they are alive, and not dead. Young Pike is here to-day, and sends his greeting to his family and friends. He wishes them to know that he has been growing and studying in the other life, and is trying to make a useful man of himself. As it is with him and with myself, so it is with many others, and we have only a good word to bring from the spirit-world.

Andrew Horton.

[To the Chairman:] I suppose I must give you the name by which I was known on earth. [That is what we want.] Well, sir, I was Andrew Horton, and my home and my people were, and some of them are, in Worcester of this State.

To those who are on this side I extend my hearty greeting and warm expressions of friendship and regard. I would certainly like to learn something of this great, good life of the spirit, which is so far beyond from what they dream, but which is so real to me and to all who abide in it that I wonder you do not know and take hold of it. Why, it seems now as if this earth was the shadow, and that the life around me is the substance. That is a pleasant thought, too, because if this of earth was the real, the substantial, it would be a heart-breaking thought that we must give it up, and take hold of that which is vague, shadowy and unreal, and that at best, can only live here a little time. Why, eighty years are as nothing to a spirit that expects to live through eternity, and to give up the substantial part of life in four score years and plunge into a mist would be a terrible thought to a practical mind; so I am glad that the true state of affairs is just the reverse.

My folks may wonder what I am talking like this for. It is because I want to give them a positive idea of life as it is apart from the material frame. I want them to understand that life is earnest, and that the grave is not its goal by any means, but really that the grave is only the beginning of the inner, which is the greater life. Earth to me now is only a vestibule which we must pass through to gain the inner temple of activity and of expression. I was an earnest man when here. I took hold of things seriously that attracted my attention. I spent a great many hours in high pursuits, and I gave a great deal of thought to what you of earth call practical things. Perhaps I was better qualified to talk of material affairs than I was of spiritual things. No doubt I was, for I certainly was not ready to understand spirit-life at first. Although, as I have said, it is a practical and substantial life, yet there is very much connected with it that appeals to the interior thought and power of humanity, and, if these are not developed, one cannot very well understand those spiritual things. However, I have been gone a good while, and I have been trying to improve myself. I have taken some uphill steps. Some of them have been hard, but when I succeeded in gaining higher ground I felt so satisfied and blessed that it was only a joy.

I would like to communicate personally with any friend on earth who desires to open communication with the other life, and I will do my part in coming to them if they are determined to find an instrument that I can use.

Charles Peabody.

Some years ago I lived in the good old city of

Salem. During my residence there I came in contact with many people, and had the opportunity of studying different phases of human life. I saw some very strange traits of character in men and women, some to be deplored and others to be admired, and, on the whole, I think I gained more information and knowledge of life from my experience with the world and with individuals than I did from any number of books I may have read.

There is nothing like coming in daily contact with other human beings to give one not only a knowledge of the great world of thought and action, but also to give him a knowledge of his own ignorance, and, I declare to you that toward the close of my life I came to believe myself an ignorant man, because I could see so much, even in myself as a human being, and in my brothers and sisters of the human race, that I was not, as I was, and I was not. If this life were all there is it would seem worth a failure as far as enlightenment of intellect and spirit goes, because one only begins to understand something of life when he is called away from earthly scenes; but finding there was so much more beyond, I began to rejoice that, although an ignorant babe in many things, yet there were opening before me pathways through which I might pass to higher knowledge and grander truths after age.

[To the Chairman:] I do not know, sir, as any one will be vitally interested in my coming here from the spirit-world, but if I can give a thought to awaken a consciousness of spiritual life in the minds of any here, I shall be very pleased. If I can open the way to some mortal by which he may seek for enlightenment upon the spiritual things of life, I shall feel I have done well by coming here to-day, and so I have nature to speak and make my friends, with the hope of bringing some one upon the busy way of material life long enough to think of what may lie beyond the mortal veil.

My name, sir, is Charles Peabody.

William B. Allen.

[To the Chairman:] My name is William B. Allen, and I did not live any further away from your office than the South End of this city.

