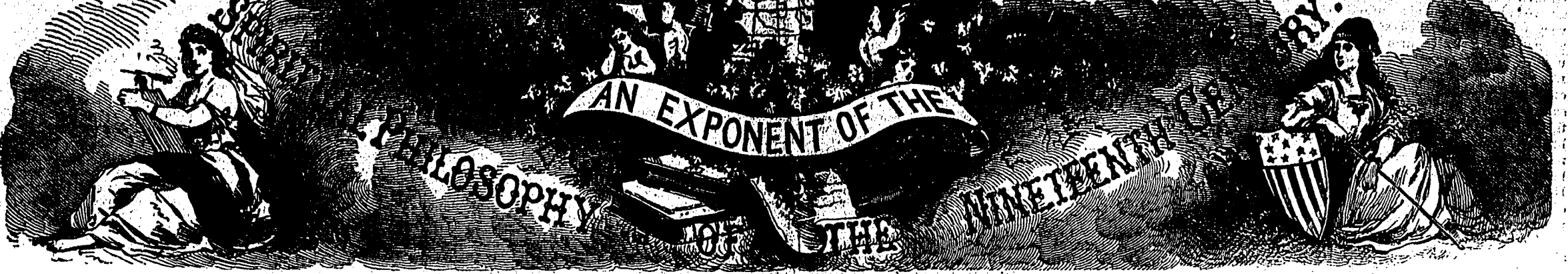


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NO. 13.

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE HUMAN MIND.

BY MARY WOODWARD WEATHERS.

News came, a babe was born;
"Earth's child," we said, nor wist the spirits stood,
And claimed it heir of their own angelhood.
Came on its face a smile:
Nor, even then so blind, had we discerned,
For this great masterpiece Creation yearned.
That he, by tribute through
All forms of matter and of life, might rise
To the angels by a glad surprise.
Out on the world it looked:
Nor knew, so far as flight of bird had way,
Or sea had depth, it had imperial sway.
Lifted its feeble hand;
Saw not 't would be the turning of the key
To prove his lordship over land and sea.
Oh! mighty human mind;
So slow to learn, it catcheth flame above—
A spark enkindled from the fire of love.
Love that is life and power;
A power for good that pulses at His will,
That makes the universe his love fulfill.
But little lower crowned
Scarce than the angels; what is human mind
But soul realities, God countersigned.
Worcester, Mass.

TWICE-TOLD TALES.

NO. III.

BY HENRY FORBES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In a recent number of an admirable English periodical devoted to the peculiar requirements and exigencies of *Borderland*, that convenient country along the boundaries of which the spiritual Rubicon flows, during the quasi-investigator to cross its fateful waters into the land where unpopular Fact rules, and modish theories take their proper secondary place, there appeared an enthusiastic article on the "Progress of Science" in general, and the possibilities of "Thought Transference" in particular.

The author, Prof. Oliver Lodge, F. R. S., defines the latter as follows: "By thought transference I mean a possible communication between mind and mind, by means other than any of the known organs of sense; what I may call sympathetic connection between mind and mind; using the term mind in a vague and popular sense, without strict definition."

Of this possibility he writes: "I am prepared, however, to confess that the weight of testimony is sufficient to satisfy my own mind that such things do undoubtedly occur; that the distance between England and India is no barrier to the sympathetic communication of intelligence in some way of which we are at present ignorant; that, just as a signalling key in London causes a telegraphic instrument to respond instantaneously in Teheran, which is an every-day occurrence, so the danger or death of a distant child, or brother, or husband, may be signalled, without wire or telegraph clerk, to the heart of a human being fitted to be the recipient of such a message."

"We call the process telepathy—sympathy at a distance; we do not understand it. What is the medium of communication? Is it through the air, like the tuning forks; or through the ether, like the magnets; or is it something non-physical and purely psychical? No one can yet tell you. We must know far more about it before we can answer that question; perhaps before we are sure whether the question has a meaning or not."

It is indeed encouraging to have a mind dominated by scientific skepticism—perhaps scientific superstition would be a better term—acknowledge, even at this late day, the possibility of this "process" (called telepathy) through which is accomplished a "communication between mind and mind, by means other than any of the known organs of sense," for thus, it is to be hoped, is one of the earliest discoveries of Spiritualism on the fair road to scientific endorsement.

Certain observations upon this very subject, appearing in *The Skein*, in 1852, from the pen of Dr. S. B. BRITTAN, one of the ablest of spiritualistic writers and investigators, cannot fail to be of interest in connection with the foregoing quotation:

"Not only is the mind able to influence the organic functions of the body in which it is enshrined, but other organized beings may yield to its volition. If we are reciprocally affected by whatever relates to the physical condition of each other, so that health and disease may be imbibed or communicated, we are certainly not less susceptible to influences emanating from the minds of those with whom we are in correspondence. Nor is this power of mind wholly dependent on the ordinary and sensible modes of communication."

"As the superior faculties are progressively developed, the grosser vehicles of thought may be gradually laid aside, and the mind's presence be felt and its desires made known through more ethereal mediums."

"The pen may be mightier than the sword and spear, and kingly sceptre; the language of the lips may drive the blood back frozen to the heart, or send it in burning torrents to the brain, kindling into intensest action the magazine of the passions; it may nerve the stout heart and arm to deeds of desperate daring, or, like a penetrating, fiery mist, fall gently on the charmed ear of the listener, melting his soul in the ecstasy of love. But neither a written nor an oral language can express the highest thought or deepest emotion."

"There is another, it may be, more perfect medium of communication. This language, though unwritten and unspoken, may be ade-

quate to a fuller expression of all we feel and know. It is not unfrequently the means, little as it is practiced and understood, of revealing thoughts and impulses to which a vocal utterance has been denied. We have power to hold up the images of our own creation before the transfigured spirit; we give forms to thoughts, and impress those forms on the receptive mind, it may be, as higher natures communicate their spirit to us, and write their laws in the willing heart."

"I shall not attempt a discussion of the specific nature and properties of the agent through which the mind acts, or insist too strenuously on the propriety of the terms by which the same may be distinguished. It is sufficient for my present purpose that mind acts through some ethereal medium in the production of mental and physical effects."

"The writer has been called to witness many curious and startling phenomena, illustrative of the direct power of mind over the electricity or vital aura of animal bodies."

"A somewhat protracted course of experiment, designed to test the susceptibility of the mind to impressions through this medium, has furnished results calculated to excite general astonishment, while they open before us a new field for scientific investigation."

That the soul who gave expression to the above thoughts, adorned with a beauty of language all worthy the subject, the glorious possibilities of which he thus foreshadowed, was not merely giving vent to an overwrought imagination, he demonstrates by narrating the results of a number of experiments in this "new field for scientific investigation."

Among them are to be found the following: (1.) "While on a visit at N— I became acquainted with a lady whose extreme receptivity of mind was evident from her readiness to divine the thoughts and feelings of those around her. In the course of our interview an experiment was suggested for the purpose of ascertaining whether her extreme susceptibility would admit of her receiving impressions from a distance. It was mutually agreed that on the succeeding Tuesday evening, at ten o'clock, she should retire to her private apartment and write her thoughts for half an hour. The time set apart for the trial found me occupied with a subject of such absorbing interest that the hour actually passed before I suspected it had arrived. It was precisely thirty minutes after ten when I was suddenly reminded of my engagement, but it was then too late to make the proposed trial."

"Under these circumstances I resolved to make an experiment, that, if successful, would be still more convincing, because wholly unpremeditated. Accordingly, I waited until eleven o'clock and thirty minutes, when, presuming that she must be asleep, I occupied the remaining half hour before midnight in an effort to project certain images before the mind, at a distance of about eighteen miles! The ideal picture represented a sylvan scene enlivened by clear flowing waters, and a variety of such natural images as are necessary to complete an enchanting landscape; while beneath the inviting shade, and on the margin of the stream, I placed the subject of the experiment."

"Several days after, I received a letter containing, in substance, the following: 'You either did not make the experiment at the time, and in the manner proposed, or else did not succeed, as I received no impression during the half hour, which could be traced to any foreign source. But after retiring for the night, and falling into a natural slumber, a beautiful dreamlike vision passed before me! Subsequently, at my request, she related the dream—her narrative commencing thus: 'I was standing by a clear stream, whose banks were covered with beautiful groves,' and the remainder of the recital indicated a striking resemblance of the dream to the image fashioned in the mind of the writer. Requesting the lady to denote, as nearly as possible, the hour of this singular experience, she stated that she retired at eleven o'clock, and on waking from the dream found the time just ten minutes past twelve, which fixes the hour with sufficient exactness."

(2.) "While employed in lecturing in New Canaan, Ct., some months since, I chanced to be thinking earnestly of a young man who was living in Norwalk, several miles distant, and who had been the subject of some interesting experiments on a previous occasion. This youth happened at that precise time, as I subsequently learned, to be in the presence of several gentlemen who were subjecting him to similar experiments, when all at once—and in a manner most unaccountable to all present—he escaped from their influence, declaring, with great earnestness, that Mr. Brittan wanted him and he must go immediately."

(3.) "On one occasion, while spending a few days at Waterbury, Ct., I found it necessary to see a young man in the village. The immediate presence of this person was of considerable importance to me, but not knowing his residence, place of business, or even his name, I could not send for him. In this emergency, I endeavored to concentrate my mind on the youth, with a fixed determination to bring him to me. Some ten minutes elapsed, when he came to the house to ask after the writer. Meeting a gentleman at the outer door, he inquired, with much apparent interest, whether I wanted to see him. On being interrogated by this individual, he stated that a few moments before, and while actively engaged in his workshop, distant a quarter of a mile, he suddenly felt he must come to me without delay. He declared that he was conscious of the existence and presence of some unknown power, acting chiefly on the anterior portion of his brain, and drawing him with irresistible energy. His work

being urgent, he resolved at first to resist this strange and unaccountable inclination, but after a determined effort found himself unequal to the task."

