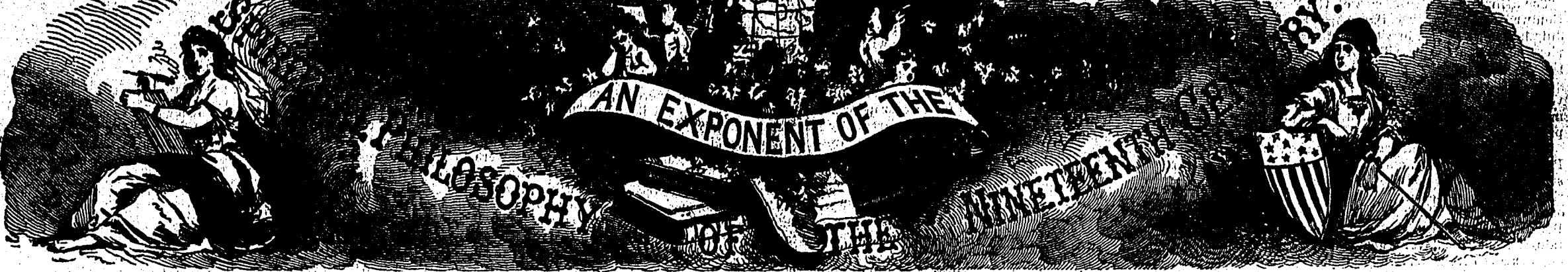


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. 75.

COLBY & RICH,
19 Bowditch St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1894.

\$2.50 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 21.

TANGLED THREADS.

[After a Misunderstanding.]

Let us take life's tangled threads,
And let us try once more
To straighten them out again
Fair and pleasant as before.
Here's an angry word of yours—
And here a frown of mine;
"Forgive me as I forgive,"
Love, is a prayer divine.
So with a kiss and a smile,
Dear, let us try once more
To make the threads of our lives
Fair and pleasant as before.
For half was mine of the smart—
And you gave half of the pain—
But surely, dear, if we try,
We'll make things straight again.
Love, let some word of comfort
Answer these words of mine;
"Forgive me as I forgive,"
And make life seem divine.
—Kate Taylor Robinson, in the *Lyceum Banner*, London, Eng.

Original Essays.

PSYCHIC GLEANINGS.

Reminiscences of Humanitarians.

BY ALBERT MORTON.

NO. VI.

"Spirit, my spirit, hath each stage
That brought thee up from youth,
To thy now venerable age,
Seen thee in search of Truth?"

REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

"JOHN PIERPONT, Poet, Patriot, Preacher, Philosopher, Philanthropist," is the alliterative and richly deserved inscription on a monument erected at Mount Auburn to the memory of a hero, who grandly bore the parts engraved thereon, and fitly closed his long and fearless labors for truth and the elevation of humanity in his earthly life by presiding at the annual meeting of the National Spiritualists' Association, at Providence, R. I., of which Society he was the honored and beloved President.

When he passed from that meeting (his last in the earthly form), and I watched the stately old hero of many victorious struggles for temperance and religious freedom step into the carriage of friends awaiting him, thoughts of the grand achievements of a long, pure and noble life passed through my mind; the answer in my heart to the query in the preceding extract from his poem—written the evening before his seventy-seventh birthday—was my deeply grateful response in the affirmative. "Yes, brave old hero! ever true in the search for truth, and ever courageous in its advocacy." The following Sunday he passed in visiting friends at his home in Malden; he retired, after a day and evening of unusual vigor and happiness, "sparkling with wit and lightened with wisdom," and was found asleep in the long sleep next morning (Monday, August 27th, 1886), with a composed and cheerful smile on his face. The star fell unseen from its earthly sky. But the manner of his death seems much like the fulfillment of his prayer, expressed in a poem he had written many years before:

"Fain would I, if I might, be spared the scene
Of wife and children round my dying bed;
Kneeling in prayer, or to my last poor words,
Bending with tearful eyes."

Mr. Ellis gave an appreciative tribute to the memory of the grand spirit, in *Britton's Quarterly Magazine*, but was somewhat in error in referring to his entering a condition of "long sleep," for the refined spirit was of too earnest and active a nature to sleep long, especially having learned through his earthly experiences that the transition only opened the field for far more extended labors, which freedom from the environments of the worn body enabled him to improve.

The sense of freedom from the limitations of earthly conditions, and the broader spheres of labor, enjoyment and the acquisition of knowledge before them, is a theme which many of those who were bound by the infirmities of disease or old age, have often dwelt upon in our communings, as being grand and inspiring beyond the powers of earthly expression. Among those who have thus depleted the freedom in spirit-life is the noble spirit of Father Pierpont, by whose affectionate and honored appellation he was known to many Spiritualists and appreciative friends for years before his transition to spirit-life.

The important work under the charge of Father Pierpont in the Message Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT is too well known to its readers to require any extended notice; in his invocations and answers to questions his characteristics have been strongly marked; his devotion to the truth, and his tender solicitude for those seeking his assistance and advice, are evidence of the kind nature which so strongly attached to him the friends who were near to him in his earthly ministrations. The brave spirit shone, seemingly prophetic, (as a prelude to his nearly a half century of uncompromising warfare against the evils of slavery and intemperance, and for freedom in every direction,) in the poem he wrote for the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, June 17th, 1825:

"In the God of Battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must;
But, oh! where can dust be dust
Be consigned so well,
As where Heaven its dew shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed;

And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell."

Well was the writer of these heroic lines named Pierpont, for his nature was formed on a solid foundation, like a stone-bridge, over the arch of which the hosts of progression might march, secure of support, on their way to fight the battles of temperance and freedom from all that would stay their progress to the heights of manly independence of all that binds humanity in shackles of sensuous indulgence, and retards the development of spirituality.

After twenty-five years' ministrations in Hollis-Street Church, (in which service the larger portion of his parishioners became warmly attached to him,) a few members—wealthy liquor dealers—used every means to have him removed, owing to his fearless denunciations of the liquor traffic; finally he was brought before an ecclesiastical court, but his early education as a lawyer enabled him to act as his own counsel, and the result of the effort to crush him only ended in his triumphant vindication. When he had overcome all efforts to injure his reputation as a clergyman, he resigned his pastorate and moved to Troy, N. Y., and in addition to his ministerial labors, he lectured throughout the country on temperance and other reformatory subjects, finally becoming the pastor of a church at Malden, Mass., where he had a fine home. When the war of secession broke out he tendered his services to Gov. Andrew, on the condition that he be attached to one of the regiments to march through Baltimore, where the first blood was shed by Massachusetts men, and through Baltimore he went with valiant Ben. Butler. Too advanced in years to endure the arduous labors of a chaplain in the field, he resigned his chaplaincy, and was appointed to a prominent position in the Treasury by his friend Secretary Chase, where he did efficient work in bringing order out of chaos, and held the place until called into higher spheres of labor for humanity in spirit-life.

Hollis-Street Church was highly favored in having had as pastors two of the most prominent humanitarian workers of this country; both of whom became believers in the truth of spirit communion with mortals before entering upon their labors in the church not built with hands, boundless as the universe, "eternal as the heavens," where the highest creed is that enunciated by another humanitarian—brave and glorious Thomas Paine: "To do good is my religion."

THOMAS STARR KING

Was born in New York, Dec. 16th, 1824, and was the son of a Universalist minister, who was settled in Charlestown, Mass., in 1834. The death of his father prevented his entering Harvard University, for which he was at that time preparing; but he was an earnest student, and afterward became fitted for a collegiate degree by his indomitable persistence in studies, under difficulties which would have been insurmountable to most young men. In 1848 he was called to minister in HOLLIS-STREET CHURCH, where he became deeply loved for his excellent qualities, and popular as an eloquent speaker and writer. He remained there until failing health admonished him of the necessity of a change of climate. The earnest appeals of the First Unitarian Society of San Francisco, and his self-sacrificing desire to work for humanity where the greatest need of his services pointed the way, led him to decline proposals for more remunerative fields of labor, and he started for California in April, 1860. So strong was the attachment of his congregation in Boston that they reluctantly gave him leave of absence for one year, subject to an extension if, in his judgment, it seemed necessary.

In an obituary notice in the *San Francisco Bulletin* it was said of him: "He brought with him a most enviable reputation as a literary lecturer, a polished, brilliant writer and preacher. Those who knew him congratulated California on his coming; they said he would do for our landscape and our land what he had done for New Hampshire; for his 'White Hills,' their Legends, Landscapes and Poetry," had made the White Mountains classical, and brought them within the circle of all Eastern summer tourists. The most sanguine never imagined that he would become the power he quickly proved himself at the sterner, harder duties that engage men who lay the foundation of States."

The written expression of his appreciation of the scenery of our favored State—had not more earnest labors for humanity engrossed his time—may be inferred from an extract from a letter to a friend written in 1861, while traveling and delivering lectures for the preservation of the unity of our country. He said:

"Yesterday I devoted to a study of Mt. Shasta. I had it in view for ten hours, and sucked it in as an ananias does a calf. It is glorious beyond expression; it far exceeds my conception of its probable grandeur. I am glad that I called my book the 'White Hills.'"