I cannot tell you how long it is since I went from the body. It is a few years, more or less. When I was in a spirit-way, I was not in the material at all; but when I look back to earthly things and think of it in their light, it seems as if a generation had gone since I was here. That is the difference between calculating by the measurement of external things, and by those of the interior life.

When here I employed my time in different ways. I tried to do what my hands found to do. Sometimes I would use a paint-brush for some work, and sometimes I would use other tools and materials; but I always liked to be busy; I could not bear to spend an idle hour, for somehow it grated upon me, as if I was wasting time. I have taken the same characteristic with me to the spirit-world. I like to be busy, if not at one thing, it is at another. Sometimes I come hustling into such places as this where a line is thrown out to communicate with the other life, and to day it is my good fortune to try to see if I can do something in this way.

I have relatives in this city to whom I send my greeting. I hope they will be interested in my coming, but more especially in the spiritual truth that I try to bring to them. I hope they will want to know something about the other life, and something of themselves as immortal beings, and I come here with the idea of reaching out in magnetic ways toward their life and trying to send a force to them which will be helpful, and which will perhaps stimulate them to grasp a new understanding of life as it is here, and as it will be for them later on.

I will not take up more of your time. There are a good many others standing about who want to say a word, and I feel that I should be robbing them of their privilege if I remained longer. Good day, sir.

Annie Chase.

My name is Annie Chase. I went away before I had reached my twentieth year, and it seems as if I did not have much experience in this life.

At that time it seemed very hard for me to have to leave my friends and associates and pass into an unknown country; but it was pleasant after I reached that condition where I understood the might and the strength of the spirit-world. I did not take me long to grow out of the condition of weariness which had left its mark upon me, and it seems so good to be strong and well and able to go about from place to place, far and near, not only in this earthly life, but in the spirit-world where there is so much to see and learn and enjoy. Since I have been living in the other life I have been trying to become stronger and better, and to deserve the beautiful things that are provided for me.

I come back here to send love to my friends in Lynn, and to tell them of that fair country where those who try to be good and do good live and form pleasant and congenial associations, and where they have the power to work out the energies that are within. I loved music when I was here, but I could not enjoy it as I wished. In the spirit-world I can do so, and I have been able to study its principles and laws with those whose compositions are so grand that I feel I am truly privileged. If my friends could understand what this has been to me, they would rejoice with me at the home that is mine.

I cannot express my affection (I wish I could) for those who have been so kind who have knit themselves into my heart by their sympathy and regard; but I try to bless them, I try to bring a peaceful influence to soothe them when they are in pain or have troubles to bear, and to make their lives a little brighter because I have come to them from the other world. They may not know of my presence or of the presence of those other dear friends that are here, but we can do our best to help make their lives sweeter, even if they do not understand it.

Susan Stone.

I heard that the Spirit-President of this Circle intended to give those who had lived somewhere around these parts an opportunity of coming to-day if they could take possession of his medium, and I hastened to apply for the privilege of coming. I have been to these meetings many times during many years, and never had a chance to say a single word, not even to give my name, which is Susan Stone, or express a thought of love to the dear ones who are here, the little ones growing up without a mother's love and care in outward life, but with all a mother's tenderness and watchful care from the spirit-side.

I am grateful that I can speak to-day, and say to the dear ones who are on earth and for whom I feel such a love and respect: "You do not know of the great life all around you. You only see the outward, with its cares and duties, its responsibilities and its every-day experiences; but there is something more than these, important as they are to you. The spirit-world is all around you, peopled by friends who have passed from the earthly state into the other life, filled with influences and forces that are surging toward you and others for helpful results. I come to give you not only my love, but that of many who are with me in that spirit-world, and ask that you will do what is right, be faithful to duty, seek earnestly for the best unfoldment of character, that you may not only be laying up for yourselves treasures in heaven that cannot be taken from you, not only be preparing the way, which will be a bright and fragrant one, for your feet when you are called to the better one, but also will be making of yourselves more and more useful beings in this world for the good of humanity and for your own happiness and growth."

