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NO. 5.

## Original Story.

### THE MYSTERY OF WOOD GLEN.

BY SARA E. CLARKE.

"I've seen it, Jack; I've seen the ghost!"  
The only answer I received to what I considered a startling exclamation, was an expressive "Umph" from my companion, as he shrugged his broad shoulders in disgust.

This is how it happened: Jack Hildreth and I had, after a tedious season in London, decided to take a jaunt into the country. There we should be free from the continual round of senseless tea drinkings, dances, theatre parties, and other like follies. We were both confirmed old bachelors of the elderly and respectable ages of twenty-six and thirty-six, Jack being the younger.

Next morning, after our decision, we arrived in a sleepy little village called Wood Glen. "Ah! this is something like living," said Jack; "another week of London, and I should have committed suicide from pure weariness." I only laughed in answer, for I fully agreed with him. Everything was too beautiful for words.

The little red inn at which we were stopping, with its tiled roof and diamond-paned windows, through which came sweet zephyrs laden with the breath of roses, filled me with a happy sense of quiet content.

Through the swaying branches of trees one caught glimpses of rolling hills and green meadows, dotted here and there by groups of lazy red cows and white sheep. And over all a mystic haze sunlight of flickering gold.

Not was the spell broken when Mistress Hoverton, our genial hostess, in her quaint old-fashioned gown, entered, carrying on a tray the best her well filled larder afforded.

"Good morning, gentlemen," she said, in a bright cheery voice, spreading the tempting array on a small table covered with spotless linen. "A fine day it is, sir, an' I hope it will last, for we 'ad enough and to spare of rain last week."

"Oh! it does not look like rain to-day, at any rate," I answered, seating myself opposite Jack, who had already helped himself generously to some hot biscuits, which he spread lavishly with golden honey fresh from the hive.

"Mrs. Hoverton," after a short silence, during which she had attended to our several wants, "you have already told us about the fine fishing, hunting, and so forth, with which Wood Glen abounds; now surely so old a place can boast of one ghost story?"

Now ghost stories were my especial delight, and I enjoyed nothing more than a chance to explore some old house filled with mysterious stories. So when our hostess, after rubbing her hands on her apron, remarked, with a little twinkle in her eye, "Well, so it can, so it can," I was delighted, and settled myself to listen eagerly to a tale of wonders which she proceeded to unfold.

It was all about an old ruined manor house, situated deep in the woods, where lived an old woman. The village folks scarcely dared to pass the place, even at noonday, and stories of floating white forms and bright flashes of light were whispered at night around the fireside.

Of course I was determined to see the old manor, and after a large amount of grumbling from Jack, we found ourselves deep in a dim old forest at midnight.

Directly before us, in a small clearing seen through the trees, stood the ruined manor house, bathed in a flood of moonlight. Its wide staring windows, and door half ajar, were enough to suggest hosts of weird, uncanny things. But more than this, a slender white figure, dim and misty, stood within the dark entrance. It was this sight which caused the exclamation that opens my story.

A sudden gasp at my side startled me, and I turned to see Jack, his face ghastly pale, and a look of terrible pain in his dark eyes. "Mother, mother!" he murmurs in a voice I can scarcely recognize.

"What is it, Jack, old fellow? In heaven's name speak!" He merely pointed to the white figure still visible in the doorway. As I looked, around her seemed a multitude of bright faces with shadowy bodies that wavered and floated in the air. Could my eyes deceive me? Surely among them was one that I knew—Jack's mother.

Mrs. Hildreth, a sweet, silver-haired old lady, had been an ideal parent to Jack, and had filled the place of both father and mother for many years. Three years ago she had quietly passed away, leaving him bowed down with a grief so great that his very life hung in the balance.

At last, after a severe struggle, he rallied, but never again was he the gay-hearted fellow of old. You can imagine, then, the suffering it caused him to see again the face he supposed tricked down her lips; this was followed by a perfect torrent. I tried to stop his flow, but it carried my darling's spirit away on its crimson tide. Only one last word, and she was dead. Lost, lost, everything is lost to me."

And I remembered her, so young, so lovely, good heavens! it could not be true. Poor Jack! everything seemed against him—first his mother, and then Wilfreda.

"Gerald," I turned from the window where I had gone to hide my emotion, "how can I be so cruel as to grieve my darling by such rebellion?" He placed his hand on my shoulder, and looking into my eyes, said, "I could not expect to marry an angel. Her life was too bright for this cold and cruel world." With a look of such heavenly peace that I could not doubt Wilfreda's spirit was hovering near, he left me.

In a week we were back in town, leaving that lovely form deep beneath a bed of violets planted by Jack's own hand.

Jack Hildreth no longer figures in society, but spends time and money solely for the advancement of that religion so beloved by Wilfreda.

The struggle against material difficulties develops the qualities of patience and perseverance and courage; and, undoubtedly, the fruits of the ages—mercy, unselfishness and charity—could not possibly be exercised and trained except in a world where wrong and oppression, misery and pain and crime, called them into action. Thus even evil may be necessary to work out good. An imperfect world of sin and suffering may be the best and perhaps the only school for developing the highest phase of a personified spiritual existence.—*Alfred R. Wallace.*

THE OTHER PLACE—There was once a prominent man in Chicago who had a very exalted opinion of his own city. He died, and when he reached his eternal home, he looked about him with much surprise, and said to the attendant who had opened the gate for him: "Really, this does credit to Chicago. I expected some change in heaven." The attendant eyed the Chicagoan a second, and then observed: "This isn't heaven."—*The Argonaut.*

for him, but as we walked homeward the blessing of his mother's presence seemed to soothe him; so that a gentle calm had stolen over his spirit before we had reached the inn.

Next morning as I stepped forth into the sunlight, after a solitary breakfast, I saw Jack seated beneath the shade of a large elm, his head resting against its rough trunk. Filtered through the delicate green above, a soft golden shower played on the brown waves of his hair, and I could not help but notice what a handsome fellow he was. As he turned to meet me I could see by the dark circle beneath his eyes that he had spent a restless night.

"Have you finished breakfast so soon?" He asked more to make conversation than from any curiosity.

"Certainly, my good fellow; you surely do not think I am entirely lazy?" With a short laugh I flung myself at his feet, and amused myself by making a squeaking noise with a blade of grass. "Why did you leave me to my thoughts this morning of all others, when I have so much to say?" I remarked in a slightly injured tone.

"Because I had thoughts of my own; un- welcome ones at that," he responded abruptly. "Gerald, I am going again to-night." I sat up with a start and looked at him. Could he really be serious, I thought.

"Well, I declare, I should have thought that once was enough. Are you trying to outdo me?"

"I am serious, Gerald," he said sharply, being a bit nettled by my tone. "I would not give up for the world a chance to see my dear mother again. I must go, Gerald, I must."

He was very pale, and I did not dare excite him, so I answered soothingly that I would go if he would spend the afternoon fishing. I felt sure that would be a healthy diversion. The fishing was an entire failure as far as Jack was concerned, for he never even cast his line, but lay dreaming on the bank all the time.

Our second visit to the manor was much the same as the first, and will require no further description, but was disastrous to my peace of mind, for Jack became infatuated not only with his mother, but with Wilfreda. That I found, was the girl's name. She lived alone with the old woman, and never left the grounds that surrounded the house.

After three weeks of my own uninterrupted society, I grew rather tired of Wood Glen, and tried to persuade Jack to return to London; but lovers are proverbially blind to every one but themselves, so I found it impossible to budge him.

Seated beside an open window, book in hand and cigars in easy reach, I had settled myself for a lazy time. Suddenly a knock at the door recalled me from a delicious dream. The knock was followed by Jack, who entered slowly and stopped in the center of the room, his hat in his hand.

"Well, where are you going?" I asked, although I need scarcely have troubled myself. "Gerald," he commenced, rather bashfully, "I want your good wishes, old friend; I am going to ask Wilfreda to be my wife."

I was not very much surprised, as of course that was inevitable. "Good!" I exclaimed, "you have them, Jack, with all my heart."

I spoke the truth, for though I knew he could certainly have done better in a worldly way, he was his own master, and I wished his happiness above everything else. "Good by Jack, and God bless you."

I drowsed and read the afternoon away, taking very little notice of time, so that I was startled out of a sound sleep to find it very dark and that Jack had just come back. Not, surely, as a happy lover, for he flung himself into a chair and shook from head to foot with great sobs.

"In heaven's name what can be the matter?" I asked, springing hastily from my chair.

For awhile I could get nothing from him; but at last he said wearily: "Gerald—tell me, did you notice anything—any signs of death in Wilfreda?"

"Death?" I was startled. "Why—why, no, Jack; you know yourself she was always pale."

"Well, she is dead," he answered, in a dull, heavy way.

"Tell me about it," I asked, sadly, feeling that it would be a relief to him.

"I found her, as usual," he began, abruptly, "reclining on the couch, her face clearly defined against the red cushions. I was startled, Gerald, to see how small and thin her sweet face seemed. But I tried to reassure myself, and sat down beside her." The recollection so affected him that he could not go on for some minutes. "I told her of my love as gently as I could. Oh! Gerald, you should have seen the smile that lightened her countenance. She took my hand in hers, and said, 'Jack, I can never be your wife, dear; I love you, but I—I am dying.'"

He sobbed aloud. "Then, Gerald, my God! how can I tell it? a thin stream of blood trickled down her lips; this was followed by a perfect torrent. I tried to stop its flow, but it carried my darling's spirit away on its crimson tide. Only one last word, and she was dead. Lost, lost, everything is lost to me."

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## IN MEMORY.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
THE HARVEST HOME.  
IN RESPECTFUL REMEMBRANCE OF LUTHER COLBY.  
[Born Oct. 12, 1814—Entered Spirit Life Oct. 7, 1894.]

BY JOHN W. DAY.

I.  
Lo! Autumn's flag of waving corn  
Gleets mild October's "haunting moon";  
And Nature's Indian-Summer born  
Smiles all the sun-empurpled noon.  
Peace rules the scene—o'er sea and sky  
Th' unfettered warblers joyant fly;  
Though prescient hearts in respite brief  
Gaze on the Autumn's falling leaf.

II.  
Thus, friend of old, 'tis peace with thee:  
The golden noon of Eden sky,  
The gladness born of spirit free,  
The note of deathless bird on high!  
The Paradisaic fountains play  
Their liquid welcome round thy way;  
Heaven's peace hath crowned thy warrior soul  
That sternly wrought for Truth's control.

III.  
Time to a twelvemonth now has rolled  
Since wide the shadowy gates were spread,  
And thou a pilgrim, worn and old,  
Saw "Eastward" Life's new morning red.  
We mark the time with pensive thought  
When death to thee his freedom brought—  
How dost thou sense our weary hours  
When thine are amaranthine flowers?

IV.  
Oh, mid the glow of Paradise  
Do not earth's murmurs rise to thee?  
Do not life's tremors greet thine eyes,  
That erst were bent men's souls to free?  
When sparks the steel as war-bolts fly;  
When roars the mortal anguish cry,  
Mid doubt and misconception's rain  
Canst thou not aid the field to gain?

V.  
Thy harvest, borne with careful hand,  
Has reached the granaries divine;  
Through deathless years thy name shall stand,  
Friend of humanity benign.  
What changes came thine eyes to bless,  
As toll still held thee in duress;  
What victories graced our rising Cause,  
And won the thinking world's applause!

VI.  
While weary brain kept throbbing with vespers bell,  
I walked with halting step the crowded way  
When down slant spires the league-worn sunbeams  
fell,  
And conquering twilight reared his pennons gray!  
Hard by a gate that flanked the home-bound press,  
A weary man whom evening seemed to bless—  
Outstepped from toll, for welcome rest's recline—  
A "Sandwich man" was taking down his sign.

VII.  
So earth moves onward—centuries prayers and tears  
Brim the creeds—up this age shall cast away.  
Its draught no more shall deepen human fears,  
And swathe black horrors round a "Judgment day."  
Despite the frown of (deathful) stave,  
And clergy's awe, and threat of wrath divine,  
From the gaunt shoulders of the shelving grave,  
Lo, angel hands are taking down death's sign!

VIII.  
Thou hast put off the harness, oh my friend;  
Thy toll hath earned for thee a hailed success;  
In scenes of glad repose thy powers unbind,  
To rest themselves anew for Light's increase.  
Since rest and toil in soul or mortal sphere  
Twin brothers are in being's high career,  
Look back, thou earnest soul, at victories won—  
But gird thyself for others yet undone!

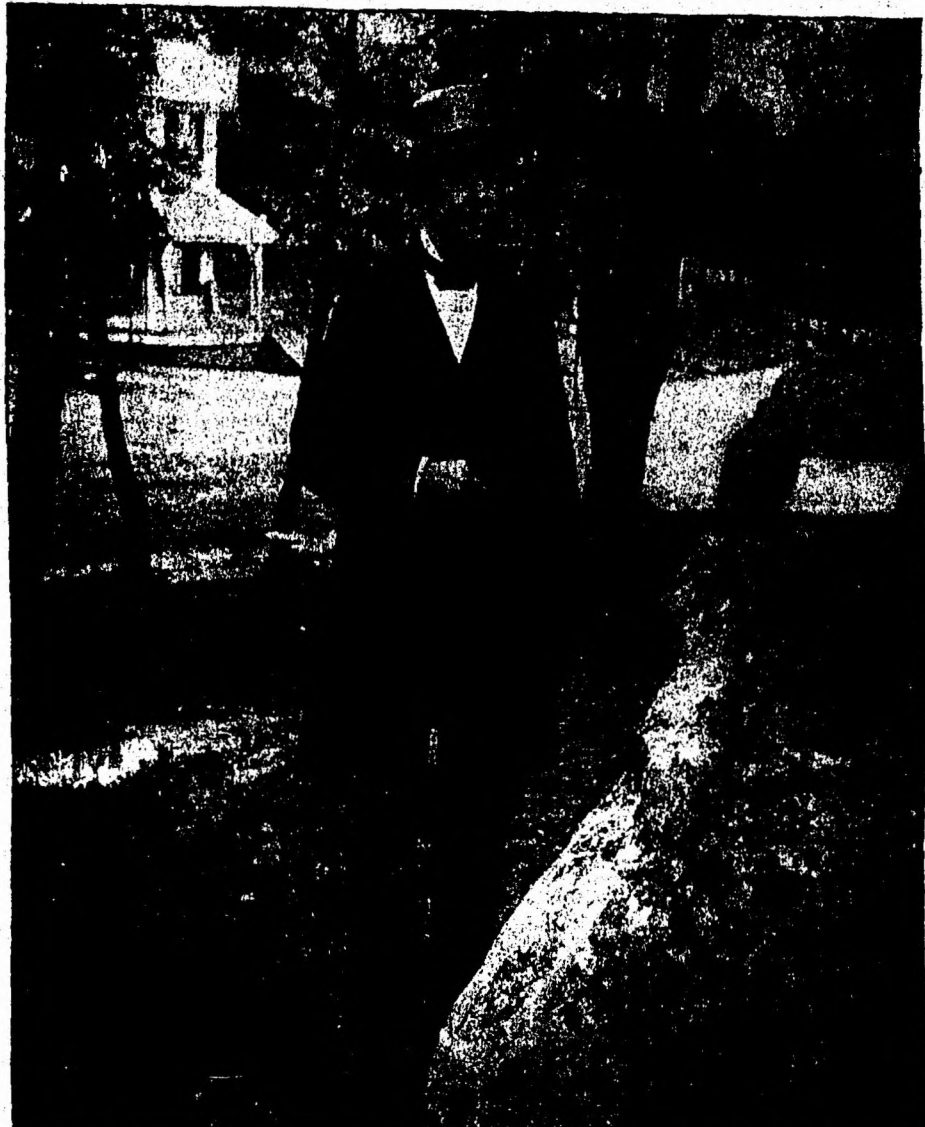
IX.  
The "Cloud of Witnesses" to us are given  
Who tread the Nineteenth Century's smothered road;  
And "hell's" dark portals, "hopeless" (?) evermore,  
Are opened by love of Father Mother God.  
Oh hero soul, this is thy harvest, brought  
Home through the portals of enfranchised thought,  
And they who love man's Cause shall hold thee dear  
Through countless cycles of the Eternal Year.

### "On the Verge of Life."

Under this heading the *Boston Herald* of a late date treats of the case of Gail Hamilton, to which we referred in THE BANNER of Sept. 28. That article as published in many of the papers of the country has called out much interest, and cannot fail of awakening more wherever perused. *The Herald* adds a case in point also:

"It has doubtless been noted that Gail Hamilton has recently recorded what she has deemed to be observation into the world of the future as an incident of her late nearly mortal illness. She represents herself as really hovering between two worlds, and having the sensation of returning to the present one of these with acute physical pain. This is not without examples in other experience. William S. Robinson, so well remembered in journalism as 'Warrington,' recorded in his last illness something very like it. Mr. Robinson was neither a sentimentally imaginative person, nor had he any affinity with what are recognized as religious views with regard to the future. He had been critical in this respect, not being a church attendant in any form of faith. Yet, as he neared his end, he constantly spoke of visions of the future life, saying that he was sure he was having them. 'Why, this world and the next are joined as closely as my two hands,' he would say, clasping them together. 'There they are, no break between, no gulf to pass. I feel every day like one who walks by a hedge, and is looking for a gate, a gap to pass through, to walk on the other side. I don't know half the time whether I am in the body or not.'"

No human life would be possible if there were not forces in and around man perpetually tending to repair the wounds and breaches that he himself makes. —*Mrs. Humphrey Ward.*



LUTHER COLBY, FOUNDER OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

We present to THE BANNER readers with this issue a memorial to the arisen founder of the BANNER OF LIGHT—LUTHER COLBY. The picture here given is from a photograph taken at Onset Bay several years since, when he was stopping, as was his wont to do, for awhile at that favorite and favored camp by the sea. This photograph was one which formed for him a pleasant memory; the copy from which the above picture was made was presented by him to the present editor, Mr. Day, with expressions of satisfaction concerning the visit during which it was obtained, and has been a sort of heirloom ever since in his (D.'s) home.

Mr. COLBY thought much of Onset Bay, and its Annual Harvest Moon Festival also, and it is eminently appropriate, at the time when the harvest season is being observed at the olden spot, that THE BANNER should recall his memory to those who participate in 1895—as well as to the world of readers he so often addressed in the many years of his extended editorial toil.

We have, since his demise, at different times taken occasion to publish brief accounts of Mr. COLBY's work and experiences, but as new people are always coming into the movement to whom the story of the veterans in the Cause is an interesting novelty, we once more cite a few pertinent points concerning him, now that a year has elapsed since his material form was cremated at Forest Hills Cemetery (near Boston), and his earnest soul—set free from the trammels of an aged frame—took up the solemn yet joy lighted march toward the evergreen hills.

LUTHER COLBY was born on the 12th of October, 1814, at Amesbury, Mass. His parents were CAPT. WILLIAM (a respected shipmaster of that historic town) and MRS. MARY COLBY.

His early education was that common to the youth of New England at the time. After various experiences he became connected with the *Boston Post* (daily), where for some twenty years he served with fidelity and success. Leaving *The Post*, after a short season of rest he embarked, April, 1857, on the publication of the BANNER OF LIGHT, with WILLIAM BERRY (afterward killed at the battle of Antietam) as partner, under the firm name of LUTHER COLBY & Co.—he having become convinced of the truth of Spiritualism through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. CONANT, at Mr. Berry's residence; she afterward served as the first medium for the Message Department, which post she occupied till her decease.

The first issue of THE BANNER was brought out at No. 17 Washington street (old numbers), April 11, 1857. Under varied vicissitudes the paper has been issued ever since—a period of over thirty eight years.

