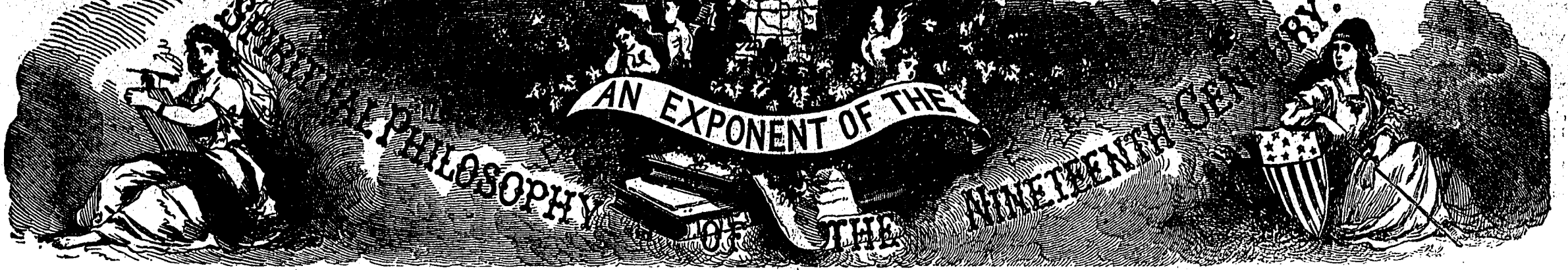


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 5.

Written for the Banner of Light.
DAWN!

BY AUGUSTA ADAMS.

The purple haze of early dawn
Forecasts the glory of the morn;
Unfiltered light is springing through
The archway that the clouds undo!

The night goes hurrying to the west,
Her scattered plumes across her breast;
Her starry crown all melts away
Before the sceptre of the day!

Unlink thy gates, oh! mighty sea!
Receive the light that comes to thee;
Throw back your doors, oh! rivers wide!
Make ready for a bolder tide!

Oh! whispering leaves in hidden dells,
The joyous note of bird foretells
The grandeur music of the morn
Who chants her hymns of life new-born!

Rockland, Me.

The Spiritual Rostrum.

THE FUTURE OF SPIRITUALISM: ITS INFLUENCE UPON HUMAN LIFE, SO- CIAALLY AND RELIGIOUSLY.

A Discourse delivered at Onset Bay Camp,
Mass., Sunday Morning, Aug. 26th,
1894, by the Guides of
MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

(Specially reported for the Banner of Light.)

REMEMBER, when we use the word Spiritualism we do not mean simply the manifestations that have been aggregated in the last forty-six years as Spiritualism. Any one with a few glances at human history must be perfectly well aware that the term Spiritualism must apply to all knowledge concerning the spirit; the spirit of God and the spirit of man.

The first human being that ever passed from earthly life to spirit existence, made Spiritualism; the first revelation or communication from a disembodied intelligence to those in human life, was Spiritualism. Even if the message came from those in ancient days called angels, we know that the generic or etymological meaning of the word angel is messenger, and that the angels were the messengers of spiritual cycles of truth. We not only can go back into Biblical history to find this fact true, but wherever among peoples the messengers or ministrants of spiritual power appeared they were the manifestors of Spiritualism. Away down in Africa, the beginnings of civilization, as you understand it, had their origin, and even there, under the mystic meaning of the word Om, the Infinite manifested through lesser divinities that were angels. Those gods that were worshipped as demigods, or as related unto the Deity, were not intended to take the place of the Infinite Being, but were his messengers to the people of those ages.

In the Brahminical faith this Infinite never speaks to man. The great Brahma is the Infinite, eternal creative power of good, but Vishnu is embodied sometimes to teach the people, and he was called a Buddha. Various messengers have appeared, and these various messengers bearing the sacred name of Mahatma, the divine one, spoke to the people concerning the future state.

Away down in Egypt, where the burning sands have swept away every record of human civilization, you have evidences of the communion of the "Bright Ones," the children of the sun, the celestial messengers who had gone out from earthly states, and in the realm of Osiris had learned the nature of souls. You have also, through ancient Servian history, the meaning of the word angels, (brought from Egypt), as the messengers of the cycles, those who have given to the world the potency of invisible power and have made this palpable to the human race by the manifestations of spirit power.

The Yogas and Fakirs of India held communion with the departed spirits, and our gentle friend the Janus, who represented his faith at the "Parliament of Religions," and spoke for your present speaker on several Sundays, declares there is no difference between the mediumship of modern times and the manifestations of spirit power through the experts of India; that though the spiritual resources of that country may have been somewhat obscured by the bigotry of western civilization, they are now coming to the light. This is testified to by our honorable and venerable co-worker, J. M. Peebles: that the Spiritualism of India in its manifestations corresponds to the best manifestations at séances in the presence of private mediums in this country.

We know that the Spiritualism of the Bible—and we do not use this word in any flippant sense—is all that there is to it; that if you take away the sixty or seventy times in which angels and ministering spirits are mentioned as bearing the testimony of the other world unto the Hebrews, and unto the various people of the East, you take the very vitality away from the record. If, studying Grecian mythology, you do not believe that the gods whom they turned to were real people, then you have but to change the word god to mean messengers and angels, and you understand what it means: That Hercules, Prometheus, Eros, and all the divinities were not intended to impersonate the elements, but intelligent forces in the kingdom of the spirit; that the "Demon," or messenger of Socrates, was not a divinity, but a ministering spirit. You turn to Grecian lore, and you find there the evidences of the spiritual beings, as they are called, holding communion with mortals.

Many people to-day object to the term super-

natural. Why? If natural law and nature means matter only, then we must have the word supernatural if we are talking about spirit; and when the man of science is willing to include the word spirit and all that it implies in the term nature and natural law, we will consent then to use the word nature. Until then we like the word supernatural. It simply means that which is above, the ordinary processes of what are known as natural law. If by nature you will include the spirit of the universe, as well as the material side, we will accept the term. Supermundane may be a better term as being beyond the usual realm of mundane forces. But, as said before, if you take away these supermundane manifestations from history, you take away all that is vital in the records of human life.

People have rejected the idea of the spiritual origin of religion, and they say religion is the result of superstition and ignorance. We not only differ with this statement, but we can prove to the contrary. Every religion of the world had its origin in the highest period of the civilization of that age of the world. Christianity had its origin in the highest state of the civilization of Rome and Jerusalem, in the midst of the grandest intellectual period and physical period that those two countries had ever known. Yet out of the very needs of the hour sprung the manifestations that preceded and accompanied and followed the life of the Teacher of Nazareth. The origin of the Egyptian religion was in the highest state of the Egyptian civilization when the worlds and systems moving in space, and the splendor of the sun and the astronomical theory, corresponded precisely to this day and the enlightenment of to-day. The term Osiris was given not to the sun as an object of worship, but to the intelligence beyond and above that shaped those worlds and systems and made the central sun of life. This religion was the result of the inspiration that came to the scholars and recluses who studied the laws of the universe and understood them to mean not only light, life and intelligence, but immortality also.

The winged sphere or globe of the ancient Egyptians meant the immortality of the soul, the symbol of light and aspiration, and no one can study those ancient inscriptions found upon monoliths or tablets, or in the heart of the great pyramid at Gizeh, without learning that the mathematics of that age were similar to the mathematics of to-day; that the splendors of the spiritual kingdom were revealed by numbers and signs that were known to the scholars and inspired teachers.

But to come down nearer to your present time: we have said that every religion had its origin in the most enlightened periods of human history. The Ramesian dispensation took from Egypt an inspiration from above all that was necessary to convey the meaning of the mystic word Ja-ho-vah, meaning past, present and future—all that is, and was, and is to be. Nothing could be more complete; and between the upper and under world intelligences passed to and fro bearing the message of knowledge and light; bearing to Memnon the letters that should form a language; bearing to the ancients mathematics and the measurements of worlds, systems and globes of matter, and bearing to those who were in seclusion the ministrations of the spirit and its uplifting power.

Spiritualism was breathed among the sacred groves of ancient Greece, and when Plato talked to his divine Una, or beheld the wonders of the "Cosmos," it was because of the inspiration from that intelligence from above that shaped the divine philosophy of Socrates into palpable form. You are growing toward this Platonic system, this wonderful and complete philosophy, while the more materialistic forms are passing away from the earth. The religion of Rome, founded in the cruelty and sacrifices of kings and priests, nevertheless bore the light that shone upon Olivet, and took from the church in Jerusalem the manifestations of the spirit. Whatever may be the temporal power of Rome, that is against human progress; whatever may be her interpretation of the true meaning of religion, it is quite true that spiritual gifts have been perpetuated in the Church of Rome; that ministering spirits and guardian angels are frequently appealed to, and their presence is believed in and known. Luther held converse with invisible yet palpable beings. Whether they were angels of light or demons of darkness, he still had sufficient inspiration to bear him forward in the announcement of a new interpretation of truth.

John Wesley, and his brother Samuel, and his brother Charles, in fact the entire Wesley family, held conversations around a table with the spirit-friends who guided them day by day in their daily walks. All this is recorded in the "Life of John Wesley," published as early as the thirties; but after Spiritualism appeared, the later Wesleys expunged that portion from the record, lest it should be mistaken for an approval of Modern Spiritualism.

All great teachers and leaders have sprung into existence at the needs of the hour. When George Fox of the Quakers held that no one should speak unless the spirit moved, he referred to the time of the Apostles and of Jesus to prove that what he said was true; and Spiritualists to-day say that it is true; that unless the spirit of truth and the inspiration is upon one they cannot preach according to the gospel of truth, and they are perhaps the only class of speakers who rely upon this same kind of inspiration that was enjoined upon the apostles and disciples by the great Teacher himself. Then when Ann Lee of the Shakers announced the message of the communion between the two worlds she said: "This will spread over all this country, all over the world, this matter of spirit communion." That was more than

fifty years before the advent of Modern Spiritualism, yet the Shakers expected the approach of this communion.

To-day the world groans beneath the double weight of a material science that leads to annihilation, and a material theology that leads to total destruction; and having mourned through the enlightenment of science for the loss of spiritual power, this most enlightened age in the history of the world—as you call it—brings to light the philosophy and manifestations of Modern Spiritualism. If it is true that every religion is born in superstition, then what are you to do with this light that has come into the world in the midst of your enlightenment and boasted science?

It is a new proposition in science. It presents to the scientific man this postulate: If there is a spirit beyond and within man, beyond the change called death, how do you explain certain phenomena that make tables talk and breathe, and out of the empty air the voices and forms of your beloved ones appear? But science has been totally unable to make answer; and the challenge has been before it until more than three scores of scientific minds have investigated it, and have said: These manifestations that we have witnessed in our own homes, surrounded by our own conditions, testify to a new force in science with which we are not familiar; nay! they testify to an intelligence beyond science, that clearly reveals the power of ministering spirits. If it is true that spirit can control one atom of substance by volition, then that opens a realm of possibilities in the earth that will compel a rearrangement of scientific problems, or a re-statement of scientific propositions. Instead of matter and the atomic theory being made the basis of life, the spirit with its volition will be called into account and activity, and the world will have a new proposition in science and in human life.

What will Spiritualism do? Forty years ago Theodore Parker, from the rostrum in Music Hall, Boston, said: "Spiritualism is destined to be the religion of the future." What did he mean? He did not mean sect, he did not mean creed, he did not mean dogma; but he says: "If (and I believe it to be so) it is true that there is open communion between the two worlds, it will revolutionize human theology." The Rev. Mr. Hawsel of London, speaking of the phenomena of Spiritualism to his congregation fifteen years ago, in one of the most fashionable churches in the West End of London, said: "I have seen these things, I have witnessed them with my own senses, my intelligence is convinced. I know that they are ministering spirits, and that Spiritualism is true." What does that mean?

A revolution in the theology of Great Britain. The Broad Church has steadily gone forward undermining the narrow limitations of theology, until now when a man goes up to repeat the ritual, and says, I believe in communion of saints, it is not a dead letter, as it was fifty years ago.

A few years ago in Boston, the Rev. Dr. Bartol, in his own pulpit, expressed similar thoughts to those of Mr. Hawsel in London. He said: "There are manifestations occurring to-day that can only lead to one thing, and that is the intercommunion between the two worlds as the highest possibility of human life. When the late Lord Russell heard of the manifestations of Spiritualism he said: 'There is a little cloud in the west not larger than a man's hand, but it is destined to overspread the world.' What did he mean? He meant that the open doorway of communion between the two worlds must revolutionize human thought, must change the fear of death into the knowledge of life, must interweave into human existence the daily communion with the friends who have thrown off the mortal garb, but who still live and love. If this thin film of matter which separates human beings from those who are departed is set aside, or removed, or overcome, if the possibilities of intercommunion by methods that have been discovered in spirit-life shall become so common that you can go to your own fireside, or in your own room, and hold constant communion with your friends; if it is true that the barriers which you think exist between you and the world of spirit can be temporarily and continually removed, then does not that overcome, not only the science of death, which is the baldest, poorest science that the world has ever known, but the theology of death also, and restore instantly those whom you thought were lost? What does this do?

It restores the family circle complete, it makes you know that there is no break in the chain of human affection, it builds up a new thought of continued existence, makes you more anxious for your spiritual strength than for your mere material strength. What does it do to you socially? It prevents the forgetfulness, the heartlessness that cluster around the fireside, and makes you draw nearer and nearer to each other by the knowledge that your spirit friends are near you. It makes a new proposition in social science; for if this being whom you loved and thought were lost can draw near to impress, advise and uplift, does it not enlarge the sphere of human society, and make you know that every soul is a child of God, and is included in God's love? It presents a new proposition for moralists: That the great helplessness in the attempt to uplift those who are unfortunate, or whom you call degraded, is to be strengthened by the fact that however dark, however dismal, however seemingly degraded any child of earth may be, there is not one but what has a spark of this immortal life, and can be reached at last in the future states, that all are included in the great kingdom of life. It makes a new

(Continued on second page.)

Literary Department.

"BERTHA LEE;" OR, MARRIAGE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY HUSBAND THIS TALE IS DEDICATED.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER,
Author of "Jora Moore," "Country Neighbors," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER VI—CONTINUED.