Dr. Brittan expatiates further on the reality of this incomprehensible mental power in the following vigorous and appropriate language:

"Our philosophy may be subversive of old theories, but it will be fought to accord with Nature. We may as well accept the laws of the Universe as they are, and the facts of human experience as they occur, for it is not our prerogative to change either. That thought may be transmitted by means intangible as itself; that the mind, in its executive capacity, may impress its image on kindred and receptive natures, is a fact, confirmed by numerous experiments, and sanctioned by the most enlightened reason."

"Material forms, however, distant, impress the mind in this manner. Every remote object perceived by the sense of vision, conveys its likeness through the intervening space to the soul. Objects separated from us by inconceivable distances are thus revealed. Every star set in the corner of night, whose scintillations have traveled down to earth since the morning of creation, has the power to disturb the nervous aura, and thus to image itself in the human spirit."

"That mind is capable of producing similar effects is not without abundant confirmation in the experience of others as well as the writer. Since the soul possesses a voluntary power of its own, enabling it to direct its energies to particular objects and localities, it will be perceived that neither the fact nor the laws governing its occurrence are embarrassed by any intrinsic improbabilities that do not attach themselves more forcibly to such mental impressions as are directly referable to physical causes. The student of Nature will discover that Reason is not in the most intimate fellowship with the materialistic philosophy, that would confine the limits of all faith and truth by the line of individual sensuous observation. With this outward medium of sensation and action, we may not survey and grasp the infinite Possible. Whoever expects to do this is devoid of understanding and impotent in effort as the little child that vainly struggles to reach the stars!"

It is made evident by the preceding words of this clear-sighted champion of spirituality that the investigations of 1850 and the researches of 1890 point in the same direction, i. e., toward hidden and unthought-of powers lying within the unfathomed depths of human nature. Upon the development and practical operation of these latent potencies will be erected the new civilization which even the vision of mere external worldliness may discern looming up in the hazy horizon of the future."

The human soul is drifting away from its time-worn, inefficient moorings. It is even now in the midst of the natural process of being "born again," and it behooves all intelligent minds to so guide this inevitable procedure that the new birth will not be abortive."

This can best be accomplished by each individual striving to his utmost to bring into the practical activities of his every day life the invigorating enlightenment of the New Gospel. A most difficult task, surely, while the struggles, temptations and ideals of the great outer world offer such overwhelming antagonisms, but one bringing with success a reward commensurate to the victory achieved!"

The knowledge is in the world. What use will its possessors make of it?

When the wavering soul despondingly gazes upon the crudities with which it may find itself environed, let it call to mind the suggestive and hopeful words penned by the same robust and inspiring leader of the Army of Truth who has been previously quoted:

"It is important to remember that the present condition of things may be very different from the ultimate design. I have seen the rose when only the thorn appeared. The careless traveler was wounded as he passed that way. When I saw it again there was a sweet flower, that loaded the passing breeze with its precious odors. I love to think that so with man—that what is most beautiful in his nature is not at present discernible. It is not yet unfolded to the view; or, to use the language of an apostle, it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

"Man may not appear to be a thorn in the moral vineyard, yet there is in his nature a germ that is destined to unfold itself in a more genial climate. As the plant must necessarily pass through the successive stages of previous development before it blossoms in the sunlight, so the inferior faculties of the spirit must be progressively unfolded until the soul blooms in the garden of God, filling the atmosphere with immortal fragrance."

New York.

It cost about eight millions of dollars to produce fourteen million diamonds worth of diamonds in the Kimberley mines in South Africa, last year. These diamonds, if they averaged fifty dollars apiece in value, would supply one hundred and forty thousand pairs of earrings for one hundred and forty thousand ladies; or, if made into thousand-dollar necklaces, would provide one thousand four hundred of these costly ornaments. The Kimberley mines are now the world's chief source of diamond supply.

After living four years in the country, Mr. Hearn affirms that, except where native morals have suffered by foreign contamination, as in the open ports, the words are true of the Japanese which were penned by Knapton more than one hundred and sixty years ago: "In the practice of virtue, in purity of life and outward devotion, they far outdo the Christians." The author's own conviction is, and it agrees with that of many impartial and experienced observers, that Japan has nothing to gain by conversion to Christianity, either mutually or otherwise, but very much to lose. —New York Sun.

Literary Department.

"BERTHA LEE;" OR, MARRIAGE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY HUSBAND THIS TALE IS DEDICATED.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER,

Author of "Dora Moore," "Country Neighbors," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE JOURNEY.

DO not know, for Addie was not there to report, whether Mr. Stanley and Mary finished the history of old Lincoln that day; I opine not, for it runs back to the old doomday survey: the castle was built by William the Conqueror, and in the middle of the fourteenth century inhabited by John of Gaunt, "Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster," and this fact probably led to investigate Shakespeare, and from Shakespeare they perchance went to history, and Addie said they found more and more to talk about every day; and, what was very agreeable, old Mudgett's rheumatism grew better daily. He sometimes even went into the garden, and enjoyed himself awhile every day in frothing at those who worked there, an exercise that threw off a little of the superabundant ill-humor of his system into the free air, instead of pouring it all on Mary's devoted head.

It was Mr. Stanley's intention, as soon as the term closed, to take his daughter on her long-promised journey; and it was not strange, after being entertained by the old sailor's stories, that he should wish to make some recompense to Mary for her patience in listening to the oft-told tales, and he proposed to her to accompany Addie as a friend and teacher. Mary had always been a close prisoner in Rockford; and the fisherman's hut, the boarding-house and the Seminary, had hitherto bounded her travels. Her mind was richly stored with the history of the past, and with the progress of the present age; she loved society, and the free air and sunlight; she delighted in fine scenery, and in rare objects of art, but her duty pointed away from all these, and she did not hesitate a moment in refusing this offer, so kindly made. Even Miss St. Leon—the stern, uncompromising Miss St. Leon—who could trample upon all pleasure without regret, when duty lay beyond, advised Mary to go. She would see that the old man was cared for, and every comfort provided; but Mary was firm in her refusal, and though Mr. Stanley ventured to urge, and Addie tried the power of tears, they were all of no avail, but with a smile Mary bade them "farewell" as they entered their own carriage, luxuriously fitted up for a long journey, and drawn by two noble bays, the pride of the colored driver, "Jim," who declared there was not such another pair in old Virginia. From this Mary turned to her own home, the little wood-colored, tumble-down house, where the old boatman was waiting for her to fill his pipe and mix his glass of grog. "Poor Mary!" said the girls, and I thought so then, but later years have taught me that Mary was happier than any of us. We had letters from Addie—not long and minute as we wished; she was too indolent for that, but they came often; one to me was dated at Boston, and had the following postscript:

"I have seen your hero, Bertha! I always told you I would, and when the Stanleys say they will, they mean it. But I was luckier than I expected to be, for pa has a friend in the West Indies, who is in some way connected with the firm where Charles Herbert is, and one day he ordered the carriage driven to the store. It was Charles Herbert that came out to speak with us, and Bertha, it was just as I foretold. I fell in love with him at once. Now you must help yourself, if you can; I shall see him again, for there is some business requiring an agent to go to the West Indies, and Charles is to call at our rooms this evening. I am going to wear my blue silk, and my pearl brooch and ear-rings, and you may guess the consequences. But, seriously, Bertha, for you know I'm only joking (for I mean to live only for my father), I like Charles Herbert's looks exceedingly, and the gentlemen of the firm spoke in the highest terms of him as one in whom they had unbounded confidence. I wish you were with us. Tell Miss Lincoln that pa says he wishes I would learn 'to talk with the ease and fluency which marks her conversation'; these were his very words. When I return I shall make special effort."

The next letter was dated at Saratoga. Addie was in the full whirl of gaiety and fashion, and entered into it with zest. She danced with this distinguished foreigner, or such a member of Congress, or some great man waited upon her at table; she had kissed Henry Clay, and been introduced to De Joinville—and that evening she was going to a fancy ball—"Pa had ordered the toilette, and of course it would be exquisite."

"My poor Addie!" said Mary Lincoln, "I wish she had not gone there."

The next letter was a doleful one:

"Oh! dear Bertha, what shall I do? There is a rich young Southern widow, dashing and handsome, that is laying siege to pa's heart. It is reported that she has a large plantation at the South, and by the jewelry that she wears, I think she must have a long purse. I begin to think, too, that pa will marry. He said the other day that he was weary of wandering about the world; he loved the quiet of domestic life;

and yet, said he, home is no longer home, now that your mother is not there. That was significant, was it not? Mrs. Le Roche, that is the young widow's name, is very patronizing and kind to me, and as she is all the ton here, I think pa is rather pleased that she should chaperone me. But my heart does not warm toward her at all, though everybody here says it will be a splendid match. But she's not one bit like my own dear mother. She was gentle and pious, and loved home, and never wanted admiration from any one but her husband. Mamma says she was 'an angel that lost de way, and got down here in dis wicked world, but de good Lord soon showed her de way home again.' What would Mamma say to Mrs. Le Roche with her feathers, and point lace, and diamonds, real diamonds, worth I don't know how many thousand dollars. She is superb when she is dressed, to be sure, and when pa walks into the dining-room with her at six o'clock—when the gas-lights are all burning and the tables glittering with silver and glass, and she in full dress, I think I never saw a more noble-looking couple. I can't help admiring them, as all the rest do, and pa, who you know has a great passion for beautiful women, enjoys it too. How can he help it? But poor me! after the first feeling of admiration is over, my heart quivers, and I think of my dear, gentle, loving mother, and can hardly keep the tears from falling into the soup. Pa and Mrs. Le Roche met in Europe, and they talk French and Italian together, and she sings and plays superbly, and all this makes me feel as if I was a poor little ignorant thing, not fit to be the daughter of such an accomplished woman. Oh! dear! oh! dear! I shall envy you the possession of Charles Herbert, if matters go on so much longer. I must stop now, for pa calls me to ride out with Mrs. Le Roche and himself. The plot thickens. Your distressed friend, ADDIE."