MR. COLBY, from the time of the commencement of THE BANNER's existence until his demise at the Crawford House, Boston, Oct. 7, 1894 (over thirty-seven years), was the editor—working instant in season and out of season for the Cause of demonstrated immortality for man.

Since its inauguration THE BANNER has found its way all over the earth, wherever readers of English are to be found, and its history, creditable as it is world-wide, is before the people to-day.

THE BANNER headquarters and material belongings were destroyed by the great Boston fire in '72; and after nearly a year's location at 14 Hanover street, in the autumn of 1873 the publication office was established at No. 9 Bowditch street (then Montgomery place)—a

location which had been purchased and specially fitted up for the purpose by its business manager, ISAAC B. RICH. From this place it still continues to make its appearance regularly.

Will the Spiritualists, now numbering their millions throughout the world, join in the work to sustain for further usefulness this veteran BANNER, which has so long borne witness to the verity of the Cause?—J. W. D.

### The Banner's Claims.

In connection with this issue commemorative of the life-service of LUTHER COLBY for the Spiritual Dispensation, we feel that we cannot do better than to refer once more to what W. J. Colville said some time since in reference to THE BANNER's arisen chief, and the just claim to patronage which this paper proffers to the Spiritualist public:

"We urge upon the Spiritualists," said Mr. Colville, "the erection of an abiding monument to LUTHER COLBY; not a statue in a public square in Boston, though that would be by no means inappropriate, and certainly not a needless expenditure upon a memorial urn or column in the cemetery where his ashes rest; but the liberal endowment of the paper to which he gave his best years, his time, his thought, his love, his talents; that it may be in the future not only what it has been in the past, but even vastly more efficient and truly representative."

The idea of supporting the BANNER OF LIGHT as the real and enduring monument to Mr. COLBY's memory is to our thought the most fitting and impressive suggestion that could possibly be made. To testify in the most practical manner to a proper appreciation of his great worth in the station to which he was called; to perpetuate the memory of a truly heroic man and always devoted Spiritualist; to take up and carry forward his work in the spirit that animated him from the early beginning; these are the true and real monumental methods, that, while performing memorial service continually, would be actively working the largest benefit for the Cause which all love together, and to which his life was but a continuous devotion. A monument that contains a living principle as well as a faithful memory is of all others the one to fitly commemorate the character and services of a man like the venerated Spiritualist who has only departed out of our sensuous sight. In this way the honored paper acquires additional meaning, and therefore accumulated influence and power, becoming at once what it should—a monument and a minister.

In what way shall this best be done, is it asked?

Let the reader turn to the fourth page of THE BANNER, and read the article there headed: "A New Departure." He or she will there find a suggestion whereby great aid can be given, as well as a promising business arrangement entered into; in addition to the purchase of stock let each and every existing subscriber to THE BANNER proceed without the delay of a single day to double the present subscription list of the paper, which can very readily be accomplished if every individual will firmly and fixedly resolve to obtain one additional subscriber; and finally, let every one, man or woman, who is a believer in Spiritualism, begin forthwith to do a practically good turn for THE BANNER by speaking favoring words for it everywhere on all convenient and appropriate occasions, giving it advertising support, and enlisting the interest of friends and neighbors of whatever creed or religious persuasion.

## The Spiritual Bostrum.

## The Divine Mission of Art.

An Inspirational Discourse given by  
W. J. COLVILLE.At Holyrood, Paris, Sunday, June 29, 1895, under auspices  
of the Duchesse de Pomar.

None of these which can possibly engage our thoughts can take us more intimately into the inner sanctuary of spirit than the one selected for our present consideration. The two widely dissimilar words—Genius and Talent—like many other terms the very reverse of synonymous, are often most unfortunately interchanged, as though they were identical; but despite this confusion in speech, and in the idea which lies back of it, scarcely any one refuses to discriminate between creative and imitative Art.

Without speaking in the least disparagingly of publishers and booksellers, we may well ask where would their business be were there no authors?

New editions of standard classics are of course popular, and deservedly so, as one never tires of the productions of truly great masters of thought and style; but again we ask, whence could have proceeded the originals of these novel editions had there been no original or creative genius greater than the finest talent for copying and reproducing to breathe forth for the first time the mighty words and stirring songs which are indeed immortal?

All genuine art is inspired. The real artist can never tell whence the first idea proceeds which takes possession of him.

As Heine has so eloquently expressed it, we are taken possession of by our ideas, and these ideas which we call our own are in no sense whatever ours except through appropriation; they become our own, even as the air we breathe through our nostrils, enters our lungs and circulates through our system; then when we use it and return it to the general atmosphere, we call it our own vital breath.

Genius, without which Art is dead, is to be distinguished from mere talent, as we can discriminate between Shakespeare's own work and the pedantic of those who affect what they call a Shakespearian style.

Raphael has given to the world a portrayal of the transfiguration scene so exquisite that it stands almost solitary as a masterpiece among crowds of splendid and impressive pictures. If a talented young man or woman to-day should be able to successfully copy or reproduce so transcendent a *chef d'œuvre*, such an one is justly commended and loudly applauded by reason of his or her unusual talent, but no genius whatever is required to copy even the grandest painting the world has ever seen or ever will see.

Art, like science, religion, philosophy and all else, has its many devoted priests, but only its few chosen prophets. Any one almost can study for the priesthood, but prophets, like poets—and prophets usually are poets—are born, not made.

The wonder of inspiration, which is the soul of art, and without which it can have no originality, is that it is spontaneous and mysterious. Like the blowing of the mystic wind, to which the Holy Spirit is compared, we can hear the sound and watch the effects, but the mystery of its source and nature is unfathomable. No really inspired person can either command or explain the secret of his wonderful endowment, therefore it is all in vain that any try to turn out geniuses by the scores or hundreds from academies of learning or schools of art where stereotyped methods of forcing and cramming are perpetually in vogue.

The great charm of the poet's verse consists in this, that the people allow to the acknowledged bard a license of expression they permit to no one else. Poets are permitted to tell great truths in guise of fable. They are free to let the spirit within them and around them expand its wings and fly; they do not have to grovel in the dust and mire of earth, but are allowed even by the conventionalism of the age to transcend conventionality, and deal with the higher realities of being which men vaguely call idealistic, transcendental, impressionist, etc.

That there is much to day that passes for art which is stupid, and that there is sadly much also which is called artistic, though it is only licentious and vulgar, no honest student of the output of these times will for a moment dispute, but it is easy enough to discover whence this wretched mock art proceeds, and from what quarters the so-called artists of the much vaunted "realistic" schools derive their substitute for inspiration.

Leaving out of the question all that is positively objectionable in this spurious would-be realism, we have but to glance over a very few of the most frequent and conspicuous examples of "realistic" work to find that they lay no claim to be anything other than faithful portraits of very ordinary people engaged in utterly commonplace employments. But the advocates of this poor style will plead that it is so thoroughly true to nature and to life as it actually is, that its fidelity to truth is its reason, and if need be its ample apology for existence, and indeed for excessive prominence in the galleries of to-day.

Our reply to this supposed justification of the poorest mediocrity is that it is the vainest of vain fallacies to argue that because certain paltry things exist, they are, therefore, the sole or even the chief actualities on earth. Let us, then, devote a little time to a sincere study of nature as it appears to man's bodily senses before winging our flight to higher realms of spiritual reality. The thought that any of us can live in one world at a time without any light, heat or other emanation from a brighter and more glorious orb, is a theory utterly untenable from the united standpoint of astronomy and geology, two of the greatest and most interesting of modern sciences.

The idea of "one world at a time" is one of the grossest and blindest of medieval superstitions. If this little planet Terra were really the center of the universe, as the illiterate populace of Europe in the middle ages actually believed it to be, even then "the lamp burning in the firmament" would be fitter subjects for the artist's brush or pencil than the dust at his feet, and they would certainly be as real.

Why should the nastiness of earth be looked upon as more real than the transcendent beauty and purity which pertain to earth, and if, as the proverb has it, "there are two sides to every question," and one of these sides is surely brighter though the other may be dark, is there the slightest reason why the lower and darker side should be considered more real than the higher and brighter side?

If there are two sides of a shield and an inscription on either side, but the two inscriptions differ the one from the other, if one of the inscriptions is more beautiful than the other and we can only look at one for the time being, is it not the height of folly to choose the depressing one as an object of contemplation, ignoring meanwhile the encouraging and elevating one?

If art has a mission—and it certainly has—then that mission must assuredly be to serve as a magnet to attract all who come within the scope of its influence to a diviner because a higher, sweeter and gladder life. Too many people are afraid of cheerfulness; they still encourage the old monkish superstition that gloom is godly, while mirth is satanic, and yet experience amply proves that the most crimes as well as mania and suicide, are the outcome of wretchedness and despondency, but are never the offspring of innocent mirth or wholesome glee.

The choice of a subject is the prime question on the threshold of literary or any other artistic endeavor. What shall we paint? What shall we sing? What shall we write about? These questions must be decisively answered before the mission of art can be described, except in the vaguest and most general terms.

Though it is the province of art to arouse sentiments and awaken emotions, the kind of sentiment and quality of emotion appealed to and aroused must ever be the crucial point.

Nature certainly does present us with vivid contrasts; hurricanes seemingly as much included in the universal plan as are peaceful zephyrs, but the theory of evolution is successfully demonstrating to the intelligent public of to-day that storms and tempests are only transitory and phenomenal; they serve an immediate purpose as rectifiers and purifiers; they pave the way for a far nobler state to come, even a state of calm serenity, wherein all noble constructive works can be carried forward, as they assuredly cannot be so long as the storm continues to rage furiously.

Ecclesiastical art has been decidedly culpable in many important respects, and at the risk of overturning at a single sweep the cherished fantasies of multitudes, we do most emphatically declare that the scene of the crucifixion of Jesus as ordinarily depicted is degrading rather than elevating in its influence upon the multitudes who venerate the conventional crucifix, and adorn the walls of their dwellings with representations of the closing scene in the stupendous drama which culminated on the summit of Calvary. The fault we find with the usual portrayal of Jesus on the cross is that the picture is depressing rather than inspiring, and has none of the excellencies of an ideal collection of triumph over suffering.

For whatever you will concerning artistic realism, we shall strive vigorously to contend for an idealism which is *the* *only* *real* *art*. Without seeking to verify historical realism in a discourse devoted to a consideration of the mission of art, we shall certainly ask you all to unite with

us in considering the divine-human Christ as the most perfect expression of the image of our humanity. The story of his life is a drama with two large scenes of things that are eminently theological, and the other avowedly rationalistic, on the subject of the expiration of Jesus on the cross, but it is by reason of the distinctive character of our convictions that we are always so glad to state them, feeling that our view of this world-interesting theme is calculated, in so far as it is intelligently considered and accepted, to revolutionize for good the prevailing thoughts of the times on the momentous question of humanity's ultimate triumph over sorrow and the semblance of despair. Two conventional esoteric conceptions are made to appear in the grossly materialistic vision of Jesus on the cross familiar to the eyes of almost every one in Christendom.

Harsh literal dogmatic theology has invented and enforced an awful theory of divine wrath, demanding sacrificial expiation; therefore orthodox Christians join with materialists in picturing the Son of God and Son of Man bowed to the earth and utterly crushed beneath the weight of a mortal agony almost too grievous to be borne. "He died in despair" is the parrot like utterance of many who are utterly dead to the inner teachings of the four gospel narratives, each one of which gives a distinctive account of the crucifixion scene somewhat different from the other three.

We must also make bold to say that a little genuine acquaintance with the teachings of occultism, in which many people express great interest at present, would open many a new blind eye to the inner significance of that fifth in the series of seven ejaculations from the cross, commented upon so frequently, especially on Good Friday every year: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

We venture to say that such an utterance is not a lamentation, but only an inquiry. Wherefore hast thou seemingly forsaken me? is the earthly question, to which the heavenly answer comes, "that thou mayest be glorified."

The sixth utterance reads: "It is finished," and the seventh, which is the last, is that exquisite expression of confidence in the Supreme Goodness: "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit."

If the former utterance is accepted and quoted, why are the two latter sayings suppressed by so many artists and equally by so many superficial readers of the gospel text? To any who are at all acquainted with mysticism and with the initiatory rites of sacred fraternities, the supposed wailing cry of the seemingly abandoned sufferer is known to be a note of inquiry first, then a psalm of rejoicing.

The fiery trial, which is the severest test of all through which a candidate for hierophantic honor can pass, invariably involves an hour of seeming desolation, of apparently utter loneliness and abandonment, after which the cloud completely vanishes, the sky is clear and the sweet sense of blessed heavenly companionship is fully and freely granted.

We need, as an ideal painting, a new portrayal of the crucifixion, and as we have been particularly called upon to make public suggestions to this effect, we offer the following outlines, to be filled in by any of our artist friends who sympathize with our convictions and are interested in proving, as far as possible, the salutary effects of a new conception of the great Hero of the human race.

Three crosses should be shown; one of them, viz., that of the impenitent thief, should be enveloped in such gloom that the darkness almost conceals it; the spectator must approach the canvas, and actually peer into it to see this dark cross distinctly; the figure on that cross may appear as wretched and downcast as any painter may desire. The other subsidiary cross, that on which hangs the penitent thief, may be in less dense shadow, and the figure thereon, though not very bright of countenance, may still appear as hopeful of coming bliss, for as sorrow has been expressed and forgiveness sought, hopelessness or blank despair on the border of the unseen state would be entirely out of place.

The central cross must be in a dazzling sheen of electric light. The splendor of this illumination must proceed both from the person of the crucified, and also from the heavens above, out from which should be seen proceeding a brilliant shaft of light exactly over the head of Jesus, while all around the sky is black as ebony.

The expression on the face of Jesus—for this is the final instant of his terrestrial career—must be one of peaceful satisfaction, not unmixed with jubilant exaltation, and the better to display the paramount idea of spiritual triumph over every vestige of earthly pain and weakness, in defiance of the ordinary result of crucifixion (the head bent down with the weight of the body transfixed with nails), the head must be shown erect, the eyes open and shining with heavenly glow as the words, "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit," constitute the final utterance of the Man who was so thoroughly "acquainted with grief" that he knew its cause as well as its real nature, and most of all he knew how to triumph over it.

In such a picture humanity sees itself transfigured and glorified, and from the contemplation of such a scene all may rise invigorated, and spurred on to nobly bear their own cross that in the final hour of trial it may be transmuted so that it becomes a crown. The conversion of the cross into the crown, not simply the exchange of the one for the other, is the sublime verity which it is the province of esoteric theology to teach.

If such a picture as we have suggested were intended only to commemorate a grand historical occurrence, no matter how sublime or how thoroughly authenticated, its mission would be comparatively small, and even its lesson would be dubious; but if such a painting is intended as a living, world-wide inspiration, whose object it is to set forth the possible and prospective triumph of every human spirit over all that now holds the race in bondage, the lesson to be learned from such a scene is majestic and helpful beyond description.

Art must be a consoler, an educator and an illuminator, or it is worthless; if you do but portray an incessant round of paltry commonplace you had better never handle your artist materials again until you have learned that the province of art is to idealize and glorify mankind.

There is a very vulgar idea concerning "truth" or "fidelity to nature," in the world, and this has perhaps never been more forcibly illustrated than in the recital of an anecdote concerning Oliver Cromwell, which is doubtless intended by well-meaning Puritans as a rebuke to what they call sinful vanity. The story runs that Cromwell at one time had his portrait painted by a man who wished to flatter him somewhat by omitting from the likeness a large wart which disfigured Cromwell's face, but when the artist presented his work to the "Protector," that valiant man of war refused to accept the likeness until the painter had inserted the wart, for, said Cromwell, "you must paint me as I am."

Without disputing the intentional honesty of this celebrated character in English history, we cannot agree with the belief of those who use the above anecdote as a rebuke to all they falsely regard as the vanity of idealism. Facial disfigurements which even dermatology may remove are surely not immortal, and while it is a most consolatory thought that we shall know, to the point of fullest recognition, our beloved ones in the great hereafter, recognition happily does not depend upon the everlasting retention of pimples and blotches on the skin, but upon a certain realization of affection and mutual understanding which no time can obliterate or circumstance destroy.

The true mission of Art, as we proclaim it, is to lift the thoughts of the spectators entirely above the sordid littlenesses of every-day existence, which is so painfully petty at most times, that relief from its tedious monotony is a positive necessity.

The renowned novelist, "Ouida," has once in a while introduced into her often pessimistic stories some truly sublime dissertations concerning what is truly real. People go out for an afternoon's amusement, or they spend part of their weekly day of rest in some museum or picture gallery, and what is it they need to see? Surely not a soulless portrayal of their common prosaic occupations, of which they are usually heartily wearied through the length of every six days' toil, for though genial work in place of rigorous labor is the ideal, as yet the multitude have not progressed to the rank of workers; they are still laborers, and that is why they are in such desperate need of genuine recreation.

Positive injury is inflicted on morals and on feelings by the public exhibition in a conspicuous place on the wall of a great saloon of so hideous and repulsive a scene as that of a brutal gang taking delight in the anguish of victims she mercilessly tortures without excuse, but such a painting is admired by many connoisseurs, who grant it a post of honor because it is well executed, whereas if the judges were reasoners they would condemn it the more, and exclude the more forcibly the better such a work was executed, for the more vividly such a scene is reëncountered on canvas the more pernicious is its suggestion and the more harrowing its effect.

Apart from such shocking and indeed infamous decoration of art, we must consider in a separate catalogue those thousands of uninspiring themes which, though they are in no sense wicked, are utterly devoid of all elevating tendency. Fancy a painter capable of portraying a magnificent landscape in all its splendor of summer beauty or winter grandeur, stooping to paint, as do the Dutch and Flemish artists, the sordid interior of some little shop or to immortalize dead fish lying in a boat on the beach.

We do not need the realistic effects with which every one of us is only too familiar; what we do need is a realization of the transcendent or even a glorification of the ordinary in such a manner as to enable us to do our work the better and make our homes the brighter because the mission of art to us has been fulfilled.

To cater to the lower tastes of the public is a common managerial error in theatrical and other circles. The prevalent impression is that because people want to be amused everything must be vulgarized.

It is true that so heavy a play as Hamlet is not adapted to the mood of a laughter-loving audience, but we are not compelled to choose between so sombre a tragedy and demoralized comedy of the lowest stamp.

In order that comic opera be bright and sparkling, it is not at all necessary that the plot should be more than

rubbish, the dialogue disgusting, the songs and dances of the extreme. Fine scenic effects, brilliant stage settings, pretty costumes, an attractive orchestra, and above all, a captivating music, do not in the least require association with aught that is other than refined, modest and uplifting.

The real interest in a taking novel—one that sells unusually well—is not in the demoralizing features of the story. If there are any, but in the picturesque grouping of characters and the thrilling interest which attaches to an exciting narrative. The books which actually sell best to-day are those which seek in some measure and manner to introduce the reader to a higher, even a spiritual life, and you have only to ask the booksellers to discover that a prurient taste is by no means universal.

Though we sympathize heartily with the spirit which dictates and animates the work of Temperance Workers, members of Social Purity Leagues and similar organizations, we cannot refrain from calling attention to an immense field of undone work which must be accomplished if the good intentions of devoted workers in the interest of needed reforms are to be effectually carried out.

Granted, as few will deny, that licentiousness is injurious in all its consequences, the way to turn people to purity is not by holding up before them *ad nauseam* the revolting spectacle of the results of crime. Seven devils will never be turned out till seven angels are let in; it therefore immediately behooves every ardent, zealous worker for the elevation of the masses or even for the betterment of an individual to adhere closely to the lines laid down in the gospel teachings, wherein it is plainly shown that there is but one way to conquer evil, and that is through the active dominating force of good.

