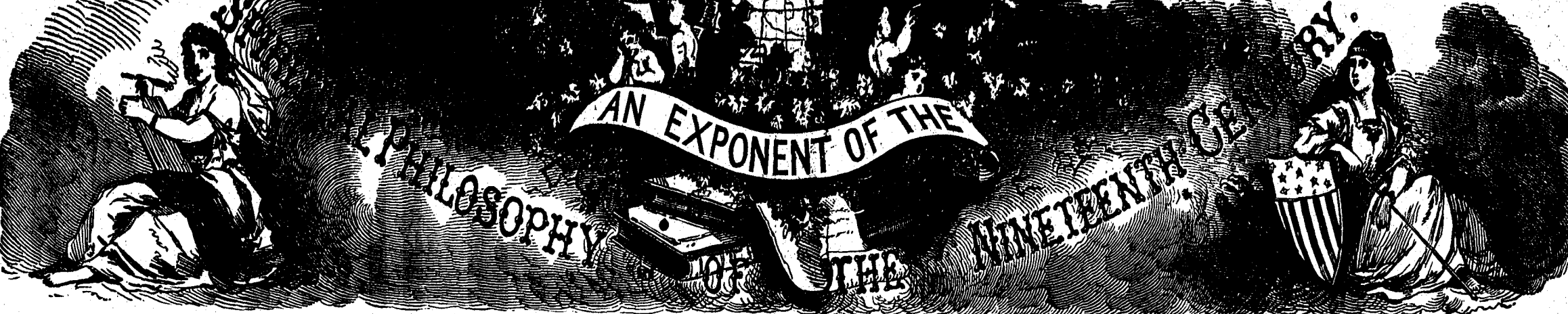


BANNER OF LIGHT.



MANLY COLLEGE LIBRARY
NOV 6 1896

VOL. 80. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1896. NO. 10.

The Spiritual Rostrum.

Welcome to the Delegates.

Declaration of Good Feeling to the National Spiritualists' Association at Washington, BY GEORGE A. BACON.

From the very complimentary remarks of our worthy President, you learn that one of the reasons why the pleasant duty devolves on us of saying that our hearts and homes are yours for the time being is because, while we were not born at the beginning of the century, as some suppose, we are, perhaps, the oldest representative, not yet on the retired list, of the Cause of Spiritualism in this city, in whose honored name you are here assembled—the oldest resident publicly connected with the movement who is present on this occasion.

Honored by your gracious partiality beyond our just deserts I am thus privileged to speak to you the customary words of welcome, by way of prelude to the opening exercises of the convention—we beg you measure not the warmth of this welcome by any lip service of ours, nor by any multiplication or collocation of words that may be uttered; for surely our heart is stirred, our emotions touched, our feelings kindled, our thoughts aflame, with that which may not be expressed.

That which we most desire to say or do ever eludes us. And so, in formal terms and on behalf of the Spiritualists of the city, we extend to you, each and all, individually and collectively, severally and jointly, delegate, alternate, proxy and friend alike—a right royal welcome to this most distinctive city on the American continent, the Mecca of politicians everywhere, the political hub of the national wheel (as well as the paradise of wheelmen generally)—the Federal city of the Union, the official home or headquarters of the National Spiritualists' Association—a cordial, hearty welcome to all the attendants upon the Fourth Annual Conclave of the representative body of Spiritualists of the country and all that that implies.

The question that presses in upon us at this hour more than that of any other is, how to better equip and put in still more successful running order the necessary machinery by which the greatest amount of spiritual illumination (synonym for light and truth) may be generated among mankind; how best prepare to receive and transmit the spiritual messages of the Fathers of the Republic; to carry out, as far as practicable, the suggestions of the Spiritual Congress—in short, to determine among ourselves what legislation, in behalf of organization, is necessary, on the part of this National Association, that shall best serve the spirit world, or spiritual forces, now working through such human instrumentalities as are here and elsewhere found available.

Touching this question of practical organization, we hesitate not to say in this presence, that we have but little respect, less patience and no sympathy, with that class of nominal Spiritualists who, selfishly satisfied with their own spiritual experiences, are indifferent to those of all others—who stand coldly apart and by their criticism, no less profuse than captious, predict dire results to every effort, however sincere and intelligent, that seeks to put into proper, practical, concrete, shapely form, that which is so generally diffused. Following the nebulous state, in natural sequence, comes the process of crystallization. The principle of evolution outworks in every department of Nature. Wherein can we better utilize the spiritual showers that have so bountifully descended upon us, than by conserving these forces, arranging for and wisely directing their beneficent influences in adapted channels of communication; in fact, opening up spiritual Mississippi highways throughout the land in all directions?

Organized effort on behalf of practical Spiritualism, by many of its best exponents and friends, has long since become a vital necessity. Are not the conditions of life fully ripe for it?

Oh God! how else can the present chaotic conditions that everywhere prevail be half so easily settled? Borrowing a thought from Wordsworth, who says:

"Place the prospect of the soul
In sober contrast with reality—"

we are led to say that, if Spiritualists would only manifest half the earnestness and enthusiasm for a spiritual election among the people as they do in behalf of a political one, the movement would receive a mighty forward impulse, and present an altogether different front before the world.

To you, honored delegates, there are many aspects of the work necessary to be done by the Convention that will tax your patience, your judgment, and your wisdom, to the utmost. There are questions to be settled, work to be outlined, plans to be perfected, the present and future claims of the Association to be provided for, and sufficient money raised to meet all these demands.

To satisfactorily arrange these various matters will surely require your best attention, your clearest counsels, your highest as well as most practical thought.

In the adoption of measures deemed necessary, however variant the views of different advocates may be, remember that the wisdom of many is greater than the wisdom of one. Keep your sessions free from the spirit of antagonism, personalities and strife. Whatever differences arise, differ only as friends. Surely if we seek our individual advancement as against that which makes for the best good of the whole; seek to further our own personal aims irrespective of equity and justice; seek to exalt self at the expense of the soul, shall we shackle our own higher good, and give "aid and comfort" to the enemy, by sowing the seeds of selfishness, ambition and dissension in our ranks.

Only along lines of progress toward the heavens can we hope to build for eternity. Creeds nor rituals, declarations nor ceremonies, halls nor societies can, of themselves, spiritualize us. At best, they but serve as external aids. Only by work and worship in the temple of the spirit, are the impulses of the soul outwrought.

It has been truly said, we are the only body representing a constituency that claims to practically know of the power that links this world to that of the spirit; the only body that publicly proclaims the truth of an open highway between the so-called mortal and immortal states; that through human instrumentalities, those of our friends, our relatives, members of our own families, we have been made to know and realize somewhat of our relationship to eternal realities. What body of men and women with such knowledge, such a light, such a truth, have greater reason for being recognized

by the thinking world? What body of men and women have greater cause to make known, to spread abroad, their knowledge, light and truth?

Oh! ye dwellers of the upper spheres, grant that we may have at least an approximate recognition and appreciation of our transcendent blessings, and bestow upon us the power and practical wisdom to extend these blessings throughout the world.

We interpret the sense of this gathering to be an expression of the fact that you have come to this Convention because of your interest in the work which this National Association represents, because of your desire to aid in perfecting its plan for practical work; that this work shall be more effective, far reaching and uplifting; that it shall not only be worthy of, but receive the spiritual and material aid of the great body of Spiritualists throughout the entire country; that its work shall be more fundamental and comprehensive; that it shall more and more clearly show the relation between its phenomena and its philosophy; between its multitudinous facts, their proper classification and scientific deduction. In short, by your presence, and your active, practical sympathy, you are here to do what you can to aid in the further extension of its beneficent aim and ends.

If in union there is strength, be as one against injustice in Church or State. Array yourselves as champions for that which makes for peace, righteousness and progress. Stand so together that, as in the elemental world, when the storms that are sure to come, beat upon your heads with a force hitherto unknown, you may be as a rock, a refuge of defense.

Renewing and repeating our opening words of welcome, we greet you on the threshold of these exercises in the broadest spirit of Liberty, Fraternity and Equality!

"Scientific Demonstrations of the Future Life."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I chanced to see in your valuable paper—June, 1896—an advertisement of a book entitled: "SCIENTIFIC DEMONSTRATIONS OF THE FUTURE LIFE." BY THOMPSON JAY HUDSON.

I was attracted to see such a book forthwith; in this especially, that for many years I have made it a study how we may obtain actual knowledge pertaining to the all-absorbing question of future life, if any, and its conditions. And I have found no means except in the spirit phenomena—the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism—the modern first, and then the ancient, if they agree with the modern. Here I have rested a long time in full faith, based on knowledge that herein and hereby the long-sought proofs are found.

Now, then, is there any other way? anything farther except a greater perfection in this?

I obtained this book, and found that a broad reference was made to a work by the same author on "THE LAW OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA," and which is made the basis of this. I obtained that book, also. I look over their tables of contents to see their general scope, and particularly to see how and where "the scientific demonstration of the future life" comes in, and what it is! Whereupon, Mr. Editor, I discover, or think I discover, that it does not come in at all! The title, the declaration, is misleading; and what I was looking for, and what others will look for, under this heading, is not to be found. That is to say, the question whether there is, or there is not, a future life; and if the same can be demonstrated in a scientific manner and methods by evidences which we can understand, and which are convincing here and now, as are other matters of science, is not broached at all, and much less proved. But in this work the statement of Jesus, that there is a future life, is taken as the evidence that can be relied on absolutely; and so no further question is made.

True enough, the author in one part of his work refers to other proofs, so-called, at the time, to wit: the facts of Spiritualism—and these are rehearsed at considerable length. One would think, at first view, that he was making use of these as in themselves constituting all, or a great part, of his "scientific demonstrations of the future life" that he proposed to make. Not so! Having collected such proofs, he, in a critical mood, scoops them all out again as of no value; or, perhaps I had better say, he passes them by as delusive and of no value in logic on the main question of a spirit-life.

Yet indeed he makes some use of these—I would call it auxiliary—to cause it the more likely that Jesus was able to know what it is supposed he knew, and was able to do what it is asserted that he did, and the more able to speak truly of the life that is to be. Here the author so mixes his words that one reading without careful discrimination might suppose he was using these facts as Spiritualists do. On the contrary, the author aims to destroy all inferences from these except as I have stated. He stands mainly on old Orthodoxy, with some modifications through some discovery of his own, and maintaining always that Christ was the last revelator of the future life and its conditions, and, further, that his words are to be taken on faith, and that no one, without faith in him, can have immortal life. Therefore I say there is not found in this work a "SCIENTIFIC DEMONSTRATION OF THE FUTURE LIFE." Hence I say that the proposition is not made out—the title is misleading—indeed a misnomer quite remote. According to the majority rule, the scientific demonstration of death would be a far more appropriate title.

But herein I wish to say that I do not charge any wrong intention upon the author. Our thoughts are not always very clear, our expressions are not always the most specific—and even we do not always define our simple words alike. When scientific men say "a scientific demonstration" they mean that the thing itself, certainly the main thing, the body, the core, is before them, and is made true by actual demonstration in the present tense. A demonstration of pointers to that is not a demonstration of the thing itself. For example, Columbus and America: A demonstration of the facts pointing to the existence of land at the West would not be a demonstration of the actual discovery of that land. Any prophecy of old times, any hope of present times, any statement of any individual, or many individuals, would not constitute a demonstration of the discovery. And so on in every instance. And so here. The pointers made use of by the author to enforce what he considers that Jesus said, go for naught till all the necessary preliminary proof is made as to Jesus. Till this is done the main thing is not proved.

Mr. Hudson introduces Jesus into his scientific proofs without any apology, giving him a scriptural standpoint indeed, but none that is known among scientific men. I do not see how he could misunderstand, and say "scien-

tific demonstration," but for courtesy and politeness' sake I will not deny nor intimate that he did. EDWARD S. HOLBROOK.

Chicago, Ill.

P. S.—For the benefit of any who may choose to read, and have not the books at hand, I will, on second thought, state a little more of their contents; for many will be curious to know, though they have no other object in going further, even after they have discovered that the chief thing proposed has collapsed altogether.

Mr. Hudson has done a great work in collecting psychic facts, and in stating ancient theories; his error is in the use he makes of them, or affects to make. Herein his peculiarities are marked, and his methods questionable beyond what I have stated—professedly new, and mostly of his own discovery.

The chief and leading one is this: that man has two minds—the one subjective and the other objective. Of course, in this short space I cannot describe; but generally the first is more of the spirit and the second more of the mortal; that they operate jointly at times and separately at times in life here; but the former progresses and lives on in spirit-life forever, while the latter, having done its work here, dies out, or at least is known no more.

And further, by the powers of these two minds, that all phenomenal spiritism is solved and made to appear as not of spirit origin. One of the characteristics of the subjective mind is that it has a perfect memory, and one of the works that this accomplishes is the pretended trance speaking of mediums, speaking with unknown tongues and the like.

Another marked peculiarity of the author (and his work) is this: Having introduced Jesus into his "scientific demonstrations," he makes great use of him and his sayings, and the sayings concerning him; that a belief in a future life is a necessary precedent to obtaining it. His statements are sometimes dubious, if he means always a belief in Jesus and his sayings, as if he quailed before such a terrible doctrine, and obscures his meaning by some prolixity of language, and scantily quotes his authorities. The full quotations that can be made, however, make up the doctrine; such as this: "He that believeth not the Son, shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him"; and many others. The doctrine, therefore, is, that faith in Christ is the only thing that confers immortal life.

As to the character and qualities that he attributes to Christ in full, there is some cloudiness. I cannot say that he intends to call him God, or God descended, in a doctrinal sense; but he elevates him to a pinnacle but little short of it, to wit, the greatest of all psychics; and his words are treated as the sum of all knowledge, he having "a perfect knowledge of the science of the soul"; and this includes life here and life hereafter.

In the last chapter of this work, the consummation of all, the parable of the rich man and Lazarus is quoted in full, and commentaries of approval are made as to its teachings. Among these, that Jesus thereby taught, I will quote the words, page 324—"The unmistakable import of the closing clauses of this parable is that it is not expedient, nor possible, for any purpose whatever, for spirits of the dead to communicate with the living." "Beyond the portals of the tomb science cannot penetrate."

