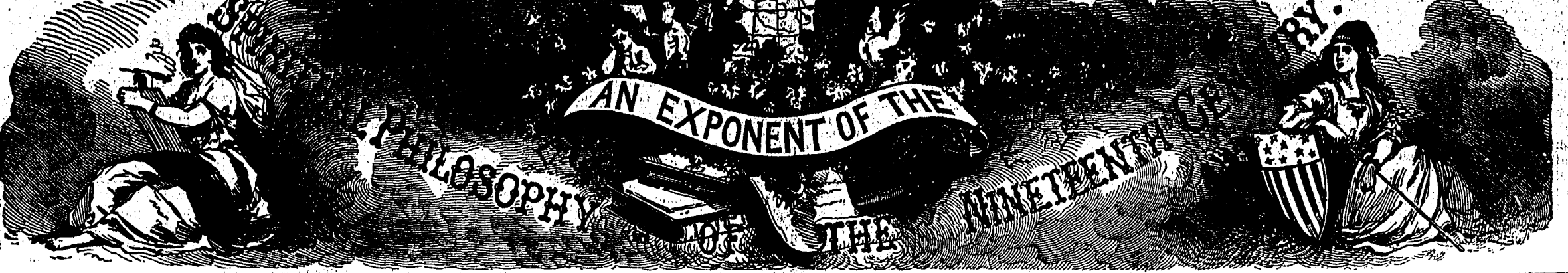


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 3.

(From The Two Worlds.)

## ANOTHER PLEA FOR PURITY.

'Tis true that mediums should be pure—  
We all admit this fact, I'm sure;  
But now, before we further roam,  
Let us just take a "look at home."

Do we assist them all we can  
To work out Reason's noble plan?  
Do we live pure, consistent lives,  
And help a medium as he strives,  
That he may fit us plainly see  
A reflex of true purity?  
A medium's peculiar state,  
Its influence—temptations great—  
The negative must even be  
A state of great uncertainty.

Now, thinking friends, both far and wide,  
Look at this subject "open-eyed,"  
And do not expect there to be borne  
Grapes on a tree while you, the thorn,  
Fall to do all you can within  
To stem the tide of secret sin.  
Walsall, Eng.

"STICK PHAST."

## The Spiritual Bostrum.

### Thoughts About Immortality.

A Discourse delivered at Onset Bay Camp, on  
Sunday, Aug. 12th, 1894.

BY JAMES K. APPLEBEE.

(Specially reported for the Banner of Light.)

EMERSON wrote: "Wherever man ripens, this audacious belief (in immortality) presently appears, in the savage, savagely; in the good, purely. As soon as thought is exercised, this belief is inevitable; as soon as virtue glows, this belief confirms itself. It is a kind of summary or completion of man. It cannot rest on a legend; it cannot be quoted from one to another; it must have the assurance of a man's faculties that they can fill a larger theatre and a longer term than Nature here allows him."

While indicating, in that passage, what is, perhaps, the most powerful argument in favor of the Doctrine of Immortality—that man is conscious of faculties capable of filling "a larger theatre and a longer term than Nature here allows him"—Emerson rightly characterizes the belief as "audacious." Perhaps, however, in its very audacity an argument may be found in its support. It is certainly the most daring of all beliefs man ever entertained. This mortal life of ours is so grand a thing that no poet was ever yet endowed with capacity of utterance so perfect as to be able completely to express for us our full sense of its grandeur. The feeling that life is a burden, is a morbid feeling—an indication of mental disorder and disease. "The healthy state of mind," says Emerson, "is the love of life. What is so good, let it endure." Only an exceptionally few men have had reason to cry out with the despairing old prophet: "Now, oh, Lord, take away my life!" If we take our earthly life at the poorest, there is more of joy in it than of sorrow—more of happiness than of incurable woe. Hence it is that in all ages men have foolishly thought of death with a vague, creeping fear; and our Spiritualism has at least done this great good to humanity—that it has taken away this old, cowardly fear of death! The great Spiritualist poet, Shakespeare, who was philosophical enough to write "the sense of death is most in apprehension," was yet too faithful a delineator of humanity to omit to indicate the vague terrors with which an active imagination, without much strength of moral backbone to support it, could surround the thought of death. Hence in his "Measure for Measure," he makes the moral coward, Claudio, say:

"Ay, but to die, and go we know not where:  
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;  
This sensible warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;  
Or blown with restless violence round about  
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst  
Of those that lawless and uncaring thoughts  
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!  
The weariness and most loathed human life  
That ages, ache, penury and imprisonment  
Can lay on Nature, is a paradise  
To what we fear of death."

It is very true: "The weariness and most loathed human life" is a paradise to what many men have feared of death. But Spiritualism teaches us to outgrow this fear; and enables us to see that the fear of death is but the "fear of the young bird to trust its wings."

EARTH-LIFE MUST BE TAKEN AT ITS AVERAGE.

In estimating, however, the value of this earth-life we must take it at its average; we must take it as we ourselves, who are not average folk, know it; for if we are not the happiest people in the world it is entirely our own fault if we are the most miserable. Take life as we average folk know it, and think of what belongs to it. Last night I sat on the knoll yonder, and saw the sun set in grandeur, and the moon rise in serene and silent majesty. I thought that the pleasure of looking on that scene, but for once, was cheaply purchased at the cost of all the troubles my earthly life had known. Everything about us is lovely. Joad-day leaping over the eastern hills to arouse the world from slumber; queenly night, wearing her coronet of stars, as she shrouds earth in her sacred darkness; the budding leaf and the insect gorgeously arrayed living happily thereon; the awful storms shaking the solid hills, and stirring up to fury the waters of the seas; all these things are superbly beautiful—and we have some perception of their beauty, and some power to appreciate the beauty we perceive. But much more than this belongs to our life. Robert Browning wrote:

"God dwells in all,  
From life's minute beginnings up at last  
To man—the consummation of this scheme  
Of being, the completion of this sphere  
Of life; whose attributes had here and there  
Been scattered o'er the visible world before,  
Asking to be combined, dim fragments meant  
To be united in some wondrous whole.  
In perfect qualities throughout creation,  
Suggesting some one creature yet to make,  
Some point where all those scattered rays could meet  
Convergent in the faculties of man."

It is scientifically true creation converges in man. All that which is now in man had its beginnings in something beneath man. All through the untold ages Nature has kept up an accelerated march, and her present goal is MAN. He is the rich inheritor of all that the ages have produced. All the past lives in him, giving grandeur, dignity and worth to his present. And surely to live such a life, so served and so enriched, even though it be but for a few poor years, and even though, through those years there run many wrecks of hope, and fancy and of happiness, is a quite priceless boon.

To live but for one brief natural year, to witness but once the stately march of the seasons—the fresh beauty of but one spring, the rosy loveliness of but one summer, the mellow dignity of but one autumn, the fading away of the years' life into the beautiful death of but one winter—to witness this but once, with a consciousness of its moving beauty, with a perception of the endless changes of light and shade, that but one year presents, this would be a boon the entire worth of which we have absolutely no adequate means of estimating. How audacious, then, is the thought that man holds a life which no death can conquer, which no grave can hold, which time's fingers can never efface, which annihilation cannot touch, and which will spread out and out, in ever greater grandeur, through an eternal day whose dawning will never be done, and over which the shades of night can never fall!

This is a belief so stupendous as to point to the conclusion that only a being destined to realize such a daring thought could ever be capable of conceiving it.

How did man get the belief? There never was a time when it was not held. Material Nature does not teach it. There is no process in Nature so completely illustrative of it as even to suggest it to a man who had not previously gotten it in some other way. We have been told that the butterfly, rising from its pupa case, is analogous to the fact of man's immortality. The analogy fails. It rather illustrates the doctrine of eternal death than that of eternal life. The butterfly lives through one brief summer day and then—dies! So far as Nature teaches there is no resurrection for the dead butterfly. Again, we have been told that the spring, when the life of the year is freshly bursting into greenness and beauty, suggests the doctrine. Again the analogy fails. The flowers which burst regularly with the year's warmth into beautiful life, just as regularly fade away to death when nipped by winter's regularly recurring cold. For everything that Nature reveals there is no immortal life for any flower. These supposed analogies are no analogies at all. There is nothing in material Nature to suggest the belief.

IT IS PECULIARLY AN INSPIRATION OF THE SPIRIT!

It belongs to man as man. It is a sublime, audacious product of inspired human thought.

Emerson tells us of two Americans of distinction who, in their time, took an active part in American politics. They were members of the Senate; and when their public duties were over they daily returned to each other and spent much time in conversation on the immortality of the soul. At length it happened that one left the Senate, and, as their homes were wide asunder, it chanced that they never met again until twenty-five years afterward. They then met at a crowded reception at the White House. "Slowly," says Emerson, "they advanced toward each other as they could through the brilliant company, and at last met—said nothing, but shook hands long and cordially. At length one said: 'Any light, Albert?' 'None,' replied Albert. 'Any light, Lewis?' 'None,' replied Lewis. Then they shook hands and parted, never in the flesh to meet again." "But," wisely continues Emerson, "I should say that the impulse which drew these minds to this inquiry through so many years was a better affirmative evidence than their failure to find a confirmative was negative." "Here is this wonderful thought, but whence came it? Who put it in the mind? It was not I, it was not you—it is elemental! It belongs to thought and virtue; and whenever we have either we see the beams of this light."

There is a dangerous side to everything; and there is danger, as the history of all the churches amply proves, that a belief in the after-life may lead to a certain disparagement of this life. There is danger that men may get a distaste for this world in an over-longing for that other world; and that they may permit things of time to go to "sixes and sevens" in order that things of eternity may be sharply looked after. Here Spiritualism again comes in to help us. It teaches us that the man in time who permits things to go "sixes and sevens," will find that in the other world, for him, things will still go to "sixes and sevens," and that his only chance of making them even will be to amend his own personal ways. A man does not become a noble man—whatever may be his death-bed confessions—by going through that process of life which we call death. He is only removed to another plane of being, and he must personally restrain him-

self from his meanness if he would ever become noble.

I freely admit that a belief in personal immortality is not an essential to righteous living. But if people like George Eliot and Harriet Martineau have been able to live very full and very noble lives, without the consolation this belief is generally supposed to give, numberless other people, to whom the belief represents a priceless reality, have led lives just as full and just as noble. If the lives of the one class go to show that the belief is not essential to moral action, the lives of the other class go to show that the belief is not necessarily prejudicial to moral action. But this is not enough. Individual cases, on either side, prove nothing. Most certainly, if the belief be true, then men and women in the mass would be the better for believing in it. If the doctrine be true, then there is one thing belonging to me of which I shall never be able to rid myself. That one thing is myself—I never shall be able to rid myself of myself. The true wisdom of life consists, therefore, in making one's self as agreeable to one's self as possible. In spite of the tremendous egotism characteristic of humanity, no man, no false man, no cowardly man was ever yet entirely agreeable to himself. As I must live forever, and forever be destined to find myself in my own company, then let me make myself as decent a fellow as possible. There are things from which I shall never be able to get away; my own meanness, if I continue mean; my own falsehood, if I continue false; my own cowardice, if I continue cowardly. As my eternal destiny must be the eternal fulfillment of myself let me take care that the fulfillment of myself shall be the completion in myself of some nobleness, of some truth, of some bravery!

We see, then, what a fine incentive to virtuous action a belief in immortality may be made. Is it not as true of life as it is true of every possession of life—that carefulness of use largely depends on length of lease? If I take a house for a short term I am mainly careful that it should serve me for my term. If my lease of life is bounded by the cradle and the grave, then I am only careful to make life serve me for the term I am destined to hold it. What serves me, what gratifies my taste, my ambition and my desire, may not serve my neighbor—may not gratify the taste, ambition and desire of my neighbor. My agnostic friends tell me that I must live beyond myself, that I must crush out my tastes, ambitions and desires for the sake of the perfected humanity that is to be; that I must deny myself, get myself crucified inside out or upside down, that I may achieve an impersonal immortality—which is no immortality at all—and so join the non-existent "choir invisible," out of whose shames and agonies the humanity which is to be will find benefit. But selfishness is selfishness. If it be selfishness in one man to benefit himself at the expense of six men, it is equally or more selfish in the six men to benefit themselves at the expense of the one. Lapse of time makes no difference. If it be selfish in me to find benefit in the crucifixion of six people to-day, it will be selfish in any six people, six millions of years hence, to find benefit in my crucifixion to-day. If it be selfish in one man to get a benefit to himself at the expense of humanity, it is infinitely more selfish in humanity to get a benefit at the expense of the one man. The universe is based on the principle of fair play. The dice of the gods are never loaded. The universe to me is my conscious self in it; and justice demands that I myself should reap the harvest of blessing or of bane that comes of my action. I belong to the "choir invisible" in any case. But I belong to something more. I am one of the personal forces which have made humanity what it is. I shall be one of the personal forces which will help to make humanity what it is destined to be in the eternal ages which are before it.

Assuming, then, the doctrine of an immortal life to be true, there are two things which would seem to be open to legitimate speculation: First, the whereabouts of the immortal life, and second, the nature of the immortal life.

THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE IMMORTAL LIFE.  
The notions generally entertained as to the whereabouts of the immortal life are very contradictory. Although men have got rid of the old astronomical idea which made this little earth of ours the centre of the universe, and the firmament a solid vault, with sun, moon and stars hung about it to serve the earth as day and night lamps—although science has rent, as it were, this firmament asunder, and disclosing illimitable space, has demonstrated that the sun, moon and stars do not give light to us alone, and that our earth is but one particle amid the myriads upon myriads of particles of gold dust that sprinkle universal space—yet this old astronomical mistake about the solid firmament still leaves its traces on our common speech, and still lives in the notions men commonly entertain of immortality.

Men still speak of heaven as up there, and of hell as down there—while yet we know that in this universe there is no "up" nor "down" at all. What we now call "up" will in a few hours be "down," and what we call "down" will in a few hours be "up."

Many of the early Christian fathers believed there were three heavens—the third resting on the second, the second resting on the first, the first—the solid firmament—resting on the earth. The first heaven, the firmament, was supposed to comprise the space occupied by the denser air, and within it the clouds, the winds and the birds ranged. The second heaven they called the heaven of the stars; and all about it the planets, to give light to the earth, were hung

(Continued on second page.)

## 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 IV.—CONTINUED.

I was now free for Elmwood, and the house was open for my inspection; from the library I wandered up stairs, and after looking at the large guest chambers, I turned into an entry and soon found myself in an apartment that seemed fitted up by fairy hands. The bedstead with its white drapery and its wrought muslin canopy, falling from a wreath of flowers, and festooned with heavy silk cord and tassels; the furniture, so light and airy-looking; the cheerful carpet, with its tiny bouquets of flowers; the few choice, elegantly bound volumes; the harp in one corner; the delicately wrought little work-box; the Bohemian vases; the large oval mirror, and the cornice molded in imitation of the most delicate vines and flowers, were all in harmony, and the whole made the room a dwelling-place for a fairy. There were but three pictures; two of them were draped, but the one over the mantel, which was uncovered, was a Cupid amid the flowers. I ventured to lay aside the drapery from one of the others. Ah! here was Miss Lillie, the fairy of the enchanted room. No wonder they called her by that name—none could be more appropriate. A most beautifully formed head and shoulders seemed rising from a mass of gold and purple-hued clouds; the face was fair and delicate as a little child's, and over the plump, white shoulders hung light brown curls, that looked as if a breath would stir them. The dancing blue eyes were shaded by long, drooping eye lashes, and the little mouth, with the rich red lips, looked as if made to kiss and be kissed.

I stood and gazed in loving admiration. "No wonder, Miss Lillie, that they let you have your own way; who could resist such a face as that?" It was full of childish grace and sweetness, and I blame no man, even if he was "fit to lead an army," as Mrs. Green said, for worshipping such an idol. The strength of the sternest man becomes weakness before such beauty, and no doubt his love guards her tenderly from the rough winds of this world. I could hardly turn away from it, and when I laid the drapery back, it was with a tender, loving hand, as a mother would lay the covering over her beautiful babe.

