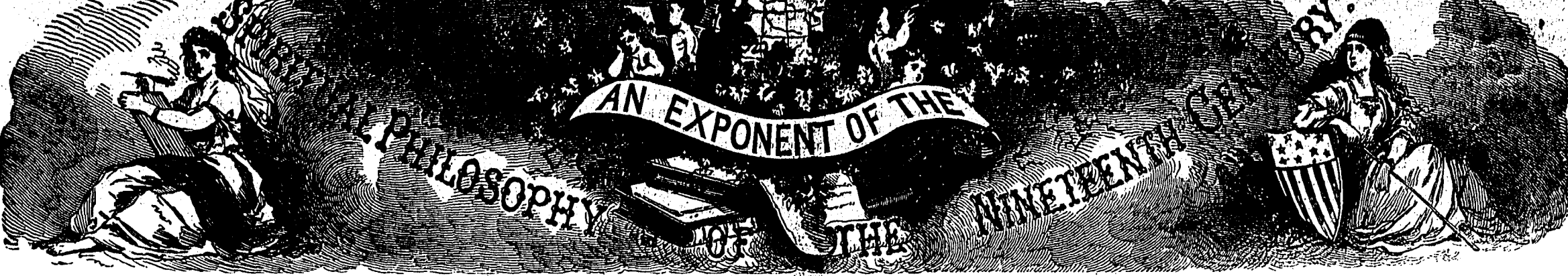


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BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 4.

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 V.—CONTINUED.

There came a day when my little brother and myself were very much delighted because the house was full of carpenters, and we had plenty of blocks to make baby houses, and pretty shavings to pile up in heaps, and the pictures from the old wall paper to cut out, and the pounding of hammers, and whistling and singing of the men, all afforded fine sport for us.

"You are going to have a new mother," said the head carpenter to us one day—he was a white-headed, pleasant looking old man, and he put his hand on my head as he spoke, and said: "God bless you, my darlings, and incline her heart unto you."

She was a tall, stately woman, and I shrunk away from her. No wonder she did not take a fancy to me, for I was a pale, sickly-looking child, inheriting a nervous temperament and a hasty temper. Not so with my brother; he was bright, joyous and healthy; and when I ran away and hid myself, and refused to say "Mother," insisting upon it that my mother was in the picture up stairs, Willie kissed her, and took the sugar plums which I said I did not want. He was at once installed as her favorite, and justly so; she seemed pleased to have him by her side, and took great pains to dress him tastefully.

On the other hand, I was kept out of sight as much as possible; the excuse being that I was not well, and needed quiet. She brought with her a domestic who seemed to be completely subservient to her will; indeed, my stepmother was one of those strong, imperious natures, requiring perfect submission from those who would live at peace with her. Toward those who would yield their will to hers, she was genial as a summer day; but the least impatience of restraint, the budding of rebellion, was met with the sternest resistance; and she possessed a wonderful facility in torturing those who did not please her.

She had been in the family a few weeks, when some of her relatives came to visit us. I remember well how fretful I had been all day, owing, perhaps, to a headache, which, during the hottest hours, seemed almost insupportable. I needed a very forbearing nurse, and no doubt taxed the patience of my mother, who never had had the care of the children. I could not eat the supper provided for me, and petulantly teased for some custards which were prepared for my mother's guests. "Take the child to bed," said my mother, sternly, "she is too naughty a child to stay with us."

"Come along," said Betsey, as she went up stairs. My sleeping room was in the third story.

"Send Willie, too," I said.

"No, Willie is going to sit up and see the company."

"I do not want to go alone," I said, and began to cry.

"I'll go too, Sissy," said my brother, "only don't cry."

"No, you are not going now, Willie," said my mother; "run into the other room and see the ladies."

He hesitated, and looked as if he would rather have gone with me. "Obey me," said my mother, with a shade of sternness which Willie's disposition would not allow him to resist.

"Now, Betsey, take that child to her room, and let me hear no more from her to-night."

"Why, Mrs. Lee, you never saw such a little scare-crow as that child is; she's afraid of her own shadow. You could not hire her to go into a dark room by herself, and her aunt told me that she had never been to bed alone."

"Then it is high time that she was taught better; take her to her room, and shut the door when you come out," and turning to me, she added, "If I hear a word from you I shall come up myself; and it will go hard with you if I am found in your room to-night."

Her look and voice made me tremble; but in my dread of the solitude, I asked if Willie might come soon.

"No, not to-night; I'll find another place for him, and teach you not to be so timid."

If a thunder clap had broken over my head I could not have been more startled; and at this distance of time the agony those words caused me comes back to my heart more vividly than almost any other sorrow of my childhood. I was too frightened to shed tears, but stood still, unable to move.

"Go, child; why do you wait?"

I did not stir from my place; her anger, awful as it was, seemed not so bad as a night of solitude.

"Take her up, Betsey, and if she resists I will find a way to make her go by herself."

Betsey's presence, even for a little while, was some comfort, and I lay passive in her arms. She undressed me, and I said, to pro-

long the time, "You'll hear me say my prayers and hymns, won't you, Betsey?"

"No, I can't stop—you can say 'em by yourself just as well. It will make no difference any way; 'taint likely God will hear naughty children's prayers."

"Betsey, don't you think there is something in the dark over there?"

"Lal' no, child; it's nothing but one of your frocks. There's nothing troubles good children."

That was cold comfort, for I had been told that I was a bad child, till I sincerely believed there was n't a naughtier child in the place; but somehow when I tried the hardest to be good I failed. I always had a headache, or my limbs ached, or my teeth troubled me, or my poor feet were swollen with chilblains—some physical suffering that made me irritable and peevish—so that no one had patience with me but Willie, who always tried to act the part of comforter. Betsey hurried down stairs, and I was left alone. There was no one in the story in which I slept, nor in the rooms below. The servants were in the basement, my mother and her friends in the parlor, and my father in Boston. I thought he might perhaps have befriended me if he were at home, though I had some doubt on that point, for he appeared to yield his own wishes to my mother's will. It grew quite dark, and the room was peopled with all sorts of creatures peering at me from every corner; my head ached very hard, and my face was burning hot. I drew the bed-clothes over my face, shut my eyes, and kept saying, "Now I lay me down to sleep." The heat was insufferable, and I breathed with difficulty; so once in a while I would raise the clothes to admit a little air, and then venture to peep out to see if those horrible faces were still peering at me, or were coming near. For awhile there was perfect stillness, but suddenly there was a rumbling noise in the chimney close to my head; my hearing was sharpened, and I listened closely; there was no mistake—there was the noise again; a beating against the sides of the chimney, as if some one were descending. I remembered my mother's pitiless face, and dared not cry out. "God won't hear naughty children," Betsey had said, so there was no use in praying. My fever heat passed away, and was succeeded by an icy coldness. For a moment all was still, and then a sudden noise, a faint cry of distress, and a sound as of something falling from the chimney upon the hearth, then a fluttering as of wings. I could bear no more, but rushed from my bed down the first flight of stairs; further I did not venture; for if my mother should send me back, what would become of me? One flight of stairs led to the hall door, and turned at the first landing, so that I could see my mother from the view of any one coming in or going out; here I could hear voices, and felt safe, but I was deathly cold, and shivered in my nightgown as if I had an ague fit. The clock struck eleven, and I was still there, leaning my head against the balusters, when Cousin Joe came down stairs, and taking me in his arms, whispered to me not to say a word, but carried me back to my room, and covering me with the blankets, said, "Yes, yes—no, no; never mind, Joe is here, he'll stay;" and taking a chair he leaned his head upon the foot of the bed, and said, "There, lie still; Joe will stay and take care of Sissy."

"Joe," I asked, in an earnest whisper, "has the bad black man come down the chimney?"

"Yes, yes—no, no, Sissy, it is only the chimney swallows; the little birdies have lost their mothers—great many birdies lose their mothers, and fall. Go to sleep now, and say what she used to sing."

"Hush, my dear; lie still and slumber; Holy angels guard thy bed."

How soothing were those words. I put out my hand for Joe to take, and as he held it I fell asleep. When I awoke the next morning the sun was shining in my room, and I rubbed my eyes, and thought, "How glad I am it was a dream;" but when I looked for Willie he was not by my side, and then I remembered all the events of the night. Soon Willie came running in, and singing—

"Get up, little Sissy; the sun is so bright."

"I do not want to get up," I said.

"But mother says get up, and come to breakfast. I like mother, Sissy; she gave me custards and cake last night, and I slept with her, and she kissed me."

"I don't like her a bit," I said. "I hate her, and I wish I was buried up in the ground, close to my mother. I won't call her mother any more."

"Oh! you ugly child to talk so," said Betsey, who caught the last word. "You had better mind her, anyway, and come down, or you'll catch it."

"Yes, Sissy, do come," said Willie.

I tried to rise, but my feet had no sooner touched the floor than I faltered. When I came to myself my mother was rubbing me, and looking a little frightened. The doctor was sent for, who said that I had the scarlet fever, and must be very carefully watched, for my temperament was such he feared it would go very hard with me. During the sickness which followed, I had all proper care and attention from my mother; there was little tenderness, and no love; but there was no neglect. I took my medicine from my father, or Joe. My mother had taken a great dislike to the latter, and wished to exclude him from the room, but I pleaded so earnestly with my father for Joe that he was allowed to stay. Willie was sent away for fear of contagion, and Charlie's mother would not let him come. I should have had many lonely hours if Joe had not been there; for a few days, when the fever was at its height, he would come down at midnight, and ask my father, "Does she breathe yet?" "Will she die, uncle?" and the reply was, "No, Joe, we hope she will not die; the doctor thinks he can cure her; go back to bed." But he never would go unless they promised him that if I grew worse he should be called. He was tender and gentle with me as any mother with an infant; and it was an odd sight to see that strange-looking, half-idiot boy, smoothing a sick girl's pillow, combing her hair, feeding her with gruel, and, as I got better, even playing baby-house with me, and dressing the dolls. It was a long time after I was convalescent before I was able to go to school, and during that period my mother said little or nothing to me, allowing me to have my own way when it did not clash with her wishes. This letting alone system did very well; but there was all the time a longing for something which I could not define. I was too young to know that it was my own mother's warm, loving heart that I needed, and her bosom to rest upon. As I grew stronger, one day toward spring my mother said to Betsey:

"I have not forgotten that I have got to cure that child of her foolish fears. She is well enough now, and I mean to begin this very night; you may put a little bed for Willie in your room, and Bertha may sleep alone for the present."

I was playing with my dolls in the kitchen chamber, and heard the remark. I ran out and found Joe, who was piling wood in the wood-house, and said, "Joe, I wish I had died with the fever."

He dropped his armful of wood, and, sitting down on a large log, drew me close to his side.

"Then Joe would die too?"

"Would you, Joe, certain true?"

"Yes, Joe would."

"Joe, she says I am to sleep all alone now. I'm afraid, Joe—I'm so afraid I'd rather die!"

Joe laughed, and rubbed his hands. "Yes, yes—no, no! Joe will fix it—Sissy keep still!" and he jumped up and went to his work, laughing, and saying, "Joe will fix it, Joe will fix it!"

With this assurance I went to bed at my mother's command, without any complaint; and as soon as the house was still Joe made his appearance, and wrapping himself in a blanket slept upon the floor. It was so for some nights, and I think my mother was rather disappointed at my non-resistance. But alas! Joe had the unfortunate habit of snoring, and Betsey was one of those nervous, tea-drinking old maids that could never sleep unless her bed-quilt was squared, her pillow a certain height, her door locked, and the house still. On this night she was awakened by the snoring, and, jumping up, full of indignation at this disturbance, she hastened into my room, with the intention, probably, of giving me a severe pinch, when she stumbled over poor Joe. Her sharp, shrill scream awakened the household, and my mother came up to know the cause. Poor Joe was banished to his little kitchen chamber, and was hereafter to be looked in at night.

Oh! those dreary nights that followed. Even now as I write, memory stirs the bitter waters in my soul. I often laid awake till after midnight, listening for every sound, and fancying that I saw strange faces in my chamber. The severe discipline only increased my timidity, and made me turn from a darkened room and a lonely house with terror. The effect was soon evident in the loss of health; I grew pale and thin, and so weak that I could with difficulty ascend the two flights of stairs to my bed-room. Children seldom complain unless their suffer actual pain, and I received the severe reproofs of my mother for my listlessness and neglect, with an indifference that angered her exceedingly. At last the brain began to tell the story of over-excited nerves, in severe and protracted headaches—those blinding, crushing headaches that prostrate the whole system, and leave the sufferer a passive object of pity to the hardest heart.

I well remember one of them. I sat in a dark room, in my little chair, leaning my head upon the couch. My mother came in, and seeing me thus, said:

"The doctor orders an emetic for these headaches, and you had better take one this afternoon. I must attend the meeting of the 'Maternal Association' myself, but Mrs. Towle will take care of you."

I made no reply, for I had found resistance to her will vain, but I longed to plead for a little rest, first, a little delay, till my father came home to watch beside me. Mrs. Towle was a washer-woman, who came to our house once a week to do the family washing, and was there at her task; but at my mother's request she remained after her work was done, and acted as nurse. At first I felt unwilling to have her

[Continued on second page.]

Biographical.

(From The Conglomerate, Middletown, N. Y.)

LUTHER R. MARSH, Our Most Notable Contributor.

An acquaintance, embracing a period of more than twenty years of business and social relations, resulting in a continued and almost daily intercourse, enables the present writer to speak with some knowledge and authority as to the character, actions and personality of the distinguished lawyer, student, philosopher and Conglomerate contributor, whose name heads this article.

The subject of this sketch made his advent into this world on the fourth day of April, 1813, at the village of Pompey, Onondaga County, New York. He comes from old Connecticut stock, which is another bond of union between him and the Conglomerate's editor. His father was Luther Marsh, who settled at Pompey, and was afterwards appointed High Sheriff of the County. His mother was Emma Rawson, a descendant of Edward Rawson, who came from England to Massachusetts Bay in 1637, and held various distinguished offices of the time, among others being Secretary of the colony for forty-eight consecutive years. It would seem as if our Mr. Marsh was entitled to his long and healthful years of life by virtue of heredity.

His early youth was passed on the heights of Pompey, where, as another has written, "a good inherited constitution was confirmed by refreshing breezes and athletic sports, in which the young Pompeian exhibited much dexterity." He was a great walker; when not more than ten and twelve years of age he used to take frequent strolls to visit relatives in the neighboring towns and counties.

The village of Pompey seems to have been unusually fortunate in the character of her inhabitants, and among the associates of young Marsh's boyhood there were many whose names have become well known and respected in the country at large. Among them may be mentioned Horatio Seymour, twice Governor of this State; Charles Mason, afterward (Commissioner of Patents, and also Chief Justice of Iowa; Charles B. Sedgwick, afterward to become one of the leading lawyers of this State; Henry W. Slocom, destined to be one of the most efficient Major-Generals of our civil war; Lucien Birdseye, afterward Supreme Court Justice, and many others whom the limits of space will not permit us to mention.

At fourteen years the boy Marsh for further instruction was sent to the military academy conducted by Captain Farbridge at Middletown, Conn., where he had the advantage of competent instructors, and was equally fortunate in his companions. Among the professors were Truman B. Ransom, afterwards killed at the head of his regiment at the storming of Chapultepec in the Mexican war. Among the students were George Geddes; T. Henry Seymour, afterwards Governor of Connecticut; William Seymour, again, Edward H. Seeley, Charles Tracy, and William A. Beach, all destined to become prominent lawyers.