In conjunction with this it should be observed that the author takes occasion, in view of "the rich man in hell, lifting up his eyes, being in torments," and petitioning that he might have been allowed to warn his brethren—and which was refused—to commend the tender mercies of the Heavenly Father.

Nearly all of which, except the general psychic facts, when correctly stated, I would controvert and give reasons therefor, but time and space allotted will not permit. I am amazed, and I wonder if the author will form a new sect, and number it the three hundred and forty-ninth sect of the Christian religion; the latest great effort of Orthodoxy to withstand modern science, and escape with life out of the grasp of this hundred-headed Briareus for a longer though weakly existence; or whether the author so new, strange and bizarre are his propositions, is in reality contriving some great hoax to perpetuate a regular Don Quixote in religion—to cure in due time, by ridiculous absurdities, the propensities of these times to make modern science out of the unproved and unprovable superstitions of the times long passed by.

And my controversy would be, if written out, that all mankind live on, irrespective of faith, and such a life as is consistent with the character of a God, truly parental, and kind and just, upheld by personal evidences fully attested, according to my ability, surely more convincing and satisfactory than any pretended Holy Writ that ever addressed itself to me, and that fully obtain at the present day.

And I abide,

E. S. H.

For the Banner of Light.

"Abstract Philosophy."

BY GILES B. STEBBINS.

This is the title heading an article on page 2 of THE BANNER OF OCT. 3, from which I quote, and comment on the quotations:

"Those who clamor for the preservation of individual identity unwittingly plead for a law of restriction. To individualize is to minimize."

Do we minimize man by the ideal of his immortal and individual existence, with capacity for endless spiritual growth?

"Impersonality characterizes all occult knowledge."

It is of man, personal, individual and undying, served by a physical body here, and clothed upon and served by a spiritual body hereafter, that our psychic research and occult knowledge tells us. The facts and philosophy of our Spiritualism deal with personal intelligences, and universal ideas and principles. Whittier well said:

"Nor mine the hope of Indra's son,
Of slumbering in oblivion's rest,
Life's myriads blending into one—
In blank annihilation blest;
Dust-atoms of the Infinite—
Sparks scattered from the central light,
And whirling back through mortal pain
Their old unconsciousness again.
No! I have FRIENDS in spirit-land—
No shadows in a shadowy band,
Not others, but themselves, are they."

"The abstract plane is the true plane for psychic students. Impersonality characterizes all occult knowledge."

Is not the power to gain occult knowledge an individual and personal power, dealing both with persons and with abstract ideas in psychic studies?

"Growth implies absorption into the eternal and infinite self, and consequent loss of human personality."

This is "the hope of Indra's son" mystic, Oriental, of the dying poet. Give Oriental thought due credit, but primitive Christian

thought and the spiritualistic thought of today are riper and deeper.

"Ab-traction is the bed-rock of occult Spiritualism. It is the strength of Oriental religions; Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Confucianism, and all the venerable theories of antiquity were based upon it."

Grant this to be correct, although it is open to criticism, is it not true that

"The thoughts of man are widened
With the process of the suns?"

Have not the largest thought of our most advanced religious teachers and spiritualized scientists, and the more perfect insight of the higher aspects of Modern Spiritualism, brought us beyond the "occult Spiritualism" of this writer, to a larger Spiritualism which recognizes the abstract and the infinite, but also includes and holds fast to the facts of life here and hereafter, is uplifted by the idea of the progressive immortality of man, and sees that his future individual life does not "minimize" but enlarges him?

"Some may ask: What is abstraction? I answer. It is that mental state in which the physical ego is absolutely subjected to the law of spirit; to speak metaphysically, it is a condition of mental diffusion in which the untrammeled mind searches occult fields relatively free from fleshly constraint."

This definition might be simplified, in our spiritualistic or psychical fashion, by saying that in the "trance," or the "superior condition," the outward senses are sealed, or the spirit so uplifted and opened, that we are in rapport with the secrets of time and eternity, the universe like an open volume to us.

Other sentences of this article might be commented on, but this may suffice. It shows its writer to be sincere as well as able, but under the sway of Brahminical thought, and not realizing that our spiritual thought is higher and more clear and simple. Its publication in THE BANNER shows the large liberty of your columns. In reading it the question arises: Why put the old Hindoo philosophy at the front, and magnify the beliefs that grow out of this, as though no modern philosophy or belief had so great wisdom? I am glad the ancient lore of the Orient is opened to us. We can learn much from it, but the rich experiences and riper views of our time give us a purer light. Due honor to the old sages, but I cannot live in Brahminical fog, or load myself with a pilgrim's pack of crude old superstitions. The Vedas have noble texts, but the ethics of Christ are more clear and inclusive. Reincarnation may have served a purpose, but the glory and beauty of spirit presence make its flickering and fading light dim and uncertain.

In Hindostan, some sixty years ago, began a Theistic movement—the Bramo-Somaj, or church of the true God; Rammohun Roy, Chunder Sen, and Mozoomdar, its great leaders. It is a passing out by educated Hindoos from old superstitions; a seeking for true spiritual light and life, and holds the soul as above all outward authority. It has some seventy societies, or more, and is doing much for education, for the uplifting of Hindoo women, and the abolition of caste. Its tenets and ideas are quite like those of "liberal Christians" with us, with a tinge of Spiritualism. I have read the noble statements of their views and aims by its leaders with some care, and find nothing of reincarnation, karma, or transmigration of souls. These leaders of this progressive movement, born on the soil and familiar with the religions and the literature of their country, while aiming to preserve and add to the spiritual elements of their ancestral faith, have left behind, as not worthy of preservation or mention, these theories of ancient Brahminism which are held of such basic and vital importance in modern Theosophy. This is a noteworthy omission.

Our great century, now drawing near its close, has been marked by great reforms—upward steps in the march of humanity, each opening the way for its successor. The "Hylesville raps," apparently so inconsequent, were, like the Concord musket shot, "heard round the world." In every land their vibration has quickened the inner life of millions, and awakened thought and called out theories wise and otherwise. Theosophy, with reincarnation as a central doctrine, is one of the theories brought to new life by this awakened thought starting from the brown farm-house at Hylesville.

Free thought is priceless, but it must be wise as well as free, for only by wise thinking can we make

"The present with the future merge,
Gently and peacefully, as wave with wave."

Stating modern Theosophy fairly, we must take in reincarnation which never has been and never can be proved in a scientific way, as it occurs, if at all far beyond the ken of our outward senses; Karma, a crude old Hindoo conception of the law of cause and effect, and a mystical and absurd conception of man as made up of six states, or elements, with Hindoo names as incomprehensible as the fancy they represent.

Reincarnation takes the spirit from this to a higher life, where, in some mysterious way, it finds somewhere in the infinite universe a body of flesh which it enters, and thus comes back to our life on earth, passes out again with the death of that body, dwells in the spirit-land for some time long or short, and finds another body, in which it returns to earth. This process goes on many times, the expiations and experiences needed being passed through and gained by these fittings from earth to heaven, from the body of a beggar one day to that of a prince at some future day, and in some land near or far.

If this is the true idea of our future life, spirit-return, or presence, or communion, become shadowy illusions. My ascended friend, whom I loved here below, may be Saxon or Hindoo, Jew or Christian or Turk, nobleman or beggar, in some body of flesh somewhere; his being with me is a flimsy uncertainty.

If Theosophy, with its reincarnations, be true, Spiritualism, with its proof-positive of a personal immortality, is not true. Logically a belief in both is impossible; to a clear spiritual insight it is still more difficult, and also impossible.

Spiritualism gives positive proof of a future individual and personal life. We need no new bodies, for we take with us the spiritual body, "renewed day by day within us." Tennyson well said of his ascended friend:

"Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside.
And I shall know him when we meet."

We begin there where we left off here, in acquisitions and in character, good or ill. Our expiations and experiences are our own, there as here, and are gained by the unbroken continuation of our personal life, not by any absurd fittings from one perishable body to another.

We return to earth, when needed, and when we learn the laws under which such return is possible. To countless thousands has this supreme fact of spirit-return brought consolation and heroic strength—help to help themselves, a divine opening of the inner life!

This is the intuitive faith of the ages—stronger

in this last and ripest of the centuries than ever before. It opens a philosophy of life, here and hereafter, for which the world is ripening. Its human errors will die in fit time; its central truths will conquer and uplift the world. Under what name I know not. That is comparatively inconsequent.

What theosophy teaches of a divine life on earth is worthy of commendation, but such teachings are in the range of the Spiritual Philosophy, and are among the lessons of its higher seers and sages. Theosophy mars and weakens them by its teaching of old errors. When the Bramo-Somaj teachers—the winning and finest fruitage of the spiritual-minded Hindoo, in that land where reincarnation is old and still strong—pass it by without endorsement, or even mention, why revive it here?

I do not forget that illuminated and noble souls have been, and still may be, among its advocates. We are not "born under the same stars," and do not see alike. It is enough to say that the trend of the best thought to-day is away from reincarnation, and toward the Spiritual Philosophy.

Plainly enough the first is to fade away; to the growing radiance and power of the last we may well apply the inspired words of Elizabeth Dotten:

"Beyond the dim and distant line
Which bounds the vision of to-day,
Great stars of truth shall rise and shine
With steady and unclouded ray."



LAFCADIO HEARN

One of the most picturesque figures in contemporary literature is Lafcadio Hearn, a naturalized Japanese citizen, who is living in the land of his adoption and writing charmingly of it for the *Atlantic Monthly*.

The remarkable story of Mr. Hearn's life reads like a romance; born in the Ionian Islands, his mother was a Greek and his father an Irish officer in the English army. As a child he spoke only Greek and Italian, and after his adoption by a grand-aunt, was brought up as a Roman Catholic. The name Lafcadio is said to have come from the name of the town, Leucadia, where he was born. At the age of sixteen years he was sent to France to be educated. Left alone in the world by the death of his father and mother, at the age of nineteen years he came to this country, without means to make his own way. Extremely ignorant of all practical matters, and greatly troubled by defective eyesight, he drifted about and finally located in Cincinnati, where he took up proof-reading and editorial work on newspapers.

Not long after this he went South and there did editorial work for a number of years. Leaving New Orleans in 1887 he went for rest and recuperation to the West Indies. The tropics and the old French colonial life proved irresistible, and he remained there two years before returning to New York. He never abandoned the dream of going back to some part of the tropics again. A curious chance took him to Japan. There, after many wanderings, he seemed to find the country and life for which he was made, and he chose this country as his home, devoting his time to study and literary work.

He accepted a professorship at the Imperial University, Tokyo, and became a Japanese citizen and married a Japanese wife. Thus by various chances the American citizen of Greek and Irish descent becomes Y. Koizumi, the Japanese. Since his residence in Japan Mr. Hearn has written extensively for the *Atlantic* of this country, and has done more than any writer of the day to familiarize the world with this marvelous people. Their art, literature, and religion are familiar subjects to Mr. Hearn, and he brings to the task of writing upon them the result of European training and education. His last published volume—"Kokoro, Studies of Japanese Life and Character"—is said by competent critics to be the most remarkable interpretation of Japan ever given to the reading world.

His is a mind in sympathy with Buddhist philosophy, and his writings betray a rare insight into Japanese life and thought. Practically all his essays have appeared from time to time in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The November issue contains "Dust," a contribution from his pen which is in some ways the most unusual magazine article of the year. Covering less than half a dozen pages, it explains the Eastern conception of death, in language at once so clear and beautiful, that aside from its philosophic qualities the article is of rare literary excellence.

The unusual circumstances of a European, matured and educated under Western conditions, transplanted to Japan, has made it possible for Western readers to understand the life and philosophy of that country as never before; and Mr. Hearn is interpreting it in a most delightful fashion. The *Atlantic* promises further papers from Mr. Hearn's pen.

SCIENCE A CENTURY AGO.

BY OLIVER WENDILL HOLMES.

Scant were the gleanings in those years of dearth;
No Ouyler yet had clothed the fossil bones
Which slumbered, waiting for their second birth;
No Lyall read the legend of the stonies;
Science still pointed to her empty thrones.

Dreaming of orbs to eyes of earth unknown,
Herschell looked heavenward in the starlight pale,
Lost in those awful depths he trod alone.
Laplace stood mute before the lifted veil;
While home-made Humboldt trimmed his toy ship's sail.

No mortal feet those loftier heights had gained
Whence the wide realms of Nature we desecry;
In vain their eyes our longing fathers strained
To scan with wondering gaze the summits high
Which far beneath their children's footpaths lie.

Smile at their feeble venture as we may,
The schoolboy's copy shapes the scholar's hand,
Their grateful memory shapes our hearts to-day:
Brave, hopeful, wise, this bower of peace they planned,
While war's dread ploughshares scarred the suffering land.

Child of our children's children yet unborn,
When on this yellow page you turn your eyes,
Where the brief record of this May day mourn
In phrase antique and faded letters lies,
How vague, how pale our floating ghosts will rise!

Yet in our veins the blood run warm and red,
For us the fields were green, the skies were blue;
Though from our dust the spirit long has fled,
We lived, we loved, we toiled, we dreamed like you,
Smiled at our lives and thought how much we knew.

Oh! might our spirits for one hour return,
When the next century rounds its hundred ring,
All the strange secrets it shall teach to learn,
To hear the larger truths its gaze shall bring:
Its wisest sages talk, its sweetest minstrel sing!

For the Banner of Light.

WITH ONE ACCORD.
A SPIRITUAL ROMANCE.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

CHAPTER X—CONTINUED.

"Instantaneous cures, such as this seems to be, are not in my judgment what they often appear to some people. I cannot fail to realize that all orderly processes are gradual; therefore our friend's aggravated sufferings to-night were but symptoms of a climax. Were we living in days of old, and speaking an ancient language, we should be apt to say: The devil left him this midnight, and will enter no more into him unless he sin again, and that more grievously."

"I have been giving him mental treatments for the past few weeks quite steadily, to bring him to a realization of his oneness with Universal Life. Heretofore he has seemed obdurate, though not willfully; his intellect was hard to illumine, and his old grievances held him in durance vile."