More eagerly, and with the usual feminine curiosity, I now drew aside the covering of the companion picture. "Good heavens, how like! It is—must be; no other human being could so resemble him! They are his eyes; I know them, for I feel their influence over me at this moment. I shall faint if I turn away; but while they are upon me I am strong. Charles Herbert, how came you here? It cannot be—no, no!—and yet, no wonder; such a face as I have been gazing at would draw an angel from Paradise; but in my once insane worship I believed you nearer God than angels, if angels can fall."

I hastily drew away the covering from Lillie again, and looked upon the two portraits together; the perfect feminine grace of the one, and manly beauty of the other, formed a fine contrast. "Lillian Gomez—Lillian Gomez," I repeated; "can that be the name of Charles Herbert's wife?" I tried to recall if I had ever heard it; but then I remembered I had said to my father, "Don't tell me who he married; I never wish to hear the name," and the subject had always been studiously avoided in my father's family. But then he did not marry in the United States; and how could the family be here in this little country village? I tried to think that it was all a mistake—that Miss Lillie was not his wife; but I could not cheat my own heart. The portrait I was sure was Charles Herbert's; in that I could not be deceived; and as I continued gazing upon it, the same feeling of confidence came over me as of old. He had done no wrong; there is a mystery, but no faithlessness—strange what a power that face had over me to deepen that impression! and as I continued to look, I stood self-condemned, for I had been faithless to the vows which I had taken. Charles Herbert was the husband of another woman, and I was cherishing his letters, reading them at stated times, and guarding them carefully "from my husband's eye." "You, Bertha Lee," said my conscience, "are the guilty one, and you must now do penance for your sin. Go home and burn all those cherished letters, and those little mementoes of your early love; keep nothing back, lest, like Ananias and Sapphira, you suffer for your sin." "They are more precious to you than anything else you possess," said my heart. "So much the better, then, for a sacrifice," conscience replied. "The ancient Jews were commanded to bring a lamb without blemish, the best of the fruit, the finest of the wheat, the firstling of the flock. Go home and do likewise; and when that is done, raze all

memory of Charles Herbert from your soul, and forget that he ever lived."

There was no sternness in the face looking so serenely down upon me, but the eyes that beamed so kindly, spoke approval. I saw my guilt in cherishing the memory of another, and I felt unworthy to meet those eyes again.

Slowly and reluctantly I drew the covering over the picture, as I would lay the pall over the corpse of one who had been dear to me in life, but was now to be forever hidden from my sight. Death! it was a more complete separation than death makes, for then memory is permitted to linger upon the past, but now thought was crime. There is no death like this alienation of the living.

I hastened home. Mr. Gray was still at his sermon, and as I passed the study door, I felt a tenderer feeling toward him, as one whom I had wronged. Mrs. Dennis was busy fricasseeing the chicken, and I must assist in getting dinner on the table; but I was so fearful that my courage would fail, that I was impatient of any delay. To my surprise, Mr. Gray was very affable at dinner, praised Aunt Paul's cooking, spoke of the beauty of the day, and invited me to ride with him as far as Mount Ararat, to visit Aunt Ruthy.

I consented willingly at first, but when the horse was harnessed I recollected that it was a colt that had never been thoroughly broken, and that even Nellie, who did not lack for courage, pronounced it unsafe to ride after him. Mr. Gray had bought the horse about the time of our marriage with some money my father had given us to buy a complete dining and tea-set of china; but as I had inherited my mother's, and our house was very small, we concluded to omit that purchase. "Prince," as we called him, was very restless, and it was almost impossible for Mr. Gray to hold him at all. "Oh dear!" I exclaimed, "I shall never dare to ride—I do wish, Mr. Gray, you would sell Prince and buy a steady family horse that Helen and I can manage; we should enjoy it very much."

"I do not think it suitable or becoming for women to drive horses," said Mr. Gray, "and then I cannot afford to keep such a horse as you mention. I bought Prince cheap because he is so young, and I intend to train him and sell him after awhile for a much larger sum than I gave."

I said no more, but in great fear seated myself, hoping that when we were on the high road, Prince would sober down a little. But he had no idea of sobriety, and ventured upon various exhibitions of his agility, giving us to understand very clearly that he had no fancy for curb and rein. Mr. Gray had all he could do to manage him, so that our ride was a silent one, for I was afraid even to confess my own timidity.

I was rejoiced, at last, when we caught sight of Aunt Ruthy's little red house, and found myself safely seated in her little parlor. Surely the striped homespun carpet, the white fringed curtains, and the polished cherry table, never looked so inviting before.

The old lady was all hospitality and cheerfulness; she had on her cap, with bright ribbons, and a large figured delaine, and she stepped about with far more agility than a modern boarding-school miss. We must stay to tea; she could not think of our coming to Mount Ararat without taking a cup of tea; she would have it early, so that we could go home before dark, as I was timid. It was a wonder to me how she managed, in so short a time, to bring forward such a variety—the most delicious bread, cake, custards, pies, cold meat, etc. To have tasted all the specimens of her handiwork would have been too great a task for one person. Her hospitality was enlivened by her busy tongue, that kept moving, giving us a description of her farm, her neighbors, the early history of the town, all in such a good humored, happy way, without any slander, that it was pleasant to hear her. "I was so amused that I forgot my fears of Prince, and when the time came to go home was quite calm, concluding that as he had brought us there safely, he could also take us home. Unfortunately for my hopes, little Jimmy Smith came along just as the carriage was driven to the door, with his wheelbarrow, on which was an empty barrel; now I have always observed that a high-spirited horse has as great a dread of a wheelbarrow as his master of a ghost, and generally takes the same mode of escape. I had come out of the dooryard gate, and was waiting for a moment, till Mr. Gray should dispose of a basket containing some of Aunt Ruth's nice cheese, when Jimmy's whistle caused Prince to prick up his ears, and turn his head a little, when lo! the wheelbarrow was discovered. In a second he darted off, and we might, as we have had the whirlwind cease as try to stop him.



Mr. Gray was thrown upon the ground, but not seriously hurt; the carriage was broken, as we could easily perceive, for one wheel was left behind, as Prince flew down the hill and up the road to the distant farmhouses. We could see him for a long distance, and he seemed to go faster and faster, as if he thought the wheelbarrow pursuing him, intent on vengeance.

Mr. Gray poked himself up; he did not swear, (he was a minister,) but as he brushed the dust from his black coat, his dark eyes flashed fire, and his cone-pressed lips told of wrath within. "I'll teach that horse to be afraid of a wheelbarrow," he muttered between his teeth.

"Bless the Lord for your escape, my dear child!" said Aunt Ruthy, as she clasped me in her arms. "If I hadn't happened to think of that cheese just as you went out, you would certainly have been killed. I'll always give a minister a piece of cheese when he comes to see me. Come in now, and when the milking is done, I'll drive you home in the yellow wagon. There's no danger with old Dobbin; he knows what a wheelbarrow is, and is never disturbed by anything, any more than old Mrs. Sloan, who says nothing troubles her now, for her feet are on a rock with spurs."

As Aunt Ruthy spoke, a carriage came from toward Mount Ararat, drawn by two large noble bays. A portly gentleman was driving slowly, as if enjoying the fine sunset, just then visible.

"Ha! there comes Capt. John!" said Aunt Ruthy, "just in time; nothing he likes better than to help the ladies out of trouble."

He stopped, as he saw the group, and on learning our trouble, said that Prince would probably come to a halt at farmer Wood's, where he was raised, and who lived on that road, about two miles from Ararat. By this time, Aunt Ruthy's son and a hired man came to the gate, and they proposed to take Dobbin and go with Mr. Gray, to assist him in getting Prince home.

"And I shall be most highly honored," said the captain, "if Mrs. Gray will take a seat in my carriage."

Mr. Gray frowned slightly; the arrangement did not suit him; perhaps he thought I should be safer to ride after Dobbin; but there seemed no alternative, and he bowed stiffly to the captain as he assisted me into the carriage. The captain was a fine-looking man still, though he had seen three score years; his florid complexion contrasted well with the abundant gray hair and white whiskers; he had sense enough to know that dyeing said hair and whiskers would mar the artistic beauty of his head and face.

As I sprang into the carriage, he smiled and said: "Many a time have I seen your mother spring as lightly as that; she was a gay little body, and very fond of a fine horse and fast riding. I shall never forget her pleasure in riding after my 'Gray,' one of the finest horses I ever owned, all life and mettle, but gentle as a dove, and when I gave her the rein, would fly over the ground like a bird on the wing. I loved to watch your mother's face; her eyes would sparkle, and she could hardly keep quiet for the pleasure. Ah, Mrs. Gray, a lovely woman and a fine horse are two of the most beautiful objects in the world."

"And yet," said I laughingly, "you have taken so much pleasure in the society of the latter, that you have never allowed yourself to be fettered by the former."

At once his hand dropped, and the reins hung listlessly in it, while his countenance assumed a grave, sad expression.

"Mrs. Gray, I might as well tell you at once the great misfortune of my life. Your mother's sister was my affianced wife—you know the sad story of her early death. It was your Aunt Bertha whose memory is kept green in your family by your name; but no outward token was needed for me. I believe in God, in heaven, in the reunion of kindred souls, or life would have been so great a burden that I should long before this have laid it down."

I was silent, for I had no words for reply. There is something in the constancy of man, in this cherishing of a youthful love amid all the stern realities of a busy life, that appeals with wonderful force to a woman's heart.

We are called more fickle, perhaps with truth; but for that very reason we may value this life-long faith in a man. There was a pause, which the captain was the first to break.

"I have told you this, Mrs. Gray, that you might fully understand the foundation of that friendship which existed between your parents and myself. It is many years since I mentioned her name; it will be as many, perhaps, before I mention it again!" and as he spoke he grasped the reins more tightly—the horses understood the sign, and with heads erect they started off at a fine pace. "Allow me to drive you around by the Glen road," said the captain; "it terminates in a carriage path on my friend Gomez's grounds. I am expecting him to-day, and should like once more to see the stone cottage open."

"Where has he been residing?" I asked timidly.

"His home is in Cuba—[ah, me, Cuba had been Charles Herbert's home, I said to myself, but his daughter, when quite a child, spent some time in this village, and persuaded her father to build here, and sometimes spend his summers in the village. She is a beautiful little tropical flower; lost her mother when an infant, and has been the pet and idol of the household since; can turn her strong self-willed father, and guide him as she wishes. She was married when a mere girl [how I tried to still my beating heart] to Charles Herbert, as noble a fellow as ever trod this earth. I will some day hunt up Gomez's letter, giving an account of Lillian's marriage; it was quite a romantic affair. They became acquainted on board ship, and there was shipwreck and death, and I can't tell you all, but enough to make a modern sensational novel. As she is to be your neighbor, you will feel an interest in her history, and I will call and bring that letter with me. Why, yes, indeed, you will, for now I remember Charles Herbert was a native of your own native place. I have often heard him speak of your family. Do you remember him?" and the captain turned quickly toward me.

"Yes, I saw him frequently when we were children."

"How pale you look, Mrs. Gray! [We were riding near the edge of a steep bank.] Do not be alarmed; my bays are perfectly steady, trusty and well-tried friends. I can hardly wonder at your agitation, though, for Prince is a vicious animal, and your husband will of course part with him after this overturn."

Poor Prince! for once he was guiltless; I had not thought of him since I entered Captain John's carriage.

## CHAPTER V. THE RETROSPECT.

POOR Mr. Gray! I pitied him, for he was one of that class that are easily annoyed by accidents. The carriage was almost ruined; it would cost him fifty dollars, he said, to have it repaired; the harness was broken, and, as for Prince, he supposed that he would now think he must run for every little rascal with a wheelbarrow. I had some fears about the ending of the sermon, lest the denunciations upon poor Esau would be more full of bitterness than the passage itself warranted, and my fears proved correct, for even Deacon Abram declared that the doctrine was rather "strong meat." Aunt Paul didn't say one word; her silence of late on these matters surprised me. Sunday afternoon I excused myself from attending church, and, of course, was alone in the house. There was an open fire in the sitting-room, and thither I brought my treasures—first, a large package of letters; the little printed notes signed "Charlie," where it was evident the tiny fingers had worked hard to imitate the letters in the spelling-book; then the rude attempts at writing; then the stiff schoolboy hand; and last, the handsome flowing writing that indicated the man of business. I had indulged myself in reading them once over; and now, though I could hardly read for the tears that blinded my eyes, I opened the last:

"DEAR BERTHA—I leave Boston to-morrow for Cuba. Now that my mother is no more, I have no regret at leaving, save that you are not with me. It will seem very strange to have the ocean between us, will it not—we that have never been more than thirty miles apart in our lives?"

It will be like losing half my own life, when I cannot see or hear from you. There is something singular in our friendship. It has always seemed to me as if I had met you in another world than this, and that we shall live together in the long eternity beyond.

Morning.—My employers came in while I was writing this, and we were kept busy all night making out orders. The wind is fair, and the vessel will leave in a few minutes. Farewell, my best friend on earth.

CHARLES HERBERT.

This tear-stained letter was added to the group. Then came little toys, boxes, and, hardest of all to part with, were some little wooden temples and chairs, that he had carved with his own hand. My tears were flowing fast, but I looked upon my work as an expiating offering; and though I shed tears enough to have quenched the flames which consumed these treasures, I saw them burn with a grim satisfaction that I was doing my duty; and if I had committed a sin in marrying without that affection which a wife should possess for her husband, I would at least never wrong him, even in thought. These mementoes should have been destroyed before marriage, but the task was then too hard.

A few minutes I sat watching the eager, hungry fire seize my treasures, as a fierce, wild animal devours its prey—my heart longing to tear them away, but my conscience adding fuel to the flame, lest one stray leaf should escape. I have seen a man at midnight stand helpless as a child, and watch the wild fire, leaping and crackling round his home, knowing that in a few moments the gains of a laborious life would be all consumed; and yet he was calm outwardly. And thus I sat amid the wreck of what had once made life so dear.

There was nothing left now but the watch, and a manuscript giving its history. The watch itself was very valuable, but I would have given it in a moment for one of the little boyish letters which I had first destroyed. I do not destroy it, for Mr. Gray had no watch, and frequently used this. Ay, I have it! I will dedicate it to his use; it shall no longer be a memento for me, but merely a time-piece for Mr. Gray. The manuscript I will copy, lest the sight of that familiar handwriting should make my heart swoon one moment from its duty. I carried it at once and hung it over Mr. Gray's writing-desk. When I awoke, I sat down beside the white ashes on the hearth, weak and exhausted from my self-inflicted torture. I think there was self-righteousness in my heart, for I knelt, and thus I prayed: "Oh, my Father, accept this sacrifice, and enable me to be faithful unto death to my husband, I tried to say, but alas! the word died on my lip, and I murmured, 'to him to whom I owe affection and duty.' Alas! alas! the watch which I sought came not, and my poor heart seemed further than ever from it."

I resolved that, as I was now entering on a new period of life, I would take a retrospect of the past, then lock the door, throw the key away, and live for the present. Yes—to-morrow I will write a history of my life thus far, and then commit it to the flames. This review of the past is a sad pleasure, sometimes permitted to the dying.

This garret window is very pleasant. I have washed it, and the little glass panes are clear as crystal, and admit the warm beams of the October sun. I can see the sky, which is very clear and blue to-day, and the distant hills. They are little spurs of the Green Mountains, and look blue too, because of their distance, I suppose; and nearer are orchards where the fruit hangs ripening in the sun, catching the gold and the crimson hues which this great source of light and heat so freely gives, but giving is not impoverishing. I can see, also, many little farmhouses scattered among the hills. I know the faces of some of the dwellers already, for almost all go to my husband's church. I cannot see Elmwood from here, and I am very glad, for it would recall thoughts to which I must forbid entrance to my heart. From our guest-chamber below I can see it, and the Fairy room too, and I am not sure but I could even see the picture. That room would not do for me, and I am glad it is consecrated to hospitality.