After some commercial experience, gained in the general store of Mr. West, young Marsh adopted the law as his life's business profession and occupation, entering upon his new career as a student in the office of a distinguished lawyer, Freeborn G. Jewett, afterwards Supreme Court Justice. Later he was associated as student in another office with George E. Comstock, who was to become one of our most efficient and respected jurists, for many years sitting in the Court of Appeals. From there he went to Utica, that once great centre of legal luminaries. In 1836 he made a business connection with the distinguished Henry R. Storrs in New York City, returning on Mr. Storrs's death to Utica for a time. While located there he assisted in making abstracts of the titles for the land required for the road-bed and depots of the Erie railway from Binghamton to Lake Erie, and trying causes for the appraisal of damages in which the parties could not agree; as a writer says: "in some of these causes the young lawyer was subjected to a severe ordeal, having most of the local lawyers in combination against him."

Returning to New York, about 1844, Mr. Marsh entered into business with Oneida, N. Y. Sturtevant, an attorney of activity and large practice. About this time the great Daniel Webster entered into a business partnership with Mr. Marsh, which continued until his return to the Senate in 1855. Mr. Marsh always entertained the highest veneration for Mr. Webster, which was evidenced by his notable address delivered in the Middletown Casino, some twenty years ago, and largely reproduced in The Conglomerate.

During the following years and until his virtual retirement, Mr. Marsh continued the practice of his profession in the City of New York.

When fairly established in practice he married Miss Jennie E. Stewart, daughter of that famous jury advocate and anti-slavery Boanerges, Alvan Stewart.

The foregoing statements are derived from various sources of information, and largely from an article in the work entitled "The Encyclopedia of Contemporary Biography of New York."

My first personal acquaintance and business relations with Mr. Marsh began over thirty years ago, and continued with short breaks, occasioned by the war and other matters, for at least twenty years. During this time I was, naturally, in almost daily personal contact with him, and had most abundant opportunity of observing him and his methods in the office and in the courts. As clerk or partner there were few lawsuits in which I did not bear some part, either in preparation or on trial, and few appeals in which I did not assist to some extent either in the preliminary investigation and preparation of points, or the presentation of the argument. So my experience entitles me to speak with some authority, as my feelings do con amore. In the conduct of an extensive law business carried on by several partners, there is of necessity a division of labor, and in ours the preparation of cases, trials and arguments, were more particularly in the hands of Mr. Marsh, who availed himself of such aid as he supposed I could give him in this department of the business. I should hesitate to say at this late day how many these occasions were, but can state that the cases were engaged in together were many in number, varied in importance, very frequently involved large pecuniary and other interests, and afforded a complete test of the character and capacity of the leading counsel.

Mr. Marsh never failed to meet the most stringent and exacting requirements of that test. He was indefatigable in the preliminary labor of study and preparation, and would work at a case at home and in the office, until I with

my slighter experience and greater egotism, sometimes thought it must be worn threadbare. The merit of such devoted labor and application is shown by the result.

To lose a case in those days was so exceptional, that, looking back on the by-gone years, I cannot recall a single one, which we expected to win, that was lost. Can you, Brother Marsh? If so, let me know the title, and when tried. We can speak of these things as of past history; we are not "in it" any longer. Let me be accused of blowing my own horn. I will say that my part in these trials and arguments chiefly consisted in keeping quiet and looking



LUTHER R. MARSH.

on. The burden rested upon and was borne by the senior counsel. For some occult reason he seemed to want me there, and I went.

Apart from his strictly professional labors, Mr. Marsh has been called upon on many conspicuous occasions to deliver addresses of commemoration or welcome. A list of these would fill a column in our paper. Notable among them are those before the Union League Club on many occasions, and before the Society of the Army of the Potomac. Middletowners have occasion to remember two of his addresses delivered in this city, for public and charitable purposes: the one on the "Alphabet" and the other on "Daniel Webster"—part of both of which were afterward printed in this paper.

Among other of the benefactions of Mr. Marsh should be mentioned his active interest and successful work in having established new and extensive public parks in and adjacent to the city of New York.

His articles on the Parks of different cities, published in this paper, are a mine of information on this subject, and show how thoroughly the author investigates and understands every matter on which he intends to state facts or express opinion. Some weak and self-sufficient critics of Mr. Marsh's spiritual belief may well consider this fact before they vent their ignorance and ill-considered ideas as to that belief.

Several years ago Mr. Marsh, possessing the right, earned by years of faithful and honorable labor, retired from the active business of life. For reasons sufficient to himself he adopted our city as his future home. He has become a familiar personage in our midst. The editor of this paper felt warranted in asking him for an occasional contribution. He most willingly complied. For a period of two years and a half he has contributed to our columns the weekly average of a page. In variety of subject, in interest of matter, in useful information, in graceful style and effective rhetoric, these contributions are equal to any magazine literature in the country. Apart from their intrinsic excellence, the labor of producing them was very considerable. It is no slight task to write a solid page of The Conglomerate every week, and that our accomplished contributor should have continued to do so for such a length of time, and on so many and so varied themes, attests to him not only to our personal gratitude but to that of all our intelligent and cultivated readers. If these articles were put in book form they would make two octavo volumes of five hundred pages each, and they would be worth to all such readers what such volumes would cost. With all our former intimate acquaintance, and business relations with Mr. Marsh, these contributions were a perpetual surprise to us. We confess we were not aware of the author's extended acquaintance with notable people and events, nor his study and knowledge of general literature.

Perhaps a semi-biographical article on our distinguished friend would be considered incomplete without some reference to his religious, or "spiritual" belief. Without expressing an opinion as to which we confess our incompetency, we think that those who sneer at and pity Mr. Marsh for his delusions, as they call them, had better show some grounds for their own belief, if they have any belief on the subject of immortality and spiritual life. There is no egotism like that of complete ignorance; and the severest critics of Mr. Marsh and his belief are those who, if asked to define their own, would certainly find great difficulty in so doing. When they can write an argument against his belief, or meet the statements he makes in its favor, as vigorously, as logically and as effectively as he presents his claims and his views, they will be entitled to more respect than is at present accorded them.

THE JUDGE.

AS BABES BENEATH THE MOTHER'S HEART STILL PENT.

As babes beneath the mother's heart still pent Eyes have where is no light, ears where no sound.

But lie, in darkness and in silence bound, Waiting the term of that imprisonment—So, Lord, may we, albeit enmeshed and wound In this strait toils wherein our life is spent, Our larger bondage, rest not uncontent With Time, thy warder, paces his just round. For in our bosoms dimly we discern, Patient of thralldom and the yoke of earth, Still mightier powers and still without employ. Not here, not here, O Love and sacred Joy! But in the freedom of a larger birth Your uses and your meanings we shall learn.

—E. N., in The Conservator.

Mrs. Jabber (to Mr. Jabber)—"Are you aware that you talk in your sleep? Young Jabber—'What chance does he get?'—Scribner's Magazine.

"BERTHA LEE."

(Continued from first page)

with me, but when I became much exhausted, and lay my head upon the pillow, with my eyes closed as in sleep, she came near me, and smoothing my hair, and laying the quilt carefully over me, she whispered to herself, "Poor little lamb! What would her blessed mother say? I don't know about leaving sick children at home, to go to them sewing meetings and praying circles—seems to me that ain't the right kind of religion; but I suppose we poor folks don't know nothing;" and she sat down in her chair, and took up a stocking which she was knitting for one of her boys.

Here, then, was sympathy; and my heart warmed toward the poor, worn woman who was having a hard struggle with life. After some minutes I turned toward her.

"Mrs. Towle, did you know my mother?" "Know your mother? Why, la! child, I knowed her ever since she was born; and when she died it seemed to me I felt as bad as I did when my own darter Jennie was laid in the grave. She was a pretty creature when she was married—you'll never be as handsome as she, and then she always had a smile and a kind word for every one. When the minister read and prayed at Jennie's funeral, he repeated a nice verse of poetry, something like this:

"The angels are waiting to welcome her home."

And sure as I'm here those words came right into my mind the minute I heard that your mother was dead."

"Mrs. Towle," I said, as I looked earnestly at her, "do you believe my mother knows anything about her children now?"

The poor woman laid down her knitting, and her eyes filled with tears as she said:

"Why, darling, I ain't certain on that point; sometimes it seems all dark and dreary beyond the grave, and then again there's a streak of light way through the dark valley to a bright world beyond. Sometimes I think it is Jennie that puts such pleasant dreams into my mind nights when I'm very tired, and they rest me so sweetly. She comes and leads me to a pleasant seat amid flowers, and trees, and brooks, and when I'm resting she says: 'Now, mother, you needn't wash any more; God will feed and clothe the little ones, and give you rest,' and after that dream I go to sleep again, and have peace till morning. I'll say a piece of poetry to you that Jennie copied for me to read before she died. She said: 'Mother, you must think I am saying it to you when I am gone:'

"Do I forget? Oh! no;
For memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below,
Till they meet to touch again."

I say it over and over sometimes when I'm washing, and it's a great comfort to me; but I never saw Jennie as plain as Mrs. Foster saw her children. Ye see she had buried four children, one after another, and her heart was most broken; but what made it harder to bear was the doctrine that the minister preached. He believed that little children were lost; that they went right away to the wicked place where bad spirits dwell. Now, ye see, this made Mrs. Foster c'enomest crazy, and she could n't work days nor sleep nights. At last, one night, after she had wept and wept till she had no more tears to shed, she laid down and tried to sleep. It may be she did sleep; most folks think she did, but I don't know; at any rate, she says that she saw a beautiful angel clothed in white enter her room, leading her four little children. These children were smiling and happy, and came to their mother's bedside, as if to assure her of their happiness, and then vanished. Mrs. Foster was comforted, and did not mourn for her children after this visit. There now, darling, you are pale and weak; shut your eyes, and I'll sing one of Jennie's songs to you, and may be you'll sleep."

CHAPTER VI.

"COUSIN JOE."

WINTER passed; my headaches continued, and our family physician frankly acknowledged that he had no confidence in the power of drugs in my case.

"Send her to a farm-house in the country," he said; "perhaps a milk diet and fresh air will do more for her than my skill."

Wise man and good doctor! you little thought that in after years, when your powdered head should be lying low in the graveyard on the hill, and your gold-headed cane laid away as an old family relic, that the little pale child whose strange headache puzzled you so much, should live to bless your memory, and thank you from the bottom of her heart for that simple prescription.

Now it happened that Charlie Herbert had an uncle that lived about two miles from Oldbury, on a large farm. Our families had been long acquainted, and I had often visited there with Charlie. Thither my father resolved to send me for the summer. My mother seemed rather pleased than otherwise, though she said I should get such rude ways that her task would be very hard on my return. Willie was to come out once a week, and Charlie said, with a little pomposity in his manner, "he rather thought he should farm it a little during the summer, and should be there often."

It was a large, rambling old house, with a great many rooms, and odd corners and cupboards, and a garret that Charlie and I were never tired of exploring. Charlie came nearly every day, and sometimes he would remain for a week at a time. We fed the chickens, and the two big cats, and the three little kittens, and the cosset lamb, and gave them all names. We had a swing in the barn, and another, made of an old grape-vine, suspended from two trees down by the brook; and we had a play-house on some rocks by the pond, and another for rainy days in the high barn where there was plenty of hay.

It was wonderful how fast I gained my health without rhubarb or senna, or even sulphur and molasses.

"Why, Bertha, you are growing fat," said Charlie one day, as we sat together on the doorstep eating our bread and milk; "and if you should stay here a long while, perhaps you would look as pretty as Bell Ruby."

"Oh! no, Charlie, I shall never be as pretty as Bell Ruby, because she has such bright eyes and red cheeks!"

"I don't like to play with her very well," said Charlie, "because she always wants her own way all the time."

"And you want yours, Charlie, and so that makes trouble."

"Well, Bertha, it comes natural to boys to want their own way, and they like girls that are not always willing to direct them."

"But I think if the girls are smarter than the boys they should direct," I said.

"Now I'll tell you just my notion about these matters," said Charlie. We were sitting on the hay in the barn, and I remember he had on his new spencer; it was the first he had worn, and it made him look almost like a man, buttoned up so nicely with brass buttons, and set off with a white collar and black bow. He had taken off his cap, and his hair was moist, (for we had been playing hard), and curled all over his head. "I think boys ought to be smart, and work, go to sea, fight battles, make roads, and keep the world in motion; and girls ought to be good and pretty, and make nice cake and pies, and keep house."

"Oh! dear," I said to myself, "I am neither good nor pretty, and I don't think I should like to be cooking all day, like Betsey," and so I said nothing, but kept playing with the hay, and no doubt looking very sad.

"What makes you look so solemn, Bertha? Your face is as long as mine was when Mr. Page gave me three pages of sums in Federal money last night, and, to tell the truth, I can't do one of them."

"But I can," I said, brightening up. "I have done every one, and got them right, too."

"Hurrah!" said Charlie; "then you can show me. I'll run and get uncle's slate, and you'll do them for me, won't you, Bertha."

"I'll show you, Charlie, and then you can do them yourself. But—but, Charlie, that will be directing you. Girls should n't be smarter than boys, you know."

"Pshaw, Bertha, I was only talking of girls in general. I did n't mean you. You don't seem like anybody else to me. We've always been together so much that we don't care who goes ahead. Now, you see, you are a better scholar than I am. You always get above me in spelling."

"I should n't if you would only listen to me when I whisper to you how to spell the words." "Catch me going up in that way! That's trading on borrowed capital, as your father would say. No; I like to have you get up to the head. You always look prettier there, because your little pale cheeks grow so bright, and you look straight down on the floor, so funny! But Bell Ruby, when she gets up holds her curly head so high, and looks all round, as if she wanted every one to see how smart she is. I believe, after all, I don't like these handsome girls best, for they are always wanting to show off." And he bounded away into the house, leaving, as he always did, an oplate for any pain he might have inflicted.

He worked hard at his sums, but it was a long time before he could see into decimals, and once or twice he said it was of no use to try; but I was patient, and he conquered. Then we hunted eggs, and I carried my apron and he his cap full into the house, and they gave us each a huge slice of gingerbread and a glass of milk. Then we went down to the brook, and crossed over on the narrow board bridge. Now it was his turn to lead, and he laughed to see me tremble so; but he put his arms round me, and told me he was strong, and if I should fall in he could pull me out. When we came back he wanted me to try and walk alone.

"Hold your head up, and look straight ahead, and walk on as if you were afraid of nothing. That's the way I'm going through the world."

Encouraged by him, I had no fear. And thus we spent the summer. I was pronounced very much improved when I went home in September to go to school again; and the doctor said that he should try the same method with other patients.

It was a mild autumn evening when my father came for me, and he was much pleased at my improvement, but he seemed less sociable than usual. As he lifted me from the carriage, and set me down in the hall, he whispered:

"Go up very still into your mother's room. You will find something there that you will like very much to see."

His manner excited curiosity, and I could not wait even to take my bonnet off, but ran up stairs, and opened the door of my mother's room. It was darkened, so that I could see nothing distinctly at first, but I heard a low crooning sound as of one hushing a baby to sleep. My eyes opened wide then, and I soon perceived an old woman seated in a low chair in the corner, with a bundle of flannel in her lap. "What is it? What is it?" I asked eagerly. The old woman laid aside the covering, and a baby, a "real live baby," met my gaze. Few little girls can keep quiet at such a sight, and I jumped up, clapping my hands, and exclaiming, "Oh! I'm so glad! I'm so glad! May I touch him?" The noise disturbed my mother, and she raised herself slightly:

"Is that Bertha? Do be more quiet. It is just as I expected—you have grown very boyish!"

"There, run away now," said the nurse, "and to-morrow I will show you his little feet."

I went to seek Willie and Joe. After a search I found them in Joe's chamber. Willie was not well, and Joe was telling him stories. They both welcomed me with noisy demonstrations of pleasure, and Willie asked:

"Have you seen the baby? Aren't you glad, Sis? He's my little brother, and I am going to give him all my playthings!"