I read the letter to Miss Lincoln, and this time she did not say, "Poor Addie," but "Mrs. Le Roche must be very beautiful, I think," and then she asked me all about Charles Herbert, and said, "You are not engaged, I hope, Bertha."

"No, indeed, no, indeed, Miss Lincoln; we are only just like brother and sister; we shall always be so, perhaps—and, whatever happens, we shall always be friends."

"Just like brother and sister!" my conscience kept echoing those words, for it also asked, "Where will be your happiness if Charles Herbert becomes the husband of another?"

I told Miss Lincoln all about our early friend, ship, and how happy we were on the old farm. She sighed, as she said—

"Such a friendship appears to me so beautiful, formed in childhood, strengthened in youth, and enduring to old age and death. There are some such, but they are rare; few experience them, for most friendships are well described by the parable of the sower—some seed fell on stony ground, some by the wayside, some fall among thorns and brambles, and languish in a short, sickly life, while few (thank God for that remnant) strike their roots strong and deep, and bear fruit an hundred fold. I trust, dear Bertha, yours may resemble this last, but be not too confident; life has much of disappointment; we sometimes outlive our friendships, or what is worse, find old friends living, but dead to us."

She seemed in a less cheerful, hopeful mood than usual; her lonely life was a sad one, but activity and faith enabled her to bear the cross.

A little incident occurred at this time in our family at home, which gave me much pain. Willie was twelve years of age, and my mother thought old enough to be sent away from home. I do not know how my father came to consent to it; it can be understood only by those who have seen the power of a strong woman's will over man. Man boasts of his power and his strength, but in the hands of such a woman his will is but a reed shaken with the wind. What ever was the influence used, the result was that Willie was apprenticed to a book-binder, a nephew of my mother's, who was pronounced by her to be a competent man to take charge of a lad, and from her description one might be led to think that the child would improve his situation by leaving his father's roof.

A few weeks of bondage brought me a letter from Willie, blotted with tears. He was harshly treated, and made to labor beyond his strength.

"But of what use will it be to complain?" he said; "my mother will sooner believe her relative than myself. I shall run away, sister, and what will become of me then I cannot tell."

I wrote to my father. He was absent from home on business, and the letter never reached him. I waited a few weeks—another came. "Mr. W— is found out now; our mother will henceforth cease to talk about him. He is proved to be a dishonest man—a villain, indeed, and left town at night to escape the vengeance of the people. I will not go home, but shall go to sea. Good bye, dear sister, and don't forget brother Willie."

I sent the letter directly home, and wrote at once to Willie; but it was too late—he had gone to the Sandwich Islands.

It was sad to think of home without his pleasant face and kind words, and sadder still

to think of him exposed to the hardship, privation and evil of a sailor's life.

I received a visit from Charlie about this time; he had heard of Willie's departure, and grieved almost as much as myself. Charlie was very happy; his employers liked him, and he thought there was no firm in Boston quite so honorable, or doing a better business. I could not help smiling to hear him tell about "our contracts for sugar," or the "amounts of our sales," as if he was in reality a member of the firm. As was characteristic of him, he entered heart and soul into his business, and bade fair to understand it as well as his employers in a brief time. The idea of going to the West Indies pleased him; he had self-reliance and courage, and the hope of doing well by his employers made him anxious to leave. I found he was going on with his studies. He was far ahead of me now; had long since finished Adams's Higher Arithmetic, gone through Algebra, and was then in Euclid. He improved his evenings, either by study or attending lectures; had read a course of History, and could already read and write Spanish tolerably. He was very ambitious now to speak fluently. Ah! Charlie, I felt quite deficient, and began to think that boys were, after all, smarter than girls. He was the same genial, fun-loving fellow as ever, and had changed only in his person. Boston seems particularly favorable to the development of manly beauty, but rather detrimental to feminine charms. Why is this? Charlie had grown handsome; perhaps it was owing to a course of gymnastic exercises, or, in part, to the regularity of his habits, that his form had developed so well, and his frank, open face was pleasant to look upon.

I did not wonder at Addie for "falling in love with him," as she expressed it. I asked him about her. He remembered the pretty, dimpled face, and he told me how beautifully she looked in her blue silk and pearls, and when she returned to Boston he would call upon her. Happy Addie! how few troubles, and how much pleasure in her path!

Of one thing, however, I was sure: that I should be in advance of her in my studies. I had become ambitious, and resolved to stand high in my class; even my teachers regarded me with more favor than formerly, and my unfortunate advent at school was forgotten in the multitude of new comers. You, Anna, will well remember that year of rivalry and study—of pleasant, good-natured rivalry. On the whole it was the happiest year of school-life; it came after the loneliness and homesickness which always attend a new comer, and before that time of inward doubt, of struggle, of darkness, and almost despair. There was a long interval that we did not hear from Addie; but Miss Lincoln showed me a paper one day, in which, among the other gossip of Saratoga, was the following: "Madame Rumor says that the Hon. Mr. S., of Virginia, will soon lead to the hymeneal altar the wealthy and accomplished young widow, Mrs. L. R., of Florida." We could supply the blanks, and understand why Addie had not written. The very next day I received by express a package, with a letter from Addie, written at Niagara:

"The warm season is over, and we left Saratoga with the fashionable crowd. Mrs. LeRoche was coming here, and she invited me to accompany her. Pa gave his consent, and came also, as was of course expected. The first thing that interested me, after seeing the Falls and I only wished it was Miss Lincoln, instead of myself, to go to procure some petrifaction for Miss St. Leon. You remember she expressed a wish for some, one day when she was arranging the cabinet. I think of her frequently when I see the fashionable ladies here. They come down to breakfast at nine o'clock, dressed in beautiful morning dresses, most elaborately trimmed, drink a cup of coffee, and eat a slice of toast, and then recline on the ottomans and lounges for an hour or two, talking pretty nonsense to the gentlemen. Then, perhaps, they go to their rooms, and, aided by dressing-maids, dress for riding; some of the carriages are splendid—Mrs. LeRoche's, for instance—with colored footman and driver in livery, and horses that show their high blood and fine grooming, while the carriage itself is most luxuriously trimmed and cushioned. Gentlemen are always on hand at riding time, and often you will see two or three couples on horseback, the ladies in jaunty hats with waving plumes, looking, I think, when seated on a fine, spirited horse, prettier than when dressed for a ball; then there are landaus, or open carriages, where the gentleman himself holds the reins; the handsome ladies seem to be very partial to this way of riding.

At one o'clock they have a lunch—a glass of choice wine, a slice of bread, cold meats and jelly, cake, etc., etc. I never take wine, because pa says he does not like to see ladies drinking it (I am a great mind to tell here that Mrs. LeRoche has a variety of choice wines for her own special use). Then what do you think they do after lunch? Why, go to bed, and remain there till it is time to dress for dinner; then such a fluttering and commotion as there is in all the rooms. Dinner is at six, and then comes a display of grand toilettes, and oh! Bertha, it is a splendid sight! I wish you could see them, especially on the day Henry Clay dined here. To quote from Miss Lincoln's favorite poet—

"I were worth ten years of peaceful life
One glance at their array."

Dinner occupies two hours—there are so many courses, and we sit so long at dessert. After tea, the ladies go in the drawing-room, and have tea and coffee passed round. You can fancy that when this is over it will be bed-time. It would be for us at home, or at school; but ten or eleven begins the amusement of the day, or rather night. Every night there is a party, a ball or a hop, and the ladies dress again. At dinner they come out in rich, heavy silks, at night in light, airy dresses, and in fanciful costumes, that make them look to me like pictures. I have seen of little unsexed cherubs floating on clouds, or peeping out, head and bust only seen, from a drapery of crimson-tinted mist. The ladies seem ambitious to see who will show most shoulder and neck. Pa forbids me to have my dresses quite to the extent of the fashion. It's queer, I think, for I have as fair and plump a neck and shoulders as any of them. He don't seem to see Mrs. LeRoche's unclad bust, or if he does, it is with admiring eyes.

Now, as I said, comes the good time—the dancing, and the waltzing, and the flirting, and 'soft eyes look love to eyes that speak again,' and bright the gas-lights shine over fair women and brave men. Oh! Bertha, did you ever waltz? No, I know you never did. It's superb, glorious! I can't describe it to you. It is the true poetry of motion—the fairy's dream realized. I learned to waltz of Mrs. LeRoche. She gave me private lessons in her room. Pa didn't care for me to learn, and when I teased him, he shrugged up his shoulders, and said, 'Not yet, Addie. Wait a few years.'

You see Monsieur Hazen is here, and gives lessons, and I fancied that it would be quite an improvement of time to attend his classes; but pa, seemed so reluctant I gave it up, and Mrs. LeRoche has given me a few lessons in her room.

I can't understand why pa objects; but I heard him once say to a gentleman that he agreed with Lord Byron in his opinion of the waltz. 'Now do ask Miss Lincoln what that opinion was.' 'I'm too ignorant to tell. It must be favorable, I think; for Mrs. LeRoche waltzed at one of the 'hops' here last week with Col. McGregor, of the United States Army.' He is an elegant man—tall and stately as a granite obelisk; and he threw his arms so gracefully about the beautiful widow, while her face came up to his breast, (a soft place, I guess, for the coat looked as if it had as much wadding as ladies use,) and then they went sailing

around the room together, keeping perfect time to the music, and looking as if they were floating in a fairy world, all their own. Pa was there, and remarked that the Colonel was one of the finest-looking officers in the army; and I thought he looked very admirably at the widow, and saw her once or twice looking our way, as if to be sure that we saw her.