"The chain of error was broken the very moment he turned with all the force of his inner nature to the spiritual light, which extinguishes material error instantly its rays play powerfully and directly upon its citadel."

"The old man has had a hard, bitter life. He came to California as a pioneer, in 1851, and soon made for himself a considerable fortune. He was at that time generous and unsuspecting. He adopted two young men (mere lads, one 17, the other 19), as partners. He was about 50 at the time, and had had a good deal of business experience in Massachusetts. These boys grew up to full manhood, and shared every possible luxury he could procure for them. He was more than an elder brother and guardian to them, but one was shot in a bear-hunt near Stockton when he had just reached his twenty-fifth year, and the other turned out a traitor and betrayed all his benefactor's interests into the hands of a syndicate of scoundrels."

"These sad experiences soured our old friend, and when I met him first, a few months ago, I saw a forsaken, gloomy man, over 70, and without a ray of hope in immortality, and destitute of friends and kindred here on earth."

"Owls Grove was once a fine house. In the early days of San Francisco it was looked upon as a masterpiece of modern architecture, but it is now a dilapidated old place, largely given over to rats and cockroaches. Hyena (at call, who does all the work that ever is done in the queer old place, is a good, honest girl, but very ignorant. She lives near by with her mother and sister, and at night the Hon. Monrovis Fitzlemonhoff occupies his once palatial abode, not in solitary grandeur but in deepest gloom."

"I begged him to permit me to find some good couple who would make the house habitable, but he studiously refused to permit any change in the old régime. 'As I have lived so will I die,' said he, and nothing could dissuade him from his grim purpose."

"Much in him reminded me of the old Spartans. I could not help admiring his firmness, but my heart bled for him in his embittered loneliness. I supposed at first that my visits would be looked upon as unwelcome and intrusive, so I delicately hinted that I would call again if he sent for me, but not otherwise. Tears filled his dim, bloodshot eyes and coursed down his seamed and furrowed cheeks, when I spoke to him of Charlie Mountford, the young man who was killed by a grizzly so many years ago, and, looking me straight in the eyes, he said: 'Ah! there may be something in what they call clairvoyance, after all, though I never believed in it. You're an honest-looking woman, you are, and, though you may be a fanatic, I don't think you are one, and if it should be true, spite of all, that we and our dead folks can talk together once in a while, I'm sure Charlie would be the first to come and look after me, for he was a good lad, and we loved each other as truly as did David and Jonathan. That other boy was a bad lot, but Charlie was a brick, he was,' and then the old man smiled the ghost of a wan, pale smile, as he added: 'You, madam, may be an angel from heaven, after all, sent by God to tell me about himself, though I must say I always doubted there being any Deity.'

"From that day forward he seemed to grow weaker, but tenderer; he wanted me to read to him, talk with him, sing for him whenever I found time to call, and at last he got to where he had quite a clear idea of thought-communication, and asked me to send him thoughts when I was not able to call bodily upon him."

Though nearly three miles stretched between Chignon House and Owls Grove, the distance seemed but a step to these earnest talkers, and they were quite astonished when they found themselves at the door of the old tumble-down mansion, which looked like a pathetic reminder of other days, when tastes and ways of living in the golden West were not as they are to-day."

The house was lighted, so far as the entrance was concerned, and the sister of Hyena, Matilda Catcall, opened the door as soon as she heard footsteps on the step, exclaiming breathlessly, "Oh! mum, there's been a miracle here; the old man is well and happy; 'im as we never thort to see above ground a week longer."

"My good girl, if this is a miracle, there are many like it in the world. Give God the glory, and rejoice in the good that has befallen your sister's employer. As everything is going well here, you had better go home to sleep. Tell your mother that Hyena is tired, and is resting at our house; she will return here at a convenient hour in the morning. We all thank you for the faithful service you have rendered, and after a good night's sleep you will be better prepared to comprehend all that has taken place than you are in your present condition."

Having thus kindly dismissed the watcher, Miss Sherrington and her escort went straight up to the library, where they found her once patient looking positively radiant in an old faded dressing-gown and down-at-heel slippers, which looked as though they, like the wearer, might have crossed the plains in an ox-cart in the pioneer days when the search for the gold which perisheth brought so many fortune-seekers to the land of the setting sun."

"My heaven-sent benefactor," began Mr. Fitzlemonhoff, "how can I ever do enough to prove my gratitude to you as heaven's instrument in accomplishing my truly miraculous recovery? The early part of this night was the hardest time I ever went through; my breathing was so difficult I nearly strangled, and during my groans I kept calling

for you, and at last Hyena ran for her sister, and rushed off to bring you. But before she had been gone five minutes you were at my side, real as life and twice as natural. I saw you, I heard your voice, I felt the touch of your hands, and after a short, hard struggle I sank into a peaceful slumber, from which I awoke rejuvenated as you now see me. These things can't be explained; they simply are, and that's the end of it; it's the ways of God, and they are past our finding out; that's all I can tell you; but, praise God, I'm healed, and now henceforth let me devote my life to the service of humanity. I've been a selfish old cuss for many a long year, harping upon my own miseries, and sour as a crab apple to boot. I wonder how you ever managed to put up with me; but from this blessed night forward I'm a new man, and the first thing I'm going to do with some of my accumulated savings is to pay for a temporary headquarters for the work you've got next your great loving heart. This very day, unless you forbid it, we'll go out together and lease suitable premises for a Home of Health such as you believe in, where others may come to share in the blessings so freely showered on me."

To Miss Sherrington all this was only an expected confirmation of her dauntless faith, but to young Paddersleigh it was rather more than he could comprehend directly. He felt dazed, not incredulous, but "sort of taken off his feet," as he expressed it to his mother afterward.

However much we may have heard of the theory of divine healing, we can never realize it fully until we ourselves have been most intimately bound up with its amazing victories. After talking less than hour, Miss Sherrington and Harry bade their enthusiastic entertainer a hearty good-night and God bless you, and tramped home at three o'clock in the morning as lightly and easily as though they had been taking a constitutional during the most approved hour for pedestrian exercise. Reaching home they found a repast ready for them in the kitchen, though all the inmates of Chignon House were evidently in the arms of Morpheus, as the house was quiet as a vault, but pervaded with a deep, sweet sense of perfect peace and serene trust in the guardianship of heaven's protecting messengers.

Cold tongue, with mustard and water, is a nice night-cap at 3 A. M., after two walks aggregating nearly six miles' distance, and having enjoyed to the full that substantial collation Miss Sherrington and her faithful knight joined the company of sleepers.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PROJECTED COLLEGE.

It is surely one of the most distinctly pleasing experiences we enjoy during the course of our relations with our fellow-beings, that gratitude for real blessings, consciously and unexpectedly received, does well up spontaneously in the human heart.

Pessimists may complain as they will of the base ingratitude shown to benefactors on every hand, but pessimistic assertions are never accurate, for they resemble descriptions of persons and places given by beholders who have gazed at their surroundings through jaundiced eyes.

The Hon. Monrovis Fitzlemonhoff had in his early days been a man of prompt and decisive action, though for the past twenty years or more he had given way to chronic melancholy, and allowed his energies to rust through disuse. When life seems in no sense worth the living, it is not surprising that it should be idly squandered or sullenly endured by one who does not appreciate its value or discern its opportunities. When, however, a bright new light breaks in upon man's pathway, and the road is seen tending not to the tomb but to a glorious fullness of ever-increasing life and usefulness, new and mighty impulses sway the nature which erstwhile slept in darkness, and to be up and doing is as natural as for birds to build their nests in springtime, looking forward to the happy uses to which their work will be devoted.

After the thrilling episodes of the previous night the family at Chignon House had slept soundly and late, so it was nearly eleven o'clock before they assembled at the breakfast table with healthy appetites for both kinds of food, which should always be taken jointly—the mental and the physical.

Mrs. Parrot had awakened from her trance eloquent, about ten minutes after her guest and her nephew had set out on their midnight expedition to Owls Grove.

As soon as she returned to the normal plane of exterior consciousness, she began to inform her sister of what she had seen, where she had been and the work she had assisted to accomplish during her journeying in what many people call "the astral."

As she was always fond of relating her psychical experiences to listening ears, she rehearsed everything in detail while the family were at breakfast, and as she ate very slowly and talked between every mouthful, meals were rarely of short duration when she was at the board. "To make a long story short," she summarized, addressing Miss Sherrington in particular, "you know I have always insisted upon the reality of the double. When I was a girl I used to leave my outer body frequently, and appear at a distant place, exactly as Mr. William Stead declares a lady of his acquaintance appeared in a Congregational Church in London during a Sunday evening service while she was physically in her own bed, ill, six or seven miles away. I was not ill, however, when I appeared in my girlhood to friends in my native London while my dear mother and myself were summering in Italy. When I became entranced last night I experienced exactly the sensations which were so common with me in my early youth. I lost consciousness of the room and of its inmates. I felt myself traveling through the air easily and lightly till I stopped at a queer-looking old house which I rather shrank from entering, but I was so forcibly impelled to go into that curious dwelling that I quickly overcame my repugnance, entered through the heavy front-door without opening it, glided upstairs into an old ramshackle sort of bedroom, where I saw a wizened-looking face peeping out under a shock of grizzly hair above a singular-looking and much-faded patchwork quilt."

"The owner of the strange, sad face was evidently in dire distress of mind and body; his groans were piteous; he seemed half-insensible and partially delirious. A young woman was half-asleep in a rickety armchair a few feet from the bed, and there was one sperm candle burning in the uncared-for and dismal apartment. These details I observed in far less time than it takes me to recite them."

"What am I here for? Who sent for me? What service can I render? These and similar questions trooped through my brain, but I received no answer to any of them. I was held there in a sort of spell for what seemed to me a long period of time in my state of suspense, though I daresay the actual time was but a very few minutes."

"Presently there appeared before me, between my vision and the bed on which the sufferer was restlessly tossing, a calm, beautiful face, angel-like in purity and gleaming with intelligence far beyond the ordinary. As I saw this radiant countenance, I heard the words: 'The 777 Lodge has not been organized in vain; you are one of us, and we have called upon you this night to fulfill your obligation to render service, as a member of our Order, to the wretched, who can be comforted; to the sick, who can be healed, and to the wayward, who can be corrected.'

"I never saw a sweeter face, nor heard a more charming voice, and, without waiting to inquire as to the identity of the speaker, I immediately answered: 'I am here at the service of all heaven's ambassadors.'

"Then it seemed as though scales fell from my eyes; the dingy old room disappeared, the poor old man had become invisible, and I saw a great company, a united host of bright immortals, showering down on the bed, which now seemed bathed in light and completely transfigured, a forceful tide of what Orientals call 'Akasa,' or the life-principle. I felt myself indrawn, till I became a member of this luminous society, and from my own inner nature the life-tide began to flow rhythmically in harmony with the tidal pulsations of the same force in my companions."

"The sensation was one of exquisite delight. No after-consequence of weariness or feeling of depletion at the nerve-centres followed this ecstatic realization that I was privileged to be one of many to emancipate a long-fettered

brother from thralldom, and restore to health and usefulness a sadly shattered mind and frame."

"Gradually the experience became less intense, the angelic ministrants vanished one by one, and I was left apparently alone but very happy, while a voice said to me: 'Your work here is finished; you have done well; success has crowned our efforts.'

"The next thing I knew was that I awoke in this dining-room and found myself alone with my sister, who soon began to tell me about the errand on which two of you had departed. There is, and I suppose always will be, in connection with these remarkable experiences on the psychical plane, 'a something that never can be expressed,' as Owen Meredith expresses it in that famous poem of his, 'Auz Italiens,' but the time is rapidly drawing near when the something that can and will be clearly expressed, will prove itself far greater than was ever imagined in olden times."

"But I must refrain from sermonizing, as I am not on the platform, and I dare say Miss Sherrington has something to add to my recital which will throw more light on all our strange adventures."

Miss Sherrington declared that she was not able to describe anything on her own account which would elucidate the mystic problem further, and as the hour was approaching twelve, she expected the hero of the event to call in person, and explain his own deliverance, or at least manifest his regenerated personality.

Scarcely had she spoken when Mr. Fitzlemonhoff entered, looking bright as a boy just home for the long vacation or the Christmas holidays; but as he was full to the brimming point of his new enterprise, he seemed able to do but little to satisfy curiosity as to the manner of his astounding recovery.

"Here I am," said he, bluntly; "give God the glory for all the good that's ever done anywhere, and that suffices, in my humble judgment; but as we none of us are inclined to think that glorifying God is a mere psalm-singing occupation, I'm just going to pitch in, and help all I can to get that college in working order, about which my noble benefactress, Miss Sherrington, has been thinking so much of late. Now my first proposal is that we look up a good large house, rent it for a year, furnish it plainly and substantially, using it for headquarters till our projected building is constructed, and as I was a man of quick action in my first youth, I want to be the same in this my second juvenescence, though I trust the work I engage in now will be more profitable than my undertakings of past times, before I saw the light as I now see it. I have brought fifteen hundred dollars with me in gold eagles. I have them all in this bag (pointing to an old alligator satchel he had deposited on the floor beside him). I think for a thousand dollars we can pay a year's rent in advance, and for five hundred dollars we can get furniture enough for cash to begin upon; but if more money's wanted my pile is by no means exhausted, as during the past twenty years I have been accumulating every year three times as much as I have expended, and I've got a good round fifty thousand dollars in the bank to my credit, which I can draw at any time beyond this fifteen hundred dollars I kept in my cash box for emergencies."

"Now, Harry, as you are often in and out the real estate offices you probably know of some good houses which would answer our kind friend's requirements," suggested Mrs. Paddersleigh to her son, whose ambition was to rise to eminence as an honorable house agent.

"Come to think of it," said the young man eagerly, "there's the Dromedary Hotel on Sahara street, which is listed at \$1200 per annum, and I'm sure if you offer cash down and show them your eagles you can get Shufflemore & Sniggerington to lease it to you for an even thousand. It's a fine old place, but has been without a tenant for about eight months. I propose that we go and see it; the car that passes this door will take us there in a few minutes, and the keys are at the corner grocery close to the hotel. It is roomy and convenient; I've been all over it twice; there are twenty-four good rooms, two large bathrooms, a fine piece of garden ground, and I must say it's a rare bargain even at \$1200. Times having been hard and the locality not being fashionable, though thoroughly respectable, it didn't seem to pay as a private hotel, for which it was intended, but for such purposes as you want it for it will be first-rate in all respects."