Mr. King found, on his arrival in San Francisco, a society weak in numbers and staggering under an indebtedness of \$20,000. Within one year he gained a large and enthusiastic following; the debt was paid, and it soon became necessary to build a larger church, with a seating capacity of twenty-five hundred. His labors in charitable fields and in combating the secession element, which planned a withdrawal from the Union and the formation of a Pacific Republic, were incessant; and to him, more than any other man, the State is indebted for its salvation from disunion. With all his other labors the work of building a new church, planned by himself, in a central location, to

accommodate the large audiences attracted by his eloquence, purity, unselfishness and lovable personal magnetism, was not allowed to flag, and a church was completed, costing \$90,000, of which sum he contributed \$7000 from his scanty private means; but the exhausting labors of the grand spirit wore out the frail body, and soon his church became his monument, and the worn body was laid under the pulpit his earnest labors had built.

Amid all his cares he became interested in the subject of spirit communion, and with two of the prominent officials of the mint he sought evidences of its truth in the phenomena presented through the mediumship of J. V. Mansfield. After a thorough and exhaustive series of trials, in every conceivable manner, the result was that the trio all became firm believers in the truth of Spiritualism. My authority for this assertion, among others, rests upon the statements of one of the investigators with the noble worker. The effect of this positive assurance of the opportunities for higher labors in the future life can be traced in the utterances of the finely attuned spirit as he neared the higher life. On the day of his apotheosis he said to his beloved wife: "Do not weep for me; I know it's right. I wish I could make you feel so. I wish I could describe my feelings. It is strange! I feel all the privileges and greatness of the future." To a friend he said: "I see a great future before me. It already looks grand, beautiful."

In this trustful state of mind the grand spirit passed hopefully and peacefully to his reward. It has been my privilege for many years to hold communion with the arisen spirit, both through impression and the ministrations of my companion, and those seasons are among the most sacred memories of communing with the spirits of those who have passed beyond the confines of earth-life.

The limitations of these columns do not admit of lengthy contributions, and I will close with an extract from an address given before the Grand Lodge of Masons, in which, unconsciously to himself, Starr King gave the keynote of his own life. He said: "The water which the ocean keeps is salt. Pour a bucket of it on a hill of corn, or a garden bed, and it kills it. The water which the ocean gives is fresh, and descends in blessing after it rides in beauty or majesty on the viewless couriers of the air. Nature tells us that 'to give is to live.'"

Summerland, Cal., 1894.

THE PROBLEM OF THE TIMES.

BY W. A. CRAM.

The late assassination of the President of France brings before us in startling urgency the social and political problem of crime:

What to do with the criminal? How to secure safety for State and people? Have we solved the problem wisely and righteously thus far? The terrible anarchist factor in this crime renders the case world-wide in its import and its call for judgment. Of all the ghosts that have arisen and stood clamoring over the murdered and murderer, hitherto vengeance has nearly always stood most gigantic, and called loudest for satisfaction.

In the light of the wider science and higher religion of our day, vengeance is being cast aside and buried with the outgrown past—as not only barbarous in spirit, but also a direct source of danger in its results; following the natural law that vengeance begets vengeance, ever breeding its own kind!

From this standpoint, vengeance aside and buried, does not the problem take this form as it fronts us?

What to do? First, for safety of the State and people. Second, for better life of society and the homes. Third, for the help of the criminal. How shall we secure the most and best of these? Let us put this matter in concrete form, so as to look it full in the face—considering what to do with Santo-Cesario, the anarchist murderer of President Carnot.

What, for the truest safety of the State? What, for the better life of the people? What, for righteous dealing with the assassin? Suppose he be executed with all the attendant horrors possible. What then? We are just discovering and learning to understand the relations and working of certain most prevalent and powerful factors in the case hitherto little known—always ignored. The anarchist murderer, executed, is out of sight and hearing. Is he henceforth harmless, dead? Not in the least. We have only thrust him over the borders of our little world, a more living murderer still, with naturally increasing desires for vengeance. Moreover, he has left scores, thousands of his kind still on earth, with whom he counted it a glorious privilege to be the leading assassin, and by whom he was envied as hero and prophet. These scores and thousands hunger more and more for vengeance on society and State for a murdered anarchist comrade, and for his hero's fame that shines so gloriously before them. This is simply common fact—natural laws in human nature—as they appear in all history of like crimes.

Again: Let us consider a little common fact and natural law just over or outside our little world, but always attendant upon it—this, namely: from the great unseen so near to us, always unfolding us! The executed murderer still is in spiritual touch and call with his companions of crime remaining in earth-life; into their lives he may breathe the spirit of direful revenge on society and State.

This crime-wave flowing over the borders from the unseen into our world and life, who can limit or measure its reach and power when we call it forth and feed it by thrusting our

criminals through death by gallows or guillotine into this same unseen—more alive and nearer us than ever before? This is no mere sentiment or superstition! It is the most common fact, a part of the great natural law of our human lives in their relations with the "dead" and the world beyond death.

Are we safe from the executed murderer? are we safer from his companions in crime still with us? Not in the least!—often in greater danger.

What shall we do? Suppose we banish him to some lone island, or imprison him for life, with hard labor, and with no possible pardon. This is surely better than execution. He can have less power to work ill over us than if "dead" by our hands; for "dead," he is in many ways nearer and more alive to work his vengeance upon us if he will. Again, banished or imprisoned, he is less in touch and call with his kind still living in our midst than if dead by our hands: So far gain, surely this is well; but is this the most and best for safety? for the good of State, society and the criminal? Let us look further and higher if we can.

If we mistake not, the voice of Christ spoke a safer and better way—the truer, nobler heart of mankind is throbbing onward toward it; the diviner ideal of humanity is revealing it.

What to do with the assassin, Santo-Cesario, for the truest safety of the people of France? for the best peace and happiness of her homes? for the highest beauty and wealth of her children?

This is our brief tentative answer: Imprison him for life at hard labor, with no possible repeal! Give him twelve hours each day of solitary confinement in a dark cell, as having forfeited the right to half this world's sunlight, for one or five years; twelve hours' hard labor as service due the world. So much for outward safety.

Then for inward healing and a higher safeguard, let him be visited by children of the city from the public schools, under the care of wise teachers, a score or a hundred at a time in regular order. Let the criminal sit in their presence chained and blindfold one hour each day, if possible, and listen to their happy voices and sweet songs: This for one or five years, as having forfeited the right so long to look upon children's faces; or let him be taken into the schools chained and blindfold to sit an hour just in the presence of a hundred children, folded about and inspired by the strong spirit of hope and noble striving. Think what this might do to teach the young the meaning of crime and its woeful penalty; teach them the noble and beautiful life of kindness and helpfulness toward the criminal even! No lesson of life more helpful than this to educate them into the highest manhood and womanhood. Consider what it would do to cleanse and uplift the criminal; one hour each day to hear the hopeful voices and sweet songs of childhood and youth about him, sitting in darkness and shame, to feel a hundred pitying eyes upon him.

Once or twice a week suppose him to be led forth through the city streets, at first—one or two years—wearing his chains, with blinded eyes, as unworthy the light and vision of this world. Later, let him have the vision of beautiful gardens and fruitful fields, of happy homes and busy men and women.

What a vital lesson of the dark and woeful way of crime this would be to young and old, high and low, ever before them. Who can measure the power for good over the criminal, growing more and more to feel that not vengeance held him in keeping to torment, but inviolable law and kindly will of the people for safety and help?

On Sunday let the criminal be taken to some church, where for an hour the spirit and inspiration of peace and harmony and hope—of organ-tones, of music, of kind human voices and presence, may flow over and unfold him. Think what a Christ-lesson and benediction this would be to the congregation, to feel and know that the best of their lives was going forth to save a criminal brother or sister from darkness and spiritual death in this world.

What measureless influence of good for the criminal, who, sitting blinded and chained for the ill he had wrought, felt a hundred human hearts about him, not filled with hatred and vengeance, but with pitying, noble-hearted desire to help him out of his hell of shame and evil degradation.

Would there not be the truest safety in this? Would there not be a healing of the nations from the diseases of crime? Would it not help to the higher education of the young? Would it not be for immortal wealth to men and women?

Scattered throughout the community are a multitude of incontinent criminals, ready to be nurtured and molded by scorn and hatred, by ill-will and vengeance and evil circumstances, into outcasts, thieves and murderers of the future. What would be the working result of such a system of dealing with crime and criminals that removed or destroyed the chief powers and circumstances that feed and mold crime and criminals?

Last of all, this wave of diviner life of love and righteousness on our little earth would flow over her borders into the unseen; to heal and bless souls groping and burdened in darkness and pain of crime borne through death of this world even there.

In the spirit and power of such dealing with criminals here we ally ourselves with the strength, the peace and loveliness of the higher life of the unseen and spiritual.

Would there not be a truer safety in this than in our present? Would there not be more and better life for society and home and criminals?

TO WHOM DOES WEALTH RIGHTLY BELONG?

The decease of one of the richest men in New England some time since, brought out the fact that was undeniably a great surprise to the general public, that his will contained no public bequest of any sort whatever, but ignored that public to which, as a member, he was so greatly indebted, as completely as if, outside of himself and his family interests, it had no existence. The occasion appears to be one which cannot, all things considered, be passed over without free and open comment in those channels of public expression where it is expected.

It is a serious mistake for rich men to forget that they are by no means the sole architects of their own fortunes, but on the contrary are indebted to the community for most substantial aid, both in accumulating and protecting their fortunes. Let their gifts in the line of money-making be what they may, they assuredly would have compassed but a meagre fraction of what they did without the opportunities clearly offered by practical cooperation and a common sharing of effort. If the faculty of perception, of combination, of foresight, is given in larger measure to a few, without the willing cooperation of all the rest it would have remained unproductive.