People are not in two places at once, nor are they engaged in two pursuits at the same instant; consequently we must in the magnetic power of centers of purity to attract to themselves those who now follow the attraction of error, because error is active, while the lovers of rightness are often rebukable in the appropriate words: "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light."

To depict evil for the sake of warning people against it is a delusion, though it is quite true that a forcible lesson is sometimes conveyed unconsciously by those who are in the very pit of degradation, drinking to the dregs the bitter cup containing the fruit of their own misdoing. John B. Gough made many striking points in his world-famous lectures on behalf of temperance when he declared that the degraded toper often served as a warning against intemperance; but neither Gough nor any other sober man would recommend that we should deliberately make men drunk for the sake of the warning they might be to others.

The picture we need to present is that of a charming home, wherein the inmates are quaffing to the full the cup of pure, refined enjoyment. "Go thou and do likewise" is a command which always stands some good chance of being obeyed when the anecdote related is one that touches all hearts, as does the model story of the Good Samaritan.

Frequently we hear it said that the public exposure of crime in the newspapers is a great warning against iniquity, just as we hear that capital punishment deters from future crime; and we believe neither statement, for neither is demonstrable.

When Rev. M. J. Savage of Boston, the well-known Unitarian preacher, told a large congregation one Sunday morning in a splendid sermon on "Disillusion," that people are better than they are usually supposed to be, the words of that able and eloquent expounder of reasonable religion did far more to elevate the young business men in his audience than though he had mercilessly decanted upon the downward tendency of the race and prevailing immorality. One of Mr. Savage's testimonies was so excellent that we cannot refrain from re-telling it. It was as follows:

An influential merchant having under his control twelve large establishments in Boston, and other places, at the end of a business year discovered that his entire losses from the combined carelessness and dishonesty of all his many hundreds of employees during the past twelve months amounted to not more than one-half of one per cent, the inference therefrom being that he had in his employ, on an average, as many as one hundred and ninety-nine well behaved, honest and careful people to every one who was the reverse.

Now if an artist is to show fidelity to nature and paint a character portrait true to life, shall he select for his model the one black sheep in a fold of two hundred, or shall he not at least choose one out of the one hundred and ninety-nine who constitute an overwhelming majority? We should not be content with our artist unless he singled out the finest sheep in all the flock in place of even a good average specimen, for our contention is that in no other way can we consecrate art to its highest use, and compel it to fulfill its truly divine, as well as exalted mission.

The ordinary conduct of a dog show, a horse show or a flower show is very suggestive in the right direction, for on all such occasions only the very finest products of the field, the garden, the stable or the kennel are placed on exhibition, and it does seem indeed degrading and ridiculous to judge plants and animals by their best, and then sample humanity at its worst.

Art is an avenue through which nearly everybody can be reached, as almost every one loves art in one or other of its myriad and enticing forms. The musical artist, for instance, should bear well in mind the good old Bible tale of Saul and David, and remember that in modern days as well as in olden time music can be employed as a healing instrument of boundless power. The musical amateur who wishes to do good may easily find a large and fertile field for the exercise of that entrancing gift of song, which, whether accompanied or unaccompanied by harp or lute, can and does carry healing of every sort to even the violently demented in the lunatic asylums and the outcasts in the jails, as well as to the great army of sorrow-stricken captives of disease, no matter whether they are confined in hospitals, or permitted to languish by their own firesides.

Such playing upon an instrument as that of the youthful shepherd King of Israel may only be matched by Sarasate, and a very few other artists whose genius is beyond dispute; but superlative endowments aside, the rank and file of music-lovers, who play and sing even moderately well, have a weapon in their hands and throats of immeasurable scope and value if they will but direct it intelligently and confidently against the multitudinous maladies of every sort which at present do so sorely afflict mankind.

The painter and the sculptor can often carry their trophies where even the sweetest song-birds cannot go, for such quiet things as statues and pictures can stand or hang anywhere, and with mute eloquence appeal most forcibly in silent hours to those who need their ministrations most. If all artists of every name would but awaken to a realizing sense of the greatness of their prerogative, they would no longer consider art either as a toy or mere profession; it would at once assume for them the proportions which rightfully belong to it, viz.: those of a great educating and inspiring influence in the world, whose power for good is absolutely immeasurable and unthinkable.

On the professional aspects of the artistic question we have a single word to say, viz.: that though all work-people are entitled to a recompense, and it is but right that all efforts should be financially compensated, those who attempt artistic work for money only should never do another stroke until their conversion to art for humanity's sake has taken place; then let them earn their guineas, francs or dollars, and the more the better, for then they will truly deserve them and be ready to do good with them. In answer to the oft recurring question as to the prosecution of artistic work in spirit life, we have only to say, and that most emphatically, that the unanimous verdict passed by gifted seers of every age and clime is that the spiritual world is only the interior, the physical realm being the exterior of the same state. Though all souls, no matter whether incarnate or exanimate, are endowed with similar potentialities, and are therefore ultimately capable, through the march of the unending cycles of eternity, of expressing every conceivable endowment which any soul has at any time in any place displayed, yet when we are taking into consideration some specialized period of expression, we can but realize that through the undeviating operation of the law of attraction, which insists that all affinitizing entities shall cooperate, there are artistic heavens, and in these special societies of art-lovers and art producers the glorious works are first produced, which in completed form float as visions before the astonished and enraptured gaze of the true artistic prophet on this earth.

It is impossible to make the distinction between priest and prophet of art too broad or plain. The prophet or prophetess is he or she who catches clear glimpses of art as it is in heaven, and embodies it in earthly mold. The priest or priestess in the temple of art is one who can perhaps copy faithfully what some genius has already given to the world, but never knows what it is to enjoy the vision of anything other than that which appeals to the outward eye.

In the spiritual world the plastic atmosphere pays instant tribute to the will of a commanding soul who has but to speak and it is done. Science on earth, though with somewhat faltering steps, is surely approximating to the marvels which are every moment taking place in the unseen universe.

What is man's creative power but his ability, in perfect harmony with law, and in exact fulfillment thereof, to compel external substance to shape itself in obedience to his spiritual decree. The highest mission of art is not, however, to simply prove man's sovereignty over surrounding elements; its high prerogative is this, to render goodness so attractive that by means of its portrayal in its most enticing form those who linger yet in shades of sensuality and error may be lured upward by the entrancing beauty of the glorious scenes depicted before their vision.

Art of all kinds is a great lever to uplift the masses, and none who presume to speak on Frison Reform, and other momentous topics of the hour, have apprehended even the first step to be taken in a truly reformatory direction unless they are to some extent conversant with the ministry of art. When beauty, even the beauty of holiness, is brought

into the world, we call upon you to give up once and forever all attempts at coarse and common realism, and betake yourselves to the region of the ideal, which is alone the truly real. Even a "tribby-foot," if you cannot immediately rise beyond it, is an incentive upward, because it is a thing of symmetry and true to an ideal.

If you must illustrate every-day life, then we call upon you to dignify and glorify it, showing how it can be rendered sublimer and more worth the living. MAKE VIRTUE ATTRACTIVE, live and work to show forth the beauty of holiness, which is wholeness, perfection, and in your work you will never be alone, for the hosts unseen will guide your brush and pencil, and your genius will be a blessed, beautiful avenue through which heaven will stoop to earth.

IMPROMPTU POEMS.  
(SUBJECTS SUGGESTED BY THE AUDIENCE.)

## ZOROASTER.

Far off in Persia's lovely clime,  
In ages long since past,  
From highest heaven a bright beam shone,  
To bind earth doubly fast  
In chains of light and living flame  
To that immortal state  
Where perfect good alone doth reign,  
Beyond the golden gates  
Of Paradise, whose open door  
Can never close be,  
But on its hinges of fair pearl  
Swings out eternally  
To welcome all who seek the light,  
And find what's hidden in  
Through purity of thought and deed,  
And thus God's blessings win.

That living fire whose kindling rays  
Of love and wisdom speak,  
Was known as Zoroaster here,  
Whose accents, grand though meek,  
Resounded through earth's palace halls,  
As from a mighty throne,  
The teacher called and sent by heaven,  
Life's wondrous law made known.  
Not only once, but many times,  
This child of glory said,  
From brighter realms to saddest earth,  
Creating all anew.

Tradition tells how long before  
The days of Adam, he,  
A winged messenger of light,  
With message full and free  
Spoke to a pre-Adamic race,  
And gave them changeless law,  
To be the guide of every hour,  
Whence all might wisdom draw.

Then in the days of Abraham  
Did Zoroaster come,  
And yet again at later time,  
Did make the earth his home.  
Pythagoras in Greece, and he,  
On Persia's lovely soil,  
Together strove to teach mankind,  
How beyond fretting toil,  
Above the strife of good and ill,  
One spirit reigns supreme,  
And when an age shall have passed,  
New light on man will stream,  
Pratya, the sweet Golden Age,  
Comes waiting souls to bless,  
But only when the thoughts of men  
Do merit such redress.

In Zoroaster's lofty creed,  
In Zend-Avesta old,  
We read of many a valiant deed  
Of righteous Ormuzd bold,  
But dark Ahrimanes is there,  
Who with his fatal spell  
Perverts the good his brother does,  
And forms an awful hell.

Six gods from blessed Ormuzd spring,  
And from Ahriman six,  
But when Gahambars pass away,  
The Eternal Good doth lie  
In heavenly state the sons who once  
In darkest error strayed,  
For all converted are at length  
In heavenly robes arrayed.

The conflict is in time and sense,  
Two brothers disagree,  
And one makes heaven, the other hell,  
But not eternally;  
For cleansing fire a tenet is,  
In Zoroaster's creed,  
And every Parsee worshiper,  
Declares in thought and deed  
That somewhere, sometime, God will bring  
To righteousness each soul;  
None are for aye impenitent,  
All reach at length life's goal.

The ever-burning lamp whose flame  
The Parsee ne'er lets die,  
A symbol is of spotless truth,  
And immortality;  
Twelve hundred years one lamp has burned  
In Bombay till this hour,  
A type of that celestial light  
Whose rays on earth in shower  
Of ceaseless benediction flow;  
The lamp must never wane;  
To quench or fall to feed the fire,  
We strive for heaven in vain.

The goodness which is purity  
Is typified by flame,  
The solar ray whose energy  
From highest heaven came,  
Is symbol of the living soul,  
The spark divine within,  
Which rises over every doubt,  
And conquers every sin.

Be pure within; without be clean,  
Is Zoroaster's word;  
Be clad in brightness all around,  
And let your voice be heard  
In happy praise of that Great Power  
Which doeth all things well;  
The light of goodness purifies,  
And heaven conquers hell.

## MARIE STUART.

A queen in nature and in grace,  
A lovely spirit pure and true,  
A messenger from the high realm  
Which doth exalt the true,  
"Star Circle," bright sphere where the Christ  
Doth love the pure, radiant beam display;  
Whence wisdom flows to gladden earth,  
And drive its darkest gloom away.

Though persecuted when on earth,  
Unjustly censured and defied,  
Her quietly spirit through her woe  
Was chastened till beamed;  
And now among a radiant throng,  
A centre of a circle bright,  
She breathes on earth in sweetest song,  
A word of teaching and of rest.

Elizabeth long since forgiven,  
All who once did her wrong upraised,  
Her happy spirit finds its heaven,  
Wherever love divine is praised;  
She knows no country and no church,  
Smaller than that extended sphere  
Which doth embrace the honest hearts,  
Who long to bring God's Kingdom near.

With bright-eyed maidens and brave sons,  
Each crowned with star of dazzling light,  
Doth Marie Stuart hover near,  
In garments wonderfully white.  
In the new age which now begins  
She is a worker and a guide,  
While through her ministry of peace,  
A million lives are purified.

No sweeter and no gentler soul,  
No quainter spirit, draweth nigh  
Than she who blesses Holyrood,  
From her bright station 'mid the sky;  
Her voice you hear, her form you see  
Within this palace of her love,  
While she, the guardian presence here,  
Would lift all thoughts to realms above.

The following is said to be an exact translation of the letter sent by a Chinese editor to a would-be contributor, whose manuscript he found it necessary to return:

"Behold thy servant prostrate before thy feet; I bow to thee, and beg that of thy graciousness thou mayest grant that I may speak and live. Thy honored manuscript has been designed to catch the light of its august countenance upon us. With raptures we have perused it. By the bones of my ancestors never have I encountered such wit, such pathos, such lofty thought. With fear and trembling I return the writing. Were I to publish the treasure you sent me, the emperor would order that it be made the standard and that none be published except such as equalled it. Knowing literature as I do, and that it would be impossible in ten thousand years to equal what you have done, I send your writing back. Ten thousand times I crave your pardon. Behold, my head is at your feet. Do what you will. Your servant's servant, THE EDITOR."

—Exchange.

The love of domination to be exercised by one married partner over the other completely banishes conjugal love and its heavenly delight; for the ruling party would have his or her will alone to be in the other, and none of the other's reciprocally in him or her; whence there is nothing mutual between them, no communication of any love and its delight with the other, and no reciprocal interchange; although such communication and interchange, with the conjunction thence resulting, are what constitute that interior delight, called beatitude, which exists in real marriage.—Swedenborg's Heaven and Hell, 380.

## A SHAKSPEREAN TILT.

BY ST. ALBANS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light.

I WAS pleased to note in THE BANNER of Sept. 14 your editorial recognition of the fact that there is at the present time a lively renewal of the question as to the authorship of the Shakspearean dramas.

One reason why I was pleased is, because I believe it to be the literary question of the century; a second reason is, because I reverence above all other considerations "the king becoming grace" of Justice, hence I want every man to have what is by right his own; because I do not want a false idol erected for man's worship; because I want it settled, if possible beyond all doubt, to whom belongs the highest honor in the world's Parliament of Thought—to know beyond peradventure who by divine right is king of the intellect.

At the risk of repeating something I have elsewhere said, it is conceded that the so-called "Plays of Shakspeare" represent the utmost of human expression; that they reveal more clear observation, insight, experience, knowledge, comprehension, human nature, wisdom and imagination than any other single body of writings extant; that the author of these plays, whoever he may be, according to Jean Paul Richter, "spanned the ages that were to roll up after him, mastered the highest wave of learning and discovery, and touched the heart of all time."

"The mightiest genius the world has ever borne upon its surface," says Appleton Morgan.

"The greatest genius, the profoundest thinker, the broadest scholar, that ever adorned the annals of the human race," says Hon. Mr. Donnelly.

"There is an understanding manifested in Shakspeare's plays," says Carlyle, "equal in profundity to the great Lord Bacon's 'Novum Organum'."

Emerson says of the writer of the plays, that "he was inconceivably wise. . . . The best head in the universe. . . . His mind is the horizon beyond which we do not see."

It would be an easy matter to quote ad libitum like testimony to the greatness of the Shakspearean dramas. The question is, however, by what right do we pronounce Will Shakspeare—not "William Shakspeare"—to be the author of the plays that bear his name? What is the evidence, external and internal, that deters mines this? What are the facts? What says the record? What is actual history?

In addition to the editorial comment, I was also pleased to find in the same issue of your journal, Mr. W. H. Burr's article on this same general subject, wherein he justly observes, with reference to the question of "inspiration," that one "must have the innate capacity requisite to the particular phase of manifestation produced. That capacity may be dormant, but the exercise of the faculty educates it. This is exemplified by inspirational speakers."

I am not ignorant of the claim which may be and has been set up in behalf of Shakspeare, or any one else, on the ground of general or special inspiration. Few have occasion to recognize its validity any more than I do; and yet, despite this fact, I am far from being convinced of its applicability to Shakspeare, save in its most general sense—certainly not to the extent of claiming him to have possessed the grandest, most capacious brain that ever existed on this planet.

Is it at all likely that such a person as Shakspeare was known to be, could possibly have been a conscious or unconscious medium, and that fact not become known to his family, friends or associates? The existence of such a manifestation at that day, if known—and it could not have existed without being known—would have caused far greater commotion than the performance of a hundred plays, whatever their character.

Well might Coleridge exclaim: "Are we to have miracles in sport? I speak reverently. Does God choose idiots by whom to convey divine truths to man?"

Nay, the mediumship of that day was not of such a character. In all reason, it is respectfully submitted that no medium, such as was necessary to give birth to those regal thoughts and imaginations which everywhere abound in Shakspeare, could have created in private and produced in public plays like "Hamlet," "Othello," "Lea," "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Tempest," etc., by the whole sale—no "medium" could have lived and written those plays three hundred years ago without that fact becoming universally known. Such miracles did not take place then, nor do they now.

Extravagant claims require extraordinary proof. One must be commensurate with the proof. Proportional to the effect must be the cause. Without the necessary foundation no edifice can be erected.

There are many Shakspeareans who, while denying the gift of special inspiration, as does Col. Ingersoll, yet who claim for the "God of their idolatry," the equivalent of "genius" by way of accounting for his marvelous display of intellectual power; but this claim will not suffice when all the other facts are justly considered.

Will Shakspeare, the mar, and "William Shakspeare," the philosophic poet, are as wide apart as the poles. No amount of genius can substitute one for the other. No amount of confounding the two can make them identical. Granting to genius all that belongs to this radiant goddess and bestowing it upon the son of John Shakspeare, who, notoriously lacking as he did all other necessary qualifications, he could never have written the plays.

A "genius for poetry" does not furnish specific and intimate knowledge of dead languages, encyclopedic learning, philosophy, jurisprudence, medicine, history, etc., such as is so lavishly displayed throughout the dramas. To claim that it does is evidence on the part of the claimant that he possesses a "genius for absurdity" tiresome in the extreme.

Archimedes must have a place to stand in order to move the world. Genius must have suitable room for the exercise of its power, a fit dwelling-place for its outcome to be harmonious and glorious. In Shakspeare there was no such soil for it to exist.

Genius must needs be supplemented. Without its necessary accessories it is like an eagle with but one wing—it cannot fly. Genius alone cannot account for the revelations found in the plays. Inspiration is limited to the capacity of its channel of communication. Genius, like all things else, has its restrictions. The science of numbers is not the result of genius; neither does "the ingrain knowledge of all manner of sciences come from genius, like ideas and sparkling thoughts. Such knowledge is the result of assiduous study."

This is both law and gospel. Genius has no power to reverse the fundamental laws of mind. In all such instances of genius as illustrated by Michael Angelo, Newton, La Place, Currier, Agassiz, Napoleon and others—in each case it proceeded from and was the result of a complete mastery of the principles and details of their respective fields of operation, wherein each so immortalized himself. And similar instances could easily be extended.

Something besides genius is necessary to account for the scholarship, the mastery of law, literature, languages and civilizations that the plays exhibit. These could only have been acquired by study. Such acquisition is never born of itself.

Our butcher's apprentice, however honorable the occupation, was no legitimate brother of Minerva. Universal knowledge and wisdom come not by magic, yet these must accompany any claim to genius in order to supply the necessary material for the Shakspearean dramas. The assimilation of all past book-lore is not the result of any freak of the mind. A familiarity with Sophocles, Euripides, Lucian, Ovid, with Horace, Virgil, Lucretius, Seneca, Plautus, and other Greek and Latin authors—with their untranslated as well as translated works—these come not from mere "genius," whatever colossal claims are made for it.

While "inspiration" is natural to man, the world's history has no authentic record of any son of man three hundred years ago as being its recipient to that extent that the world's intellect, never before or since, has equalled it.

Thus the thinking world is rapidly disabusing

itself of the supposition that from the unenviable Stratford villager, whose squalid youth and low surroundings, whose restricted opportunities and ignoble life—amid conditions not easily realized in these days—there ever proceeded that series of wondrous plays, "from which," says Whalley, "were all the arts and sciences lost, they might be recovered."

Candid investigators, who are not given to hero-worship, who have no idols to serve, and whose dominant desire is to know the truth, are coming to the conclusion that from no seed planted in such poverty of soil could there be gathered such a harvest of ripened grain where-with to feed the children of men through all coming time.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 20, 1895.