There is a little gem of a house in a green nook at the foot of a hill, yonder. It is hidden by trees and shrubbery, but I can see the bow window, filled now with plants in bloom, and in the yard near is a baby's carriage, and a little girl is drawing her baby brothers, now and then stopping to give him flowers. We are invited to visit there to-morrow, for Mr. Reed, the owner of the pretty place, has just brought home a young wife, to cheer his own solitude, and be a mother to his two children. Poor man! I can really think such a little one! A few years, and other children will fill the house, and she who believes that she can gather these motherless ones to her heart, and love them as her own, will find a new and strange feeling filling her bosom, and henceforth she will "strive to do her duty to these; but alas for children who have not a mother's love to rest upon. In all their little mothers-in-law in this world, I believe it, because I know there are angels here in disguise. But we see them seldom. Ah! me! how my memory runs back to one sad night of my own childhood. I have a very shadowy, indistinct remembrance of the tears and gloom. And dying bed, the weeping friends. I was aroused from sleep—as was my little brother—who slept beside me—and taken to my mother, who lay pale and speechless in bed. My father lifted me in his arms, lay my cheek to hers, and she kissed me—oh, so tenderly!—then he gave me to my aunt, and taking my little brother, I heard him say, "Kiss mamma, Willie." And then his own grief overcame him, and he bowed his head, and wept. And I was so strange to me, and I wondered what it meant; for I was too young to understand death; and when all the outward symbols were there, the next day—the darkened room, the coffin, the pall, the subdued voices and hushed steps—my curiosity only was excited; and day after day went by, and still I did not understand it. But there came a time when the full agony of another's loss came over me; and to this hour I feel my first great sorrow.

[To be continued.]

## Thoughts About Immortality.

(Continued from first page)

up. Above this second heaven was the third heaven—the heaven of the angels—wherein God had his throne, the angels their everlasting home, and where the spirits of the redeemed eternally sang praises. As for the abode of the wicked, that was supposed to be somewhere under the earth; a theory which was supposed to be sufficiently established by the existence of volcanoes, which were held to be the chimneys of hell, mercurially contrived to allow of the escape of the superfluous smoke and flame! What could be more satisfactory? Hell must be down there, for there were the chimneys. The spirits of the wicked dead must there be writhing and twisting in sulphurous flames, for there, coming up from the chimneys was the sulphurous smell. According to this view, going to heaven was literally a going up, and going to hell was literally a going down. The stories of the prophet going up to heaven in a chariot of fire, and of the literal bodily ascension of Jesus, could only have originated at a time when this view of the structure of the universe was believed in.

Error is wonderfully tenacious of life. It is still a favorite notion with many very good people that some one of the stars is the heaven in which the spirits of the redeemed are living in unending glory. Wordsworth voices this idea:

"The stars are mansions built by Nature's hand,  
And haply there the spirits of the blest  
Dwell, clothed in radiance, their immortal rest."

Thackeray, too, gives expression to the same idea. Writing of the great Napoleon, he says:

"Though more than half the world was his,  
He died without a roof his own;  
And borrowed from his enemies  
Six foot of ground to lie upon.  
He fought a thousand glorious wars,  
And more than half the world was his.  
And somewhere now, in yonder stars,  
Can tell, perhaps, what greatness is."

We may safely dismiss the notion, I think, that the locality of the immortal life is in some one of the stars. Wherever it may be, certainly it is not there. If we could travel hence to the farthest star, we should still be within the boundaries of this material world; we should still be within a region where the laws of matter, such as we are familiar with here, were paramount, nay, that star, which we call the farthest, could we reach it, would no longer be the farthest. We should see beyond it, not the blackness of night and starless vacuity, but glittering orb beyond glittering orb, resolvable into systems and dividable into spheres, enclosed within distances measurable by our faculties and conceivable by our senses. Desory, if it were possible, the entire field of matter, pass from shore to shore (if there be such shores) of the star continents of immensity, and you will never reach a point at which the material universe, ceasing to be material, becomes spiritual; you will never reach a point where matter, ceasing to be matter, becomes immaterial. Because we can see the stars—bring them near to us by material appliances, measure their distances and weigh their substances—they are just as material as this earth is material, on which we daily tread. This earth on which we tread is just as sacred as any star in all the star-vistas of immensity. It is only in imagination that distance lends enchantment to the view. There is no more enchantment in a star than there is in this, some times earthquake-shaken and cyclone-ridden, grand and dear old earth of ours!

Where, then, is the locality of the immortal life? For myself I accept, as Emerson did, the theory of Swedenborg. According to this theory the material world is the rind, the envelopment, the covering of the spirit-world. Within every material thing there is a spiritual thing corresponding to it in every particular. Matter everywhere is incarnated spirit. As Emerson would say, the material universe is "mind pre-occupied." Milton anticipated the thought of Swedenborg when he wrote:

"What if earth  
Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein,  
Each to the other like more than on earth is thought."

The spiritual world is the world of causes; the material world is the world of effects. Within every natural flower there is a spiritual flower which causes the natural flower to be. Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote that:

"Not a natural flower can grow on earth  
Without a flower on the spiritual side."

You may pluck the natural flower, and so cause it to wither and die, but you have not, therefore, plucked the spiritual flower—that still blooms in its garden in the spirit-world. Within my body there is a spiritual body corresponding to my natural body in every particular. You may destroy my body, burn it to ashes and let the winds scatter them, but you have not therefore destroyed me. This material body is no more myself than my coat I have worn out is myself. This material body, when we lay it down, rots, perishes and passes; we need it no longer, and we resume it no more. It is the broken shell, cast aside because the bird has risen into day. The spiritual body is our essential self. It is phantom-like to material touch; but it is substantial to spirit touch. What we call death is merely an event in life.

"There is no death! What seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but the suburb of the life Elysian,  
Whose portal we call death."

Death is simply a casting off by the spirit of the fleshly garment no longer needed. It is retiring from an outer room of the universe to an inner room thereof. As the good old grandmother says in Tennyson's poem, when she is told of the death of her son:

"Gone for a minute, my dear, from this room into the next;  
I, too, shall go in a minute; what time have I to be vexed?"

I shall be just as much a man after the event of death as before it. I shall be in a world as much like this natural world as one pea is like another pea in the same pod. I shall not be in a world of shadows. I shall have left the shadowy world—this world of materialities which are the faintest and most shadowy things in existence for the world of solidest fact.

This, then, is the result of our speculations as to the whereabouts of the immortal life. It is not on any spot of this material universe—however distant or star-glorified that spot may be. It is not anywhere outside this material universe; for the material universe has no outside. The centre of it is everywhere, and its circumference is nowhere. The spirit-world is not high up in any material sky, nor deep down in any material abyss. "The kingdom of God is within you." The locality of the immortal life is just as close to us as our own souls are close.

## Next: WHAT MUST BE THE NATURE OF THE IMMORTAL LIFE?

If it be true that things exist first, in spirit and afterward in matter, then it would appear that the spirit-world cannot, in the nature of its scenery and its occupations, differ very much from this natural world. Emerson commends Swedenborg for having described an intelligible heaven by continuing the like employments in the like circumstances as those we know—"men in societies, in houses, towns, trades, entertainments—continuations of our earthly experience," and says "We shall pass to a future existence as we enter into an agreeable dream." It is certain that we cannot well imagine ourselves as living in a state where there shall be no trees, nor flowers, nor valleys, nor mountains, nor streams, nor rivers, nor mighty seas, nor glowing stars; and so whenever man has tried to realize to himself the scenery of the other life, he has instinctively used for the purpose the scenery of this life. Hence Dr. Watts sings of heaven:

"Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And never-withering flowers."

Dr. Watts was mistaken on one point—a flower that "never withered" would not possess an abiding beauty for a finite being like man. We admire the beauty of a flower so much because it is subject to the conditions of finite life—its changes and mutations—just as we are ourselves.

Some things, however, must be true of the other life. To be life at all it must be a conscious life. The consciousness of self we possess here we shall also possess there. Try as we may, we cannot imagine self-consciousness as belonging to the material body. To my thinking, indeed, it is impossible on the materialistic hypothesis to account for the phenomenon of personal identity. The materialist tells me that the emotions I feel are merely the results of a succession of changes in the brain molecules. If that be so, whence comes that power in me which distinguishes one emotion from another? Identity must belong to that spiritual entity in me which thinks and knows, loves and hopes, aspires and worships. It is not sick with my body's sickness, nor does it die with my body's death. The self-consciousness which will be ours in the next life can only differ from the self-consciousness which is ours in this life, in the fact of its being more marked and thorough. It will be what the flower is to the bud, what the golden grain is to the tiny green blade, when it utters from the earth its silent prophecy of the harvest. It will be a growing consciousness. Just as the child is no limit to the man, so the man is no limit to himself. In this life our self-consciousness grows. This world daily becomes larger to all of us. Our experiences daily become vaster—our thoughts wider and more complex. All of us elderly folk, I suppose, can look back on things we said and did twenty or thirty years ago, and have great difficulty in believing that it really could have been our veritable selves who spoke and acted at that far-back time from such narrow motives and in such foolish fashion. Our experiences are ever thus widening out. There is often so much difference between the man and the boy, that, if the man could be narrowed down to the self-consciousness of the boy, he would lose his identity as a man altogether. It is only because of the connecting links of experience memory supplies that we are able to look back on our shadowy past and identify ourselves as verily a self-conscious growth of that, curly-pated, apple-cheeked boy, who, in trouble, found a fond refuge in mother's arms, and who in gladness rode "horseback" on father's knee—or of that callow youth who coaxed into reluctant growth an incipient moustache, and wrote sonnets, which he now blushes to remember, to a sweetheart's eyebrow!

So it must be in the other life. Our self-consciousness will grow so expansive that we shall look back on the widest thoughts and highest aspirations of our present mortal life, and, only by the aid of the connecting links of experience memory supplies, be able to recognize ourselves as verily a conscious growth of that conscious existence which, when on earth, thought so narrowly, hoped so feebly and acted so foolishly. "The goal of our yesterdays," says Carlyle, "is ever the starting-point of our to-morrow."

The other life will be a social life, for self-consciousness implies the consciousness of others. It is not a man's body which enables me to know him; it is the man's spirit within the body. If it were possible for the spirit of my dearest friend to vacate his body, and for the spirit of some person utterly indifferent to me to take possession of that body, do you think, even though its physical conformation might remain precisely the same, I should not; the very first time I came into any sort of contact with the body, find out the difference? The eye would not so kindly beam on me as of old time, because the affection of friendliness, that souls alone can feel, would be absent. Spirits alone can love and hate, can fear and hope; and as in the other life the spirit will lose none of its faculties, but rather find them all enlarged toward a nobler completion.

## THE OTHER LIFE WILL BE A SOCIAL LIFE.

It will in no wise be contrary to it, will rather be an orderly growth of our life here. We shall meet each other, know each other, have friendly intercourse, and all sorts of pleasant gossipings with each other. For myself I shrink from the notion, so often even now insisted on, that departed saints will be gathered together in one vast multitude for unceasing worship—an old-time camp-meeting continued eternally. The universe does not exist that it may end in what Walt Whitman called one eternal "barbaric yawp!" No good could come of such infinite posturing. Modest men and women who had exemplified on earth the choicest virtues, would be lost in such a mob of shouting saints! Descending into our own hearts we find there an indeluctable yearning—a yearning which belongs to that in us which is deathless—a yearning for HOME—for that little spot where those we most love are gathered together in a special centre. This home-yearning will unerringly draw each soul to its special place. Our home is where our love is. It is so now—it must be so always. This indeluctable instinct of home forbids the notion that the spirits of the just made perfect will form one vast multitude eternally twanging harps, waving palm branches and shouting useless hallelujahs! It bids us hope that in the immortal life we shall be literally "gathered to our fathers"—gathered to that special point where those we most loved, and who most loved us, have already found a home. Emerson gives very fine expression to this idea in his "Threnody"—a poem which he wrote to commemorate the passing away of his first-born son:

"Wilt thou not open thy heart to know  
What rainbows teach and sunsets show?  
Verdict which accumulates  
From lengthening scroll of human fates,  
Voice of earth to earth returned,  
Prayers of saints that only burn,  
Saying, what is excellent,  
As God lives is permanent;  
Hearts are dust, heart's loves remain;  
Heart's love will meet thee again!"

## THE FUTURE LIFE MUST BE REAL.

If the idea of a future life represents no reality, there is, then, a fatal discrepancy between what man is conscious of being and his opportunities for becoming. "Considered in his present state only," says Addison, "a man seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him. He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others." I can, of course, only speak for myself, and, as for myself, I do verily feel that I have made so great a failure of this earth-life of mine—my achievements have fallen so pitifully short of what I intended to achieve—that in all justice and fair-dealing I ought to have another chance. But it is not feeble creatures like myself who most feel the insufficiency and inadequacy of this earth-life. Men who have made the most of this life—men who would seem to have exhausted all its realms of emotion and of thought—have the most painfully felt its inadequacy and insufficiency.

There is something infinitely pathetic in the great Newton comparing himself to a little child picking up pebbles on the shore, while the great ocean of knowledge lay unexplored before him. When Sir Walter Scott was taken to Italy, in the hope of finding relief from the paralysis which overtook him, he was heard to mutter, as he was conducted about the ruins of Old Rome: "What stories I could write about these!" "Even in our ashes live our wonted fires;" but can it be that the fires only live there that pitiless and relentless death may crush the spark out forever? Man delights in what is long-enduring; and it is Emerson's argument that the long-enduring in which man delights is a symbol of something in man which is of longer duration still. "All great men," he says, "delight in stability; and all great men find eternity affirmed in the very promise of their faculties." Kant's argument for immortality is perhaps the strongest that can be made: There is an absolute virtue, and there are moral beings; the related ideas of absolute virtue and a moral being necessarily imply the infinite progress of that moral being toward that absolute virtue; this progress is not possible except on the condition of the continued existence of the same being; therefore man is immortal! As Theodore Parker said: "If we saw wings growing upon a young creature we should conclude it was destined to fly." Thought is not less prophetic. All the instincts, impulses, convictions, hopes of man are present of futurity. Far-reaching thoughts, supernal aspirations, lofty toils of disinterested usefulness—these are the pinions on which the spirit soars to immortal day! Men and women innumerable, who have thus lived for immortality, by making this mortal life ever nobler, have had confirming tokens of their deathless inheritance; they have become conscious of the great fact—they have felt themselves girt about by invisible beings—their hallowed thoughts have soared into a region not of earth, and they have heard angelic voices which they know to be real, and full of friendly tidings for them. When they have looked upon the dark mantle of the night, spangled over with star-dust, each grain of dust a mighty world, premonitions of their own unfathomable greatness have stirred within them! Are such things false because we may not be able to experience them? Is nothing real save that which can be handled with material hands, weighed in material scales, and experimented upon with material instruments? Are our feeble hopes, and our limited desires, and our poor beliefs, and our crabbled aspirations, the full measure of human possibilities? Shall the blind mole grubbing under ground argue there can be no sun in the sky because he has never been able to see it?

## THE IMMORTAL LIFE IS A LIFE OF COMPLETENESS.

We believe in the Immortal Life; and we believe that it will be a life in which all the energies of this life will be carried on to ever vaster completeness. It will be a life of toil and of rest, of sinning and of repenting, of failure and of triumph, of elections to Senates and of contests of opinion, of rivalries of endeavor and of far-reaching speculation; it will be a life of retrospective and of prospective inquiry, of music and the drama, of poetry and of painting; it will be a life of ever widening effort, of ever faithful labor, of ever vaster reaches of achievement. It is not to die to pass into such a life. As Matthew Arnold wrote:

"Call me not dead when I, indeed, have gone  
Into the company of the ever living  
High and most glorious poets! Let thanksgiving  
Rather be made. Say, 'He at last hath won  
Rest and release, converse supreme and wise,  
Music and song and light of immortal faces:'  
To-day, perhaps, wandering in starry places,  
He hath met Keats, and known him by his eyes.  
To-morrow (who can say) Shakespeare may pass  
And our lost friend just catch one syllable  
Of that three-centuried wit that kept so well—  
Or Milton, or Dante, looking on the grass,  
Thinking of Beatrice, and listening still,  
To chanted hymns that sound from the heavenly hill!"