To accumulate a stupendous fortune of ten, twenty, and more millions—which never could be done in a different state of society, industrially considered—implies the very distinct fact that not one man only was engaged in so colossal a work, but that uncounted numbers of men contributed to an achievement of so vast magnitude. Voluntarily or involuntarily, consciously or unconsciously, they wrought to the completion of the plan, and are therefore entitled, by every rule of sound morals, to a corresponding share in its beneficent enjoyment. It belongs to his fellow-citizens and fellow-workers conjointly with the acknowledged legal owner. The mere fact of possession is but an ephemeral distinction at best; death divests him of it instantly, and the distribution of it into parcels obediently to the accepted law of partition, follows without interruption. Even his written and duly attested will, directing its disposition, is an apparent rather than a real exercise of surrendered power over it. It steadily seeks diverting channels of which, in his lifetime, he hardly dreamed.

Hence it is both idle and weak for a man endowed temporarily with wealth to think it is possible for him to control its ultimate disposition; that is, wholly out of the question. And that being so, why should not the rich man act rationally, if not also justly and generously, and show a larger intention by directing the disposition of his wealth according to the claims which the community have a perfect moral right to set up against it—that is to say, to a proportionate share of its possible benefit? But for the willing help and constant protection of the community he never could have accumulated his treasure; can it be that he is under no obligation to at least recognize the value of that cooperation by distributing a reasonable portion of it among those who helped him to gain his wealth and stood guard around it for him to continue in its use and enjoyment?

In the light of reflections of these too obvious and continually recurring reflections, the rising thought and forming purpose of the great community are undeniably directed to the reform of a system, created and sustained by legislation only, and established by custom and common consent, to make it more and more impossible to build up these colossal fortunes to be wielded by individuals, and at last to be at their irresponsible disposal without regard to the society whose protecting existence made such stupendous accumulations possible. Such an amassing of monetary power—the highest power yet known to our modern civilization—as has been recently illustrated in the case of Messrs. Jay Gould and Ames, neither of whom in their written wills took any notice of the great public of which they were themselves but individual units, is forcing that public to exercise its supreme intelligence in the matter, and to search among the hidden but operative principles of justice and right for a wiser rule of governance than has hitherto been adopted and followed.

It is very far from the spirit of violence, or agrarianism, or even of a determination to redress admitted wrongs, that these principles are being more and more urgently invoked. No one seriously desires to spoil the better design by introducing into a solution of the problem the revengeful or revolutionary temper, or to proceed under the slightest influence of passion in any of its manifold forms. But the appeal is to reason and right above all things; to justice and equity; to the controlling fact, every day made plainer by changing human experience, of the fraternity of men under the beneficent fatherhood of God. Against such an appeal resistance cannot be always successful. The laws will have to be made to conform to the larger and juster views of the whole people. Righteousness is the highest wealth to which either the individual or the community can hope to attain. And legislation must shape itself accordingly.

PATIMPREST.

If you have anything to sell, make the fact known. If you had gold dollars to give in exchange for dimes, and nobody knew it, you could not get rid of them. There are many ways by which business men tell the world what they have to sell, and they succeed best as printers' ink the most. If you don't believe it, try it. Let your light shine, not under a bushel or other cover, but where the people can see what you have that they want.—Sedgwick (Kan.) Pantograph.

For Over Fifty Years
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, relays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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Subscriptions to the BANNER OF LIGHT and orders for our publications can be sent through the Purchasing Department of the American Express Co. At any place where that Company has an agency. Agents will give a money order receipt for the amount sent, and will forward us the money order, attached to an order to have the paper sent for any stated time, free of charge, except the usual fee for issuing the order, which is 6 cents for any sum under \$5.00. This is the safest method to remit orders.

In quoting from THE BANNER care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of impersonal free thought, but we do not endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondence may give utterance. No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return canceled articles.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1894.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

(Entered at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class Matter.)

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE, No. 9 Bosworth Street, corner Province Street, (Lower Floor.)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS: THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY, 14 Franklin Street, Boston.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 10 and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

COLBY & RICH,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Isaac B. Rich, Business Manager. Luther Colby, Editor. John W. Day, Associate Editor.

Matter for publication must be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be forwarded to the BUSINESS MANAGER.

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

New Trial Subscriptions!

THE BANNER OF LIGHT will (as announced in its prospectus) be furnished to NEW TRIAL subscribers at 50 cents for 3 months.

This liberal offer is made in order to introduce the paper to those who have not yet formed practical acquaintance with its valuable and sterling contents.

While thanking its regular subscribers for their continued patronage, THE BANNER'S publishers desire that this journal, which is devoted to the spiritual movement, as well as to secular reforms in behalf of our common humanity, shall receive ample support from the public at large.

Colby & Rich.

Sealed Letters Answered.

The editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT has secured the services of a competent medium for the answering of sealed letters.

The terms are one dollar for each letter so answered, including three two-cent postage stamps. Whenever the conditions are such that a spirit addressed cannot respond, the money and letter sent to us will be returned within three or four weeks after their receipt. We cannot guarantee that every letter will be answered entirely satisfactorily, as sometimes spirits addressed hold imperfect control of the medium, but do as well as they can under the circumstances.

Persons sending money and sealed letters to be answered will please not include any other business matters with such.

Address all letters to LUTHER COLBY, BANNER OF LIGHT, 9 Bosworth street, Boston, Mass.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—In order to keep them separate from all business letters to our firm, we desire those who send sealed letters for answer, to mark on each outside envelope, in addition to the mail address, the words "sealed letter," thereby avoiding all possible complication.

L. C.

*A correspondent in Plainville, Ct., asks: 1—Ought the name of the spirit to be given? 2—Can a number of questions be asked of other spirits than the one to whom the letter is addressed? 3—We should prefer to have only one spirit be questioned at a time; more, would tend to confuse and confuse the elements brought to the medium by the letter.

To prevent any misapprehension, we hereby state that Mr. J. V. Mansfield has nothing to do with answering sealed letters at this office, either directly or indirectly. On the contrary, such letters are answered by another medium.

Spiritual Science.

The world of humanity is at the present time in process of the evolution of its sixth sense. According to the measure of its development are men and women able to rise to the higher plane of spiritual consciousness. Below or outside of this plane are the two planes of the intellectual and the sensuous consciousness, representing the reasoning and physical planes respectively. These two are by divine arrangement subordinated to the spiritual consciousness, as their superior, governor and guide; and it is when they are thus held that the ego, or the man, is in a state of peace and harmony. Science is thus far so self-restrained to the limits of materialism that it shrinks from the task of an investigating study of the law of spiritual supremacy and rule, either avoiding the subject with a sneer of contemptuous patronage toward those who urgently invite its serious attention, or condemning it in advance with the assertion that it is at best a matter of unreality and not worth the trouble of speculation nor furnishing facts for study.

Nevertheless the time is ripe for the widest possible contemplation of a subject that involves all recognized life-energy and power, the harmony of human relations in their individual and social aspects, the promotion and permanent establishment of health and wholeness, both physical and mental, and the perfection of the race by the elimination of error. If an interest so profound and so high is indeed unworthy

of the serious attention of so-called science, then the natural and ready exclamation will be that it is so much the worse for science; and very obviously that form and pretension of science is fated to be superseded by a far larger and truer method of investigation, when the illuminating light of truth shall have spread its shadowless rays over an area of mental energy which will demand and secure an adequate study of all the phenomena of spirit, with a view to the approximate ascertainment of the operation of its divinely appointed laws. To deny offhand either the existence and constant operation of the law of Spirit or its existence as an ever-working cause of all human effects, is a hardihood of intellect symbolizing a retrogression toward the darkness of prehistoric barbarism.

Among the primary truths of spiritual science cognizable by the spiritual faculty latent in man's nature, this one, that the body, the fleshly manifestation, the outward and visible form, is not the man, or the ego, but that he is wholly and truly spirit, the offspring of the Creator Spirit; and that by means of spirit, that is, through thought and aspiration, he is in the continual process of making, forming, impressing and imparting life and health to the bodily manifestation, which is but a composite photograph of all his past thinkings, forming that great invisible reservoir of subconsciousness which is to be held responsible for the most of his action, suffering, weakness and error—we say that this primary spiritual truth is almost the first to be learned, since it contains the principle of that divine order according to which we are at once subordinated and made cooperative in the several planes of our being; and it instructs us in the law of causation above the traditional notions of our inherited ignorance and presumption. When we once learn to esteem the physical nature at its right value, placing the spiritual first, and regarding intuition as above reason, and still more above outward sense, we shall have reached a high stage of spiritual knowledge indeed.

The body, then, is built by man himself, not for him. Without the inhabitant spirit it would cease to expand and grow, and soon come to naught. What, in fact, is done with the bodily tenement after the spirit leaves it but to cast it reverently aside as worthless ever after? It is through matter that life finds its expression; matter never expresses itself through life. Yet modern science is content, thus far, to trammel itself with the study of matter as causation, ignoring the plainly attested law of causation from the spirit that animates matter. Unless it obeys the outreaching and unpeaching instincts of the time, however, it will be left behind by an advancing science which finds its true field of investigation in the realm of spiritual phenomena, certifying to the constant operation of spiritual law. The new and true science will affirm that man is a soul—not has a soul—and that his dominion over his body is as distinct, and may become as complete, as over any other machine he employs in his service. If he once so conceives and comprehends it, and understands that the physical is not himself, but his obedient servant only, then he will be able to disconnect himself in consciousness from his lower or sensuous mind, while he intuitively asserts his supremacy over it, as well as over intellect and memory.