This morning she told me that she was preparing a pleasant little surprise for me, and invited me to her rooms, where she would have a little private dance. I am very glad, for pa is going to a dinner to-day, to Buffalo—a political dinner, I believe. He is getting quite absorbed in politics; they have nominated him for Congress in our district at home, and he, with some other Southern gentlemen, are in our parlor a great deal, talking about 'nullification,' 'tariffs,' 'State rights,' and other dry subjects, till I get very weary, and go to Mrs. LeRoche's rooms for amusement. I always find plenty of it there. The ladies never retire here till two or three in the morning; for the riding, and talking, and dressing take so much time. I think sometimes of Miss St. Leon, and wonder what she would say to these beautiful butterflies of fashion. I can see her now, with that huge, white-lace turban on her head, her hair parted amply beneath it, on her broad forehead, while her Mount Holyoke of a nose rises on her large, fair face like that same mountain in its smooth valley. 'Young ladies!' I hear her say, 'you were sent into this world for a higher purpose than to amuse yourselves, or to deck this frail body for admiration. Live for some high and noble object, cultivate the mind, purify the heart, and remember that you are immortal, and that this world is but a probationary state to another and higher state of existence. Look not upon marriage as the chief end of woman's life; fit yourself for its duties by the cultivation of those graces which make home happy; but never, never descend to that lowest of all games, as degrading to the soul of woman as is gambling to men—viz., husband-hunting.'

What would the stern but noble woman say, if she should hear the talk in the ladies' parlors when they are by themselves, or see the coquetting at the hops and parties? Her holy soul would be filled with righteous indignation; and I am not certain but she would speak right out, as Miss Lincoln said old John Knox did to the ladies of Queen Mary's court.

Morning: I must add a few lines to this letter before it goes into the letter-box. Only think, Bertha, Ned Green is here! Mrs. LeRoche is in some way connected with his family, and he came to see her, she says. He is a student in William and Mary's College. He has improved very much since we used to play together at home. This was what Mrs. LeRoche meant, when she said she was going to surprise me. We had a dance, and an elegant little supper. I had some doubts about waltzing, but Mrs. LeRoche said she would be responsible to pa, and Ned Green wanted me to waltz with him, but to make a solemn promise that I would never waltz with anybody else. Wasn't that odd? I had a glorious time! Ned said I waltzed divinely, and even Mrs. LeRoche, who was considered the most elegant dancer at the 'United States,' in Saratoga, told me that I only needed one course with Monsieur Hazen to make me perfect. 'I'll tease pa again. Don't forget that the petrifaction is for Miss St. Leon, the bracelet for your own dear self, and the copy of Wordsworth's poems for Miss Lincoln. I wanted to send Miss Lincoln a pair of pearl ear-rings; they were beautiful, and would become her so well, but pa said, 'No, Addie, send her that copy of Wordsworth which we saw at the bookstore this morning.' Now I did not fancy the idea at all; she may like the binding and engravings, but the poetry is awful solemn to me, except two or three pieces, and they are baby stories; but I did as pa thought best. I suppose his heart is so full of Mrs. LeRoche, that his usual good sense has gone wool-gathering. Tell the girls I am coming back this fall. This is the longest letter I ever wrote in all my life. Do answer by the next mail.

Yours, now and ever,
ADDIE.
P. S.—Oh! dear Bertha; what shall I do? Pa has just come in, and says that important business calls him South, and we must leave for home to-morrow. And this, too, when Ned Green has just come, and I was beginning to have such a good time! Besides, I want to see the French nobleman that arrived here to-day, Count De Graffe; one of the descendants of the old French nobility, Mrs. LeRoche says. What a world of trouble this is! There's one comfort, 'Mam-mie' will sympathize in all my trials."

When I read this letter to Miss Lincoln, she said—

"I am glad Addie is at home. Good old 'Mam-mie June' is better company for her than the society at Saratoga and Niagara."

Her eyes were bright when she saw the beautiful copy of Wordsworth; it was an English edition, very finely got up, and illustrated.

"What should I have done with ear-rings?" said she, with an expression of comic distress.

She wrote Addie a long letter, full of sisterly counsel and comfort, and advised her now to study awhile every day, that she might not be so far behind her class. The advice was needed, for her class was working hard; the school hours were from eight till five, with an intermission only of one hour for dinner, while out of school, not less than six hours were devoted to study. The world is becoming wiser now, we trust, in this matter of crowding the young, especially girls, forward in studies. As I said before, there was no such thing as a playground or the school premises—no riding, no social amusements—nothing but a dull walk in procession, required, of all, and which by solemnity forcibly reminded us of a funeral.

But notwithstanding the health of the pupils was generally good—there were but two or three deaths for as many years at the school, though a few every term left, unable to endure the confinement and study. The flow of animal spirits was repressed, a loud laugh was not permitted, all noise was forbidden, and the very youngest became old women in their quiet demeanor. It was the tendency of the system to repress originality; anything a little peculiar or *bygone* was frowned down at once, and freedom of thought on religious opinions was not admissible. Our teachers had their creed, which they honestly, conscientiously and most faithfully taught their pupils, and any deviation, any discussion even, was "crushed out" immediately. The aim of the teachers was to win the majority of the school to their modes of government and thought, and they would have opened their eyes in astonishment at the expression "rights of minorities." The minority had no rights; they were swallowed, rights and all, by the great whole of public opinion.

The course of study was thorough. Miss St. Leon, who on account of the ill-health of Miss Garland, became for some years prime manager, allowed no shirking, no superficial attainments. We must study and pass our examinations thoroughly, or we were placed back again in lower classes. There was no favor shown; the only question asked—Can this scholar perform all the examples in Adams's Arithmetic? Is she familiar with the rules? If any doubt was expressed, she would institute a personal examination; if satisfactory—"You may take Algebra." If not, the scholar must return to her Arithmetic. We were told that it was no credit to spell well, but much to our discredit to be incorrect in our orthography. Miss St. Leon had the old-fashioned notion, now almost obsolete in our high schools, that the foundation for a scholar must be laid in a knowledge of the common branches, reading, spelling, geography, grammar and history. "Then," said she, "we can raise a superstructure that will do us credit." Therefore those studies were never omitted, and the very thoroughness with which she taught them made them pleasing to the scholar.

"The fall term was usually one of vigorous study, and though I must acknowledge that the body suffered, the mind made progress—progress, however, at the expense of bone, muscle and vital powers."

[To be continued.]

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

When Gutenberg and Faust arrayed
Their symbol types in lines,
John Chinaman spoke up and said:
"There has long been a saying:
My ancestors arranged them so
Some twenty thousand years ago."
Yet minus books, in primal dark,
John sprang his scroll and makes his mark.

When Watt had wedded steel to steam
And made the bobbin sing,
John Chinaman roused up, and I do deem
That trick an ancient thing:
The Flowery Land had such a show
Some twenty thousand years ago.
And yet the whole Celestial band
Still spin, as of old, by hand.

When Stephenson and Fulton tried
The thimble and the wheel,
And round the earth bade Commerce ride
With wings upon its heel,
John said: "My people traveled so
Some twenty thousand years ago."
Yet still, as when the races began,
They always tote the old sedan.

When thought first learned the way to fly
On Morse's telegraph,
John shook his pigtail in reply,
Observing with a laugh:
"This thing to China came a half a score
Some twenty thousand years ago;
But talkee—talkee all about—
It was a bore; we drove it out."

When Edison from Nature stole
Her secrets, one by one,
To make a glowing electric soul,
To light a blazing sun,
John said: "Our fathers used to know,
Some twenty thousand years ago,
These miracles, but, useless quite,
We let them vanish out of sight."

When Krupp's big cannon sent a shell
Through a mile and a half a score,
John said: "That's tolerably well
For modern rifle bore;
But we made powder, don't you know,
Some twenty thousand years ago."
Yet cross bows China strings once more
To crush Japan in '94.

When Queen Chicago rose and spent
Her millions—royal sight
To show the world the continent
Columbus brought to light,
John said: "China made her way out to row
Some twenty thousand years ago.
We ran against Fu Sang one day;
'No good' we found, and skipped away."

Say, John! Oh claimant, almond-eyed!
There's one thing older far
Than Faustus's type and Morse's pride
Than Taj Mahal and China's wall—
Yes, older, older far than all;
They name this caution, shaming, ay
And hoary-headed thing—A Lie.

—Truth.

Banner Correspondence.

Our friends in every part of the country are earnestly invited to forward brief letters, items of local news, etc., for use in this department.

New York.

NEW YORK.—George F. Perkins writes: "Working in this city and Brooklyn increases. During this month we have held successful meetings in Fraternity Hall, 869 Bedford Avenue, Sunday afternoon and evening.

We have worked in nearly all of the Western States between the oceans, and organized two societies last winter—one in Tacoma, Wash., the other in Dubuque, Ia., beside doing good work in the Ohio camp-meetings. We are holding meetings every evening in Spencer Hall, 11 West 4th street. The nature of said meetings is exclusively tests and communications given through Mrs. Perkins and myself.

We are working, as the past ten years' record will show, for the uplifting of humanity, through the promulgation of the Spiritual Philosophy, ever striving to so perform our duties that there will be no necessity for an apology for us as workers.

The world at large is eager to take in our religion.

Our private address is at present 248 West 26th street, New York."

POTSDAM.—J. B. Armstrong writes: "May I tell the readers of THE BANNER something about the progress of our Cause in this section? Here the writer has done some pioneer work during the last twenty-five years, and has met the buffetings and scorn common to all initial workers.

The last effort of the few noble workers has been the engagement of Mr. F. A. Wiggins from Salem, Mass. This gentleman, with his wonderful mediumship, seems to have been the person of all others to meet the needs of the hour; and how well he (or the angels through his instrumentality) has succeeded, the friends here are more than willing to bear testimony.