If this were all an unsubstantial dream—if all our Spiritual Philosophy were so much foolishness, and all our spiritual facts so many fancies, we should still say it is a dream worth dreaming, and let us go on dreaming it! But we believe that no human energy will ever be wasted. All the great workers, who once worked on earth, are at work now in the spirit-land; and each one is working in his own individual way. Poets are there singing of heavenly love in lyric verse, so soft and flowing that, compared with it, the sweetest songs of earth seem harsh and rugged; artists are there, fixing living landscapes upon living canvases; historians are there exploring the dim past of the universe and making it brightly to live again on luminous pages; John Milton has written grander epics; Shakespeare diviner dramas; Longfellow sweeter home poetry, and has celebrated another "Children's Hour;" Dickens and Thackeray, Cooper and Hawthorne, have written stories infinite in humor, in pathos, in adventure and in mystery!

This is the heritage into which death will gently and safely lead us. And then, and not before, shall we be able to fully equip ourselves for following all the great ones of our race in all things useful and noble, true, beautiful and good!

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



# Original Essay.

## The Concept of Deity.

AN anniversary sermon at Croydon, Eng., by Rev. John Page Hopps, on "The Universal God and the Universal Religion," treats this greatest of all themes for the human mind in a correspondingly great way; evincing a reach of thought such as the grand theme itself would naturally call forth, a depth and breadth of emotion that a steady contemplation of it would beget, and a spiritual exaltation of view that is the truest evidence of the preacher's sincerity and fervor. By the term God he means that which results as the great inference from three facts: first, that intelligence and intention are everywhere observable in nature; second, that such intelligence and intention give every indication of being unspokeably superior to our own; and, third, that continuity and unity appear to be dominant properties of the intelligence and intention revealed by nature's laws and forces. Living in such an order of things, he declares himself intellectually bound to infer God; and when he has inferred him, he suddenly finds boundless moral and spiritual indications of his preferences and his will; and he then sees it is infinitely more easy to say what he is like, and what he wishes, than what he is. The main thing is the great inference.

It is not necessary that we should comprehend the mode of his existence; it is only necessary that we should draw the great conclusion that he is. The conception of God is one, the portraits are many; in truth, they constitute a vital fact in relation to the religions of the world. These great divergences exist in the Bible itself. Names are nothing; characteristics are everything. When we disengage ourselves from all these conflicting portraits, and look dispassionately on, it is perfectly plain that God is still unknown, that he is far above us all—a great necessity, but too far above us to be understood. And yet there is a hidden link uniting all; for every vision of God, however distorted and blurred, has had for its quickening the same longing of the spirit.

As, then, we emerge from the brutalities of the God-idea to its sanctities and elevations, we perceive a meaning in all, and even perceive the human link which unites them; so that, in a sense, we can dismiss the divergent pictures, and yet retain the universal God behind them all. And this is the more easy to do because not only does every vision of God proceed from the same spiritual longing, but because, behind the varying visions, some central thoughts appear. Thus: every thought of God supposes that he is above us in power—that we depend upon him—and that, in some way, he can do us good. These three central universal thoughts may be mixed with baser matter, but there they are—from Juggernaut to Jesus, from Baal to Father, from Jehovah to "the Altogether Beautiful of the Universe"; and here we find the thought of the universal God. But there is one prominent fact which shines out more and more: it is this, that an ideal God is ever emerging, just as there is always a human ideal emerging; and as the consciousness of God clears, the God idea resolves itself into the highest conception of wisdom, power and goodness; and this conception can only keep pace with the general development and emancipation of the believer. All these names, then, which we apply to the gods—Jove, Jehovah, Father, Baal, Zeus, Apollo—are only the address on the envelope. The writing within varies beyond all telling, but the underlying emotion and motive are the same.

He, then, who longs for the vision of perfect wisdom, power and goodness, longs for God; he who believes in them believes in God; he who trusts them trusts God; he who is true to them is true to God. The human imagination will, of course, at every stage paint its varying pictures, and the tongue will tell the story in different ways, but all mean the same thing. So with the gods, who, though seeming so different, are but one. As a learned heathen is reported to have said: "You and I, though you call me a heathen, worship the same God. We believe precisely alike, except when we come to the prophets, and then all the nations disagree." Or, as the unsophisticated peasant remarked: "How plain the Bible is till people begin to explain it." Or, again, How easy it is to believe in God till people begin to paint portraits of him!

Where, then, is this universal God? Everywhere, and yet nowhere: traces of him are in the Bible, in the mysterious systems of religion known to ancient India, Egypt, China, Persia, Chaldea; even in the old idolatries, which tell as truly as the old bibles of the anxiety and hunger of the human heart. It is a human brotherhood which everywhere has groped for the Fatherhood, as Paul said: "God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth, that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us; for in him we live, and move, and have our being." The spirit-sense of the human seeker varies—a million pictures, colors, features, tones, but only one Spirit of Life behind the million forms. And yet there are sources of knowledge which are the likeliest to lead to ideals, or even to one great universal visioning thought of God. One of these is indicated by the wide word nature, rather than any bible; more enduring than any creed, more authoritative than any verbal revelation, more cumulative in value and evidence than all the religions of the world. Another is indicated by the term Human Nature, which, religiously explained, means a manifestation of God; in spite of the profound mysteries, the tragic inconsistencies, the dark lines in the lovely spectrum which have forced multitudes to infer the presence of a devil as well as of God—the same underlying unity, the same willing up of persistent beauty, the same forcefulness of progress, the same undying prophecy of hope.

The spirit of man is the progressive revealer of God. The divine is manifestly working through the human. As there is a common sense, so there is a common soul; and, as time goes on, the one God must plainly say the same thing to every one, but not through any final book, any one authoritative church, but through and in the God-moved, God-led, God-inspired inner self. Even now this is so, far beyond our recognitions and admissions. Today it is true that the bright spirits of all religions throughout the world are voicing the message of the universal God; and if we could have a perfect parliament of religions, we should see that it is already done; we should have it demonstrated that at last the universal God has come to his own, has found his instrument, and voiced it; and is now manifesting himself through the at last created and liber-

ated human soul. And in the same way the universal God is seen in human history. It is a fatal error that God has been in Hebrew history only; Paul shattered that superstition in the text of his we have already quoted. In the history of man everywhere the same laws of human life are unfolded—the same causes of growth and decay—the same conditions of advancement and happiness—the same revelation of a power beyond and behind, which works for righteousness; and there is no revelation like that; nay, but that is the revelation which in the end must in human history reveal more clearly than anything else the universal God; the supreme law of righteousness, revealed in the unfolding and working out of human history, must knit the nations of the world in one, and show one law, one bond, one hope, one brotherhood.

What a high consolation in such thoughts as these! How far they remove us from the poor provincialisms of the still dominant sects! How they emancipate us from the old depressing uncharities and fears! How full they are of hope for days to come! And all that has been said concerning the Universal God is true of the Universal Religion, which underlies all the expressions or manifestations of it known as "the religions of the world." It is the great delusion of Christendom that any one of them is supernatural, perfect and final, to the exclusion of the rest. In any case, Christianity is clearly not that, for it has produced a mob of mutually condemning sects, and is to day manifestly drifting—whether, no one seems to know. All religions have been voyages of discovery, experiments, or natural developments, at various stages of human advance and education; and all religions follow the common law of birth and growth and decay. There are religions being born, religions being transformed, religions passing to decay, and religions dead; and every stage could be accounted for in harmony with the education and march on of the human race.

There are three classes of religions: those of the senses, of the intellect, and of the affections. How obvious it is that none of these can be perfect! The senses are a poor guide everywhere, and most of all poor in relation to religion; the intellect is manifestly imperfect, and still enormously in need of the influences of a higher civilization; the influences of science and of the historic sense only beginning to be felt; and the affections are in precisely the same case. How poor, therefore, are our standards, and how poorly we apply the little we understand and approve. But, nevertheless, all through and in all forms of religion, two primary and persistent elements are to be discerned: recognition of a power above us, and recognition of our duty to obey and serve that power in some way. These are like the rough blocks of stone, from which anything can be produced, from the lowest and most groveling forms of idolatry, through all grades of insight, devotion and love, to the ideal religion as set forth by Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount.

The Universal Religion is loyalty to that which is above us, and love of that which is best, the emerging from the brutal to the human, from the human to the divine, and, indeed, that is Religion, and there is no other.

## PALIMPSEST.

### The Spiritualist Camps.

We recently printed the first portion of an article regarding "Onset and the Spiritual Camps," which Hon. Luther R. Marsh contributed to *The Congregationalist*, of Middletown, N. Y. The subjoined is the remainder of the account, and will be found of continued interest:

"It is astonishing how these camps have grown, and are growing. Ten years ago, or so, I think Lake Pleasant, Mass., was the only one generally known. Since that they have started up in all parts of the country, and are numerous. Permanent cottages are erected, and owned by individuals, who annually return to occupy them for the camping time. Others bring tents, which look like a military encampment. Among the more prominent ones are Onset Bay, Mass.; Lake Pleasant, Mass., already spoken of; Lily Dale, at Cassadaga, Chautauque Co., N. Y.; Sunapee Lake, N. H.; Maple Dell Camp, some thirty miles from Cleveland, O.; Summerland, Cal.; Verona, Manassas and Etna, Md.; Niantic, Conn.; Lake Brady, O.; Chesterfield, Ind.; Delphos and Cherry Vale, Kan.; Queen City Park, Vt.; Catalpa Park, Mo.; Haslet Park, Mich.; Lake George, N. Y.—well, this is only a beginning of the enumeration. It is a feature of the times.

There must be something in it, to gather so many people, at so many places, year after year, and keep them there for the summer. It cannot be ignored. It cannot be disregarded. Every year new camps are inaugurated. Thousands on thousands attend and stay. The auditoriums are generally out of doors, in pleasant groves, furnished with seats; though others, also, are provided, under shelter, for inclement days. The best trance and inspirational speakers attend. Discourses are pronounced, which in manner and style, the best pulpits emulate; and in matter, far beyond the ordinary theology generally ladled out to the people. It is a new phase of modern life. These gatherings over-ride and far eclipse the old-fashioned Methodist camp-meetings; in orderly proceedings, in the style and manner and matter of the sermons and harangues, in the permanence of the attendance, in the numbers that crowd them. It is evidently destined to become a most pronounced feature of the age, and to pervade all communities. Humdrums are out of place; indeed, not to be found. Discourses wholly unpremeditated—some of which the ablest ministers cannot equal in originality of view and manner of presentation, though with weeks of study—are delivered to appreciative ears. And in the evening, and the days, the houses of the seers are filled with eager listeners, who converse with friends and relatives who have passed into spirit-life.

Shall we shut our eyes and say we will not see it? Shall we close our ears and say we will not hear? Is it not puerile to play the ostrich? You cannot dam the tide. It will flow on, whether the wondering people will recognize it or not, until at last it will overflow the people. It is a new dynasty. It is a revelation. It is, evidently, a purpose of the Almighty. Certainly it is permitted, if not inaugurated, by Him. Puny controversy, stilted pulpits, hide-bound orthodox, bigoted narrowness, old-time dogmas, cannot arrest it. All things that can be known are not yet known. The past does not hold all wisdom. Progress is the word: in theology, in spiritual truth, as well as in the arts and sciences. The future is full of knowledge not yet developed. Every day adds to it to him who seeks. Man will continually advance in knowledge, and yet never draw largely upon the infinitude of God's wisdom and works. A spirit who, in the roll of cycles, may visit the millions of stars—unexhaustible in number, immeasurable in distance—will yet only have begun to tap the infinite reservoirs of omniscience. And yet there is many an infinitesimal creature who thinks he knows it all, and who will flame up in wrath and fury at another who dares to step beyond. Such a man is a homeopathic preparation of mortality, of ten million trituration. He is reduced to such a degree of dilution that even Hahnemann himself will not recognize him in the spiritual world. Oh, there are many such. How proudly they strut in their self-conceit! How many, amid the countless myriads of fellows in the

wilderness, he buzzes his self-adoration and self-admiration; big with his own importance; and demands that all acquiescence, and the universe of intelligent creatures above him, shall do him homage.

When we consider the heavens, the work of God's fingers, the moon and the stars which life has ordained, what is man that he should set up his opinion, and, like Nebuchadnezzar, demand that the people shall bow to his image!

Holy and sacramental should be the atmosphere of a spiritual camp: there, the meeting-place of spirits and mortals. Blockings and jealousies and everything unworthy should be banished. No secret thought nor overt act which angels would not approve.

Not with a vain curiosity, or material seeking, or trifling sentiment, should any one seek communion with those who have gone before; but with solemn awe, and high uplifting. The poets have their glimpses, and sometimes catch, and garner in words divine, the truths that show to other eyes, unheeded. Thus, Tennyson, one of the sweetest minstrels of the ages:

"How pure at heart and true in head,  
Should be the man whose thoughts would hold  
An hour's communion with the dead."

"In vain shalt thou or any call  
The spirits from their golden day;  
Exeunt, then, the best of us, and say,  
My spirit is at peace with all."

A grand and genuine poet, whose lips have been touched with celestial fire, can scarcely open them unless there issues some truths of Spiritualism. The poets oft teach us better theology than do the theologians. I must, for lack of space, make but a single reference, and quote a line or two from the greatest sacred Epic of modern days, "Yesterday, Today and Forever," by the poet preacher, Blackerath:

"They err who tell us that the spirit uncolored,  
And from its mortal tabernacle loosed,  
Hath neither inmate of countenance,  
Nor limit of etherial mold, nor form  
Of spiritual substance, and the Eternal Word,  
Before he hung upon the Virgin's breasts,  
Was wont to manifest Himself to men,  
In visible similitude defined...."

"Yet are they each to the other visible,  
And beautiful with those virginal forms,  
That crowned the morn of their nativity."

"And so the spirit breathed in human flesh,  
By death divested of its mortal robes,  
Retains its individual character.  
Ay, and the very mold of its sojourn  
Within its earthly tabernacle."

## New Publications.

THE BOOK OF THE FAIR.—Part sixteen of this highly artistic and interesting work calls for praise. For accuracy, completeness, elegance and systematic arrangement it leads all similar publications. Mr. Bancroft, as a judge of art, demonstrates his admirable fitness for the position of editor, while as a historian he is an acknowledged authority. Eminent writers everywhere praise the labors of the author, and well they may. "The Book of the Fair" differs from the ordinary "portfolios" and "cabinets" in that the former gives a systematic description of every feature of every building, in each of the thirteen departments into which the great Fair was divided. A large portion of the last number is devoted to an account of the Live Stock department, which was made a prominent feature of the Fair. Anthropology and ethnology is begun in the twentieth chapter, and the subjects are well presented. It is entertaining to read of the various specimens which were unearthed after the lapse of unnumbered ages. The general plan of this department was to illustrate the development of various phases and adjuncts of civilization, and the author was eminently successful. This department is alone worth the price asked for the part. The Bancroft Company, Auditorium Building, Chicago, are the publishers.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, London edition, is now published in New York instead of the reprint known as the *Illustrated News of the World*. In addition to the usual pictorial variety which has made *The News* so famous, its reports and illustrations of the latest trouble in the East, by its own artists, will make it of great value to those who wish to keep in touch with the current events of the day. The office in New York is in the World Building.

RECEIVED: Smith's Planetary Almanac for 1894 and Weather Guide. By W. H. Smith, Montreal. Evolution, by J. Harvey Davis. Paper, pp. 61. Ypsilanti, Mich.

A stimulant is often needed to nourish and strengthen the roots and to keep the hair a natural color. Hall's Hair Renewer is the best tonic for the hair.

## Lake George, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Col. Alexander Watts, of New York City, while a guest at the Lake George Spiritualist Camp-Meeting in attempting to ascend Prospect Mountain in company with a party of friends was overcome with the exertion, and died of heart failure shortly after reaching the top of the mountain.

Col. Watts served with honor and distinction in the Union Army during the civil war, and was a brave and gallant soldier. At the time of his disease he held the position of Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue, Second District of New York. He had been in ill health for a number of years, being afflicted with chronic Bright's disease. He was a modest, unassuming man, and seldom complained of his sufferings.

The people gathered at the camp-meeting adopted the following preamble and resolution expressive of their sympathy and regret for his sudden demise: Whereas, COL. ALEXANDER WATTS, of New York City, so lately a visitor and companion in our midst, was suddenly translated from earth to the world of souls; and Whereas, We recognize in COL. WATTS a devoted Spiritualist, a pure minded soldier and a faithful friend, therefore we, the Spiritualists assembled at Lake George Camp-Meeting, desire to testify our sentiments by the following resolution:

Resolved, That we extend to his many friends our warmest sympathy in this bereavement; but we are assured that their loss will be his gain in his emancipation from his suffering body and reunion with the loved companion of his youth and other dear ones on the verdant shores of the Eternal World.