Fundamentally, then, if we are soul and not body, we naturally derive all our power from the Infinite Spirit. We are His "offspring." Hence the constant need of a oneness of relation with the great Creative Spirit. We are—as we think—nowhere other or different. We become, or grow like, what we dwell upon. So that to be continually conscious of the Divine Spirit, that is permeated with love as universal matter is with gravitation, is the way to draw fresh force from the fountain of all force, all intelligence, all love; and this is the only way. It is desire and aspiration combined. It is the real and only at-one-ment. In this frame of aspiration and this state of desire, we are filled with purer, higher, nobler thoughts, our intellectual faculties are fed full with a fresh and large inspiration, and our sensuous consciousness falls to the subservient place which belongs to it, instead of longer claiming the supremacy. Then it is that divine order is slowly restored to the being; each allotted plane of consciousness occupies its true place and holds its right relation; and in harmony and discord, with their resultant errors of conduct and outward manifestation, disappear and fall away. This is the real and effective at-one-ment for sin, which henceforward loses its dominion over us.

And what is more, if not indeed most, as the spirit thus gains wholeness or health, physical ailments gradually weaken their hold, weakness of the will and error of the conduct pass into forgetfulness and final nothingness, and the whole being is renewed with life and illumined with light.

Combined Capital and Legislation.

The Fourth of July address to the Boston City Government by Congressman O'Neill contained allusions to trusts and monopolies that were at least timely, and certainly met the sincere approval of his three thousand listeners in Boston Theatre. He said it is true that the people are disturbed when they see vast fortunes accumulated almost in a day; when they see corporations with capitalizations going up into the hundreds of millions, until the figures appal the ordinary mind. That something must be done to remedy this great increase of fictitious wealth and this power of corporate interests, is unquestionably one of the questions of the times. If it is done by government ownership of these vast corporations, then where will such a step stop, and what will become of the boasted independence of the individual?

The speaker thought, the cause of these things was not hard to find. We have gone through a period of civil war, and the times called for men of strong character and powerful determination, for men of action rather than of thought. These strong men, used as they were to manage the government, began to manage their private concerns in the same way. They were liable to call the government to their aid to receive vast profits on their accumulated wealth.

While no one denies the necessity of curtailing by legislation the powers of corporate wealth, nevertheless these evils will be duly remedied by the good sense of the American people, in the judgment of the speaker. They are discussing these questions already, and the result will unquestionably be laws that will bring corporations down to the same business plane on which the individual stands. But it is by law and orderly methods that we must

do it, according to the rule of the ballot-box. The men who manage the gigantic corporations are the same class of men as those who are unwilling to risk their property in individual enterprises, and so incorporate their business houses with limited capital rather than trust to continued individual effort. But it happens to be true that energy and enterprise cannot be transmitted from generation to generation. The present necessity which compels these men to put the energy and vitality into the organization of so large a business, disappears with the next generation, which finds the business already created. The same individual attention and interest are not given it, the bubble bursts, and once more individual competition has an opportunity of contesting for the business of the world.

Good thus once more comes out of evil, and the wealth accumulated by one generation is distributed by the succeeding one. Yet legislation should reach these gigantic corporations if it can. Some means should be taken to squeeze out of them the water in their capitalizations, and if they are to be tolerated at all, it should only be on the basis of actual cash paid in for the construction of their enterprises.

Another Reply to Dr. Snyder.

Mr. Joseph Brown of St. Louis, Mo., publishes a vigorous pamphlet reply to Dr. Snyder's pulpit criticism on Spiritualism, which he fairly introduces by giving the Doctor's words *verbatim*. He assures the latter that the Spiritualists do believe that they have "turned faith into a certainty," and that Spiritualism has borrowed nothing except from the angel-world. In answer to Dr. Snyder's open challenge, he pointedly says that the latter will accept a communication through Balaam's *Equus Asinus* as from the angel of the Lord, but will not accept one through a poor uneducated Spiritualist. Then he professes the Unitarian clergyman as a good specimen of messages from some of the greater spirits who have entered the other realm, a poem from Burns given through Lizzie Doten, entitled "Words of Cheer," taken from her "Poems of the Inner Life." Also, a communication from Thomas H. Benton, received through a young lad, a mechanical engineer—a boy-man, as Spirit Benton called him, born after Benton died, and who therefore never could have seen or heard him. Both of these most striking communications—poem and oration—are entirely worthy of the powers of the two spirits who enjoyed such high public reputations. He likewise furnishes Dr. Snyder an inspirational poem, which, if it were lived up to, would help solve the financial problem of today and all other problems in political economy.

He asks where Christianity sprung from, and points to the character and erudition of those who first espoused it. And he furnishes an additional communication from Swedenborg, received through the mediumship of a woman almost without education, and who certainly knew nothing about astronomy, which is indeed remarkable for the wide and varied knowledge displayed as well as the wonders of the spheres concentrically surrounding our own. The communication alone in point of interest is worth the whole pamphlet together.

Addressing the public in conclusion, the author of this pamphlet tells his readers that he thinks these communications are genuine, and that he is willing to pledge his life for the statement. And he declares that they fully refuted Dr. Snyder's fling at Spiritualism, that nothing reliable or elevating has ever come from the spirit-world. Surely, he says: "Humanity is developing a sixth sense, that of spiritual perception." And "why not?" he asks. "Has man reached his ultimate development on this planet?"

A Grand Summer Resort: Craig's Point, Maranacook, Me.

We recently noticed the fact that since last season a hotel has been erected (christened the St. Charles) on the grounds of this charming locality, (nearly opposite the hotel on the opposite shore of the Lake), which contains eighteen rooms and accommodations for about fifty guests, as we learn from the *Winthrop Budget*.

The new building is surrounded by a wide veranda, has running water in every room, a cold storage room, and all other conveniences usually found in city hotels. The landlord, Mr. K. E. Cross, of Trinidad, Col., and Mrs. Cross, are proving themselves well fitted for the position, evidently knowing how to keep a hotel. Quite a number of guests are already located there.

As THE BANNER said last season, THE POINT is one of the finest locations for a summer colony to be found within the limits of the State, and quite a sum has already been expended in improvements. Two steam launches are owned by Messrs. Craig and Rich. Each of these boats now in use can accommodate conveniently twenty passengers, and often prove of great service upon the Lake for pleasure and business purposes. In this connection perhaps it would not be out of place to repeat what we have before published, that the occupants of the original cottages—and who still occupy them with their families—are: David W. Craig, of Malden; Geo. C. Nugent, ditto; Isaac B. Rich, of Boston; William S. Butler, ditto; Charles E. Fay, of Dorchester; Charles P. Haughan, of New York; these parties are on the grounds at the present time, where we hope to be when Frank Baxter orates there, on Sunday, Aug. 5th, to—we expect—a very large congregation, weather permitting.

Commutation railroad tickets from this city to the Lake may be had on application at THE BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, 9 Bosworth street, Boston.

According to the *Providence Journal*, Halley's comet is coming back—the comet which in the year 1066 shed a celestial splendor over the Norman Conquest, and whose terrifying visit was commemorated by the hand of Queen Matilda in the Bayeux tapestry; the comet that in 1456, the year of the battle of Belgrade, scared the Turk and Christian alike, and was anathematized by a bull from the Pope; the comet whose strange, solitary form still chilled the marrow of the ignorant and superstitious at its latest return in 1835. It is to come within human vision in 1911.

Goethe, at his decease, cried for "Light! More Light!" This is exactly what we desire—that thousands more of copies of the BANNER OF LIGHT may be circulated everywhere. It is the best spiritualistic journal in the world; all Spiritualists, therefore, who are imbued with interest in the Cause, should earnestly endeavor to increase its circulation.

The Spirit of Puritanism.

Certain indications lead the *New York Sun* to remark that the spirit of religious Puritanism is stronger and more prevalent at the South than at the North; that it has been losing its force in all the Northern States during the last fifty years, under the influence of the vast immigration whose religious sentiment and national habits and traditions are opposed to the asceticism it inculcates; but in the South it is now almost as powerful as ever. It is the spirit which has animated Methodism from the beginning, and at the South the dominant religious sentiment is Methodist. The preaching of Whitefield and the Methodist and Baptist evangelists in the early part of this century gave a Puritanic tone to Southern society which has changed but little from that day to this. The white and dominant population of the region has grown almost entirely by the natural increase of the old American stock. The religious opinions and prejudices strongest and most prevalent in it now are inherited from those early converts. The skeptical tone of the recent or new Protestantism of the North and of the countries from which it derives its largest increase by immigration has scarcely appeared at the South.

In the century in which the North has undergone a widespread social and religious transformation, the South has adhered to the austere and Puritanical doctrines whose relaxation here has brought about this radical change. It preserves Sabbatarianism, against which the Northern population has generally revolted. It remains faithful to religious restrictions, which in their severity owe their origin to the Puritan movement that even in New England has been largely counteracted by the opposing public sentiment of the last fifty years.

A discriminating correspondent asks this question: "By the way, Mr. Editor, do you know that there are many 'healing mediums' in Boston and vicinity, also possessors of the gift of clairvoyance, who say they have all the business they want without advertising in the spiritualistic papers?" Yes, we are fully aware of this fact. It only proves that selfishness is the paramount element in the make-up of too many individuals in the community; when trouble overtakes them, however, we notice that these same people fly to the spiritual press to defend them. We have had ample experience on this point during our long defense of the rights of healers and clairvoyants in Massachusetts. For some seventeen years has THE BANNER defended them, at a heavy cost to itself, and with the merest pittance from them in return for its useful and highly important efforts.