Not many days afterward your mother went over just at dusk to see her friend. It was little Joe's birthday, and she had some toys and a new frock for him. Mary Barnes had dressed herself in a plain white muslin in honor of the day. Her hair, which was very rich and wavy, was parted plainly on her forehead, and a spray of myrtle leaves and a white rosebud drooped carelessly from one side of the heavy braid. She was lying on the couch, with her little boy at her side. He had fallen asleep, with his head resting on her lap and a plaything in his hand. Her hand was on his brown curls, and she, too, was sleeping. Your mother sat down to wait her waking. There was no one in the house. The only domestic, a young girl, had gone out on some errand. Your mother sat some time, and thinking that the little boy's position could not be very easy, she rose to remove him to his crib. As she took Mary's hand from the boy's head its coldness startled her, and the manner in which it clutched the curls seemed very strange. Hastily placing the child on the crib she returned, and one glance told the sad truth that Mary's sleep would know no waking on earth.

They laid her in the coffin, with no change in her apparel save another wreath of myrtle and a fresh rosebud. I tell you this just as your mother told it to me. I remember all her words, you see. When Barnes was told that his wife was dead he turned as pale as death, but he did not say one word. It was not known that he saw her at all afterward; but Betsey, the little girl, told me that she was sure she saw him coming out of the parlor late one evening, when he supposed every one else in the house was asleep. She said he staggered like a drunken man, and had to take hold of the doors and chairs to keep himself up. Be that as it may, he was a different man for weeks, and made no objections to your mother taking little Joe home with her. The little fellow loved your mother so well, and took so kindly to your father, that he did not feel his mother's loss as most orphan children do. It did your father and mother both good to have the child in the house. It is my opinion that God made children on purpose for old folks' good. You see he might have created us all grown-up men and women at once; but he knew better than all that. I am a poor old woman, but I know something of God's ways. I've been acquainted with him nigh on now to sixty years, and I've learned to trust him. Sometimes things look a little mysterious, to be sure; but, as I tell my old man, it all comes out straight at last.

One summer there was a terrible drought, and we lost all our corn and potatoes and apples; and he said, says he to me, 'It aint no use trusting God any more; I've prayed and prayed for a good harvest, and it's all cut off, and I've nothing to feed my family with.'

To be sure, everything looked dark enough, but I wasn't going to stop praying for all that; I only prayed the harder. Well, now it happened the drought—for it was a terrible one, and seemed to grow worse the harder I prayed—became so hard that it killed all the worms on the trees and the bugs in the garden, and the next year we had a wonderful crop of apples, and lots and lots of corn and potatoes; and they came after the twins were born, when I couldn't work to earn money; and Jim said then that it did seem as if God shut up his hand and held fast the food till the very time when we should need it most, and then he opened it wide and let the blessings come down in a shower.

Well, as I was saying, little Joe was a comfort in the house. Your little brother's death—the one that died before you were born—e'en almost killed your father. I never saw a stronger man bowed down as he was. How I pitied him when he would say: 'Oh! Mrs. Towle, I can't say God's will be done.' And that would set me crying, because I remembered how my heart was broke when my own little baby died, and all I could say was: 'Oh! sir, maybe God saw they didn't need all the trials of this world, and has made 'em angels at once, without having to work their way up, as we must. You wouldn't have your little boy suffer as you do now if you could save him from it.' And that seemed to comfort him a little, and he would say, so kindly: 'Well, Mrs. Towle, we'll try and feel that God knows what is best for us,' but his lips quivered, and I could see he longed for Charlie. Now Joe stepped right into Charlie's place, and a happy time the little fellow had—the house was brighter than it had been for a long time. As I told you, children were sent for our good. The savior told us we must become like 'little children if we would get to heaven; and how can we become like them if we don't have them with us?

Barnes came a few times to see his child, but he was so gruff and stern that the boy never wanted to go to him, and would run directly to your father if he came in when Barnes was here. I saw it once or twice, and noticed a terrible scowl on the man's face; and I thought to myself, 'breakers ahead,' so I ventured to ask your mother one day why she didn't take the child as her own.

I can see this blessed minute how her pretty blue eyes opened wide at my question. She was then putting a plume on his cap, and tried it on his head while he sat on the rocking-horse. Going a little one side she looked at him so lovingly, as he said 'Gee up,' and rocked away, making the plume dance, that she could n't help putting her arms around him and kissing the chubby cheeks.

'Why, Mrs. Towle, he is ours now—Mary's child is ours. He is dear to us as if he were born to us.'

'But his father, ma'am; may not he claim him sometime?'

'His father? What does he want of him? He surely don't show him any affection. Why, the child has no love for him.'

'That's the very reason, ma'am, you see, that you may lose him.'

'No, no, Mrs. Towle, the man is not such a monster as that,' and she took the boy from his horse and drew him close to her side and covered him with kisses.

'Whose boy are you, darling?'

'Papa and mamma's boy now—Mamma Mary up in heaven,' and he danced away to mount the horse again.

'He's a beautiful child, isn't he, Mrs. Towle? so much like his mother. I pray every day that we may not make an idol of him.'

'You must not think praying will do it all, Mrs. Lee. You must try every day to feel that it is a treasure just lent to you.'

Ye see, I spoke in that way because I had my fears. I knew more about Barnes than she did, and I had a sort of peep into the future. Some folks tell about having supernatural knowledge of what is to happen. Now it is easy, sometimes, to tell what is going to happen, if you can see all round a thing and know just how matters are situated. There's my gal Sally is right smart at figures; and sometimes I've heard her say, when she's sitting with her slate in her hand, 'Now if I add this and this together, and subtract that, and then divide, I know the answer will be right.' Now it is just so with me; and I had been watching Barnes for some time, and I mistrusted what was going on. Ye see, I knew that he had been up our way a number of times to see Pine Higgins—old Josh Higgins's darter. Her father kept tavern—one of them third-rate houses, that aint nothing to speak of in the way of entertainment, but always have a crowd in the bar-room. Now 'Pine,' as they called her (her real name was Polly Angeline), were n't any better than she ought to be. She was a great, coarse, strapping girl, with long danglers in her ears, and four or five rings on her red hands, and ever so many great big flowers on her bonnet; and when she walked in the street she had a yellow shawl and a red gown. Some folks thought she was wonderful fine; but I've lived in gentlemen's families enough to know that your mother, with her neat gingham gown and the nice lace around the neck, and her hair in natural curls, was a great deal better dressed than Pine, with all her finery. Pine owed your mother a grudge. She lived at her uncle's some years. He keeps the hotel on State street, and your mother boarded there at the time. Almost every week she would lose something in the wash, and at last a valuable breastpin was missing. Search was made and the theft traced to Pine, who was sent home in disgrace and forbidden to enter her uncle's house. She had all along nursed this grudge against your mother; and if even a chance presented I knew she would have her revenge.

I kept still, but watched how things were going. At last I couldn't keep in any longer; and one day, when I came to wash, and was hanging out clothes in the garden, I asked your father to come out and see what was the matter with one of his grapevines, that seemed to be dying (he was mighty particular about his grapes), and while he was pruning I came along with my clothes-basket in my hand, and says I, rather carelessly, as I set down the basket, and took out a pair of little pants and shook them out, ready to hang on the line, 'Do you see there, sir, how that boy grows? He'll be big enough to go to college soon.'

Your father looked up very pleasantly, and said he:

'He thrives wonderfully under my wife's care. I was thinking this very morning that if it were possible I would have his name

changed, I mean possible without giving offense to his father."

"Pity that the little Barnes blood there in the child should entail such a name on him," I said.

"His father don't seem to care about him. I wonder if it would disturb him much?"

"Have you taken the child as your own?"

"Why, of course. You don't suppose we would ever give him back to Barnes?"

"But he's Barnes's child, Mr. Lee. Can't he claim him? Will not the law give the child to him if he demands it?"

Your father stood a moment as if a new thought had suddenly occurred to him. The knife dropped from his hands, and he seemed like one suddenly become anxious and troubled.

"To be sure he can. I wonder this has never occurred to me before. I'll see Barnes directly, and persuade him to give me the child, or at least a written promise that he shall remain till he is old enough to choose some profession. Thank you, Mrs. Towle. There's a dollar for good advice. I don't see why you should n't have it as well as any lawyer."

"I ain't no lawyer, nor do n't profess to be," I said; "but seeing you've paid me so handsomely, I will try to give you the worth of the money. Now suppose you don't go to Barnes yourself. I'm sorry to say it, but you know he has a spite against you. Could n't you get Squire Hale to do the business for you?"

You seemed to think I was something of a lawyer, but I have n't time to keep my tongue well oiled, and a lie sticks in my throat like a blue pill. But then, my boy Jeff can stand up straight and stiff as a soldier, and send a lie out of his mouth like an arrow from a bow, and then look for all the world as if he'd only said something that deserved a cookie. His father says he's a lawyer by nature, and if I do n't take care I shall whip the nater all out of him. But a lie is a lie, anyway; and if I catch the boy in one I give him something that is n't so sweet as a cookie. But if a lawyer must tell lies to keep up his business, he might as well tell one in a good cause. Now what I'm coming at is this: If Squire Hale will say to Barnes that you are n't anxious to bring up other folks' children, and feed and clothe 'em, and make gentlemen of 'em; but on consideration of his giving you little Joe, and sealing the bargain by real lawyer writing, you will do well by him. I give the general ideas, but you're a better scholar than I am, and can fill up."

Your father smiled when I had finished, and did n't look at all as if he thought I was presuming. "But," said he, "Mrs. Towle, I do want the child very much, and would feel it a privilege to do for him."

"Never mind; let Squire Hale do the business with Barnes, and don't you make the road too straight for him; some folks like to turn corners and wind themselves round, and can't go straight along any more than snakes. Every one to their nater."

As I spoke I heard a merry laugh behind me, and your mother came along, and little Joe running after her.

"You hear Mrs. Towle's opinion of lawyers, wife," said he.

"Ah! Indeed," said she, "were you talking of lawyers? Oh, Mrs. Towle, you must n't say so, for I want to bring Joe up to be a lawyer and go to Congress; there are a great many lawyers in Washington."

"So I've heard my man say; he reads the papers. But maybe, ma'am, it would be as well for the country if there were n't as many."

Your father laughed, and said he, "Mrs. Towle, you hit it this time. 'Come, my boy,' said he, turning to Joe, and the child sprang into his arms."

"We would like to ride this pleasant day," said your mother, "if convenient."

"Yes, we'll go at once," said your father. "Come, Joe, we'll harness 'Nellie.' And, Mrs. Towle, I shall follow your advice this very week," he added, as he was turning away.

"I wish he'd do it this very night," I muttered to myself; "what's the use of putting things off that ought to be done?"

And, sure enough, it was just as I feared. The very next morning Squire Hale came to your father, and he hemmed and stuttered, and finally managed to say that he had some very unpleasant work to do; he hoped, indeed, some compromise might be made, etc., etc.

Your father suspected, and, as he said afterward, his heart sunk like lead, and he wished he had followed my advice at once.

CHAPTER VII.

YOUR father could not believe it possible that Barnes would take away the child, but he left no stone unturned to prevent it. Squire Hale said "It was too bad; he sympathized sincerely with your family; the law, which was framed for the good of the whole, sometimes bore very hardly in isolated cases, but he supposed there was no mistake that Barnes could legally claim his own child."

Now it did seem to me that among all the corners and crannies and crooked places and knotholes and woodchuck nests that lawyers have to run into, he could have found one little hiding-place for poor Joe. But the Squire was looking forward to a seat in the legislature, and while he despised Barnes and pitied the child, and lamented the misfortune to your mother, he remembered that Barnes could control a great many votes in the vicinity of Higgins's tavern; and if he, Squire Hale, could manage his card rightly, Barnes would bring over all that part of the town to his interest.

Now it would not do to offend such a man; like other beasts of prey he must be gently handled, and the fur stroked the right way, and some food thrown him to keep him quiet and altogether in a good voting condition. My man says that these office-seekers have dreadful hard work to keep their caravans in order 'lection times—they must give the lions big joints, keep sugar on hand for the elephants, dress up the monkeys, gorge the big snakes till they become stupid, laugh at the clown and pay him well, too, and, after all, like as not some ungrateful tiger will give a spring and bite his keeper, just when the poor man thought he'd hushed him into a nice nap.

Now Squire Hale was training his caravan for the fall show, and he could n't well afford to lose a lion like Barnes, so he threw him the prey that he roared for. It was nothing more nor less than giving the poor child, to be devoured by wild beasts.

I shall never forget the day that Joe went away. The Squire came up in the morning to tell your mother, that she might not be taken by surprise. He was a very mild-spoken man, and he looked that day like a picture of Jeremiah I've seen, weeping for the sins of the wicked.

"A sad affair, Mrs. Lee—sad indeed; but I'm hoping we'll get Joe back in a few weeks. I shall do my best to aid you. Barnes will soon

weary of him, and I shall persuade him to give him back, and then we'll draw some writings strong enough to keep the boy with you."

I suppose he meant that when he had secured his election he could then attend to his conscience. Your mother did n't say a word—her heart was too full; but she kept the child by her side all the time. She had packed up all his clothes and playthings to go with him, and now, the last hours, she wanted the little fellow to herself. Your father never went to the store all that day, but he walked back and forth in the large dining-room, over my head where I was washing, till I was so nervous I concluded to wash the calicoes before I put the second boiling of white clothes into the kettle; then, you see, I could get more composed in the garden while I was hanging them out. I don't know as it's so with other folks, but I'm a poor ignorant woman and don't read much, and when I'm in trouble there's nothing quiets me more than going out doors in the air and sunshine, and looking all round on the trees and hills, and the great blue sky. I think then that God is so good he can't do anything wrong, and my faith grows strong in his love, and I come back into the house trusting him just as a little child trusts a father. I hoped, too, your father might take a notion to come out. I had it on my mind that God would put some comforting word in my mouth for him. And, sure enough, he was standing at the dining-room window when I set my basket on the grass, and went to the wood-house to turn the little wheel that the clothesline run on. I suppose I wound it up a little too tight, or something else, and all at once it broke in two. Your father saw it, and came out to tell me where I should find a new one in the wood-house; he stopped and ran it out himself, and then he went to trimming a little tree.

He cut off the branches so close that I thought he would certainly kill the tree; and, as I supposed he did n't know what he was about, I said: "I'm afraid the poor little tree will suffer if you cut off so many limbs."

"Oh! no, Mrs. Towle, no danger; if I cut the branches the roots will grow deeper and stronger. Do you see that summer harvest apple tree?—what a fine, close head it has, and how thick and smooth its trunk? I trimmed that tree for a number of years very closely, to try the experiment, and you see the result. It was loaded with fruit this summer, and I picked off one-half."

"Oh! that was wasteful."

"Not so; the remainder will be enough to pay for it."