S. H. SMITH, Sec'y.

## Young Girls Suffer

From the same causes which make so many women miserable. This being the case, what is your duty, most loving mother? You know that irregularity, suspension, retention, severe headaches, waxy complexion, depression, weakness, loss of appetite and interest means trouble. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound should be given at once.

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Accept the truth and be well.



## Spiritualist Convention

At Capital Hall, Montpelier, Vt., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 21st, 22nd and 23rd, 1894.

Speakers: Engaged—Clara H. Banks, Haydenville, Mass.; Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, Worcester, Mass.; Jos. D. Stiles, Weymouth, Mass.; Emma L. Paul, Morrisville, Vt.

Grand Concert and Dramatic Recital Friday evening, Sept. 21st, conducted by Prof. A. J. Maxham and Miss Ethelwyn Gould. Tests and poem by J. D. Stiles.

Test Stance by J. D. Stiles Saturday evening, and another on Sunday. Admission to each séance, 15c. Sessions.—Three sessions each day—forenoon, afternoon and evening. At each session there will be a conference or séance, and an address by some of the speakers present.

The first session will be Friday, at 10 A.M., which will consist of a song by Prof. Maxham, poem by J. D. Stiles, song by Prof. Maxham, speeches by Mrs. Clara H. Banks, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller and Mrs. Emma L. Paul, and conference.

Friday afternoon Clara Banks will address the Convention. All the sessions, except the séances and concert, will be open and free to all. Mrs. E. K. Morgan, Lucius Colburn, Dr. G. S. Bronson and others will be in attendance. Prof. A. J. Maxham of Brattleboro, Vt., the celebrated vocalist, will have charge of the music. Miss Ethelwyn Gould of West Randolph, Vt., dramatic reader, graduate of Emerson College of Oratory, will present and intersperse the different exercises with choice selections.

Receipts of concert and séances to assist in defraying expenses. The management have spared no pains in securing very able talent, in order to make the Convention a large, instructive and interesting meeting. All are earnestly invited to come and help make the Convention a grand success.

Good accommodations at the Montpelier House and the Exchange Hotel. The Vermont Railroad will carry passengers at reduced rates. The Central Vermont Railroad will also furnish round-trip tickets for fare one way from all its stations in Vermont over thirty-three miles distant. Less than thirty-three miles, two cents per mile each way.

Be sure and call for round-trip tickets to attend the Spiritualist Convention at Montpelier.

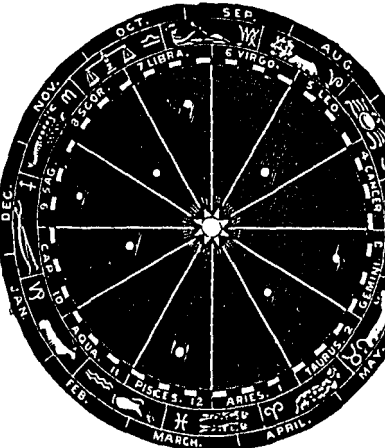
The suburban trains to Barre that run every hour will run to accommodate the Convention after the evening sessions, and on Sunday.

For further information, address GEO. W. RIPLEY, 41 College St., Montpelier, Vt.

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BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1894.

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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.

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## What Spiritualism Has Done.

What has Spiritualism wrought? is a common question among unbelievers, intended to be destructively effective, but it is not.

For one thing, it has changed the old vague conception of the Deity into an actual and present reality.

It has further brought the future life into a natural existence, composed of a conscious, individual life.

It has made immortality true in human belief, enabling us to view with grateful composure the long-dreaded change called death, and making it only a passing stage in this life-career instead of its culmination and ending.

It has taken away from the common mind the apprehension of death, which is far worse than the reality, by thus revolutionizing the common conception of death and its meaning: It has effectually rolled away the stone from the gloomy tomb of materialism in which myriads of souls have lain sleeping with their hopes and beliefs and aspirations for an unknown future.

In performing this last service for man, it has banished the despair that brooded with the darkening presence over the affections of those who cannot be named for number, and brought into their hearts the sunlight of the reality that death is but the angel of life, and that we are not the mere playthings of chance or fate.

It is here that the office of Spiritualism is thrice blessed, in assuaging the pains of human bereavement and establishing the knowledge in the minds and hearts of mourners that what appears as cruel separation is only a kindly drawing still closer together. It holds the gates ajar for all, that they may freely pass through in loving communion and closer fellowship. Death has become powerless before the stronger power of undying love.

## Thoughts for the Times.

Finding is not earning. Making a fortune, as the phrase goes, by getting hold of a monopoly or getting into a trust, by finding coal, or nitrate, or diamonds, and utilizing some newly-invented process, is well enough in so far as they benefit society and the race, and when a new industry or traffic is developed in consequence; but by no law of right or reason ought such accidents, combinations and their industrial consequences to be rewarded with large fortunes, entirely disproportionate to the actual effort expended, time employed, or money enlisted. No doubt it is a comfortable feeling to own or constitute a part of a monopoly that showers down its unearned millions so profusely into the laps of those who are esteemed fortunate in possessing them. While society continues, as it does now, to put forth its best energies for the creation of such overgrown fortunes, and then turns and grovels at the feet of those it has enabled to wield if not enjoy them, it is hardly to be gainsayed that the best thing for the average man to do in the matter is to go ahead in sheer self-defense, and make a fortune if he can. This is about the whole explanation of the case as it stands,

which makes it much easier to understand why the modern rage for material possessions and external shows prevails to the extent it does, provoking the envy of many, the dissatisfaction of more, and the deservedly hostile criticism of all. Plutocracy comes in on just this basis, and will stay as long as these conditions last.

There is no use in denouncing a man as dishonest, a swindler or a thief for simply taking advantage of these conditions on which the modern system of acquiring fortunes rests. It is not individuals that merit abuse for acquiescing in a system already existing, but it is the abuses themselves, in which individuals find so much pride and comfort and feed their swelling vanity to its fill. The thing to be done is the correction and removal of the abuses; the imagined offense of individuals will then disappear with that which caused it to appear. The system itself, based as it is on the innate greed of man, has come out of the distant past to us, and is of gradual and steady growth. It is a bad system just the same. For it tends directly to the establishment of inequality in the condition of men to an extent that provokes impatience and thus fosters unhappiness. It emphasizes, in the most appropriate language of another, artificially and cumulatively, the already over-powerful tendency of nature to give to him that hath—a terrible tendency, undeniable and real, real as blight or pestilence or pain, but nevertheless not a tendency to be exaggerated and cultivated by society; rather one to be minimized and as far as possible counteracted. That is a good and just statement; once conscious of the tendency of the system, we are left to correct and restrain it with our best effort and purest aspiration.

But it may be asked—and doubtless will be—would you, then, destroy or take away from the human mind all hope of securing that coveted leisure in which, as in the nebulae of the skies at night, clusters of new worlds of future action and enjoyment are being born? Very far from it; leisure is the one thing desired by the race; it should become an universal possession, blessing all alike with its golden possibilities. But we are all so heated with the chase at present that we do not know what to do with a small strip of leisure when we have it; we find it far better to keep on with the hurried chase, and thus are lost in the increasing excitement when we ought to be growing stronger and saner from the opportunity thus offered us. Poverty is not favorable for the performance of the best deeds or work. It cramps and chills and paralyzes, whereas the best and noblest achievements require encouraging conditions. What is done under the grinding pressure of immediate urgency is very far from being our best. In letters, it is in leisure only that great things are produced, with the freshness of inspiration on them. They alone are apt to possess the lasting quality. If we seek for progress for the race, we must do what we can to establish thrifty equality, and create the possibilities of the largest leisure.

The electric current does not kill, after all, according to M. D'Avoual, a French expert on electricity. He contends that every one who has died, as reported, in the electric chair in New York, was merely in a state of suspended vitality, and really died under the knives of the physicians who performed the autopsy. This French expert openly challenges the New York physicians to try to resuscitate the next criminal who is electrocuted. But his challenge remains unnoticed so far. He asserts that all that is necessary in the case is merely to induce artificial respiration; nature will do the rest. And he gives an instance in which a workman at a generating station in France accidentally received a charge of four thousand five hundred volts of electricity in his body while putting up a telephone wire. He was not released from his position for three-quarters of an hour, and then he was as dead. But artificial respiration was at once tried, and in two hours the man could talk, and is to-day none the worse for the accident.

Not long ago THE BANNER printed two articles (one by Dr. F. L. H. Willis) regarding certain occult manifestations occurring among the Indians of this continent. Reference in both accounts was made to the Yaqui Indians of Mexico, and their determined character in war. It seems the Yaquis are now holding the Mexicans again at bay. A secular exchange remarks:

"Mexico is now engaged again in exterminating the Yaqui Indians, and with the usual success. Cortez tried his hand at it in vain, and ever since his day the various governments of Mexico have been engaged in periodic attempts of the same sort, and with the same success. These people won't terminate. Secure in their mountain strongholds, they maintain their own independence, and sooner or later repulse with great loss any forces sent against them. They have lately met the Mexican troops, greatly to the discouragement of the latter."

The highly considerate suggestion of President Eliot of Harvard College that physicians already rich should retire from active practice and give the poor members of the profession a chance to make a living, is quite in line with the assumption of the physicians themselves. The prevalent notion of the doctors is that the "sick" are a sort of property of theirs, to do with as they think fit. But why should President Eliot wish to remand those sick into the hands of the young and inexperienced in the medical ranks? Why should he recommend that the old doctors—the fittest to remain—retire, and the "callow we uns" be given the whole sweep of the field?

Count Tolstoi, in his recent booklet on "The Christian Spirit and Patriotism," says toward the end of his essay: "Oh! how little would be necessary to deliver men from all the evils which stifle them if only they ceased to lie; if only they would not allow themselves to repeat the lie which is whispered in their ears; if only they told what they think and what they feel. It is necessary that mankind should abandon the ancient public opinion, which has had its time, for the new public opinion. This change is as inevitable as the fall of the dead leaves in the spring."

Very truly remarks an exchange that it is not sufficient to know that there is actual life beyond the grave to gain us admittance into the brightest spheres hereafter. Spiritual gifts must be valued and preserved as sacred. Spiritual virtues must be cultivated, and every one should aim at a high standard of goodness. "If we cultivate good habits we may delight to continue them when we become celestial beings."

Read the announcement made on the fifth page, present issue, by Mrs. Augusta Dwinell-Treadwell, a veteran medium of Boston.

## The Making of Creeds.

Said the Marquis of Salisbury, before the British Association, recently, referring to the theory of evolution and the vast problems suggested by it, which science has not even begun to solve and does not know how and where to begin to study: "The great danger scientific research is running at the present time is the acceptance of mere conjecture in the name and place of knowledge, in preference to making frankly the admission that no certain knowledge can be attained." And to this observation he added the following: "We are under no obligation to find a theory, if the facts will not provide a sound one. To the riddles which Nature propounds to us the profession of ignorance must constantly be our only reasonable answer. The cloud of impenetrable mystery hangs over the development, and still more the origin of life. If we strain our eyes to pierce it, with the foregone conclusion that some solution is, and must be, attainable, we shall only mistake for discoveries the figments of our own imagination."

Commenting on this candid confession of agnosticism, by one of the most distinguished men of Great Britain, a writer in *The Nation* suggests that, if the term Religion be substituted for Nature, in the above quotation, we shall have a truth quite as widely and practically important. So, too, if we say that "the cloud of impenetrable mystery hangs over the development, and still more over the origin" of Religion, instead of life. Then he shows that the following sentence exactly describes the way in which all the theologies in the world have been manufactured: "If we strain our eyes to pierce this mystery, with the foregone conclusion that some solution is and must be attainable, we shall only mistake for discoveries the figments of our own imagination." It was in precisely this way that the theories of the Nicene and Athanasian creeds were devised—those theories of Trinity and Incarnation which are called by Mr. Gladstone "the central truth of the Gospel," which he says are testified to by some four hundred millions of Christians, but of which, in spite of his assertion, the Apostolic age demonstrably knew nothing.

One needs, adds this timely commentator, only to study without bias, and purely for the sake of getting at the truth, the methods and the state of mind of the men who made those creeds, in order to be compelled to see that they went to work upon the language of Scripture and the traditions that were around them exactly as Lord Salisbury describes—"with the foregone conclusion that some solution is and must be attainable." Evidence for their theories there was none, and in the nature of the case there could be none; the mystery of the divine nature is at least as impenetrable as that of the origin of life. All very well put. There is no wriggling around this kind of reasoning. The origin of the theological creeds is easily understood in this clear light.

A case in which non-believers in vaccination should take deep interest is now pending before the school authorities of Watertown. A parent, opposed to vaccination, procured permission for his boy to enter the school without submitting to the non-sensical rule requiring that every pupil shall be vaccinated. The permit was granted under section two of chapter 515, Acts of 1894, which exempts unfit subjects. The Chairman of the School Board prohibited the lad from attending school, even after another member of the same Board had granted the permit, and makes his own interpretation of the law. The townspeople are greatly stirred up about the affair, and it is not improbable that litigation may follow. Good judgment would seem to order a repeal of the law requiring such a harmful practice.

WORST ROADS IN THE WORLD.—At the first Good Roads Conference held at Asbury Park, under the direction of the Department of Agriculture, over four hundred delegates were present from all parts of the country. Gov. Fuller of Vermont was chosen President, who said that unquestionably this country has the poorest roads the world has ever seen, with the exception of the Sahara Desert; and he reminded his hearers that they had come from the great lakes, from the Pacific Ocean, and from the Gulf States, to try and put their heads together and devise means for making them better.

John William Fletcher, the distinguished trance medium (108 West 43d street, New York City), has resumed his public sittings, and Thursday evening sittings. He will begin his lectures before "The Spiritual Thought Society" the first Sunday evening in October, to continue throughout the season—reports of which will appear in the BANNER OF LIGHT as heretofore. Mr. Fletcher has had exceptional success both as a trance medium and lecturer.

Referring to the numerous cases where those desiring cremation at physical decease are after all subjected to earth-burial, through the prejudices of relatives, *The Urn* (N. Y.) says truly that: "As a nation, we favor fair play, and it seems to us that as a sample matter of fairness the relatives, who gladly accept the dispositions of the deceased as to his estate in their favor, should at least respect his request as to his own body."

A recent number of the *Buffalo Courier* contains correspondence from Lily Dale relating to Mrs. H. S. Lake, Hon. A. B. French, and Viroland R. Gandhi, the Jain Indian of Bombay. Portraits of Mrs. Lake and Mr. French appear in the article.

S. Chapin, of Philadelphia, Pa., writes on renewing subscription: "The spiritual facts that have been presented to me by the BANNER OF LIGHT for the past six months have been proven truths beyond all cavil."

A correspondent writes: "Mrs. B. F. Smith is doing finely in the BANNER OF LIGHT Message Department. She is one of the grandest mediums now known in the spiritual movement."

Dr. T. A. Bland's new and important medical work, "How to Get Well and How to Keep Well," is now before the public. We shall review the book next week.

Mrs. D. A. Crowell writes from Wicford, R. I., on renewing her subscription: "I would not like to miss a number of THE BANNER."

Read the practical thoughts and pleasant descriptions embodied in "The Spiritual Camps" by Hon. Luther R. Marsh, on third page.

Lottie Fowler, of Baltimore, has an advertisement on our seventh page, to which attention is called.

## NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

Princes who would their people should do well must at themselves begin, as at the head; For men, by their example, turn out Their imitations and regard of laws; A virtuous court a world to virtue draws. —Ben Jonson.

The highest duties of art are found lying upon the low, est ground, in hidden and unnoticed ways, in household works, on common days.

If applied immediately after attack *aqua ammonia*, it is claimed, is a specific for bee stings. It should be applied thoroughly, and will reduce or prevent swelling.