E. J. Bowtell of Asbury Park, N. J., in a fine essay, published in THE BANNER of last week, tells some wholesome truths that all reflective minds should consider and endorse. In the last paragraph he says:

"When the condition of society is so improved that every man and woman may feel a reasonable assurance that the necessities of life may be secured without excessive toil, the spirit of each will have more room to act within a body which is neither starved, exhausted, nor enslaved."

And, we may with confidence add, an appeal to the higher powers in spirit-life will be responded to and acted upon for the elevation of humanity, more efficiently than by brute force.

THE BANNER will commence the publication next week of a series of sketches of the early workers for Spiritualism at its coming to mankind—in which the teachings of these up-builders of the Cause (on its mortal side) will be emphasized, and contrasted somewhat with the claims to originality so frequently set up in these modern times. The series will be written for our columns by Henry Forbes, Esq., of New York City, and the first number will deal with certain of the views expressed in his works by

Adin Ballou.

A friendly note from Bro. W. F. Nye, of New Bedford, informs us that on the 21st of July the authorities at Onset Bay, Mass., introduced water through every avenue of that Camp, and into some forty buildings; and the work of introduction is now going on amid the five hundred and seventy buildings that have sprung up there in the eighteen years of Onset's history.

Our good friend, the veteran Spiritualist, Judge Nelson Cross of New York, made us a pleasant call at our hotel last week, on his way to visit friends, in company with his widowed sister, Mrs. Mellen of this city. The Judge looks the picture of health, and is just as firm as ever in regard to the grand truths of Modern Spiritualism and its philosophy.

We chronicle elsewhere in the present issue another instance of a narrow escape from burial while alive, on the part of a young girl. The greatest care should be exercised in these matters—lest inhumation and execution become too often in our day convertible terms.

Mrs. W. P. Thaxter, Trance Clairvoyant Medium, who has just returned from a vacation, may be found at her office for the present, No. 34 Bosworth street (room 3), Banner of Light Building. Business hours from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

We are informed that Miss Dora Hahn of 230 West 46th street, New York, test and business medium of whom correspondents in the past have written us in terms of unqualified praise, will summer at Onset Bay, Mass.

A strong argument against capital punishment is delivered by W. A. Crain, on our first page.

Read Miss Abby A. Judson's report of the Lake Brady, O., Camp-Meeting, on second page.

Dr. T. A. Bland of Washington, D. C., has written, and has ready for publication, a new book to be entitled "How to Get Well, and How to Keep Well: A Family Physician and Guide to Health." Dr. Bland has been for forty years a practicing physician; he is at present the President of the Eclectic Medical Society of the District of Columbia, and has done important service (as the Society's Legislative Committee) in fighting the "doctors' plot bills" which regularly come up in the history of the District.

There are a few copies of Col. Manly's great book, "Our Indian Wars," for sale at THE BANNER OF LIGHT office, at one dollar each—which is only half price. The edition is nearly exhausted, hence those who desire a copy of this true history of the Indians should order it at once. It sent by mail twenty cents required for postage. Address Colby & Rich, Boston, Mass.

The seed of discord bears fruit, and then withers. It is the same old story; "The depravity of human nature."

TIMELY THOUGHTS.

Identity of the Chinese.—The Chinese workman, as told by the author of "Primitive Civilization," is too much self-respect to give his services to the community except upon terms which will permit him to fulfill the obligations of filial and fraternal piety, and to enjoy the pleasures and advantages of paterfamilias. He works continuously, but at his own pace and in his own way. The industry of the Chinese is proverbial, but Englishmen and Americans consider them slow, or at least leisurely, in their methods of work. The truth is, that in China men devote to every job the length of time that is required to perform it in comfort. If their work is hot, they have boys to fan them while they do it; if it is fatiguing, they engage a substitute at their own expense while they rest from it; if it is dirty, they take a bath before going home; if it is dangerous, the moral sense of the empire requires that they should let it alone. As a consequence, perhaps, of all these restrictions, labor is not regarded as an evil; it is necessary, with but few exceptions, to all, and the theory is that it should be fair, easy and pleasant. In China, where the language never fails to enunciate clearly the popular ideas, a life without work is not regarded as ideal.

Down with the Rum Traffic.—Mr. Satolli, the apostolic delegate, has, it is understood, given a recent ecclesiastical decision in condemnation of the liquor traffic, especially as it is carried on in the United States, and approving of the expulsion of liquor dealers from Catholic societies. This decision was called forth by an appeal from the ruling of Bishop Watterson of Columbus, O. Rev. Dr. Doyle of the Paulist Fathers, the general secretary of the Catholic Abstinence Union of America, said that this declaration of the apostolic delegate was now the most important ever announced by the Church in this country, and he considered its effect would be far-reaching. Never before in the history of the Catholic Church in the United States had such an unqualified principle on the temperance question been laid down. This decision, all persons of ordinary observation will allow, is calculated to create a stir among the liquor dealers of the retail class such as has rarely been known among them. It at once knocks the very props and underpinning out of their traffic by visiting it with long-deserved condemnation. It is anathema to their debasing and destroying business.

Making Curiosity Pay for Itself.—John Chinaman, in New York City, has not lost his cunning. Hitherto, all inquisitive visitors to the Chinatown district have been allowed to make their personal investigations and inquiries with impunity, but John has finally come to the conclusion that this spirit of curiosity might be put to service—made to pay. Accordingly, he has begun to treat his intruding visitors differently. Instead of purposely not understanding their questions, he does not fail to do so instantly. On the articles he has for sale he puts a good stiff price. Tea that sold to Chinatown's own for two cents a cup, costs ten cents when served to curiosity-seekers. The same average increase appears in all things saleable. The guardian of the Joss shows how the Joss-sticks are burned at the altar for sums ranging from twenty-five cents upward. At the same time, or "allee same," no effort is made to attract visitors. If the Americans will still come, all right, provided they pay, but their company is not sought. New restaurants are likewise opened, that are not so difficult to find. They bear double signs, one in Chinese characters and the other in English. The concert hall has an English sign as well as one in Chinese characters, and American patronage is sought. In the old days the native amusement, which consisted partly of concert and partly of Chinese plays, was found only with the aid of a guide. Chinatown means to make money as a show-place.

No Tax on Art!—For twenty years preceding 1891 there was no tax on foreign art in this country. Then a tax of ten per cent. was laid, which was borne for twenty-three years; and after that Congress increased the tax to thirty per cent. Its abolition altogether has been urged of late with strenuous effort. In the discussion of the subject in the Senate, Senator Vest of Missouri said: "There is something else in this world besides meat and bread and clothing. The people who have nothing else are on the verge of barbarism. The people who cannot admire art, who eschew it because it is unnecessary, will soon degenerate into fit subjects for despotism. So long as I have a place in this body I shall vote to encourage everything which lifts and elevates the people. When a great painting comes to a people, it speaks to them oftentimes with a voice which poetry cannot rival. It teaches them a great moral lesson. It encourages them to heroic endeavor. It softens the hard places of the every-day life of all of us, and leads us to that higher and better life to which every human soul must aspire. I hope I am not to be accused of sentimentalism, for I am not a sentimentalist; but as a legislator representing a great commonwealth, which I hope to see advance not only in material wealth but in the love of the good and the great and the beautiful, I shall, by every word and vote of mine, encourage the culture of painting, music, literature, and all that makes our human life better."

The Last Survivor of the Civil War.—Sixty years from to-day, it may be, says the *Washington Post*, in some great cemetery of the nation's dead, or haply within some quiet churchyard, will be reared a mound of flowers over the grave of the last survivor. For, though he be a stranger among strangers, a waif upon the shore left by the receding tide, without a comrade to bear him company, he will not be unfriended. There will be sons of veterans, grandsons of veterans, daughters and granddaughters of veterans to guard his declining footsteps. The chances are that the man who is destined to bear the proud but melancholy distinction of being the last survivor will not be living later than 1899. And what a retrospect will be his, as standing upon this remote and isolated acclivity he peoples the hazy distances of the past with armies and banners; with the great captains long since called to their reward; with the final blending into skies of blue of the vanishing clouds of gray, the aftermath of glory, the grand review, the grateful incense of peace, and the line of march toward immortality, of which uncounted headstones are then the only traces—save his worn and weary self, waiting for the signal of welcome from the ramparts just above him.

Indians in Our Civil War.—Not many people, perhaps, know that there are now more than twenty-three hundred pensioners of the civil war in Indian Territory, exclusive of Oklahoma. The amount of money paid them last year was \$312,000, while the amount contributed to residents of Oklahoma in the same time was \$623,000. At the beginning of the war the War Department attached great importance to the Indians as auxiliaries of the Union forces, and considerable effort was given to assist in their organization, but without very much success. The total number of Indians enlisted on the Northern side between 1861 and 1865 was thirty-five hundred and fifty, but a considerably larger number served on the Confederate side, and offset the efforts of those who attached themselves to the Union side.

All Boynton. Boyntons and Byingtons are cordially invited, by C. W. Boynton, Secretary, to attend the twelfth annual reunion of the Boynton family at Wesleyan Hall, 38 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass. Aug. 9th, 1894. Literary and musical exercises expected.