Just as he spoke those words of Scripture came right into my mind: "Every branch in me that beareth fruit he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit; and I could n't help saying, 'Why, Mr. Lee, that's just the way God treats his children—these trials are just like pruning trees; I suppose they'll do us good, but they make our hearts bleed.'"

"You are right," said your father; "but when we feel that our trials are brought on by our own neglect they are doubly hard to bear."

"They come from God, nevertheless, sir. I remember the minister once said, 'Every body is that to us, and no more, than God makes him to be.' And I suppose by that we shall be the better for having to bear with such wicked folks as Barnes."

Your father smiled and said, "I would rather grow better in some other way."

While we were talking Betsy came out to say that a chaise had stopped at the door, and a man wished to see your father. Your father was a strong, healthy man, but I could see he turned pale; but he shut his mouth in a way that told me he was determined to control his feelings. I went upstairs into the third story, and looked out of a window where I could see the street. Sure enough, there were Barnes and Pine Higgins. They were man and wife now. She was dressed in her gayest style, and her wicked-looking black eyes shone with a triumphant leer that made me hate the critter.

"Tell Mr. Lee I have come for my child," said Barnes, when he rung the bell.

When your mother found out who was to have the care of little Joe she felt worse than ever, and said she could not give him up. I was sitting at the window with the blinds closed, shaking my fist at Pine Higgins, and saying in my heart, "The devil will have you some day, you wicked Barnes," when Betsy came running up—

"Oh! Mrs. Towle, I've run all over the house for you. Mrs. Lee says she hopes you will be willing to take Joe to Barnes; ye see, nobody asked him into the house, and he's out there in the chaise, waiting for us to bring the child to him."

"Let him wait there till he's tired; I'm not going to give the lamb to the butcher."

"But he must go. Barnes has a paper from Squire Hale."

"Who cares for Squire Hale? Did n't Jesus Christ say 'Woe unto you, lawyers'? Such a thing may be right in Squire Hale's books, but it ain't right by God's law-book."

"But the child must go—there's no mistake about that—and I think it's to save her husband's feelings that Mrs. Lee wants you to take the child."

I got up, for I thought to myself that if it must be done, I might as well be the one as anybody to do it; and my temper was up, so that I had n't any tears to shed, and I knew your mother would weep so that she could n't do anything.

"Come, Joe," said I, "do you want to go to ride? there's a pretty horse at the door."

Now the child always took a fancy to me, and he came to me at once. "Now kiss mamma," said I, "and say good-by, and papa, too." The little fellow put his arms around them and kissed them two or three times, and then giving his hand to me he said, "I'm ready now."

Oh, dear! how I groaned in my heart! I would sooner have laid him out for the grave. I could have done that and said God's will be done; but the child's future looked dreadful dark to me when I thought of Pine Higgins as his mother. But I marched on, hoping, though, and praying, that God in his mercy would take that Barnes out of the world as soon as consistent with his will. It was a queer prayer. I meant that I hoped he'd make it his will soon. As I was lifting Joe into the chaise, I said:

"There, Barnes, the devil has put it into your heart to take this child away from its best friends; and as sure as I stand here talking to you, you'll be haunted by your wife's ghost to-night."

Pine glared at me with evil eyes, and said, "It's a pity if a father can't have his own child."

I did n't mind her words, but I looked her right in the eye, and said I, "Pine Higgins, you be kind to that child. You have been to Sunday school and have read your Bible; and

it's there said that if you are not kind to this child it will be better for you if a millstone were hung about your neck and you cast into the depths of the sea."

"Who's said I ain't going to be kind to him?"

"Nobody; but I wish you would remember that there are those above watching you, and you will be blessed or cursed as you treat this motherless one."

While I was speaking little Joe had been looking at Pine, and now, as if he had made up his mind, he turned to me.

"Aunt, I want to ride with you; I don't want to go with her," pointing to Pine.

The poor child had supposed he was going to our house to play with the children. He used to come once in awhile, and was happy as a king. I suppose he got the idea by my asking him to ride.

"No, no; aunt is not going to-day. You will go with me next time." And then I said, "Let him come and see me."

"I've no objection to that," said Barnes, "if you'll not bring him to this house."

Little Joe was not pacified; he began to cry aloud and to jump out of the chaise. I knew your mother would hear him, and I put some candy in his hand. He threw it away.

"No, Aunt; I want to go with you. I don't want to ride with her," pointing to Pine.

"You shall ride with me," said Pine, pulling him roughly back, while Barnes laid the whip on the horse.

My washing did n't get along very well that day. I had to stop every once in awhile and wipe the tears. Ye see, when I got over being angry, then I fell to weeping. I thought how I should feel if my darling little 'Tot' should be given to such a woman as Pine Higgins. It was afternoon before I hung out the last basket of clothes, and then your mother came out and helped me; and when we were through, "Now," said she, "I am going to have the horse harnessed and I will drive you home. I want to see the children."

Dear heart! I thought it would comfort her; only I was sorry I could not get there before her and dress them in their Sunday clothes. Like as not they would be as dirty as little pigs; but then, 'Tot' always looked pretty, even when she was dirty, with her curly head and chubby cheeks and her droll ways. Sure enough, they were dirty when we got there; but it did my heart good to see all four of my little ones running to meet us with their baskets full of blackberries. They had been out berrying, and your mother had a fine play with them, and then she came into the house and ate a bowl of blackberries and milk. I hope she was comforted a little, but when she said 'Good-night,' and kissed 'Tot' (I had washed her and combed her hair), the tears filled her eyes, and my heart ached for her as I turned into my poor little house, with my poor children all round me, and she, poor dear soul, with not a chick or child of her own, riding home so solitary.

I said to myself, "I don't know what will come of it. Who knows but that Barnes may cause more sorrow still?"

I watched your mother pretty close, and I could see from week to week that the loss of the child wore upon her. She was sad, and went about the house as if seeking for something she could not find. Barnes was living with his wife at Higgins's tavern, and the neighbors said that the child was not abused, but rather left to itself, and was playing in the street a great part of the time. It was a long walk from my house to the tavern, but one morning I started early, hoping to get there in time to bring Joe home that day. I found him up to his knees in a mud-puddle, sailing chips for little boats. He was ragged and dirty, and looked more like my children when I am out washing, than like the neat, clean pet of your mother. As good luck would have it, Barnes and his wife were gone to a muster, cattle show, or something of that kind, and were to be absent all the week.

I asked the old man Higgins if I might take the child home with me.

"Yes, and welcome," he said. He did n't see what Pine wanted the brat for. He was only a bother about the house, and he should be much obliged to me if I would keep him till Pine came home. He must not go to Mr. Lee's—there were strict orders left about that; but I might take the child, and moreover, if I would keep him till Saturday, he would send me home in the chaise, and come and fetch the child back when I wished.

I washed and dressed the child myself, and had hard work to keep the tears back when he said, "Shall I see Mamma Lee and Papa Lee?"

I told him yes, and he clapped his little hands and said, "Then I'll stay all the time, aunt."

I'd no sooner got into my own home than I sent one of my girls for your mother, and then I righted the house and made things look as nice as I could. When your mother came she brought a basket of cakes and pies; and her pale face looked so bright when the child sprang into her arms and kissed her that it did my heart good.

She stayed all night, and little Joe slept sweetly by her side. He was the same playful pretty child as ever, but I thought he was more rude; and once he startled us all, as Jeff was drawing him round in a little wagon, and accidentally ran against a tree, by saying:

"D— the old thing!" and, not many minutes after, "That's nice, by gosh!"

Your mother looked very sad.

"Oh! dear Mrs. Towle, I can bear anything better than this moral poison for my boy—Mary's child!"

She wished me to have Joe with me as often as I could; but, dear me! what could a poor woman like me do against two such creatures as Barnes and his wife?

But I never had a chance to try after that, for in a few weeks old Higgins died, and it was found he had n't money enough to pay the debts, so the whole concern was sold out, and Barnes and his wife went to Boston.

That was a sad time for your mother, and I really believe it brought on the long sickness which followed.

Her child, a fine boy, died a few hours after his birth, and for many weeks your mother hovered between life and death. She was very feeble for more than a year, and your father took her to the Springs and to the Mountains, but it did n't do much good as I could see; but I thought to myself, if she could get her poor lost child back she would be well again.

Nothing was heard of Barnes for a long time. Your father tried in vain to find where he lived in Boston, and his employment.

[To be continued.]

Neglect of the hair often destroys its vitality and natural hue, and causes it to fall out. Before it is too late, apply Hall's Hair Renewer, a sure remedy.

The Future of Spiritualism.

(Continued from first page)

proposition in religion; for it tells you that by whatever pathway you hope to arrive at the kingdom of heaven, that all paths lead toward the light, because the light is so infinite and eternal that you can have time. As in ancient days every road led to Rome, and every gateway led to Jerusalem, so every pathway, however tortuous, and winding, and full of bitterness, at last by experience brings you to the light. Is not this a larger hope for humanity than that which is narrowed down to one small way? When you find by your waywardness and wandering that the one pathway of light is the truth that is within you, and that if you follow the light and the best that is within you, it will lead where all prophets, seers and sages have led you, is not that a greater hope for humanity? The gateway that led into Jerusalem from the desert was so small that it was called the eye of the needle, and was so low that the camel when entering, had to enter on its knees. When the great teacher of Nazareth said: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of the needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven," he said that which all people in Jerusalem understood. So when your pride is humiliated, when you turn unto the right way through a knowledge of the light that is within, does not that take away the spirit of mammon, and do you not really enter as does the camel, on his knees? This is the entire meaning of that statement. Yet the ignorant materialist scoffs, and says: "Oh! there is no such thing in the Scriptures that could mean anything, for it is impossible for a camel to go through the eye of a needle. Had they known their history better they would have known the meaning of this illustration. So it is with many things at which people scoff: they build up a man of straw out of their ignorance and partial knowledge of history, then proceed to knock it down."

If Spiritualism is to be in the world as a factor in human life, how is it to affect you? Not only in physical science will it be possible for time and space to be overcome, but beyond the propositions of science, which now are truly wonderful, you will then not only be able to send the lightning as your message-boy, and make steam your beast of burden, but airships will come, new motors unfolded from the added knowledge of the forces of nature through science. These thoughts and inventions will come from within and above.

There is no science that can be dreamed of in human life, but what the knowledge of it is somewhere to-day, and those ministering ones wait for your minds to be sufficiently unfolded, for your perception to be awakened, so that you can receive this light; this you call "invention" and "discovery." So airships may come in due time, for thought is a more potent agent than electricity, as is proven by the fact that the thoughts of a single man (his will), Napoleon, ruled Europe, as his mind was the terror of kings. If the thoughts of an ambitious mind can rule a nation or a world, how much more potent are the thoughts of good. The time is coming when a man can think peace, and lo! peace will be there, for the hearts of humanity will be attuned to that thought.

It does not require a great stretch of the imagination to know that if your thoughts are in sympathy you can commune together in the same room without words, and even at a distance. Very often do people sit together, and silently think the same things; one will speak, and the other will say, "Why, that is precisely what I was thinking about." How often you find there was sympathy without a word being spoken. If that sympathy can exist with those who are sitting side by side, may it not be extended to those who are far away? Will not this telegraphy of the spirit at last become the means of communion as now the electric telegraph is? How many mothers know that they feel in their hearts when their children who are absent from them are in sorrow or in sickness. There were several instances, during the late war of the Rebellion, wherein mothers actually felt the pang of the shot that killed their sons; the power of sympathy being so great that this pang came to the mother the instant that the bullet entered the heart of the loved one.

All the other kinds of emotions, such as joy, may also be communicated, and time and space may finally be obliterated by this new force that is being awakened in human life.

There are those born with the gift of seeing (perceiving) spirits; there are those who have that gift awakened in later life; time will come when, instead of laughing at or punishing your children who play with companions invisible to you, calling their visions imagination, or worse still, falsehoods, you will encourage this gentle gift. And we will say, these gifts are to become the possession of the entire world; for the time is coming when you will consider that any one who has not a spiritual gift is as unfortunate as you now think of any one who is born deaf or blind.

A great teacher, or rather a great speaker, in London (he could not be a great teacher because he did not know anything about Spiritualism) once said to our medium, "I never was aware of having a spiritual experience in my whole life." Instead of annihilating her, as he expected he would with this remark, she replied, "Poor man, I feel as sorry for you as if you had told me you were blind." How dreadful a life must be without a spiritual experience; but he did not know that every time he thought, every time he announced a truth that another had thought, every time he went forth for the purpose of benefiting his kind, that was a spiritual experience. He breathed the air of a spiritual inspiration, just as our neighbor and friend, Robert G. Ingersoll, without knowing it, announces the social truths that are best for mankind, thinking that they came from the dust, when in reality they came from the skies. A great many people do the same thing to-day: they do not know what they breathe when they inhale the air; if some one told them they were breathing oxygen, hydrogen, carbon and nitrogen, they would not believe it; but with greater knowledge of the elements they can understand it. So, when illumined from within they will say: "Now I know the reason that at such a time I could not speak so well because I did not have the inspiration: now I know why at certain times poetry came flashing through my brain, at other times I could not possibly grind out a stanza to save my life." Teunison was asked how many stanzas of poetry he wrote in a day? He is reported to have said, "Sometimes I take six months to write two stanzas; sometimes I write six stanzas in two days; it depends on the inspiration." When George Eliot was asked about writing one of her books she said: "Oh! don't ask me about writing it; it wrote itself." When Elizabeth Stuart Phelps was

asked how she came to write "The Gates Ajar," she said, "It was written through me," or so she is quoted. Yet she would not say she was a medium for all the world.

The greatest poets have often said that they depend upon the inspiration of the hour, when they understand that that inspiration is from a friendly mind, from a guiding intelligence. It does not detract from their importance because there is another and a higher messenger. The greatest minds are not afraid of lifting the curtain behind them, for they know there are powers in the universe greater than they are, and they are not ashamed to acknowledge it. It is only the pigmy mind that puts himself and his small amount of external knowledge between him and the light of inspiration, and says: "Oh! I do n't want to be an instrument for giving thoughts; I want to create the thoughts." Then, my friend, you will have to go outside of the universe, and think all by yourself, to prove that you have created a thought, for as "there is nothing new under the sun," so there are no new thoughts in the universe.