"He's the sweetest little baby I ever saw," I exclaimed, "and to-morrow I am going to see his little darling feet; the nurse says he has as many toes as I have. Joe, aren't you glad there's a little baby in the house?"

"Yes, yes—no, no, Bertha; Joe don't like babies—not such babies—nowhow! Come, Willie, I'll carry you to bed; she won't mind now where you sleep!"

I followed, and, to my great delight, found two single beds in my room—one for Willie, and another for myself. I sat down by Willie, and told him stories till he fell asleep, Joe, meanwhile, rocking himself to and fro in a low chair. "Joe," said I, after Willie fell asleep, "do you remember when I was a baby?"

"No, no—yes, yes—Joe remembers it all. Oh! how pretty she looked when she said, 'Joseph, dear, you may say sister!' Joe was sick then, and he cried—good crying, not bad; and Joe remembers, too, when Willie came—great joy—she happy as an angel; and uncle gave Joe a gold piece, and said, 'From my son Willie, Joe!'"

I looked at Joe, and wondered what kind of a baby he could have been, he looked now so much like a little, withered, bent old man. For the first time in my life it occurred to me that he was not like other people. I had always seen him thus, and now, perhaps from having lived away from him for some time, I could see that he was peculiar. The next time Mrs. Towle came to wash I asked her to tell me all about Joe.

"Why, you see," said she, "Joe was n't always as he is now, Bertha. He was one of the brightest, prettiest little babies I ever laid my eyes on. His mother and your mother were

great friends, just like sisters. I've heard it said, and I guess there was some truth in it, that, when a girl, she had a sort of attachment to your father—at any rate, she was brought up with him, and maybe she was kinder disappointed when he married another; but your mother never had the least mite of jealousy about it, but loved Miss Mary dearly, and she felt sad enough about the marriage. You see, Mary married a man very much beneath her—his habits were not good, and he was rough and overbearing. It's just the way with these poor girls that are disappointed—they are hardly ever happy when they do marry. I suppose they keep thinking 'what might have been'; and when a man finds out he isn't the idol of his wife, he's apt to be like an ox—terribly contrary and stubborn. Then, he was jealous of his wife, who never gave him the least cause in the world; and I'd sooner jump right into the fiery furnace of Nebuchadnezzar, even if the angel of the Lord were n't there, than to live with one of these jealous men. I suppose Mary had a terrible time of it, hardly ever daring to step her foot out of doors; and when she came to see your mother she was like a poor little trembling lamb, half dead with the cold, that needed shelter and love. Your father never said much to her, and never went to her house, for Barnes—that's Mary's husband—hated him, as bad men always hate the good.

At last Mary's child was born, and a nice big boy it was. I nursed Mrs. Barnes, and a more meek, gentle soul I never saw. For a day or two Barnes seemed almost kind, and proud to have a boy; but one day, when I said, 'Aren't you going to name the baby, Mrs. Barnes?' she looked up very mild and sweet-spoken to her husband, and said, 'If you please, I should like to call him Charles, for my father.'

If devils have eyes—and I guess they have, and that's the way folks get such awful wicked ones sometimes—I do believe that Barnes showed where his came from then. He glared on his poor, little, pale wife worse than any tiger on a lamb. 'Yes, that's what you want, do ye? Women are apt to call their brats after their fathers, and you're no exception, I see! Go to h— with your young one!' and he dashed out of the room, slamming the door after him. Poor Mrs. Barnes lay back on her pillow just like one dying. It was a long time before I could revive her; and when she did come to life, I was almost sorry I'd done anything to restore her; it would have been better if she'd gone to heaven then. She wore such a look of anguish that my heart ached. Ye see, Charles was your father's name, but the poor little woman never thought of it then; for she was so happy that she'd got a nice baby, and that Barnes was kind to her, that her heart was filled with thanks to God.

Now Barnes's Christian name was Jotham, nothing but Jotham; that's the name of one of them wicked kings we read about in the Bible, that hardened their hearts, and would n't serve the Lord. Now, Mrs. Barnes had too much regard for her child to burden it with such a name, 'cause its father was so unfortunate. I do think mothers do very wrong to give such ugly names to their children, when there's pretty ones enough. It don't cost nothing to name a child, and it's just as cheap to give 'em two names as one. I'm a poor woman, and haint got much else to give my children, so I give 'em plenty of pretty names. There's Mary Angelina, and George Washington, and Alma Julietta, and Jefferson Franklin. They'll n't reproach me when they grow up, for not giving 'em nice names. To be sure, I aint quite so proud as my neighbor, Mrs. Jones; she's got a big sounding name, I tell you. She said she found it in the Bible, and I guess the minister thought she was smarter at finding Bible names than he was, for, as sure as the world, I saw him laugh at the corners of his mouth when he christened it 'King Ahasuerus.' Mrs. Jones always gives both names. I asked her once if she didn't know there was a bigger name yet in the Bible.

"La's, no," said she, "if there is, I'll have it for the next one."

"Why, Beelzebub," said I, 'prince of the powers of the air.'

"Well, I'm much obliged to ye, Mrs. Towle, for telling me," said she; "that's jest what I'll name my next boy—Prince Beelzebub. You're sure it's in the Bible, are you?" said she.

"Yes," said I, "I'll spell it out for you when your next boy comes along." But, as I was telling you, when poor Mrs. Barnes came to herself, she said, meekly, 'Mrs. Towle, I'll call my boy Jotham; perhaps it will please Mr. Barnes. I never liked the name very well, but it will not make much difference, anyway; we'll love you just as well, won't we, baby?' she said, as she laid her hand on the little round face, nestled so close to her bosom.

"It aint for me to decide, Mrs. Barnes," I said; "but perhaps you can find some pretty name beside Charles. There's 'Andrew Jackson,' my man thinks he's the smartest President we have ever had, and then there's 'Napoleon Bonaparte,' as knows what fighting is." She did n't answer me, but only just smiled a little, and shut her eyes, as if she wanted to sleep. The next thing I knew that nice great baby was christened—'Jotham!' I could have cried, and I did say that no good would come of it; that if they gave the child that name some misfortune would happen. But the child grew beautifully, as I've seen grape vines tied to crooked poles, and Mrs. Barnes took a world of comfort in him. There was n't any baby about that had such embroidered frocks, and such pretty pink and white blankets and shawls, and such tasty caps—all its mother's taste, for Barnes wasn't worth much money, and was very stingy with what little she had. But Mary Barnes had a deal of taste in her fingers, and she would make one dollar go as far as some folks would ten.

You know your mother lost her first baby, and she took wonderfully to 'Joe,' and used to go every day to see him, and would have been glad to have had the baby and its mother with her all the time, but Barnes would n't let Mary bring the baby to your house. But your mother had such pretty, winning ways with her, that even he, ugly as he was to almost everybody else, used to be very civil to her, and when she was in the house it seemed as if the devil in him stepped one side.

About the time Mrs. Barnes weaned little Joe she seemed to run down; she grew thin and pale, and very weak, and would go about in a dreamy, feeble sort of a way, that made me afraid she was going into a consumption. I got some roots from the woods, and made her syrups, and your mother sent her cordials and wines, but nothing seemed to do her any good. She did n't complain any, and when anybody asked her how she was, she would say, 'Very well, I thank you,' in such a sweet, gentle way that you could n't think she was sick like other diseased people, only laying aside the body

gradually, as one, when they are tired, lay off their clothes slowly, and with stops between. I could n't help thinking she would be a real angel soon. She did n't seem to think herself that she was going to die, but she clung closer and closer to her little boy, and seldom let him be out of her sight a moment. Her husband did not appear to observe the change in his wife, but one day when your mother said to him, 'Mr. Barnes, I am afraid Mary is not long for this world,' his reply was, 'If she is sick, why don't she have a doctor?' and accordingly, more from regard to your mother than sympathy for his wife, he asked the doctor to call.

"What is your opinion of Mary?" said your mother to the doctor.

"A case beyond my skill, or that of any human being," he said.

"Shall we tell her of her danger?" she asked. "Danger!" said the doctor, with a peculiar emphasis, "an angel near heaven is in no danger."

"But her child, doctor?" "Pray that it may go with her," and the doctor rapped on his gold snuff-box, and took a pinch, then bade your mother 'Good morning.' [To be continued.]

Spiritual Phenomena.

Materializing Seance with Mrs. Elsie Reynolds.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The fact that Mrs. Reynolds is now in Chicago, affording Spiritualists another opportunity of testing the phenomena of materialization, reminds me of some private seances which a few friends had with her in July, at Minneapolis, and again at the camp-grounds of the Twin City Park Spiritualists' Association.

Mrs. Reynolds was not at all well, and the excessive heat was overpowering; yet in spite of these hard conditions, forms came forth from the cabinet and talked, to the pleasure of all who were present. The controls gave some remarkable evidence of their power. Mr. Monroe, her chief cabinet operator, was not satisfied with the conditions nor the results, but that was his criticism, not our own.

This seance was at the home of Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings, and several prominent Spiritualists of Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago, were present. When the hostess invited us to partake of refreshments, the table at which we were all seated was moved by spirit-power, and loud raps, in answer to questions, were heard by every one.

Again, at the Camp, under test conditions, grand results were obtained. At this seance Mrs. Willard Hull was present, and she confessed that the phenomena were certainly genuine and baffled all science.

At other seances forms came forth as far as the open door, about ten feet from the cabinet, and gazed at the moon; others materialized and dematerialized, while the medium was still in her normal condition, sitting in her chair outside the cabinet, in sight of all; others gave evidence of their identity to the sitters, while the cabinet spirits went through their usual program of singing songs, floating through the air and discoursing on their favorite themes. Mr. Munroe and Effie stood in sight of all, and sang beautifully.

Mrs. Reynolds guarantees only the phenomena, and surely an investigator can see enough of the phenomena at her seances to satisfy him of the grand truths of materialization. "Azur," the guide of Allan Campbell, also came, or at least some one who bore his likeness, and stood forth in the clear light in his usual simple attire. His photograph is to be had of Mr. C. H. Horne, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, with a full description of his personality and a brief narrative of his life.

Mrs. Reynolds may be found at 324 West Madison street, Chicago. WHITE ROSE.

Seance with Mr. G. V. Cordingly.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It was my privilege, a few evenings since, to attend a seance held at that excellent test medium, Mr. G. V. Cordingly, at 126 Chandler street, this city.

During the first hour the manifestations occurred in the dark, and we received the most positive assurance of the presence of our spirit friends, who patted us upon the head and hands, and removed rings from the fingers of one sitter and placed them upon those of another. A small music-box was taken up, and nearly every one was rapped upon the head with it. During all this time the hands of the medium were securely held by persons sitting upon either side.

At the close of the dark seance, "Maggie" came and gave very interesting communications to every one in the circle.

On another occasion it was the pleasure of myself and wife to have a sitting for slate writing with Mr. Cordingly. The slates were examined and found to be perfectly clean. A bit of pencil was placed upon the slate, and the writing occurred in full daylight. One spirit wrote a message while the slate was held on top of my head, purporting to come from my father, and it was indeed in his clear-out chirography.

The tests given by Mr. Cordingly ought to convince those receiving them of the truth of spirit-return, however skeptical they may be. Boston, Mass. F. A. HEAT.

Convincing Tests of Spirit Presence.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I attended the opening materializing seance of the season at Mrs. Crane's, 80 West Concord street, Boston, on Sunday, the 9th inst. I was pleased to note how readily the forms came to their friends, and what surprised me the most was to see so many male forms materialize. This being the first public seance ever given by Mrs. Crane, the spirit-work through her mediumship seemed marvelous. My friends from spirit-land came, gave their names, and conversed with me about the friends on this side.

I also received a double test on this occasion. When talking with my materialized wife I told her I should attend a spiritual meeting that evening at Quincy, and requested her to be present and make herself known. She came in the evening, giving me a beautiful message, and, in answer to the question if she had been at any place that day where she could communicate with me, she immediately said, yes, she had materialized and presented herself before me.

Mrs. Burbeck of Plymouth was the medium through whom I received the last-named test, and I did not converse with her until after the meeting, consequently she could not have

known that I had attended a seance that afternoon. Thus were proven to me the genuineness of two manifestations beyond a doubt.

Wm. G. PARSCOTT.

Quincy, Mass., Sept. 10th, 1894.

Seances with Mrs. L. A. Roberts.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Mrs. L. A. Roberts holds materializing seances at No. 324 Madison street, Chicago, Ill. Before Mrs. Roberts enters the cabinet, which is simply two cambric curtains, and while she is sitting on the outside, a sweet little child appears, by parting the curtains, its form and features are easily distinguished by all sitters present. Last Friday evening, also on Monday evening, a baby looking about one month old came and parted the curtains, and all saw it; the light in the room is bright enough for any one present to see any object. Adult forms come out seven or eight feet from the cabinet, talk, and show marks of affection and demonstrate their joy on being recognized by their friends; under favorable conditions, forms materialize and dematerialize right in front of the sitters; at no time is the room so dark as to make it impossible to tell the time by a watch.

I have seen a number of materializations; but those of Mrs. Roberts bid fair to eclipse many now before the public. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts will not hold circles unfavorable to sitters, and all money is returned if the sitters are not satisfied, and no circle held. Since they have started their seances in this city—they have held them about six weeks—no one has expressed anything but perfect satisfaction.

Should any of your readers visit Chicago, they would do well to engage a sitting at Mrs. Roberts's parlors. PROF. W. E. BENT. Sept. 11th.

September Magazines.

TAYLOR'S FASHION MAGAZINE.—Although only five numbers of this periodical have been issued, there is sufficient evidence in its favor to recommend it to the ladies who are looking for the latest styles. The current number has many colored plates and a large variety of reading matter. The Taylor Publishing Company, 103 West 14th street, New York.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.—Marjorie Richardson opens the last number with a pretty story, "The Gathering of the Winterbournes." J. Harry Adams describes "The Mantel and the Fireplace." Octave Thonet has a sketch, "Miss Maria's Fiftieth." "Pomona's Travels," by Frank H. Stockton, are laid in Scotland, and close the series. Harriet Ogden Morrison gives a page of "Artistic Piano Covers." Editor Bok continues his "Problems of Young Men" with great success, and answers vital questions very acceptably. The fashion department could not be improved in any particular. Every lady should have this magazine. The Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE KINDERGARTEN NEWS.—The opening article is by W. S. Monroe, and is entitled "Henry Barnard and Kindergarten Literature." Mr. Barnard's portrait precedes the article. Miss Lucy Wheelock's Parit is described by one of the guests. The Astor Park meetings of the National Educational Association are reported at length. The progress of the movement shows that rapid advancement is being made in all parts of the country. Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass.

THE ST. LOUIS MAGAZINE.—The current number opens with a story, "Nan," by Chesire Argyle. This is followed by another, "A Woman of Ideas," by E. B. B. "At Mrs. Farnham's" is by Francis M. Livingston. "Elsie" is by Hester Gray. "The Timely Topics" and other departments contain some golden truths if one may regard good sound advice such. Eminent writers contribute to the magazine, which now compares favorably with any similar publication in this country. T. J. Gilmore, publisher, 2819 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

THE COMING DAY.—The current number opens with "Mr. Gladstone on Heresy and Schism." "Mr. Le Gallienne on the Eternal Life." "Holiday Glimpses," follows, and then comes a variety of reading, closing with "Hawthorne's Buds," which are some excerpts from the great philosopher and novelist. Williams & Norgate, London.

AMERICAN FEDERATIONIST. Official magazine of the American Federation of Labor. 14 Clinton Place, New York.

RECEIVED: VICK'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE. James Vick's Sons, Rochester, N. Y. AN INTRIGUING VIEW, descriptive of the elegant building of the Ladies' Home Journal, 421-427 Arch street, Philadelphia. THE INDEPENDENT PULPIT. J. D. Shaw, editor and proprietor, Waco, Texas.