THE WORLD'S FOOD FAIR will open in Mechanics' Building, Boston, Monday, Oct. 1st, and continue until Saturday, Oct. 27th. The Fair will be held under the auspices of the Boston Retail Grocers' Association. A similar exposition three years ago was a great success; and there is every indication that the Association will score even a greater success this year. The list of exhibitors is large. Everybody will want to attend this exhibition. Our readers will be informed from time to time regarding the affair. At present we can only say, make up your mind to attend. The various departments have been arranged with a view to pleasing the large crowds which will daily visit the place.

Rev. Dr. Hanson of Chicago recently lectured at Chautauque, his subject being "Fools." Rev. Dr. Vincent, who is something of a wag, introduced him as follows: "We are now to have a lecture on fools by one—(long pause and loud laughter) of the wisest men of the country." The lecturer advanced to the desk, and responded as follows: "I am not half so big a fool as Dr. Vincent, who has just said I am the wisest man here." (Long pause and loud laughter) would have you suppose? —Ex.

Some idea of the rapidly-growing cosmopolitan character of American life may be gleaned from the fact that a man versed in the languages recently heard ten different tongues spoken while he walked across the Brooklyn (N. Y.) bridge.

The dangerous end of a rattlesnake makes no noise. —Chicago Herald.

It is computed that about two hundred thousand pedestrians and twenty thousand vehicles cross London Bridge every day. Each leaves behind a little shoe-leather or a little iron—just a trifle. But when litter and dust are added to these minute losses the whole fills between three and four carts. The incessant traffic across the bridge reduces to powder about twenty-five cubic yards of granite every year.

The driest place in the world is that part of Egypt between the two lower falls of the Nile. Rain has never been known to fall there, and it is said that the inhabitants do not believe travelers when told that water can fall from the sky.

A solemn murmur in the soul Tells of the world to be, As travelers hear the billows roll Before they reach the sea.

Sept. 16th a great battle was fought at Ping Yang between the Chinese and Japanese troops, in which the former were utterly routed—two thousand of the European-drilled flower of the Chinese army being cut down. The victory, it is said, gives Japan full swing in Korea.

The police of Elwood, Ind., says *The Sedgwick* (Man.) *Pentagraph*, are to take into partnership a seer: They have an unusually complex murder case to solve, and as the seer, Joe Mix, has on several occasions found the bodies of missing men, they think he can prove of assistance to them on this occasion. "His greatest feat was the finding of the body of Samuel Gard at Little Rock, Ark. Gard had been murdered and his body thrown into a stream. Mix told his relatives all about the murder before any one knew he was dead."

Colonel Thomas G. Lawler of Illinois was, Sept. 13th, elected at the Pittsburgh, Pa., National Convention, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. His election is claimed to be a "Young America" movement—marking the downfall of the conservative Pennsylvania and Eastern State influence among the veterans.

A correspondent writes to the *Sanbury News* in high compliment to the American House of that place, and praises landlord Melrod's ability, courtesy and liberality, to all of which we can fully attest. In every way this hotel is an excellent one, and merits the large patronage it is receiving.

## Diseases Cured by Electric Light.

Innumerable instances Electricity has been employed with remarkable success in the cure of disease. The great value of Light and Electricity as remedies is recognized by intelligent physicians. The chief point desired has been a suitable apparatus for application. The invention employed by the Electric Light Medical Institute answers that purpose well. It was admitted exclusively upon its own merits at the World's Columbian Exposition, and likewise received the award of the Gold Medal from the Parisian Academy of Inventors. With this invention cures have been accomplished which in former years would have been regarded as miraculous. Patients suffering from Catarrhal Affections, Nervous Prostration, Diseases of the Skin and Blood, Lung and Heart Trouble, are urged to visit the office, "The Pelham," 74 Boylston street.

MRS. ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, the veteran medium, finds herself again in great want. She has been forced to undergo a long illness, and is not strong enough to leave her room as yet, except on crutches. Since eleven years of age, even when she was not before the public, she has been at work for the Cause, and there was always a demand for her varied mediumship. Her blind sister, Mrs. Jennie L. Webb, and her father, are nearly helpless also. The case of Mrs. Chamberlain is worthy the attention and pecuniary aid of the generous-hearted everywhere. She may be addressed at Mattapan, Mass., box 66.

## Children's Progressive Lyceum.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: At the call of Mrs. W. S. Butler for a meeting to be held at Red Men's Hall on the evening of Sept. 11th, a goodly number from the larger groups, leaders and others interested in the Lyceum movement, assembled to confer with her as to the best means of carrying on this most important and necessary branch of spiritual education.

There were sixty-five persons present, and a general spirit of activity and interest was manifested. Pledges of support in the labors and for financial contributions showed that the interest is increasing, and that the movement is certainly bound to progress—not only numerically but to a higher standard of spirituality.

If the true Spiritualists of Boston, to any considerable number, would come forward and assist Mrs. Butler in this most noble undertaking, the Lyceum might soon be forced to seek larger quarters by reason of its growth; and would be sure to be a bright ornament to which those in the faith throughout the State might point with pride as a guarantee that adequate and competent teachers would not be wanting when the present officers and workers shall have passed on to their reward.

To those of your readers who are not already informed, we wish to say the Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in Red Men's Hall, No. 614 Tremont street, every Sunday morning at 10:45; that the services are made attractive by excellent music, singing, recitations and general remarks, in addition to a lesson appropriate to each Sunday.

All are cordially invited.

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.

## Letter from Prof. Alexander Wilder. Ancient Indian Tribes; Medical Laws; Vaccination, etc.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I presume that Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse is more intelligent than I am on Indian matters, but I venture to correct her statement in regard to the Iroquois Indians. Each nation—as she states—was divided into eight tribes. The Confederacy was first brought into existence by Hiawatha. To secure the Onondagas to the alliance, the Attiutaga, or as Morzan calls him, Toodah, or head sachem, was placed at the head. Every nation had its own council of sachems or senators, and a Supreme Council met at the Fire or Long House in Onondaga.

The Mohawks lost their possessions in New York by reason of their participation in the Revolutionary War upon the British side; and received new grants in Canada. The other nations compromised the matter later by treaty in 1784, and sales of lands in subsequent years. The Onondagas did not go to Canada, but to Green Bay, Wis. I was born on the "Oneida Reservation," and saw frequently the hunters and squaws during my boyhood traversing the country. In 1842 they made their last sale of lands—the territory afterward becoming the home of the Oneida Community.

The Iroquois nation attained quite a fair degree of civilization. They had fields and orchards, and stored provisions for a winter's want. They also excelled the trade of arms, and like the Assyrians of old held many other peoples under tribute. The natives of New England, Long Island, Eastern New York, Northern Pennsylvania, Ontario, Michigan, and the valley of the Ohio and Mississippi, clear to Tennessee river, were thus subjected. Capt. John Smith declares that he encountered a military expedition of them on the way to try strength with the Virginian tribes. Probably, if the occupation of the country by white men had been deferred, another century would have witnessed an Iroquois empire over all the region east of the Mississippi. The ambition, talent and energy were there, and all that was wanted was opportunity. But contact with the white man soon began to weaken them; rum and its accompaniment, smallpox, reduced their numbers. Still 1703 they protected our forefathers from the French, Hurons and Adirondacks. Too surely, however, they found that they had only nursed a friendship more destructive than any foe.

I am glad to hear that there exists a purpose to test the validity of the medical statute in your State. But be on the lookout, lest in place of your present "King Log" you do not get a "King Stork," more hungry and eager to devour.

It is curious how men move in circles. The first forty years of the present century were characterized by legislation making every school of medicine except the "regular" an outlaw, and persecutions were rife. The medical reformers appealed to the people, and went as reformers to the ballot-box, and every obnoxious law was annulled. I remember well New Wootter Beach, the first teacher of the Eclectic school, rejoiced at this.

Now the fathers are dead, and those who profess to receive their doctrines and who profit by their example, are favoring and aiding a repetition of similar legislation to that by which we were before oppressed.

The trend of politics and legislation is toward arbitrary power and the suppression of personal rights. The people are steadily parting with the power to influence their Government, and they are instinctively conscious of it. In colonial times Legislatures met often to guard the rights of constituents. Now the constituents vote for infrequent [biennial] sessions, as leaving less opportunity to be betrayed. This is auspicious of no good.

We are having smallpox raids here and enforced vaccination. Medical men who are opposed to it, and know its utter uselessness, are too timid to say so. It is time that the fallacies of modern sanitation were published from the houseposts.

ALEX. WILDER.

Newark, N. J.

## Full of Years and Honors.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Mr. Eli Pond of Woonsocket, R. I., on Friday morning, the 21st inst., left the mortal for the immortal sphere, for which he was fully prepared through his knowledge of the realities of the two worlds.

He was naturally of an active mind, and outside of his worldly affairs, interested himself in things spiritual. For many years he had a knowledge of Spiritualism, and boldly proclaimed his opinions. With him, Spiritualism was a verity, and his conversations were longed for by others should possess. Hence he loved to detail his experiences as a testimony to the truth as he found.

For several years he was a frequent attendant upon the materializing séances, where he always met his wife and brother Sabin, whose communication was given in THE BANNER for Sept. 15th.

He was so impressed by the manifestations that he frequently brought his friends, that they might see the positive evidence afforded by the manifestations. Among these were Dr. Ariel Ballou, the family physician when he resided in Woonsocket, who decidedly and unequivocally declared that the form who came to Mr. Pond was none other than his wife.

Equally strong was the recognition and testimony of a former Rector of St. James church, where Mr. and Mrs. Pond attended, and by whom I think they were married. The reverend gentleman has subsequently attended séances when in the vicinity, and in every case fully recognized his children and others. It was much satisfaction to Mr. Pond that his friend, the Rector, became an enthusiastic believer in the communion of the so-called dead with the deities of earth.

Mr. Pond was ninety-one years of age. He was a yearly visitant to Onset until inhibited by the infirmities of age, which for some years precluded his attendance upon Mrs. Allen's séances. But my friend has now reached the goal he so ardently desired, an eternal union in spirit with his beloved companion. He has found the land he saw in visions of enraptured thought:

"A land upon whose blissful shore There rests no shadow; falls no stain; Where those who meet shall part no more, And those long parted meet again."

WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

Providence, 16 Battery street. Mr. Eli Pond was father of Ex-Mayor Pond of Woonsocket; for many years he was very prominent in the business circles of that city. Though he lived to be ninety-one years of age, his mental faculties remained intact to the last. Previous to becoming a Spiritualist he was a vestryman in the Episcopal Church. His funeral was conducted on Monday, Sept. 17th, in Woonsocket, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes being the speaker.

## MICHIGAN.

Grand Rapids.—The Union Spiritualist Society of Grand Rapids resumed its regular meetings Sept. 2d, with F. Schermhorn, M. D., as speaker for the month. The attendance was good.

The doctor is a modest and unassuming trance and inspirational speaker of power and grace, holding the closest attention of his hearers. Last Sunday he answered questions from the audience in a clear, concise and logical manner, after which he held a séance for nearly an hour, giving names and descriptions of the majority of which were recognized. He brings with him that harmonizing influence that can be but a power for good in any society to whom he may minister. Grand Rapids is the doctor's birthplace, and he seems to have won the respect and love of the people here. Societies wishing a good lecturer and platform test medium will be fortunate in engaging him.

Inasmuch as so many of our oldest and best speakers are retiring from the field, or have passed away, it is pleasing to see those coming to the front who give promise of being well fitted to carry on the work so nobly begun.

ALFRED WELDON.

Sept. 12th.



# MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

**Engle Hall, 616 Washington Street.**—Sunday at 11 A. M., 3 P. M., and 7 P. M.; also Wednesdays at 7 P. M. E. E. Tuttle, Conductor.

**Madison Hall, 604 Washington Street.**—Spirital meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M., 3 P. M., and 7 P. M.; also Wednesdays at 7 P. M. E. E. Tuttle, Conductor.

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## MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

**Lyman.**—Meetings are being held in Winthrop Hall, 15 City Hall Square, every Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. As in the past, many able speakers and test mediums will be present. Mrs. Dr. M. K. Dowland has charge of the meeting. There is also a public meeting for ladies only every Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

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## Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Mr. J. Frank Baxter, by circumstances, was obliged to change his plans from what was announced last week. He will be at the Haystack Lake Camp-Meeting, Madison, Me. He will lecture Sunday, Sept. 23, in Broughton, Mass., returning to Maine the week following. Sunday, Sept. 30th, he will speak in Bath.

Mrs. H. W. Cushman has returned from Lake Pleasant and located at 7 Walker street, Charlestown, Mass.

A correspondent writes that "Miss E. Johns will answer calls to speak and give platform tests. For terms, etc., address 123 Pearl street, East Somerville, Mass."

Bishop A. Deas speaks at Rochester, Ind., October and November, and at Grand Rapids, Mich., during December. Can be addressed at these places.

Frank T. Ripley, the noted platform test medium, has just closed a most successful engagement at Lake Brady Camp-Meeting. Mr. Ripley has a few dates left; he can be engaged for lectures and platform tests anywhere in Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and Pennsylvania. Address him at once care of Light of Truth, 206 Race street, Cincinnati, O., Room 7. Mr. Ripley is speaking for the Livingston, Ky., Society, at Greer's Hall, also giving tests—for the month of September.

Under the guidance of "E. Unty," the spirit-hand that combined to write the book "Marguerite Hunter," "White Rose" (Rev. J. C. F. Grumbine), Lizzie B. Bangs and Mr. O. H. Horine, begin work on the spiritist rostrum. Mr. Grumbine gives inspiring lectures concerning the higher teachings of the spirit; Miss Bangs the material phenomena on the rostrum, such as slate-writing and etherization; "White Rose" gives clairvoyant and psychometric readings and public tests for Spiritualism. Address them at 181 Walnut street, Chelsea, Mass.

Mrs. J. K. D. Conant lectured before a large audience at Brockton last Sunday evening, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Association. Her dates are far engaged after: Malden, Oct. 4th; Brockton, Nov. 17th, and Salem, Dec. 30th. She solicits engagements to lecture, and can be addressed at the BANNER OF LIGHT Building.

Dr. Lucy Barnicot (of Boston) is at present located at 27 Oak street, San Francisco. See letter of correspondent regarding her work in California, eighth page.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter will lecture in Chicago, Ill., Sundays, Oct. 21st and 28th, also Nov. 4th, 11th, 18th and 25th. Some week-evenings during the time at liberty. Address him 181 Walnut street, Chelsea, Mass.

## CALIFORNIA.

**San Francisco.**—A correspondent writes: "Dr. Lucy Barnicot (of Boston) had a pleasant stay in San Diego, the extreme south of the State. The First Spiritualist Society there engaged her to lecture for it, and offered her its hall for an independent meeting of her own, which she accepted. The President, Mrs. J. K. D. Conant, in a most interesting and profitable sitting and magnetic healing, she (Dr. B.) also aroused much interest in her work and made many friends. She was the guest, while at San Diego, of Mrs. Helen Bushyhead, who is a pioneer as well as a very earnest worker in the cause of Spiritualism. Dr. Barnicot was entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Ravelin in their rooms in Los Angeles, and was the recipient of a fine testimonial meeting at Mrs. Steele's private home in Los Angeles. She was also present at Mrs. Wilman's reception to Dr. and Mrs. Ravelin.

Prof. Carlisle Peterslee is the President of the Music Hall society in Los Angeles, and is as much admired as he was in Boston.

Dr. Barnicot accomplished good work in Los Angeles. Mary A. White in "The Searchlight" says concerning her: "Our city has for some weeks enjoyed the ministrations of that grand medium and magnetic healer, Dr. Lucy Barnicot, of Boston. She also stopped at San Diego, National City, and Ontario, where she gave every satisfaction as a lecturer. In addition to other magnetic gifts, she will soon leave Los Angeles for San Francisco, where I speak for her a grand reception by those who know her ability as a medium, and her personal worth as a lady. Dr. Barnicot's address in San Francisco is at 27 Oak street."

## ILLINOIS.

**Chicago.**—The First Society of Spiritual Unity held its usual meetings on Sunday, Sept. 10th. Mrs. Mary C. Lyman gave most practical and instructive advice to the media present at the mediums' conference in the morning.

The address in the afternoon was on "The Laws and Customs as Found in Spirit-Life," and contained much that was new and interesting. The lecture in the evening on "Come, Friends, and Rally Around Our Banner of the Light of Immortality," was a grand success. It was well received, and was well received with much enthusiasm.