The greatest aspiration should be to think the best thoughts, no matter who has thought them before, and if they are in some gifted mind, some God-like spirit, some transcendent nature that can think them through you better than you can think them, why should you object to that method of thinking them? To be the instrument of such inspiration is not to lose your identity, but to become as great as the thoughts that are expressed through you. If you have an instrument, and can play "Yankee Doodle," or some little air or tune, do not keep it locked up for your own exclusive use, but when the master of music enters let him touch the strings, and they will respond, giving all that the instrument is capable of, then you can see what are your possibilities. Do not fear, he will not harm the instrument; but it will respond all the more readily to your touch. So if Dante or Milton can give you a poem, if Beethoven or Mozart can guide your music, do not put them aside for your pigmy efforts, because the larger always includes the less. Inspired thoughts are the greatest, and reach man's needs the best; the highest truth, clothed in the sweetness of Olivet, reaches the lowliest and the grandest; greater than the thunders of eloquence given in words that cannot be understood, for in the power of that mighty sympathy, that uplifting strength, it reaches the lowliest needs of the humblest child of earth.

The exclusiveness of Knowledge, the exclusiveness of Inspiration, the exclusiveness of Religion under the light of the dominant radiance of Spiritual Truth, will surely pass away. You will come to understand that the thoughts in the Universe are not simply floating around for some one to think them, but they are in the possession of some kindred mind waiting to be thought by that mind into yours, until, at last, the vibrations of perfect sympathy within and above shall bind you to the highest angels.

"Do you mean to say," says one who, perhaps, has been trained in another kind of faith, "that there is no soul that is not eventually to be saved?" We mean to say that there is no soul that is lost; that all are, in some measure, at the present time, included in the light of the Universe, and that if the Universe is not to include all souls, where will, where can, they be? "Do you mean to say," one asks, "that all souls shall eventually perceive the truth and be happy?" We mean that what is possible for any soul is possible for all, and that if there is any place or state in the universe where any souls can be annihilated, "lost" or destroyed, then that may include you and me and all mankind; that what is for one must be for all in the great experiences of eternity.

Does not this change the ethical relations of life? Does it not enlarge the hopes and aspirations of humanity? We do not go to the criminal in the dungeon cell with the message of immortality upon our lips, and say: "Unless you repent within an hour you go to perdition," but we go with the message of immortality and say: "Your mother is here; she loved you when a babe; you wandered away from her tender care; she is in the immortal life, but you in soul are just as valuable in the sight of heaven as the highest angel; still, if you remain in the shadow, you are shut out from that mother's presence, from sight of her, and for a long period of time you may not even know of her presence; do you wish to be thus?" When you appeal to his manhood, to the strength of that primal affection, when you appeal to that nature that makes him allied to the greatest souls in the universe, how his pulse quickens, he aspires to rise.

You may say that perception of truth is of the intellect; we say it is intuition; and that all most invariably that which is good and true appeals to human nature. One of the attendants in an Art Gallery in New York that is open at certain seasons for all the world of fashion and taste, said that she noticed one day a little newsboy who came in with a dirty face, dirty hands and feet, seemingly wanting to sell papers; but she saw that he was interested in the pictures, and in the statues, especially one beautiful statue white and pure as a lily from Paradise; she said, "Come in, my little fellow, if you would like to see the pictures." He replied, "Wait a minute," and he went away. He was gone about ten minutes; when he returned, his face and hands and feet were clean. His intuition led him to know that he was not fit to stand in the presence of that image of purity with his soiled face and hands and feet. So when people are told that they may have access to the highest truth and the noblest presence in the universe, they make haste to make themselves worthy; they proceed to cull out and reject that which is not in keeping with the highest truth.

To appeal to the highest that is in the human race is the province of spiritual teaching, and to supplement that with all the knowledge and hope and fulfillment connected with the immortal world; to build the habitation of human spirit, not simply of the dust and one story high, but to build it of immortal possibilities reaching to the skies. If a man is going to build a house and only makes a cellar, you would say to him, "My dear sir, what are you going to do? Why, you are only making something that will shut out the light, exclude all the gladness of the day." "Oh," he says, "I want to be sure; I must have a solid foundation for my dwelling." "Certainly," you reply, "have as solid a foundation as you like; but up here is the air and sunshine; here should be your dwelling; you can extend it ad infinitum." We mean this: the physical man is not the man that builds the real habitation, that the structure that rises upon the material foundation (or seems to do so), may rest upon matter as its base, but Spiritualism tells you, "Here are apartments that you have never

Inhabited; here is a realm of life; vistas of loveliness of which you know nothing; here are beautiful chambers of intelligence, thought, aspiration, affection, that have been closed to you; go on, occupy your spiritual dwelling while you are here."

"But what good will it do? We only want 'one world at a time,' says the great agnostic. But you want all of that world you can get, and many of you would like to possess more of it than you can possibly use, and you can do this in *terra firma*, but you cannot own the chemical properties of the air. When in the spiritual kingdom no one can possess more than he is capable of understanding or appreciating; he cannot exclude others from the occupation of this beautiful domain of the spirit. While you are here you must put a new interpretation to life, you must live in a new kingdom, like love, that quickens every attitude, and makes the sun to shine more royally, the leaves and flowers to be more beautiful. For this knowledge of the divine makes everything in nature more perfect; you understand one another better. Then the world will come to know that the story of Prometheus is no longer a fable; that immortal hands have kindled the fires of inspiration upon the altars of materialism where man has been ennobled; that while the intellect has stolen the fires from heaven wherewith to kindle these material altars, angel messengers in the guise of ministering spirits, and the soul itself, proceed to unfetter the giant intellect that is bound in its own chains. You know that the stories of Grecian mythology are no longer fables. There are presences that abide in the upper air; and under the guidance of Infinite Love and Wisdom, may control the lightning to do their bidding, may hand down potencies from the skies that shall awaken in you a knowledge of all that is around you, and greater than Hercules in your strength you will destroy the serpent that has wound itself around you in the coils of material life.

Oh, ye! the messengers above and around you at this hour predict the time will come when nations will be linked with nations in the great tie of human brotherhood, when, as Victor Hugo says, "You France, you Italy, you Austria, you Germany, you Judea, you India and Australia, you England, shall form a sisterhood of nations encircling the earth with peace." The time is coming when there will be one term for human knowledge. The great solution of all these powers will be enshrined and enthroned in the human will; when all people of every land shall look into the spaces above and the numberless systems of suns and worlds moving therein, and say: as these are governed by the force of one mighty law, so are souls governed by one mighty potency—even Love; Infinite, Eternal Love. The fellowship of human life; the fraternity of souls; the kingdom that unites the least with the greatest will be revealed; and no man can say to his brother man: "I am greater in the kingdom of life than thou," for all will be great in the Kingdom of Life Eternal.

IMPROVED POEM.

(Subjects suggested by members of the audience.)
"The Law of Communion," "Consecration,"
"The Gospel of Love."

What is the nature of the law
That seeketh utterance in speech,
And makes the spirit beyond the earth
Strive the loved ones here to reach?
That forms the golden link between
Souls? 'Tis not the form of clay
That binds them with a chain unseen,
But thought and pure affections sway,
And these the impulse ever find
To make communion mind with mind.
What is it that maketh the heart
Long for the messenger to come,
The coveted word to impart
From the beloved ones at home?
Because each spirit yearns to each
Though a thousand miles may intervene;
Absent, though not beyond the reach,
The spirit forms a way between.

What is it that makes you long to burst
The hated bond of human clay,
To find your loved ones last and first
In that kingdom not far away?
It is true aspiration given;
And they by love can ever come,
And through the inmost light of heaven
Commune within your earthly home.

Communion is the law of love,
Of blessed faith and sympathy,
In the true kingdom from above,
In the true life that is to be.
No dull words will need be spoken
To give the loving message forth,
No silence need then be broken
As now on the dull air of earth;
But the perfect law of sympathy
The true Law of Communion be.

"CONSECRATION."
No human power can consecrate
A life unto the Lord;
No spoken ceremony give
To Truth its potent word,
But the soul alone is consecrate
That hath conquered selfishness and hate,
And cast aside the narrow bonds
And fetters of the earth;
To live in the exalted state
Of knowledge and true worth.
To be even the lowliest one
In the service of the Lord,
This is consecration's light,
This Truth's holy word.

The Gospel of Love alone must be
Worn as a garment bright;
A crown with which to breathe the one
Baptized in Truth's bright light.
And man must learn the law that man
Is his brother here below;
And that in the Creator's plan
The Gospel of Love must flow
Unto the lowliest human state,
Conquering strife, and pride, and hate.
There can never be another law
Of consecration here
Than to seek Truth without a flaw,
Eternal and most clear;
The highest that you know must be
The work you do to-day,
And the gospel of heaven's perfect love
Will light you on your way.

Then not only upon Olivet,
Or beneath the mystic tree
Where Buddha learned self to forget,
In love for humanity,
But at each sacred shrine and place
Where'er your lives must move,
Be ye consecrated by the grace
Of truth and perfect love.

BENEDICTION.

May every spirit in mortal life be attuned by the aspirations of the hour to receive the inspirations from above and within, until between mind and mind, spirit and spirit, soul and soul, there shall be no barriers in time nor eternity. Amen.

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The Reviewer.

THE SPIRIT WORLD. By Florence Maryat. Sequel to "There is No Death." Published by C. B. Reed, 104 Fulton Street, New York City. For sale by Colby & Rich.

"Show us our dead! Give us some sign that they still live, and that we shall live with them!" Such are the opening words of "The Spirit-World," which Florence Maryat describes as the cry of mankind, who, wandering from one creed to another, stand today agast before the mountain of assertion, vainly waiting for some answer that shall rob death of its terrors, and bring peace and hope into the life. Nor has she made a mistake, for the world never needed a live religion as much as now, to take the place of false systems that are fast crumbling into dust. "There is no death," suggested in its recording of authenticated phenomena a possible solution to the question, "If man die, shall he live again?" and the author has in this sequel to that previously popular volume gone into the philosophy of Modern Spiritualism in a manner that is so reasonable and clear that no one can read its pages without feeling that thank her for having the courage to voice what every intelligent mind has so long felt.

If the secret of helping others consists in expressing their thoughts so clearly as to stimulate still further inquiry and deeper thinking, then has this point been achieved in "The Spirit-World"; for after devoting several chapters to various correspondents and critics, the author proceeds to prescribe the cure for death and to "lift" theological claims in a most unique manner. "Death is not like the snail's pace or typhoid fever, which we may hope by care or precaution to escape or overcome. It is inevitable—we must all pass through it. Yet the majority put the thought away from them, as something not to be alluded to; they shudder when they hear it mentioned. That with which they must all become acquainted, is thrust out of sight, as if it were their greatest enemy; that which their religion teaches them is but the entrance to an eternity of happiness, is avoided as if it were, indeed, the beginning of the typical hell, which has been thrust down their throats with no better effect than to make them dread the idea of passing into the presence of their heavenly father. Now is the fault in the religion or the teaching? If they believe the religion, why do they fear death? If they do not believe the religion, is it because they feel it is not true—that heaven and hell, as they have been represented to us, are 'bogles' set up the better to keep us under the thumbs of our spiritual pastors and masters, and prevent our inquiring and learning for ourselves? You will find in the history of the churches, the people have been exhorted to place their judgments and consciences in the hands of the ministers, and that it is not only the Roman Catholic church who has arrogated to herself the virtue of infallibility; each in his own way has done the same, from the Calvinistic church, with its horrible doctrine of election by grace, to the lowest psalm-singing conventicle, whose teacher shrieks hell-fire and everlasting burning into the ears of its ignorant congregation. But thank God there is a better and more reasonable view of the matter than these; and if Spiritualism served no higher purpose than to dismiss this causeless fear of death, and what comes after it, from the minds of men, it would accomplish what nothing else before it has done."

Could there be a clearer arraignment of the present theological situation than the above? It is an acknowledged fact that the illiberal church has advocated immortality for the saint or the sinner, one quite as insulting to human intelligence as the other, while the liberal church has declared that man does live after death, and is gradually coming to Spiritualism to prove the assertion.

Some advanced thinkers have been, and are to-day, teaching Spiritualism without either the grace or the honesty of giving that movement the credit of having done their work for them; and the numerous psychical societies, with their clerical leaders, are nothing more nor less than so many attempts to make a fitting excuse for these public teachers to creep in and gather the harvest of what the unrecognized spiritual worker has been doing during the last half century. One demonstration of spirit return is more potent for good than all the theological theories put together.

What the world needs, and is fast demanding, is not a revised Bible, nor an elaborate creed nor imposing ceremonial, but a few clearly-demonstrated laws of spirit-return, which shall bridge the chasm death makes, and bring humanity face to face with its own. This is proved in the Spiritualism of to-day, as thousands of witnesses can attest, and is a matter not of priestly asseveration but of individual experience, which can be repeated every hour.

"The principal object of Spiritualism is to make this death which you dread so much less horrible to you; to prove that it is as natural as living on this earth, being but a continuation of nature; that there is no death, but only a second birth to a second sphere of action. It will show you that you fear too much, because you know too little; that it is a light that will make life easier for you to bear and death more welcome."

"Poor mourner, to whom did you go in your terrible affliction? To your minister? What did he tell you?" "He talked to you of an indistinct, undefinable heaven, situated he knew not where, governed by laws he would not tell, subject to what conditions he did not know."

"Did that comfort you?" "No; you still cry, 'Show us our dead, give us a certainty of a life to come.'"

"The dead are not dead. They stand in the our midst to-day. I, who write these words to you, have seen them, conversed with them, handled them; and I would not part with the knowledge thus gained, for all the good the world could give me."

Thus has Florence Maryat put herself on record, and sought, in an eloquent and forceful manner, to comfort the sorrowing hearts of the world. Her experiences with mediums of various forms of development are brought out to illustrate universal laws, rather than any special decrees of Providence. Mr. Husk and Rita, together with Miss Bessie Williams, are all brought forward as being possessed of powers, through which wonders unexplainable are being enacted. Miss Maryat seems, however, to forget that mediumship cannot be practiced in England with impunity, but that any person exercising such power is open to the charge of witchcraft, and may be imprisoned, yet at the same time, laws against the thing pre-suppose its existence really, otherwise they would not be enacted for its suppression. Many may wonder why all the phenomena do not occur when they individually visit mediums, but it must be remembered that Miss Maryat has devoted years to her investigations; that she is by temperament one of the most kindly disposed and magnetic persons, and is able to furnish conditions, which are certainly not always obtainable.

In speaking of professional mediumship she quotes a correspondent thus: "But I wish there was no money business about it. Money and Spiritualism should have nothing in common. Directly the money question creeps in, it makes one think there must be fraud."