## THE SPIRITUAL BODY REAL.

BY GILES B. STEPHENS.

To see this great matter most clearly one must quote and comment on so much of I. Cor. xv., as gives Paul's convictions. After narrating vividly the reappearance of Jesus, after his crucifixion, he says: "But, if there be no resurrection from the dead, then is Christ not risen; . . . then is our preaching vain, and your faith is vain?"

How could Christ or any human being rise from the dead? This he answers as follows: "But some man will say, How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, unless it die. And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body which shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat or of some other grain. But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed its own body."

How perfect the illustration! There is no visible promise or aspect of life in the decayed and disorganized grain just before it germinates, yet then is the hour when it is most full of promise and potency of a higher life. Now it follows his great statement, made in no hesitating way, but with positive strength and triumphant assurance: "There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial, but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon and another glory of the stars; but one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body. . . . For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. . . . Then shall be brought to pass that saying which is written, Death is swallowed up in victory."

Clear and explicit is the statement of a spiritual body, which is not to be, but which is; and of what we call death as the sowing or disintegration and decay of the natural (or material) body, and the uprising from it of the spiritual body—"the image of the heavenly," the ethereal form fitted for the finer service of the life beyond.

The spiritual body is a reality—invisible, usually, to our poor outer eyes, but perfect long after our physical forms have turned to dust.

Prof. Knight, a thoughtful writer, represents the views of others in our time when he says: "The spirit strikes from a ghostly or disembodied state as its perpetual destiny. . . . but how to find a body, how to incarnate itself, or even to conceive the process by which it could be reborn anew, remains a puzzle."

We cannot be disembodied, but are "robbed anew" at the hour when the fleshly garment is cast aside; and we cannot lose our personal identity and continue in existence. Tertullian, a father in the church, centuries ago said: "The soul has the human form the same as its body, only it is delicate, clear and ethereal." John Wesley said: "The soul (as Paul calls the spiritual body) seems to be the immediate clothing of the spirit, never separated from it either in life or death; nor affected by the death of the body, but it envelops the separate, as it did the embodied spirit." The late Prof. Benjamin Peirce of Harvard University, not only an eminent mathematician but a clear spiritual thinker, gave a course of Lowell Institute lectures in Boston in the winter of 1878-'79, in which he said: "The body is needed to hold souls apart, and preserve their independence, as well as for conversation and mutual sympathy. Body and soul are essential to man's true existence. Without them he must, in accordance with the Chinese theology, be instantly absorbed in the Infinite Spirit. In this case, creation would be a false and unmeaning tragedy. The soul which leaves this earthly form still requires incorporation. The grandest philosopher who has ever speculated on this theme has told us, in his sublime Epistle, that there are celestial bodies as well as bodies terrestrial. . . . Can we fear lest the substance of the celestial bodies will be less adapted to the soul which they are to clothe? Is it not a fair and just inference that such body will be nicely fitted to its soul, as if organized and crystallized under the controlling influence from within?"

After eloquently portraying the great advances in art and science and intellectual culture and invention which will be made by the denizens of the heavenly realms—spirits served by celestial bodies—he says: "Such is the glory of the intellectual future life naturally suggested by Christian philosophy. It is the natural and reasonable expansion of the ideal development which began with the nebular theory. Judge the tree by its fruits. Is this magnificent display of ideality a human delusion, or is it a divine record? The heavens and the earth have spoken to declare the glory of God. It is not a tale told by an idiot, signifying nothing. It is the poem of an infinite imagination, signifying immortality."

Paul had trances or visions, making his views more vivid. He speaks of a man whom he knew as sometimes "whether in or out of the body, I cannot tell; God knoweth." But these psychical experiences are now being seen as natural yet wonderful results of our inner faculties, which sweep out far beyond the range of our external senses. He states the matter more fully than his commentators; for he makes the process of building up the spiritual body daily and constant within us.

To clairvoyance we must look for descriptions of the release of the celestial form when we are born into a higher life which best verify and agree with the Pauline view. One such description must suffice. Myra Carpenter, a woman of character and capacity, writes as follows:

"My mother and I had often talked of death and immortality. She frequently magnetized me when she was in health, and I was in the clairvoyant state by her assistance when the spiritual sight was first given me. I acquired the power of putting myself in that state without the assistance of an operator. She had often requested that I would, at the time of her decease, put myself in that state and carefully notice the departure of the spirit from the body."

Her failing health admonished her that her end for this life was near; but she viewed it with calmness, for her thoughts were full of the life to come, and her hopes placed on her Father in heaven. Death had no terrors for her. When she felt its approach she sent for me, as I was absent, and corresponded. Grief and remained constantly with her until she left us for a better home. Her last words were addressed to me.

Perceiving that she was dying, I seated myself in the room and saw soon in a state of spiritual clairvoyance. With the opening of my inner sight the painful scene of a mother's death was changed to a vision of glory. Beautiful angelic spirits were present watching over her. Their faces were radiant with bliss, and their robes were like transparent snow. I could feel them as material, and yet they gave me a sensation which I can only describe as like that of compressed air. These heavenly attendants stood at head and feet, while others seemed to be hovering over her form. They did not appear with wings, but in the perfect human form. Pure and full of life as they seemed, it was sweet to look at them as they watched the change taking place in my mother.

I turned my attention more to her, and saw the repeated and sterling thing cannot be too often repeated and emphasized. We copy this essay from the columns of THE BANNER as a sort of condensation and representation by our friend and correspondent, GILES B. STEPHENS, of what he has before expressed in THE BANNER—ED. B. OF L.]

physical senses leave her. First, the power of sight departed, and a veil seemed to drop over her eyes. Then hearing and the sense of feeling ceased. The spirit began to rise, as the limbs, as she said, "the light that filled each part in every three drops up toward the chest. As fast as this took place the veil seemed to drop over the part from whence the spiritual life was removed. A ball of light was gathered just above her head, and this continued to increase so until the spirit was conscious with the body. The light left the brain last, and then the silver cord (connecting it) was loosed. The luminous appearance soon began to assume the human form, and I could see my mother again. But, oh! how changed. She was bright and glorious—arrayed in robes of dazzling whiteness, free from disease, pain and death. She seemed to be welcomed by the attendant spirits with the joy of a mother over the birth of a child. She paid no attention to me or to any earthly object, but joined her companions, and they seemed to go through the air. I tried to follow them in the spirit, for I longed to be with my mother. I saw them ascend until they seemed to pass through an open space, when a mist came over my eyes and I saw no more. I returned and soon awoke, but not to sorrow, as those who have no hope.

This visit, so far more beautiful than language can express, remained stamped on my memory. It is an unshakable comfort to me in my bereavement."

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the preface to his book on "Visions," tells how once when watching by a deathbed the impression was conveyed to him that "something" had escaped from the body into space. A sensible and accomplished woman wrote me years ago of the peaceful transition of her husband, and told how the two daughters, standing at the foot of the bed, "saw the face illuminated, a white light from within fading slowly away." With sympathy and attention concentrated, these persons were partly clairvoyant, and saw in perfectly what Miss Carpenter saw more clearly.

In these days of psychical science, when Prof. F. W. H. Myers, an eminent London scientist, says he wishes the past few years' discoveries have been made "which must gradually revolutionize our whole attitude toward the question of an unseen world, and our present and future existence therein," clairvoyance is being better known as a fine and far-seeing inner sight. When clothed in celestial forms, with the finer senses opened, we may all be clairvoyant. Critics hardly question the authenticity of this Pauline Epistle, and no blundering copyist or knavish interpolator could have framed its splendid argument.

Recognizing the utmost spirit—undying, primal and creative—and its intuitive immortal hope, it sets forth the coexistence of the two bodies—the "inner man renewed day by day"—in this earthly life; their separation at physical death, and the truth that both here and hereafter the spirit must be clothed upon and served by a fit body—this being the divine and natural process and method of human existence.

To die or to lose our personality is impossible.

How simple, yet how sublime! To Paul, and to a royal line of sane and illumined thinkers, all this was as real and more lasting than the solid earth on which we stand. To awaken a deep conviction of these realities in the minds and hearts of the people is the work for which this age is ripe.

Then shall come the Eden days, Guardian watch from seraph eyes, Angels on the slanting rays, Voices from the opening skies.

Spiritualism gives the only key to rational and intuitive interpretation. For thousands of years this earth revolved on its axis and swept around its vast orbit amid millions of stars and suns, while its poor human dwellers thought it a plain seat in the center, with one sun and a few stars moving around it for their sole service. But at last a great truth burst upon them, giving a larger horizon to thought and life. They learned that this little ball was but one of millions of stars and suns.

So will these "things of the spirit" come to light, uplifting and enlarging our thought and life. Who so fit to help the coming of this light as the growing company, free and reverent, who have no finality in religion or science? For these to discover truth is joy, to accept and proclaim it is life, to reject or ignore it is death.

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.

## Passed to Spirit-Life.

From the home of her daughter, Mrs. Alice E. Leeds, Cleveland, O., on the morning of the 16th ult., MARY E. KNOWLE.

For nearly seventy-six years this dear pilgrim traveled the earthly valleys, and though we are sorrowful when we realize that we have looked upon her mortal face for the last time, we rejoice that at last the worn-out body has found rest, and that in spirit she has reached "The highlands." She was a staunch Spiritualist, and in my early days was in part my inspirer and helper. From the time that I first entered the field as a public worker, my mother was my confidential friend. I am sure I would have been guided by the wayside many a time had it not been for my mother's encouragement and helpfulness.

In all the funeral arrangements our customs were ignored. There was no crying in the house or in the church. The services were conducted by Thomas Lees, who for many years has been a personal friend of the family. His address was supplemented by remarks from Dr. R. E. Stanley, who is a personal friend of my mother's in Fort Worth, Texas. The remains were carried from the house by my brother-in-law, Mr. Leeds, our son, and relatives of my brother-in-law. They were interred in Woodland Cemetery. We know that our mother lives, and "will welcome us home to-morrow."

MATTIE E. HULL.

From near Madison, O., Sunday, Aug. 28, MOSES W. BAILEY.

He was born in Crawford Co., Pa., in 1823, where the years of his infancy and early youth were passed in comparative obscurity. In his early manhood he became a resident of Ohio, and since that time his interest has centered in this State.

For nearly forty years he has been a Spiritualist, strong and true, and his spiritual strength shined out as his deathly years came on, but seemed to grow brighter till the change came. He has always supported the spiritual and liberal press to the utmost capacity of his limited means.

Four years ago the mother was called up higher, and now the second summons has taken the last parent from out this home.

Our children—one son and three daughters—are left in this darkened home; but the light streams down from above, and they mourn not as those who sit in darkness. I. B.

From his home in Orange, Mass., Sept. 7, THOMAS IDDY, aged 79 years 11 months and 5 days.

Mr. Iddy was born and spent nearly all his days in Orange, to which place he was warmly attached. Of Quaker parents, he seemed to inherit the love for simple ways of living and rigid regard for truth and honesty which characterized the early adherents of their faith. He preached those virtues by living in accordance with them.

He read THE BANNER, of which he has been a subscriber for the past eighteen years, with ever-increasing interest. Rev. R. S. BARKER, of New York, L. A. Sweet, of Athol, spoke comforting words at the funeral service.

S. A. D.

[Obituary Notices not over twenty lines in length are published gratuitously. For exceeding that number, ten cents per line for each additional line will be charged. Ten words on an average make a line. No poetry admitted under the above heading.]

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## WHICH SHALL GO FIRST?

Which of us, darling, shall know some day  
The pain of the parting hour,  
When one shall go, and the other stay,  
Compelled by Death's dread power?  
We know not to which the summons will come,  
Nor which will be left alone,  
Looming for living hands to clasp,  
And lips to meet our own.

How could I linger if you should go?  
How the days would lengthen and wait,  
And the time pass weary and dreary and slow  
With its burthen, early and late!  
Could I ever forget? would some moments bring  
A lethean draught to me,  
To lighten or deaden the terrible sting  
Of my loss and misery.

How I'd long for the gentle, caressing touch  
Of your fingers over my hair;  
Of the loving tone and tenderness  
That help me all trials to bear.  
Oh! I'd pray for the terror of parting to pass,  
And for Death first to call upon me,  
But I cannot wish, darling, that I should go  
And leave all the sorrow for thee.

But when one goes, if the other knows  
That the gates have shut them in,  
Safe from the sorrow that waits for those  
Who die in the tolls of sin;  
And the other is treading the narrow path  
That leads to the beautiful Gate,  
They can tell and struggle and live on still,  
And so I hope and wait.

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## Onset Harvest Moon.

The annual observance of the "Harvest Moon" season took place at Onset, Mass., on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 28 and 29. The exercises were varied and interesting; they were carried out by a General Committee of which Mrs. Elvira S. Loring, of Fitchburg, Mass., was the chairman, in conference with Mr. J. Q. A. Whittemore, Chairman of the Onset Bay Camp-meeting Association Committee.

The Entertainment Committee connected with the Festival, consisted of Mrs. Dr. King and Mrs. Dr. Tripp, with Mrs. E. S. Loring, Chairman; the Committee on Decoration consisted of Messrs. A. B. Wyburd, W. H. Whitwell, —Marsh and Dr. Proctor; Messdames Dr. Wyman, Dr. Sturtevant, Dr. Proctor, Dr. Farnsworth, Marsh, Allen, Humphrey, Whitwell, Campbell, who also acted as floor manager at the dance on Saturday evening, and Miss Ames.

The results of the Decoration Committee's labors were apparent on the first glance at the hall and platform. The front of the stage was covered with green bouquets; along the edge ran a motto, made of red and yellow autumn flowers stilted upon letters, making up a white ground the legend "Harvest Festival." On the right of the stage, as viewed by the visitor, was displayed a floral boat (made by Mr. Whitwell, of fence wire), the interior of which were filled with green leaves; the boat was loaded to the gunwales with autumn grains and fruitage—melons, grapes, peaches, etc.; it had in its bow a large fish-bowl mounted in the act of uprising, and in its stern a cluster of corn—these being arranged by Mrs. Loring and her assistants.

The lectures of Dr. H. F. Gardner, Ed. S. Wheeler, I. P. Greenleaf, William White, and the mother of Chas. W. Sullivan, were prominently displayed; the hall was decorated by a display of the flags of all nations furnished by Mr. Macy (who also contributed an immense stuffed owl).

On Saturday afternoon a mediums' meeting was held at the Temple, the participants being seated in a large hollow square. Mrs. Carrie F. Loring (of East Braintree), Charles W. Sullivan, H. B. Storer, Nettie Holt-Harding, Mr. Goodspeed, Dr. Tripp, Amanda A. Cates, Mrs. S. Dick, Dr. Fuller, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Chandler, and Dr. Sturtevant (of Fitchburg) took part interestingly. Mrs. Thompson gave a memorial poem at the opening; Mr. Goodspeed, who has lived a long time among the Indians, made interesting remarks and sang the "Long Song," or harvest song, of the Red Men. Floral tributes were presented in memory of Mrs. Farnsworth and Miss E. King.

In the evening the exercises consisted of an entertainment till 9 o'clock, and a well-attended social dancing party till a late hour. Prof. Louis S. Poole and his orchestra furnished the music for dancing, and during the evening the Concordia Male Quartet of Brockton sang; solos were rendered by Messrs. Poole (violin) and S. J. Smith (duet); chorale readings and songs were given by Miss Alice Sinclair, whose appeal for the homeless non-ehold cat, abandoned in the face of the cruel winter, were irresistible and ought to touch all sympathetic hearts (even though made up under the guise of pleasantry); Charles W. Sullivan gave well-appreciated readings; Mr. Russell sang effectively "The Skippers of St. Ives," and Mrs. Carrie F. Loring read a selection previous to the dancing.

The decorations on the platform came in for a careful examination during the noon interval. Among the curious things visible was a large squash (which surrounded a pyramid of the autumn fruit), which, by the well-known method of "scratching" it during the growing period, had been made to present a raised letter upon its rind. "Harvest Moon Festival, Onset, Mass." contributed by E. A. Frost; a beet weighing twenty-one pounds, raised on the S. M. Wells farm by S. Grant; vegetables by Dr. Tripp, and many others; and fruit from Capt. Ben Gibbs and N. U. Lyon; one large American flag above the platform was dedicated to the control of Mrs. P. B. Russell, who has written a history; it was originally bought to serve as a winding sheet for Mr. Frank Page, who had been brought home from the army to die, it was thought, but on going to Onset its beautiful and beautiful air restored him to such an extent that he gave up "going out," and continues to-day at Onset in connection with the express "P. B. Russell's Star" bound the two twins at the top, by Mrs. J. Q. A. Whittemore, the "Ladder of Progression" was by Mrs. Dr. Sturtevant; a bow and arrow and a green leaf (Greenleaf) were contributed by Mrs. E. S. Loring, and an anchor in green by Mrs. Whitwell.

Sunday Morning, at a brief concert by Poole's Orchestra, Mrs. P. B. Russell, accompanied by H. B. Storer (still known to all by the title of "Ductor," which he has, however, formally disowned) called the meeting to order, and introduced of the Concordia Quartet of Brockton, who members joined harmoniously in the choir "Arise and Shine."

Amanda Cates pronounced an invocation: Carrie F. Loring of East Braintree read "Blessed Prayer" (poem); Herbert Packard sang, and H. B. Storer, entranced by an Arabian J. B. Storer, who has become a historic one with him, delivered a deeply interesting address.

The theme of his remarks was: "He hath made of one blood all nations of the earth," and the eloquent words that followed were in unison with it. The Indians, and all races, ancient and modern, were of one blood, no matter what their special institutions or what came they gave to the ruling intelligence which they left to be superior to themselves. The great lesson of the hour is that you must not control men for your own ends to their loss.

He referred to the fact that civilization had brought among the primeval inhabitants of this continent, and the wrongs that had been dealt out to them by the whites, and a point-out the spirit Indians to-day, who were working in the world for the benefit of those, or their descendants, who had so despitely used their people. He addressed this as proof that the credit of a white man cannot long stand on its own when he has entered spirit-life.

The art purpose of the sorrow of the human race on earth was to bring mankind to a conception of this unity of blood among all peoples, and it would continue till harmony reigned, and cruel selfishness was banished from the earth.

At the conclusion of Mr. Storer's remarks the Concordia Quartet sang "Sweet and Low," by Tronson, in a beautiful manner. Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding then followed with remarks and tests of great power and accuracy. This young lady is already a strong tower of defense as a platform test medium; she gave a score or more of practical evidences of spirit presence which were received in their clearness—often highly dramatic in their statement, and were enthusiastically cheered by the audience. This was Mrs. Harding's first visit to Onset.

The Concordia Quartet sang "We Shall Meet Beyond the River," after which the meeting adjourned for dinner.

Sunday Afternoon.—Poole's Orchestra preceded the exercises with a concert till 2:30, when a song by the Concordia Quartet opened the services. "Nettie Holt-Harding gave the invocation, after which Mrs. Carrie F. Loring of East Braintree made an address eminently appropriate to the harvest time, and the meaning and aims of the present convocation of spirit presence which were received in their clearness—often highly dramatic in their statement, and were enthusiastically cheered by the audience. This was Mrs. Harding's first visit to Onset.

The Concordia Quartet sang "We Shall Meet Beyond the River," after which the meeting adjourned for dinner.

to her vision they owed escape from much inhumanity and sorrow. She referred to L. J. O'Brien, who was in the past life a vision of Spirit Indians present, and concluded with remarks descriptive of the demonstrations, etc., after which she gave several recognized tests.