Beneficial Labor Societies.—A highly thoughtful writer in the *New York Sunday Sun* advises working-men to drop their dictatorial societies that exclude them, and start in their stead true beneficial societies, that will teach them how to live better, and how to save—making careful investments of the accumulated savings; then, when a sufficient capital has been accumulated, start their own shops, make a stock company, owning the controlling shares themselves, and manage their own factories. He adds, though not himself a prohibitionist, that if the working-men in the United States would turn the money now used for liquor into the coffers of beneficial societies as mentioned above, they could, without any trouble, in a few years control their own factories, etc., and, what is more, they

The Late Jennie Collins.—The annual memorial service regularly convened in honor of the self-sacrificing labors of the founder of "Boffin's Bower" were held last week at the Helping Hand Home, 1 Charles street, Boston, with a large attendance. The exercises consisted of prayer and eulogy by Miss Abbie Rolfe, of Concord. In her address, Miss Rolfe reviewed the grand life-work of Jennie Collins in sustaining the young girls thrown upon the streets of our city.

A few days since, one of our city preachers went the uptown to take a train. When he reached the platform two hack drivers were quarreling, and just as the minister was about to pass, one of the hack drivers squared off and said to the other: "I'll knock hell out of you." The minister quickly dropped his valise and said to the hack driver: "Let me see you do it. I have tried to knock hell out of sinners for years,

the obituary, but its sender informs us neither of the State nor town where the decease occurred, or where she (the writer) resides. If these points are forwarded us we will insert the notice.—Ed.

Cloth, 12mo, pp. 334, price \$1.25; paper, 50 cents.
For sale by COLBY & RICH.

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SPIRIT Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Spirit Messages published from week to week under the above heading are reported verbatim by Miss I. L. SPALDING, an expert stenographer.

Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor—should be forwarded to this office by mail or left at our Counting-Room for answer. It should also be distinctly understood in this connection that the messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

It is our earnest wish that those on the mundane sphere of life who recognize the published messages of their spirit-friends on this page, from time to time, will verify them by personally informing us of the fact for publication. As our spirit visitors are very fond of flowers, it behooves the friends in earth, so disposed, to place natural flowers upon our séance-table, the reasons for which were stated in our editorial columns of a recent date. Also, we are requested to state that all letters of inquiry, or otherwise, pertaining to this Department, should be addressed to the undersigned.

SPIRIT-MESSAGES,

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Séance held May 4th, 1894.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou Eternal One, we would come into thy presence at this hour, seeking to know more and more of the interior life. We thank thee, Oh! Father, for thy kindness unto us, and for the many blessings thou dost bestow upon thy children; we thank thee for thy law and thy disciplines, and we thank thee for the sunshine in our pathway through this mortal vale. We ask thee at this hour to send forth thy bright ministers of peace and light, that they may give unto their loved ones here below some knowledge of the life beyond, and some token that they walk not on the earth-plane alone. Oh! Father, we ask for more spirituality and more charity. Aid us this hour as we seek to come more and more into the atmosphere of thy bright messengers who are sent out from that spiritual realm to those they have left in the mortal form; and unto thy name shall be all praise ascribed now and forever.

JOHN PIERPONT.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Oscar Cary.

[To the Chairman:] How do you do? [How do you do?] They tell me all welcome here. I come many times, but never speak before.

I am Indian. In Washington, D. C., they know me; they carry out my wants. My log all scarred. They don't know that till I go to happy hunting-grounds. When they see this Indian all scarred upon them they know I am many battle. They did not know how old I be; they say twenty-five; that no matter.

Way up in Montana I know; way up in Dubuque I know. Rain in the Face, I know him; he put Gen. Custer over.

Pale-faces speak of Indian as treacherous. Who teach Indian to be treacherous? But we no carry treachery into happy hunting-grounds.

They know me in New Jersey. I get cold, what medicine man, Patawauma, call pneumonia. I die, then I go with my tribe. I find them waiting for me. They have their dance to greet me. We go away on the prairie.

I much happy in the hunting-grounds up high; but my work not finished. Black Hawk, Gray Eagle, White Feather, Wild Flower, Spring Flower all around here, and my work just commenced.

My name Oscar Cary. I well known in Washington and New Jersey. When I got separated from my tribe they gave me that name. When I leave the tribe I take up pale-face talk, but we like our own tongue sometimes.

Aunt Mary Webster.

[To the Chairman:] I ain't going to tell you who I am—not yet, but I'm glad to be here and speak for myself. A good many times when I've been here I've seen you sitting thinking, thinking, and all at once the thought would pass through your mind, "I wonder if Aunt Mary Webster is here?" I am here, with the kindest feelings for all humanity. I'm sure that every mortal upon the face of the earth needs our influences, and the best we are able to bring them.

I was speaking with Mr. William D. Bartlett, who recently passed away, and he said, "Just as soon as I get strong enough and learn how to take control, I'll report at the BANNER Circle." I hardly believed him at first, for people would have thought he was an infidel once; to hear him talk. He was a good man at heart. When I met him after he passed over he greeted me very kindly, as I and Mrs. Morrill, wife of Senator Morrill, were walking along one day. He looked much surprised, and he said, "Why, Mrs. Morrill, you look just the same as you used to." Then he turned to me with a quizzical expression, and said, "Who is that young lady?" "Why," said Mrs. Morrill, "that's Aunt Mary Webster." [To the Chairman:] Why, Luther, we don't take any weight of years upon us over there. I don't feel to be more than twenty to twenty-five years old.

I had a nice conversation with Mr. Whittey, not long since. He was always most precise, and things out of place annoyed him. One day recently he read to me, from a book of his poems, and I asked him how he thought he wrote such beautiful things. He said, "Aunt Mary, the good spirits inspired me, one at a time, to write what the people needed."

I'm trying to aid some spirits poorer off than myself, and I am trying to help many in the mortal. All the "Doctors' Plots" in the world ain't going to prevent my helping somebody by my advice. I had medical gifts while here. I was clairvoyant, I used to hear the spirits talk to me. Sometimes they'd say, "Some one over here wants you." Then I'd put on my old sun-bonnet and go. You know it wasn't for the

paltry twenty-five cents, either. All the power of the doctors isn't going to prevent the clairvoyant from seeing. Don't you see, too, that this very bill they are trying to pass is going to hit the M. D.s? For it will prevent their consulting clairvoyants, who help so many of them out when they get hold of a complicated case.

Somebody outside of Amesbury, Mass., is going to be benefited by my coming. I have got a great work to do yet upon the earth-plane. Physicians on our side of life look at the internal organs and see where the trouble is, and know what to do for it.

I am very much pleased to feel such a warm welcome as I come into this Circle Room. This new arrangement is better for our handful of mortals, including the medium, and for us as immortals. We don't have to work nearly as hard to control here in private as we did in a promiscuous gathering, that varied from circle to circle in the elements provided for our use on the material plane. We had to work harder to come into the atmosphere of the medium, and we drew more from the nerves in so doing, while here we come as easily as you go from one room to another.

George W. Rier.

I am very much pleased to be able to speak to-day. Once—many years ago—I reported in your Circle Room, but I found there was very little notice taken of it. I felt sad. We cannot help feeling sad when those with whom we are acquainted recognize our identity in the manner of expressing ourselves and in the facts we present, and yet will not acknowledge it. I do not think it is right. Perhaps I am only one of—I might say—thousands, who feel grieved when we know that not only some of our kindred but some of our friends knew it was we by the wording of the message. We try to identify ourselves the best we can.

There is one thing that is very mystifying to me, and it is this: With all the proof that has been given in mortals from our side of life, of our nearness to our friends and almost constant presence, they still persist in placing us so far away. We are right here beside you, with only a thin veil—a filmy mist—between us.

I am surprised that people who call themselves Spiritualists, and who profess to derive so much light and comfort from the teachings of Spiritualism, take so little interest in supporting meetings where these truths are disseminated, and also in supporting the spiritualistic press in its great work. In the homes of many Spiritualists there is not a spiritual book or paper to be found. They have learned that immortality is a truth; they are convinced of the presence of their spirit-friends; and with this knowledge they rest content, not caring how the knowledge goes, or how weary and halting have become the brave soldiers in the fight. I would say to every Spiritualist who has received the light: It is your duty to assist others who are in darkness to gain this light also; lend a helping hand to the earnest workers in the field; support the spiritualistic press in its efforts to cast widespread the seed of truth, by financial aid and sympathy; and as you thus bless your fellowmen by seeking to uplift them spiritually, you will be seeking to bless yourselves even more.

I hope and trust, Mr. Chairman, that the few words I have spoken here to-day may have some weight with some one upon the mortal plane.

My name is George W. Rier, and I was known in New York and Ocean Port, N. J. I have learned much relating to spiritual matters since passing over. I do not pretend that I knew much about such things when in the flesh, or that I was as spiritual as I might have been.

S. B. Nichols.

Good morning, Mr. Chairman. [Good morning.] I have been invited to come here by some loved ones yet dwelling upon the earth-plane. I do not yet give a message to any one of my friends in particular, but I extend my warm greetings to each one all over the land.

I feel an interest in this grand and glorious work conducted here, and may the Banner of Truth ever wave. I have always taken an interest in your circles. I have not been permitted to speak from this platform before, yet I have been a constant attendant here.

I would say to each one who claims to be a Spiritualist: Be sure your robes are white and clean, and that you are charitable in your judgment one of another, for you cannot be too much so. If a brother or sister has fallen by the way, reach out a helping hand, and bid him or her rise; but let us not seek to lead others until we can walk rightly ourselves.

I have been invited mentally to come here by two particular friends in Brooklyn, N. Y. I send my regards not only to them, but to any one who may feel an interest in my message.