But why? There is not a greater or even more continuous set of beggars than the clergy of the English church; but are they necessarily fraudulent because they draw their quarterly stipend, or rush from a poor parish to a rich one because it pays them better? And why should mediums, who expend far more strength on the exercise of their profession than any of the clergy, be grudging the reward due to their great work? Here ideas of the best method of bringing Spiritualism before the public are both logical and sound, but they can hardly be realized until the Spiritualists themselves endow their movement with something of dignity, and there is a union between the cause and the advocates. Now mediums are left to "go it alone" to a great extent, and are not identified with the general movement as they should be.

"The Spirit-World" is a book that will be widely read, talked about and criticized, but it will be able to stand all this, and will, in consequence, stimulate greater inquiry into a subject that has but to be understood to be accepted. Every Spiritualist who has the cause at heart should thank Florence Maryat for her courage and eloquence, and take fresh courage to fight on until the shadows of ignorance are dis-

pelled, and the whole world is illumined through that spiritual sun, whose clear rays reveal the good to all, and the ultimate destiny of the human soul.
JOHN W. M. FLETCHER.
108 West 43d street, New York City, Sept. 24th, 1904.

October Magazines.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.—"A Day Dream" is the title of the attractive frontispiece in the late issue. "Identifying Criminals" is the opening paper; "The Thing at Buggart's End" is by J. T. Kingsley-Tarpey; "The Clearing of the Mist" is continued in two chapters; "Sun-Spots" is by Prof. Sir Robert S. Ball; "Miss Lucretia's Mistake," by M. Payne-Smith; "The Royal Highlands" is beautifully portrayed; "A Little Misunderstanding" is a pretty story by Mary Bradford Whiting; "Borrowed Plumes," by John K. Leys, is quite interesting. There is a large amount of other matter. The Cassell Publishing Co., 31 East 17th street, New York.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.—With the coming of fall, this well-known publication is filled with all that attracts. There is much for the home, a good deal about fashions, quite an assortment of romance, much of healthy advice, good common-sense hints, a large amount of poetry, and a complete magazine within. The music this month is "Rose-buds" waltzes, by Ardit, than whom none is better as a composer. The editorial matter is able, and diversified in subject. W. D. Howells continues his "Literary Passions" with fine success. The Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE HOUSEHOLD.—The ladies will read every letter in the latest issue of this entertaining magazine with great earnestness. The variety is sufficient to please every lady. All the new styles and modern ideas are given with accuracy and minutely. None of the articles or stories are long, yet all are of such volume to entertain. Holiday buyers and makers of gifts will find ample opportunity to gratify their tastes. The Household, 110 Boylston street, Boston.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART.—The general excellence of this well-known magazine is sustained in the present issue. "The Lovers" is a fine photograph used as a frontispiece. In the private collections series of Glasgow and West Scotland, Robert Walker writes of the Cornish series of works. "The Wonder of Siena" is by Lewis F. Day. "How and What to Read by Art Students" contains wholesome advice from J. E. Hodgson, R. A. Will H. Edmunds reports the International Exhibition of Book-Bindings at Holborn. "The Salon of the Champ de Mars" is by Claude Phillips. "Daniel Mourning for Beatrice" is engraved from the painting by Rieder. "A Galaxy of Statuettes" is by R. Jope Slade. "Bolton Abbey" is by Aaron Watson. The Cassell Pub. Co., 31 East 17th street, New York.

THE QUIVER.—"A Good-for-Nothing Cousin," by Margaret S. Fall, and "A Prince's Part," by Eliza Turpin, are continued as serials. "Parade Services" relates much of interest regarding the Queen's regulars in army and navy. "That Peaceful Time," by Rev. A. K. H. Boyd, reaches a conclusion. "Sweet Content" is by Sydney C. Grier. "Belinda's Baby" is concluded, and re-credits credit upon the author, E. S. Curry. "How to Brighten Life" gives hints to victims of the humdrum of life, and is by Mabel E. Wotton. The Cassell Publishing Co., 31 East 17th street, New York.

RECEIVED: MISCELLANEOUS NOTES AND QUERIES. Published by S. C. & L. M. Gould, Manchester, N. H.

Woman Suffrage in New Zealand.

At the recent election in New Zealand women for the first time in the colony voted on an equality with men, and no distinction whatever was made between sexes, every one over twenty-one years being eligible to vote. The candidates had committees of ladies as well as gentlemen, and the members of the ladies' committees were as keen as the oldest electioneers in bringing voters of their own sex to the polls.

They made provisions by which any woman having a baby had a member of the committee to relieve her of family cares while she was recording her vote. The women had their own committee rooms and complete electioneering organization. It has frequently been objected that it would be impossible for women to go to the polling booths on account of rowdiness; but there was nothing of the kind. No provision was made for separate polling places for women. They went to the same booths as the men, and in no single instance was there any annoyance.

So far as administration is concerned, the experiment has been a complete success. It was suggested when the act was passed, that means should be taken to ascertain how women voted, which could have been done without violating the secrecy of the ballot by having separate polling booths, or by issuing to ladies ballot papers of a particular color. Nothing of the kind was done, so that the precise effect of the woman's vote is a matter of conjecture.

It has been said that if the franchise were given to women they would be influenced largely by character, and would take care to banish from politics men of notoriously loose lives. It is claimed this has been carried out in the present election.—The Presbyterian Messenger.

"My Sick Sisters,

"Let me tell you something.
"For years I have been almost a constant sufferer from female trouble in all its dreadful forms:—

"Shooting pains all over my body, sick headache, spinal weakness, faintness, dizziness, depression, and everything that was horrid.
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"I feel it my duty to tell you these facts that you also may be cured. My heart is full of gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham.—Mrs. Harriet Wampler, 507 Kasota Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

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THE MASTERKEY, or, Reason and Reasoning. A Revelation concerning the Laws of Mind and the Mysterious Phenomena. By MARCEUS E. K. WRIGHT. Cloth, \$1.50, postage 6 cents. For sale by COLBY & RICH.

BEFORE DEATH.

How much would I care for it, could I know
That when I am under the grass or snow,
The ravens' garnet of life's brief day
Folded and quietly laid away,
The spirit let loose from mortal bars
And somewhere away among the stars;
How much do you think it would matter then
While praise is lavished upon me, when,
Shoulder might be its staff or store,
It neither could help nor harm me more?

If mid my toll they had but thought
To stretch a finger, I would have caught
Gladly such aid to bear me through
Some bitter duty I had to do;
And when it was done, had I but heard
One breath of applause, one cheering word—
One cry of "Courage!" amid the strife,
So weighted for me with death or life—
How glad I would be to my soul's pain
Through the whirl of the coming surge again.

What use for the rope if it be not flung
Till the swimmer's grasp to the rock has clung?
What help is a comrade's bugle blast
When the pearl of Alpine's height is past?
What need that the spurring passion roll
When the runner is safe beyond the goal?
What worth is eulogy's blindest breath
When whispered in ears that are hushed in death?
No! No! If I have but a word of cheer
Speak it while I am alive to hear.
—Margaret J. Preston.

Thin Children Grow Fat

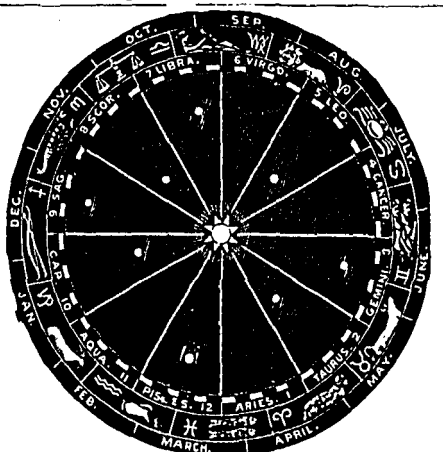
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While thanking its regular subscribers for their continued patronage, THE BANNER'S publishers desire that this journal, which is devoted to the spiritual movement, as well as to secular reforms in behalf of our common humanity, shall receive ample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

Faith in Humanity.

Two of the most widely traveled men of the time being asked whether their experience with people of all races, nationalities, religions, tribes and tongues left them with a better or worse opinion of human nature and life, both answered unhesitatingly, "Better; the more we know of men the better we think and the more hopeful we are of humanity." And all men of large observation and reflective capacity and humane feeling must be of the same opinion, in proportion to their enlarged experience with men and human affairs. To fall into that mental and moral disease of skepticism and pessimism concerning man and his affairs which a certain class of people flourish as an evidence of superiority, is decisive proof of a little, fastidious, angular mind or a bad heart. So says Rev. A. D. Mayo in a recent discourse in Boston on the peril of loss of faith in man. The loftiest minds, said he, that have taken an observation of our humanity, leave us with a profounder fear, shame and repugnance at the evil which is in man, but with a broader view of his capabilities and a grander hope of his destiny.

The worst man or woman in Shakespeare's mighty gallery of representative people has a conscience below the crime. He portrays no monster among his foremost characters. It is a common habit to disparage or denounce entire classes of people on the ground of differences of opinion, social station, or personal habits. The annoyance of our form of government is that really superior people are compelled all the time not only to hear the infinite twaddle of excellent folk who really do not know what they are talking about, but to spend life in fighting opinions and notions which history has demonstrated to be only the rubbish of opinion on all departments of living.

This world, at best, is only the kindergarten in the education that proceeds through eternity; and man's most rational theories about everything are little beyond the guesses, the conceits, the prejudices and the whims of early childhood. Underneath his life of to day lies the boundless capacity of his everlasting childhood of the father of all. Life in this world to day is a condition so different from existence in any age of the past, that every wise man must expand his philosophy of human nature and human affairs in favor of faith in man, or be condemned with shame, to take a lower room.

No sane man does or can believe in his own total depravity. He knows the strange blending of good and evil motives in himself, and the force of circumstances that account for his own spiritual estate. And he knows he can be and intends to be a better man than he now is, according to his own light.

Herein is the soul of wisdom: To become, every year, more sensitive to the taint of evil, more appreciative of the beauty of holiness; to hate the evil in the world with a perfect hatred, while you recognize the divinity that is in man, the mighty resources and capabilities in human nature, and the steady triumph of truth over falsehood, right over wrong, beauty over ugliness. Let us not yield to this terrible temptation of losing faith in man. Man here in America is the same creature as man everywhere. Everywhere he is God's immortal child, now in the infancy of his eternal career.

Which are the Happier?

It is as easy for the Orthodox preachers to ascribe their failure to impress the popular mind or even to arrest the popular attention to what they indelicately call "infidelity," as it is to utter any of their worn platitudes in the pulpit respecting the future life. And they ordinarily know just as much of one as they do of the other. They feel obliged to resort to all sorts of inventions in order to keep up their end. One says one thing, and another says another, in the utter confusion of thought that has overtaken them. One says, for example, that the men who are laboring to destroy Christianity are not happy, or do not grow happy. He admits that they enjoy a certain exhilaration while their books bring them profit, and while crowds of men are willing to applaud, but that, as life wears on, and the probable effects of their teachings on society become revealed to them, they grow very despondent. And he quotes M. Rénan to substantiate his assertion. And then he goes on to tell how unhappy those people become who, after much searching and trouble, part with their "cradle faiths," but that "the laborers on the Christian side have no such gloom," and that "we grow cheerful as time goes on," and so forth.

Let us stop and look at it a moment. Among these so-called "infidels" we have good reason to believe that this clergyman classes Spiritualists. He would place them with those who are trying to destroy Christianity. But, on the contrary, Spiritualists are those who seek to bring Christianity to the proof and to put it in common practice. In this respect he is certainly drawing on his imagination for his facts. Whatever Materialists may either be doing or be charged with doing, we can assure him that Spiritualists are filled with joy and delight. They have this feeling, for the reason that the cause they believe in and espouse is making at the present time such rapid progress everywhere that the Christian ministers are unable to extract "happiness" enough out of their creeds to suit their church flocks on funeral occasions, and therefore are forced to preach Spiritualism themselves at such times! This is but a patent fact, and one that is continually growing to larger dimensions on all sides of us; and it does not appear to make the ministers more happy, but all the time less so.

This is an old habit—at some future time not far off it will be called a trick—of the Orthodox preachers and their assistants to try to frighten people out of their beliefs when in the vigor of health and the full possession of their faculties, by telling them they will not think as they do when they come to die, and that they are secure only as they adopt a death-bed belief, which is simply what the ministers themselves choose to give to them. This is the very essence of ecclesiasticism; the imposition of belief by authority; the putting of fear, based always on presumed ignorance, above reason and the inborn instincts of faith. This it is that Spiritualism has come to destroy.

The Secular and the Religious Journal.

What the *Herald of Gospel Liberty* says on the subject of religious papers is sensible and just in the highest degree. It insists that the religious paper is in no sense a competitor of the secular paper, which is strictly true. Long before the religious paper has reached the reader the daily paper has compassed sea and land to find the news and brought it to his table. That such an one has jumped into the Niagara, or such an one has defrauded a bank, is not information that directly concerns us or is of any particular value. All of what is called news to-day is washed away by the recurring tide of the happenings of to-morrow. Such daily events as enter into the life of the people and become a part of the current history of civilization ought naturally to find interpretation in the religious press; it should stand back of the secular press, calmly and thoughtfully observing, trying to find the ways of the spirit in the movements of the world. All this of course demands ability, and such as but a few of the stronger journals can command. But even the denominational paper is more and more shaking itself loose from provincialism of the churchly order, and becoming the organ of "the spirit," rather than a special pleader for a sect; it is being moved by the spirit of the age.

All of which is according to the enlarged view and the liberal spirit. It is encouraging to encounter such an expression of the larger thought in a professedly religious journal. It shows conclusively that the spirit of the age is working everywhere, visibly and invisibly, and cannot be successfully resisted.

And who shall say that the inspiring, uplifting and outbroadening influence of MODERN SPIRITUALISM is not the chief factor of good in that movement which universal humanity has agreed to call the Spirit of the Age?

Execution by Electricity.

The new term "electrocute" is justly abominated, as much for its composite elements as for its signification. And as for its acting as a more powerful factor in the suppression of crime by exciting a greater dread of its ultimate penalty, it cannot be claimed that it has done anything of the kind. Men are now considering more seriously than ever before whether a community possesses any right to put an individual to death under process of law. It is this growing feeling of hostility to capital punishment that has caused such long delays, first in the conviction and then in the punishment of murderers. And it virtually helps them to a final escape from all punishment.

What has been named "electrocution" is or is not a killing, according to circumstances. The new law seems to have taken the business out of the hands of the law and put it in those of electrical science. Even the law itself is not sufficiently intelligent to decide whether the electric current does the required execution which a criminal is condemned to suffer, or does something very different. In the confusion of opinion and sentiment on the whole subject, it is not at all unlikely that the new scheme will be abolished altogether, and a more just and humane, and therefore exemplary punishment—imprisonment for life—substituted.