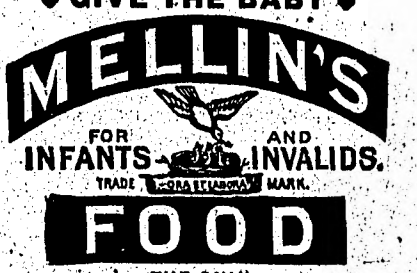
Spiritualism, if it is to be the coming religion, must fear no investigation. If Spiritualism is to be the religion of science, for which she is building her strong and sure foundations, it must submit to a searching and reasonable criticism. Almost any scientist of any note who has troubled to investigate has been eminently satisfied of the explanation and reasonableness of the spiritual hypothesis as argued from the facts.—Two Worlds, Eng.

TALKS WITH MOTHERS.—No. 2.

FEEDING THE BABY.

Much is written at the present day about the care and feeding of infants by people whose only capability for dealing with the subject is a fertile brain, and whose only aim is to appear in print; every mother knows how unsatisfactory and fallacious such advice is when she attempts to follow it. How to feed the baby is the greatest problem met with in the happy state of motherhood, and upon its solution depends the health, the happiness and the life of the child. If the mother is able to nurse her child, the question of feeding is practically settled; if she is not, she should be guided by those who have had successful experience in feeding babies and not allow herself to experiment with different foods. There are scores of artificial foods offered for sale, but the best is none too good for the baby. Eminent authorities who have thoroughly investigated the subject of infant feeding, and scientists who have analyzed infant foods, unite in pronouncing Mellin's Food to be the only perfect substitute for mother's milk. It is palatable, nourishing and strengthening; the weakest stomach will retain and digest it, and the puniest child will thrive upon it beyond the mother's fondest expectations. For convalescents, consumptives, dyspeptics and the aged, Mellin's Food is also of incalculable value. It is a food, not a medicine, and the system receives the nourishment it demands for its daily needs. For those severely ill Mellin's Food will sustain the falling strength and promote a speedy recovery when convalescence has been established.

GIVE THE BABY



THE ONLY Perfect Substitute for Mother's Milk. SEND for FREE THE CARE and FEEDING of the BABY. MELLIN'S FOOD. DOUGLAS-GOODALE CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1894.

Origin and Destiny.

A paper with the above title was read by Meredith B. Little before the Psychical Society at Glens Falls, New York. It is the latest production of the author since "The Lost Atlantis," of which we gave a report in these columns, to the profound gratification of all readers. The chief value of the paper, says its author, lies in the novel manner in which the subject is treated. He attempts no more than to call attention to an occasional milestone along the great highway of human development and progress, without the introduction of evidence of facts asserted or conclusions arrived at in the treatment of the subject, which is: "WHENCE CAME I? WHAT AM I? WHITHER AM I GOING?" Well and truly does the author say at the start, that the wonderful discoveries made by the scientists in the world of matter during the past fifty years, coupled with the opening of intelligent communication with the world of spirit, are rapidly changing the trend of intellectual thought as to the past, the present and the future of the great universe of which man, as an entity, forms the most important part. Long revered traditions are fading away before demonstrated facts. Hence the man who thinks to-day is not the man who thought yesterday, nor will he be the thinking man of to-morrow.

WHENCE CAME I? I am the child of two worlds: the world of the material and the world of spirit. Nature is my mother; my father is the Infinite. My father gave me my consoling entity as a spirit; my mother, Nature, clothed it with a material expression. Back, far back in the past, my mother, Nature, began her process of developing my physical expression. All was a process of evolution. Long after the planet Neptune's birth our own material world was born into existence. Decay followed birth, and disintegrated particles of rock formed the conditions for the birth of plant-life, and the lichen, the simplest form of existence in the vegetable kingdom, was produced; to be followed by finer forms and structures fed from the lichen's decay. Through this process the vegetable kingdom became refined, and flowers, seeds and fruits appeared. Nature had completed her enormous vegetable deposits in the oil and coal measures, and had sealed them down with surface deposits of everlasting rock, awaiting the necessities of her developing child. The life of the plant, through the food process, entered into the life of the animal kingdom. By a similar process Nature performed her work in the kingdom of animal life, till at length she brought forth her child, an erect, perfectly formed human being.

While man was passing through the varied stages that brought him up to his perfected physical condition, other processes of a psychical nature were at work within him. There came at length an impulse, a desire for the discernment of the Infinite Father. At first it was a God with a human form. Later on he felt the inspiring influences of the angel-world, whose teachings he recognized as directions from an anthropomorphic Jehovah. The psychical phenomena were mistaken for oracles from Jehovah. Then followed the liberal and broadening influence of the Greek and Roman philosophy, preparing man for a higher conception of the Infinite. Then Jesus of Nazareth appeared as an inspired medium, teaching a higher spirituality and a more perfect conception of a Supreme Intelligence. His teachings, as well as his character, appear to have been in part misunderstood and perverted from their true intent. A mammoth religious system has been constructed upon misconception of the spiritual nature of the Infinite, and the majority of the civilized world still continued to worship an anthropomorphic deity. The spirituality taught by Jesus was made to fit a materialistic philosophy, man being yet in his spiritual infancy.

Evolutionary development gradually enlarged the spiritual capacity as well as broadened the intellectual powers of the growing man child, along all lines, and in time another revelator came. Emanuel Swedenborg outlined a spiritual philosophy somewhat beyond that taught by Jesus, the conditions of spirit-life being more clearly defined, more natural, progressive and spiritual. His conception of the Absolute was greater and more spiritual; deity lost all human semblance: it was an approach toward infinite law, infinite wisdom and infinite love. But Swedenborg's visions of the angel-world represented the spiritual man as subject to many of the conditions of a material universe. The psychical nature of man, in time, demanded a higher revelation; he had become more spiritualized. A poor, uneducated lad in Poughkeepsie, bound to the cobbler's bench by his necessities, felt the inspiring touch of the angel-world, and Andrew Jackson Davis became the next revelator. It was about the same time that spirit-power made its onslaught on the forces of materialism in the little Methodist home at Hydesville. The conception of an Infinite mind all wisdom, all goodness, all love, is a possibility to the higher aspirations of pure soul, now unable to conceive of another life, in which all the conditions, all the expressions of a ponderable existence, have no longer a place.

WHAT AM I? It is scientifically ascertained that all of the original elements that compose the physical body of a man are exactly the same as are found in the composition of the earth, the planets, the sun and the stars, differing only in proportions and combinations. Hence man is physically a part of the great universe of Nature. A soul-form attracted to a protoplasm, became united with it; life was developed; and, the life-principle once established, no catastrophe to the protoplasm could destroy the soul-life and subsequent spirit-development. You can destroy the material expression, but you cannot kill the soul after its first manifestation of life-force in the objective world, however weak or simple the expression. In the early days of his existence man's material form was exactly similar to that of all animals at the same stage of development; the species is yet undiscernible. The development of species gradually became manifest in the promiscuity of a cranium. At last, having passed through the various stages of development, physical and mental development, he became the concentration of the survival of the fittest of all the varied forms of physical life that Mother Nature has produced in all the uncounted forms of the past. He is the most com-

plex machine she has ever constructed, and no ingenuity will ever produce anything approaching it in delicacy or complexity.

He has harnessed the forces of Nature, annihilated distance, and weighed, measured and dissected every ponderable object in the vast universe, irrespective of its incomprehensible distance. The development of his psychical nature has kept pace with his physical and mental progress. The superstitions and spectral dreams of the ages have ceased to leave an imprint. Hope has given way to fact, and faith has surrendered to knowledge. He is conscious of the possession of transcendental powers, through which he is enabled to comprehend a world of spirit, and to recognize the ponderable world of objective forms as only a perishable physical expression of the underlying eternal principle of spirit. The dead line between the world of matter and the world of soul is obliterated. There is no death. In perfected man is concentrated the magnetism of all the lives that have gone before him. He is as much superior to the ideal gods of yesterday as the man of to-morrow will be superior to our conception of the gods of to-day.

WHITHER AM I GOING? I am going home to such conditions as the aspirations and acts of my physical life have prepared me for in the world of effects; home to such surroundings as will exactly fit the condition of my soul—for there can be no misfits in a sphere of harmony, in a world of spirit; home toward the partially attainable perfection of my father, the Infinite. The child of Nature longs for the Summer-Land. The infant of the material has matured as the son of the Absolute. The drama of material life is about to terminate. The physical constitution loses its proper adjustment, its equilibrium; the harmony of its sensitive conditions cannot be restored, and the spirit is being forced out of it. There is an inward drawing of the life-impulses toward a common center. The physical expression, the gift of Mother Nature, is dead.

Hark, a note of music, soft and gentle; consciousness is returning. The spirit recognizes the sweet melody of the Summer-Land. I am not dead. Light, soft and subdued, steals over my vision. Banks of the beautiful flowers I loved surround me; their rich and delicate perfume rises in ever-changing waves of color and in rhythms of harmony. Beyond lies a landscape of endless variety and enchanting beauty. Yet all my surroundings are more real, more beautiful, purer, grander than they ever were in their objective manifestations in the material world. I am surrounded by my loved ones, by my friends of earth-life, and by dear souls of a past age. I come in contact with spirits whose condition is the opposite of what it apparently was in the world of humanity. I am in a new world of activities and progression, a hundred times more intense than in the world of matter I have left behind me.

Harnessed Women!

The manner in which women in the lower classes in Europe are treated has excited the attention of a Baltimore clergyman, who has given his views to *The Sun*. The lack of respect and appreciation was bad enough; but the reverend gentleman's last sight which he saw aroused his indignation and touched his sympathy greatly—two women harnessed like horses, dragging a load of lumber through one of the principal streets! In his opinion, thinking men ought to be stirred to act against such wrongs perpetrated upon women.

The Reviewer.

How to Get Well, and How to Keep Well.

This is the very appropriate title of a book which has been laid on our desk. It is from the pen of Dr. T. A. Bland, and is the best of all his books. Dr. Bland is an all round reformer, hence this is a reform medical work. He writes for the people, hence this is a popular family physician and guide to health. It is all that its title implies. It tells its readers in plain words how to cure the various diseases, and how to keep from getting sick again. His remedies are non-poisonous medicines, and water, magnetism, diet, rest, mental influences, etc. Poisonous drugs he discards entirely.

"Medicine will aid the vital forces to rid the system of disease," he says. "Poisons do not aid the vital forces to cure disease, but instead they oppose them, and often they prevent cures." The idea that disease can be cured by poisons comes down to us from the dark ages—from a period before the science of physiology had been discovered, before the science of medicine had superseded the superstition known as alchemy, before the reason of the race had begun to shed its swaddling clothes. The popular systems of medicine are false in theory and pernicious in practice. They are pathological instead of being physiological, disease-producing instead of being disease-curing. They are inheritances from an ignorant and superstitious past; and they are protected and kept alive by powerful organizations composed of physicians whose selfish interest is promoted by a monopoly of professional privileges and profits.

Many physicians of the orthodox schools hold the same views here expressed, and would gladly join the author of this book in exposing old errors and proclaiming new truths; but to do so would bring down upon their heads the sectarian wrath of those who control the medical societies and colleges. They would be cast out as heretics and denounced as quacks by their orthodox brethren.

The author began his medical career as an Allopath, after forty years ago. He soon lost faith in that system, and he says he found that the most eminent physicians of that school had no faith in the soundness of its theory, or the virtues of its remedies. He then turned reformer, and studied the botanic system, the physio-medical system, the water-cure system and the eclectic system.

Eclecticism is simply medical independence. An eclectic is one who uses his best judgment in choosing the good and rejecting the bad from all systems. Dr. Bland is an Eclectic. He is the President of the Eclectic Medical Society of the District of Columbia, and has been for many years. As the head of that highly respectable society, which was chartered by special act of Congress, he has successfully fought the various medical monopoly bills of the Allopahs and Homeopaths.

The bill gives the Eclectics an equal share in the monopoly, but they opposed that. In a speech before the Senate Committee, Dr. Bland said:

"It is the bill now before you that the society I represent an exclusive monopoly of the practice of medicine in this city and district, we should still oppose its passage. We are opposed to all monopoly on principle. We believe in the right of the people to employ any physician of any school, or refuse to employ any but trust to nature. Any restriction of the liberty of the people in this matter is a violation of the principles upon which this Republic is based."

The bill did not pass. Earnest, thoughtful, progressive people will be delighted with this work, and to such it will prove a book of great practical value.

It is gotten up in handsome style, good type, fine paper, superb binding, has as a frontispiece an excellent portrait of the author.

It is issued by The Plymouth Publishing Co., Boston, Price \$1.00. For sale by Colby & Rich, Boston.

Magnolia Bluff, Fla.
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
The Southern Spiritual Association having been organized under the laws of Florida, with A. Gaston of Meadville, Pa., as President; O. J. Johnson of Minneapolis, Minn., Vice-President; Dr. E. O. Hyde of Lily Dale, N. Y., Treasurer; A. B. Gaston, Meadville, Pa., Secretary; and Prof. H. D. Barrett, Chairman; and, having filed articles of incorporation, wishes to give notice to the liberal-minded friends of the spiritual press some of the chief reasons influencing them in the final selection of Magnolia Bluff, on Pensacola Bay, as the permanent location of said organization for their mid-winter camp-meeting.

Recognizing the desirability and growing need of establishing a winter camp for the presentation of our phenomena and philosophy to the Southern people, as well as a point where those at the North who wished to extend their acquaintance with the real and congenial associations and surroundings; with this object in view, the directors of the recently organized Association have, during the past two winters, made extensive prospecting tours throughout the South, more especially in the State of Florida, and are at length finally deciding that this is the most beautiful and the most desirable location in all the South for such a camp or resort.

Magnolia Bluff has been donated to the Association twenty acres of land; also given at a low figure an option on one thousand lots, pledging also to furnish a well of pure water, with appliances for pumping it on the grounds, and two thousand dollars in cash toward the erection of a commodious hotel. Thus they have already contracted to do as soon as the Association begins its work of improvements.

When the Association shall have received its charter, (which will be about Oct. 15th), the railroad over whose lines this point is reached is pledged to build a side track, station and dock, at the grounds; it is to run frequent low-rate excursions from North and West as well as surrounding cities and towns. Though these excursions are expected to realize a revenue that will aid financially in carrying on the work and prove a guarantee for future success.

One of the most important and attractive features of the location is the fact of the wonderful purity of healthfulness, the climate in this respect being unrivaled. This may be accounted for by the absence of marsh lands with their malarial tendencies, and the purity of the water, so pronounced, after careful chemical analysis.

As to the unsurpassed beauty of location and grounds, the entire Board is of one mind. The bluff rises eighty feet above the bay, a fine sheet of water, from three to five miles wide and thirty miles long, land-locked and safe, with first-class facilities for boating and fishing, as it abounds in some of the finest of the finny tribe ever caught with hook or net.

Across the bay, on the main land, still in its native wildness, a series of game, such as wild turkeys, awaits the sportsman. Breathing in the invigorating salt air will prove an especially important factor in the long list of attractions.

A thorough investigation of this city of fifteen thousand inhabitants reveals the fact that a winter can be spent in Pensacola, or at our Camp, quite as cheaply as in the North, board, rents, furniture and groceries being on a par with Northern prices. The bluff or Magnolia Camp, by which title it will in the future be known, is about one mile from the city limits and three miles from its post-office, being made easily accessible by rail or carriage; and for those preferring the seclusion of Pensacola, arrangements are being made in the way of reasonable rates for entertainment and transportation to and from the Camp.

It is the purpose of the Directors to erect about twenty cottages and a fifty room hotel in time for the opening of next winter's meeting.