John W. is here, and will speak if there is an opportunity to do so. Through all the trials and turmoil you have had to pass, Mr. Chairman, in the last few months, you have not been alone, and the old friends of the BANNER OF LIGHT have stood by you and I. I would not be personal, but I would say that where inharmonious has found a little foothold we will remove it with love, and mortal and immortal will go forth and win the battle for Spiritualism.

I am very much pleased that I have been granted the privilege of speaking from this platform, where I find as much harmony as can possibly exist in mortal life.

I am S. B. Nichols of Brooklyn, N. Y. I would like to send my hearty greetings to President Judge Dalley of the Lake Pleasant Association.

Thomas Middleton.

Good morning, Mr. Chairman. I am with you heart and hand in your work of advancing the Cause of Spiritualism.

I knew a great deal of spirit communion when here. Oh, how many times have I sat by myself communing with those who had passed on to the beautiful realms beyond! Mortals would often say to me, "How do you know you are communing with them?" When you go into a telegraph office to send a message to a person in New York, how do you know but what some other man will answer the call and deceive you? There is as much sense in the one supposition as in the other. My intuition told me when I was not deceived.

Eighty-two years were rounded out for me here on earth, and, sir, it seemed to me a very short period of time; for many, many years I lived to this cause. For many, many years I held communion with bright spirit-friends, the greater number of whom I never heard of while they were in their mortal forms, but I felt they were my brothers and sisters. When

I realized the change was coming to me, I conversed with them even more easily. I did not have to wait until I was released from the body in order to go to heaven—it was near me then. Many mortals make a great mistake when they think of heaven as a far-off place, for there is only a thin, filmy mist between us as immortals and you as mortals.

Many scenes that I have witnessed since passing over seem very strange to me, and one of these is that mortals weep when their spirit-friends come to commune with them. I did not wonder when I heard a little spirit girl ask her mother if she was sorry she had come to see her, because the mother wept so. Why! we are only in the next house to you at home with our friends.

Many years ago I lived in England, but all my latter years were spent in the States. In Woodstock and Proctorsville, Vt., I am not forgotten by many. Tender ties bind me to the friends there.

When it was said, "Thomas Middleton is dead," some added, "He knows now whether his belief was true or not." I did not have to wait until I was born into the new country, or translated into the land of immortals, to learn the truth of the teachings of Spiritualism, for when sadness crept into the faces of the loved ones here I witnessed the dear ones coming to welcome me with smiles of gladness. Oh! how grand is the knowledge that we are reunited with the loved ones gone before! We find the father, mother and other dear friends reaching out to grasp us by the hand while these kind words ring in our ears: "We are waiting for you." That mother who was so tender with Thomas placed her arms around me and said: "It is well; you have come to enjoy the home your life has built for you."

I have not come to speak to any particular one, but I would send the warmest greetings to all humanity, and I would make this statement here: The better life you live, the happier heaven you are going to enjoy hereafter. When we can fully impress that fact upon the minds of mortals I think they will live a little nearer to us.

I am very much pleased at being invited to speak to-day, Mr. Chairman, by your good Spirit-President, Rev. John Pierpont, and the experience will do me good.

Spirit Messages.

The following messages from individual spirits have been received (according to dates) at THE BANNER CIRCLE, through the mediumship of Mrs. B. F. SMITH; they will appear in due order on our sixth page:

Continuing—Thomas Stevenson; Katie A. Kinsey (spirit in violet); Carrie Trask; Jessie Peck May 11.—Dr. Joseph H. Burr; Mary A. Parker; David Hopkins; Martha M. Boyington; Sarah B. Rockwood; Asa Thayer; Nathan A. Coker; David P. James; Henry Jacobs; Isaac T. Davis; Lotie; Mrs. Winifred G. Munn; Capt. Annie F. Adams; Jennie Foster; Dr. Milton Parker. May 12.—Adelaide Lothrop; Robert S. Leland; James Malbon; Jessie W. Grant; Nellie Welch; Sallie Snow; Tracy Nichols; Joseph F. Merrill; Samuel Williams; Rev. Lyndar Fay; Charlotte A. Rice; Lottie Wood. June 1.—Sara E. Evans; Oliver Watkins; Henry Jacobs; John McGuire; Nancy Hatchelor; George C. Sherman; Nellie Conley; Katie Donnellson. June 2.—Robert C. Cummings; Almira C. Spaulding; Sally Jones; Martha A. Coker; David P. James; Henry Jacobs; Jonathan Alger. June 3.—Col. Sablin Pond; Joseph Kinsey; Huldah S. Russell; Lydia Morrill; Arthur Russell; Samuel Hales; Benjamin Elm; Mary A. Coker; David P. James; Henry Jacobs. June 4.—James Mason; Mary A. Moore; William S. Arnold; Winifred Means; Capt. Richard Freeman; Thomas Gales Foster; Rosie Chick; George Draper. June 5.—David Parker; David P. James; Henry Jacobs; John McGuire; Nancy Hatchelor; George C. Sherman; Nellie Conley; Katie Donnellson.

Verifications of Spirit Messages.

I wish to verify a communication from Mrs. SAMUEL D. GREENE, published in the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT of March 24th, 1894, and given through the mediumship of Mrs. B. F. Smith, who is performing such a benign mission in voicing the various personal messages of love to earth's doubting children.

Mrs. Greene was my beloved wife, and her spirit truly expresses itself in saying, "I not wholly to the dead that are yet living in Brooklyn, N. Y., where I was known, and where Samuel has dwelt so long, do I come, but we try in every way possible to aid mortals all we can, and I feel that there is never a word spoken here from your platform but that it is intended for some good."

SAMUEL D. GREENE.

354 Madison street, Brooklyn, July 14th, 1894.

A copy of the BANNER OF LIGHT, containing the message, "EVA" to Fred Evans, reached me to-day, and I take this opportunity to verify the same. I trust that in future I may hear from some of my other friends in spirit-life.

FRED O. EVANS.

La Fayette, Ind., May 12th, 1894.

I find in the Message Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT of June 9th, 1894, a communication purporting to come from Dr. JENNETH of Lowell, Mass. I knew Dr. JENNETH personally, also the Dr. Pillsbury spoken of in the message. I knew Dr. George of Calais, Vt., he having doctored in that town about fifty years since. I consider the communication very remarkable.

JOSEPH HAMBLETT.

247 Appleton street, Lowell, Mass., June 9th, 1894.

In the Message Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT of March 17th, 1894, is a communication from CLARA BAXTON, which I recognize as coming from my sister, who passed to spirit-life many years ago, while a child. The names of brothers and sisters mentioned are correct.

E. B. MORRILL.

Philadelphia, June 11th, 1894.

Upon inquiry, I find the message of RICHARD CURRIER, published in the BANNER OF LIGHT of June 30th, 1894, to be entirely correct.

WILLIAM G. WOOD.

Providence, R. I., July 11th, 1894.

"There is no excuse for the newspaper man to make mistakes in his paper," said a lady recently. Of course not. He has lots of spare time, nothing to do but hunt up news, and clean the rollers and set type and sweep the floor and pen short items and fold papers and write wrappers and make paste; and when that is done he can put in idle moments mending papers and talk to visitors and distribute type and carry water and bring coal and read the proofs and correct mistakes, hunt the shears, to write editorials and dodge the bills, and take the census from the whole force, and tell our subscribers that we need money, and throw out bad men that are looking for the fighting editor. Oh! it's lots of fun. Come and try it awhile.—Plymouth Pilot.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From the home of friends in Guilford, Me., June 27th, Mrs. Elizabeth Noble Matthews, aged 78 years.

In the full acceptance of Spiritualism for many years, her native nobility and strength of character were enhanced by her teachings. Unselfish in all her living, she was really to be admired in her death. Her last words were: "I am now at peace with the purer rays of spiritual light and knowledge." She was conveyed to St. Albans, Me., where her home had been of late with her son, L. D. Matthews, and services were held at the village church, over which presided the Rev. Mr. G. B. Luzzis. The mortal tributes were many and beautiful, and the inspiration to those who heard the discourse with the philosophy of life—the writer officiating.

From Chicopee, Mass., Friday, July 14th, Mrs. C. M. Whittey, aged 73 years.

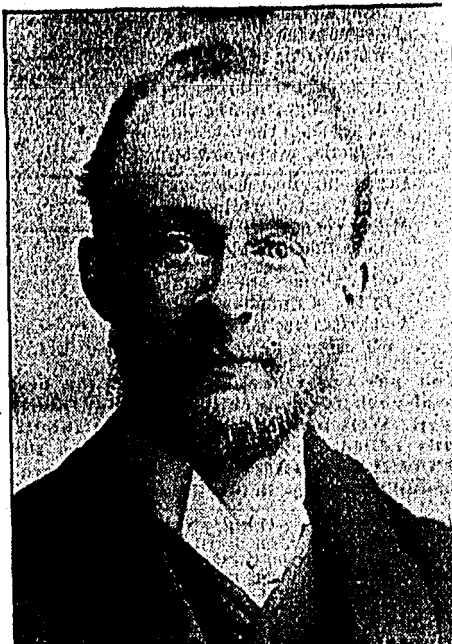
A most exemplary character; one of the old landmarks to a beautiful philosophy; and one of the oldest adherents to the BANNER OF LIGHT.

JAMES LEWIS.

(Obituary Notices not over twenty lines in length are published gratuitously. When exceeding that number, twenty cents per line will be charged. Remittance in advance on an agency make a line. No poetry admitted under the above heading.)