The pains of life are many, and the struggle with wickedness is hard, and its course is marked with sorrow and tears; but assuredly its deep impress upon the human soul is the indispensable background against which shall be set hereafter the eternal joys of heaven.

Mrs. Stoddard-Gray and son have just arrived at their home in New York City, after a successful trip to Lily Dale, Rochester and Buffalo. See their card on seventh page.

Bishop Potter and Social Unrest.

The annual convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the New York diocese was addressed by Bishop Potter, who referred to that vast social unrest which, as never before in modern history, is the dominant feature of the discussion of the times. He referred to the existing profound impatience of restraint, and the eager and often fierce demand for a larger license of thought, association and action; deplored the tendency in the home of parents to lighten their influence on their children till only a ghostly simulacrum of the earlier forms of family government was maintained; was of opinion that in the State the very foundation of the social order was threatened by those who wished to raise up mankind as a mass, rather than work patiently for the reformation of individuals; and thought this demand for a larger liberty was being pushed in the Church to the veriest limit of safety to its ordinances and "solemn vows."

His remarks may be regarded in these directions as squinting toward pessimism, but he looked other matters boldly in the face. It should be clearly stated, he said, that there are such things as unjust combinations of employers, a veritable tyranny of capital, profound indifference to the hardships of the man of scanty wages and scantier privileges. Our duty in the social order is to help to make those hardships tolerable in an inexhaustible sympathy and a never-tiring helpfulness toward all within our reach.

Woman and the Public Schools.

In an address by A. T. Ankeny (Minn.) on "Normal Schools," it is truthfully declared that the public schools of this country have done a great work in the equalizing of the sexes. Liberalism in this direction is spreading fast, and in many States women may not only vote upon measures referring to these institutions, but may hold office pertaining to their management. He further says, with eloquent brevity:

"Like the strong man of old, she [woman] has in this respect pulled down the pillars of a temple which denied her protection, but unlike him she has not been buried in its ruins. Here is the beginning of a social revolution, the ultimate consequences of which no one can foresee. One result already seen is this: In a school district of twenty-five thousand pupils, and extending annually under the direction of both sexes nearly a million dollars, one of the persons who successfully perform this duty has not in another direction the slightest voice in the selection of an alderman or the enactment of a law. If it be wise and expedient in the one case, who can say that it would not be in the other? If the great State of Minnesota can [as it does] securely entrust to women the most sacred and most important of all its interests—the education of its youth—what think you the rising generation will do?"

Lend a Hand.

It is the duty of every Spiritualist to assist in supporting THE BANNER. We say this in no complaining sense, but as a principle.

THE BANNER is most needful and valuable for the reason that it keeps all in touch with the great work now going on throughout the world for the help of Spiritualism.

It makes cooperation between reader and paper, consequently sympathy and growth.

It broadens and deepens spiritual life as no other agency can.

An intelligent Spiritualist can always be recognized by the closeness of his intimacy with his weekly paper.

There is no doubt as to the constitutionality of the question of woman as a citizen. In the year 1883 the Supreme Court of the United States decided that women are entitled to suffrage by virtue of citizenship. The court declares in Wallace, 16, "a citizen of the United States is thus made a voter in every State of the Union," thus throwing aside the pretext that sex decides the right of suffrage. If the friends of the Woman Suffrage cause will now take hold and educate the people as to their duty of remodeling State constitutions, in order to bring them in harmony with the decision of the Supreme Court, universal suffrage can be accomplished. It is a sacred duty incumbent upon every woman to insist upon her rights in this direction, and there is no better time to enter upon those rights than when other important questions are being discussed and settled.

W. J. COLVILLE's recent lectures in Buffalo, Dunkirk and Lily Dale, N. Y., have been largely attended. The Buffalo daily papers have given most favorable reports. The lecture on Wednesday evening, Sept. 20th, in the spacious and beautiful lecture-room of the Genesee Hotel, Buffalo, was crowded with the thinkers of the city. Lily Dale meetings closed Sunday, Sept. 30th, [report next week]

Mr. Colville's address is now 1123 10th street, N. W., Washington, D. C. He will lecture the four Sundays of October for the Religio-Philosophical Society of Baltimore in Raine's Hall, at 4 and 8 P. M.; also three intervening Thursday evenings at 8. A report of his work in Washington will convince our readers that the Capitol City is just now quite alive to the consideration of spiritual themes.

The government of Saxony (Germany), so we note, has commenced a career of persecution against the spiritualistic mediums and spiritualistic societies of that country—taking the singular, utterly incomprehensible and "double-barreled" ground that the meetings injure the mediums, and both meetings and mediums join to visit dire physical and other injuries upon themselves and the generality of citizens. This is on a par with the declarations of the government's attorney in the recent prosecution of the highly respected and successful German "Schlofer" Jost—i. e., that all his witnesses, who clearly testified that they were cured by him, were deceived, and so misled by hypnotism, etc., that they thought they were well (made so by the "schlofer"), when he (the prosecutor) was competent to tell them they were not!

"I predict," said Rev. Dr. Rexford, at the laying of the cornerstone of the new church of the First Universalist Society in Roxbury, "that before this corner stone shall be unseated and its contents made known to some future generation, all the enlightened forms of Christianity will look upon Divine Inspiration not as limited to any particular class of people, as in the ancient day, but as a divine breathing into all devout souls, no matter what the form of worship or the name they bear in the religious lists."

A lengthy report of the doings at Camp Starlight, Shelton, Conn., owing to its receipt at too late an hour on press day, will be published next week.

Admissions by Dr. Briggs.

Rev. Dr. Briggs of Union Theological Seminary was the principal speaker on Churchcraft at the recent autumn meeting of the Connecticut Valley Congregation Club at South Deerfield, the attendance being a large one. He told his hearers that the Protestant church had been even more intolerant than the Roman, and that the Catholics were far in advance of the Protestants in managing the financial affairs of the church. He likewise declared that the Protestants could well dispense with fifty thousand of their ninety-nine thousand clergymen in this country, and with \$200,000,000 of the \$549,000,000 invested by them in churches.

This great Presbyterian "heretic" insisted that there was nothing in the New Testament that prevents all churches from coming together. He said that for years he had agreed with the authorities of the Catholic Church to a certain extent in their interpretation of the Scripture: "Upon this rock will I build my church." Peter was the first Christian to put in place after Christ. Others follow after. Many of the terms in the Testament are really synonymous. They all teach Christian unity. He spoke of the statistics of our Protestant churches as startling; they show that if the present management of them continues bankruptcy is inevitable.

Biography of Mrs. Richmond.

We are informed that an interesting and historically important record of the life and labors of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond will be ready for the public by the middle of November, 1894. The work will contain about five hundred pages, and will cost \$1.50 per volume. Those desiring copies of this book—which will be filled with valuable reminiscences of the past forty-three years—should send their orders direct to Mrs. Richmond at Rogers Park, Ill.

Religion, in these modern times, is fast losing its theological, and putting on a practical significance. Men now-a-days have come to understand and to feel that the man of science who seeks for the God-made fact is a seeker after religion; the artist who loves and creates the beautiful, is a seeker after religion; the statesman who wants to make the crooked things straight and the rough places plain, is a seeker after religion. John Stuart Mill, the skeptical utilitarian philosopher; Ruskin, the fervid apostle of the beautiful and the just; Dickens and Thackeray, the satirists of "the world, the flesh and the devil," and the champions of the unhappy and the poor; Carlyle, thundering against sham; Tennyson, singing of ideal things; Herbert Spencer, feeling after the abiding laws of life; Huxley, Darwin, Tyndall and Wallace, the high-priests in the divine temple of Nature—these, as well as the great liberal teachers and reformers—yes, and the great army of the world's toilers who are conscious of no sanctity, but only try to live simple and honest lives—were or are comrades all in the march toward Religion and Heaven and God. And each one had or has, consciously or unconsciously, for his guiding star, the same bright ray of light from the eternal, that has never yet shone in all its loveliness upon the sons of man, but is shining and will go on shining unto the perfect day.

One of the most significant events showing the wide-spread influence of the Spiritual Dispensation in this modern day is the printing of the remarkable editorial which we quote on another page from the columns of the *New York Herald*. The very cream of the revelations made by relevant spirit intelligences is given therein—minus presentation (of course) of an acknowledgment of the source. But as a great metropolitan daily gives vent to such views in instinctive recognition that its readers demand such matter, it may be trusted to go further sometime, and make an open-breasted mention of Spiritualism as the Revelator when it shall feel—as it will in time—that the step will be countenanced by the mass of its patrons.

The landed proprietors and smaller nobles of Germany have found that agricultural and business troubles are trenching on their incomes, and are reported to be falling away from their young emperor, whereas he, in a recent speech, bids them come back to surround the steps of the throne. Never in modern times, says a secular journal, has the divine right of kings been more bluntly asserted, or the nobility been more soundly rated for discovering that their interests were not identical with that of the monarch. But Prussia is a constitutional monarchy, and sharp talk, even from the throne, cannot frighten people who understand their rights.

Read what the guides of W. J. Colville have to say on our sixth page concerning "the astral body," etc.

World's Food Fair.

The World's Food Fair opened at Mechanics Building, Boston, Monday, with all the ceremony possible to such an occasion. The Governor and his staff, Rev. E. A. Horton, the retail grocers of Boston and vicinity, Lowell and the Old Colony districts, made the event a momentous one. E. N. Lafranco's Naval Brigade Band gave excellent music, and thousands of people enjoyed the opening exercises with great zest. The Fair is in excellent shape, and worthy a long and full inspection. The attractions are many and various. It will remain open through the month.

A New Book is contemplated by Moses Hull, as will be seen by reference to the article headed "Encyclopedia of Biblical Spiritualism" in another column. Mr. Hull is preeminently "at home" in the field which the projected volume proposes to occupy. He now asks the Spiritualists of the country if they wish such a work. The encyclopedia cannot fail of interest as to treatment, and reliability as to statement, and we trust subscribers enough may be found to warrant its publication.

J. S. Fessenger of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes that he has seen a remarkable test in the form of materialized lace, produced at the residence of Prof. Bartlett. The lace is perfect in every way except that the fibre is continuous instead of being woven in meshes apart. Mr. Fessenger says that the Brooklyn friends are preparing for a vigorous winter campaign, and attests to the great satisfaction the Cause of Spiritualism has afforded him.

An announcement of Dr. Bland's political novel, "Esau," will be found in another column of THE BANNER this week. This book—as well as also his more recent work, "How to Get Well and How to Keep Well"—is for sale by Colby & Rich.

As will be seen by her advertisement on our fifth page, Mrs. M. T. Shelhamer-Longley has returned to her former home in Dorchester District, this city, and will hereafter give sittings by mail. Mrs. Longley also lectures and attends fairs.

The Vermont Convention, held in Montpelier, Sept. 21st, was a great success. A full account will appear in next week's BANNER.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

THE PHILOSOPHERS.
"We've enough to eat."
And enough to wear?
"We've each other, sweet,
So why need we care?"
SHE REBUKES HIM.
"We've enough to eat."
She sighed, "that's true;
But enough to wear!
O you great goods, you!"
—Puck.

Gen. George Stoneman, a United States cavalry officer of note during the civil war, recently passed from mortal life from his home in Buffalo, N. Y.

Instead of free competition resulting from the working of the combination, the field of competition is steadily diminishing in area, and the prospect is that before long nearly every industry will be in the possession of a trust, combine, or other form of strict monopoly. And then what?—*Cleveland (O.) Plain Dealer*.

A French manager has brought Aubert's great opera up to date by announcing "Fra Diavolo; or Brigandage in Sicily."

Every man's house is his castle, but every man can't be king of Achaetes.—*Tezka Sandvich*.

General Booth of the Salvation army, and his captains of either sex, have been officially declared to be ministers of religion within the meaning of the law.

In A CHEAP RESTAURANT.—*Grump*.—"Do you eat the steak fit for a Christian?"
"Fitter."
"We hadn't anxious about de 'ligion ob our customers, boss."—*Truth*.

The late Comte de Paris will always be remembered in the United States with interest and kindness on account of the fact that he and his brother, the Duc de Chartres, served on the staff of Gen. McClellan during the first year of the civil war, displaying marked courage on several occasions, and declining all pay for their services.

The Japs are severe
When they get on a "tear,"
And daily their valor increases;
With bullets that fell,
They are going pell-mell,
And breaking old China to pieces!
—*Indianapolis Journal*.

A trite Jewish proverb says that he who teaches not his son a trade teaches him to be a thief.

I have just been conversing with one man, to whom no weight of adverse experience will make it for a moment appear impossible, that thousands of human beings might exercise toward each other the grandest and simplest sentiments, as well as a knot of friends or a pair of lovers.—*Emerson*.

We have a "New Italy" at the North End of Boston—since the inhabitants of the older one across the seas are becoming crowded to density, 270 people to every square mile of territory being the average.

An examiner in an English Sunday school association lately received from a small boy an account of the entry of Christ into Jerusalem and the incident in the Temple, which was quite correct excepting the conclusion, which was a startling transposition. He said: "Jesus drove them out of the Temple, saying, It is written, My house shall be called a den of thieves, but ye have turned it into a House of Lords."—*Christian Register*.

"Coin-seccration" is a good word to be adopted by believers in the Cause—if they would see Spiritualism increase more abundantly.

It is an historical fact that the first rocking chair was made in Kingston, Mass., by a farm hand, in 1780.

The West should be wise rather than cultured. Wisdom is democratic, culture is aristocratic. Wisdom is knowledge of principle, culture is knowledge of form and accepted conditions; the latter is world-old but necessary.—*Hamlin Garland*.

Book News boldly asserts that our facetious friend Mr. John Storer Cobb—whom THE BANNER readers know is a strong tower in defense of cremation as the right method of disposing of the dead—was not long since heard to remark that cremation was the last thing he wanted done to him.

Lovestein (despairingly).—"Rebecca, I had failed in pezzness." Mrs. L.—"Vell, do u put on dot long face. I vas n' one of your creditors."—*New York Sun*.

Miss Abby A. Judson's works, "Why She Became a Spiritualist," "From Night to Morn," and "The Bridge Between Two Worlds," all of which are convincing of the truths of Spiritualism and helpful to the Cause, are selling very auspiciously. Her books can be had of the author at Cincinnati, Ohio.

It is recorded by transatlantic exchanges that in the Island of Islay, Scotland, recently, a woman having three children and a sick mother to support, was summoned before the sheriff's court for neglecting to send her eldest child, eight years old, to school. As she was unable to pay the fine she was sent to jail for three days, and, on her release, tramped eighteen miles home to find her mother dying through neglect.