He spoke two evenings, our large Opera House to audiences of which any church might be proud. His masterly addresses were highly appreciated, and his often startling tests from the rostrum created great wonderment.

We took the small fee of ten cents at the door, and it gave us money enough to pay all expenses, and left us thirty dollars in hand to apply to the expenses of our next meeting.

At the close of the services the speaker was enthusiastically greeted by all, and he has created such an interest in the movement that we may expect grand results."

Ohio.

CLEVELAND.—A correspondent writes: "Sunday evening, Nov. 11, Mrs. H. S. Lake lectured in Army and Navy Hall before the People's Spiritual Alliance. In speaking of the mediumship necessary for mediumship, she said that mediumship can only be understood after patient research and investigation. The laws which govern it are obscure and at times exceedingly bewildering in their operation. The philosophy of mediumship embraces magnetism, mesmerism and psychology. Physical phases rest upon superabundance of vital magnetism; mental mediumship is dependent upon the qualities of brain-formation; and spiritual mediumship is the attainment of the organism to the apprehension of principles.

Spiritualism, inasmuch as it has its classified and arranged facts, may properly be called a science. Some of the more thoughtful and intuitive among us postulate a divine and universal energy, and now and then meet experiences which sustain this notion. The true nature becomes tempered to meet life's adversities with patience, but with the firm expectation that the spiritual being may become so intermingled with the great spirit that ill and evils may be modified and overcome. The recognition of this growth and possibility reveals the brotherhood of man—the religion of Spiritualism."

New Hampshire.

FRANCESTOWN.—George D. Epps writes: "Miss S. Lizzie Ewer, whose name and presence during the past twelve years have become so familiar to Spiritualists all through New England, paid us a brief visit last week on her way home from a ten days' lecturing tour in Kansas and Hancock, Mass. The evening of the 26th about twenty friends and neighbors assembled at our home, and for more than three hours were held in almost breathless attention by the narration of some of Miss Ewer's experiences, followed by some of her own testimonies of the growth and possibility of the religion of Spiritualism."

Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE.—Sarah D. C. Ames, Secretary, writes: "Monday evening, Nov. 12, a reception was given. Mrs. Clara H. Banks at the home of Mrs. William Payser, 84 Lexington Avenue, by Mrs. Payser and Mrs. May S. Pepper. The rooms were crowded, and many were obliged to stand. Mr. Edwin S. Straight, President of the Association, presented Mrs. Banks a beautiful banquet lamp as a token of remembrance in behalf of the Association and friends, to which Mrs. Banks responded in a cordial and heart-felt manner. Mrs. Banks also presented to Mrs. May S. Pepper a beautiful basket of

flowers, to which Mrs. Pepper replied with well chosen words, and closed with a fine poem. Others were called upon and responded; among them were Mr. Straight, Vice President, Mr. A. Proctor, Master George Porter under control, Mr. Wilson, Mrs. Payser and Mr. T. J. Fales. The evening passed quickly with music and song, and will be pleasantly remembered by all."

Vermont.

LINCOLN.—Charles W. Sullivan writes: "Passed to the heavenly rest, Nov. 1, 1894, from her mountain home, Minnie, loved daughter of Mr. George and Betsey Bagley."

She has gone to join her brother Parker, who but a short time ago preceded her. Her disease was consumption, which she bore with patience—looking forward to the happy release, when her spirit should plume its flight to the sweet fields of Elysium. She conversed to the last with those in the physical around her, then closed her eyes with a sweet smile, as in recognition of the loved ones who welcomed her with a glad "good morning."

Minnie was aged nineteen years and six months. Her life was one of sweetness; a loving daughter and an affectionate sister, she was a true friend, and tenderly loved by all. May the abiding knowledge that our dear ones live, and are watching over us, be with those who loved her in the mortal. Tender words of consolation were uttered by Mrs. Abbie T. Cressett of Waterbury, Vt."

Pennsylvania.

MEADVILLE.—A. Gaston writes: "To all those interested in the establishment of a Southern Camp I would respectfully say we have abandoned the enterprise for the present."

The Southern Spiritual Association was organized on a basis that we believe to be advantageous, but owing to certain delays in perfecting contracts and the limited time in which to erect the necessary buildings, we have deemed it advisable to notify all, through your valuable paper, that a postponement is necessary. In fact, we could not have accomplished the work we desired, and have offered all the facilities we desired to offer in the time left us. Therefore, after consultation we have decided to abandon said meeting for the season of '95. It is the intention of the Board of Directors, if they can receive the necessary support of interested parties, to prosecute this work, and offer to Spiritualists of the country in '96 a Camp with every requisite convenience."

Massachusetts.

LYNN.—Mrs. J. L. Atwood, Sec'y, writes: "The Ladies' Spiritual Aid held a Bohemian supper and entertainment in Cadet Hall, Wednesday, Nov. 14. The hall was dressed as an Indian and Gipsy camp, with members in costume. Supper was served to two hundred people. The evening entertainment consisted of vocal and instrumental music and reading, by Miss Ethel Shorey, May Warren, Miss Bailey and Mrs. W. Chase. In costume were Mrs. Chase, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Mansfield, Mrs. Fowler, Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. J. Atwood, Will Ester. It was one of the most successful affairs ever held by the Association, and there have been requests for repetition.

The Aid meets every Wednesday, and has a test circle in the evening."

Missouri.

MACON CITY.—B. Lind writes: "We want a good materializing medium and lecturer here to stay thirty or forty days. There are plenty of seekers, but no one can help them out. Will some one correspond with me on the subject?"

December Magazines.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART.—If the current number had been issued solely to bring out the beautiful photograph of Prof. Wunnenberg, "Wooling," its mission would have been complete, for no one can look upon the subject and the elegant work of the artist without being captivated by both. The conception of the sketch is capital, as is all that goes to make it complete in incident and surroundings. A beautiful young girl, with pitcher in her hand, is on her way for water, when her young lover, over the wall, details her to whisper the words of love. The facial expressions are as beautiful as they are natural, while the forestry and flowers make a pretty background. Among other interesting engravings, a view of "The Vale of Avoca," copied from Walke's famous etching. The eighteenth volume is begun with this number, and is of enlarged form. Several new features are to be introduced, and no pains or expense will be spared to improve the coming numbers. The Cassell Publishing Co., 31 East 17th street, New York.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.—A pretty frontispiece, "Autumn," precedes "Down on Oublette," by the author of "John Herring." "The Clearing of the Mist" is brought to a conclusion in this number; "The Social Duty of Woman" is continued in the third number; "Miss Cynthia" is a pretty story. "Catching a Professor" is one of the prize stories, and comes from the pen of Bessie E. Duffett. The new volume of 1895 promises to eclipse all which have preceded it. Cassell commands some of the most noted writers. The Cassell Publishing Co., N. Y.

He Is Risen.

September 10, 1894, Dr. J. H. Rhodes, for many years a dealer in Spiritual and Liberal Literature at 722 Spring-Garden street, Philadelphia, passed easily on to a higher phase of spiritual life and conditions.

In the physical form the doctor was born at Hopkinton, Mass., though he resided with his loved mother several years in Vermont. Here he affiliated with the Methodist church.

Coming to Philadelphia, Pa., some forty years ago, he was convinced of the substantial and hope-inspiring truth of the Spiritual Philosophy, and continually rejoiced in the practical possibility of Spiritualism.

Dr. Rhodes was a plain, unassuming man of broad mind, free from all narrow thought, of generous impulses and very benevolent action.

Shortly after the organization, years ago, of the State Spiritual Association, of which Dr. Henry T. Child was the President, Dr. Rhodes was appointed under its auspices to conduct the large public circle every Sunday, which proved an effective vehicle for very much good for the Cause of Spiritualism in this city.

The doctor labored diligently for the furtherance of this noble Cause until a few days of his demise, in the 73d year of his age. He has passed peacefully on to broader, more liberal fields for generous effort and infinite possibilities.

His widow, faithful in her respect and love, had his latest wishes carried out, and the physical form was cremated and his ashes placed in an urn.

There was spiritual service, Mr. Samuel Wheeler making happy address on the philosophical answer to the long-time query, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

With our Brother Rhodes we believe it is fully realized, "at eventide it shall be light." He has risen. Fraternally, W. D. KICHEN.

The Inquirer, which, to our certain knowledge, has for thirty years steadily refused to inquire into Spiritualism, has just taken a tiny wink at it with one of its eyes. It has a paragraph on the very important report of Prof. Sidgwick's committee. "It may be remembered by some of our readers, it sleepily says, 'that a committee, in Germany, France, and other countries, have been formed, to investigate profound conclusions in that, though some seven thousand persons were interrogated by over four hundred investigators, 'the thing has a weak side in the known infirmity of human testimony,' etc.; but it condescends to say that 'the evidence cannot be wholly neglected.' That is a comical playing of the part of Inquirer. But we can well afford to wait for The Inquirer for another thirty years.—Light, London, Eng."

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by a media missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also of Nerve and Blood Diseases, and all other ailments of the Human System. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, by mail, a full and complete treatise in German, French, English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. ROY, 220 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

New Publications.

CHARITY, Its Physical, Intellectual and Moral Advantages. By Dr. M. L. Holbrook, Paper, pp. 104. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co. For sale by Colby & Rich.

It is any man woman or child can read this book and not feel a greater respect for chastity, purity and cleanliness in his or her "is worse than an infidel." The reading of good books on this and all subjects will do more for social purity than almost any other mode of education. Men and women must know how to conduct their sexual lives so as to be blessed instead of cursed by them, and this addition to literature prepares the way for an amount of knowledge not presented in any work of modern days. A careful reader will inspire the young with a high ideal of life, and teach them that the body is a sacred temple; that the human mind should be the storehouse of only the purest and best; that woman is a joy forever, and not the low thing some modern novelists picture her to be; that man, in his best sense, is a living temple of the most high God, and not a beast seeking whom he may devour. The book is plain spoken; but not to that extent that people will buy it to mar its beauty either by word or thought. There are plenty of sentences in it that appeal to the good sense of the reader, and actuate him to feel that life is real and can be made more satisfactory if chastity and sobriety and truth were more intellectually understood; for all are lovely, and their obverse corrupt, soul-destroying and unsatisfactory.