"Let's go at once," said all in concert; and so Thursday, January 2, 1896, at 12:15 midday, the die was cast which led to the establishment of the Dromedary Institute of Spiritual Science, which, though yet in its infancy, promises to be a great and flourishing institution in the large and populous metropolitan city of the Golden West."

After a short ride through a very pleasant part of the city, our party alighted one block from the "Dromedary," just in front of Snelgrove's grocery establishment, where the keys were kept. Harry Paddersleigh's description of the roomy old house was in no way overdrawn, and indeed it possessed collateral as well as intrinsic advantages far beyond any which could be enumerated in a bare mention of the edifice and its appointments.

San Francisco is in all its elevated portions a city of unsurpassed views, both marine and mountainous, and from the high ground on which "The Dromedary" stood, an extended landscape, bold in outline and diversified in detail, extended on either hand.

"Quite an ideal place for a college and sanitarium combined!" exclaimed Mrs. Parrot, directly she saw it. "I have been long wishing that some such place as this could be devoted to a work in which I am deeply interested, and if this undertaking is a success, as I am sure it must be, I shall be the more encouraged to launch my pet project on the world, not as a rival but as a fellow-worker with this good enterprise."

Shufflemore & Sniggerington parleyed awhile, but at length decided to accept one thousand and fifty dollars as one year's rent, in advance, which Mr. Fitzlemonhoff promptly paid in gold out of his alligator satchel in their office on Fishing street. Furniture was the next consideration, and at the Golden Rule Bazaar and in its immediate vicinity the remaining four hundred and fifty dollars were wisely expended; and for that moderate amount of capital invested, thanks to Mrs. Paddersleigh's wise, economical suggestions, enough good solid furniture was chosen to enable the new college to open its doors a week later in very decent and not unattractive costume."

Riding about, shopping and transacting varied kinds of business makes healthy people hungry; so, when six o'clock came, and the principal details had been attended to, a good turkey dinner, proposed by the hero of the occasion, was by no means unwelcome. This banquet was spread at Owls Grove. Hyena and Matilda Catcall, assisted by their mother, had been busily engaged sweeping, dusting and generally brightening up the old dilapidated house since morning, and a first-class cook had been engaged to attend to the culinary department."

By 6:30 o'clock they were all seated in the quaint old dining-room of that long inhospitable manor, and though everything was old and faded throughout the domicile, the flowers and evergreens which festooned the entrance-hall and dining-room, and the sumptuous repast provided, completely transformed the old barrack, until it deserved to rank with any old heirloom in the way of architecture and furnishings, which modern taste has lightly embellished so as to afford a connecting link between old times and new."

As the merry party sat over their second New Year's dinner, which lasted fully three hours—from the introductory radish till the cracking of the final walnut—remembrances came thick and fast of days that are no more, but whose record remains in the archives of eternity."

The cure of the host was so complete, so radical, that from helpless, despondent, peevish invalidism he had been raised by divine magic to vigorous health, and the perfect enjoyment of all his mental faculties. A man need not be old at seventy-four; we are none of us for the nonce any older than we feel, so when a thankful, cheerful spirit animates and works through a reconstructed organism, the silvery-haired veteran may be quite as youthful, both in feeling and demeanor, as the raven-haired stripling by his side."

After dinner a séance was proposed at which Mrs. Parrot

officiated as medium, and though she very rarely gave in to the urgent requests of her numerous friends that she would "sit" for them, on this occasion she was bound to admit that the request deserved consideration; so yielding to the importunity of those about her she yielded to the pressure of those wise, truthful intelligences who never misled her, and who, in times past, had often wisely counselled and helpfully warned those who sought instruction through them.

[To be continued.]

For the Banner of Light.

The Rising Tide.

BY HELEN STUART RICHINGS.

There are seasons when the rising waters threaten to sweep old landmarks out of sight, and when they ebb, men mark the highest point the flood has reached as a warning signal against the time of its return.

The great sea of thought has its flood-times. One of them is with us. The high water marks of past years on church pillars and governmental piers, on educational dykes and social dams, are already submerged, and, with bated breath, we await the ebb, prepared to find some of our most cherished institutions undermined and in need of considerable propping, while others shall have disappeared in the swirl of the retreating waves.

At a meeting of the Jefferson County (N. Y.) Ministerial Union, a few days ago, a paper was read by Rev. J. W. Barrett, of Pillar Point, N. Y., on "The Biblical Doctrine of Spiritualism."

The paper contained nothing new. It was in the fact that its topic was selected as the leading feature of the meeting, and in the views that found expression in the discussion that followed that evidences of "high water" might have been noted. The title of the paper was misleading. Evidently, while gazing far out at sea, the reverend writer had found the tide at his feet so strong as to demand his immediate attention. With a few opening words, he quickly left the Biblical for the modern phase of Spiritualism. Granting, he argued, that communication was established between the seen and the unseen worlds, the communicating spirits painted a world without God, without a Savior, without redeemed saints, and robbed heaven of its purity and peace, its songs, its rest, and its worship of the Lamb "who is the light thereof."

When the topic was opened for discussion the first speaker, Rev. S. A. Hayt, D. D. (Presbyterian), gravely announced that he did not know anything about the subject, adding: "I have never taken any interest in it, and cannot imagine anything that could make me feel any interest in it. However, my experience (sic!) is that, wherever a person turns to Spiritualism, there is moral deterioration. I know a man, a Presbyterian, who became a Spiritualist; he also became a very profane and otherwise immoral man. Besides, what have these people ever done? They are never with us—never in any reform movement. Lazy, idle, worthless! Content, like cats, to lie on a soft rug and enjoy the fire." Continuing in the same vein, the reverend gentleman closed by repeating his opening formula: "But I really do not know anything about this subject"—which was, by this time, an entirely self-evident proposition to those who did.

Rev. D. L. R. Libbey (Universalist), President of the Union, and a member of the American branch of the Psychological Research Society, made a brief but pointed speech, in which he instanced the many prominent scientific men who "find the subject worthy of their attention," mentioning Sir Alfred Russel Wallace, "the co-worker and peer of Darwin, Huxley and Tyndall, and a Spiritualist." "My friends," continued Dr. Libbey, "we are confronted by facts. It will not do for us to close our eyes to them. We can no longer afford to ignore them. We must meet them. Let us do so without heat, without prejudice. I have sat in the company of such distinguished men and women as the Rev. Minot Savage, Julia Ward Howe and Rev. Joseph Cook, and listened to a recital of strange experiences on the part of the first-named gentleman that could not be lightly passed over or relegated either to the realm of fancy or fraud. Joseph Cook admits the phenomena. I myself have heard him admit it. There is scarcely a clergyman in England to-day who attempts to deny it." (In the Established Church?) queried a voice. "Yes, and in all the churches, notably in the Congregationalist," replied another voice. "True," said Dr. Libbey, "and what are we going to do about it? For my own part, I am sometimes called a Methodist; I can stand that. I am sometimes called a Spiritualist; I can stand that. I am a Spiritualist—in a sense. Do not fear for my orthodoxy, brethren. Whatever is true will stand. We want the facts."

Of, perhaps, sixteen ministers present, ten had something to say upon the subject under discussion, six of whom admitted the actuality of the phenomena; two denounced them as of the devil, which brought forth some remarks plainly indicating that his satanic majesty is by no means so implicitly believed in by the evangelical ministry as once upon a time.

And so the tide rises—the tide of thought, of spiritual power, bearing to the shores of human reason the flotam of facts a few would still cast back into the sea.

If what J. G. Holland wrote early in the seventies was true twenty years ago, how much more is it not true to-day? "Faith has fled from an uncounted number of souls; the theological seminaries have become shaky places, and ministers are staggering in their pulpits, under their burdens of difficulties and doubts."

A Word for Spiritualism and Mediumship.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Throughout all time there have been mortals who firmly believed that they saw, through clairvoyant powers, the forms of those they once knew and loved on the earth, but upon whose mortal form death had placed his cold grasp, and the light of their eyes went out, their loving presence and sweet voices became only a dream of the past, and the places which once knew them on the earth know them no more.

But where has all this life and beauty and sweetness gone? It was not born to perish. All physical life tells of death; the day dies in the glories of the sunset—but it lives again to those who are watching for it as we watch the sunrise. It is day to one part of the earth while the shade of night, obeying the natural laws, settles down and brings sweet peace and rest to the other; and this continues day after day and year after year, and will so continue until time is no more.

The gift of mortality bears with it that of immortality. To live in the spirit we must become mortal, and when that is discarded as a garment, we take on the spiritual with all its splendid possibilities, unencumbered, in God's own time, with the nights which do so sorely beset the physical life.

There are some who are so spiritual in their character and conduct, that they taste of the joys of the beyond long ere they make the journey over the river which separates the two worlds. These are the sensitives, so-called, with a nature so alive to spiritual influences, and so surrounded by the friends who have gone over, that they are easily in rapport, and catch the most exquisite views of the spirit-land, and gaze upon beauteous forms and faces until they, too, become so spiritualized that earth loses its charms and heaven claims them as its own.

The great public are not in unison with this; the time has not yet come for that; but in almost every town and city throughout the broad land there are the devoted bands styled Spiritualists—those who believe in intercourse with those beyond—and among them are the mediums, sensitive to the spiritual impression, with gifts of healing, seeing, writing, entrancement, materialization, etc.—powers not of their own seeking, but which were born with them into the world and for the noble purpose of benefiting mankind, who are hungering and thirsting for this knowledge of the future life—a knowledge which should take away all fear of death, and through which they could catch more soul-satisfying glimpses of the life to come, the life everlasting.

This great gift has not received the welcome which it should, but has flourished in the hearts of its possessors, notwithstanding the opposition which has surrounded it. It has most emphatically worn the crown of thorns; but now, thanks be to the All-wise Father, its mission on the earth is to lead it into more even pathways and brighter possibilities.

The coming decade is to witness great things for Spiritualism. The heavenly hosts will marshal their forces and take strong hold, developing many mediums and transmitting the light into many homes. This will all be needed for the salvation of this Republic, which is about to undergo the most violent attacks which it has as yet encountered from foes without and foes within; but it will survive the shock, and come out stronger than ever.

Spirit power will prove its salvation, and the day is fast drawing near when true Spiritualism will be the prevailing religion, and this will greatly aid in bringing on the millennium.

INVESTIGATOR.

The prize offered by the publishers of *The Gentlewoman* for the best epigrammatic definition of the new woman was awarded to the following: "A fresh darn on the original blue stocking." Among other definitions received were: "Six of one and half a dozen of the other," "A creature of opinions decided and skirts divided," "One who has not yet attained to be a gentleman."

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, located at 9 Bowditch Street (formerly Montgomery Place), corner of Province Street, Boston, Mass., keeps for sale a complete assortment of Spiritual, Progressive, Reformer, and Miscellaneous Books at Wholesale and Retail.

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

Subscriptions to the BANNER OF LIGHT and orders for our publications can be sent through the Publishing Department of the American Express Co. at any place where that Company has an agency. Agents will give a money order receipt for the amount sent, and will forward us the money order, attached to an order to have the paper sent for any stated time, free of charge, except the usual fee for insuring the order, which is 1 cent for any sum under \$5.00. This is the safest method to remit orders.

In quoting from THE BANNER care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of independent thought, but we do not desire the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents may give utterance. No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return canceled articles.

Newspapers sent to this office containing matter for inspection, should be marked by a line drawn around the article or articles in question.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1896.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

(Entered at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class Matter.)

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE,
No. 9 Bowditch Street, corner Province Street,
(Lower Floor.)WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS:
THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY,
14 Franklin Street, Boston.THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
89 and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

Issued by

Banner of Light Publishing Company.

Isaac B. Rich, President.
Fred. G. Tuttle, Treasurer.
John W. Day, Editor.

Matter for publication must be addressed to the Editor. All correspondence should be forwarded to the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

"In things essential, UNITY; in things doubtful, LIBERTY; in all things, CHARITY."

Two Dollars Per Year.

The management of the BANNER OF LIGHT has reduced the subscription price of the paper to **Two Dollars per year** (former price \$2.50). The reduction commenced with the issue for **March 7**, which is **No. 1 of Vol. 70**.

We trust that Spiritualists all over the country will cooperate heartily with us in the step taken by THE BANNER in recognition of the demand of the times, which everywhere calls upon magazines, newspapers and current literature for some reduction of former prices.

Will the regular subscribers for THE BANNER make an effort to increase its circulation? It would be an excellent and practical plan if every one now on our subscription books would make it his or her business to obtain one new subscriber to this paper for 1896.

It is our desire to maintain the heretofore high standard of THE BANNER, and to add to the value of its contents and the practicality of its work, wherever opportunity shall be given us; and we hope the Spiritualists of the mundane world will work with us, to strengthen our hands for the service of that world of spirits, whose Cause this paper has so long defended.

BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

The National Association.

The fourth annual Convention of the National Spiritualists' Association, held at the national capital, was the emphatic expression of the feeling among Spiritualists in every part of the country that their organization as a national body is one of the urgent needs for which they ought to make substantial provision. It was the teaching of the Congress of Religions at the World's Fair that gave new energy and meaning to the centralizing of the local organizations of Spiritualists throughout the country, with a view to the natural solidification of their influence, the enlargement of their importance in the general mind, and the spread of the truth in a wider degree by their active agency. The effect of the recent Convention may justly claim to have been all that was contemplated by those engaged in its preparation. The numbers assembled fully vindicated the plan for a national assemblage of the numerous bodies of Spiritualists over the United States. It was in its character as American as it was spiritual, and a superior expression of the qualities of both. The prevailing sentiment was one of confidence in the future under the guidance of the experience and inspiration of the past.