After a song by the quartet, "The Vacant Chair," Mrs. M. A. Chandler of Boston proceeded to give a number of tests that were surprising in character and conclusive in result; the details given were recognized in several instances; among the spirits present she saw Luther Colby, who sent in a characteristic manner kind remembrances to the writer, the inner meaning of which was potent to him.

Mr. Russell sang, and the quartet joined in "Let the Lower Lights be Burning," after which Charles W. Sullivan (of Boston) gave in his old-time manner a fine reading, and at the call of the audience made personal remarks bearing on the harmony shown between the two associations and the Wikam co-workers, the present occasion of the societies doing what might be to ensure the success of the festival. The meeting closed with a selection from the Concordia Quartet.

Sunday Evening.—Miss Alice M. Thorne of Marblehead recited in an impressive manner a selection entitled "Destiny," whose moral lessons, reinforced by the earnest voice of the speaker, must have sank deep into the hearts of all listeners.

Mr. Goodspeed, who had been long among the Indians, gave an excellent tribute to the race—whose motto seemed to be "Do your duty" in every event of life. He held that they were peaceful by nature—unless stirred by injustice; they instinctively clung to the idea of communion with their fathers who had gone before them to the land of the Great Spirit. He added much to the interest of the occasion by repeating by request the "Long Song," a song of harvest, which he had rendered on Saturday afternoon—the peculiar Indian dialect and the alternate liquid and expressive expressions being a beautiful and Translated broadly, the song (a very brief one, as he stated old Indian songs were) ran:

"To the Great Spirit we sing  
He's the King of the Sun  
That gives us the light and the heat  
And the waters that run."

Mrs. Thompson followed with eloquent remarks, and reminded those present that when Onset was most deserted to the winter, the "stop-over" was carried on the work, and the Children's Lyceum was maintained.

Nettie Holt-Harding then gave another installment of her wonderful and striking tests—recognized in all instances—the guide making the point to an investigating inquirer, that she did not get the names through personal nearest to the subject, but was told them by the individual spirits themselves.

The Quartet rendered "Of in the Still Night," in a manner which demonstrated their high powers in the execution of sympathetic melodies, after which Mrs. S. Dick made an extended address. The old systems of religious thought, she said, became us to spiritual place to which materialism conducted us, a. e. the brink of the grave, but could not give us any surety of the future, no matter how they might make demands upon our faith. This great want was supplied by Modern Spiritualism, which gave indubitable evidence of the continuity of life for humanity beyond the change of death. She closed with a poem descriptive of the fruits and flowers displayed around her on the rostrum.

Mrs. M. A. Chandler urged all present to remember the old aphorism: "In due time ye shall reap, if ye faint not," and trusted that the spiritual work would go on, and that the success of this Harvest Festival would be duplicated in the future.

The meeting, with it the festival, then closed by a few kind words from H. B. Storer and a song from the Concordia Quartet.

All on the ground gave hearty witness to the harmony of feeling, the marked success and the intellectual and spiritual pleasure characterizing the Harvest Moon Festival of '95, which has now become a memory.

The writer was pleased to meet at the Bay many old friends, including H. B. Storer, F. L. Union (proprietor of Union Villa) and others.

Among the visitors at the grounds was P. A. Thorne, a remarkably successful manager of the "Harvest Festival," Mass., (49 Prospect street) who, with his talented daughter, Miss Alice M. Thorne—evidently enjoyed the meetings highly.

The Weymouth Co-workers through all these services proved themselves the friends of the enterprise, and the decorations of the Temple, as far as it is possible, will remain in the places for the future.

Her friends were given out from the platform frequently that "The Indian Harvest Moon Festival," annual supper and dance, would be given by the Onset Co-workers, at the Temple Saturday evening, Oct. 6—music by Smith's Orchestra." On Friday and Sunday meetings were also announced to be held at the Weymouth, by Mrs. Weston's Society.

J. W. D.

## MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

**Boston Spiritual Temple**, at Berkeley Hall, Old Fellows Building, 4 Berkeley street.—Sundays at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Speaker for October, Prof. A. E. Tisdale, W. H. Banks, President, 49 Sydney street, Secretary, 14 Sydney street, Savin Hill.

**The Helping Hand Society** meets Wednesdays in Gould Hall, 31 Boylston Place. Business meeting at 7:30; supper at 8; social in the evening.

**Boston Spiritual Union**, at Berkeley Hall, Berkeley street, every Sunday afternoon at 1:30 sharp. All are invited. Bring the children. J. Browne Hatch, Jr., Conductor. Irving Pratt, Secy.

**First Spiritual Temple, Exeter and Newbury** 95 weeks.—Spiritual Fraternity Society Sundays, meetings for children and investigators at 11 A. M. Lectures at 2:30 and 7 P. M. Speaker for October and November, Walter Howard, Wednesday evenings at 7:30; Sunday School, 10:30.

**Veteran Spiritualists' Union** will meet the first Wednesday of each month at Gould Hall, No. 31 Boylston Place, at 7 P. M. H. B. Storer, President, 49 Shawmut Avenue.

**Children's Progressive Lyceum** meets every Sunday morning in Red Men's Hall, 64 Tremont street, at 10 A. All welcome. Charles T. Wood, Conductor.

**The Ladies' Lyceum** meets every Wednesday. Business meeting at 4 P. M. Supper at 5. Entertainment in the evening.

**First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society**, 21 Tremont street, meets every Friday. Business meeting at 4 P. M.; supper at 6 o'clock. Tests and readings at 7 P. M. A public circle will be held on the last Friday of each month at 3 P. M. Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch (74 Sydney street, Dorchester), Secretary.

**Exeter Hall, 694 Washington Street**, corner of Kneeland.—Spiritual meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. (7 P. M. meeting in Commercial Hall) Thursday at 7 P. M. Mrs. E. C. Cunningham, Secretary.

**Exeter Hall, 694 Washington Street**. Meetings are held every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.; Tuesday and Thursday at 7 P. M. at 7 P. M. in auto-room; Friday at 7 P. M. and Saturday 7 P. M. W. L. Lathrop, Conductor.

**America Hall, 784 Washington Street**. Meetings on Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Good mediums, the music. Eben Cobb, Conductor.

**Harmony Hall, 784 Washington Street**, one flight.—Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Tuesday and Thursday, circle and meetings at No. 616 Tremont street, Wednesdays and Saturdays, 8 P. M. Friday, 8 P. M. Seating capacity, 100 persons. S. H. Nelke, Conductor.

**Alpha Hall, 18 Essex Street**.—Society of Ethical and Spiritual Culture (Blue Spiritualists). Meetings Sunday, 11:30-7:30; Tuesday, 10:00-12:00; Conference meeting Saturday, 2:30 o'clock. Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, Pres.

**Holla Hall, 789 Washington Street**. Meetings on Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. J. Milton White, Conductor.

**Hawatha Hall, 841 Tremont Street**.—United Spiritualists of America (Incorporated). Sundays, at 7 P. M. and 7 P. M. Mary C. Weston, President.

**Friendship Hall, 12 Kneeland Street**.—Circles are held every Sunday at 10 A. M.; meetings at 7 P. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. Bruce, Conductor; W. B. Amerige, Assistant Conductor.

**Elysian Hall**.—"L. S." writes: The meetings of the Elysian Society of Spiritual Progress, W. L. Lathrop, President, manifested increasing interest in spiritual work during the past week. All our meetings were held as appointed. The mediums assisting were: Mrs. Hutchins, Mr. Redding, Dr. White, Dr. Davis, Mrs. Hatch, Mr. Hervey, Mr. Iuel, Mrs. Gilliland, Dr. Quimby, Mr. Lathrop and others.

Sunday was a delightful day in our work at the morning circle, and the two afternoon circles were very successful. Fine tests were given by the following mediums: Dr. P. H. West, Mrs. Hatch, Dr. Davis, Dr. Quimby, Mrs. Hutchins, Mrs. Gilliland, Mr. Iuel and Mr. Lathrop. A young lady controlled by a Greek girl, "Phinog," gave a beautiful extemporized song. Spirit Dr. Wilson gave a fine address.

At the conclusion of the afternoon only, Mr. A. J. Sweeney, Oct. 6, in the afternoon only, Mr. A. J. Sweeney, who is engaged at Berkeley Hall for the month, will sing for us, and also at our meetings during the following week. Mr. Maxham has made many friends by his delightful singing.

**Regie Hall**.—Hartwell writes: Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 25, Mrs. J. Fredericks, Mrs. M. Callahan, Mrs. F. E. Bird, Mrs. Ott, Mrs. E. C. Cunningham, Mrs. Dowland of Lynn, I. W. Chase, Mr. Hilling and E. H. Tuttle gave excellent remarks, tests and readings; musical selections, Mrs. N. Carlton and H. C. Grimes.

Sunday, Sept. 29, the three sessions were well attended. Mrs. M. F. Wheeler, Mrs. J. E. Woods, Mrs. C. Bishop, Mrs. Osmond, Mrs. C. Pratt, Mrs. S. E. Locke, Mrs. I. E. Dowling, Mrs. E. H. Clarke, Mrs. N. Carlton, Autumn Leaf, Miss S. A. S. G. Thayer, Mr. Hilling, C. W. Quimby and E. H. Tuttle gave satisfactory remarks, tests and readings; inspirational poems, Mrs. Dowling, Mrs. Hutchins, Mrs. Iuel and Mr. Tuttle; remarks by Mr. Hilling and D. H. Hill, Mr. Tuttle answered mental questions satisfactorily; musical selections, Mrs. C. Bishop and H. C. Grimes. Do not forget our friend, the BANNER OF LIGHT, for sale each session.

**Alpha Hall—Society of Ethical and Spiritual Culture**.—"Progress" writes: The class for the development of spiritual gifts was well attended Monday evening, 23d ult. Although the heat was very oppressive,

## Dyspepsia

And distress after eating are cured by the tonic, appetizing, blood purifying effects

Sarsaparilla of Hood's pills. Read this:

"I am happy to write a few words about the good Hood's Sarsaparilla has done me. I was troubled with dyspepsia. My food distressed me and I had dizzy spells and a dull, heavy feeling in my head. Since using several bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla my food no longer distresses me at all and my head has been relieved from all dizzy spells. I gladly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla for any troubled as I was."

HOMER J. CLEVELAND, Roxbury, Vt.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Is the only True Blood Purifier prominently in the public eye. By feeding all the nerves, tissues and organs on pure blood it gives perfect health. \$1; six for \$5.

**Hood's Pills** cure all liver ills, biliousness, indigestion, etc.

there was a great manifestation of spirit power. Friends can join the class any Monday evening before 8 o'clock. Tuesday afternoon the first meeting of the kind for the season of the week-day meetings was very harmonious. Good music by Mrs. Carlson, and tests by Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Butlerman, Mrs. Parnell and Miss Wheeler.

The first conference meeting was held Saturday afternoon. Many of the old friends were present. Remarks by Mrs. Wilkinson, Mrs. Trepp, Mrs. Bishop, Mr. Charles Day, Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. Stewart, Mr. Weston, Mr. Loterdige, Warren Chase, Mrs. Elkut and others.

Sunday, a good circle at 11 o'clock. At 2:30, Mrs. Wilkinson gave the opening address, and gave a description of many spirits. She was followed by Mrs. Clark in readings. At 7:30 song service, led by Mrs. Carlson. Reading of the Scriptures and prayer, Miss Brehm; tests, Mrs. Knowles, Mrs. Bell, Mrs. I. E. Downing, Mrs. Nutter and Mrs. Wilkinson. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at each session.

**Bathone Hall**.—N. P. S. writes: Thursday, Sept. 28, 2:45 P. M., Mr. J. Milton White presided. Miss Annie Hanson, Mrs. Parnell, Mr. J. Hilling, Mrs. E. R. Brown, Miss Webster, gave tests and psychometric delineations. Singing by Mrs. W. T. Works and Mrs. Mary F. Lovelace.

2:30 P. M. Sunday morning meeting, 10:45. Miss Webster gave short lecture, followed by tests; Mr. J. Milton White and Mrs. G. Hilland assisting. 2:30 P. M. Mrs. J. M. White presided. Mrs. E. R. Brown, Miss Webster, Mrs. A. Woodbury, N. P. Smith, Mr. J. M. White, participated in remarks, tests and readings.

7:30 P. M., Father Quint and Mr. L. W. Baxter, short address. Mrs. E. R. Brown, Miss Katie Butler, Miss A. Woodbury, Mr. J. W. White, Miss Annie Hanson, Mrs. A. Gilliland, N. P. Smith, tests and readings. Singing, Mr. L. W. Baxter, pianist, Miss Katie Butler.

**Harmony Hall**.—James S. Higgins writes: The Tuesday circle was very large, the power grand and the result good. Wednesday's meeting very largely attended; address, "Justice," by Mr. Nelke, fine; tests all recognized.

Sunday's circle, the largest of the year; five mediums were developed.

2:30 and 7:30 meetings were well patronized. Mr. Newman took out subjects given by the audience. "Inspiration" and "The Power of Spirit in Regard to Assistance and Reimbursement." The applause by the audience proved the satisfaction of all present. Tests given were fine, and all recognized by the audience. Those who assisted Mr. Nelke were: Mr. L. H. Hatch of Fitchburg, N. H.; Mrs. A. A. Woods; Mrs. Collins; Mr. W. B. Wood; Mr. Hervey.

The music was fine; Miss S. B. Lamb, the vocalist and pianist.

The BANNER OF LIGHT finds more readers every Sunday. For sale at the hall, and Mr. Nelke's, 616 Tremont street.

**The Boston Spiritual Temple**.—J. B. Hatch, Jr., Secy., writes—will open its meetings for the season of 1895 and '96 in Berkeley Hall, Sunday, Oct. 6, morning and evening.

Prof. A. E. Tisdale will be the speaker, followed with delineations through the mediumship of Mrs. May S. Pepper. Music for the month will be furnished by J. S. Haxham. Let us have a grand opening day.

The BANNER OF LIGHT is sold at these meetings.

A New Lyceum has been established in Boston, to meet in Berkeley Hall, 4 Berkeley street, every Sunday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock.

The Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity are invited to send their children.

The idea of meeting in the afternoon was adopted, that we might not interfere with other schools and meetings held in our city.

We urge all Spiritualists to pay our Lyceum a visit, and to bring the children. All are welcome. Remember the time, 1:30 P. M. Oct. 6 is our opening Sunday.

**America Hall**.—A correspondent writes: Our circle was filled to overflowing on Sunday morning last, and the flow of spirit power in test, speech and song made the occasion one of rare interest.

Two large audiences gathered both afternoon and evening. They were entertained and instructed by the following well-known talent: Eben Cobb, Dr. C. Huot, Mrs. B. Robertson, Mrs. A. Forrester, Mrs. A. Howe, Mrs. A. Waterhouse, David Brown, Mrs. E. Downing, Mrs. A. P. Kenna, Mrs. S. G. Cunningham, Mrs. E. J. Peak, Mrs. E. J. Peak, Mrs. A. M. Ott, Mrs. M. K. Young, Mrs. Thomas, Father Locke, Mr. W. Hardy, Mr. F. Darrell. Music by Prof. Peak, Mrs. Peak, Mrs. Cunningham and Mr. Huxley. BANNER OF LIGHT on sale at the hall.

**The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society**, 241 Tremont street—Carrie L. Hatch writes—meets every Friday.

Business meeting at 4 P. M., supper at 6 o'clock; tests and speaking in the evening.

A public circle will be held on the last Friday of each month at 3 P. M. Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch, (74 Sydney street, Dorchester,) Secretary.

**First Spiritual Temple, Newbury and Exeter Streets**.—A. H. Sherman, Secy., writes: At 11 A. M. séance for full-form materialization through the mediumship of Mrs. C. B. Bliss.

At 2:45 and 7:30 P. M. lecture through the mediumship of Mr. Walter Howell.

Reserved seats for children at the 11 A. M. séance.

**Red Men's Hall**.—An attendant writes: Mrs. Magie Waite had a large audience Sunday evening, with great success. Her tests were many and remarkable, skeptics being particularly favored. Another séance will be held next Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, sending the brain pure blood, makes sound both mind and body.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

**Dr. F. L. H. Willis** may be addressed at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Jan. 5.

**John Wm. Fletcher**, No. 1554 Broadway, New York City, agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and all Spiritual and Occult Literature. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

**J. J. Morse**, 28 Osnaburgh street, Euston Road, London, N. W., is agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of Colby & Rich.

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

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

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Astrology,  
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And kindred subjects.

Being desirous of largely extending the circulation of the **Banner of Light**, the publishers of that paper have decided to make the following offer for a limited time:

We offer to any subscriber who is now receiving the **Banner of Light**, for every new yearly subscriber which he or she will secure and send us, accompanied by the full year subscription price, \$2.50, the privilege of selecting any books or pamphlets from among those advertised by us, either in **The Banner** or our Catalogues, to the amount of \$1.25—one-half the price of the subscription; and for every new six months' subscriber whose name they will send, accompanied by \$1.25, we will allow them to select books or pamphlets to the amount of 60 cents.

We prefer to supply these books or pamphlets at the time the names are sent in, but if any of our subscribers desire to wait until they have secured a number of new names before making their selections, they can send us the names and addresses as fast as they obtain the subscribers, and we will give them orders for the amount of books to which they are entitled, good for any time within three months of the date of the order.

Our patrons will please notice that the above offer is NOT in the nature of a premium to new subscribers, BUT AN INDUCEMENT TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS FOR SECURING NEW ONES.

Any new subscriber to **The Banner**, upon receiving the first copy of the paper, becomes at once fully entitled to receive the benefits which we offer above for any new subscribers which he or she can secure for the paper.

This is a grand opportunity, never before offered, of securing absolutely your own choice of books or pamphlets without making any cash expenditure, and should be eagerly taken advantage of.

**DEA J. DAVIS' WILD CUCUMBER PILLS**  
TRADE MARK

Cure headache, constipation, biliousness, sleep up a weak and disordered stomach, and regulate the liver and bowels. Price 25 cents per box. Five boxes \$1.25. Send name for pamphlet and sample of pills to J. WEBSTER & CO., 83 North Avenue, Boston, Mass. Oct. 5.

**J. N. M. Clough and W. C. Tallman,**  
NATURAL ELECTRIC AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIANS.  
(SPECIALISTS.)  
Diseases of Lungs, Eyes, Brain and Nerves. Of No. 141 West Newton street, Boston. Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Will visit patients. 13w\* Oct. 5.

**Julia Sargent,**  
MAGNETIC HEALER, 43 Palmer street, Boston. Take Washington street car. 1w\* Oct. 5.

**Mrs. M. A. Cridley,**  
PSYCHOMETRIC and PROPHETIC Clairvoyant, Continental Hotel, corner 20th street and Broadway, New York, will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals. Oct. 5.

**DR. C. W. HIDDEN.**  
NO. 14 PURCHASE STREET, NEWBURYPORT, Mass., whose remarkable typicall social created a furore at Lake Placid, it will give individual or class instruction in Hypnotism, hold occasional public entertainments, and develop psychic gifts by means of this wonderful power. Appointments must be made in advance. 2w\* Oct. 5.

**MRS. H. W. CUSHMAN,** Musical Test and Business Medium, 200 Propeet street, Somerville, Mass. Circles Monday evening and Wednesday afternoon. Six questions answered for \$1.00. 13w\* Oct. 5.

## SPIRIT Message Department.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Spirit Messages published from week to week under the above heading are reported verbatim by Miss Bessie W. Pratt, an expert stenographer.

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

It is our earnest wish that those on the mundane sphere of life who recognize the published messages of their spirit-friends on this page, from time to time, will verify them by personally informing us of the fact of publication. As our spirit visitors are very fond of flowers, it behooves the friends in earth-life, so far as possible, to place natural flowers upon a seance-table. Also, we are requested to state that all letters of inquiry, or otherwise, appertaining to this Department, should be addressed to the editor.