Mr. A. B. Gaston, the Secretary, who has the matter of building and general work in charge, can be addressed at Pensacola by those desiring further information.

Vice-President O. J. Johnson has been authorized by the Directors to dispose of the stock of the Association, and in this capacity will visit many leading cities and towns. He will be pleased to correspond with those desiring to make investment.

Having organized upon a sound financial basis, we shall endeavor to make it pay investors a fair dividend on their investments, believing this will in no way detract from the spiritual work, which is the primal object of the movement.

A. GASTON.
Pensacola, Fla., Sept. 15th.

Onset, Mass.
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
Our thanks are due and are given Mrs. Helen M. Wood, whose untiring efforts made our Harvest Moon Festival a grand success. In placing all the arrangements of the Festival and the entire responsibility in her hands, the Directors must have felt assured of the financial success of the undertaking. Her sweet and lovable disposition wins for her the friendship of all.

We earnestly hope she will be with us many more years to carry on her labor of love in the interests of our grand old Onset Bay.

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Another Ghost Story.
In some "Further Recollections of a Happy Life," by the late Marianne North, occurs the following narrative of an apparition, communicated to her in January, 1860, by Captain Russell, who was in command of a merchant steamer in which that lady and her father, at that time a member of the House of Commons, made the voyage from Cadiz to England: "When a cabin boy sailing on his first voyage, he was one stormy night ordered aloft for some work among the rigging. And up there, amid the whistling of the storm, he saw, as he thought, his father's face looking wistfully at him between the shrouds. Young Russell was naturally frightened, and when he came down he told the captain what he had seen, and who advised him to make a note of time and date. When at home again, months afterwards, the circumstance of that night having almost faded from his memory, his mother was one day unpacking the box when she exclaimed: 'Why, Jack, what made you write down these dates here? That was the night and the hour when your father died, and his last words were a message to you!'"

"The old recurring story, so often told! but in this case the witness was an undoubtedly honest man, and he fully believed it. And why not? What more natural than that the departing spirit should be drawn toward the son who claimed his last earthly thoughts, and should succeed in making himself visible to the survivor?"—*The Harbinger of Light, Melbourne.*

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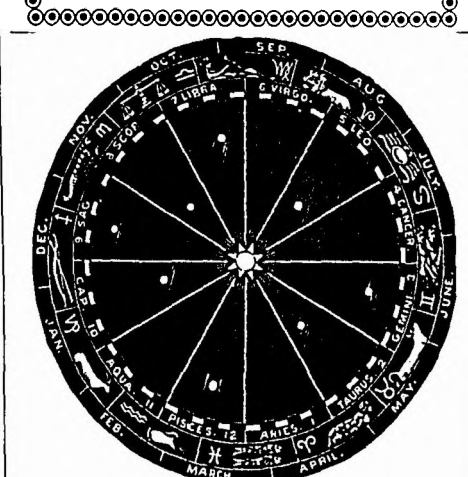
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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1894.
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Before the oncoming light of Truth, Creeds tremble, Ignorance dies, Error decays, and Humanity rises to its proper sphere of knowledge.—Spirit John Pierpont.

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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. COLBY & RICH.

THE BANNER will give its readers next week a verbatim report—made especially for our columns—of a fine lecture delivered at Onset Bay Camp, Aug. 26th, by the **Guides of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond**. This powerful address has for its title:

"The Future of Spiritualism: Its Influence upon Human Life Socially and Religiously."

The Problem of Evil.

A meeting of the Unitarian Club, not long since, was addressed in Boston by Mr. John Fiske, who adopted as the text for his essay the words of the serpent to the mother of mankind: "Your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." He recognized at the start the helpless and hopeless bewilderment all theologians had been thrown into by the problem of the existence of evil. Almost all philosophy had proceeded on the assumption that wrong and pain are irreconcilable with the theory that the world was created and is ruled by a being all powerful and all benevolent. How could such a being permit the misery we see to encompass us on all sides? The leaders of thought, in their effort to throw this problem off, had been forced to resort to almost every imaginable device.

The grand lesson, however, taught by our scientific discovery and progress, is that of the unity of nature. All the things that we can see or know in the course of our life in this world are so intimately bound together that nothing could be left out without reducing the whole marvelous scheme to chaos. A single principle of life animates the universe, and whatever we note in it, whether good or bad, is an indispensable part of the stupendous scheme. We would fain leave out the misery, the pain, the wickedness; but if there were no such thing as evil, how could there be such a thing as goodness? Or, on the other hand, if we had never known anything but goodness, how could we distinguish it from evil?

This proceeds from the law of the human mind; for just as we could not recognize physical pleasure if we had never felt physical pain, so we could not recognize what is morally good without knowing what is morally evil. In a painless, sinless world, human conduct might possess more outward marks of perfection than were ever dreamed of by saint, but the moral element would be lacking; the goodness would have no more significance in our conscious life than that load of atmosphere which we are always carrying about with us. We are thus brought to a striking conclusion—that in a happy world there must be sorrow and pain, and in a moral world the knowledge of evil is indispensable. The stern necessity for this inheres in the innermost constitution of the human soul. It is part and parcel of the universe. The alternative is clear—a world with sin and suffering; or a world in which conscious life does not involve contrast.

We do not find that evil has been "interpolated" into the universe from without, but, on the contrary, that it is an indispensable part of the dramatic whole. God is the creator of evil; and diabolism is forever excludable from the eternal scheme of things. Ormuzd and Ahriman have had their day, and perished along with the doctrine of special creations

and other fancies of the untutored mind. Clearly, then, for strong and resolute men and women an Eden of primitive innocence would be but a fool's paradise. How could anything fit to be called a character be produced there. Yet when one reverently assumes that through some all-wise and holy purpose sin was permitted to come into the world, it ought to be superfluous to add that the fulfillment of any such purpose demands that sin be not cherished, but suppressed. Murder is not to be extolled in order to justify God's wholesale use of death in the general economy of the universe. Could we raise the veil that enshrouds the eternal truth, we should see that behind nature's cruellest works there are secret springs of divinest tenderness and love.

Mortality comes upon the scene when there is offered an alternative of leading better lives or worse lives. Just as, up to this point, the creature's actions have been determined by the pursuit of pleasure and avoidance of pain, so now they begin to be partially determined by the pursuit of goodness and avoidance of evil. Consolation is generated, to play a part analogous to the sense of pain in the lower stages of life and keep us from wrong doing. To the mere love of life—which is the conservative force that keeps the entire animal world in existence—there was added a germ which is nothing more nor less than the yearning after the highest possible completeness of spiritual life. When this stage is reached, we have at length the man, the creature different in kind from all other creatures, and fit for an everlasting life of progress, for a closer and closer communion with God in beatitude that shall endure forever.

In all this wonderful evolution it is manifest that a large portion of the realm of evil is simply the lower state of living, as looked at from a higher state. Its existence is purely relative. Still, in a process of perpetual spiritual evolution, it must be there. Its absence would mean stagnation, quiescence, unprogressiveness; for the moment we exercise choice between one course of action and another; we recognize the difference between better and worse; we foreshadow the whole contrast between good and bad. In the process of spiritual evolution, therefore, evil must needs be present, though doubtless evanescent; and destined, as evolution approaches its goal, to the divine element comes nearer to realization, to lapse into a mere memory, in which the shadowed past shall serve as a background for the realized glory of the present.

All Out of Common Sense.

We note with sincere satisfaction the editorial communication in the *Gardner (Me.) Reporter-Journal*, signed "D. D. M.", on the discovery recently made by a Baptist minister that there are no women "in heaven." So he is alleged to have stated in a recent sermon, or preaching. He likewise made the self-satisfying assertion that nowhere in the Bible is there anything said about women angels, or of women as being the possessors of souls. He unblushingly declared that "women were for man and men were for God." How lonesome a heaven all men are going to be! says D. D. M. There is nothing to approach such stuff as that but the Mohammedan idea that women have no souls. Men now have much the best of it in this world, he says, and if the mere accident of sex is going to give them a monopoly in the next, it really is too much. "I hope that minister has no wife yet," he aptly observes; "if he has n't, he will have to go it alone after this. What a modest soul he must be, that he can believe that the chief end of women's beauty, intellect, patience, and other charms and virtues are simply for some man. If that is true, and women were created merely for men, women have no moral responsibility more than animals, and should have no more exacted of them." And that is where he thinks Mohammedans are more consistent, carrying the principle all the way.

And yet women live, he reflects. But if that is all life is for women, then she who drowns her infant daughter is a better woman than she who lets it live to drag out days of pain and misery. If there is any folly that has not yet found support of some sort from the Bible, it is pretty sure to make its appearance in these days of sensational ministers. He speaks the plain truth when he says that the pulpit is ripe for sensationalism, and that so far as it enters the good influence of religion dies. Well may he give expression to his wonder that people can go a second time where they hear such folly preached. And if they do stay away, then our ministers wonder why the churches are becoming more and more empty every successive Sunday.

Why not combine to administer to these blatant hee-haws the rebuke they invite by their asinine flap doodle? This minister, now, evidently thought to attract attention to his otherwise stupid pulpit utterances by mouth-leading words without meaning. Instead of leading others to pay more serious heed to his speech, it only excites their silent contempt.

The Infinite Spiral.

All advance in the world is demonstrated not in a straight line. He who said that "a spiral runs from the earth to the stars," stated at once a materially evolutionary and uplifting moral principle.

Let us, of course, do all we can, and then let us rest and trust. Even if the world is going in a way we cannot approve, we may believe it is only taking a circuit, and will come out right after all, because of our belief in The Great First Cause, and that he has something to say in the matter. Some of the finest lessons in the world are to be learned of those who are disabled by sickness; their very incapacity, sweetly and nobly borne, preaches. We need not be whirling through other spheres of supposed important activity, but may only "stand and wait," ready to obey orders; to do what we can, cultivating the sweetest and highest graces of patience and trust. Nor need men dread the approach of death—the disease of the body. To die is not to suffer, but rather to be relieved. We have a perfect right to trust that that power which watched over us when we were born, and saw to it when we came here that we came into arms of expectancy and loving preparation, will see to it that, when we take the next step up and on, we shall be equally well looked out for. This trust in God, and in the meaning and outcome of human life, we have full and perfect warrant for cherishing to-day in the light of all the advances of the wider truth that has come to the world of man.

ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.—Since last report we have received, for the benefit of this invalid and veteran medium, the following amount: "Sympathy," \$5.00.

Good Advice for any Congregation.

THE BANNER chronicles elsewhere that the Temple Adath Israel, in Boston—which for so many years was so ably presided over by the progressive and liberal Rabbi Schindler—has just settled upon his successor. In this connection it is well to consider for the benefit of that congregation, or any other (Christian or Jewish) some of the practical advice given by Rabbi Schindler before his retirement:

In his latest address (we think) before the Temple Adath Israel, on "Looking Forward," he (Rabbi S.) told his people that he could not make a future for them by predicting it, nor could an arbitrary Providence, independently of their actions, lead them to either congregational prosperity or congregational deterioration. He told them that they were the only responsible ones for what the future might bring them.

Every religion, he said, can be divided into two parts, which in their nature are different, though they are related to each other, and in some degree depend upon each other; they are not interchangeable, nor must either of them be allowed to represent the whole. The one part is called theology; the other part ethics. It is incorrect to call theology religion, and still more incorrect when, speaking of religion, we mean at one time its theology, and at another time our conduct toward others. Theology refers solely to our relation to God; it formulates a certain conception of the Divinity. The ethical department of religion treats of our relationship to the universe, tells us how to behave toward others in order that all may lead a life of happiness.

In theology people do not stand upon common ground; it is all conjecture on the one hand, and all sentiment on the other. The relation in which we place ourselves to God depends upon our conception of him, and that conception comes to us not through personal observation, but through outside influence over which we rarely have control.

Life is in Thinking, and so Health.

There can be no serious dispute that man's wrong consciousness and false thinking are responsible for his disorderly externals, which are but their legitimate expression. Disease is to be accounted but a correction, kindly meant, and deprived of its sting if accepted as such with gratitude. We are simply bidden to return from our wanderings into the "far country"; to come up out of our physical, or sensuous, consciousness into the higher one of soul-consciousness, where the former is held in orderly subjection. If we search diligently for the cause of our suffering, we shall generally find it to be in perverted life.

We may often change things common and unclean into objects and states of beauty and elevation by the power of thought. It is in our power to make ideals in perfection that shall be present and active. Only let us think what is good. Thus only goodness forms our environment, and we become related in all directions only to what is good, and there receive only messages of the good in return. We no longer recognize or know abnormality, and in time it vanishes and disappears from our consciousness altogether, and so no longer has an existence for us. Out of discords proceed harmony, as if they were only its prelude; and then appears God as infinite and perfect Love, beneficent Law and Intelligence. And so heaven, that is, harmony, is brought as a possible condition into this present life of ours. We are incarnations of the divinity, and so are we to believe those about us are the possessors of a similar spark of the divine.

The Mad-Dog Mania.

We are told by the New York Sun that this is the only summer which has passed of recent years without a series of mad-dog scares running pretty well through the months of July and August, and that this is due mainly to the adoption of the sensible rules governing dogs in European cities. This first year of the enforcement of a thoroughly good system in connection with the dog question has shown the practical efficiency of the plan of abolishing dog-catchers altogether. Every man, says *The Sun*, with a practical knowledge about dogs, knows that the most patient and amiable animal in the world can be driven into fits or rendered intractable by being closely muzzled and deprived of all exercise during the most trying time of the year. The terror brought about by the dog-catchers was so general that the ownership of a dog involved perpetual wrangling and trouble, and most people sought to compromise matters by shutting the dogs up in their flats or houses, or keeping them muzzled all the time. This year the dogs have run about New York unrestrained, have been able to seek shady spots, and have not been harassed by chains and muzzles, and as a result there was an absolute disappearance of the hydrophobia scare, which was formerly such a marked feature of the summer news.

The Divine Gravitation.

Reference is made on our sixth page, by the guides of W. J. Colville, to the action of certain "mischievous" intelligences acting upon a medium—and the advice given in the premises by Mr. C.'s inspirers is practical and to the point. THE BANNER, while acknowledging that such intelligences have a being in the spirit-world—*in obedience to the great law by which all classes of humanity find entrance into it at physical decease*—has always held that there is a divine gravitation in that realm, which tends to "draw up" spiritually the denizens of that higher realm of being, just as terrestrial gravitation tends to draw mortals downward to the face of the earth physically and structurally. This order of spirit intelligence on returning and manifesting, has never been treated otherwise than kindly by us, nor should it be by any one: Since from being plotters of mischief they may be made to be some of the most trusted supporters. Yet the developing medium should at all times be in a positive state to them, which is not necessarily one of unkindness, but does mean one of constant care for himself or herself.

BRO. J. F. SNIPES' Psychological Society reopens its meetings at Spencer Hall, New York City, Wednesday evening, Oct. 3d. He also announces that a communion circle for spiritual development and personal tests is held every Monday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, at 145 West Fourth Street. Regular public circle every Friday evening. Mrs. Mary Wakeman and others, mediums.

MRS. M. A. CHANDLER has returned from Onset to her apartments, 65 Warrington Street, Boston. She is a reliable business, test and medical medium, and has, as she deserves, large patronage.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

THE MORTAL VEIL.

The flowery hedgerow gemmed with diamond spray, Refreshed with Nature's balm, the falling dew, Reveals a symbol two-fold, like a ray Of Truth and Wisdom from the realms of blue; For are not flow'rs the emblems of the Pure? Does not the diamond express the Chaste? And both combine in essence to secure A thought of Home, to where all mortals haste: The dew, high Angel's Teaching, which impels Humanity toward a nobler goal: Snapping the chains of subtle worldly spells To free from coils the Gern Divine—the Soul! Happy indeed the Seeker, who can trace Behind the Veil, the Loving Father's Face. —E. A. T., in *Medium and Daybreak*.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 24th.—The steamer *City of Rio Janeiro*, which arrived to-day, brings news of a destructive storm, which raged in the Akita and Iate prefectures in Japan Aug. 25th and 26th, and which was followed by great floods. Over three hundred persons were drowned, and more than fifteen thousand houses were destroyed.