ROSES AND THISTLES. By Rufus C. Hopkins. Cloth, pp. 480. San Francisco: William Doxey.

This is a collection of miscellaneous poems needing no apology for their rhyme or reason. If the author had claimed for them that they were inspirational he would have his claim allowed, for all good poetry is inspired, without doubt. But Mr. Hopkins has done something more than to draw upon the muses; he has drawn on the unseen, and has given utterance to sentiments akin to the words of the infinite. He does not in his preface say that he is a believer in the Spiritual Philosophy. But there are evidences of such a belief in many of the beautiful poems, as for instance where the Spiritualist answers the Materialist's pointed questionings. And again, where, in an epistle to a friend, he presents an argument in favor of the immortality of the soul, in answer to the query "If a man die, shall he live again?" "Good and Evil" is a philosophic dialogue, and worthy of careful reading. "To My Familiar Spirit" is unconventional, and full of witty sense. "The Hermit and the Prince" is a lesson of life, and very good. The whole volume teems with verse that is poetic and pleasing, and in close comparison with poems whose authors have a widespread reputation.

SINS, ONLY SEVENTEEN. By Virginia F. Townsend. Cloth, pp. 323. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Miss Townsend could not have selected two characters which would have excited more interest than have Dorothy Draycott and her brother Tom, a Harvard student, for both are strong and attractive. It is a story laid in Boston and vicinity; the movements and incidents are sufficiently alluring to keep the reader's interest and attention throughout. The merit of the story, coupled with Miss Townsend's popularity, will cause a wide distribution of the work. Like all her other books, this is pure, cheery and bright, finely described and very real.

RECEIVED: CUSTOM LAWS OF 1894, COMPARED WITH THOSE OF 1890; WITH RATES OF THE MILLS AND WILSON BILLS. Washington: Government Printing Office. OLD FARMER'S ALMANACK. By Robert B. Thomas. One hundred and third year. Boston: William Ware & Co. ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY. Published by the University, Ithaca, N. Y.

[Translated for the Banner of Light, from Neue Spiritualistische Blätter, by W. N. Eayrs.]

A Singular Presentation.

Charlotte, daughter of the Prince Charles of Hesse-Rheinfels, and wife of the famous Francis Ragoczy of Transylvania, while on a visit at Warsaw, dreamed that she was in a little room which she had never seen before, and that a stranger came to her, bearing in his hand a cup, and told her to drink. She refused, saying that she was not thirsty; but the stranger insisted, assuring her that this was the last time in her life that she would drink.

The Princess then awoke, but the face of the stranger and the appearance of the little room remained engraved on her memory in ineffaceable lines.

In the month of October, 1721, she came to Paris and took apartments in a hotel, and, there becoming ill, called for the services of a physician. When Dr. Helvetius entered the room, she looked at him with astonishment, then carefully examined the apartment. The Count Schlieben, who was present, asked her what was the cause of her astonishment.

"Monsieur Helvetius," she replied, "is the very man whom I saw in my dream at Warsaw, and who was to give me my last drink; but," added she, laughing, "it is not of this illness that I am to die, for this is not the room which I saw in the dream."

Some months later, an apartment in a cloister was engaged for her, which she had not previously seen. Scarcely had she crossed the threshold, when she said: "I shall not go out of this room alive, for this is the room that I saw in my dream." She was at this time in excellent health.

In the following February, she caused a tooth that was troubling her somewhat to be extracted. A slight fever ensued, and, in accordance with the practice of the time, she was bled. Immediately after this operation she died.

She had not left the room, and Dr. Helvetius, who was at her side, had, in fact, given her her last drink.

A Card.

It is my sad duty to announce that Dr. A. B. Dobson of San Jose, Cal., passed to spirit-life Oct. 1, with paralysis of the heart. He was aged sixty years, and on his last request by his wife, a good clairvoyant who has always assisted him in his work and will continue to do all she can to relieve the suffering.

Yours for humanity, Mrs. Dr. A. B. DOBSON. San Jose, Cal.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Sumner, N. H., Nov. 19, Mrs. Julia Morrill, in the 88th year of her age.

Peacefully she lived, peacefully she passed away. Our ardent sister was a firm Spiritualist, a friend of mediums and a help to the Cause. Spiritual meetings were called out once number of years at Gloucester, Mass., by this noble lady and her good husband. Neither money nor pains were spared by them to bring the light to those who sat in darkness. Of this good sister it can be truly said, "None can ever tell how much she has done for the Cause."

During her long illness, thoughtful of others, forgetful of her own pain and suffering, she gave words of comfort to her numerous friends who daily made pilgrimages to the farm-house.

Dear Julia! never more shall we see your sunny face in the gray, never more shall we hear your sweet voice in the spirit that gave cheer to his first and last hours as he parted, but he thought that there is "only a thin veil between the living and the dead."

Our sister leaves a devoted companion and many warm friends. The interment was at Essex, Mass.

JANE D. CHURCHILL.

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Colby & Rich, Publishers and Bookstore, 9 Bowditch Street, Boston, Mass., keep for sale a complete assortment of Spiritual, Progressive, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Books at Wholesale and Retail.

Books sent by Express, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by all or at least half cash. When the money forwarded is not sufficient to fill the order, the balance must be paid C. O. D. Orders for books to be sent by Mail, must invariably be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. We would remind our patrons that they can remit us the fractional part of a dollar in postage stamps—ones and twos preferred. All business operations looking to the sale of books on commission, respectfully declined. Any book published in England or America (not out of print) will be sent by mail or express.

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 5 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 independent free thought, but we do not endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents may give utterance.

No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer 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, DECEMBER 1, 1894.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

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

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.

Dark Lantern versus Search-Light.

Introducing Prof. Oliver J. Lodge with a strong preliminary puff as "unquestionably one of the very foremost men in the ranks of physical science," whose researches have been of inestimable value in the additions they have made to the sum of human knowledge, the *Boston Herald* is pleased to signal to the public the report he has made as the result of his investigation of "some remarkable physical phenomena connected with an ignorant Italian peasant woman," pronouncing it "a matter of profound significance." The investigation for this special occasion was of course made under conditions that "absolutely precluded all possibility of collusion or fraud of any kind." And of course all sorts of trying tests were made with scientific apparatus, dynamometer included. And then, wonder of wonders! "a table was lifted by some unaccountable force, which was thereby proved to be of an extraordinary character."

Then, after telling how hundreds of witnesses have testified to phenomena of this sort, while scientists, as a body, have always avoided such subjects; and after mawkishly deploring "the fallibility of human testimony," which it declares to be "so great that no weight has been attached to evidence of the kind"; and after repeating the aversion of scientists to investigate "the phenomena called spiritistic," and complacently mentioning that the few who have ventured to make themselves exceptions to the rule, like Wallace, Crookes and Zöllner, "have thereby materially impaired their standing among their fellows"; *The Herald* pronounces to make the kind statement, if it is not also patronizing to almost everybody, that "Prof. Lodge's report now places the subject upon a different basis." We confess we cannot see how or why it does so, unless it is because his name chances to be Lodge instead of Wallace or Crookes or Zöllner, nor yet why he, like them, does not thereby materially impair his standing among his fellow-scientists. What has happened to give Prof. Lodge an immunity which they were not allowed to enjoy?

Why, absolutely nothing has happened different, that we can see. The very most *The Herald* has to say on his behalf, or can say for him, is that "it would be difficult to impeach the evidence of a man like him, reinforced as it is by the testimony of other scientists of high repute." Ah! Was it so easy, then, to impeach the testimony of his much more distinguished predecessors in the work of investigation, the testimony of such men as Wallace and Crookes and Zöllner? Yet that is just the style of *The Herald's* weak logic. It begins to believe now, because it wants to. The plum is ripe, and *The Herald's* mouth is wide open to catch it when it drops. And that is the very highest idea it has of science.

It is to be expected that at this convenient stage of its professed belief, it would begin to "crawfish." So it does openly. Well, and how? We will show how. "This result, however," continues *The Herald*, "can hardly be regarded in the light of a concession to the claims of Modern Spiritualism." Oh, certainly not! That has not yet become the fashion. Spiritualism does not yet possess the composite elements of numerical doctrine. It is something

far, very far beyond that. It is not more nor less true because many or few accept its truths as true. It lives on in spite of belief or unbelief, in spite of all complacencies and inveterations and perfect proprieties like those manifested by *The Herald*.

Well, to continue: what is that paper's overpowering reason for withholding the results of Prof. Lodge's investigation as cumulative testimony in favor of Modern Spiritualism? It saves us the trouble of guessing it by giving it. This is thereas on: "Simply because the source of a force is unknown, constitutes no reason for ascribing it to the work of spirits or other supernatural agencies." A negative reason this, which is no reason at all. This is indeed skating home on thin ice. *The Herald* says that the operations of natural phenomena "were not understood before because it has been common to regard them in such a way as to forbid it." Electricity, it illustrates, was mysterious two centuries ago as "this strange force" is to-day, and savages even regarded the operations of steam-engines as caused by supernatural power. As much as to say that all the intelligent believers in Spiritualism are no better than savages for intelligence and cultivation, and that science has so far worn down its bulky old prejudices as to consent at last to patronize the subject under a name of its own most gracious bestowal! Sheer, stark nonsense, all of it. What is true is true, whether so-called science accepts or rejects it. If it rejects it, then so much the worse for science.