[To the Chairman:] I do not come, sir, telling my loved ones how they can do to gain worldly possessions, how they can obtain high influence and station on the mortal side. I only ask them to be true and sincere to self and to duty, to live uprightly, to deal fairly with their fellow-men, and I know that the highest and richest possessions which will be theirs, the peace and purity of their hearts, their spiritual homes and natures when this turbulent, fitful experience on earth has passed away.

My friends live in Cambridgeport and near-by places, and I think some of them will hear that I have come to your Circle. I was never here before. I do not know you, but I feel as one who is at home and with friends, because the way is opened to me here to reach out with a thought of love to the dear ones that are close to my soul.

Mary Ann Rogers.

I was told at an early hour to-day that if I would be on hand and could do the work, I should have an opportunity of saying something; and I thought to myself, what shall I say that will be helpful and instructive and that will be evidence of my identity to my dear friends, who do not know that spirit-life is broad and free?

My friends think of the spirit-world as a pent-up heaven where the good dwell, but whence they can never come to learn of earthly things, create a drama of emotion and suffering, torment because of past sins; but I am glad to say to them that no matter how sinful a soul has been, he will not be consigned to an eternity of torture and of pain because of that chapter in his career. If he has been sinful and willfully done wrong, he will have to suffer and walk through darkened ways until he cries out for the light and for help and strength from above; and when he has repented and tries to do better, and when he has helped service to others that which he has done, he will be given a chance to rise, to grow, and to become sweeter and purer.

I like that plan so much better than the old scheme of salvation found on earth, because it seems to be more in accordance with infinite love and divine guidance. We are all weak creatures; we have all done wrong sometime; we would like to have mercy and wise judgment extended to us; we would all like to be created a drama of emotion and suffering, but in the life of doing better if the opportunity is given; and so I think we can all feel a little sympathy for those who do wrong, and hope they will find the way to do better and reach a higher state.

[To the Chairman:] Well, sir, I do not come to preach on these things; but they seemed to strike me as I wondered what I could say to my friends that would do them good. I am here with love and sympathy, not taking up the old thoughts of earth-life that concern my mortal state, but dealing with daily affairs of trial, and little things that were full of annoyances, as well as with other things that were pleasant and sweet, but taking up the affairs of spirit that belong to my present condition.

I had some very strange experiences when on earth, and the discipline was like a cross to me for a long time. I did, for a time, murmur at what was given me, because I felt it was unjust, and I wondered why I should have to be one of those who were to be in the life of one of his children. I speak of this because my friends will understand and know to what I refer, but I tell them the shadow has all passed away. I think no more of that experience as a cross than I would of the trials which came to me as a child, and which seemed so hard to bear, but which to people of greater age seem hardly worth their notice. I only treasure up the memory of those times and events, and I come back to the present state, and cause me to realize what blessings I have now and what are in store for me in the future.

I want to tell my friends that I would like to communicate with them. I am the same woman I was when here, and they need not expect to find me greatly changed. I always said (and it was characteristic of me) that if ever I got to heaven I thought I should be the same outspoken person, whether the angels liked it or not, and I come back in the same way. I have a sweet, happy thought of all the dear friends and the loving ties of the past, and I would like to have them realize that I hold them in remembrance.

I am Mary Ann Rogers, and my friends are in New Bedford.

Controlling Spirit.

We wish, Mr. Chairman, to convey our thanks to the good friends who have provided us with sweet flowers for our Circle, for they certainly are strength and pleasure to many spirit intelligences who have been present to-day.

INDIVIDUAL SPIRIT MESSAGES
TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.
May 3.—Gen. Irwin McDowell; Mary Conley; William B. Harris; Jim Cassidy; Joseph E. Howard; Sarah Harding; Anthony Whiting.

For the Banner of Light.

TRUTH MAKES US FREE.

BY DR. DEAN CLARKE.