A dispatch dated Oct. 1st says that several Havana towns were inundated, 200 people drowned, 3,000 families rendered homeless, and \$4,000,000 lost in property, during the recent tornado.

Rev. Grundall Reynolds, D. D., an eminent Unitarian, passed away in Concord, Mass., Sunday, 30th ult., at the age of seventy-two years. He held a pastorate in the First Parish Church of Concord for over twenty-two years, and since 1882 has been Secretary of the American Unitarian Association. Few ministers have been more industrious and helpful to their denomination, and the town in which he resided, than Dr. Reynolds.

Sept. 30th fifteen thousand persons marched in procession through the streets of Vienna, shouting for universal suffrage.

The secret of the military success of Japan and the military helplessness of China, says the *Harvard Times*, is told by a Catholic prelate, Monsignor Termonse, who has recently traveled in these countries. He says:

The great trouble with China is the lack of patriotism among the people. In Japan every mother's son is steeped in patriotism. In China a Viceroy and a number of soldiers are hired to defend the country. They might be so many Hessians for all the patriotism they possess.

There are forty-eight distinct diseases of the eye. No other organ of the human body has so many.

Professor (lecturing on the gorilla).—"Gentlemen, you must give me your undivided attention. It is impossible for you to form a true idea of this hideous animal unless you keep your eyes fixed on me."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

The aggressive man always finds the hornet at home.

There are souls in the world who have the gift of finding joy everywhere, and leaving it behind them when they go. Their influence is an inevitable gladdening of the heart. They give light without meaning to shine. Their bright hearts have a great work to do for God.—*Frederick W. Faber*.

B. O. Flower, the editor of *The Arena*, writes a strong paper in the October number, on the increase of the military spirit in the United States. "On the question of militarism Mr. Flower is a Quaker, and he would like to see in our America a resort to arbitration and reason for the settlement of all domestic and foreign troubles.

DR. GLEANER'S PREDICATION.
"My people so theatrie are."
Said Rev. Dr. Gleaner,
"I dare not read the Acts, for fear
They might go out between them."
—*Richmond Dispatch*.

The *Quarterly Illustrator* (92, 94 and 96 Fifth Avenue, New York City), for October, November and December gathers in a store of summer memories. Through its pages one may live the outdoor season over again with any of the two or three hundred artists to whose near and distant haunts it shows the way. Its new departure into the field of fiction is well sustained.

GENERAL BANKS'S COLLEGE.—The late General Banks was once called upon to make a speech at Salem. He had so thrilled his hearers with his forensic powers that after the meeting one asked him, what college he graduated from. With that rare urbanity for which he was always noted, the general replied: "From a college with a water wheel in the basement."

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physical and moral strength regained, prove that the work of the Spirit is not to be measured by pious human standards of judgment, prove that simple things—the things from which we expect the least, in which we put the least amount of worldly desire, may be those which will yield the ‘hundred-fold’ of real blessing.”

CONTENTS.

Mrs. Hayden: The Girls at Home; A Fire and a Retrospect; Beginnings; The Old Doubts Again; Too Good to Be True; A New Hope; What the World Said; A Struggle with Self; Hints of Help; Leaving Home; Mrs. Pearl's Lectures; The True Foundation; Questionings; What is Not True; Studying and Proving; What is True; It Must be So; The Spiritual Birth; Tangles and Talks; Inspiration and a

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her soul-mate Eon, and through
him to the world.

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CONTENTS

Mrs. Hayden; The Girls at Home; A Fire and a Retrospect; Beginnings; The Old Doubts Again; Too Good to True; A New Hope; What the World Said; A Struggle with Self; Hints of Help; Leaving Home; Mrs. Pearl's Lecture The True Foundation; Questionings; What is Not True Studying and Proving; What is True; It Must be So; The Spiritual Birth; Tangles and Talks; Inspiration and the Bible; A Church Committee; Prayer; Every-day Practice; Understanding; A New Problem; Undercurrents; The Power of Thought; An Unexpected Meeting; Practical Application; Confidences; Practical Application; Grace; Practical Application; Practical Application; Found at Last After Three Years.

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SPIRIT Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

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

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

LUTHER COLBY, Chairman.

SPIRIT-MESSAGES, GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Séance held June 22d, 1894.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou Omnipotent and Omnipresent Being, our Father God, be present with us this hour, and send thy loving angels to minister unto us. We thank thee for thy watchful care over us and for the blessings thou dost bestow upon us day by day. We thank thee that there are open doorways of communion between the two worlds, and we pray that they may be multiplied tenfold. Bear with us if in our ignorance we ask for that which is not for our good; we know that thou canst not err in supplying our needs. May we each learn to be more charitable and less selfish, and may we seek to aid those who are weaker than ourselves along the rough pathway of earthly existence.

May the messages given this hour by the spirits gathered here give light and comfort to the dear ones in mortal form to whom they are directed. May an influence for good go forth from this Circle-Room that will have a quickening effect upon the spiritual perceptions of many who sit in the darkness of error and despair. Be with us, our Father, guide and guard us not only now but evermore.

JOHN PIERPONT.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Thomas Gales Forster.

[To the Chairman:] I know it is a repetition to say I am grateful for the privilege of speaking here, but that term expresses our feelings as we take control of the organism of the medium, and to remain silent might imply ingratitude or non-appreciation of your kindness in providing the means for us of the higher life to communicate with those of earth.

We workers who were in the field long ago are not idle. Some have come to spirit-life since I passed on, and we are workers still.

My dear old friend, you have battled long, you have battled faithfully, but you will never receive your full reward upon this earth-plane. In the other life you will come into possession of what you have earned by your good acts here.

Sometimes it seems to us who have passed on that there is double the inharmonious on earth that there was when we dwelt here, yet we know there is no more contention to-day than there was when we were in the mortal form; having cast aside the garment of clay, we have become more sensitive to every word and thought that are sent out by the denizens of this world.

Only by the aid of these old-time workers from the other life have you been able to bear up under the burdens placed upon you. We walk with you, we are by your side day by day—not you alone, but our good brothers and sisters everywhere upon the earth-plane. It is our mission to return to earth to aid whomever we can; and I would say to all true mediums, take courage and go on with your noble work, knowing you will be sustained by hosts of unseen influences. Mediumship is a gift at birth, though it may lie dormant for years before it is developed sufficiently to be utilized for good.

William White, William Berry, A. S. Hayward and many old-time workers stand beside you, my good friend, and they say, "Take courage; we are with you in this grand and noble work, and will sustain you to the end."

Rosie Chick.

[To the Chairman:] Sir, the Spirit-President gave me permission to speak, and I am very happy to announce myself here. I reported in your Circle-Room many years ago; I felt happier for doing so, and some loved ones upon the material plane were benefited, uplifted and given courage, feeling that if I lived after the change called death they also would live and know their own in the land beyond. When I passed over I did not find all my relatives at once, but as I was attracted to one and another from time to time, I found them and was made happy by the reunion.

Winthrop, I know that, although you seem comfortable and happy, there are times when your mind dwells upon the past a great deal. I am pleased because of the changes that have been made, and know it is much better for you and for the one with you.

I know, Sadie, sometimes trials come to you in your life. Although you have never known as many as your father has, yet they are just as heavy to you. Take courage, dear child, for we know there are many things to afflict one in this life; therefore pass them over as lightly as possible, remembering we are only one step from you. Both your grandfather and grandmother are here, and send love. Melissa has found things very different from what she

expected or hardly hoped. She often says to me: "I wish I had been a little more charitable and patient, and learned what it was my privilege to gain while in the flesh. I understand, now, the meaning of the 'two children' that are in spirit-life. I doubted the story when here in mortal life, but now find it true."

We visit you nearly every day. Many times we stay quite a while; other times we see you contented and cheerful, and quickly return to our duties in spirit-life.

Jennie is here with me to-day, and sends love to all. And I, being privileged to voice these thoughts, would say to the one who is brought to minister to your comfort, that Johnny sends love to her.

I am Rosie Chick, of Ellingham, N. H.

George Draper.

I'm George Draper. I'm so glad I could come.

I lived in Columbus, O. That's a nice place; there are so many chickens and everything there on the farm.

I was seven when I went to the Summer-Land; I'm more now. I want to tell 'em I did n't go away—I stayed all night.

I had a cousin, Ida Miller.

We have pretty flowers in the Summer-Land, and everything nice. I go to school. Miss Annie Thompson is my teacher.

Papa lives where we do. He is George H. Draper. Mamma is here.

Mr. Stockton brought me here. He used to live in Denver, Col. He was a Senator.

Martha A. Coberley.

[To the Chairman:] I am pleased to receive an invitation to speak here on the present occasion from your Spirit-President, Mr. Pierpont. I was not accustomed to speaking in public, but I was never backward in expressing my knowledge of the truth of spirit-communication.

Often have the words come to me when upon the earth-plane, uttered audibly by unseen lips, "Fear not; we are with you." I longed for the veil to be removed, that I might gaze upon their faces, and finally the time came when, in the wisdom of the Father, my desire was realized. Oft have I felt the presence of those who had preceded me, and I knew they ministered to me in hours of suffering.

Sixty-seven years is a short life compared with our life beyond, although upon earth it seems a long time. My name is Martha A. Coberley. Many will remember how much happiness my husband and I derived from spirit-communication, and a knowledge that those who had passed on stood waiting to greet us.

In Cobden, Ill., my spirit took its flight to the higher life. I learned before I passed away that heaven was not a distant country, but a condition of mind caused by the lives we lead.

I send loving words of remembrance to all relatives, neighbors and friends, and especially to those who were so kind, and gave me so much attention in my last hours on earth. All was done for me that willing hands could do.

[To the Chairman:] Bro. Chase sends kindest regards to you, and all friends in mortal life.

George B. Arnold.

Good morning, Mr. Chairman. [Good morning.] I am very much pleased to receive an invitation to speak from this platform. It is oft repeated that we come as listeners here, and we gain much information by so doing.

When in the mortal form I gained much comfort by witnessing that phase of spirit manifestation known as materialization. I know materialization is a fact, for I have had it occur in my own home in New York City. I say to those who doubt, Investigation will assure you whether it is a truth or a fraud; then use the reason with which you are endowed, and form your conclusions in accordance with the evidence before crying "Fraud."

I had great charity for true mediums, and sympathized with them in their trials. I realized that perfection could not be found anywhere, and I did not see why I should expect to find it among those instruments of the spirit-world any more than among any other class of God's children.

It seems to me now that if I were to live my life on earth over again, (but I have no desire to do so) I would herald the truths taught by Spiritualism in the East, the West, the North and the South. It seems to me now that I would be more diligent and outspoken. I would press the subject upon the attention of those to whom I forbore to express my views. I was called outspoken, but I would be more so with those with whom I came in contact. All the regret I now have comes from the fact that I did not speak oftener and more to the point, for I knew that those whom men call dead walked with me here.

All the children that my wife and I had given homes to while on earth seemed like our own to us. We loved them dearly, and tried to fulfill our mission as far as it was made plain to us.

It is sweet to mortals to be assured that they shall clasp again the hands of those who have preceded them just across the crystal river, when they, too, are summoned to the Summer-Land; then, dear friends, bring us nearer to you in your thoughts, think of us as ever present, seeking to aid and comfort you, and you will not only bestow happiness upon us, but reap a large measure yourselves.

I am George B. Arnold of New York City. I employed Mrs. Cadwell in my own home many years as a medial instrument for the spirit-world in its manifestations.

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 29 (Continued)—David Dale; James Woodworth; Charlotte Colson; Dr. Hook; John Pierpont.

A NOBLE MANHOOD.—There are innumerable qualities which make the man, and fit him for that work in life which he is meant to do. But there is one quality which is essential, without which man is not a man, without which no really great life was ever lived, without which no really great work was ever achieved—that is truth, truth in the inward parts. Look at all the really great and good men. Why do we call them great and good? Because they dare to be true to themselves, they dare to be what they are. But it is not mere daring that will keep a man true to himself. That daring must have a root, and the root is faith; faith in that, whatever we may call it, in which we live and move and have our being, faith that right will ever be right, faith that even overwhelming majorities cannot make it wrong, faith that the triumph of wrong can never last, though it may outlast our life. There is no health, no happiness, no loveliness in any one who is without that faith, without that courage, without that truthfulness. The true heroes of history have been, are, and will be, those who have acted up to that faith. A man is a man so long as he is true face to face with the world, and, what is harder still, so long as he is true face to face with himself.—Max Müller.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUEST.—[By a Subscriber, Bangor, Me.] How does a "mental imagery" in the mind affect the body? and how can it be erased?

ANS.—A mental image is an imagination, and no one who has had any experience can dispute the fact that imagination produces very decided bodily effects, either helpful or injurious, according to the nature of the imagination.

Though it has been customary to speak of imaginations as simple illusions, we utterly refuse to concur in so ignorant a misstatement of the case, for we are convinced that everything imagined or imaged must and does exist somewhere, subjectively if not objectively, before such imaging is possible.

Very frequently have learned commissions appointed to investigate psychological phenomena, betrayed the veriest obtuseness in subsequent conduct after having borne testimony to the reality of mental healing. The French Academy of Sciences long ago decided against Mesmer's theory of animal magnetism, and refused to accept Reichenbach's doctrine of odyllic force or odyle; yet those commissions who investigated cures alleged to have been performed through the agency of forces whose existence they denied, admitted the reality of the cures, but attributed them to imagination, after which they blithely dismissed the entire subject. Had those learned men acted reasonably, they would have pursued their researches far enough to lay hold upon some tangible method of harnessing imagination to the chariot of accepted medicine; and had they done so, they would have added much to human welfare as well as knowledge.

Imaginary states of consciousness act directly upon the functions of bodily life. Hysteria, neurasthenia and many other distinctly nervous disorders, are purely imaginary; i. e., they involve no organic derangement, but simply functional disturbances. The assimilation of food is also under the almost immediate control of mental emotions; therefore cases of dyspepsia and kindred ailments, as well as insomnia, come directly within the range of difficulties which can be cured only by mental action of a harmonious character, though symptoms can sometimes be temporarily alleviated by drugs.

Whatever mental picture causes fear, sadness, or undue excitement of any kind, is an unwholesome image, to rid the mind of which it is necessary to supplant it with a contradictory image, and the process of doing this is the secret of success in all mental practice. It is never advisable to attack any image, or seek to drive it forth, no matter how obnoxious it may be. The only safe and sure method is by ideal suggestion of its opposite, and though mental suggestion pure and simple involves no material method, yet when patients are not sensitive enough to take in mental impressions directly, corresponding auxiliaries may be rightfully appealed to.