Among the other purposes of the Association was stated that of the better equipment of the machinery needed to generate the utmost amount of spiritual illumination among mankind, and to determine what legislation is necessary on the part of the National Association to best serve the spirit-world and spiritual forces. The address of President Barrett was an exposition of the situation and the various interests allied to it. A vigorous protest was made in it against fraudulent mediums; various reforms were recommended; home circles rather than resort to public mediums were advised; and schools for the study of psychic phenomena were advocated. A plan was outlined for the building of a temple for Spiritualists in Washington, now fast becoming the seat of a number of institutions of national repute. Children's Lyceums likewise received the attention their educational importance deserves. Many Spiritualists are sending their children to Orthodox Sunday schools because of the paucity of Lyceums for children. The receipts of the Association to September 30 aggregated \$6500, and \$1093 more money was needed for the active promotion of the work

to be done. Two mass meetings a month for the coming six months in the large cities were urged as a means of forwarding the Cause.

Inasmuch as the semi-centennial of Modern Spiritualism occurs on March 31, 1898, it was suggested further by the President that it should be celebrated at Rochester, the place of its birth, and that arrangements be begun at once for the celebration on a grand scale. The appropriate committee reported a recommendation of the appointment of missionaries, the careful espionage by the Association of so-called mediums and fortune-tellers with a view to their eradication, the organization of State Associations, and the formation of a fund for the erection of a Temple of Spiritualism at the national capital. The committee on resolutions embodied in their report the platform, the articles of faith of Spiritualism, and the declaration of principles by which they desire to be judged. A pure personal life was likewise demanded for every medium, and the guarantee of legal protection from prosecution to legitimate mediums. It was also declared to be the purpose of the National Association to carry Spiritualism beyond its present limits and make it useful to the public. The various educational efforts of the Association and those connected with it were endorsed. And quarterly reports from the Secretary were recommended, and the efforts to protect persecuted mediums were approved.

The financial committee recommended that four able and competent lecturers be employed to go into the field to advance the general Cause of Spiritualism, and the recommendation was adopted. In regard to Lyceum Work the committee recommended that more attention be given to the perfection of the Lyceum for children, that object lessons be commenced, that suitable music be provided, that great care be exercised in the selection of Lyceum officers and teachers, and that Lyceums be established for the children's benefit and not for "gray-haired people." As the President remarked in his address, the National Association is the only body representing a constituency that claims to publicly know of the power that links this world to that of spirit; the only body that practically proclaims the truth of an open highway between the so-called mortal and immortal states; and that through human instrumentalities we have been made to know and realize somewhat of our relationship to eternal realities. No body of men and women with such a knowledge, such a light and such a truth has greater reason to be recognized by the thinking world. Its mission is the forgetfulness of self in the interest of the whole, otherwise no reason exists for an organization. Those assembled came with their hearts overlaid with the sweet gratitude of the message of immortal life.

The Discussion of Spiritualism.

A letter addressed by Alfred R. Wallace to the *London Echo*, in reference to the discussion started by a notice of his book, opens with the ironical remark that any one taking part in it would at least have read the book or read some others of recognized authority on the matter, and adds that it is only on the question of Spiritualism that ignorance seems to be considered a qualification for discussing a subject. What, he asks, would be thought of a person who had never witnessed the simplest experiments in electricity or read any book upon it, venturing to give his opinion in public on its nature and on the theories respecting it? Mr. Samuels tells us, he says, that, although a strong Materialist, he takes an interest in the question, and that his reading and conversation force him to the conclusion that Spiritualism is humbug. That is a very common conclusion, observes Mr. Wallace, whose reading on or against the subject is limited; but when Materialists extend their inquiry beyond reading and conversation into the phenomena themselves, they very often give up their Materialism and become converts to Spiritualism. He mentions the cases of Robert Dale Owen, Dr. George Sexton and Annie Besant, three of the most intellectual and able of the teachers of Secularism in England, who were all converted to Spiritualism by facts so clear, cogent and repeated under varied conditions, and so completely inexplicable by any other theory than that of the agency of disembodied intelligences, that to such honest and truth-seeking minds no other conclusion was possible.

Mr. Wallace says that he himself went through exactly the same process of conviction; while many others, such as Robert Chambers, S. C. Hall, Rev. Stanton Moses, and William Crookes, F. R. S., were converted by equally cogent facts from various forms of Orthodox Christianity to that broad and humanizing religious belief which results from the best spiritualistic teaching. People, he continues, are not asked by Spiritualists to accept the facts and conclusions of these eminent persons on their mere testimony; on the contrary, they think better of those who disbelieve until they get satisfactory personal evidence. What they do ask and expect is that disbelievers should suspend their judgment, and not accept second or third-hand statements to the prejudice of Spiritualism, while they reject even first-hand testimony in its favor. Mr. Wallace expresses the opinion that there is probably no subject on which so much misrepresentation and positive falsehood have been put before the public as has been used against Spiritualism. The Seybert Commission furnishes a comparatively mild example of it. After a very brief investigation, mostly with but one medium, Mr. Keeler, the Commission issued a "Preliminary Report," in which it expressed its belief that the phenomena witnessed were produced by fraud. But in no single case was it claimed that fraud was detected; their belief was based solely on the assertion that everything that happened might have been produced by the medium himself.

They do not even profess to prove by measurements or independent experiments that the medium, under the special conditions, could possibly have produced everything that happened, so that their statement that he did so has no value whatever as a scientific investigation, and certainly not as a thorough and impartial one. It is nearly ten years ago since this "Preliminary Report" was published. It was at once answered by General Lippitt, of Washington, who pointed out errors, illogical statements, and concealment of important facts. And from that day to this no explanation has been given and no further report issued, or is apparently likely to be issued. As the result of thirty years' inquiry into the subject, Mr. Wallace affirms that the phenomena and theories of Modern Spiritualism are fully as varied and complex as those of modern electricity; that to gain any adequate knowledge

of them requires long-continued and patient experiment and study, and that second-hand statements as to doubts, difficulties or errors are an utterly valueless and unimportant in the one case as in the other. Nevertheless, in order to avoid misconception, he states that he does not allege that there is any true parallel between electricity and Spiritualism as objects of study. The one is a physical, the other a psychological science. The phenomena in the one case depend only on physical conditions, and can therefore, when those conditions are learnt, be repeated at will; the other depends also on psychical and at present only partially understood conditions and on the capacities and wills of unembodied intelligences over whom we have no control, but whose powers are affected by our physical and mental idiosyncracies. The phenomena themselves, therefore, are not under our control, although, under favorable circumstances, they are produced with such abundance and under such absolute test conditions as to satisfy every inquirer who witnesses them.

The Punishment of Criminals.

At a recent meeting of the Cambridge (Mass.) Congregational Club, one of the speakers, Mr. J. Warren Bailey, of the Prison Commission, referring to the management of prisons thirty years ago, when the sole aims of officials were merely the safe-keeping of prisoners and the material profit to be got from the institution, observed that the modern idea of treating criminals was very different. It is the general belief now that incarceration alone is not enough. The character of the prisoner must be changed, and he must be made fit to go out into the world again and live an honest life. The prevalent idea now is to offer inducements to a man to do better. One such is the favoring new law which takes so many days off his sentence each month. Another is the provision that, when a prisoner has served two-thirds of his time, he has the privilege of being sent out into the world on parole. Still another is the indeterminate sentence. In building up the character of a prisoner, however, the task is greater after his release than during his confinement. The majority of prisoners go back to freedom with the determination to lead honorable lives. But they meet with strangers, or fall in with old associates, and are dragged back almost insensibly into crime.

They are called "jail birds," and by many other discouraging epithets, and they are everywhere regarded with suspicion. There are three classes of prisoners, said the speaker; they are the professional criminals, the accidental criminals, and those whose bringing up has been in poor circumstances and among unfavorable surroundings. The last of these three classes is the only one which can be influenced for good. The first class cannot be helped, and the second is made up of those who will commit a fatal error twice. Hence the necessity of doing something to prevent arrest in the first place. The laws are defective in this respect. Up to the age of twenty years few young men are criminal in intent, but after they have once crossed the black line of arrest their downward course is apt to be rapid. There are at this time eight thousand criminals in the penal institutions of Massachusetts, and the need is urgent for taking active steps to prevent crime.

On the subject of women criminals Mrs. Ellen C. Johnson said that sin was a disease, to be treated like a physical disease. Every case of crime ought to be diagnosed and its cause discovered. The treatment should be adapted to individual cases, and the punishment should always be such as to improve the prisoner's moral condition. There is always hope for a soul as long as there is life. The divine spark exists somewhere in even the most depraved human being. With the women under her charge, said Mrs. Johnson, flowers sometimes had a wonderful influence. She has the superintendence of the Sherborn Reformatory. The effect of music in softening a hard heart was frequently very remarkable. She gave a description of a barn party which she gave to some of the women, at which apples and music furnished the sources of their amusement. Such things she was fully persuaded exerted an improving influence upon the prisoners, yet she was always careful not to let liberty verge upon license. She taught the women housekeeping and home making, and encouraged them in caring for and loving something, if it was nothing more than a simple plant.

Mr. Scott, the Superintendent of the Concord Reformatory, declared reformation to be the chief end of imprisonment, and any method to be commendable which tended toward the accomplishment of that aim—moral, intellectual, industrial or physical. All reformatory action must be along the line of common humanity. The church, the schoolhouse and the workshop are as essential within prison walls as without them. The criminal must be made to work out his own salvation, and to become conscious that he is really doing it. He is to be induced to demonstrate his ability to fill an honorable position in the world. The truest reformation is wrought by the broadest education.

Girls' Education.

The education of our girls is becoming a more serious question, demanding more care and thought than it ever has in the past. We see in them the mothers of the generations that are coming after us. We hear a great deal about the higher education; but, as *The Outlook* remarks, why not pause to discover what is to be got for them in what may be called a humbler way. It proposes, for example, that they be taught first of all to read and write. The crudely ambitious conceptions of many modern directors of education put these requirements down so low in the scale of studies that they are regarded of the least importance, the accomplishments and fringeries and furbelows of an educational scheme being put far above them, and crowding them out of sight. Let a girl be first taught to read any English book at sight, without halting or stumbling, or too frequent use of the dictionary. She should learn to read, to read aloud, agreeably and with simplicity, giving pleasure to those who listen. The performance should be perfectly natural, and neither strained nor dramatic. Thus will she begin to contract a friendship for books, which will form the companionship and solace of her life. To be a reader is one of the surest safeguards against being a talker. It prevents excesses, such as those of sewing, fancy-work and pedantic housekeeping. Then she should be taught a fair and clear handwriting. Next, to spell.

These are prime qualifications for any education that may come after. As *The Outlook*

well says, a girl should be ashamed into spelling if there is no other way. She should be driven to spell. Accomplishments and faulty spelling go but poorly together. A girl should, above all things, learn to write a good letter on a wide variety of themes and interests. As the home keeper it becomes for her almost a daily necessity. It is one of the most winning of the social graces to possess the correct and graceful use of her mother tongue. A woman's letter should be "good sense brightly delivered." After these two necessities of an education for a girl's whole life, reading and writing, come any such accomplishments as may be deemed desirable. First of all is that of balanced, harmonious and beautiful speech, responsive to the motions and emotions of the spirit. Speech is far more than the hat, though a girl may not think so. The first impression made by her is not by her head covering, but by the words that proceed out of her mouth. An American girl should speak well and think quickly. Mental arithmetic helps toward this. And almost every girl should be taught a little music. Old fashioned family music should never be given up. She should be educated so as to be a girl among girls. And being also taught to be good, she should learn to regard the externals of goodness. Especially should she be fitted for the things of home, which is the heaven on earth for all. We are not to forget in our education the human relations.

God as Man.

Only the true Spiritualist can teach the really natural religion in all the fullness of its life. Only he is capable of showing that the Divine Spirit is at all times waiting for us to be in receptive moods. It is the spirit that "breathes in the poet's fervid song, throbs in the hero's unselfish passion, sighs in the pathos of pity and the consolations of charity." It is the force of wisdom, goodness and love, which is the creative Power of the Universe, from which all things come, and in which all things live and move and have their being. This business of humanizing God is the parent and cause of persecution and woes. The theological temper hates all its opponents, and would consign them to perdition.

The conception of the old Hebrews made God a man of war. He is called sovereign, ruler, king, Lord, and by all other titles that signify authority and power. What the world has always needed is a spiritual religion, to which only now is it beginning to turn as if it were a discovery. Jesus Christ idealized it above other men, and his teachings have been turned into engines of cruelty and hatred, instead of performing their true work of charity and love. Jesus said "God is a spirit, and they who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth," no matter at what shrine or in what church, with what rites, or in whose name. Only "in spirit and in truth." If it were so done everywhere, the foul work of bigotry would come to an end.

Nor can it be denied that the same spirit lives in our own times, so frequently belated for its benevolence and fraternal feeling, its charities and altruism. It may work after more artful methods and try to conceal itself in a different guise, but it remains still in the uncharitable human heart. It is not to be extirpated by the use of any soft, velvety words of sentiment and sympathy: the wrong principle itself is to be taken out by the roots and a righteous one substituted in its place. So long as God is measured and described after the limitations of our strictly human rules, so long he will continue to prefer some to others of his created children, to damn some and save others, to meddle with the common doings of men, to demand a vicarious atonement for our sins, and to have us take the attitude of timid and cringing worshippers, filled with all sorts of superstitions.

Once conceive God as Spirit and as Love only, and all bigotry dies, dogmas dissipate, creeds disappear, cruelty and persecution cease and wars end.

Our Message Department.

Each week THE BANNER'S Message Department receives private notice from its many readers. Among its regular patrons and its occasional readers we are glad to know that it is received with such welcome.

At the same time it is sad to record that many who have received evidence of a life after this one are not ready in the least to bear witness of the event to the public. We know that most of our messages directly appeal to some one who recognizes the facts stated, and we earnestly desire that those who realize the correctness of the spoken word will write to bear witness. The following is a good example:

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
In the issue of Sept. 26, 1896, BANNER OF LIGHT, was a message from our daughter, ETHEL ESTES, which we acknowledge with many thanks. We are very glad that she has been able at last to send us a message, and now that the difficulties under which she must labor in controlling the medium being in part overcome, we hope for further messages more definite and explicit.

Accept our thanks in interest of the good old BANNER OF LIGHT, whose pages we read weekly, and expect to continue to do so as long as we live. Yours fraternally,
E. D. ESTES AND WIFE,
M. R. ESTES.
Corning, Ark., Oct. 10, 1896.