In vain he boasts of liberty
Who is by error bound;
No other form of slavery
More servile can be found.
No dungeon walls can closer hold
A prisoner in their grasp,
No gyves were ever forged of old
With firmer iron clasp.
No despot ever bound with chain
A victim of his might,
More lightly held than he whose brain
Is robbed in error's night.
It shrouds the mind from all that's grand
In Nature's vast expanse,
And thus eclipsed 'till ne'er expand,
Nor heavenward make advance.
A mind thus bound will cling to creeds
And dogmas long outgrown,
Which blind the eye to light it needs
To find the truth unknown.
At Superstition's olden shrine
'Till won a reverent heed,
And hold to Scripture as divine
No voice of God hath said.
To custom's way it yields assent,
And follows with the throng,
With their opinions e'er content,
However dark or wrong.
But truth is man's deliverer
From all such bondage vile;
It lights the minds of those who err,
And guides them right the while.
It is the Spirit's two-edged sword
Which cuts the gordan knot,
That tied him to the ancient Word,
Whose spirit liveth not.
Truth is the bold iconoclast
Who hurls all idols down,
And makes all tyrants stand agast,
Who wear the robe of crown.
'Tis God's good angel to dispel
The mental bonds of all,
Like one who came to Peter's cell
And caused his chains to fall.
'Tis truth that flames from Freedom's torch,
"Enlightening all the world."
'Tis truth that speeds Progression's march
With banners bright unfurled.
'Tis truth whose wand proud Science wields
O'er Nature's wide domain,
And gleams the fruit from all her fields
That bear its golden grain.
Truth is the Living Word of God
Which everywhere we find,
Supplying man with needed food
For his immortal mind.
It is the brilliant Bethlehem star
Which shines o'er life's dark way,
And guides us to the "Gates Ajar,"
That open to Heaven's bright day.
'Tis man's true Savior from above
Whom all have longed to see,
Proclaiming now, with added love,
"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

For Impaired Vitality
and weakened energy, is wonderfully successful.

Colorado Springs, Col.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

The associated Spiritualists of this place met every Sunday in Durkee Hall, and attract quite large and interested audiences. Meetings have been continued all summer. Mrs. Kates occupied the platform during June and July; Prof. Lockwood succeeded her for the month of August; Mrs. Kates and self resumed the work, Sunday, Sept. 10th, and will continue indefinitely, we hope, for a long time; for the friends here are congenial to us, and the prospects ripe for a good harvest.

I commenced a Children's Lyceum here on a recent Sunday, which promises to become interesting and well attended. I am glad to see so much said lately favorable to the Children's Lyceum, for which I have given much toil for many years. Truly, it is the surest method to perpetuate an interest in the facts of Spiritualism; for minds should be developed so as to be receptive to truth, else they will not aspire thereto.

I hope to have something to say frequently about the work in this section, where we have good leaders in Dr. Kimball, Mr. Durkee and others. There is some prospect of a local edifice here for the Spiritualists, and in time, not far ahead, a camp meeting among these grand mountains, and a Colorado State Association.

G. W. KATES.

Manitou, Col.

Starved to Death

In midst of plenty. Unfortunately, unnecessary, yet we hear of it often. Infants thrive physically and mentally when properly fed. When properly fed, a child of Breast Condensed Milk is undoubtedly the safest and best infant food obtainable. Grocers and Druggists.

LIST OF SPIRITUALIST LECTURERS.

If there are any errors in this List, we wish those most interested to inform us.

MRS. N. K. ANDROS, Delton, Wis.
MRS. R. AUGUSTA ANTHONY, Alden, Mich.
MRS. M. O. ALDER, Barton, Mich.
MRS. H. ANDREWS, M. D., Cedar Falls, Ia.
O. FANNIE ALLY, Stoneham, Mass.
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C. E. HARDING, 13 and 15 Boylston street, Boston, Mass.
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MRS. B. G. KIMBALL, Lebanon, N. H.
J. W. KENYON, Oquet, Mass.
G. W. KATES, Manitou, Col.
MRS. ZADA BROWN-KATES, Manitou, Col.
D. M. KING, Mantua Station, O.
P. L. KING, care BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.
MRS.