Whenever there is a tendency to biliousness, accompanied by general weakness, the substitution of red tints for yellow will often effect a cure through the dual influence of vibration and suggestion, and in cases of fever and great nervous excitement, to remove all battle scenes and substitute upon your walls pictures of the ocean, of grazing cattle and other peaceful views, will afford immediate relief. Pure mental treatment in its highest phase is of course superior to the need of external correspondences, and whenever a purely mental image can be persistently held before one's own or another's mental vision, outward aids would be superfluous. Hold firmly to a desired image in mind, and your own experience will prove to you how inevitably the body answers to it.

Q.—[By same.] What is the Astral—and the astral body—and how are we connected with it?

A.—The word "astral," from the Greek *astron*, a star, means both star-like and interstellar. Astral light more correctly interstellar is all-pervasive, operating as an unerring photographer of every event which transpires in any part of the universe. Astral atmosphere is the real book of the recording angel; the memorial tablet or scroll of record upon which all human thoughts, deeds and words are transcribed.

The astral body is really the psychic or spiritual body, which can navigate interstellar ether and occupy a position outside the dimensions of limited terrestrial globes. As all the seeming spaces between planets are filled with a subtle force, often denominated cosmic ether, out of which worlds are formed, and into which they are resolved when their missions are accomplished, the so-called astral world occupies the interstices between atoms as well as the wide regions between planets.

There is a modern unwarrantable employment of the word astral common to some occultists whose teachings we do not endorse, viz.: that an astral (using the word as a noun) is the lower self of a human entity traveling toward destruction, and many weird stories are told of the actions of these extraordinary creations. We consider the theory that there are such, and that they directly influence mankind (usually for evil), is on a par with "unconscious cerebration," and many other theories invented some years ago, which enjoyed a brief notoriety among persons who were interested in a soulless, spiritless substitute for Spiritualism, which strove to account for phenomena in a very limping way on the basis of an incomprehensible philosophy.

The original Oriental theosophic and magi-

cal doctrine of astral light and atmosphere is perfectly reasonable, and really explains from a scientific standpoint the nature of the universal volume of remembrance. There are no living, animated, intelligent astral bodies destitute of spirit floating about in space, any more than there are intelligent perambulating corpses on earth. When the spirit has withdrawn from a discarded astral envelope, the cast-off vestment begins to dissolve, and soon becomes dissipated amid the spheres. Whenever human intelligence is exhibited there is a human spirit manifesting, and it would be greatly to the advantage of many Occultists and Theosophists if they would get rid of their exorcismes and set to work intelligently and fearlessly to secure evidence of the spiritual world as it actually exists, a realm of intelligent entities.

Q.—[By T. A. W., Bellows Falls, Vt.] Is there an exact spiritual counterpart of everything that exists in this world, both animate and inanimate? If so, is this spiritual counterpart solid material to the senses of the spirits in the spirit-world?

A.—The spiritual world, as Swedenborg truly taught, is the realm of causation, the material world being only a kingdom of effects. Everything originates with spirits. Desire, aspiration, intention, are all super-material, and this is unmistakably demonstrated in the career of all inventions which are externalizations eventually of mental concepts. Shakespeare's immortal words, "There's nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so," are susceptible of much broader interpretation than that ordinarily given them by metaphysical students; for while it is quite true that the effect produced upon us by our surroundings is very largely the result of our own mental condition regulating the attitude we assume to our environment, it is further true that the thing itself, whatever it may be, is an expression of prior mental activity. The external state is only a state of expression or ultimatum, and this is the case with such simple matters as changing fashions in dress and other external appendages, for without change of thought there is no impulse toward change of costume.

When you enter the unseen world you may find yourselves so thoroughly at home that you will not know at once that you have passed over, for you will only be on the subjective side of your present existence. The experiences in spirit-life chronicled in "The Wedding Garment," and other recent publications of similar import, are quite in accord with a reasonable and inclusive philosophy of existence which teaches that the relation between the spiritual body and its surroundings is the same as that between the physical structure and the objects about it.

The poet Whitlitt, though a decidedly spiritual genius, desired earnestly to enter a substantial spiritual world, where he would feel himself a real man in a real body, in the midst of real friends and tangible objects; and this desire did not proceed from a materialistic craving for the sensuous state of expression common to earth, but from the clear definiteness of his characteristic thought, which could never rest upon vapory intangibilities. The spiritual world is alike inter-stellar and inter-molecular; it fills the interstices between constellations and between atoms; and though the vibrations are such that they make no impression upon the carnal senses, they are realities to psychical perception. So long as any of you desire to perpetuate familiar scenes and occupations you can do so; but the substance of the spirit world is so mobile and flexible to the touch of thought, that conditions there are not rigid, as they are on earth. Spirits can change their garments and alter their houses at will, without taking a robe or an edifice to pieces; but the ability to transform one's conditions at will is a result of growth, both in strength of will and extent of knowledge.

Clairvoyant descriptions of pet animals, and many visions of homelike scenes in the hereafter, are all reliable; but it must ever be held in mind that so plastic is the substance molded by incarnate intelligences, that changes of form and condition are inconceivably rapid from the standpoint of earthly experience. All spirit states are truly representative of the condition of those who produce them.

(Editorial in New York Herald, Sept. 18th.)

Only a Step to Heaven.

And he said, Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest.—Acts ix:5.

The incident referred to opens a very wide door, and introduces us to a series of thoughts which are not more startling than they are helpful.

St. Paul was apparently a man of strong prejudices as well as strong convictions. He had a courage which extended to rashness. A conservative of fierce temper, he could tolerate no invasion of the old time Hebraism which had been sanctified by the sufferings as well as the victories of many generations.

When this man, religion of the Nazarene began to stir the people, it had a tendency to lessen their allegiance to the synagogue, its doctrines and its forms of worship. Paul, therefore, perhaps without inquiring into its merits, hated it, with a deadly hatred. "Breathing out threatenings and slaughter," armed with letters from the high priest giving him authority over both men and women, he was on the road to Damascus with a boundless fury in his heart, and a determination to crush the spiritual rebellion by the most heroic measures.

Just before he reached the city a light shone round him which seemed to be supernatural, and the stillness of the air was broken by a Voice which came from the lips of some invisible personage. A communication was made to him which he evidently regarded as coming from the other world, for from that instant the whole plan of his life was changed. His desire to persecute the followers of the Master was transformed into a vow to defend them even at the hazard of his own life.

It is safe to say that this incident is as reliable as most others which have come to us from remote times. There is no good reason why we may not accept it as veritable history.

Moreover, it is corroborated by similar experiences which have occurred from time to time since the days of Paul. There is hardly a household which cannot relate an occurrence of a like nature, and we are forced to the conclusion that there are more beings who are invisible than there are beings visible, and that the visible and the invisible are supplied with means of communicating with each other.

It is to the credit of the Christian to declare that such miracles, if they are miracles, were confined to the limits of a given period. He must accept what happens to-day, as well as what happened centuries ago. God has not changed his relations to men, and the necessities of human nature are just as urgent as ever. If angels talked with mortals from the time of Adam to the days succeeding the crucifixion, it is fairly to suppose that the curtain dropped, and we have ever since been left without the companionship of "a cloud of witnesses." We must either throw the Bible overboard as a tissue of imaginary events, or believe, as every generation has believed, that the great falsehood of history is that there is "a bourn from whence no traveler returns."

If God is really a presence in the world, then he must be continuously revealing presence. There is a kind of absurdity in the statement that he has spoken, but refuses to do so any more. If he ever spoke, it is certainly true

that he still speaks. If he has neither become indifferent, nor has he retired to some distant corner of the universe whence his voice cannot be heard except as a dull and uncertain echo.

The upper air is peopled by the departed. Death does not destroy the whole of us; it simply separates, by mysterious alchemy, the mortal from the immortal, and it is only a short journey from this world to the other. While we are saying our Good Night to the dying they are listening to a Good Morning from those who have jotted the majority.

We suffer from a sense of separation, but they enjoy the pleasures of reunion. To die is gain in a very broad sense, for it is an exchange of hampering conditions for a life without limitation. Death is merely the transportation of a peasant to a palace, the environment of which gives him opportunities he never dreamed of. We shed bitter tears at a grave, but there is more or less selfishness in our grief. If we had full faith in the future the muffled sound of sighs would be followed by a solemn conviction that, while we are somewhat the worse off by what we call bereavement, the departed loved one is much the better off.

That is the ideal religion, and because we have not yet attained to it we robe ourselves in mourning, as though some great disaster had befallen those who go as well as those who remain. If we had no thought of self we should dress in white rather than black, for the dead have won their victory and become immortal.

Still further, it is an inexpressible loss to the religious life that we do not realize the radiant fact that solace and helpful influences are round about us in our struggles with our circumstances. Every loved one who has gone is as conscious of our doubts and fears as when he was at our side. Neither his affection nor his power to aid has been abated. In a thousand ways unknown to us he gives us strength for the conflict and peace of mind in our perplexity. By unseen words he talks with us, and our souls and his hold intimate communion.

Were that not true, then our lives would be heavily and darkly overshadowed. But it is true, and we are compelled by many an unexplained experience to believe it. IT IS A DOCTRINE OF HOLY WRIT, IT IS VERIFIED BY THE HISTORY OF EVERY HOME, IT IS A COMPONENT PART OF PRACTICAL RELIGION, IT IS A STATEMENT OF FACT WHICH REDEEMS US FROM DESPAIR AND GIVES US GOOD CHEER BECAUSE HEAVEN AND WE ARE NOT FAR FROM EACH OTHER.

New Publications.

TRUTH. By Helen C. Bushyhead. Paper, pp. 34. San Diego, Cal.: Gould, Hutton & Co.

This is not only exceedingly interesting but it is a beautiful presentation of the truths of Spiritualism, and in a convincing and engaging manner. Mr. Bushyhead enters the field of authorship under most favorable conditions, and her first work will have, as it deserves, a large sale. Her statements are emphatic, convincing, logical and fearless, and appeal to the good sense of every reader. There is more in this little volume than is often found in many a larger book, for the reason that it condenses, coupled with completeness, a prominent feature. The matter shows investigation of the facts which are presented. This book does not make an appeal for believers; it states what it has to say, directly, and leaves the reader to decide as to its merits. To those who are earnestly seeking for truth, it will be a power for good. It will assist humanity to study and reach a comprehension of much that has heretofore been doubtful. In that way it will be helpful to searchers for light. The book deserves the commendation of the most critical reader.

LITTLE MISS FAITH. The Story of a Country Week at Falcon's Height. By Grace Le Baron. Cloth, pp. 174. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This story of two little girls will capture the little folks at sight. The pleasures of a holiday week are pleasantly set forth. The story is a very natural one. A little girl entertains another at her country home, and both find a large amount of pleasure in the seven days amid trees, and flowers, and birds. The seventh of June and a birthday are interwoven, and there is much of moral teaching, molding the mind and tending to make good women. The popularity of the author, and her acknowledged ability, the charming story, all combine to make a very saleable book. It is in the Hazlewood series, to be complete in three volumes, although each volume will be in itself an independent story.

THE MYSTIC GATE. An Allegory of the Soul. And Flash-Lights of Thoughts. By Mary Robbins Mead. Paper, pp. 34. Published by the Author, Watkins, N. Y.

This is a pleasing duo volume pointing a moral to every one: First to the selfish, and next to the good-hearted person. The inward consciousness of having done one's duty; to have looked for goodness and light and not for wickedness and darkness, are well illustrated.

The "Flash-Lights" are very brilliant, and throw a ray a long distance toward the best there is in life. One is well worth quoting. It is called "Palliating Sorrow": "There is no surer way of palliating one's own sorrow than by endeavoring to relieve another's. If your heart is aching, reach into its deepest recesses and gather the divine strength dwelling there to pour out into the life-current of some struggling soul whose burden is heavier than thine own. The heart-ache will be transformed into heart's ease." Miss Mead excels in touching the soul to its good.

A STORY OF PULLMANTOWN. By Mrs. Nico Bech-Meyer. Paper, pp. 110. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

This is a story inspired by the late great strike in and around Chicago, told by a woman, who though a Norwegian by birth, is thoroughly loyal to American ideas and institutions. She shows up the action of the Pullman company, espouses the cause of the working people, and throws out many rich thoughts for contemplation by those who would assist in righting wrong. Such books as this will help educate the people to use their ballot in bringing about peaceful remedies for social wrongs. The novel is sure to create a sensation. The author claims that she will make the reader realize and feel the terrible condition of the workmen which led up to the strike.

THE CONQUEROR'S DREAM. A Poem, by William Sharpe, M. D. Paper, pp. 18. London: J. J. Morse.

This is a new and revised edition of an admirable poem in blank verse, designed to convey a useful lesson. There are many truths conveyed in this poem, which even the casual reader can interpret. The lines owe their origin to a remarkable vision, which fact adds to its value. It is the composition, one would surmise at the outset, of a physician, judging from some of the overstrained, nervous situations in which the subject of the poem so often finds himself.

NEW THOUGHT. VOL. II. January to June, 1894. Chicago: Moses Hull & Co.

This volume has a fine picture of J. Frank Baxter as a frontispiece, with the portraits of Willard J. Hull, Lyman C. Howe, Carrie E. S. T. Wing, Mrs. Adeline M. Gladding and Dr. A. B. Dobson between each monthly part. "Joan, the Mediumistic Heroine of Orleans," or, Spiritualism in France Nearly Five Hundred Years Ago," appears in complete form in this volume. There is a large assortment of miscellany, made up in readable form. The biographical sketches of the six excellent mediums before mentioned are interesting.

"THE SOUL," says Dr. J. M. Peebles, "is the man—a potentialized and individualized portion of the over-soul, God." "Essential soul," he contends, "pure Intelligence." "In this stage of existence man is triune—soul, spiritual body, earthly body. In the future he will be dual—soul and spiritual body?"—or a spirit. But, in the same book, p. 268, "Immortality," he says, "the converse order [to Materialism] postulates spirit, that is to say, Absolute Intelligence, as the centre and emerging starting point of all sensuous phenomena." In the "Seers of the Ages," he says: "We employ the terms 'soul' and 'spiritual body' reciprocally; and, as constituting the man, use this formula—physical body, spiritual body, spirit; or, body, soul and spirit." "X in the immortality," he makes "soul" synonymous with spirit.—Two Worlds, Eng.