Most interesting remarks were made by Dr. Carpenter, Dr. White, Mrs. Ellison, Mrs. Seville, Mrs. Hartman, Mrs. Herson, Mrs. Smith and others, and Mrs. Dr. Kneave gave a number of tests. Mrs. Dr. Preston presented fine psychometric readings, and Mrs. Lyman a large number of spirit descriptions and messages, which were all fully recognized. The Chicago program is progressing, and promises to be a good work for the cause.

The Chicago Spiritual Union was organized Thursday evening, Sept. 13th. (Owing to the late arrival of the account of this meeting, publication is postponed until the next issue.—E.)

## For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the inflamed gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

## Sealed Letters Answered.

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

INSTRUCTIONS.—1. Do not write upon the envelope of the sealed letter.

2. One spirit only should be questioned at a time.

3. Those sending letters to this office for answer, should invariably write upon the outside envelope "Sealed Letter," in order that they may not miscarry.

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

Correspondents forwarding "sealed letters" must also enclose their own addresses and names on an outside separate slip, otherwise we are unable to return their answers.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

**Dr. F. L. H. Willis** may be addressed at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Jan. 6.

**J. J. Morse**, 26 Osborn street, Euston Road, London, N. W., is agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of Colby & Rich.

**James Burns**, 56 Great Queen street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, Eng., is agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and keeps for sale the publications of Colby & Rich.

To Foreign Subscribers the subscription price of the BANNER OF LIGHT is \$3.00 per year, or \$1.50 per six months, to any foreign country embraced in the Universal Postal Union. To countries outside of the Union the price will be \$3.50 per year, or \$1.75 for six months.

Send for our Free Catalogue of Spiritual Books.—It contains the finest assortment of spiritualistic works in the world.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**Augusta Dwinell-Treadwell,** The Clairvoyant and Massage Physician, Also Trance Medium. OFFICE in Boston Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, at No. 1 Burroughs Place, corner Hollis street. Sept. 21.

**Madame See,** OF New York, Clairvoyant and Psychometric Reader, Business, Social, Medical and Trance Medium. Sittings 9 to 12-1 to 5. 26 Hollis street, Boston. 1w Sept. 21.

**Neuralgia**  
Of the worst kind troubled me for years. A friend, whom I had cured recommended Hood's



Mrs. P. C. Pillsbury  
Webster, N. H.

Sarsaparilla, and I can truly say I am much better. I have not had a headache for some time.

**Hood's Cures**  
and am better in every way, in fact, I feel like new person. MRS. P. C. PILLSBURY.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, and biliousness.

**Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis's**  
**Alterative Compound**  
and **Blood Purifier**

It constantly performs cures, and restores health to persons who have been suffering from Scrofulous Humors, Hip Disease, Erysipelas, Eczema, Pimples, Boils, and all diseases caused by impure and vitiated blood.

Price, 25 cents a bottle, five boxes for \$1.00.

If you do not need these medicines yourself, please call the attention of your afflicted friends to them. "They stand alone."

Circulars and Testimonials will be sent on application to S. WEBSTER & CO., 63 Warren Avenue, Boston. Druggists supplied by Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., or CARTER, CARTER & KILHAM, Boston.

Aug. 25. cow

**DR. G. A. PEIRCE,**  
The Spirits' Healing Medium

BY THE Magnetic, Botanic, Clairvoyant, Trance, &c., thirty-three years in successful practice of the system, and also by Mesmerism, for Spirit Messages, Information, Advice, &c. Mental or Metaphysical Christian Science, Faith, or the Homeopathic System, as his large circle of spirit-guides, controls and helpers. Includes all needed assistance. Either method of treatment consists of a written diagnosis the persons' diseases. If curable, a prescription of needed advice and remedies, and two or more magnetized medicinal Healing Papers, prepared for each case, which will be mailed to order by Letter upon receipt of a lock the patient's hair or recent writing, statement of full name, age, sex, residence, description of illness, and \$1.00 for a trial, which may be all will cure, or \$2.00 or more, as is thought fuller services will be required. Letter Address 171 Pine Street, Lewiston, Maine, 1w Sept. 21.

**Hattie Stafford Stansbury**  
And **Adelaide E. Crane,**  
80 WEST CONCORD STREET, BOSTON. Sunday, Thursday, 2:30 P. M.; Tuesday, 8 P. M. Sittings daily from 10 to 4.

**Fred W. Tabor,**  
Materializing Medium, into of San Francisco. 18 now located at 340 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass. Sittings every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, at 8 P. M. 1w

TO LET—For Doctor's office, between the hours of 9 and 5, a front parlor. 217 Columbus Ave., Boston. 1w Sept. 21.

**DR. E. A. BLACKDEN**, 4 Dwight street, Boston. Magnetic Healing, Writing and Transcribing. Letters answered, \$1.00. 2w Sept. 21.

**Price Reduced**  
From \$1.25 to  
**50 Cents!**

**STUDIES**  
IN THE  
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BY HUDSON TUTTLE,  
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Chap. I.—Matter, Life, Spirit.  
Chap. II.—What the Senses Teach of the World and the Doctrine of Evolution.  
Chap. III.—Scientific Methods of the Study of Man, and its Results.  
Chap. IV.—What is the Sensitive State?  
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Chap. VII.—Sensitiveness During Sleep.  
Chap. VIII.—Dreams.  
Chap. IX.—Sensitiveness Induced by Disease.  
Chap. X.—Thought Transference.  
Chap. XI.—Intimations of an Intelligent Force.  
Chap. XII.—Effects of Physical Influences on the Sensitive.  
Chap. XIII.—Unconscious Sensitiveness.  
Chap. XIV.—Prayer in the Light of Sensitiveness and Thought-Waves.  
Chap. XV.—Christian Science, Mind-Cure, Faith-Cure—their Physical Relations.  
Chap. XVI.—What the Immortal State Must Be



## SPiRiT Message Department.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

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

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

### SPiRiT-MESSAGES, GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Séance held June 15th, 1894.

#### Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou Divine Spirit, weak thy presence at this hour. May the angels, thy messengers of light, be sent into every home, that thy children upon the earth-plane may realize the companionship of those who have preceded them to the better land. During our earthly pilgrimage we are called upon to endure many trials and afflictions, but we know that will not place upon us more than we are able to bear. Thy kind spirit messengers are ever ready to help us and to bring us comfort; and may we be as ready to extend aid to our brothers and sisters of earth.

We thank thee, Oh! Father, for thy bountiful gifts. Help us to be more charitable; forgive all that thy pure eyes have seen amiss in the past; and may we be led more and more by thy Holy Spirit and helped to rise above material conditions into a more spiritual state. Give each spirit here who so desires the power to express a few words of love that may be sent to their dear ones on earth, and may each message convey a ray of light to some one who is groping in darkness to-day. May thy benediction rest not only upon those in spirit and mortal assembled here, but upon all humanity.

JOHN PIERPONT.

### INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

#### Arthur Russell.

[To the Chairman:] Please, sir, may I speak to you? [Certainly.] I did not live here; I lived in Cleveland, Ohio. I want them to know at home and at the Lyceum, (I was a Lyceum scholar,) that when I went away a beautiful spirit came for me. I am a Lyceum scholar now, for I've joined the Lyceum in the Summer-Land.

Papa and mamma felt very bad because I went to the spirit-world. I was only ten when I went away, and I think I must be nearly fifteen now.

I go to school, and I take lessons in music, painting and drawing, which all come very easy to me.

I do not want any one on the earth-plane to weep for us, for when they do it touches the chord of sympathy in our hearts and makes us suffer just the same as we would if we were here and saw our friends sad. I think it is delightful that when we reach the spirit-world we never have to suffer from sickness, from hunger, or heat or cold any more, unless we are controlling a medium as I am now.

I wish the folks at home could know when I visit them; they do know some, but not enough. Grandpa Russell says when they become better educated in spiritual things, they will realize our presence more. My name is Arthur Russell.

#### Samuel Hazen.

[To the Chairman:] Yes, sir, we realize that we are all welcome here.

I never for one moment supposed while I dwelt in the flesh that I should be found in what is termed a spiritual meeting; but I am glad to come, and I am attracted here by the hope that I may learn a little something, not only for my own benefit, but that I may impart to others in my feeble way.

I did not call myself a Spiritualist when here, but I tried to do what I considered right. I often wondered what the future might have in store for mortals after they had passed through the portal of death. It seems to me now that we only just begin to live when we move out of this tenement of clay.

I am very happy in my spirit-home, yet I find that it is a life of learning over yonder—not just that, perhaps, for we have to learn and teach, and when we have gained some truths we must impart them to some one else.

Samuel Hazen is my name. I was well known in the suburbs of this city, and there are some in Boston who remember me.

#### Benjamin Brintnall.

I would speak from a spiritual standpoint to-day, and say, Let us commune together, and we of the spirit-world will do you of the material plane good. You walk not alone, for we are ever with you, and we are here for a purpose. This life is not all of existence; in one sense it is the commencement of life.

I often wish I had known more of spiritual subjects when I was a mortal, but being a busy man I had very little time to visit your meetings. However, my good friend and brother, I have been here many times since passing to spirit-life, and I have been privileged to gain a great deal that I ought to have learned while here.

I would say to Moses: I am one with you, and I am glad to leave my greetings here for you. I have a warm, brotherly feeling for all

humanity also, for I will not single out one here and another there.

I was well known by many in this good city of Boston, and I remember distinctly when Charlestown was annexed. I know I am not forgotten in the short space of time since they said Benjamin Brintnall was dead.

I send my love and warmest greetings to Moses.

Sometimes in my busiest hours I have heard my name spoken, and since passing over I have learned that I possessed mediumistic powers, which enabled me to hear my spirit-friends when they addressed me. I have been aided much by the red men, for their magnetism is stronger than that of the pale-faces.

I often thought when here, "Where are those once active people whom I used to meet in the streets of good old Boston, but who have passed on?" When that thought ran through my mind they were near me, and their spirit presence caused me to think of them.

[To the Chairman:] My good friend (for such I deem you), I know there are many things you have to contend with, but there are some things you have to rejoice over and be thankful for. Those who have stood beside you in many a battle, but who have passed through the change called death, are still by your side, seeking to sustain and uplift you. I was conversing with Philander Briggs not long since, and he said: "The harder we struggle, the harder we fight for the right, sometimes the least we seem to accomplish." From the standpoint of mortals this is often true, but from the spiritual standpoint we perceive that every effort in a godly cause is a success in some way.

Now, my good friend, I make you a solemn promise that I will stand by you and aid you all in my power while you remain in the mortal, as will the many good friends in spirit who surround you at the present time, among them being your friend and former co-laborer in earth-life, Mr. White.

#### Margaret Menter.

"Rest, sweet rest," mortals say is given to us who have passed through the change termed death. It is a rest in one sense, but it is a life of activity in others.

[To the Chairman:] Many miles from your city, I breathed the pure air of Scotland, for there was my home.

I would like to send a few words to Richard in Glasgow. He will be pleased to hear from me in this way. Many a time as I have listened to the words spoken here I have thought that if I could speak, perhaps some poor lad or lass might gain something by my coming.

My mother did not know when in the form that we could come and speak ourselves in this way. We are very happy.

Robbie Burns has been one of the assembly that has gathered here from time to time in the past to listen to those who speak here.

[To the Chairman:] I am pleased to say that some day in the future you will visit the old castles in Scotland, and you will be interested in the places pointed out to you—I mean when you have cast off the garment of flesh.

Margaret Menter, of Glasgow, Scotland.

#### Peter Kingman.

I would send a few words to Springfield, Mass. It's a good while since I kept the old tavern there. I had a son Peter and a daughter Martha.

[To the Chairman:] They tell me this is a free meeting, but the times must be very different from what they were when I was here if you can carry on a business without its costing anything. Now I tell you I'm going to do my part in trying to touch the pocketbooks of some people out at Springfield.

It seems to me that if I were back here again, and had a million of dollars, I'd put it out to teach people not to be so selfish. I was selfish; I'm not going to try to screen myself. I've been taught by experience in spirit if one man is blessed with a little fuller purse than another, it is his duty to aid that less fortunate brother. I wish the wealth of this land was more evenly divided. I can't manage that, but I can try to impress people who have an abundance of this world's goods to give a part of it where it will do the most good; then it will come back to them in the shape of blessings after they have passed out of this life.

Mrs. Harriet Langdon is here to-day, and wants to be remembered to some still on this plane.

I am very glad to announce myself here this morning, and trust my message will prove to some one that we still live on after the death of the material form.

I am Peter Kingman.

#### Spirit Messages.

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

June 22.—James Mason; Mary A. Moore; William S. Arnold; Winifred Meador; Captain Richard Freeman; Thomas Galois Foster; Rosie Chick; George Draper.

June 23.—Martha A. Cokerley; David Dale; James Woodworth; Charlotte Colson; Dr. Beck; John Pierpont.

#### Massachusetts.

BOSTON.—"Truth" writes, among other interesting data: "Occasionally I drop in to some of the halls where the spirits are making their best efforts to rightly educate mortals under restricted environments, and recently met Rev. Dr. Cordingley. I was more than pleased to hear him give evidence of his having acquired a highly educated set of teachers."

I found Dr. Cordingley one of those genial, humanizing natures and characters, cordial, friendly, and having a regard for all. He is the true humanitarian, brightly and sociable, making one feel at home with him.

His explanations of the many degrees or strata of life, and the characteristics that by these different strata are represented, would explain much to those who have been mystified by the sensuous and other would-be dominating forces. Dr. Cordingley puts Spiritualism on an intellectual, comprehensive plane. May fortune reward him."

#### Passed to Spirit-Life.

From her home, No. 6 Chandler street, Worcester, Mass., Aug. 11th, Mrs. Georgiana L. Eaton, wife of Dr. Leander Eaton.

Mrs. Eaton had been a great sufferer for many years, and the Angel of Death was a welcome messenger to her tired and weary spirit. In the early days of Spiritualism in this city many speakers and mediums were entertained in her family, and as long as she was able to do so, she was a constant attendant at the meetings of our Society.

The only near relative who leaves behind is her husband, who is cheered by the comfort and knowledge of immortal life, brought to him through his own mediumship and researches into the Spiritual Philosophy.

The funeral services were attended by the writer.

GEO. A. FULLAN, M. D.

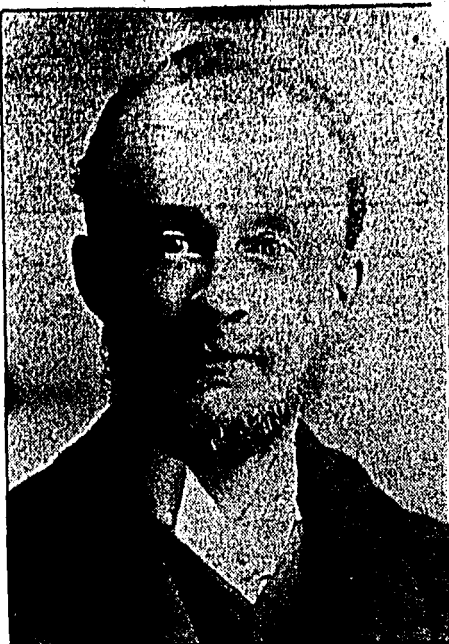
Obituary Notices not over twenty lines in length & "regarded gratuitously. When exceeding that number, twenty cents for each additional line will be charged. Ten words on an average make a line. No poetry admitted under the above heading."

When so many people are taking and deriving benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla, why don't you try it yourself? It will build you up. Hood's Sarsaparilla will make you strong.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. Try a box.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

Ques.—[By G. W. M., Fayetteville, Ark.] Will husband and wife be united in the spirit-world if they have truly loved on earth?

Ans.—All who have truly loved on earth will find themselves non-separated in spirit-life, and indeed the consciousness of union will be far greater than on earth, because temporal limitations do not exist. The only real union anywhere is spiritual, but on earth there are frequent barriers to close outward companionship which are often sorely trying to affectionate natures. The fact of two persons having sustained the relation of husband and wife on earth does not guarantee or necessitate their being together hereafter, but if they truly love each other, and desire to be together, nothing can possibly hold them apart, as love is omnipotent in spirit.