Only about eighty-seven million dollars' worth of property, an exchange remarks, was destroyed by fire in America up to the end of August this year, showing, as compared with last year, a decrease of nearly twenty-five millions of dollars. But even with this reduction of loss for eight months, the total fire losses for 1894 are pretty sure to foot up at least one hundred and twenty-five millions. No other country in the world suffers any such annual waste of its substance by fire.

Ezeta, the Salvadorean refugee, has been set at liberty at San Francisco from the trumped-up charges of political enemies outside our country, and the authority of the United States over its own dominions has been—as it always should be—vindicated!

With his yellow jacket already gone, Mr. Chang has now been called upon to deliver up his three-eyed peacock feathers and it begins to be apparent that unless the cruel war is brought to a speedy end the Veeroy will be reduced to his collar-button, his queue ribbon, and a barrel with both heads knocked out.—*Lowell Citizen*.

Collector Russell sold at Chicago, Ill., Sept. 22d, the colossal globe in the Government Building at the World's Fair to the South Park Commissioners for \$10. It will be removed to the German Building in Jackson Park, where it will remain as a permanent attraction. The globe, which is twenty feet in diameter, and is covered with statistical information, cost the Government \$13,000.

Sometime since thousands of people in Philadelphia, New York and Boston, visited the Peary expedition ship at the wharves of their respective cities, watched the little Spanish burros (donkeys) from the Pacific slope, as they reflectively munched their rations or pensively swayed their tails along the forward decks, and listened to the fretful whines of the heat-burdened Arctic dogs. Now all is changed; after a series of disasters the burros are dead, the dogs are dispersed, and the returning expedition has arrived at St. John, Newfoundland, on its homeward way: All but Lieut. Peary and two companions, who have resolutely decided to remain at Falcon Harbor, North Greenland, for another year—hoping for good luck "in the spring." Mrs. Peary, the wife of the bold explorer, returns with the party, bringing with her little "Miss Annelita Peary," who was born to her in these icy longitudes about a year ago.

Mamma—"What was the sermon about this morning, Willie?" Willie—"Well, I guess it was telling about cash-boys." Mamma—"What did the minister say about them?" Willie—"Nothing," but his text was: "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

Cotton is no longer King—Sugar wears the crown.

The World's Food Fair opens in the Mechanics' Building, Boston, Monday, Oct. 1st, and continues until the 27th of the month. The indications are that the affair will be the greatest event of recent days. The space is all taken, and by a class of exhibitors unlike any gathering on this continent since exhibitions began. Several unique displays will be made, and many departments will be introduced to add interest.

AM ALIAS FOR "MUD."—Editor's Son—"Papa, what do the letters 'M-U-D' spell?" Editor—"Well, my boy, reverse 'em, and they spell the name of the merchant who refuses to advertise during the dull season."—*Printer's Ink*.

Sirius, the fixed star, now in the ascendant, is computed to be 100,000,000,000 miles distant from the sun.

A lady will wear a high hat at the play, A Browne would never do that! The man just behind her unkind things will say— A Browne would never do that! Still it's no excuse for his making a row Of people stand up to allow him to go. Out after each act for a cocktail or so— A Browne would never do that! —*Palmer Cox, in McClure's Magazine for Oct.*

Nine Japanese and twelve Chinese warships engaged in battle at the mouth of the Yalu River on the 17th inst. The Chinese lost four ships, with some 1500 men killed or drowned; the Japanese lost none, though their fleet sustained considerable injury. The naval power of China seems now to have gone the disastrous way of her army in Corea.

The speech of Hon. William S. Linton of Michigan, before the Committee of the Whole, of the United States House of Representatives, has been received. Mr. Linton's argument is that "Our public school system, the bulwark of this country, non-sectarian and non-partisan, and the embodiment of the best educational thought of this enlightened century, should be the boon of the nation's wards that compose the remnant of the unfortunate Indian race, and they should not be forced hereafter to attend sectarian schools."

There is no office higher than that of a teacher of youth, for there is nothing on earth so precious as the mind, soul, character of the child. No office should be regarded with greater respect. The first minds in the community should be encouraged to assume it.—*Channing*.

The Japanese must go. That is, if Chinese impressions avail. It is said that the Chinese of New York, with the intent of aiding their country in its struggle against Japan, have resurrected a god, once a man, supposed to have great power over the enemies of his worshippers. In times of war this god is brought out of his retirement, and set up with his feet in a dish of peanut oil to be worshipped. Every time he is properly adored it is supposed that a Jap is smitten dead. This procedure makes war unnecessary, as the Japanese will, sooner or later, be stricken from the earth.

She had a voice like a siren, and when she sang: Mid-pure, sad, and pained, though beam a home. Be it here snow playfully comb, And so on, to the conclusion, there wasn't a dry eye in the room.—*London Tit-Bits*.

Rev. Charles Fiescher, the new rabbi of the congregation Adath Israel, was duly installed Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 22d and 23d. He is said to be a very bright young man of thirty years, and came from Philadelphia, where his parents now reside. In a recent interview the new rabbi expressed himself in favor of more universal intermingling of his people with the world at large.

True freedom is to share All the chains our brothers wear, And with heart and hand to be Earnest to make others free. —*John Boyle O'Reilly*.

The Prince of Wales, in the rôle of a prophet, predicts that by another century, if not sooner, the Republican spirit will take possession of the whole of Europe, and monarchies will become things of the past; that the people will be drawn into great confederations, one of which will be the "Republic of the Gauls," comprising England, France, Italy, Spain and the allied people. The Prince further asserts that the British nation is practically of the same stock as the French. The view is certainly original. The Paris *Figaro* is authority for the statement.

The Pacific Coast Company's elevator at Portland, Ore., was destroyed by fire on Sept. 23d. Three men are supposed to have lost their lives. A total fire loss of \$2,000,000 was inflicted.

By the thoroughly appreciated courtesy of *The Conglomerate*, Middletown, N. Y., we are able to present to our readers on this first page of the present issue a brief biographic sketch of the Hon. Luther R. Marsh, illustrated by an excellent likeness of this gentleman—who has ever been a valued contributor to the BANNER OF LIGHT. Concerning this picture the Middletown editor says:

"The plate from which this portrait is presented to our readers is what is known as a half-tone, and was engraved on copper by the Franklin Engraving Company of Boston, from a photograph made by Osterhout of this city. Mr. Marsh knew nothing about our procuring this engraving, and I am sure he would know of its existence is when he opens this week's *Conglomerate*."

L. Latourette writes from Jonesboro, Ark., to renew subscription: "I cannot be without THE BANNER"—adding that much interest is being aroused in materialization in Jonesboro; there are several Spiritualists there, but as yet no Society.

The reader's attention is specially called to the graphic and delicate plotting of child-life contained in the installment of "BERTHA LEE," printed in THE BANNER the present week.

Attention is called to the announcement made by Mrs. W. P. Thaxter, on our fifth page.

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE.—The September issue of this interesting and truth-searching magazine opens with "The Science of Satisfaction," an address by W. J. Colville at Greenacre and Onset, in August last. "Newest of the Sciences" follows. "Summer Lectures at Greenacre" are reported quite fully. The editorial comment is timely and instructive. All of Mr. Colville's friends will turn directly to the spiritual romance, "With One Accord," to be continued through succeeding numbers. If the first installment is any criterion, the story is sure to gratify those of readers. Published by H. E. Saunders, 322 Ordway Avenue, Chicago.

E. N. Pickering, President of the Chicago Spiritual Union, commends very highly Dr. George W. Carpenter, who is about to journey to the Pacific coast for a period of much-needed rest and recuperation. The doctor, he says, is a regular physician of much ability, a clairvoyant of very clear perception in the location and diagnosis of disease, a medium of a highly inspirational development, and a Spiritualist of the truest type and most sympathetic feelings. He will make engagements to lecture on spiritual or scientific subjects, and may be addressed at his residence, 1140 Greenhau Street, Chicago.

For additional editorial matter see third page.

How the Spiritual Work Goes On.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I do not believe it would be possible in any other city than Boston, to leave a street like Washington, with all its rushing, surging tide of business life—at the very time when that tide is at its flood, between the hours of three and five in the afternoon—and ascending one or two flights of stairs to find a hall in which a Spiritualist meeting was being held! Yet that can be done here on at least four working days afternoons of every week. On some days three meetings, within almost a stone's throw of each other, are simultaneously carried on. On Sundays there are eight halls in the same street in each of which three meetings are held.

It has been my pleasure to address the audiences in Montgomery Hall on the last two Sunday evenings. The meetings here are conducted by Dr. Nelke, and owing to the recent severe sickness of the doctor, have only been carried on for, I believe, the last five weeks. Yet in spite of that circumstance, and no extra attraction advertised, at the hour of commencing every seat was occupied. It is a special feature of this hall that it appears to be largely attended by skeptics, and every test has to be driven home by the most positive demonstration of its accuracy. This demonstration given, however, each evidence of spirit return is openly and to all appearance joyfully acknowledged. E. J. BOWTELL.

Healing by Laying on of Hands.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Dr. Dumont C. Dake of New York City is unexpectedly prolonging his stay with us. A number of years ago I had two or three severe falls, and have since been suffering from a complication of diseases. Nothing seemed to help me. Since being treated magnetically by Dr. Dake I feel like a new woman. He has relieved me of pain, and put me on the road to health.

Other well known to the public bear testimony to Dr. Dake's wonderful skill and the benefit derived from his magnetic healing power, among them Mrs. Abbie K. M. Heath, and the noted mediums Mrs. Maud Lord Drake and Mrs. M. W. Leslie. Mrs. Farall, the well-known proprietor of the Ocean House, Nantasket Beach, is loud in her praise of Dr. Dake. MRS. M. A. PENNINGTON.

Cambridgeport, Mass., Sept. 24th, 1894.

To Voters who are Spiritualists:

By vote of the Directors of the MASSACHUSETTS STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS, at a meeting held in Boston, Sept. 18th, 1894, I was instructed to issue this earnest appeal to Spiritualistic voters in this State, to look up the record of all candidates for office—especially Senators and Representatives—concerning the position they occupied regarding medical legislation in 1892.

Be on your guard; for it is believed that an endeavor will be made to amend the present medical law, and make it still more offensive to all liberty-loving citizens. Be sure and vote only for men who will be true to medical freedom.

FRANCIS B. WOODBURY, Sec'y.

Great Work Being Accomplished by

Dr. C. E. Watkins.

On all sides wonderful cures made by Dr. C. E. WATKINS are reported. His gift as a medium is well known; he having the full confidence of the public, and they knowing his spiritual powers never to have been surpassed as a medium, naturally take his medicines with full belief that they will benefit them. This may have a great deal to do with his success as a physician.

The Doctor does not believe in dosing his patients, giving but little medicine, and that of the purest, and prepared by himself for each special case.

His past great work in the spiritual cause evidently does not equal the grand work which he is now accomplishing. He has a large and extensive practice, which is rapidly growing, and this large practice has not been built up through sensational advertising, but by his modest card in the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a similar one in the *Light of Truth*—being all he has ever done in advertising.

May he live for many years yet, and be the instrument of bringing health to the sick.

GOOD FOR YOUR CONSTITUTION.—The effect of Dr. ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS' ALTERNATIVE COMPOUND, as a constitutional remedy, rests unquestionably in its power of eliminating specific poison from the blood and in its tonic power, increasing the proportion of red corpuscles in impoverished blood, thus enabling the system to throw off disease.

Catarrhal Deafness.

Those who suffer from Catarrhal Deafness (and their name is legion) will be glad to learn that a definite cure has been discovered, and they can avail themselves of the test of the BANNER OF LIGHT, by applying to the Home Mediating Co., Cincinnati. See their advertisement headed "Free—11 years without hearing."

The works of Quintilian were revived by being discovered under a heap of rubbish in an Italian monastery. Those of Tacitus were found in a monastery in Westphalia, where they were being used as fuel by the cook.

SPRIT 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 human life in its domestic, social 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 expressions of much of Truth as they perceive—no more.

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

LUTHER COLE, Chairman.

SPRIT-MESSAGES.

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Séance held June 22d, 1894.

Spirit Invocation. Oh, thou Divine Spirit, in whom we live and move and have our being, give unto us this hour some new inspiration that shall stimulate our minds to loftier thought and fill our spirits with a higher aspiration for all things lovely and pure. We ask for the spiritual gifts of charity and love, and may our souls be imbued with the desire to live here on earth that when we enter the life immortal we shall not be compelled to look back with regret and sorrow at unkind acts we ought never to have committed, or to neglected opportunities for doing good unto our fellow-creatures.

Thus initiated, one we desire to come into communion with those high and holy intelligences from celestial spheres who are seeking to uplift and benefit mankind, with those benighted souls who are laboring for the advancement of the human race. May "Y" ministers of peace and mercy bear consolation and hope to those who sit in the darkness of ignorance and error; may returning spirits be given the power to-day to communicate with their mourning friends on earth, sending forth messages freighted with helpful influences that may be felt and realized. Baptize each soul anew with thy holy spirit this hour, our Father, and may we do thy service by faithfully performing our duty as it appeals to us from day to day. JOHN PIERPONT.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

James Mason.

[To the Chairman:] It is very pleasant to feel we have a kind invitation extended to us, not only mentally by our friends, but by your good Spirit-President, the Rev. John Pierpont, to speak here when the conditions are favorable and there is an opportunity.

When upon the earth-plane I was no stranger to the fact of spirit-communication. I realized a great deal more of these things than I was able to express. It was a great pleasure to me to communicate with those who had passed on to a little before me. Before I crossed the portal called death, I was able to behold them, and to realize more than ever what active entities we are after the spirit takes its flight from earth.

I have often asked myself why so many people who believe their spirit-friends are around them, are so afraid that some mortal will find it out? I call them moral cowards. We come to do them good, to bring them comfort and knowledge. If they are afraid of being deceived, we ask them not to turn away, but to investigate the claims of Spiritualism honestly, and with the reason with which they are endowed.

I would tell those who take the Bible as their guide, that when they have taken away the testimony contained therein relating to the return of spirits, they have taken away the very foundation of Christianity.

I am, indeed, pleased that I have been given a few moments in which to converse upon the earth-plane. There is a large assembly of immortals present to-day, and my prayer goes forth that a larger number of mortals may learn of their ability to communicate with them, then I feel there will be more heavens here below.

James Mason, Farmington, Ill.

Mary A. Moore.

[To the Chairman:] As we come into our Circle-Room and behold so many spirits, among them many of our friends and neighbors in spirit-life, we feel that we are welcome. I think, sir, we enjoy companionship more than when upon the earth-plane, and there are indeed but few mortals who do not like to have some one to care for and some one to care for them. The desire for congenial society is never lost by the spirit, and the law of attraction brings us together. We find that there is no such thing as chance.

Through the operations of law I have been brought here to-day, and through the kindness of your good Spirit-President I am permitted to send a few words to Montgomery, Ala., where some of my friends still dwell. George is in the flesh, and takes delight in seeking to gain all the knowledge possible. At the best one can attain but little in this direction on the earth-plane for life is so short, and the advanced spirits of the celestial spheres teach us that we shall never reach the end of learning. It is progression through a never-ending eternity.

My name is Mary A. Moore. I have never controlled a medium before.

I have a distant relative, George Moore, in Montgomery.

William S. Arnold.