HENRY W. PITMAN, Chairman.

### SPIRIT-MESSAGES,

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Seance held April 3, 1896—Continued from last issue.

#### Bessie Striker.

Tell grandma I go to school. I go to school to Miss Chase—she is the teacher. She's a nice lady. She always says: "There, there, my little children, be quiet, and learn all you can, and then you can help others."

Why, I lived in Camden, New Jersey, and in Germantown and Philadelphia. See all my curls fly? No, you can't see them, but I can see you. My name is Bessie Striker. I got a cousin, Annie Pratt. She lives in Philadelphia; her mamma is Aunt Mary.

I'm glad you put that down that I go to school, and Miss Emily Chase is my teacher. I was n't in her class first, I was in Miss Annie Thompson's; I am going into a higher class soon, and sometime I am to be a teacher.

Papa was John Striker. My mother's name is Margaret.

Bessie Striker, Camden, N. J.

#### Emily Chase.

How sweet are these little children, rightly named God's babies. It is a great privilege for us to speak of these children. How few upon the material plane can come into a reality of knowing these children are here—as real as the adults. While I listened to the little prattling one, it seemed a beautiful thought to extend out to others: These little children—God cares for and loves them all, not a waif but is cared for.

How much I have thought I understood when here, but I find now it was only, as I might say, a trifle compared to what the reality is. We cannot find words to express to you mortals the reality. You cannot comprehend; you do as far as is possible for mortals, but, oh! my spirit goes out for all humanity, no matter whether it is north or south, east or west.

I feel now to say I left not this earth with a harsh feeling for any one; certainly this institution was kind to me. I never can repay them only through my influences that I bring to bear for the good that may be brought from our life, influences that we throw around you, for every immortal, every mortal, leaves their influence in one way or another.

While I am speaking to you, as I gaze upon a great many that are here, you think there must be a large lot that are invisible to you, while Brother White is of one of the company here, Brother Wilson is here, and his sweet little Birdie comes with him. Yes, Col. Fred Pope comes in now, to listen. Dr. Gardner is here also; all those old-time workers that have been so faithful. Mr. Colby takes his place, and is so interested in what may be spoken, that may be of some weight to some one. Mr. Berry comes, touches Mr. Colby's shoulder, and asks him to go with him for a moment.

I am so pleased to have this privilege of reporting here. I am in every circle, and it is a great pleasure to come into this Circle-Room, where I was accustomed to often hold words of communication with Brother Colby; yet then it was in the lower Circle-Room. Off the questions arise in thought, with the mortals: "Where are they all? Why do they not report?"

Mr. Chairman, Rosa T. Amedy comes in now; she is one of your assembly here to-day, and it is a pleasure for me to announce them as they come. How sweet the thought with mortals that in a little while will the veil be drawn aside. Old Dr. Ephraim Irish is here, and asks to make this remark: "Let them go on, let them go on; there's more power in heaven than on earth that is given out through clairvoyancy." He was a physician.

While the little child was prattling away so fast, was not that like children? They must personate themselves. I wish to be remembered to each one in this institution, and especially to Miss Ida Spalding. It is my work to place the flowers upon the table at every circle.

Miss Emily Chase, Boston.

#### Mitchell Lincoln.

Good morning. [Good morning.] I waited patiently, and they say I shall lose nothing for it. Well, I am not used to speaking in public, for certainly this is public, as I gaze upon your large assembly here. These words that I am going to utter are to my children, personally, for I know they would be glad to hear from father; I should not have thought when in mortal to make the attempt to speak in public, for that was n't my work or business,

as I was a contractor here; but we are not engaged in that work now.

George is here, my son, and Alice, my daughter; yes, your mother, children, is here, too, and many others I can't speak of. I want to speak direct to my children, but I don't want to be too personal. I know you would say: "Father, you didn't know of these things when here." Still, I didn't know how to do anything until I had learned it. What you do not understand we have learned. Grandfather Nichols is here, too.

I want to say to Mary and George and Harry, I am sorry you can't see things differently yet. Charles Dolbear is here, and Arthur, his son, comes here now. I know of all these obstinate feelings that come up, which had better be endured. I know the feelings that exist, but I am not going to be personal.

Lizzie, doctor, I can reach you; but I can't reach the others only on this side of the wall; but knowing what I do since passing over, I do know you have got near the reality sometimes. I would say to you, Lizzie, rest right here; leave it with the Father and the angels, it will all be righted sometime. Don't let it worry you; and I would try to close it out of your thoughts as much as possible, for in spirit no inharmony can find a foothold there, and we know that what is from God—we say the great higher intelligences—will all be made right sometime. I have a love for every one of my children; I have this love for them all; and if it could be, how I would love to come into communication with each one of you. And, Mary, it seems to me you would want to talk with Arthur, for he is as dear to you as Alice or Lou. I know that truth.

And, Harry, the time will come, before you pass out of this life, that you will want to know something of us. No better mother lived than yours; yes, I say not was, but is; for if she was, she is now. And it is a great pleasure for me to come here and to report, but when in the flesh I should not have said that. I didn't know that I could come here and speak for myself; it must be a holy institution to be free for us all. I am not forgotten in South Boston nor Hingham. It was in South Boston where the change came to me—you have n't forgotten it, children—and to your mother, also. A word to you, doctor, and Lizzie; we are so happy that there is one of our children we can reach, and pray we may in time reach some of the others. Lizzie, my child, it has been all the world of comfort to us that we could make one of our children sense our presence; and, doctor, also, how much you children might enjoy in this life if you would only listen; if you refuse, then you must learn after you pass over. I love all my children, Lizzie, and we have learned a great deal that will aid them greatly on the other side. Doubt not, my children. I tried to be a good father to you all. Harry, learn. With love to you all. Father.

Your Aunt Mary Ditson and John Ditson both are here. There is one thing satisfies us: we know when you shall lay aside your earthly garment you will know then how eager we have been to come into communication with you here upon the earth plane.

Mitchell Lincoln, South Boston—where some of my children reside now.

#### Fanny Olsen.

How pleasant it is to come into contact with you mortals, and with these good people from our life, waiting and watching for the "boatman pale" to bring another. I would n't have thought, when I heard the others talking to-day, I should have spoken here; but there is a desire that overshadows our spirit—somebody may be benefited, may be enlightened for the word that we may speak, and it may do good; they may not know while they are here in the flesh, but when they pass over they will realize then they have gained this power or influence from somebody. Yes, that is true, and we often gaze upon mortals, and see how sad they are at times, when that sadness may be taken from them, and joy may be given them to know their friends are so near. I never could understand, when mortal, why the doctrines teach that heaven is a far-off country, and of the punishments we were to receive when we passed over for our mistakes or wrongs, as they are called. Now I understand there are many errors given out in our teachings; but we will not go back to them, for the yesterdays are passed, and to-morrows never come; it is the present we have the promise of. Let us make good use of the present; we shall not be looking ahead so much nor shall we turn backward, as we are accustomed to.

In Peru, Ind., there are many friends yet, and in Logansport, Ind., where I shall be remembered, and in Columbus, O., where some handful of friends dwell. Oh! Lizzie, I know of what you have to endure, I know how hard your trials seem, I know how your spirit reaches out for consolation, and it is cold as an iceberg; but remember that we who have passed the portal can give you some warmth, some kind words, and that this life is but the shadow of life. I know it soon flits away; it is all eternity you will be with us; our mother was as good a mother as was ever given to mortal children. Lizzie, remember, if Aaron does not seem to see in this life on earth, he will there. You will well remember what Grandfather Stearns used to say, if we didn't speak we should n't have much trouble; [it is the unruly member, the tongue, that gives out a good many unpleasant words.] Then I would say, be careful, be tender as it is possible for you under the circumstances, although you can't always control yourself. Remember, Fanny is not far away. I would come to you in the "stilly hour of night," as you term it here, though we know not of your nights in the eternal day. I am very happy, but when you ask the question, as mortals do: "Are you perfectly happy?" I say, No, no, because progression we should not need if we were perfectly happy; it would not be progression. But I have not yet met one that said to me they would like to return to earth to stay. I am grateful for the permission to speak here to-day.

Fanny Olsen, Peru, Ind.

#### 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.

April 12.—Wilson Hamden; Eliza J. Reed; Volney Lincoln Fuller; Mrs. W. H. Goward; Annie L. Morse; Abbie Newcomb; Gorman Leland; Rhoda H. Durell. April 13.—Herbert Sparrow; Clara Parker; Elbridge Easton; Ella Spalding; Jeremiah S. Quimby; Rachel Burnham; Samuel W. McPhee; Addie L. Wilson; Hattie Robinson. May 3.—Dr. John J. Ewell; Willie Hagen; Frances H. Farrar; Frank A. Ely; Clarissa Morse; Prof. Henry Kiddle; Abigail Greenwood; Gertrude Booth. May 10.—Elvira W. Ruggles; Philip Richardson; James W. Adams; Willie E. Bushnell; Clara Jane Severance; Mary Hardy; Lillian Louise Blood; Louisa Proctor.

The list of promised messages having grown somewhat lengthy, we forbear to continually repeat the names so often published; but these communications—here unmentioned—will appear in their order as to time.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUEST.—[By Lawrence Phil., Chicago.] Is it true that every soul will be embodied one hundred and forty-four times?

ANS.—The number one hundred and forty-four is undoubtedly a mystical number possessing far more than literal significance for all who are acquainted with the symbolism of the East. In the seventh chapter of Revelations an account is given of one hundred and forty-four thousand sealed in their foreheads, twelve thousand being taken out of each of the twelve tribes of the mystical Israel, which signifies the entire company of regenerate men and women, and by regeneration is meant awakening to the true knowledge of spiritual life and destiny.

The idea conveyed in the phrase one hundred and forty-four embodiments is essentially as follows: There can be no wearing a crown until the crown is won; there can be no gaining a prize except through earning it; therefore, whatever efforts are necessary to enable some souls to attain the heavenly state are necessary for all, and were it not so equity would be absent from universal order.

Whether all souls undergo the same outward experiences at some period in their manifest expression is not the vital point; the leading question is, do they not all undergo equivalent experiences, so that the road of one is in reality neither easier nor more rugged than the path which any other must tread?

If one hundred and forty-four embodiments are in every case necessary to the learning of needed lessons, then they will assuredly occur during the disciplinary training of all. There can be no partially or favoritism where eternal order is concerned; consequently the proposition is that in some way, at some time, somewhere, every soul will experience all that is necessary to complete expression. Then when there are no further uses for what is called embodiment, other and higher states of being will be apprehended and enjoyed.

Q.—[By the same.] Is it possible for the soul, by repeated embodiments, to ever lose its individuality?

A.—It is utterly impossible for the soul, either by repeated embodiments or in any other way, to lose its individuality, because, being an individual from eternity, the entity or essential ego cannot be dissipated into fragments.

Were the soul a compound of elements gathered together in time, it then might be dissolved in time, as all bodies are; but being an entity containing within itself all possibilities for expression, but never losing itself in its expressions, the homogeneous soul can never be affected by any fate which may overtake its instruments of expression, which are heterogeneous.

Personalities are always changing, but these continue so long as they can serve any purpose; when the purpose for which they were created is fulfilled, they are disintegrated, and the entity enters upon a new series of operations intended to fulfill other objects than those previously fulfilled. When once the idea of the soul as a permanent, indissoluble entity is grasped, there can be no further fear of ultimate dissolution, for then it is clear to the understanding that a succession of embodiments can only mean a succession of garments and a succession of instruments.

No matter how frequently the bodies are changed, the spiritual self remains enthroned in perfect changelessness.

#### New Publications.

A GUIDE TO SYSTEMATIC READINGS IN THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA. By James Baldwin. Cloth, pp. 316. Chicago and New York: The Werner Co.

This guide to one of the finest additions to literature will be found to be most useful to those fortunate enough to have the Britannica. Indeed, the great work is not complete without it, as it is a great aid in many ways. It creates a marked interest in the Encyclopedia, enabling every reader to spend their leisure hours pleasantly and profitably, and thus carrying out the aim of making the work a most powerful aid to home-culture or self-education that the world has ever known. The guide is divided into three parts, namely, "The Young People," "The Student," and "The Busy World," the latter treating of all classes of wage earners, scientists and professional men of all sorts. The guide will have a deservedly large circulation without doubt.

AERIAL NAVIGATION. The Best Method. By Daniel Calkins. Cloth, pp. 90. Published by the author at Williams Center, Williams County, Ohio.

The subject of aerial navigation is one that has excited the attention of the public for many years. Foremost scientists and geniuses are looking for a successful method of navigating the air, with great hopes of success. They claim, and reasonably so, that other things more difficult have been accomplished, and it is only a question of time when man will travel in space with as much ease and safety as he now goes about upon the earth. There is every reason to believe that this will come about, under right conditions and accurate appliances.

Mr. Calkins claims to have the solution to the situation in the air ship which he proposes to build. The book is exceedingly interesting, and offers suggestions and information not altogether unreasonable or impossible of adoption.

Several plates accompany the work, which, taken in its entirety, is quite a study.

#### For Over Fifty Years

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

# IDEA-EXCHANGE.

[Dedicated to Principles—Not Personalities.]

Straws in the Wind; or, Spiritual Gleanings.

BY JOHN WM. FLETCHER.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

"Good-by, summer," so runs the song, and we are instinctively repeating the same words as we see the familiar faces returning from their sojourn by shore and mountain, and realize that now we are all to take up our line of work and "try once again" to win in the whirlpool of everlasting and eternal contention which we call Modern Civilization.

That we all expected much from the summer is true—health, enjoyment, reunion with old-time friends, and a gathering in of those magnetic elements that would better fit us for the work of future months. Whether these purposes have been served or not, is alone known to the individual; at any rate the duties and work of life are about us; we must do our best to fulfill our part, and thereby prove the "stuff" of which we are made.

The camp-meeting season, which is an epoch in Spiritualism, is past, and the question arises in my mind as to how much value these convocations are to the cause of Spiritualism and the truth itself.

The summer meetings ought to be of a more serious minded order, fashioned after the famous "School of Philosophy," where the real profit would be found in the good gained, the larger truth demonstrated, rather than in the treasurer's report alone. And Spiritualism can never take and hold its true place among the great intellectual movements of the age until this is done.

The camp meeting should be a place where the earnest investigator, the intelligent skeptic, could go, and by consulting with a committee established for that purpose, be brought in contact with such mediums as would be able to satisfy the demand.

Surely if these associations have not the time to investigate and endorse the genuine medium, as is so frequently claimed by managers, they should not spend their time in denouncing the questionable ones. What the public wants to know is where to find genuine mediumship, and how to investigate the phenomena.

At the present moment the earnest seeker after truth is wholly at sea, and must trust to luck. I am aware that I am likely to call down upon my own head no end of criticism for the above, but all I ask is, "if the statements are not true?" and unhesitatingly affirm that never before in the history of the movement has there been a greater need for intelligent action than at the present time.

It is a sad commentary upon the status of Spiritualism when Ingersoll, who boldly avows that he "knows of no hereafter," is the drawing card at a Spiritualist camp meeting.

It may be good business management; without doubt it is; but it reflects very little credit upon the spiritual movement itself, and I am myself a great admirer of the genial Ingersoll, who, without doubt, smiles to himself as he sees the crowds of people who assert that they do know, clanking to hear what he does not know.

If we have not brains enough to represent the spiritual movement, we had better desist for a while, and then take a new start.

I write only with interest for the Cause itself and those who desire to know more of the sublime truths contained in the Philosophy of Spiritualism.

Individually I have nothing whatever at stake, nothing to gain. I long since despaired of ever being able to cooperate in the movement with those who saw that success consisted alone in numbers and noise.

The platform should be educational, the seance room suggestive and illustrative, and there should be—ay, there is, enough in Spiritualism, properly presented, to challenge the attention and hold the interest of the world.

Here in New York the ball was sent rolling last Sunday by the first lectures of the season at Carnegie Hall, with the venerable Giles B. Stebbins in the chair. Mr. Stebbins certainly has great experience with the public work of Spiritualism, and always creditably presents the subject. The afternoon service is devoted to phenomena, and very well attended.

Mrs. Brigham opens next Sunday at the banquet room in the Adelphi Hall, where she was heard with profit and interest last season.

Mrs. Williams will be back in October and begin her usual work then. Those who imagine that Mrs. Williams's powers are other than at their height should witness the marvelous demonstrations that occur in her presence.

Mrs. Cadwell, always busily employed, will likewise remain in the field. This medium is for the retiring; she, however, moves silently on her way, accomplishing great good.

There are also many others who have taken in New York, en route, and are stopping over, to complete their journey later. Mr. Friedman is at 326 West Fifty-ninth street. He will very soon open his public developing seances, and invites correspondence upon that subject.

While my own work will continue as it has, with seances daily and two public evenings, Thursday and Sunday, each week, I have never seen the interest greater.

It will be a matter of surprise to many to learn that Mr. W. J. Rand, so long the manager of the lectures in Conservatory Hall, Brooklyn, has passed on, after a most painful illness, to the higher life. For several years Mr. Rand was prominently identified with the movement, and was the means of presenting many of our most distinguished lecturers and mediums to the Brooklyn public. He was a strong Spiritualist, a little peculiar in manner, perhaps, but all the same kindhearted and earnest. He will be very greatly missed; there is no doubt about that. The funeral service was conducted by the ever eloquent Mrs. Brigham, assisted by several others. I ever found him to be a kind, helpful friend and earnest worker, and I lectured for many seasons under his auspices. God grant he has found the life and happiness in which he so firmly believed.

I trust that THE BANNER will go forward, that the liberal-minded everywhere will do all in their power to further its interest, and that we shall all live to see it firmly on its feet—the one great representative of Modern Spiritualism.

#### One Spirit's Verdict on Mars.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Having read the communications of Lyman C. Howe on the above subject, and noted a recent article in your columns intimating that great interest is felt in the discussion, I take this occasion to submit, for the consideration of your readers, the views of one who claims to have visited Mars and made personal observations on that planet. Who is he? He is known to mortals simply as "the Professor," and is the principal control of Mrs. Loe F. Prior, a very excellent trance medium, who has recently been in California, Washington and Oregon, and who at this writing is en route to Salt Lake City. "The Professor" delights in the discussion of scientific subjects, and is a clear, logical speaker and thinker. The medium's husband, who is a very pleasant gentleman, was with his wife in Portland, Ore., when the following was given at the close of a lecture delivered for his especial gratification on the "Vibration of Light," all of which was carefully noted by a competent stenographer. In passing I would say that Mrs. Prior is a thoroughly reliable medium, a worthy woman, and her controls are of a class capable of entertaining and instructing thinking people. The community which enjoys her ministrations and presence is favored by the spirit-world, and the writer cordially commends her to honest investigators seeking a reliable trance medium, and also to Spiritualists who think and are desirous of learning more of our broad philosophy. Following are the remarks above alluded to:

"The subject has often been spoken of, and the question is going through the scientific universe to-day, if there is intelligent life upon the planet Mars? I say, No! There is life, but in the crude form: in the reptile age, as it were; immense vegetation, for the atmospheric conditions are conducive to the growth of great forests; but you well know, in reading back and in following the scientific investigations of your own earth, that when those great forests existed upon your earth-plane intelligent life did not exist. You have full records—for you read them in the signs of the past—of the different ages of life, and that is why Darwin, Huxley and many others in this age have spoken of the 'evolution of life.' It is necessary for the evolution of each species according to their kind, and that this evolution upon your earth plane has been necessary to the preparation for the coming of intelligent existence; and I say to you that it is going on in the planet Mars at this time—those changes that are necessary to the construction of a solid foundation upon which to build intelligent life. You know full well that when a master mechanic commences to fit up his machinery there must be built a foundation of solid masonry; he must have it placed down there firmly, for he knows the many tons of weight that will rest upon it; and so that great worker called the Divine Law must have a solid foundation upon which to plant his intelligent life, and he has gradually built, step by step; not one particle has been laid in a wrong shape, not one little straw but what has been necessary to the building of the foundation; and at last, not entirely through evolution—as Darwin claims—in that it means for man to have a distinct species after his kind, or the fishes that swim in the water a distinct species after their kind, but throughout the universe you will see that one grand pattern taken by this Great Cause. You view the likeness between the spinal column of an insect and the spinal cord of an animal, also of man, and it is there that science has placed their connecting link to a great extent; but to me, I say, it proves alone the one master intelligence, the one Grand Law, having within its possession, as it were—but yet I cannot personify him, so I shall say, having within its possession that one grand pattern, has fashioned many different species after the one kind, but does not evolve to create intelligent life. That has been laid aside until it was time to be called into operation, then it has been brought forth; and why? Simply to have you live here? No, but to individualize that spirit. Why is it necessary to individualize spirit? why is it necessary for intelligence by progression, what this divine First Law is, so that you, too, in time may become, as it were, gods through growth.