The Prompt Fulfillment of a Dream.

A writer for *Psychische Studien* presents the following in a late issue:

"It was in June, 1862. My friend Zdravko, now General in the Serbian army, came to Belgrade with his wife, and was my guest. On Sunday, June 13, after dinner, we men remained at the table over our coffee, smoking and talking, while the ladies had withdrawn to get an after-dinner nap. After a time they returned to us, and my wife said that she had had a dream that the Servians and the Turks were fighting near the Cukur-dema, and that in consequence of this the city was bombarded. I said to her: 'God forbid that your dream turn out as true as that you had last autumn.' Upon this we went out to walk in our garden; scarcely had we reached it, however, when from the city came the sound of the alarm-bell, followed by the noise of a great tumult. Soon the message came that the Servians and Turks were fighting near the Cukur-dema. I, at that time an officer, was obliged to report immediately at the barracks, and Zdravko accompanied the ladies to the house. At one o'clock on the afternoon of the next day the guns from the fortress opened upon the city, and thus began the world-famous bombardment of Belgrade in 1862. The dream of my wife was fulfilled!"

Mrs. Brigham and Miss Cushman have returned from their very successful European engagement, and recommended meetings at Adelphi Hall, 52d street and Broadway, New York City.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

If-fore God's footstool to confess,
A Muslim kneel and bowed his head:
"I failed!" he wailed. But Allah said:
"Thou didst try best—that is success!"

The late Dr. Thomson, when bishop of Gloucester, resorted to narcotics to relieve the toothache. One morning, after a night of great suffering, as he left the house to consult a doctor, Mrs. Thomson begged him not to allow the physician to prescribe a narcotic, as it affected his brain for several hours. On his way the bishop met the postman, who handed him a large official envelope. He opened it and read his appointment to the see of York. He hastened back to communicate the surprising news to his wife. "Zoe! Zoe!" he exclaimed. "What do you think has happened? I am archbishop of York." "There, there!" rejoined the wife. "What did I tell you? You've been taking that horrid narcotic again, and are quite out of your head."—*Standard*.

The actual danger from an electric storm is, in truth, not from the lightning nor the thunder, but from the nervous condition into which persons allow themselves to fall.—*True Flag*.

Sir Edward Clarke's candid admissions in the *Venezian Mail* have made him the target of bitter attacks in the English press, but what he said is true, nevertheless.—*Journal*.

As Jove yielded to Jehovah, so will Jehovah yield to some new deity created by the new men and women of the new age yet to come, and this new "Lord of all" will doubtless be a mother god—better, nobler, kinder and wiser than all the male gods of the past.—*E. D. Stenker*.

All men are our brothers: and when we injure them by lies, which cut like a sharp razor, by sneers, by innuendoes, by intrigues, by slander and calumny, by hatred, malice and all uncharitableness, by want of thought, or by want of heart, by the lust of state, by neglect, by absorbing selfishness, we are inheritors of the spirit of the first murderer.—*Dean Farrar*.

The festival hall of the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, Ill., will be the scene of enjoyment on November 26—Thanksgiving Day. At that time and place the Chicago Vegetarian Society will hold its second annual holiday banquet to the English public, anticipated, and the success of the affair is already assured. The food question will be discussed from various points of view—the physiological, the hygienic, the ethical, the economic, the religious.

Oh, never "hold malice," it poisons our life
With the gall-drop of hate and the nightshade of strife.
Let us scorn what we must, and despise where we may.
But let anger, like sunlight, go down with the day.

A few years ago the *Arena* published an article on "Psychical Experiences," in which allusion was made to some strange happenings to "Dr. L." Dr. D. L. R. Libbey, mentioned in "The Rising Tide" article (second page), is the gentleman referred to by that initial.

An editor not long ago wrote a short leader on Thomas Moeck Mason, and sagely remarked: "Though the name of Thomas Moeck Mason was once familiar enough to the English public, the announcement of his death will be the first intimation of his birth to thousands of our readers."—*Littell's Living Age*.

It is a peculiarity of Russian railways that their stations are generally two miles from the station, and towns and villages which they serve. This is said to be on account of the danger of fire, the houses in small places generally being thatched with straw.—*Chicago Chronicle*.

While some cows were passing the house, one of them lowed, "O mamma," exclaimed Clark, "one of the horns blew. Which one was it?"—*Echange*.

Oh! mighty brother soul of man,
Where'er thou art, in low or high,
The sky arches with exulting span
O'er-roofed infinity.
All thoughts that mold the age begin
Deep down within the primitive soul,
And from the mass upward to the throne,
To one who grasps the whole.
—James Russell Lowell.

Teacher—"What is taxidermy?" Johnnie—"I guess I know, teacher." Teacher—"Well, Johnnie?" Johnnie—"It's puttin' down carpets."

A notable feature of the November *McClure's* will be the interesting story of the introduction and development of the daguerreotype in America, illustrated with beautiful original daguerreotype portraits of Webster, Edward Everett, Jenny Lind, and others, from the rare collections of Peter Gilsey of New York and Josiah J. Hawes of Boston.

HELPS TO CRIMINALS.—Minnesota at last has a Prison Association to lend a hand to discharged convicts. Pity that there are not more of these societies, still greater pity that the State itself does not have more at heart the interest of the convict after he has passed outside the prison gate and in the light of the law is again a man entitled to a chance and worthy of being considered innocent until guilt is again proven.

The reports from the Philippine Islands show that the drama of blood and butchery that has been enacted in Cuba is being repeated there. The warfare thus far has been of the guerrilla kind. The Spanish recently captured several native leaders near Cavite, and, after torturing them, disemboweled them and bung the bleeding bodies, still warm, over the city gate. And this is not in the days of barbarity, but in the nineteenth century.

Though he roam to sacred Corleone, no dog will turn into a lion; going to holy Benares will make no pig an elephant; and no seagulls will turn a salmon of whose nature is different.—*Saying from the Hindus*.

THE EXCEPTION.—*Bellows*—Good morning, Fellows. Has your brother's condition improved any since I saw you? *Fellows*—It grieves me to say he has not. "Does the doctor give him any hope?" "No, but he has given him about everything else."—*Yonkers Gazette*.

Mrs. C. B. Bliss.

Of 120 West Concord street, Boston, has changed her sittings—Tuesday afternoon to Saturday afternoon—by request of her patrons.

Societies or reliable individuals desiring W. J. Colville's services in the vicinity of Boston can obtain them for Tuesday and Thursday evenings this month on very favorable terms. Address, care BANNER OF LIGHT.

To Visit Springfield.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
If all who live in Boston or vicinity who wish to attend the Convention of the Massachusetts State Association, to be held at Springfield (one hundred miles from Boston), on November 12, will send me their address and an order for a round-trip ticket via the Boston & Albany Railroad—station on Kneeland street—I will see to the matter of their success. The train will leave at 8:30 A. M.; returning, will leave Springfield at the same hour P. M. I can secure the ticket for three dollars the round trip, with a special car, provided I can obtain fifty names and orders.
Please communicate at once with the undersigned, who is the only authorized agent for this proposed excursion.
Dr. G. W. FOWLER.
26 Highland Avenue, Lynn, Mass.

The Last Week.

With the close of the Presidential contest comes also the end of the World's Food Fair in Boston, which closes on Saturday, Nov. 7—all reports of a longer continuation being without foundation. The grand musical concerts will be continued to the end, the John Boyle O'Reilly Band playing in Grand Hall, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and the Naval Brigade Band the remainder of the week, while the Fadettes will render the choicest selections every afternoon and evening in Exhibition Hall. The four hundred spoons and countless souvenirs and samples will be given away as usual. The last week of the Fair will be the most notable in the history of exhibitions.

An Explanation.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
Let me state that the prompt response of many warm friends to my announcement encourages me to publish in December; but, at the same time, as my investigations never cease, I am strongly tempted to delay the publication a little, to add new material to the book which its readers would all desire to receive.
San José, Oct. 24. JOS. RODES BUCHANAN.

The Veteran Spiritualists' Union
Will hold its public monthly meetings in Gould Hall, No. 3 Boylston Place. The first meeting will be held the second Wednesday of November (the 11th), after which they will be held the first Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 P. M.
WM. H. BAKER, Clerk.
No. 77 State street, Boston.

Straws in the Wind; or, Spiritual Gleanings.

BY JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER.

(Special to Banner of Light.)

Prof. J. G. Leonard of Chicago has finished his work in New York for the present, and has gone West. During his stay of four months he met with unequivocal success, from the first revealing such psychic powers as are rarely seen, and that without apparent effort or fatigue. Many hundreds visited him during his brief stay, and were strongly impressed by his ability to demonstrate occult force. Agreeable in manner, pleasing in personality, and strong in the invisible force about him, he is eminently adapted to accomplish pronounced results wherever he may go.

Considerable talk is being made over the new volume, "Blind Leaders of the Blind," by J. R. Cooke, which, by the way, is quite a readable book, lacking perhaps the finish and tone of the writer, but at the same time interesting, and full of valuable and suggestive matter. Several critics have spoken of Mr. Cooke as being possessed of psychic power, and even one spiritualistic journal has repeated the same thing, as if it was a matter to remark upon. Every credit is due to Dr. Cooke for what he has done for himself, but it will be remembered not so many years ago, as the files of THE BANNER will prove, that he was a spiritual medium, and through extensive advertisement attracted some attention. There was nothing exceptional about his powers, save perhaps his gifts as a musician, which were, without doubt, of considerable merit. After working for years as a medium, he was enabled to study medicine, and graduated with credit to himself. Since then, however, Spiritualism and mediumship having served the purpose, he has dropped entirely out of the movement, and Dr. Cooke no longer mingles with those who in days gone by were glad to give him a helping hand. What a strange thing Spiritualism is, anyway: how it is used as a stepping-stone, and then forgotten and ignored. When everything else fails, how it is traded upon, until the sun shines again, and then, how easily forsaken and forgotten. I could not but think as I saw the brilliant actress, Georgia Cayvan, holding the great audience almost spellbound at "Palmer's" the other night, how, as a member of the Boston Lyceum, she had been encouraged and sustained, until—well, it has served its purpose, and has been put on the shelf. Or of the Cephas Lynns and Chas. Haydens, who as spiritual mediums helped forward the great Cause, and who to day are content to forget and be happy. I suppose I am all wrong, but whenever chances have been offered—and they are not a few to even me—to forsake the old ship, I somehow have felt that the least one could do was to give one's life to that which was true. And if Spiritualism was good enough to accept in adversity, it was good enough to depend upon, with all one's strength, during all the days of one's life. Yet these great minds that have taken one step backward—and failing to recognize and announce a truth one has comprehended is a step backward—will go on their sweet way, until—well, when Spiritualism does take its place, then look, behold, the crowd who always believed, who loved and defended it! What Spiritualism has always needed, and never more than to day, is not those who are trying to see how much they can get out of it, but how much they can put in, which is quite a different thing.

Mrs. Emily Ruggles, so long and favorably known among New York and Brooklyn Spiritualists, has at last passed on to that eternal city which always meant so much to her. Few women ever strove more honestly, worked more industriously or sacrificed more nobly than did she. Her good deeds would fill a volume, and her faith in Spiritualism was as unflinching as it was enduring. Never a worn or tired worker applied to her in vain. She was ever deeply interested in every phase of Spiritualism, and from the Fox Sisters, one of whom passed her last days in her house, down to the present moment, she has been all that her circumstances would allow, and, if possible, even more. Now she has passed into the light of that world in which she had so many treasures, has laid down the burden and care of earthly work, has put on the brighter robes of the higher life, and if ever a soul earned a liberal reward of peace and glory, Mrs. Ruggles was one. She was always an earnest reader of THE BANNER, a friend to all mediums, a hard worker in the cause of truth, and as kind as she was earnest. May she find the fulfillment of all her hopes!

Mrs. Palmer Russeque has just finished a most brilliant engagement before the First Society here. Without doubt she is one of the very ablest speakers now before the public, and is destined to attract more and more attention as she is more widely heard. No one could question the sincerity of a purpose so eloquently and logically presented. She is speaking now continuously at Providence, R. I., and the people there, whom I hold in pleasantest remembrance, could not have made a wiser choice. A largely-attended reception at Mrs. Williams's, 232 West 46th street, on Saturday evening, served to show Mrs. Russeque that she has gained a warm place in many hearts.

Mr. Edgar Emerson has been speaking for the Society in Brooklyn with great success.

J. W. FLETCHER.

1544 Broadway, New York City.

National Spiritualists' Association.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Four charters have been granted since the Convention, making total membership of the National Spiritualists' Association one hundred and fifty-four societies; about twenty societies are making arrangements to affiliate with the National body. A little cooperation will bring membership up to two hundred before anniversary, 1897. This we are determined to accomplish.

Mass meetings will be held in Baltimore in November—in New Orleans and Atlanta, Ga., in December. One each month will be held during the year; more if possible.

All persons who contribute one dollar or more to the Treasury of the National Spiritualists' Association are entitled to a certificate as a Contributing Member. We ought to have a thousand of such members this year.

The last Convention voted wisely, I believe, not to increase the capita dues; they therefore remain the same. I trust all societies will endeavor to have a representative at the next Convention, 1897; try and arrange for this early in the season. The National Spiritualists' Association is here to stay; let all its integral parts be lively parts this year; let there be no drones, but all work for one great object—humanity's good.

A few copies of Pres. Barrett's Report, 1895, and History of National Spiritualists' Association, can be secured by any one, by forwarding two two-cent stamps to this office.

Do not condemn the National Spiritualists' Association until you study its work, and realize what it has accomplished.

FRANCIS B. WOODBURY, Sec'y.

NEBRASKA.

Lincoln.—Dr. P. S. George writes: "Mrs. Goodrich has been working in Omaha, Neb., and Council Bluffs, Ia., the past three months, with marked success. She is a most excellent public test medium; she has attracted to her many warm friends in Nebraska, who will always welcome her back here. She and Master Sammy leave Omaha for St. Joseph, Mo., at once, to fill an engagement for the month of November. Her address in that city will be 417 So. 9th street."