In the changed attitude which science now appears to be taking," soapy sums up our contemporary, "the existence of a force hitherto unknown is acknowledged as demonstrated. (Thank you for nothing.) It has thus become (only by reason of Prof. Lodge's report) the proper function of science to ascertain, if possible, its source, its laws, and the conditions under which it operates, just as the facts concerning electricity have been made clear." And there *The Herald* gives out for want of breath. We cannot see, for the life of us, how it has succeeded in clearing up anything connected with the subject, whether in relation to the phenomena, the testimony, or the conclusive meaning of all. It has only played out the fish in a very small pond, and pronounced the surrounding inky darkness the same and perfection of light. Because scientific men who accept nothing beyond the material limitations begin to feel that it is about time for them to do something or they will get left, journals like *The Herald* get down after the manner of Col. Scott's coon, and begin a new cackle. There must, however, be no "spirits" in the phenomena yet! Oh! no. They are not yet quite ready. But during the tedious interim of preparation, will they relieve the anxiety of everybody by explaining the meaning of the intelligence far beyond the bounds of material, external, mechanical science, with which these phenomena without a "spirit" are animated, controlled and inspired?

Strikes and Arbitration.

The report of the labor commission appointed by the President to investigate the causes of the great labor strike of last summer, and offer suitable recommendations in relation thereto, has been made. It is of very wide interest and concern, for the plain and sufficient reason that, since our social state rests on our industrial prosperity and harmony, it is of fundamental importance that it continue as free as possible from these rebellious disruptions which tend to throw all things into general confusion. The commission recommends the appointment of a "strike commission" that shall be clothed with power over wages and other matters on interstate railroads; also a general advisory Board of Arbitration like that in Massachusetts. And it earnestly counsels a mutual spirit of recognition and conciliation between employers and labor organizations. It is an interesting and thorough production, clear and conscientious, and calculated to lead to good immediate results. At any rate, it shows a long advance on anything done or attempted hitherto in this country in this vital direction.

Col. Carroll D. Wright was the Chairman of the Board, and the report bears the plain stamp of his authorship. It is in itself a history, impressing a lesson in industrial policy. Col. Wright, since it was made public, has addressed the Arbitration Congress at Chicago. He discussed, first, the distinction between voluntary and compulsory arbitration; next, the distinction between compulsory arbitration and public investigation of labor disputes; and, finally, the distinction between adjudication of past contracts and settlements of future ones. He said that a strike in itself is simply a protest against changing conditions adversely. It is only through conflict that good ever comes in this world. So this labor conflict means the uplifting of laboring men and the bettering of their condition.

The distinction between compulsory and voluntary arbitration, he continued, is the distinction between a continued conflict and the supremacy of reason. There should always precede arbitration the attempt at conciliation. Compulsory arbitration is not to be thought of. If a law were made compelling workmen or employers to accede to a decree of the Court, under penalty, it never could be enforced. The distinction between compulsory arbitration and the public investigation of labor disputes has been, he thought, too little discussed. "I believe," said he, "in these public investigations." The permanent National Commission recommended is one that shall move quickly and fix the responsibility for any strike which it may have under investigation. The commission said, in its report to the President, that if employers everywhere endeavor to act in concert with labor, that if when wages can be raised voluntarily, and that if, when there are reductions, reasons be given for the reduction, much friction can be averted. It expressed itself as likewise satisfied that if employers will consider employees not less essential to industrial success than capital, and thus take labor into mutual consultation on all proper occasions, much of the severity of strikes can be tempered and their number reduced. Had an accommodating concession been made to the request of their employees by the authorities at Pullman, the commission believes the whole of the costly catastrophe would have been averted.

Southern Camp-Meeting.

The reader, by reference to the "Banner Correspondence" department, second page, will find Mr. A. Gaston's announcement that for satisfactory reasons the projected Southern Camp is abandoned for '95.

Thanksgiving.

On Thursday of this week occurred the annual Thanksgiving, which from a strictly colonial and local observance has become national, and to that extent continental. In the beginning and foundation of the custom it might have been called and considered religious in its character, but in its later evolution it has become altogether social, domestic and convivial, expressing the sentiments that belong naturally to reunions, and inviting to an enjoyment that bespeaks anything rather than the spirit of worship and sanctimonious conduct.

The day brings always in its train pleasant associations to some, but to many it is fraught with the sadness that settles like a heavy fog on the experience of their lives. It ought to be observed as a time of good cheer, however, whatever the past has lying piled against it in memory. Once a year, at least, it is well for us to gladden the heart and bury sorrow and sadness under social festivity. It is not good to indulge all the time in lugubrious thoughts and sad reminiscences. Some people affect a regret at the approach of this festive anniversary, because of the gaps it suggests in the continuity of their lives from the loss of fortune and friends. But it is far better to face all such experience cheerfully, and accept it with a contentment that betrays a harmonious spirit that believes all is well.

Thanksgiving is a day specially dedicated to family gatherings and friendly reunions. There is no other like it in all the year. It is the time of relaxation for the domestic spirit, and of expansion for the sentiment of relationship. The old roof-tree, wherever it is raised above human heads in city or country, rings at this time with the glad echoes of reunited families and scattered friends. Feasting takes the place of the work-a-day habits, and sets everything else aside. If only those who are favored do not fail to remember in the holiday season their less fortunate brethren, it will always make of the day a Thanksgiving indeed.

A Tribute to the Newspaper.

There was at least one speaker at the late Church Congress in Boston, who openly entertained an appreciative opinion of the modern newspaper, and the Sunday newspaper especially. That was Rev. Robert Holland of St. Louis. He held his audience spell-bound with his eloquent earnestness. By reason of the modern newspaper, said he, caste will ere long be impossible. No house, no spirit can shut out the life of humanity—high and low, rich and poor—that with the newspaper enters every door and leaves it wide open. The reader is forced to sorrow at the elbow of gaiety, and birth upon the breast of death, while sob and laugh, shout and wall, blessing and cursing and prayer all blend into an undertone which his busiest thought and purpose cannot hush.

He becomes what he reads, and his character is richer and more harmonic, because with life's higher tones the lower, too, are heard, as the alto of their soprano, the bass of their tenor, in a full-chorded humanity. The newspaper has perhaps no ethical intention in all this. Its chief and only aim may be profit, but that requires sales; and in order to sell it must supply the intelligence which men want, and men's wants, because they are human, are necessarily ethical, and meet in ethical scales whenever brought to knowledge that cannot avoid comparison and judgment. In the daily newspaper man lives the whole world's life, throbs by throb. The newspaper gives him a world-consciousness, the day that has no newspaper losing that much of the world's life from consciousness.

BANNER OF LIGHT.

Hearer of comforting words of cheer,
And joyous tidings from friends beyond;
Nearer to earth thou bringest heaven;
Newly cemented love's severed bond.
Ever new thoughts thou art sending forth,
Rays to illumine the misty earth;
Out of the old, with constant care,
Faithfully building temples rare;
Lifting men's burdens, and bringing light
Into the homes once darker than night;
Giving out knowledge of untold worth;
Heaven's own messenger, bearing naught;
Truth's standard-bearer enlightening earth.
Rockland, Me. MATILDA CUSHING SMITH.

Versus Vivisection.

A resolution was offered, and enthusiastically adopted, at the recent National Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in deep and strong condemnation of vivisection. It was presented by Mrs. Mary F. Lovell, from the department of mercy. Referring to the effort in Ohio to secure legislation to vivisection condemned criminals, it declared that confirmed the assertion frequently made that, owing to their inconclusive results, experiments on live animals do not protect human beings, but rather created a desire for them as subjects. And it proclaimed that the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union believes vivisection to be unnecessary and cruel, and that it is particularly demoralizing in tendency, when done before classes of young people. And it declared that the Union will endeavor to develop sentiment which may result in legislation for the entire abolition of the practice.

Mr. H. J. Bowtell.

By reference to our third page will be found a scholarly and pertinent essay on scientific Spiritualism by the above named gentleman, which all should read. True enough is it, as he says, in offset to the fine-spun "occult" and "psychical" theories now sought to be urged in explanation of the intelligent power manifesting in media presences: "The spirit claiming to be anything else other than a man or woman who has quitted the earthly body, has yet to be heard of."—Why cannot local societies of Spiritualists interest themselves to give this worthy worker a wider opportunity to appear on their platforms as a speaker? Try it, friends.

A correspondent—himself a prominent worker for the Cause—writes in reference to the "eleventh-hour" scientific contingent now wheeling into line to "psychically" appropriate what Spiritualism has won through years of storm and stress on the part of social and theological bigotry: "These new people know it all. Those of us who have for long practically studied, and earnestly defended the New Dispensation, are expected to fall beseechingly at the feet of these just-fledged Paladins! 'No thanks!'"

Mr. Moses Sweetser of Parkersburg, W. Va., called on us recently, and reported that interest in the Cause is growing more and more pronounced in that vicinity.

A Legal Point

Concerning the ordination of Spiritualist mediums and speakers is raised by R. B. Westbrook of Philadelphia, who writes us regarding the recent call therefor, printed in our columns as sent by President Barrett of the N. S. A.: "He [B.] assumes that any incorporated society may by a vote make lecturers and mediums ministers in the same sense in which the various religious organizations have ministers. Nothing could be more absurd! Does a simple incorporation give the right to ordain ministers? Certainly not, unless it is so 'nominated' in the charter, and though ordination papers should be voted and recorded by a thousand voluntary or incorporated societies that would not make one ordained minister in the sense in which the U. S. Government and Railway Companies understand these things. The Pennsylvania R. R. Company requires that ministers who claim half-fare tickets must reside on the line of the railroad and be pastors of churches. Would this apply to spiritualistic lecturers and mediums? I trow not." The remainder of his article is devoted to a general condemnation of the half-fare system as applied to the ministers of any and all churches, as a remnant of sacerdotalism.