Q.—[By the same.] Does a second marriage bring pain to the spirit where there has been true affinity on earth?

A.—A second marriage does not give pain to an advanced spirit who has outgrown jealousy and selfishness, nor does it wound one who, soon after entering upon spirit-life, realizes that the earthly mate is not the soul-counterpart. The strictest religious bodies allow second marriages, because every one instinctively feels that no earthly ordinance can create or constitute a spiritual union. Sometimes a second marriage on earth is prompted by the first husband or wife in spirit, either because such marriage facilitates spiritual communion, or because it is clearly seen to be best for the one on earth.

Q.—[By the same.] Why is it that the dying shed tears on parting with loved ones—or as a rule express no regrets?

A.—As birth into earthly expression is a clouding of the spirit, the infant sheds tears, but death is usually a release, a return home, and for that reason there appears to the spirit no cause for sorrow of which weeping is a result. When you are about to enter upon a new state of life which is alluring to itself you are not disposed to cast lingering glances behind upon a less desirable condition.

As to parting with friends, that is not a spiritual experience, as on the spiritual side there is no consciousness of separation. Your spirit-friends know of you when you do not know of them. About one-third of earthly time is usually passed in sleep; during sleep the spirit is fully conscious, and often holds delightful communion with loved ones gone before. Dreams are only borderland experiences, and though they appear to stretch over long periods of time they are usually completed in a very few moments. One of the chief causes of suffering from insufficient slumber is that when unbroken rest is long denied, the embodied spirit is deprived too much of direct relation to the spiritual state. It is only mortal misbelief which affirms separation and denies communion between mortal entities in and ex-carnate.

Q.—[By the same.] Will there be a physical resurrection?

A.—The dogma of physical resurrection is a misconception, which has grown out of denial or loss of knowledge concerning reëmbodiment. The latest attempts in the columns of a Western paper to prove reëmbodiment a fallacy, have been so unspeakably ridiculous that thinkers must come to the conclusion are long that when abuse is the only weapon in the hands of an opponent, the doctrine thus proposed is presumably true, seeing that nothing reasonable or scientific is ever offered against it, except in a floundering attempt to demolish a man of straw, erected by the man who fights it.

The external intellect of man is as much the subject of heredity as the physical body; but the essential unit, the true entity, which is positively changeless, is in no sense whatever identical with the mind, which every one admits is perpetually changing, if the common phrase "changing one's mind" is any criterion of sentiment. There is no resurrection of the dead body placed in the ground, as Second Adventists teach; but after the spirit has fulfilled a limited term of expression in the subjective state, it can assume another physical embodiment. It is the same soul, but not the same outer mind that reëmbodies. Intellect, as you know it now, is no more immortal than flesh, though it may enjoy continued existence and activity for an indefinite period after the fleshly organism is thrown aside. A new embodiment is a fresh expression of the same soul, which marks an added step in its career toward perfect manifestation. When once perfect victory is gained in matter over matter, any further expression through matter would be voluntary, phenomenal and triumphant.

Q.—[By Otto Toho, Roversford, Pa.] Will the Controlling Intelligence explain the diversity of opinion among Spiritualists concerning the Christ? Did such a personage ever exist?

A.—There is no more diversity of opinion among Spiritualists on this question than on any other, for diverse opinions are always plentiful where there is but scanty knowledge.

We have said publicly many times in answer to a great many questions that we consider the so-called evidence brought forward to disprove the actual existence of Jesus of Nazareth is no more testimony in the true sense than any bald assertions of denial can be rightly called evidence. If Apollonius of Tyana, or any other seer or sage performed the mighty works and gave the teachings ascribed to Jesus at about

the same period, then the controversy is only over a name, and if Apollonius traveled extensively in the East between the age of twelve and thirty, and the knowledge he gleaned during those eighteen years made him wise when he commenced his public ministry in Palestine, how does that explain the marvelous knowledge displayed by the boy of twelve in the temple at Jerusalem prior to his travel for education?

That there are many honest spirits who teach that Jesus never lived, and does not live because they are not aware of the fact of his existence, only proves that they are destitute of certain information possessed by others; and as knowledge on all subjects is greatly varied and very unequal on earth, so is it in the beyond.

Many who have passed from earth expecting a (strictly orthodox) revelation of Christ, have been disappointed, and have therefore concluded there is no Christ at all. We declare that there are authentic records of the life of the Christ now extant, and that they will soon be published. The life of Issa, translated from an Asiatic manuscript, is only a very feeble sample of what is to follow.

If Spiritualists would not be so carried away, as many are, by simply negative assertions, there would be more knowledge and less groundless discordant opinion on this and many other subjects.

Q.—[By G. R. C., Swansea, Mass.] Will Mr. Colville's guides explain how best to ward off both death and pain, when small seeds lodge and seem to become fixed in the vermiform appendix?

A.—Except in extreme cases we never advocate the surgeon's knife, as far too many experimental operations are performed daily in and out of hospitals. By spiritual or mental modes of healing the expulsion of the seeds would be accomplished by setting in motion a vital current of human electricity whose action would dislodge them. The theory of spiritual healing is that intelligence can so dominate and override all physical obstructions that they are simply evicted through the expulsive force of the life-giving current.

We advise in any such case as the one referred to that mental healing be employed, and if magnetic treatment is available it is quite in order, but no operation is at all necessary, in our judgment. When the method employed is purely mental, affirm constantly and vigorously that the spirit is supreme over its organism, and assist thereby in arousing the activity of the dormant psychic energy embodied in the patient. When magnetic treatment is given we advise gentle regular passes down the spinal column, and also gentle regular pressure of the abdomen. It is positively beneficial in many cases to bathe in water which has been magnetized by an efficient healer, and the wearing of fresh magnetized linen over the affected parts is also highly beneficial, but without local examination precise details cannot well be given.

Q.—[By W. P. C., Monmouth, Ill.] Will the guides of Mr. Colville please explain the cause of somnambulism? and why are somnambulists generally of such fine nature and of slender build?

A.—Somnambulists are usually very sensitive and of a peculiarly delicate, impressive temperament, not easily satisfied with ordinary surroundings. We think actual observation proves them to be usually of slender frame and generally high strung, mentally. Over-anxiety, and, particularly, disappointment in the endeavor to find satisfaction through ordinary channels, greatly intensifies the tendency to sleep-walking wherever it exists.

The best treatment to overcome it is to create a direct interest in something purely external, and seek to afford satisfaction to the mind through an outward channel. When fear is absent, on the part of observers, somnambulism is rarely dangerous.

There are cases of somnambulism which are not attributable to weakness or discontent, and these prevail among highly mediumistic persons who are directed in their sleep to discover lost articles, missing documents, concealed treasure, etc. When the sleep-walker is generally healthy and happy the phenomenon is only a psychological curiosity and should not be interfered with, but where the somnambulist is weak and discontented, the best remedy is congenial society, sufficient but not inordinate exercise, and a generally attractive outward condition at all times.

#### On the Wing.

NOTES OF TRAVEL, BY W. H. TERRY.

Arrived at Washington at 9 P. M., Saturday, Nov. 26th, and having fixed on a hotel near the station, made my way to Mr. George A. Bacon's, whom I had an introduction from friend Colby. Mr. B. was from home, so arranged to meet him the following morning at Metzgerott Hall, where the Spiritualists had their meetings. Before going there I walked to the "Capitol," and inspected it. It is a fine building, built principally of freestone and white granite. The palisades are marble and granite; it occupies a commanding position on high ground overlooking the city and Potomac River. Went to the hall, and met Mr. Bacon; the President (Mr. Edson) came to me, and asked me to speak at the evening meeting. Mr. J. Frank Baxter was the speaker, and his theme of address, "Who are the Spiritualists?" In it he introduced a list of notable persons, including Abraham Lincoln, Queen Victoria, the late Emperor of Russia, Vice-President Wilson, and others, as Spiritualists. The latter he said, had distinctly admitted to him his belief. His lecture was logical, and contained some strong evidence that most, if not all, the persons he named were Spiritualists. Mr. Baxter is versatile in his accomplishments, as he recited, sang and played the harmonium well.

Went in the afternoon by invitation to visit Dr. Hausmann, to see a number of curios, of which he is the possessor. Dr. H. appears to be a mediumistic aura, his presence adding to the power of medium, so that he usually gets the best results. He has quite a number of pictures, most of which were done through the mediumship of the late Dr. Stansbury; one of them (a drawing of Schiller) is a work of art, so also is an oil painting representing the heads of Lincoln and Washington. The doctor has had large experience in materialization.

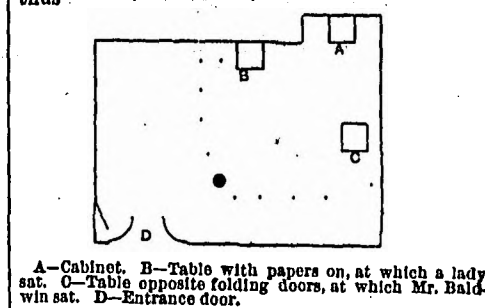
In the evening attended the service at Metzgerott Hall, and spoke for about fifteen minutes on "Unity Amongst Spiritualists, and the Progress of Spiritualism in Australia." Mr. Baxter gave an address on the Spiritualism of the Bible, and followed it by a number of striking tests, giving names as well as descriptions, and generally the cause of death of the deceased spirits; in every case the spirits were recognized.

On the following morning I had a sitting with Mrs. M. Wheeler Brown, a lady medium of repute for trance and astrology. The communications received through her were mostly of a private or personal character; the controls displayed a knowledge of my past and present environments, which could not possibly be known to the medium. William Denton controlled, and said amongst other things, that though satisfied with his condition, there was so much left undone by him here, that he almost wished he could have staid longer in the body; he would have liked some use to have been made of his unpublished writings.

Went in the afternoon to the National Museum.

In the evening I attended a séance at Mrs.

M. A. Keeler's, 611 "H" street. Mrs. K. is a pleasant, middle-aged lady, of good repute as a medium. Her séance room is on the first floor front of a large corner house; this is divided from the back room by large folding doors, which were closed before the séance began. A recess (overhanging the side of the cabinet, in which there were two windows with folding shutters inside), forms the cabinet, with curtains hung at front. I examined this immediately before the medium entered, and found everything solid. Returning, I took my seat amongst the visitors, who formed a segment of a circle from the folding door to the wall beyond the recess, thus—



The dots represent the sitters; the larger one myself.

A light, shaded with thin, colored cloth, stood on a ledge at the marked corner. Singing, as usual, was recommended and done.

Shortly after the singing began, a girlish voice, through the medium in the cabinet, greeted us with a "good evening." She was the usual "control," and was followed by a more sonorous male voice, recognized as J. B. Wolfe, who seemed to be the directing spirit. One or two female forms came out who were familiar to those present; then Mr. Wolfe came, dressed in dark suit with white shirt front. After speaking to some he knew he called me, and spoke of his pleasure in the work of demonstrating the after-life, which was but the continuance of this. Several other forms came to the sitters, then Charles H. Foster was announced. I was called to the cabinet, and, standing in the entrance, he spoke to me, saying he presumed I knew he had been a chosen instrument of the spirit-world when here; that he had met thousands and given them evidence, and was still engaged in the work. I knew Charles H. Foster, and was frequently in his company when in Melbourne. The form resembled him in features, stature, and color of hair and style of dress. D. D. Home came, and calling me up spoke impressively of the spiritual work, saying that he had aided me, and would do so to a greater extent in the future. Presently Kate Fox Jencken was announced; some of the visitors near the cabinet intercepted her, but she beckoned to me, and taking my hand in one of hers, rested the other on my shoulder, saying "she wanted me to give her strength." She said many friends had stood by her through all, but she was now working out the results of her earthly errors. I told her that I had always looked charitably on her shortcomings, realizing that she was the creature of circumstances, and also remembering the good work she had done in her early days. She said it was the knowledge of this that drew her to me, and she hoped she would be able to be of some service to me in the future. Her voice was distinct and manner earnest. A spirit named Baldwin, the mother of the gentleman who sat near the cabinet, came, calling him "Sammy," and speaking quite familiarly with him. This gentleman said that both he and his mother knew Dr. Peebles, and requested me to carry this kind regards him.

The girl spirit, who spoke in the cabinet, said there were a number of bright spirits about me, and one was an Oriental one. This is the sixth time the Oriental spirit has been referred to by different mediums without anything being said or done to suggest it.—*The Harbinger of Light*, Aug. 1st, 1894.

#### September Magazines.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS.—This excellent monthly visitor has had ample opportunity to display taste in the selection of matter it produces, current themes being unusually numerous. Japan and her national leaders; recent American legislation on the new tariff matter; the report of the German bimetallicists; the Hawaiian constitution and Australian tax reform, being some of the subjects considered by editor and contributors. Hon. F. W. Holder has an able article on taxation. The tariff schedules, old and new, will command attention, and create not a little comment after perusal. "The Progress of the World," as well as the "Leading Articles of the Month" are replete with instructive and authentic reading. A good deal is written about Corea and her people, that it will be well to read. The department devoted to new books, contents of magazines and index to periodicals is a prominent feature in this magazine. Published at 13 Astor Place, New York.

THE HUMANITARIAN.—W. Holman Hunt, R. W. S., favors a healthy, liberal and recreative observance of Sunday, in the article which follows his portrait in the fall number; "An Old-Time Humanitarian," by Mrs. Elizabeth Martyn, tells about John Woolman; Grant Allen, a bright writer of romance, writes "About the new Hedonism"; "Green Leaves" is by Mabel Collins; "Longevity in London" is by Hugh Percy Dunn, F. R. C. S.; George Washington Moon, Hon. F. R. S. L., attacks a high rate of interest in an article on "Pawnbroking"; "The Redemption of the Criminal" is by Thomas C. Collings; "The Bondwoman and the Free" is by Zulu Maud Woodhull. The Notes and Comments are good editorial reading. Victoria Woodhull Martin, editor, Caulon Press, 20 Vesey street, New York.

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.—Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson's portrait is the frontispiece of the current number. Her husband has the opening article entitled "My First Book—Treasure Island," beautifully illustrated. Robert Barr tells about "Fighting with Four Fists," which means feet as well as hands. Professor Berthelot's theory that chemistry will displace agriculture is ably discussed by Henry J. W. Dam in his article, "Foods in the Year 2,000." Florence L. Guertin has a story, "With Madness in His Method." "The Flying Man," is descriptive of Otto Lilienthal's flying machine. "Are Composite Photographs Typical Pictures?" is by H. P. Bowditch, M. D., which is exceedingly entertaining. There is much other interesting matter. S. S. McClure, 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.—"Newport in the Revolution," by C. R. Thurston, is the opening article of the current issue. It is fully illustrated. "A Puritan Maiden's Diary" is by Adeline E. H. Slicer; "One Afternoon" is by Lucian Child; "Damariscove" is a timely sketch by Winfield Thompson; "Gen. John Paterson," and what he did as a soldier in the Revolution, is well told by Bulkeley Booth; "America Through the Spectacles of the Old English Potter" is one of the most readable papers. "Quaint Essex" will please a large number of readers, the writer, Frank T. Robinson, having done himself great credit. Warren F. Kellogg, publisher, 5 Park Square, Boston.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND SCIENCE OF HEALTH.—The opening article is of "Charlotte Fowler Wells," by Edgar O. Beall, M. D. Mary Shaw makes a plea for voice culture. "How to Study Strangers by Temperament, Face and Head," is continued. The editor has an exhaustive article, entitled "A Chat with the White Mahatma"—Prof. S. S. Baldwin. "The Child Culture" department is still conducted, and the other features of the current issue are well in hand. Fowler & Wells Co., 27 East 21st street, New York.

THE LEXINGTON BANNER.—Hudson Tuttle has the opening article, "The King Humbleby." Capt. William Bain continues his "Memories of an Ancient Mariner." Prof. Tinsion gives a sketch of J. J. Morse, editor of the *Lexington Banner*, though short, it is true and interesting. Mary Louisa Starr writes on "Flowers." The assistant editor, Miss Florence Morse, has a nice clipping entitled "Woman." A good deal of the work for the cause of Spiritualism across the water is given in the latest issue. J. J. Morse, publisher, 25 Osnaburg street, London. For sale by Colby & Rich, Boston, Mass.