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. WINDLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures whooping cough, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

(From The Budget.) The World Beautiful.

How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
In God's great universe thou art to-day.
Can he not reach thee with his tender care?
Can he not hear me when I thus pray?

What matters it to him who holds within
The hallow of his hand all worlds, all space,
That thou art close with earthy pain and strife?
Somewhere within his ken thou hast a place.

Somewhere thou livest and hast need of him,
Somewhere ere thy soul sees higher heights to climb;
And somewhere still there may be valleys dim
That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime.

Then all the more because thou canst not hear
Poor human words of blessing, will I pray:
Oh, true, brave heart! God knows the wheresoe'er
In his great universe thou art to-day.

Every sympathetic observer of life must recognize the increasing spirituality of the general attitude toward that event which sooner or later comes into every home—death. Its darkness and terror may almost be said to be practically over; the time practically over when we affirmed by our lips, but denied by our conduct, our belief in immortality. Formerly—and of course much of it lingers at the present time—a death in the family plunged every member of it into mourning. Usually the mourning was synonymous with grief, but not invariably. Whether it was the accompaniment of grief or only the conventional tribute to custom, it was a matter involving the element of trade and traffic; of the intrusion of bustle and material affairs on hours that should be sacred to exaltation and to consecrated thought. Here is a great, new experience. One dearly beloved has gone on to the next higher plane of life. He is not dead; he is more alive than ever before; near and dear as the relations to him may have been on earth, now they may be infinitely nearer and dearer. Lowell expresses this truth in these lines:

"Now I can love thee truly,
For nothing comes between
The senses and the spirit;
The seen and the unseen."

Nor need death be thought of as formless and vague and void. "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body," said St. Paul. Psychic science has discovered and formulated beyond question of doubt certain truths about the life that lies just beyond this. These truths are just as well attested as any truths of philosophy or of science.

First, "a spirit" is simply the spiritual being in the spiritual body, just as the individual here is the spiritual being in the physical body. The spiritual and the natural bodies correspond in all detail of form and carriage. But the spiritual is light and capable of swift movement, and is far more the expression of the spirit force than is the natural body. The natural body is subject to the resistance of matter, while the spiritual body is not; the one is subject to the law of gravitation, not so the other. The man living in this part of life is essentially a spirit; he does not "become" one by death, but merely slips out of the outer, coarser, physical body, and finds himself in this spiritual body with head and hands and feet—the form he has been accustomed to. Now he has to do with finer agencies. Not necessarily is he remote from the space where those on earth are living. He has achieved a higher plane of consciousness than he had here. But that does not necessarily imply a geographical or astronomical change of places. Two men may live side by side in a block in adjoining houses, with the scenery of their daily lives practically identical, and still be on very different planes of spiritual consciousness. The one may be noble and high, the other base and low.

The event of death does not probably at once change a man's nature. It effects no miraculous or instantaneous change in the quality of his spirit. There are spirits still in the natural body much more exalted than some who have gone out of the natural body. Still, the general tendency is upward, for the one fact of the loss of relations with material things tends to spiritualization.

It is more than probable that there is never a time when the friend here can be so much aid and comfort to the one he holds dear as just after that one has passed through death. "You can do nothing more for him," is sometimes heard. "His life is closed." "He has gone forever." Never were words more misleading. His friend can do more than ever for him. His life is not closed but begun. He has not "gone forever," but rather he is nearer, closer, tenderer than this part of life ever permitted him to be. The masses for the dead in the Catholic Church rest on the deepest spiritual truth. And how beautiful are the sacred words of which the first lines are:

"Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them."

To hold sacred and peaceful the season of a death is to enter into the most divine uplifting. Violent grief must be torture to the one who is gone and who is vainly striving to make those here understand that he is only more alive than they are—alive with a keener, finer, more exalted life. The truly-enlightened vision will yet come to regard death as a sacred festival, a spiritual sacrament, instead of tears and lamentations and seclusion and selfish grief—for, however unconsciously, such grief is selfish; instead of this, it will be a period when the nearer friends will lift up their hearts with a new and deeper sense of the spiritual life; when spirit to spirit—the one in the life beyond, the other in this life—shall meet more nearly, more truly responsive than ever before, and a closer sense of the divine love encompass them round about.

LILLIAN WHITING.

The Brunswick, Boston.

A Dream.

The following, from *Annali dello Spiritismo*, gives evidence of spirit-communion (really) whereby occurrences in this life are laid before the world:

Near the end of the last year, Signor Christonko, the chief of police, was assassinated at Palianichintzy. All efforts to discover the murderer were in vain. Some weeks after the victim appeared in a dream to his daughter, and told her the name of the assassin, one Gritzenko, and designated the place where the evidences of the crime were to be found. The dream was reported to Signor Uriadax, an officer of the secret service, who instituted a new search and an examination of the house. This investigation confirmed in every respect the revelation of the dream, and fastened suspicion upon the alleged culprit. He was arrested; his evidence was confused and contradictory, and on close questioning was proved to be false. Little by little the truth was brought out that on the night when the crime was committed Christonko had made insulting remarks about Gritzenko's wife. This gave rise to a quarrel which caused the chief of police his life.

Living Truth.

An old proverb says: "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." If you have Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, you have both prevention and the cure, and it costs almost nothing for this unfailing safeguard to health. At all Druggists'.

The Massachusetts State Association

Will hold its Quarterly Convention at Springfield, Mass., on Thursday, Nov. 12, 1896.

Meetings will be held morning, afternoon and evening. Among the speakers already engaged are Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, Carrie F. Loring, Mrs. H. G. Holcomb, H. D. Barrett, President N. S. A., Miss Lizzie Harlow, Mrs. Juliette Yeaw, W. H. Bach and Mrs. Laura A. Cummings. Miss Leliane F. Thrall of Poquonock, Conn., elocutionist.

Music will be furnished by singers of the Springfield Societies.

The Ladies' Aid Society has secured the use of GRAND ARMY HALL, and has tendered it to the State Association free of charge.

The ladies will furnish dinner and supper at the hall.

Committee of Arrangements—Pres. George A. Fuller, Mrs. H. G. Holcomb, Mr. T. M. Holcomb, Mrs. Haskins, J. Browne Hatch.

Reception Tendered Mrs. Palmer-Russeque.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

For the purpose of increasing the funds of the First Society, a most interesting benefit was given on Wednesday evening, Oct. 21, Mrs. M. E. Williams kindly donating the use of her parlors at No. 232 West 46th street. The principal part of the program developed upon Mr. Edgar W. Emerson, who, with his usual graciousness, responded with some very remarkable tests. Withal, the affair was replete with interesting details, and a most substantial sum was realized.

On the Saturday evening following a reception was tendered by Mrs. Williams to Mrs. Palmer-Russeque. A large number of guests were present, including a number of well-known mediums, all of whom kindly contributed to the interest of the function. Mrs. Williams is ever a charm to her hosts on such occasions. With her customary felicity she spoke of the growth and unfoldment in the minds of the masses, and of the eagerness with which the new seekers after truth were flocking to the platform where Modern Spiritualism alone of all the cults afforded a Spiritualist, she believed, were the most wonderful people in the world, from the fact that when they met in social intercourse, there was a tacit realization that the greater number were the invisible guests, whose presence was as palpable to them as were those in the form. The fact that the guests were present, and that the occasions with an interest was to what the class of people could enjoy. She feelingly referred to the immeasurable service rendered the Cause by Mrs. Palmer-Russeque, who spoke for the First Society during October, and in whose honor her guests were assembled.

Deacon Myers, accompanied by Mrs. Stone, discoursed some most excellent music. One of the most enjoyable features of the evening was the inspirational singing and playing by Mrs. Addie Gage. Although Mrs. Gage is so well and favorably known, many present had never before heard her, and to such this phase of mediumship was a most pleasant revelation. Among other who so ably assisted in the successful occasion were Mrs. Edgar Emerson, Mrs. Pepper, Mrs. White and Mrs. Wallace, all of whose names speak for themselves. Mr. Emerson referred gratefully to the encouragement which Mrs. Russeque had extended to him in his initial work, words which had lent a sustaining power to him in his capacity as a public medium.

Mrs. Russeque's remarks were in a colloquial vein, reminiscent of her early experiences as a teacher of the New Dispensation, a period in which it meant a great deal for a sensitive nature to do battle with the gibes, the sneers and the narrow-mindedness of a bigoted skepticism. Spiritualism had developed gradually and continuously in spite of these obstacles, and she was glad to see that the time was at last taking its place in our land to which it rightfully belongs; it was commanding, where before it had pleaded; to her it meant the life, the comfort, the courage, the everything; and as a growth and a reform it had accomplished more than ought else to be science or religion, because it meant consciousness and death, eternal growth, and proof irrefragable of the conclusion of the number of instances in her own life in which events had been strangely foreshadowed through spirit media.

Mrs. Russeque is a convincing speaker, earnest and forceful in her utterances, and impressive in the truths which she enunciates. The First Society is certainly to be congratulated upon her occupancy of its forum. It is a matter of regret that her stay is limited, for as an expounder of the deeper philosophy of Spiritualism she ranks with the world's greatest teachers.

She made many new and staunch friends by reason of her quiet, intellectual personality, and I am sure all the guests owe a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Williams for the opportunity of meeting her when she was in our midst.

JOHN HAZELRIGG.

New York, N. Y.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Oscar A. Edgerly would like to respond to calls to lecture during November—the failure of those with whom he was engaged making it necessary. Address 277 Decatur street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Friday evening services at Spiritual Temple, Exeter and Newbury streets.—W. J. Colville lectures during November: Nov. 6, "Spiritual Philosophy as Illustrated by Plato"; 13, "Spiritual Truths in Shakespeare"; 20, "Emerson on the Human Soul"; 27, "Spiritual Visions of Goethe and Schiller." Services begin at 7:45; seats free; voluntary offerings.

Mrs. A. E. Sheets of Grand Lodge, Mich., occupies the platform at Berkeley Hall, Boston, through November. She was one of the speakers at the National Spiritualists' Association Convention at Washington; spoke at New Bedford en route here Oct. 26. July 10, 11 and 15, she is engaged at Onset, and July 25 at Natick, Conn. Associations desiring her services for camp work, etc., should address her care Dr. E. A. Pratt, 192 Dartmouth street, Boston, Mass., where she will be at home to her friends Tuesdays from 3 to 10 P. M.

W. J. Colville's many friends in Brockton will be pleased to learn that he is to lecture in that city on Sunday evening, Nov. 8, under the auspices of the local Spiritualist society, who have secured his services for Nov. 29 also. Friends who desire to attend W. J. Colville's course of instruction in spiritual science are respectfully informed that twelve lessons are to be given at No. 45 St. Botolph street, commencing Thursday, Nov. 6, and continuing Saturdays, Tuesdays and Thursdays till Dec. 1 inclusive.

Dr. Geo. A. Fuller will lecture at Waltham, Mass., Nov. 8, and Marlboro', the 15th. Would like engagements for Nov. 22 and 29. Also has dates in the Spring of 1897. Address 42 Alvarado Avenue, Worcester, Mass.

Mrs. C. A. Butterman and Mrs. N. E. Corey have inaugurated a series of spiritual meetings at Carlton Hall, Broadway, New York, commencing at 7:30 every Sunday evening until further notice.

Mrs. J. W. Kenyon will lecture and give tests in Lynn Nov. 8, at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M., also before the Ladies' Spiritual Aid Nov. 13, and the Ladies' Union of Lynn Monday evening, the 9th. Mrs. Kenyon, through her able mediumship, has created a great sensation in Lynn, and converted a large number of persons to spiritual truth.

Mrs. Mattie E. Hull lectures in Portland, Me., the first two Sundays of December. She was engaged in Manchester, N. H., the remaining Sundays of that month, but they have been canceled on account of engagements, owing to the financial pressure, consequently Mrs. Hull would like to fill those dates in New England, not far remote from Boston. She has a few open dates in January, two Sundays in February, and two in March discontinued. Permanent address, 29 Chicago Terrace, Chicago, Ill.

T. Grimsshaw has returned to this country. His engagements are at Haverhill, Nov. 1 and 8; Brooklyn, December, she is East Coast, commencing at 7:30 every Sunday evening until further notice.

Mrs. A. B. Fratt, 192 Dartmouth street, Boston, Mass., where she will be at home to her friends Tuesdays from 3 to 10 P. M.

Dr. C. W. Hidden of Newburyport, Mass., will lecture and give an exhibition of healing in Cambridge, Mass., Friday evening, Nov. 13.

Providence, R. I.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The People's Progressive Spiritual Society held a very interesting meeting on Sunday evening, Nov. 1. Mr. F. H. Roscoe of this city opened the meeting with an invocation.

Miss Gertrude Laidlaw of Boston, Mass., sang "Home, Sweet Home," accompanied by Prof. A. S. Joslyn.

F. H. Roscoe took his subject for the evening from the song sung by Miss Laidlaw, "Home, Heaven and Mother." The lecture was deeply interesting from beginning to end; the audience was large.

This course of lectures by Mr. Roscoe is bringing out a large class of honest, intelligent people, who are investigating the beautiful philosophy he is advocating from Sunday to Sunday.

Miss Laidlaw sang two of Prof. Longley's inspirational songs.

Mrs. Helena Cumerford gave remarkable tests.

Mr. Philip Cumerford, Vice-President, presided.

CONNECTICUT.

Norwich.—Mrs. J. A. Chapman, Sec'y N. S. A., writes: Mrs. Eva Hill, the popular musical and test medium of Greenwich, N. Y., is still holding Sunday evening stances at No. 21 Fairmount street. Mrs. Hill is entranced during the entire séance, which opens with some beautiful musical selections by the medium, and is followed by a demonstration of spirit-power in different voices—a demonstration of spirit-power which baffles the skeptic, especially musical critics. Between the musical selections the bright little Indian guide, "Sparkling Water," gives excellent messages and tests to those present. Altogether the stances are a marvelous exhibition of spirit-control. Mrs. Hill will remain with us until the middle of December, when she will go to Boston and give stances at No. 232 Columbus Avenue.

In cases where dandruff, scalp diseases, falling and grayness of the hair appear, do not neglect them, but apply a proper remedy and tonic like Hall's Hair Renewer.