Now, in the interests of the mediums of the country—to whose welfare THE BANNER stands pledged as it ever has throughout its long history—we would ask of the National Association in Washington: Is this point of Bro. Westbrook well taken? We are informed that President Barrett has done some marked service for the assistance of mediums and speakers when travelling to their appointments on the line of various railroads in this country. Has he ever encountered this "charter" objection, and in that case how was the point adjudicated?

A Warning Word.

In making an appeal for more faithful adherence to the rules of Christian duty in all the affairs of life, as well as in the church relations, Dr. Easton, of the Presbyterian church in Washington, said that never was the necessity for reform more pressing than now. The opportunities for public officers to acquire wealth by abusing their power have been a great temptation; storehouses and shops are filled with the products of industry, while the producers themselves by thousands are famishing for bread; enormous forests, and weeds or rank grass, cover millions of fertile acres owned by foreign or absentee landlords, while homeless laborers swarm the country, begging the privilege of toil. With the reign of monopolies, syndicates and trusts, this is all more or less dangerous to liberty, and a menace to free institutions.

Hosts of men are maimed or slaughtered by the insatiable greed of private corporations—railroad or otherwise—without a conscience. We allow an aristocratic régime to domineer over us. The human rights of the masses are ignored so as to swell the coffers of the few.

This kind of talk is held right in Washington, the national capital. It is not spoken in a spirit of defiance, so much as of indignant surprise that such things are possible. Unless there was fire somewhere, there never would be all this smoke in the air. Is there no remedy, no cure? If not, then civilization is a failure, and society itself a hollow farce. If as a people we are adequate to the creation of such an advanced state as we at present find ourselves in, surely we should be able to devise and apply methods that promise to prevent the disintegration of the structure we have erected and save it whole for the service and salvation of generations to come.

Life to the "Dead."

The request was recently made of the Governor of New York for permission to try the experiment of resuscitation on a condemned murderer who was to be electrocuted.

The reason accompanying the request was that the doctor making it was anxious to get a treatment for persons who have accidentally come in contact with electric wires, feeling convinced that the method of execution by electricity does not cause death. Dr. Gibbons desired to make the attempt at resuscitation as soon as the victim was pronounced dead by the attending physicians. He further requested that his experiment might be conducted in the presence of a committee of physiologists and electricians, to be selected by six of the leading medical colleges in the United States, and that Dr. Austin Flint of New York make one of the number. Dr. Gibbons, who made the request, is himself a physician of Syracuse. His idea is to restore life, as he believes can be done, to persons shocked to apparent death by electricity. This he claims to be able to do by means of a special apparatus invented by himself to produce artificial respiration. We understand, however, that the plan at the last moment was disarranged because of legal points at issue.

The company whose dynamos have so far been used declare positively that electricity was in no instance the cause of death, but that death was assured by the holding of an autopsy directly after the body had been taken from the electric chair. In this contention the company and the doctor are sustained by a number of physicians and scientists; the eminent French scientist, M. D'Arsonval, and Dr. A. H. Goelot, an American, for instance, both agreeing with them in the opinions expressed.

On our first page, in No. III. of his interesting series of "Twice-Told Tales," Mr. Henry Forbes of New York calls special attention to some of the thought-jewels that have glittered for years among the works of that veteran writer and eloquent expositor of the Cause, Dr. S. B. BRITTAN, who was, at his decease, "Editor-at-Large" for Spiritualism—and who cogently and crushingly replied to the various attacks of bigotry on the Spiritual Phenomena and Philosophy, which were made in the secular press of this country.

Read Miss Lottie Fowler's card on 7th page; also what a California correspondent says of her on our 8th page. She is a veteran among mediums, and richly worthy assistance and patronage.

On account of the *Banner's* forms being put to press on Monday night (Nov. 20), instead of Tuesday (a day in advance, because of Thanksgiving), many local reports, notices, etc., failed to reach us in time for use. We are informed that Mrs. D. B. Wagner, formerly known as Miss Pauline A. Horn—a member of Mr. A. J. Davis's Lyceum at Dodworth Hall, New York—passed to spirit-life at Brooklyn, Nov. 18.

"Indians Have Rights as well as White Men."

A sentence we encounter at the head of a special dispatch from Washington, printed in the *Boston Herald* for Nov. 28. That is true enough! THE BANNER for many years has been preaching that doctrine. It seems by this dispatch that in his report of this year Secretary Hoke Smith will make some recommendations on the subject of the Indian and his treatment which will prove to be novel reading in some quarters. For instance, he is expected to say that it has too long been the policy of the white men to take whatever they can from the Indians by working on them in divers ways, and that he considers it the duty of the government to pay as much attention to the rights of the red men as a trustee is supposed to pay to the rights of any one for whom it is holding a trust.

His recommendation on all pending matters will take into consideration the interests of the Indians and the government, and will be against throwing open for general entry under the homestead and mineral laws of the rich lands that should bring large sums of money. In all cases where there are minerals, as for instance in the Utah reservation in Utah, which is rich in the precious and useful metals, he would give plenty of opportunity for prospecting and inspection before the auction was made.

BRO. JAMES M. PEEBLES has a new way letter from the Pacific Slope, on our third page, to which attention is called. We hope the Spiritualists of the world will act upon his recommendation, in the opening paragraph, that they show their appreciation of Luther Colby "by subscribing for THE BANNER."

Dr. Horace L. Bowker

Passed to spirit-life Wednesday morning, 21st ult., at his home in Roxbury, Mass., after two years' illness, of heart disease.

Dr. Bowker will long be remembered for the earnestness with which he entered upon any measure he sought to promote. As a progressive thinker, an advanced writer, he was ever at the forefront to aid any cause which lay near to his heart. He was always opposed to any measures which interfered with the rights of the people to decide as to the practitioners they would like to employ; and fought fearlessly and earnestly against all "doctors' plot bills."

He was one of the finest chemists of his day, and had held the office of State Assayer for the past fifteen years.

As a legislator he was honest, affable, public-spirited, energetic and painstaking. In private life he was upright, benevolent, courteous and approachable. Because he possessed all these qualities he will be greatly missed.

The Newest Dictionary.

The people, eager to obtain the new Funk & Wagnall's Standard Dictionary, must bear the delay patiently. The publishers have promised to bring out the work within a week or so more. The delivery has been delayed by reason of the immense work necessary to put on the finishing touches. By actual count the dictionary contains, exclusive of the appendix, 301,825 vocabulary words and phrases, to which should be added 47,463 entries of other words. Great care has been exercised to exclude all useless words. High testimonials are constantly being received from leading educational authorities in America and Europe. All who have seen the work are loud in its praise.

W. L. Douglas a Benefactor.

W. L. Douglas, the maker of the famous shoes, is a practical benefactor of his many employees; his latest act is the providing of free medical attendance for them in order that they may be able to care for their health without making a drain on their savings. In many other ways he exhibits a kind interest in the numerous employees, who have a real regard for him, born from the personal relation he has established between manufacturer and help. In the same line, it is to be noted, that Mr. Douglas is a firm believer in arbitration. His example is likely to be followed by the men who are shrewd enough to read the signs of the times, and benevolent enough to feel that they ought to do all they can to promote the health and welfare of the men and women who are laboring to increase their prosperity and prestige.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE FOR 1895—Some important illustrated articles which will appear in early numbers are, "Old Milk Street," by Hamilton A. Hill; "Round About Monandoc," by Dr. Edward Emerson; "Horace Mann," by Frank A. Hill, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education; "Harriet Beecher Stowe," by George Willis Cooke; "Sir William Perrell and the Capture of Louisiana"; "Old New England Songs"; "Dartmouth College"; "The Harvard Annex"; "Lowell Mason"; "Raleigh's Lost Colony"; "The Part of Massachusetts Men in the Ordinance of 1787"; "The Boston Public Library"; and "New England in Chicago," by Edward Isham. The series of articles on our towns will be continued by Charles Carleton Coffin and Dr. Samuel A. Green. Many strong articles on social and educational subjects will be published in the coming year; and poetry and fiction will be well represented. Warren F. Kellogg, publisher, Boston.

Luther Colby.

Liberals everywhere will regret to hear that Mr. Luther Colby, the veteran editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT, is dead.

Mr. Colby was a fearless advocate of Spiritualism, to the advancement of which he devoted many years of his life; and, though not exempt from the trying vicissitudes incident to the establishment of a class journal, he finally succeeded in making that journal a power in the development of spiritualistic thought. THE BANNER OF LIGHT is the oldest and best known spiritual paper in the world, largely owing to the earnest, honest and intelligent zeal and fidelity of Mr. Colby. It was one of the first liberal journals that honored THE INDEPENDENT PULPIT with an exchange, and during our twelve years of journalistic work, no one has treated us with more courtesy than he has kindly offered, despite the fact that our views were quite far apart on many subjects. Mr. Colby gave every evidence of being a sincere believer in Spiritualism, and he always had the courage of his convictions; but in addition to this he was a true Liberal, as we interpret Liberalism; and now that he has passed away, we mourn his departure as that of a loved and cherished friend, though we never saw him.

His life was a long and laborious one, and withal full of honor and benevolence. May he rest in peace, and may many like him arise to carry on the work of liberalizing the race.—THE INDEPENDENT PULPIT, Waco, Tex.

The superiority of the application of the Electric Light in Lung and Heart Troubles, Catarrhal and Nervous Affections, has necessitated its adoption in many Sanatoriums of first rank, and the fact that a large number of the most prominent people of Boston have availed themselves of this scientific method is the best evidence in the world of the success of the Electric Light Medical Institute, "The Pelham," 74 Boylston Street.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—We shall be obliged to our readers if they will send us the name and address of any Spiritualist who is not a regular subscriber.

If you like THE BANNER, speak a good word for it whenever you have a chance. It will be appreciated.

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