[To the Chairman:] My head was not just right when I passed away, and I have much the same feelings that I had then, but I'll be

all right in a minute. Once I was prospered, and had considerable means; but reversed came thick and fast, until my brain was affected. I lost a part of my material life—I have no memory of it; but I am all right now. What a comfort it is to know that such worries as I had affected only the material form.

I can't tell you how long it is since I passed to the higher life, as you reckon time, and it does not matter. I feel that I have made some progress, and have also aided some other spirits. It is a great privilege to be permitted to return here to voice our thoughts through the instrumentality of this medium. I am pleased to announce my presence to-day to the good friends in Providence, R. I., and to say that I am perfectly satisfied with what was done for me.

My name is William S. Arnold.

Winifred Meanes.

I was young when I passed away, and had a great deal to live for. I would not have thought it possible then that I could have returned after entering the spirit-world, and spoken through the organism of another; but to-day I am happy that I am privileged so to do. I do not know how much weight my words may have with some one, but hope they may serve to arouse thought on the subject of spirit-communication in the mind of some friend or acquaintance, for I believe that not a message is given here but what works for good.

I was not eighteen when I was called higher. A cold developed into a diphtheritic trouble, that ended my life on the material plane. In the spirit-world I am happy to find the physical conditions of heat and cold have no effect upon us only when we are controlling a medium, and sickness of the body is unknown.

I am very happy in my spirit-home, yet I take great pleasure in visiting my friends.

My name was Winifred, but mother called me "Freddy," to tease me, then I would call him "Fanny." I don't forget the old times, and their memory is very sweet to me.

I lived in Richmond, Va., and my name is Winifred Meanes.

Capt. Richard Freeman.

When living here upon the earth-plane I little thought I could return in this way after I died, although I did believe in my heart that those who had preceded me to the better land could not be far away. Now all these things are made plain to me, and I find that heaven is all about us while in the mortal form. When our eyes grow dim to material scenes we behold our own arisen ones coming with extended hands to greet us.

I followed the sea, and sometimes when the sky grew dark as the storm gathered, I felt that the Being who dispensed the sunlight would check the raging elements. I have no memory of ever feeling frightened when upon the water, for I had utter confidence in the power of the Father of all to guide and guard his children.

I followed the sea from my early years, and gained the title of Captain. My name is Richard Freeman, and I was well known in Provincetown, Harwich and places near by, so I feel sure there are a few yet left who will remember me.

While in the mortal form I never could believe (for I could see no comfort in it) that that great Being termed God would punish his children world without end for the mistakes they might make—it was wholly unreasonable. Now I find that the still small voice of the spirit was speaking to me when I communed seemingly in this way with myself, and that those who had passed on were trying to impress me with a true understanding of those questions that puzzled me.

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 (Continued).—Thomas Gales Forster; Rosie Chick; George Draper.

June 29.—Martha A. Cokerley; David Dale; James Woodworth; Charlotte Colson; Dr. Beck; John Pierpont.

Verifications of Spirit Messages.

At this late date I wish to acknowledge the communication from my father, FREDERICK W. COFFIN, published in THE BANNER OF LIGHT of June 30th.

As the message stated, he lived many years in Ashland, Ohio, and for many years he and my mother were the only Spiritualists in that place. He was an earnest reader and investigator, and for thirty years or more looked forward eagerly to the weekly coming of the BANNER OF LIGHT. It was always his desire that when he passed to the higher life he might be able to communicate with his friends through the Message Department of that journal. He believed, like many others, that the good accomplished through messages received in that way was inestimable.

That the good BANNER may continue to bring joy to sorrowing hearts many years in the future, as it has in the past, is the earnest wish of Mrs. E. L. McILRATH.

McMinnville, Tenn., Sept. 15th, 1894.

It is with a grateful heart that I thank the publishers and the medium of the BANNER OF LIGHT for the communication from my darling grandchild, LOTTIE WOOD, in which she refers to my husband and son, Frank Goward, and which appeared in the issue of Aug. 25th. The message is recognized, and we hope to hear from them often.

201 Summer street, Lowell, Mass., Sept. 3d, 1894.

I noticed in a copy of THE BANNER OF April 7th, 1894, a message from DR. CORNELL SMITH of Albany, N. Y. We were school and classmates at Cambridge, Mass., and the communication is recognized by me as coming from my old friend. "Memory is a book, and it is never closed entirely," was a common and favorite expression of his in this life.

Dr. J. B. BALDWIN.

Denver, Col., Aug. 24th, 1894.

ANDROMEDA.

The smooth-worn coin and threadbare classic phrase of Greek mythology that beguile my youth,

Beguile me not as in the olden days.

I think more grief and beauty dwells with truth.

Andromeda, in fetters by the sea,

Star-pale with anguish till young Perseus came,

Less moves me with her suffering than she.

The slim girl figure fettered to a dark shame.

That nightly haunts the park, there, like a shade,

Trailing her wretchedness from street to street.

See where she passes—neither wife nor maid.

How all mere fiction crumbles at her feet!

Here is woe's self, and not the mask of woe;

A legend's shadow shall not move you so!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

"But this is rhyme, sir," said the long-haired caller in astonishment, "and not blank verse." I spoke of the "black verse," replied the editor, handing the manuscript back, "to save your feelings. It was not the word I really had in my mind."—Chicago Tribune.

Every man, having a beard, should keep it an even and natural color, and if it is not so already, use Buckingham's Dye and appear tidy.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By Leonard Harper, Cleveland (O.) Please give a brief exposition of the following verses of Scripture, more particularly upon witchcraft: Deuteronomy, xvi. 10-12. (10) "There shall not be found among you any that would utter a curse, or a reviler of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, (11) Or a charmer, or a consulter of familiar spirits, or a wizard or necromancer. (12) For all that do these things are an abomination to the Lord."

ANS.—There are two distinct interpretations ordinarily placed upon these words; the first is that every sort of communion with individual spirits is expressly forbidden in Holy Writ. This, as you all know, is the strictly orthodox position; the other is that though the Bible does forbid such communion, the prohibition is not binding to-day, any more than are such Lethal injunctions as "thou shalt not shave the corners of thy beard"; "thou shalt wear a blue thread in thy garment," and many other commands which are no part of the moral law properly so-called. Our interpretation is that the words quoted by our questioner have reference to abuses of psychic power and spiritual gifts only; that the condemnation contained in the text does not apply in any sense to the useful and benevolent exercise of spiritual endowments; but only too cruel, lascivious and otherwise degrading misuses of certain magical or occult possibilities within the range of human action.

However much the burning or drowning of old women on charge of witchcraft, two hundred or three hundred years ago, may be lamented to-day, it must ever be borne in mind that even in the darkest days of oppression, no one was condemned without at least a pretence of a trial, and when the evidence against the alleged culprit was considered sufficient to doom her to death, the charges brought against her were that she had injured cattle and blighted crops, or, in the worst cases, poisoned human beings.

The hypnotic processes of to-day, are in some cases of extreme perversion, allied to ancient witchcraft, such as the Bible condemns; but while stringent laws may be reasonably enforced against conscienceless malpractice, no reasonable person can logically object to the healing of the sick and the consolation of the distressed through rightful employment of psychic agency. A witch really means a poisoner; a necromancer is one who practices divination with a dead body, and as to the general custom of divining in more innocent ways, and regarding special seasons, the objection to this was based on the fear and superstition it often engendered. When aggressive selfishness is completely outgrown, many customs will be harmless which are still prejudicial to society, and as all literal commandments are given with reference to immediate time and place, though the spirit of legislation is changeless, its outward form is subject to continual modification.

The intention of those old law-givers was to secure peace and order to society. They often erred in judgment, and it would be fanatical on our part to recommend strict adherence to all their precepts; but their intention was unquestionably to conserve the good of the largest number in the community. In astrological almanacs to-day, where the observance of times is a striking feature, a glaring fallacy is met when people are indiscriminately told that certain days and years are good for buying and others for selling, as the one process involves the other, and there could be no buyer without a seller, and vice versa. If an individual nativity is cast and a personal horoscope is made suggestively instructive to its possessor, it is quite reasonable to conclude that when it is best for a person to buy, it is best for another to sell, and were mutual rights and welfare always regarded, there would be no objection whatever to a practical application of the theory of astrology.

But as yet human character has not sufficiently freed itself from regardlessness of others' weal to be safely entrusted with very much occult knowledge; such information is therefore wisely and purposely withheld from the masses till the time arrives when the people will have grown to use all power entrusted to them wisely.

An "abomination to the Lord" is a cruel, unjust act done for self-gratification or aggrandizement, whereby another is injured. Though black magic, attempts at malicious mesmerism, and all arts of that character, deserve rebuke, it is neither fair nor historical to include simple clairvoyance under the head of witchcraft. The evil effect of such a law is that people apply it relentlessly to persons whom they individually dislike, and from that cause trials for witchcraft became cruel farces. Ultimately speaking the use of any faculty is the best preventive of misuse.

Q.—[By J. Emmer, Jr., Washington, D. C. Will you kindly inform us what is best for us to do in the following case? We have in our family four mediums: myself and wife (materializing) and brother and sister (trance mediums). Myself and wife reside in a house in which, since we have occupied it, we have had a great many séances. We are now annoyed by a spirit who claims to be earthbound, and who says he lost his life in this house. He also claims that he will drive off our controls; he is very stubborn; will listen to nothing, and threatens to do us all the harm in his power. He is a stranger to us. We have had some trouble in our circle, such as abrupt breaking up of a séance by my wife being taken from the cabinet and thrown into a fire hours' trance. Articles brought into our house by our spirit-friends are taken away and hidden, and in fact everything goes wrong with us; and he himself claims to be responsible for it. Our controls are three brothers, four sisters, a father, a reclaimed spirit, two friends, two Indians, "Big Eagle" and "White Fawn," and others, whom we did not know in life, but who claim to have known us, and who have verified the truth of what they

say. Now, dear BANNER, we are threatened with a loss of our guides by this spirit, who insists that he is satisfied with his condition, and only intends to do us harm. What can we do? Please try at once to give us counsel.

A.—Though it is not within our usual province to deal with personal inquiries, the matter in question is of so general a character that we gladly offer a few suggestions which we trust may prove helpful to the inquirer, whose experiences, though not very general, are by no means solitary. From the standpoint of mental science the cure is obvious, and the treatment needed is to turn the tables upon the intrusive spirit, who has no rightful claim to produce disturbances.

We know of several cases where circles have been broken up and much havoc caused from a similar source, and such experiences are often cited as one of the dangers attaching to Spiritualism. But here a greater mistake is made; for it is not the intellectual admission that Spiritualism is true, nor is it the permission granted to spirit-friends to communicate which occasions the disorder, but the lack of sufficient individuality on the part of the sitters. Positive and negative mental attributes are harped upon frequently but blindly, as most people think the only successful mediumistic condition to be that of unreasoning passivity. Active mental assertion is often the royal key which unlocks the treasure-house of spirit. Nothing can be more positive and directly volitional than the confident anticipation of enjoying the communion most desired; therefore to render your spirit-friends the conditions most favorable for manifestation, make yourselves negative at will to those with whom you desire to commingle, and thereby render yourselves positive toward those under whose control you refuse to place yourselves.

We advise the family who sent in this question to refuse absolutely to acknowledge the power of the earthbound influence who annoys them so much, for spirits often read thoughts, and are aware of mental attributes which afford them ingress. Undeveloped influences are not dangerous but powerless, unless your own fear, or other emotion of your own, supplies them with a pabulum for use to your detriment. Place your trust implicitly in the higher powers; and we advise you to invite a medium who is unusually well-balanced into your circle, to convey a silent power to attract and hold a mantle of protection around you. Undeveloped spirits can be educated; they are not driven forth as outcasts to be exorcised, but are helped forward by contact with higher states than their own. You can help the intruder if you realize your power to do so, not his to injure you.

Q.—[By J. F. B., Wilmington, Vt. What is natural law, and what are the mutable and immutable laws? What is the difference between them?

A.—We understand by natural law that changeless order of events which is universally manifest and recognized by all philosophers and observers, as for instance the persistence with which types are evolved perpetually and exclusively from their respective typical germs. The changeless law of nature is not of man's ordaining; therefore man cannot alter it, but the mutable laws of human contrivance which vary incessantly with the changing moods of legislators or a populace, these cannot have relation to immutable law, which is directly opposite. So far as man can make laws he can unmake them, for there is no structure conceived in the human mind and wrought out by human ingenuity that cannot be removed by the power that established it, but that law which is divine and universal, not being made by man, successfully defies human power to break it.

Simple natural theism takes its stand upon this self-evident postulate: Chemistry may teach how to combine any properties necessary to produce a result, even to a living, breathing organism; but even should this stupendous feat be accomplished, the law of nature is undisturbed, for the same ingredients, the same relative proportions, would have to be present in the organism created in the laboratory as in the form gestated in the ordinary way. There is not a genuine or even an alleged spiritual phenomenon, no matter how wonderful, that contravenes natural law, for if any combination of elements is effected by direct act of will in any instance, the combination to produce the result is of nature's ordering.

Freedom has one limit; you can do whatever you please if you only know how to bring it about in the only way permitted by nature.

If a law is part of the entirety of nature's law it cannot be set aside, but if a law can be evaded or set at naught successfully, then, instead of being a part of the immutable order of the universe, it proves itself to be only a device of man to meet a temporary necessity. Laws of belief are precarious in their tenure and hurtful in their results. Science does not properly deal with human opinions, but with the irreversible order of nature which can be studied, known and used, but not varied.

Q.—[By Seeker.] Will the Controlling Intelligence please state the most successful way for developing automatic writing; and inform me who can only write thoughts which pass through his mind, whether he has any prospect of developing independent writing?

A.—Automatic writing is a phase of mediumship which demands much passivity on the part of whoever practices it. Mr. Stead, Mrs. Underwood and several other well known people have received many messages both from absent friends on earth and friends in spirit, by quietly permitting the unseen message-giver to use their hands without their offering any resistance. To lend one's hand to an outside influence for the time being, is to simply allow that influence to communicate as it pleases. Most people are altogether too anxious and excitable with regard to mental messages; they fear they may prove incorrect, and try to help them out by their own reasonings, with the result that they fail to receive anything definite or coherent. The most successful way to develop automatic writing is simply to let it develop itself, and by this we mean place no barrier or restriction of any kind in the way of its production.

Take paper and pencil whenever you feel least liable to interruption, and when you are in your quietest frame. Let the pencil transcribe whatever it will, and though at first you may get much that amounts to but very little in the way of characteristic intelligence, by persistently following out the practice you will soon discover that important messages are coming. Frequently you will be mentally impressed with what you write; but that only proves that you are of the mental temperament, as only very physical persons are the subjects of purely automatic results. Let the thought flow as it will; welcome whatever comes, and judge solely by results. You will find, no doubt, in many instances that distant friends who are thinking strongly of you at the time will convey tidings by this method.

Our teaching is that it is always a mistake to try to force any phase of mediumship, as spontaneity is an important mark of reliability, and a leading characteristic of most genuine communications. A generally quiet and receptive, but at the same time aspirational frame of mind, is most conducive to the best and speediest results. If persisted in faithfully, the messages themselves will contain "directions" for further development, if such information is demanded by you.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MY DARLING'S FACE.

My darling's face! My darling's face!
It is the face of joy to me;
It shines through every darksome place,
It lifts the veil that I may see.
May see the author hope has turned,
May see the bliss of love-lit eyes;
My darling's face, of thee I've learned
The promise sure of grandest prize.
Beyond all fashion mortal knows,
Beyond all loves that sweetly run,
Shall grow the lode that world face shows,
Shall ripen what time has begun.
I dwell near the shifting light
That falls across thy changing dreams;
No glow of sunset's colors bright
Can rival sweets where thy face gleams.
Thou art the joy of all my heart;
No troubled waters floweth in
When I, secure with thee apart,
March victor o'er the ways of sin.
Oh, darling face, in golden cloud
I pant beside the upward way;
Hallow the hours that now enshroud
With visions of thy brighter day.
Rockland, Me. AUGUSTA ADAMS.