Mr. Prior.—You spoke about Mars; do you state that as a fact or as theory, that it is not inhabited. Have you been there?

Ans.—I have been there. At the present time, remember, my research is not ended. I have found no intelligent existence there, the same as I have found upon the earth plane.

Mr. P.—If I remember right, Flammarion claimed at one time that it was inhabited, but I think he has corrected that statement.

Ans.—Ay, and you will find that your scientists of the day, who continually claim that Mars is inhabited, will yet say they have made a mistake. For the atmospheric conditions at the present time—the changes that are going on upon that planet—cannot sustain intelligent life. It can sustain reptilian life; it can sustain the lower form of animal life, and to a great extent, and one of the grandest of all is the vegetable life I find there; but as yet I have not found intelligent life. Your highest trees here appear only pigmies to the great forests of Mars.

Now look back through the record of your past scientific researches, and you will find that as science delves deep in the ground it comes in contact with great forests buried there, and it also finds records printed upon the sands of time of great forests that existed upon your planet. Science has said to you—

for it finds no record of man—that at that time the gaseous conditions surrounding your material plane were such that it was impossible for life, and so it is upon Mars. To illustrate more plainly, I will enter with you into a compartment, what you here call a conservatory. I find vegetation growing rank, for you have heat and you have extensive light, as there is not the atmosphere within that conservatory to soften the rays of light, and vegetation is growing rank. You shut the windows, close all air out, and lie down there; how long would you remain? The plant-life, drawing more oxygen than you, will soon starve you to death, and you cannot exist in that apartment twenty-four hours. It is the same upon the planet Mars. The atmospheric conditions are undergoing changes, and that same vibratory law of light (referred to in the lecture) passing on to the planet Mars, striking it with a great force, and not being softened down by the atmosphere, has made upon that planet one vast conservatory, and there we find vegetable life growing in grandest luxuriance. And we also find reptile life in one of its most horrible states. But this will change with time. As the animal, the reptile and the plant life throw off and take on, they must evolve—they must evolve from a lower to a higher state of intelligence, for all things must evolve. As the plant life changes, so does the atmosphere change, and in time it will be conducive to the sustaining of intelligent life.

The writer hopes that the results of "the Professor's" future researches upon the planet Mars may be preserved and given to the public, for I have no doubt they will prove to be of some interest.

Salem, Ore., September, 1895.

#### October Magazines.

St. Nicholas.—There is wide variety in the contents of the October number. It opens with a familiar sketch by John J. A. Becker of "The Child-Painter: J. G. Brown," illustrated with reproductions of some of his most famous pictures; Prof. Brander Matthews continues his series of studies of Great American Authors, with a paper on James Russell Lowell, the story of whose life is full of inspiration. James Baldwin, who seems to have particular sympathy for horses, writes of "Bayard," noted in legendary history; Theodore Roosevelt tells the thrilling story of Lieutenant Cushing and the blowing up of the Confederate ram *Albatross*; Captain S. A. Swinton describes the ingenious manner in which a vessel "Aground in the Amazon" was gotten afloat again; the latest chapter in William T. Hornaday's "Quadrupeds of North America" is devoted to the Manatee, Tapir and Pecary. The stories and serials are full of interest. Elbridge S. Brooks brings his "A Boy of the First Empire" to an end with the fall of Napoleon and his deportation to St. Helena; "Teddy and Carrots," by James Otis, carries along the adventures of two brave little wails in New York; the first half of "Yamoud," by Henry Willard French, is printed. There are the usual number of verses and jingles, and the illustrations are up to the high standard of this magazine. The Century Co., New York.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART—"An Old Buck," as the frontispiece of the current number of this high-class periodical, is a fine study, beautifully executed. Walter Armstrong has a paper on "George Clausen," reproducing some of that artist's best paintings. Edmund Gosse has his third article on "The Place of Sculpture in Daily Life," and treats of "Monuments," Joseph Greco, under "Our Graphic Humorists," has the second part on William Hogarth. "Lace at the South Kensington Museum" will please the ladies. Claude Phillips writes of "The Salon of the Champ de

Mrs. "The Modelling Portraits of the Exterior of the New National Portrait Gallery" by Perry Fitzgerald, will give an excellent idea of a famous home in Dickens's great story, "The Chronicle of Art" are up to date and interesting. The Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

SCHIRMER'S—"The University of Chicago," by Robert Herrick, is the opening paper, and it is beautifully illustrated; "The Lamp of Psycho" is a story by Edith Wharton; "American Posters, Past and Present," will create a good deal of amusement, being done in a fine manner by H. C. Bunner; George Meredith's serial, "The Amazing Marriage," has a liberal installment; Lloyd Osbourne's sketch of "Mr. Stevenson's Home Life at Vallima" is interesting; under "The Art of Living," Robert Grant writes on "The Case of a Woman"; in E. Benjamin Andrew's paper, "A History of the Last Quarter Century in the United States," is discussed "Home Agitations and Foreign Problems"; "Domesticated Birds" is by N. S. Shaler, and is a fine article; George W. Smalley writes a good sketch of T. H. Huxley. Other lines are well covered in the current number. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

NEW ENGLAND—"The prominent articles in this month's issue are: 'Boston Light and the Brewsters,' by R. G. F. Candage; 'American Immigration to the Canadian Northwest,' by S. A. Thompson; 'The Boston and Other Subways,' 'The Foolish Fear of Paternalism,' by R. L. Brigham; Julius H. Ward's biographical sketch of Henry Oscar Houghton; Kate Gannett Wells's paper on 'Deborah Sampson, a Heroine of the American Revolution'; 'New England in New York,' by E. P. Powell; 'Payment in Full,' by Edith Elma Wood; 'Up Horse Mountain,' by Dora Reade Goodale; 'Bridgeside, the Connecticut Lenox,' by H. E. Miller, besides poems by Laura Spencer Porter, R. B. Hale, Ellis Parker Butler and Clinton Scollard. Warren F. Kellogg, 6 Park square, Boston.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES AND QUERIES.—Alexander Wilder has the opening paper on "Gen. Ethan Allen Hitchcock," which is exceedingly interesting. There are many other instructive pieces of valuable and reliable information. S. C. & L. M. Gould, Manchester, N. H. For sale at the Banner of Light Publishing House, 9 Bosworth street, Boston.

## Banner Correspondence.

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

**Colorado.**  
DENVER.—Robert Ward writes: "The Spiritualists of Denver have been favored with another treat of psychic phenomena and Spiritual Philosophy through the instrumentality of one of the best platform lecturers and test mediums, Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless Musk, who is on her way from the East to the Pacific coast, to administer to the people there."

She has been with us for the last two months, lecturing and giving tests at Martine's Hall, 1646 California street, to crowded halls every Sunday evening; her grand demonstration of spirit-return was proven beyond doubt by her full description of our spirit friends, and her clean cut and straightforward tests, with full names.

Sunday evening, Sept. 15, she gave her fare well lecture to a crowded hall, assisted by Dr. G. C. Beckwith-Ewell of New York, and Dr. Lucy Barnicoat of Boston, a fine-looking, middle aged lady, who spoke with eloquence and force, to the delight and pleasure of the audience. We hope that she will remain with us for some time to come.

A motion was made by R. Ward, and seconded by Mr. Cason, the President of the Colorado State Spiritual Society of Denver, that we pass a vote of thanks to the lecturer, Mrs. Musk, for the able manner in which she has administered the doctrine of Spiritualism to the people of Denver, and also that we regret exceedingly her departure from Denver, and furthermore hope and pray for her speedy return to us. We recommend her to all societies, and we bid her god-speed and good luck.

When the President, Mr. Cason, put the motion calling for a standing vote, the audience immediately rose to their feet one and all; it was a unanimous vote.

Mrs. Musk responded to the vote with a few appropriate remarks, thanking the audience for their appreciation of her labors during her two months' stay in Denver.

Mr. Musk is traveling with her for his health. He says he has improved in health a great deal since he came to Colorado.

The Colorado State Spiritual Society will again open its doors to the public of Denver about the middle of October, with the regular pastor, Mrs. E. F. J. Bullen, who is now spending her summer vacation in California. She is a grand and noble speaker. We miss her very much. May she live long to administer spiritual food to our craving souls. God bless her wherever she may be, and speed her return to us, is the prayer of many hearts.

I would not be without your valuable paper for anything."

**Massachusetts.**  
NATICK.—Mary R. Esty writes: "Miss Abby A. Judson spoke in Tontion Hall, Natick, on the afternoon and evening of Sunday, Sept. 15."

In the afternoon she spoke of some of the miraculous things, so-called, of ancient times, ascribing them to the same powers of nature which are at work in the world to-day, and which are in many cases well understood by scientific people of our time.

Her subject in the evening was "The Nature of Death." In the old religions the fear of death and the wish to remain in the mortal body is the prevailing idea. She had been in slavery to those old errors for the best part of her life, and only when the truths of the new dispensation were shown her had they ceased to torment her.

Both addresses were for the minds of thoughtful people.

Monday evening she gave a lesson on health at the house of Mrs. L. S. Dewing. It was full of interest."

**Michigan.**  
DETROIT.—A correspondent writes: "Dr. J. W. Kenyon is lecturing for the Ladies' Aid Society here. His addresses are so expressive that all can understand his thoughts. The Harmonical Philosophy, as deduced from both spiritual and physical science, seems to be as familiar to him under his guides as the most simple facts of every day life."

Mrs. Kenyon follows with tests, and gives satisfaction.

Dr. Kenyon and wife were at Lake Brady, O., Camp, where he gave eight lectures, and she gave independent slate-writing.

Dr. Kenyon lectured before the Psychic Research Society of Detroit Sept. 30, and Mrs. Kenyon followed with independent slate-writing.

**Wisconsin.**  
MILWAUKEE.—Dr. C. F. Ray, Sec'y, writes: "The Unity Spiritual Society, J. S. Bigler, President, opened its regular meetings Sept. 15. Edgar W. Emerson served at the opening to a full house; was also with us on the 18th and 22d."

Mr. Emerson is a worthy medium, and a perfect gentleman, and it was with reluctance that the Unity Society made him farewell, as he left us for other fields of labor.

Mrs. Anna Orvis, Chicago, serves for the month of October. We are looking forward to a prosperous season."

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Not Sleeping. Vacant Stands Her Little Chair. Back from the

Silent Land. What Shall Be My Angel Name? Glad

We're Living Here to-day. Ever I'll Remember Thee.

Love's Golden Chain, rearranged. All are Waiting Great

Thore. Open Those Pearls of Light. They'll Wel-

come Us Home To-morrow. Mother's Love Purest and Best

Beautiful Dream. Child of the Golden Sunshine. Beau-

tiful Home of the Soul. Come in the Beauty, Angel

Light. I am Going to My Home. In Heaven We'll Know

Our Own. Love's Golden Chain. Our Beautiful Home Over

There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are

Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll

All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home

Above. We're Coming, Sister Mary. Gathering Flowers in

Heaven. Who Sings Chorus. Oh! Chorus of Light. For my

Poor Heart is Breaking. Once it was Only Soft Blue Eyes

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# Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1895.

## A Few Thoughts on Ancient and Modern Occultism.

NO. IX.—KARENS.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

If we go unto "the uttermost parts of the earth" we find the same spiritual laws expressing themselves through human organizations, and revealing some form of religion. The central idea of such religions is always a Great Spirit or God, that exerts its influence on the human mind.

In the mountainous regions of Burma reside a people called Karens, who are remarkable for their lives of temperance, honesty and purity. They dwell in small villages or hamlets, and their simplicity of life allies them to a high order of spiritual forces. Their prophets are men of devotion and zeal, and consecrate themselves to lives of purity. The higher class of teachers inculcate principles, predict events, and interpret the will of the Great Spirit. The next class act as healers of the sick by spells and charms.

There are still others who are wonder workers. They transport themselves from place to place by some occult power, and act upon the animal world by exorcisms.

We have the testimony of reliable residents among them as to their faith in the presence and ministry of the spirits of their ancestors. Nothing moves this faith. They see these spirits by night and by day, and converse freely with them by rappings which they interpret as signals. They hear sweet singing from these spirits, and the ringing of bells.

The services that these spirits perform are in giving warnings of danger, of prophesying concerning life and death, and guarding from sickness. "Nothing but a white veil separates us from the spirits of the dead," they say.

Some of the gifted among them see the spirits and hold converse with them. The most devoted and sincere of the Prophets do not take pay for their service, and very unwillingly receive presents. If a case of disease baffles them they retire to solitude and fasting. In seclusion they repeat over and over prayers suited to the purpose they desire. They usually shut themselves from the light of day, and subsist on a little rice or bread. When they come forth it is with a new power. Even their voices have a sweeter sound and their whole bearing is noble and exalted.

They believe that the highest gifts can only come by self-sacrifice, and that a true servant of the Most High must be willing to devote himself to those processes that tend to exalt and refine his spirit.

They also have a class of wonder-workers, who are enabled to get spiritual writing through means much like those employed by our mediums of the present day.

When we remember that most of the information we possess of these revelations of the spiritual gifts of this people have come through missionaries, and those who have called all these manifestations heathenish, we must acknowledge that in many respects they are in advance of what we see among ourselves, and which we are, in our arrogance, inclined to believe is a higher development of spiritual power than has been granted to the world.

The Karens do not carry their faith into the higher realm of metaphysics, as do the prophets and teachers of India, but accept the great law of spiritual intercourse as something appertaining to their every day needs.

There is no doubt a tendency to the practice of a kind of jugglery, and such practice gives an air of superstition to their religious beliefs; but underlying all this is the great idea of spiritual power and revelation.

To prepare the body to become a vehicle of spiritual power seems to be the aim of all the Eastern devotees. In all nations and sects the idea of subjection of the animal to the spiritual is prevalent, and the term prophet or teacher implies a power to exercise spiritual gifts.

The uselessness of attempting in our civilization to carry out the forms and practices of these nations is apparent. The very air of the East develops a certain mysticism. The practical life of the West seeks in its highest civilization to master matter, that it may compel it to minister to the comfort of man and to his progress in science and art.

Hence if we study the Eastern religions and religious practices, it should be that we may recognize the universality of law, and be able to find, underlying all human expression, the Divine force that continually shows itself in thought and aspiration, thus revealing in all nations and climes the central idea of a spiritual power that manifests itself as devotion to an aspiration which crystallizes into a religion and religious beliefs that accord with the intellectual development of the people.

There can, therefore, be no unit of faith or inspiration until harmony of external conditions is reached. Those who live nearest to nature have the most child-like faith, and such find the kingdom of heaven; but pomp and ceremony are not for such.

The building of temples and shrines gratifies the ambition of men, but it is only in the inspiring soul of the temple that one can become acquainted with the Universal Soul.

## RHODE ISLAND.

**Providence.**—Mrs. C. M. Whipple writes: The People's Progressive Spiritualist Association, holding meetings in B. T. Hall, 728 Westminster street, F. H. Roscoe, President, were again highly favored by having for speaker on Sunday evening, Sept. 29, W. A. Hale, M. D., of Boston.

His subject was "Spiritualism and its Relations to the Bible and Humanity." A large audience greeted him and listened with marked interest. His singing was fine. Mr. W. D. Evans also sang. Professor Jocelyn presided at the piano.

Oct. 6 our platform will be occupied by De Loss Wood of Danversville, Conn., and Mrs. William S. Butler of Boston. We speak for them a hearty welcome.

**Sarah D. C. Ames, Sec'y, writes:** The Providence Spiritualist Association meets in Columbia Hall, No. 248 Weybosset street.

Sunday, Sept. 20, F. A. Wiggins of Salem, Mass., was the speaker, and gave us two deep and instructive lectures, also ballad texts in the evening that were wonderfully fine and acknowledged correct.

Miss Flossie Macdonald, a song; Miss Jennie Reynolds of this city, organist; Miss Gertrude Johnson, soloist.

Sunday, Oct. 6, Dr. George A. Fuller, Worcester, Mass., will be with us.

"My mother had the grip last winter, which left her stomach in a very bad condition. She thought she would try a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after she had taken three bottles she was well."

Mrs. J. DOLAN,

73 Jamaica street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills.

## N. S. A.—As a Business Proposition.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Whenever a discussion of the merits of this Association is under consideration, in the presence of those who oppose it, and especially at other times, I am sorry to know as a usual thing a false issue is raised, and that those who are engaged in promoting it are charged with the intention of in some way interfering with the rights or independence of mediums, or others engaged in disseminating the truths of Spiritualism. And what is still more inconsistent, the charge is made that the officers of the Association are expending to reap rich rewards in the near future through its revenues, etc., etc. If they are not at present.

Those that are sincere and honest enough to investigate the objects and the workings of the Association, may know and do know how false these suspicions, these accusations are. Again, those who feel justified in opposing organization, contend that while Spiritualists may form themselves into organized bodies, Spiritualism cannot be organized—that that is the work of spirits, and that they will manage it in their own time and way. This, too, is an issue without the slightest foundation in reason, so far as my observation extends.

Any one who will read the constitution will see at a glance that no intention to formulate a creed, or in any way to interfere with the work of the spirit, or the conscience of the individual, is contemplated. It seems a little strange that even good business minds, those who recognize the importance and the necessity of system and organization in all business relations, and in politics and social life, are not convinced of the necessity of a business organization for the better protection and promotion of the great work involved in extending the philosophy of Modern Spiritualism; or at least, many such claim not to be convinced—and yet some of these are old and well-tried Spiritualists.

Common observation shows that only through well-organized and systematized efforts can any party, sect or denomination succeed, and then only after the expenditure of large sums of money oftentimes.

With the superstition, the prejudice, the contumacy that is cherished against Spiritualism, to say nothing of the persecution of mediums in many parts of the country, it seems difficult to understand how we can hope to advance a cause sacred to us without an organized effort and without money.

If our friends who claim spirits will do all that is necessary to defend mediums who are persecuted in the courts and persecuted by the church, will tell us in what way, if it is practicable, we may hope to see it in the near future. For the time has come when prompt action is necessary.

Through the officers of the National Spiritualists' Association I learn that frequent applications are made to that organization for assistance to relieve suffering humanity in many of its forms, not only of mediums, but of worthy Spiritualists. Applications to provide teachers and suitable mediums to be sent as collectors and missionaries to destitute parts of our own country, that the Association is unable to supply for the want of pecuniary means.

Will any consistent Spiritualist contend that spirits will provide these wants? Or that it is not the duty of those who are able to contribute to them to do so? And how can it be done to any general extent, except through a well-organized, well-conducted business association?

To provide for these necessities, and many others of a kindred character, and publish them to the world, to give tone, character and information of the status and progress of this great reform and religious movement, is the object of the National Spiritualists' Association, and what is it but a business organization?