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By "Inquirer."] Mr. Colville asserts that "all things were created in the beginning by one Creator." If there were a beginning, there must be an ending, which I do not believe, because, if such be the fact, annihilation must in time close the book of life. As Modern Spiritualism, in all its teachings by advanced spirits through their earthly medial instruments, informs us that all human beings are immortal, I wish for an explanation of the theory inculcated by Bro. Colville of "one Creator," and a "beginning," etc. Where does he get his authority that his statement is correct?

ANS.—We do not say that all things were, but that all things are created in the beginning by one Creative Power, and that power is universal. The chronological instead of the logical sense of the words has led to a misinterpretation of our meaning. Creation is only expression, and there is but one Infinite Source behind all intelligence, which is the Supreme Infinite Intelligence called God. The immortality of the soul is not in any way affected by a recognition of creation in the sense in which we use the term, for we do not include the essential ego or monad of consciousness; which is uncreated, among created things, nor, indeed, among things in any sense.

"The beginning," in a metaphorical sense, does not mean so much time ago; it means only at the starting-point of the organism, and surely expressions of life have beginnings and endings, though life itself is eternal.

The soul, regarded in the highest and profoundest light, is a spiritual unit, uncompounded and absolutely deathless. When this soul first seeks expression, it creates the dwelling moment of its own body. The soul dwells forever in the Infinite, from which it can never be separated. We contend that the soul is the cause of all expression, and that all souls are essentially equal; so that when any one of us discovers his own higher self he discovers practically every other else's higher self, for all higher selves are alike in power and dignity, and absolutely concordant in all respects. The accumulated testimony of the seers of all ages is confirmatory of this view, and the authority for this statement inheres in its rationality. When we delve deep enough into nature we discover perfect unity, and complete unity at the centre is equivalent to a demonstration of singleness of cause.

Q.—[By B. N. Kinyon, Des Moines, Ia.] Do man-made laws have any other object than to suppress, curtail or diminish the rights and liberties inherent in individuals?

A.—Man-made laws are only imperfect experimental attempts to regulate conduct in such a manner as to conduce to the largest general good. The spirit and letter of legislative enactments are often entirely at variance, the former representing will, the latter intelligence. If people honestly believe that summary laws are conducive to general good, they cannot reasonably be blamed for passing and enforcing them.

The history of legislation is a mirror in which we may behold reflected the intellectual growth of many periods. The old blue laws of Connecticut and other States were supposed to be for the general welfare two hundred years ago, while to-day an endeavor to enforce a moderately strict Sabbatarian provision is regarded with popular disfavor.

Representatives rather than rulers are demanded in republics, but as there are many elements in every community ranging from very illiterate to highly cultured, there is reason in desiring that the best elements in society shall wield the balance of power. Nature's laws cannot be changed, but can be discovered; and so long as sane men and women have more insight and are more prophetic than others, these more gifted ones will be called upon to announce their discoveries and lift standards ahead of actual attainment. When the wisdom inherent in the law of love is clearly seen, the love of law will take the place of dread of disobedience; and when that is the case, law-abiding citizens will feel and know that they are yielding assent to what ever contributes most to public good.

Q.—[By the same.] Is not the claim to make laws based upon the hypothesis that individuals for whom they are made can and do act as they please, independent of and above so-called "hereditary environments," and conditions—as self-acting entities, independent of being acted upon?

A.—In place of a claim to make laws, we have already intimated that the successors of present legislators will be the wisest men and women among us whose penetrativeness causes them to clearly discern from interior experience what is most conducive to the common good.

We can all act superior to the influence of environment; i. e., we can rise above our hereditary weaknesses. Education and punishment are by no means synonymous. We object strenuously to all legal enactments which aim at condemning the weak; but there are safeguards for society and aids to individual improvement which can well be established to take the place of the harsh, primitive measures now in vogue.

We can all rise higher than we have yet risen, and it should ever be the aim of all outcasts of the public order to do their utmost to improve environments, and aid, through every sort of suggestion, those who, because of weakness and lack of training, often fall and remain fallen; or, born low, never rise out of degradation. The more we study the science of human propagation, and learn how to call into expression the best in each other, the more successful shall we be in inaugurating

the happier coming age, when we shall all be a law unto ourselves in righteousness.

Q.—[By Alice Throgmorton, Brooklyn, N. Y.] If the soul is the "higher self," is it subject to the physical environment until it has gained power over it to control the appetites and passions?

A.—The soul itself, the true ego, is never essentially subject to anything; but apparently, as far as expression goes, it certainly cannot, through the agency of the gradually evolving intellect, control external environments until it has through progressive effort externalized the power to do so.

Every soul has folded within it infinite possibilities for expression, but these are only gradually made manifest. Soul declaration, or a demonstration of inward power, is exhibited step by step, as all artistic and other endowments are unfolded by degrees. Potentially the embryo artist is a perfect painter; but the tyro is by no means an actually perfect reproducer of an inwardly-realized ideal. We all possess within us the latent if not the active ability to make all our surroundings yield to us entirely; and they do yield increasingly and just to the extent that we put forth the secreted energy, which brings in course of time a perfect victory.

To believe that we can be dominated by circumstances is to retire within our shells and exert no influence which makes for conquest. We are actually no greater than the amount of force we thrust forward to accomplish our desires. No one ever does anything until he acknowledges he can, for recognition of ability is the first step in its exercise. No sane person will spend much time, strength or talent in attempting to do what he doubts he has ability to perform. The old slave shackles of belief in the power of circumstances to hold us are our grave-clothes or mummy-cloths, and we shall never assert our true selves till we make the declaration unceasingly and powerfully that the higher self can and does dominate the lower; and if there be a higher and a lower, it is surely ridiculous and disorderly in the extreme to claim dominion for the latter over the former.

Message from Spirit Peter Thompson.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Peter Thompson lived at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., for about forty years, and was a leading Spiritualist during all that period. About three and a half years ago he moved to West Virginia, where he died a year ago last spring, but his remains were interred at Saratoga Springs, where he was so well known. Some time ago he came in spirit to friends then in New York City and wrote the following letter, which will be recognized by many.

E. F. B.

I am again here to greet and welcome you to your new home. I am pleased, as well as surprised, to find that you are so pleasantly located. It seems but yesterday, so short the time appears, since I left the flesh; but I am as active as when I was in the body, and can get about as more readily and enjoy much that is happening all the while to interest and amuse me. Heaven is an active place if not a happy one, but I think most spirits will agree with me that it is a happy place for respectable people who pass from the earth-life to the higher and truer one.

I enjoyed living in Saratoga, and I enjoy myself here. I think often how I used to hurry around and tell my friends that Mrs. Brigham would address the Spiritualists on a certain evening, knowing that it would be a grand treat for me, and I believed there were others that would enjoy it equally as well as myself. Truly the world moves, and I am glad that I did what I could to make it go a little faster. For I think I am reaping now the good seed sown.

I laugh occasionally when I think of those days, and how I must have shocked our good Orthodox friends and made them wish inwardly (though they may not have expressed it outwardly) that "Peter Thompson's tongue could be silenced." "Oh, dear!" and "Oh, my!" How have escaped their lips; nevertheless the spirits kept at work, and pushed forward such persons as proved to be mediums, making them do the work laid out for them to accomplish.

I was, and am still, greatly interested in the people. It will have a great tendency to make the better class—that is, the more enlightened—look into the subject, and weigh what has been said. Spiritualism lives, and will continue to grow and expand with the growth and development of the people, and that is all that any one can ask.

It makes me a great deal happier to know that I did what little I could to help on the Cause than it would if I had done nothing at all; but one can see, after coming here, where advancement of the truth had they put their shoulder to the wheel in due earnest. I am fearful all persons will be able to do more, or less, that they all might have done more, to aid a brother, or sacrificed a little for the truth's sake; and it would have been better for them, and counted more in that which goes to make the sum total of the happiness that so many desire, and few avail themselves of when the means to obtain it are within their reach—ever, is the way with little nature; the knowledge comes after, and oftentimes too late to prove the blessing it otherwise would have been had one always done his duty at the proper time. It is easy to see one's mistake afterward, but seldom or never in time to remedy.

Life is a strange mixture of good and ill, but yet how precious! Now, if any way, but needlessly fear, for it is an continual excitement, and all the while something new to learn.

It is useless for me to undertake to give any description, because words could not portray what I would wish to say; but could your eyes behold—then you would have some idea; yet have ever perceived before! This much I can say, you would be delighted beyond measure, and realize that words could not make known the beauty and splendor of the higher world to one who has never perceived its beauty.

Saratoga, dear old Saratoga! We always thought it a delightful place to live in, with its mineral waters and the cleanliness of its aspect; but, dear me, to compare for one moment to the kingdom of heaven, if I shall so name it, would be something like comparing a small bush of roses to a spreading plain of fragrant blossoms, so expansive that eyes could not see the beginning or the ending thereof. However, I know it will not be so very long before many of my Saratoga friends will come over here to see for themselves, and I will only be too glad to welcome them when the proper time arrives for them to pass on. The time is short for some, and a little longer for others; it makes but very small difference when one takes into account the vast eternity of life, whether it be a day or year sooner or later, comes in that time designed by divine wisdom.

I hope my friends will not forget me entirely, though they may not look into my face as in pleasant times. I shall remember, because it is with my friends, and who enjoy reading the olden time. I bring forth the little girl I tried to press. I am happy in writing you, and hope you will continue to give me a passing thought occasionally—or rather do not forget entirely, my friend.

PETER THOMPSON.

A person is prematurely old when baldness occurs before the forty-fifth year. Use Hall's Hair Renewer to keep the scalp healthy and prevent baldness.