New Publications.

CORRUPTIONS IN THE NEW TESTAMENT. By H. L. Hastings. Second Edition. Cloth, pp. 95. Boston: H. L. Hastings.

It is considerable for an author of the high standing in the religious world like Mr. Hastings to acknowledge what we have long maintained, "corruptions in the New Testament." And he goes on and shows up the "corruptions" so honestly and fearfully, that the candid reader cannot deny his clearly pronounced statements. There is a good deal of interesting reading not touching errors of Holy Writ. Mr. Hastings has a way to please and not offend even those who do not agree with him in many of his religious expressions. He never tries to force a thought of his own in a distasteful manner.

JOAN, THE MEDIUM; or, The Inspired Heroine of Orleans. By Moses Hull. Cloth, pp. 102. Chicago: Moses Hull & Co.

The author discovered over thirty years ago that prominent people renowned in history had mediumistic power; and now Mr. Hull takes the notable Joan of Arc, and shows conclusively that five hundred years ago she was in the possession of that power, which, were she alive to-day, would place her in the front rank of what we call to-day mediums. The book has not been written as a history of the Maid of Orleans; but has for its leading idea to bring up her mediumship, her communion with spirits, and her devoted life. Without her, France to-day would have been in worse condition than Ireland. The book can be had at THE BANNER office.

BORN AGAIN; or, The Romance of a Dual Life. By D. N. Ford. Cloth, pp. 356. Published by the Successor Press, Falmouth, Mass.

This is a well written, interesting story, into which many characters are introduced. Mr. Ford has interwoven a clairvoyant incident, which is one of the everyday occurrences met with in spiritualistic atmospheres. The story is romantic in parts, and a readable throughout, with quite a little of the sensational element to please all thus inclined. The several parts and characters are exceedingly well connected, and, taken as a whole, the book deserves wide circulation. Many a leisure moment can be made profitable by a careful perusal.

IN DISTANCE AND IN DREAM. By M. F. Sweetser. Cloth, pp. 43. Boston: Joseph Knight Company.

This admirable story, told in a most attractive manner, exemplifies immortality in the fullest degree. A thorough digestion of the subject-matter will prove helpful as well as healthful to every person fortunate enough to become the possessor of the work. The title does not do justice to the material following. There is nothing of dream in the book. Mr. Sweetser could have called it "stern reality," with much better and truer reason than the name he has applied to it, for there is nothing truer than the lesson which the author teaches—advanced higher life in the spirit-world. The book is fascinating throughout. It is clear in expression, clean in tone, heart-lifting and soul-refreshing to us who believe that spirits know fully all the transpires on earth when the breath leaves the tament of clay and becomes life forevermore.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla contains no harmful ingredients, and is the best blood purifier.

IN MEMORIAM.

From his home, on Huntington Avenue, Rockland, Sept. 17th, 1894 Mr. W. E. FRENCH, aged 77 years.

Mr. French was an earnest Spiritualist, a subscriber to the BANNER OF LIGHT; a man of philanthropic and humanitarian principles, whose life was devoted to the needy and oppressed. He wrought in the interests of the anti-slavery movement in the years when it cost him the loss of his home, and when he was a Nationalist, and at all times he was forward in work looking toward the betterment of the race.

He was a descendant of Lieut. William French, who came from England to America in 1635. He had one of twelve children, and at the age of seventeen came to Boston to learn the trade of a mason.

In 1845 he entered business for himself and joined the company which erected many of the houses in the Fairmount District of Hyde Park. He was one of the early stockholders of the Hyde Park Real Estate and Building Company, and in 1881 he superintended the building of the Downer Oil Works at Dorry, Penn. Mr. French always took a deep interest in public affairs, and he represented Ward 4, Boston, in the State Legislature.

He was active in temperance movements, and for the war was an earnest anti-slavery worker. He was married in 1845 to Eliza Ann Wright of Concord, Mass., and died in 1894. Three daughters survive him.

Mr. French has in former years been a vigilant Onset Camp, and having listened to the inspired words of Mrs. M. T. Longley at that and other meetings was his request that she be summoned to officiate at funeral in the event of his decease. The family of Mr. French being Congregationalists, the clergyman of their church was invited to offer prayer and to read selections of Scripture on the occasion of the funeral. Mr. French was a member of the Congregational Church, and he was followed in his service by J. Longley who delivered a fitting address of spiritual inspiration and consolation—the organs of the church were furnished with a benediction. Vocal selections were sweetly rendered by two young ladies. The floral tributes were abundant and elegant.

In accordance with the desire—often expressed in former days by Mr. French—at the close of the service the remains were removed to the Crematorium at Forest Hills and subjected to the process of incineration.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From his home, in Lynn, Mass., Aug. 23d George W. Reynolds, aged 84 years 6 months and 4 days.

Another loved spirit has laid aside the earthly vestments and has gone on its way, impatient to be a dweller in the temple, triumphant and free. He lived the long days of sickness, and when the end came he was a beacon-light shining beyond the face of a mother, who came to take the loved one to her spirit-friends. His brother leaves a wife, well known Spiritualists, a son and two daughters.

Mrs. S. DOWLAND.

From his home, in Fairfax, Va., Aug. 18th, Frank Smith, aged 18 years.

He was a young man with noble qualities many friends. He was an earnest and enthusiastic believer in Spiritualism, and he was a member of the Fairfax Spiritualist Society. He was a student of the Bible, and he was a student of the life of Jesus. He was a student of the life of the great seers of the world, and he was a student of the life of the great seers of the world.

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He was a student of the life of the great seers of the world, and he was a student of the life of the great seers of the world. He was a student of the life of the great

Marriage—Parentage; Education—Progression—Des
Good and Evil, Health and Happiness; Resume; An
gory.
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Camp and Grove Meetings.

Harvest Festival at Onset.

(Specially Reported for the Banner of Light.)

All the conditions requisite for perfect success combined this year upon the occasion of the Harvest Festival, which was held Sept. 15th and 16th. Good feeling universally prevailed, and all united in preparations for the crowning festival of the year. A beautiful sight greeted the eye as one entered the spacious Temple on Saturday afternoon. The stage was banked with evergreen and adorned with potted plants and bright flowers from the gardens and fields of Onset, and a profusion of fruit and vegetables of all varieties. Ferns and boughs of fragrant pine were festooned upon the walls and decked pillars, gallery and doors. Dr. L. P. Greenleaf's motto, "Harmony," under his picture; the "Lone Star over Mrs. Loring," a droll bow and arrow, and the "Ladder of Progression" were conspicuous decorations. Pictured faces of our beloved workers of the early years looked down from the wall upon the younger workers who are taking their places and with equal devotion carrying forward the great mission of Spiritualism. The decorations were the work of Dr. Henry G. White, and Mrs. Helen M. Wood. The busy chairman of the committee, under whose auspices the festival was held, was Dr. H. B. Storer, came from Saratoga for the special purpose of being present.

The first service, that of Saturday afternoon, was, as always, held in the hall devoted to the Indians. Two hundred or more people present were seated in circles within circles, the innermost circle being devoted to the mediums having Indian contacts.

At the request of President Storer, who was unable to attend, the Rev. Andrus Titus consented to act in that capacity. In calling the meeting to order he stated its purpose, which he said was to honor the Indian and give him an opportunity to speak for himself.

All united in singing a verse of "Shall We Meet Beyond the River?" after which Mr. Titus made a few remarks, during which he said that up to two years ago he had never witnessed a celebration of this kind. He knew there was something in Spiritualism, but had put it one side and denounced it as being a fraud without an honest investigation. If people would only cultivate more of the honesty of the Indian, he would be better off. We should also imitate the Indian in "talking less of our noble deeds and doing nobler ones."

Mrs. Hattie C. Webster wished to extend to all a word of welcome and cordiality, and said: "We come, not to reproach nor to reproach you, but to beg you to clap hands. Let that eternal love unite you, and pray that you may overcome self and be master in every sense of the word."

Dr. H. B. Storer paid a tribute to the characteristics of the American Indian. Something of the aboriginal instinct belongs to all of us, and it is that touch of nature that makes the Indian a being which causes the Indian spirits to associate with and minister to us.

"Father," Lyman, a veteran of eighty years, now a resident of Onset, who with "Mother" Lyman, has been noted for his piety and his love for the Indian, expressed himself as very grateful for the opportunity to attend such a festival.

Mrs. French of Brockton spoke of her spiritual growth during the past year, and wished to live for the uplifting of her brothers and sisters in the work. Mrs. Thompson of Onset spoke in praise of the Wigwam and its work.

Mrs. Prof. Kennedy wished to thank all for the many kindnesses rendered. In her Western home she would think of Onset and the many friends with most kindly feeling.

M. H. Prince said he had enjoyed this summer at Onset and the blessings received.

Dr. C. D. Fuller, Vice-President of the Wigwam Society, spoke appreciatively of the Indian, and of his sympathy with this service, as also did Mrs. S. I. Stevens of Chicago.

Dr. J. P. Greenleaf, controlling Charles W. Sullivan, identified himself by his manner of expression, speaking at length in words that thrilled the hearts of all hearers. He was followed by "Eagle" through the same medium.

In the evening a concert and hall was held with very gratifying success. Over five hundred tickets being sold. Ferguson's Bridgeport Orchestra rendered excellent music. The same orchestra, under the leadership of the members of the orchestra, who have given their most faithful efforts to the Association for two seasons, ably led by Mr. Ferguson. The concert, of an hour and a half's duration, preceding the dance, was thoroughly enjoyed.

The Concordia Quartet of Brockton appeared for the third time before an Onset audience at a similar celebration, and was accorded hearty applause.

Prof. Largen of Brockton, who was at Onset, convulsed the audience with several of his character readings. Mrs. White of Washington rendered some beautiful solos. Miss Albertina won rounds of applause for her artistic and beautiful singing.

Herbert Packard of the Concordia Quartet touched a responsive chord in his audience with his solos and story telling. Miss Faunce's violin solo brought forth a well earned encore.

At the dancing continued until nearly midnight, ice cream and cake were served by the ladies, and a thoroughly good time enjoyed.

Sunday morning there was a very large attendance, and everybody enthusiastic. Ferguson's Orchestra gave a concert, after which the Concordia Quartet opened the services. Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock offered an invocation, and Miss Alice Sinclair sang "Didst Thou Not Know?" in her usual charming manner.

Mrs. Byrnes in her address referred to the products of the harvest which lay at her feet, saying that they all meant something. She thought that at this Harvest Festival people should stop and think what, if any, are the lessons they have learned. The speaker contended that one great trouble with people to-day is that they do not profit by the lessons received. If we took our lessons from nature we should be more honest and courageous. Each flower has a chemical limitation, so it is with people, each has its limitation. "I wish that your lives and declarations would be as pure as the decorations in this hall," she said. If the people have not taken the highest and most loyal thought of Spiritualism, it is not because they are better women, it is no one's fault but their own. The genius of Spiritualism is education. Educate your self out of yourself, and learn to say a good word for your brother man while he is not with you. Do not be so sure that you are right, and that you are better than your neighbor. It makes many a load lighter, many a pathway brighter, to say to him, "You are an honest man and a faithful worker." What shall the harvest be to you? It made you less selfish, more loving, more kind toward your neighbor? Has it taught you to be more just to your neighbor? asked the speaker. She closed by saying, "Take truth as the Indians take the arrow and shoot it straight at the heart of the man. The speaker singing by Mrs. B. A. White of Washington, D. C., President Storer made a most impressive speech, eulogizing the pioneers in the Cause, and receiving great applause for his efforts.

At the afternoon session the quartet rendered several selections, and Mrs. C. Fannie Allen delivered an address on a subject handed up from the audience. "The Obligation of the White Man to his Red Brother." The speaker was at her best. Making the subject in a plain, practical and common sense view, digressing now and then to illustrate a point with a good story. The speaker said she should take as the key to the answer the word "justice." The point that was made was that the white man should be just to the Indian, and that the Indian should be just to the white man. The speaker related instances of injustice as shown by parents to children, by nations to those who had given their life's blood for their country. The speaker paid an eloquent tribute to "Father" and "Mother" Lyman, and the way they had done in caring for speakers and test mediums in the early days.

"On asking for subjects for a poem, 'Friendship,' 'Justice,' 'Love,' 'Truth,' and 'The New Home of Our President' were handed up, and were most excellent and appropriate impromptu poems were rendered.

Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock spoke briefly for the children, saying that the children were the ones that would preach Spiritualism in the years to come, they should be taught and assisted at this time. She urged mothers to make confidants of their girls, and fathers to make companions of their sons.

The evening services were very interesting, and were enjoyed by a full house. The exercises consisted of an address by Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock; solo by Mrs. White, entitled "Beautiful Beckoning"; solo by Walter D. Packard of the Concordia Quartet, entitled "The Old Red Cradle"; readings and solos by Mrs. Alice Sinclair; address in a humorous vein by Mrs. C. Fannie Allen; address by President H. B. Storer, closing with benediction by Mrs. Allen.

Hayden Lake Camp, Madison, Me. To the Editor of the Banner of Light: A ten days' Camp-Meeting was held at this beautiful resort, as has been the custom for many years. The sessions have always, until this year, been limited to five days, and been in the week following the close of the Xmas Camp; but this fall the meetings opened on Friday, Sept. 7th, and closed on Sunday, Sept. 16th.

Mrs. Abbie Moore of Searsport, Me., and Mr. A. E. Tisdale, served as speakers throughout the entire sessions, and Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding as platform test medium. For several years these persons have labored in this Camp, and have been greatly appreciated and enjoyed.

The last six days' work was shared by Mr. J. Frank Baxter, one well known and received in this Camp in its earlier years; he was again cordially welcomed this year.

The lectures of all have been remarkably good and needful on this occasion; calling out universal praise. Mr. Tisdale's more philosophical and logical; Mr. Baxter's practical and educational; and Mrs. Moore's, sympathetic and lively.

Mr. Baxter's lectures were, as by custom, supplemented with test exercises, and his many descriptions were marvelous and convincing. Mrs. Harding's delineations and messages were often very comforting, and carried conviction to the hearts of all.

In the course of the Camp-dances were conducted twice, which were well attended, both by dancers and spectators, and thus the receipts largely contributed to the treasury. A fine orchestra of eight pieces rendered the music.

Two entertainments were given under the auspices of Mr. J. Frank Baxter—who, by the way, with his versatility of talent, is a whole entertainment in and of himself—in which several of the campers took part, displaying such qualifications of talent of recreation, song and instrumental performance as to surprise the audiences. Messrs. Tisdale and Baxter's songs, recitations and stories were greatly enjoyed.

The Camp's resources are from gate fees and the proceeds from the dances only; and so the generous sums coming from the patrons of the entertainments, in view of the stormy and cool weather, which had prevented many from attending during the week, were very acceptable.

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Cleveland (O.) Notes.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Camp-meetings in groves being over for the season, Sunday meetings in halls are gradually being resumed in this city, though as a matter of fact the West Side Society, "The Progressive Thinkers," met every Sunday afternoon through the summer. The West Side Lyceum, after two months' vacation, reassembled on Sunday, Sept. 15th, and is still under the conductors of Mr. N. B. Dixon.

The People's Spiritual Alliance commenced its meetings in Army and Navy Hall the first Sunday of this month, with Mrs. S. S. Lake as speaker. The audience was small, but the lectures were well received. Sunday (10th) a fairly large audience greeted the speaker, who gave a capital address on "Law and Crime, Society and the Individual."

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