Agreeable to my understanding, the Veteran Spiritualists' Union of Massachusetts is nothing more in effect than a business association for specific purposes, less comprehensive, perhaps, than is contemplated by the National Organization, but no less worthy and important.

No organization of this kind can be successfully conducted without money; and just in proportion to the amount of money contributed will be the usefulness of the Association, if judiciously managed.

The annual meeting of the National Spiritualists' Association is about to convene at Washington, and I avail myself of this opportunity to remind those who are interested in the promotion of this great work, that never will perhaps there be so good an opportunity as this will afford, for those who feel apprehensive that not all is being done that should be done by the present management, or that some amendments ought to be introduced to render the Association more effective.

It is to be sincerely hoped, therefore, that all who can will be present at this meeting, and especially those who think anything more than a business Association is contemplated should be there, and those who feel that amendments should be made can hardly do less than be present and render the Association the benefit of their experience, as all know, or should know, that to render the organization perfect and useful is the earnest desire of every one connected with it.

All sincere Spiritualists who neglect to avail themselves of this opportunity to learn all they desire to know of the National Association and its objects, should cease their criticisms, and if they have nothing good to say, and will contribute nothing to its support, are those who are least making time and money to its advancement.

As I have before intimated, the usefulness of the National Spiritualists' Association must depend upon the amount of money that is subject to its control. And while there is but one salaried officer in its employment, the secretary, office rent, stationery and contingent expenses, always incident to a large correspondence, make the demands upon the treasury frequent and often urgent; and until a more effective and satisfactory manner of raising revenue is resorted to, but few of the many applications for assistance can be responded to.

As we are now about to enter upon the third year of active service in this systematic practical work of moral and religious reform, it seems eminently proper that more thought and discussion should be had upon this financial problem, which is really the key to all and every enterprise in mortal life.

The experience of the last two years has enabled the officers of this Association to discover its weak points, I presume, and I hope they will be prepared to submit, at the coming annual meeting, some financial scheme that may prove effective and satisfactory.

Any person interested in the promotion of this great work, who has experience, or any practical suggestions to make in this connection, will confer a special favor by submitting them, through the Secretary, for the consideration of the Convention, if they cannot be present themselves.

As many other subjects will be presented for discussion that are important to the Cause of Spiritualism, it is hoped a large attendance will be present. E. W. GOULD.

Sept. 21, 1895.

## ILLINOIS.

**Geneseo.**—A correspondent writes: Rev. J. C. F. Grumbine (White Rose) will be in St. Paul, Minn., during November, and in New Boston, Ill., in October.

He has a few week nights open for societies in Iowa, Illinois, Minnesota and Wisconsin. His season of 1895-96 opened at Dubuque, Ia., Sept. 29. He has but the last two Sundays of June, 1896, open to societies in the West.

Address for week night engagements and development in clairvoyance, psychometry and inspiration, J. C. F. Grumbine, Geneseo, Ill.

GILES B. STEBBINS of Detroit, Mich., speaks in Haverhill Oct. 20; that month is filled; but he would like to engage for Sundays, Nov. 3 and 10. He can be reached at Hartford, Ct., care of John Hooker, 16 Marshall street.

## Explanatory.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Many times your columns have been open to me, and once more I ask the privilege of addressing my friends, through your courtesy, to thank those who have stood by me in the struggle which has, for some wise purpose, no doubt, been my lot and portion during the greater part of my life.

I am aware that I am not alone a sufferer, for it seems to be peculiarly the lot of those who are sensitive, or mediums, to have more of the thorns and briars thrown in their pathway than comes to the hard materialist who gives little thought to the hereafter, and still less to the wisdom of the purest and highest to earth's children.

Many years has it been my pleasure and my duty to devote my life to the service of these bright spirits, and I would not for all the world beside lose the precious gift of clairvoyance and inspiration; yet it does bring with it sorrow and sadness which I cannot describe, when those to whom these efforts and ministrations have been directed fail to appreciate, and strive, for their own purposes, to defeat my plans.

As many of your readers know, much of my time and energy has for some years been given to the Lyceum work through the organization known as the Children's Progressive Lyceum, now meeting at Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont street, for the maintenance of which I have labored, and with my good friends and co-workers carried into execution many enterprises and festivals, and the work has prospered, and seemed to be guaranteed, after years of ceaseless effort, an advanced stage of interest and a higher unfoldment of true spiritual ethics than had before been reached; but, alas! the spirit of envy crept in, and some who had appealed to me for assistance, and found me always ready, as I always have been, to do what I could for their relief in times gone by, were willing and active in circulating rumors so foul and baseless that I cannot refrain from openly denouncing the stories and their perpetrators as simply infamous. That this was largely intended to result in the disruption of the Lyceum of which I am proud to be the Guardian, I have every reason to believe; but if this means is to be the foundation of a new Lyceum movement, it cannot prosper under any high class of spiritual guidance—for exalted spirits do not use any such instrumentalities.

I only ask justice and honorable conduct, and then if the parents prefer the instruction of their children upon lines different from what our Lyceum affords, or the older children think they can be benefited by other methods, they of course should not remain with us. I ask all those who are friendly to me to give me their aid, and those who have not visited the Lyceum to do so, and see if in their judgment they can detect any course which has in it more of practical spirituality than that used in our school. Above all, do not believe all you hear, but certainly investigate carefully all your stories before you give them credence or publicity, and time will show who are the true and who the false lights set up as beacons to guide the wanderer to the haven of light.

Sincerely, MAGGIE J. BUTLER.

## MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

**Lynn.**—At Clerk's Hall, 33 Summer street, Sunday evening, the Spiritualists of Lynn gave the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Boston a benefit, which was a great success. Prof. Charles T. Wood, conductor of the Boston Lyceum, presided, and gave well-chosen remarks on the "Duty of Spiritualists Toward Children."

The following program was rendered by the Children's Lyceum and Miss Amanda Bailey's quartet of Salem: Recitation by Miss Martha Lewis and encore; recitation, Miss Helen Higgins and encore; song by Lillian Rich; song by Mark Abrams; recitation, Miss Sadie Faulkner and encore; song, Miss Louise Horner and encore; recitation, Miss Justin McNaughton and encore; song by Mr. John Penhall of Salem and encore by quatuor: song by Miss Mary Waite and encore; recitation, Wm. Gale; song, Miss Gertrude Laidlow and encore; recitation, Mark Abrams; song, Miss Amanda Bailey; Messrs. Walker and Payson gave a whistling duet; song, Miss Amanda Bailey Quartet; recitation by Mrs. S. E. Jones; accompaniment, Messrs. Willis Milligan of Boston and Charles W. Priest of Lynn.

Next Sunday evening, at 7:30, Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler, Mrs. Dr. M. K. Dowland, Mrs. L. A. Prentiss, Mrs. Florence A. Lamphere and others.

At Mrs. Dr. Dowland's meeting Tuesday evening Mrs. Dowland gave able remarks on "Limitless Powers of Spirit," and Prof. C. H. Webster of Salem gave a masterly address on spiritualism as understood by the Scientific Minds of the Past Ages," assisted by Mrs. E. J. Hovey of Lynn.

**Lowell.**—Under date of Monday, Sept. 30, Ed. S. Varney writes: "The Spiritualists of Lowell, since regaining control of their old-time religious home in Welles Hall, the first of this month, have had what might be called a spiritual feast in the matter of good speaking."

Following our highly successful dedication services of Sept. 1, came Mrs. C. Fannie Allen, with her keenness of analysis, her irresistible logic; then Dr. George A. Fuller, depicted the beautiful fullness of life which Spiritism brings to humanity, and yesterday that cultured lady and finely-trained spiritual speaker, Mrs. Abby N. Burnham of Boston, gave two discourses, "Lead, Kindly Light," and "The Needs and Duties of the Hour," and she handed them in her own inimitably charming manner."

**Brookton.**—Mrs. Carrie E. Nevins writes: Sunday afternoon and evening the People's First Progressive Society met at Educational League Hall, Main street. Dr. and Mrs. Goodrich gave a large number of tests and psychometric readings. In the evening Dr. Goodrich gave a short lecture on mediumship. Singing by Miss Sprague, and three little misses, Elva Graut, Misses Foley and Wells.

After the evening services a business meeting was held. The following officers were elected: President, Frederick Crowell; Vice-President, Mrs. Adela L. Sweetser; Sec'y, Carrie E. Nevins; Treasurer, John Bond. A meeting was called for next Tuesday evening at the home of Charles Traville.

**Lynn.**—Mrs. A. A. Avtrill, Sec'y, writes: The Lynn Spiritualists' Association will open its meetings for the coming season at Cadet Hall, Sunday, Oct. 6, afternoon and evening. Mrs. Nellie F. Burbeck of Plymouth will be the speaker on that day and also on the following Sunday.

Our Society is in a very flourishing condition, and we have good reason to expect a profitable season through the winter of 1895-96.

**Chelsea.**—W. J. Power writes: The meetings held in this city on Sunday evenings are full of interest. They will continue for the winter season. The hall is filled Sunday evenings to listen to the wonderful test mediums, Miss Jennie Holland of California, and Dr. A. C. Davis.

By request of the public, there will be a meeting every Thursday evening, commencing Oct. 10.

**Worcester.**—Mrs. Celia G. Prentiss writes: Sunday, Sept. 23, Mrs. Ida F. A. Whitlock ministered to increased attendance. Her lectures and descriptions were well received.

The Sundays of October our platform will be occupied by Miss Abby A. Judson.

**New Bedford.**—Secretary writes: The First Spiritualist Association will commence meetings for the season of 1895-96 Sunday, Oct. 6, in Pythian Hall, 94 Purchase street, at 2:30 and 7 p.m. Harlow Davis, M. D., of New York will occupy the platform.

**Malden.**—S. E. W. writes: The First Malden Spiritualist Association will open its meetings at Odd Fellows' Hall, Sunday, Oct. 6, at 7:30 p.m., Mrs. I. E. Dowling of South Boston, test medium.

## MICHIGAN.

**Grand Ledge.**—Henry E. Martin writes: After the camp closed a picnic was held on Sunday, Sept. 3. As our speaker was absent, we had a conference.

On Sunday, Sept. 22, Dr. P. T. Johnson of Battle Creek spoke in Union Hall for the local society. He is a good speaker, and ought to be constantly employed.

On Sunday, Oct. 13, Dr. A. B. Spilney of Detroit will speak for the local society. Wherever evidence of spirit return and immortality is found, whether in or out of the Bible, he accepts.

The yearly rent of any lot at Riverside Park, Grand Ledge, Mich., has been reduced to three dollars. The lots are leased for a term of thirty years. As there are some very desirable lots, first come first served.

## A Protest from Lily Dale.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I send these resolutions, with the request for their publication in your next issue. As an officer of the National Spiritualists' Association, I cannot ignore the request of our mediums, to whom I feel a gross injustice has been done. I respectfully request you to cooperate with the officers of the National Spiritualists' Association in their endeavor to obtain justice for our workers. These resolutions are not a reflection upon any individual, but simply the expression of the honest feelings of an injured people.

Fraternally yours,  
H. D. BARNETT.

Whereas, The correspondent of the Buffalo Express from Lily Dale Camp has caused to be published in the columns of that journal, of Sunday, Aug. 25, an article reflecting not only upon the characters of the mediums now at Lily Dale, but upon the characters of the frequenters of the spiritistic seance-rooms; and

Whereas, Said reflections are not only unjust, but also false and misleading, designed to injure all mediums and their patrons by the widespread circulation of the malicious and libelous articles in question; be it, therefore,

Resolved, That we the mediums now at Lily Dale, in meeting assembled, hereby call upon and formally request the National Spiritualists' Association to take immediate steps to secure the retraction of said article, and to publish a vigorous defense and full explanation of the facts of the case, in the columns of the Buffalo Express or some other widely circulated and influential publication.

Resolved, That we request the National Spiritualists' Association to remonstrate with the management of Lily Dale Camp for continuing in its employ one whose sole object seems to be the breaking down of Spiritualism and the bringing of mediumship in all its phases into disrepute.

Resolved, That we recognize the right of private judgment, and question no one's right to criticize fairly and candidly each and every seance, but emphatically protest and respectfully remonstrate against every form of misrepresentation, libel and slander, from press or pulpit, and ask protection from the same.

Resolved, That copies of these Resolutions be presented to the President and Secretary of the National Spiritualists' Association, to the Buffalo Express, and to the several Spiritualist papers, for use and publication.

(Signed), W. A. Mansfield, M. D., A. Campbell, Cyrus Seeds, Mrs. Mabel Aber-Jackman, Miss Mattie Woodbury, John Randall, Dr. C. H. T. Benton, Rev. John P. Thornbury, J. J. Sanford, Mrs. Adela M. Gage, Mrs. Maude I. Gillette, Cora H. Moore, F. Curden White, Rev. Elmo A. Moss, Edella D. Concanon, Rev. O. L. Concanon, Edward E. Jackson, Mrs. H. S. Marlatt, C. Abram Bowers, C. H. Figueroa, C. Campbell, H. M. Robinson, Mrs. Anna M. Ivey, Hugh H. Moore, Dr. P. Alma.

## Camp Progress.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Sunday we had an audience of twelve hundred people to listen to remarks from some of the best mediums, who are engaged in advocating and advancing the cause of Spiritualism.

The meeting commenced at 11 o'clock A.M.; opening by the singing of "America" by the audience. Remarks were made by Lorenzo Dow Milliken, president of the Association; singing by the quartet; recitation and remarks by Mr. H. A. Baker of Marblehead; song by Mr. J. H. Hooper of Salem and Jennie K. D. Conant of Boston; singing by Mrs. Gardner and LeGrand, Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Johnson.

At the afternoon session, singing by Miss Amanda Bailey and quartet; remarks and spirit delineations by J. Frank Baxter of Chelsea; duet by Mr. Penhall and Miss Bailey.

Next Sunday on what constitutes a good Spiritualist was given by Mrs. N. J. Willis of Cambridgeport; song by Mr. LeGrand and chorus; remarks by Mrs. Johnson of Everett.

Mrs. N. H. GARDINER, Sec'y.

Cars pass the grove from Lynn and Salem every fifteen minutes.

Another correspondent writes: Although at times the day was dark and dreary, and rain seemed not far off, it did not deter a goodly number of people from the meetings at the Grove—indeed, I was surprised to see so many on such a day; but evidently interest in those who were to take part in the exercises was not lacking; all had a hearty welcome, and spoke as of that which they knew.

I was greatly impressed with the possibilities of the surroundings of the camp, and the way the camp is carried on—every one seems earnest in making it a success. Much has been done, and there is much to be done, but everything is there to do with. Nature supplies a great deal, Art will help, and the result will be one of the prettiest camps in Massachusetts. It is already a popular one, as can be seen by the attendance.

## CONNECTICUT.

**Meriden.**—Mrs. H. W. Hale writes: The Spiritual and Liberal Society of Meriden, Conn., will resume its meetings Sunday, Oct. 6, with Mrs. Carrie Loring of East Braintree, Mass., as speaker. We have secured for the coming season the large and beautiful Odd Fellows Hall, on State street. It is well-lighted and ventilated, and of easy access, which will be of great benefit to older and feeble people. We have nearly all our own food and drink, and by the best speakers on the Spiritualists' roster.

With good speakers, good singing and a pleasant and commodious hall, our meetings are resumed with every prospect of successful and gratifying results.

Are you going to the White Mountains? This question is one that is answered in the affirmative with more and more frequency every year, and their magnificent scenery and wonderful recuperative effects are annually enjoyed by a larger number of pleasure and health-seekers than ever before, even when the influence of State Railroads and the most picturesque attractions of the White Mountains, which have gathered together their beautiful autumnal shrouds, and present an aspect unequalled by any mountain section in the world.

The reduced rate to many of the points from Boston is but \$5.00 for the round trip, and to the tourist wishing to enter the mountain region by the way of North Conway, and to return by the way of Plymouth, provision has been made whereby an exchange will be made at the several ticket offices in the mountains, while an exchange will likewise be made on tickets purchased by the way of Plymouth to return by the way of North Conway. Stop-over, however, will be allowed only north of North Conway or Plymouth.

Slide-trip tickets are on sale at Fabyans and Bethlehem Junction for Profile House, the Summit and Mt. Cannon places, at reduced rates, while the hotels will give very low rates to holders of these excursion tickets.

Detailed information will be given at the Boston & Maine railroad ticket offices; at the City Ticket Office, 214 Washington street, or upon application to General Passenger Department, Boston.

## Special Rates to Washington.

The Baltimore and Ohio R.R. (Royal Blue Line) announces reduced rates of fare to the National Spiritualists' Convention at Washington, D.C., to which all desiring to attend this interesting occasion are entitled. By this route, choice of lines to New York, whether Sound or all rail, is offered, and at New York connection is made with the "Royal Blue Line," operating the finest, safest and fastest train service in the world. The run, New York to Washington, is made in five hours!

Full information and tickets can be secured at Company's office, No. 211 Washington street, Boston, or apply to 74 Sydney st., Dorchester, Mass.

## Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from their use. It is taken internally, and it is made in Toledo, Ohio, by J. C. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists; price 75c. per bottle. Sept. 21.

## Have You Read the Thrilling Story, HERESY; OR, LED TO THE LIGHT,

BY HUDSON TUTTLE?

WHEN this Story was running as a serial, there were constant inquiries for its publication in book form. This demand has now been met. It makes an attractive volume of two hundred and twenty-three pages, and may be read as a summer pastime or studied for its solution of many psychological problems.

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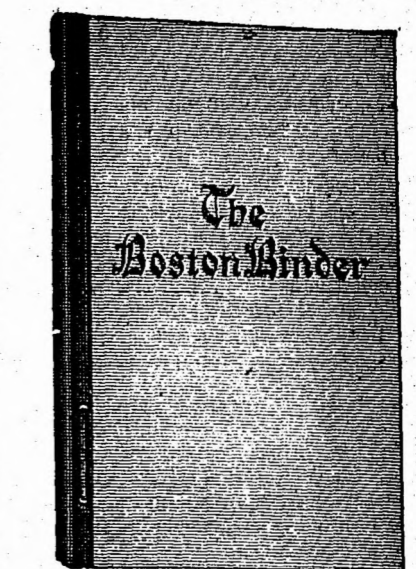
**THE PRIZE KANSAS CITY NO. 1**

**BABY OF CUTICURA**

Cured of Disfiguring ECZEMA REMEDIES

Our baby when three weeks old was badly afflicted with Eczema. Her head, arms, neck, limbs, and nearly every joint in her body was raw and bleeding. We were compelled to try CUTICURA REMEDIES. We began with CUTICURA (ointment) and CUTICURA SOAP, and after the first application we could see a change. After we had used them one week some of the sores had healed entirely, and ceased to spread. In less than a month, she was free from scales and blemishes, and to-day has as lovely skin and hair as any child. She was shown at the Grand Fair, and took a premium as the prettiest baby, over sixteen others. Mr. & Mrs. PARK, 1609 Bellevue Ave., Kan. City. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CO., Boston.

## NEW Banner of Light BINDER.



As many of our subscribers have expressed a desire for some form of a binder in which they can preserve the weekly issues of THE BANNER OF LIGHT, we have arranged for one that is strong and durable, and will admirably answer the purpose.

The covers are flexible, and will easily hold fifty-two numbers—or a complete year's issue of the paper.

The engraved heading of the BANNER OF LIGHT is printed across the face in place of "The Boston Binder," as in above cut.

Binders the quality and size of the one we now offer usually sell for 50 cents and upward, but by purchasing a large quantity at one time we are enabled to supply them to our patrons by mail, POSTAGE FREE, for

**Only 35 Cents.**

The Binder is also included, the same as Books and