Florida Camp-Meeting.

Special Excursions to Lake Helen, Fla.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The public of Spiritualists are becoming much interested in the new camp-meeting in the land of flowers, to be held next February and March.

Having visited this camp last winter, I became so much impressed with the genial climate and the evident feasibility of this location for building up a community of Spiritualists, that I have made arrangements to take three parties by water to Florida the coming winter—Lake Helen Camp being the chief point of attraction.

Our parties will go by the Clyde Line of Steamships from New York to Jacksonville, returning the same way.

The first party will go the first week in December; the second party the first week in January; the third party the first week in February.

I expect to accompany the February party. There will be some one to lead the other parties, who will be at the Clyde wharf at the proper time.

I have secured special low rates for an excursion party of ten. If those desiring to go will write me at once (enclosing stamp), I will inform them concerning points of round-trip tickets, and all details needed.

Those who are suffering from rheumatism or throat affections will find the climate in the high blue woods at Lake Helen of great and permanent benefit to them. You will leave winter behind when you leave New York, and in three days be where roses bloom and strawberries ripen in our mid-winter.

The management at Lake Helen are building cottages, a club house, and other buildings, to accommodate the people who will come down from the North and West. There is a good hotel there now.

Talk this matter up with your friends, and send in your names early for the party. You can select December, January or February for the trip, and save a good sum of money by going in a body with us.

H. A. BUDINGTON.

91 Sherman street, Springfield, Mass.

The only permanent cure for chronic catarrh is to thoroughly expel the poison from the system by the faithful and persistent use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This wonderful remedy proves successful when all other treatment has failed to relieve the sufferer.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Allegheny.—A correspondent writes: Mrs. Mattie E. Hull filled a successful engagement with the "Church of the Spirit," in Chicago, Ill., last month. Her lectures were of a high order and appreciated by large audiences. Her last Sunday's work was considered the crowning effort of the month. Her discourses, on "Inspiration," and "Beyond the Veil," were listened to with rapt attention, and heartily applauded at the close. She left the city the day following the conclusion of her engagement for Allegheny, Pa., where she remains during the month. This earnest worker has a host of friends in her home city who wish her a good speed wherever she goes.

Surprising Cure.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Having seen in your valuable paper accounts of the wonderful work of Drs. Watkins and Banks of Boston I would like to add my testimony, hoping others like myself may, through their hands, and your paper, find physical improvement and a better understanding of spiritual law and conditions.

I have been suffering for a long time with heart, kidney and stomach difficulties; confined to my bed four weeks; no help from family physician; felt impelled to try these men; contrary to the advice of my people, I decided to go to Boston. Oct. 26, my son (feeling that I took my life in my hand, so to speak) took me to 357 Columbus avenue. My experience, while personal, may be interesting to your readers:

I did not know which one of the two men was to help me, never having seen either of them. Dr. Watkins, without asking questions, diagnosed my case very accurately. Never having seen anything of the kind, how could I help being surprised? I then took treatment from Dr. Banks, who, during the month, his hands upon me I seemed to feel an influx of strength; and a feeling, that was wholly new and unexplainable seemed to take possession of me—the pain and irregular action of the heart left me. My stomach felt natural, and for the first time in weeks I felt hungry. At the end of about half an hour's treatment I felt more like myself than I had for ten years. I called it a cure, but Mr. B. laughed, and said: "Cured, no; helped, yes. With care, and two or three treatments, nature may find a way to perfect a cure. Feed the stomach with good nourishing food; come to me again in a week, then we can tell far better what is possible."

The work has passed. I have been improving steadily, and feel to thank God for his kindness in permitting me to come under the hand of Brother Banks; and I pray that this power may enable him to be as great a blessing to others as I feel that he has been to me.

Now, after my second treatment, I feel sure that healing is within my reach. May the blessed light of Spiritualism illuminate all things, carrying spiritual and physical help to the weary and weak.

Clinton, Mass., Nov. 2, 1896.

C. E. WOOD.

WRITING PLANCHETTES for sale by Banner of Light Publishing Co. Price 60 cents.

Subscribers' Notice.

The date of the expiration of every subscription to the BANNER OF LIGHT is plainly marked on each address. Subscribers who wish their paper continued will avoid inconvenience by remitting before the expiration of their subscription, as we stop every paper at that date. It is the earnest desire of the publishers to give the BANNER OF LIGHT the extensive circulation to which its merits entitle it, and hence they look with confidence to the friends of the paper throughout the world to assist them in their important work.

BANNER OF LIGHT PUB. CO.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Jan. 1.

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

To Foreign Subscribers the subscription price of the BANNER OF LIGHT is \$2.50 per year, or \$1.25 per six months, to any foreign country embraced in the Universal Postal Union. To countries outside of the Union the price will be \$3.00 per year, or \$1.50 for six months.

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

Primitive Christianity,

WITH the only authentic Gospel of St. John, free from forgery and interpolation, and the long lost lives of Jesus and the Apostles, with three Apostolic portraits from spirit-life, and an exposition of true Christianity, which was destroyed at Rome, will be sent to subscribers in December unless delayed for new orders. Price, when published, \$2.00. It may be procured at any time before December 1st by remitting \$1.50 by postal order or registered letter to DR. J. R. BUCHANAN, San Jose, California.

Nov. 7.

Col. A. J. Dexter, HEALER, DURING October by appointment, 706 Tremont street, Boston. Oct. 17.

FLORIDA! for Homeseekers and Investors. The long lost lives of a handsome illustrated book which you can obtain by mailing a two-cent stamp to J. H. FOSB, 1 Wabeno street, Roxbury, Mass. Jan. 4.

DEAFNESS Cured. The One Eye cured by Inhalation. Dr. David Rankin, 744 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 266000

THE ART OF WINNING is worth knowing. I can tell you how. Send 50 cents for book. NATIONAL INST., R. L. 116, Chicago. Nov. 7.

The Attitude of Scientific Men Toward the Spiritual Phenomena.

An Address delivered before the National Spiritualists' Association, during the Third Convention in Washington, D. C., Thursday Evening, Oct. 17, 1895, by GEORGE A. BARNUM.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

DR. C. W. HIDDEN,

Of Newburyport, Mass., whose remarkable success as a physician and healer has made his name widely known, has opened an office in Hotel Plaza, Columbus Avenue, Boston, where he may be consulted every Thursday from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., main entrance; take elevator. Columbus Avenue cars pass hotel. Oct. 17.

Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor—should be forwarded to this office by mail or left at our Consulting 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.

JOHN W. DAY, Chairman.

SPIRIT-MESSAGES, GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Séance held Sept. 25, 1896.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh! Spirit of Love, how we rejoice this morning on having the privilege of coming in contact with mortal and spirit in cooperation. As we look upon thy handiwork and comprehend thy glorious power, oh! how beautiful to recognize thy divine life.

While we have been recognized more by the external and familiar brains, oh! let us look deeper, let us seek and state more of the inner man—the spiritual man—that moves and gives us the power to think, gives us the power to reason and gives us the power of thought to penetrate all space. Oh! Spirit Divine, wake up those dead faculties and bring them to a more conscious light of thy wisdom, of thy power and of thyself, as we are now passing through the critical changes of mortal existence, drawing close to the end of our century. Oh! may we to day be awakened even in spirit to the consciousness of what is before us. How much depends on individualism; how many are waiting and watching for the results. As we are still interested in the progress of human existence, and the education of both soul and body, and the unfolding of individualism, oh! may we not be looked upon as one at fault, but may we feel we are all responsible, and our brothers' keeper.

Draw near with thy divine power this morning; baptize the mortals as they have never been baptized before; wake up the natural brain, that we may have more equality—that we may as a country, as a people of free thought and independent government, awaken to a realization of what is now before us, to the responsibility that each one must take on himself or herself the unfolding of the future life.

Let us feel this morning that the voice that speaks, speaks with the spirit that comprehends to a certain extent how much is to be done. Oh! assist the officers and workers in this our circle, both in spirit and in the mortal, that they may have strength to stand firm and meet all the requirements that are demanded of them, and to meet the demands that so many souls are to-day hungry and thirsty for.

Influence this morning, oh! thou great Jehovah, bring thine influence around us that we may feel still closer and closer to them. We do not cry unto one, but unto many; we only seek the assistance of those who have more strength than ourselves; we will seek for wisdom, seek for knowledge and seek for reason. Hear us this morning; bless each one as they are now here before us; give unto each one as thou seest best for them, because the spirits will take control of the vocal organs and voice their sentiments; for we know it is the light that bringeth understanding, and that thou shalt have the praise now and forevermore. Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Luther Brigham.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. I am very much pleased to be identified here this morning. It seemed to me, as the voice was sent up in supplication for the blessing and enlightenment of humanity, I could not resist the opportunity that was offered me to mingle my thoughts with their thoughts and to send out a little word of comfort, like the crumbs that fall from the Great Master's table, to encourage and to assist those that are trying to promulgate this beautiful philosophy. While in earth-life I had a wonderful experience in my career. How peacefully the voice can speak through the material organs! How they can oftentimes become identified clearly and so distinctly that it is as the mortal food to the soul!

I was perfectly satisfied with life continual. I have wandered and searched deep for still more unfoldment since I was liberated from the encasement of clay, for I feel that even those that have a consciousness that their friends can return, are satisfied that by-and-by we shall meet again. Yet as we voice our sentiments, and especially when it comes through a new or strange organism, it seems to bring encouragement to the mortal, seems to give them still new force and new thought—because we realize that our own thoughts are valuable and are oftentimes appreciated; and yet if the sentiments come through another we oftentimes can comprehend with more reality; it seems to come home, where there is such a sweet remembrance.

It is with that mission this morning I have tried to take control of this brain, for I wish all to know—not only my individual family—that I have met my reward, that I have met those I loved that preceded me, and that I have found all if not more than I expected.

I wish to encourage my companion, one that has labored so many, many years for humanity and for the inspiration of the mortal to govern love as controlled—also to bring encouragement to those that are still wandering yet in darkness. I want also to say to my boy: "Remember, the frail form of the father has been laid aside, but I am still with you in thought and in spirit. I am still anxious for your welfare." I have been thinking that only a few short months, comparatively speaking, since I passed out of the body—for I have not been gone so very long, I think something over a year—I see still some changes, and when I think of the anxiousness of my brother and of the many friends that I left behind me, I want to say: "Fear not! The times are hard, and the times are critical, but, as the one that preceded me said, the spirits are not silent, neither are they idle, for they are working carefully,

and quietly and silently, and shortly all things will work out for good."

Mr. President, I am not a stranger to the BANNER OF LIGHT. Your paper has been our consolator and protector for many, many years, and for that I should like to say I have come in contact with so many in spirit that were interested in your paper. They are also with me this morning, but we will not stop to recite so many names. I merely want to say to the world at large, and to all that this may interest or with whom I was closely connected, that Luther Brigham is still active and interested in the work. My wife is well known on the public rostrum, and I want to say to her:

"Work, dear one, but do not overdo. That is my anxious thought, for oftentimes see that your ambition and your great overflowing heart oftentimes lead you to do more than the vital strength of the body can sustain. By-and-by, when thy work is done, we shall meet again, and not to part forevermore."

Mr. President, I am very happy for this privilege this morning; it will do both my own soul good and assist others. My wife was named Helen Temple Brigham; my home was in Colerain, Mass.

Mary E. Bothmen.

Oh! how beautiful it looks this morning, and it seems to me as if I had awoke from a long, long slumber. It seems that it is hard work for me to remember much about the last years of my earthly existence. I want to recall memory, or I may not be able to give the events as correctly as I should do if my mind had not for some time previous to leaving the body been a blank—it was what the mortal would call insanity. I remember so many things, and yet cannot tell when or where. I have so many, many times come to this circle and listened, and I have been taught that the earth-life, or the material brain, may be a blank to material things, and yet the experience has been imprinted so much on the spirit-brain that at times everything looks clear. I speak of this this morning, Mr. President, because I am anxious to reach those that are not interested in Spiritualism; yet I have those I am interested in that are Spiritualists, and they have been questioning this thing for some time—that is, they have oftentimes wondered when we have tried to control mediums why I could not tell them more of my experience while I was in the body, why I could not remember all those living, and why I could not remember who they were and what they were to me. The reason I have not been able to identify myself as much as I would like to is that every time I come in contact with the material brain my own brain takes up that blank state, and I have been taught by the higher spirits that if I could come here and explain matters so that those that seek the knowledge might be interested in it, I might be able to overcome that last condition.

I find it hard work this morning even to hold the medium I now hold, for everything is going round and round, just as my head used to feel when I was in the body. I want Hannah and Annie both not to be so critical, and remember that the spirit was not diseased if the body was, for when I am in my spirit-home, when I am in my spirit-sphere, why I can remember everything and every one. But just as soon as I come in contact with the mortal, and they ask me who Frank was or who William was, I have to stop and think—that is a condition of the mortal, and not of the spirit; for that reason I came in this morning to say to the dear loved ones on earth, don't question, give me an opportunity to outgrow those material conditions and I will not only be able to manifest, but at the same time prove to you beyond a doubt that I am to-day more conscious of what I want than when in the body. I see now where I was not understood; I see now where I understand others better, and there are so many changes; some I am more happy over than others, and some I don't see the virtue in, but perhaps will sometime. I don't wish to find any fault, but there is one thing I am certain of, that God in his great infinite mercy, and the angels that have guarded and directed us, will teach us still further, for when we get out of the body we find ourselves sometimes very ignorant in the world—yet we are like children: there are many things we have to learn, there are many things we cannot fully understand, but which in due season will work out for the right.

I want them to know that I did not suffer, as that has been a question many times in their mind, as to whether I suffered intensely while I was in the body. I did not suffer, and do not now, except when I am trying to control to make myself known to them.

Mr. President, this will go out broadcast, for I know the angel of truth will carry it to my darling children, as I have three in earth-life, two daughters and a son. I should say that my companion is with me. I have been in spirit-life quite a long while. I have a sister still in earth-life. My name is Mary E. Bothmen.

Ida Morton.

Well, Mr. President, if I don't try and send this message I cannot do anything. My name is Ida Morton, and my home was in Boston, but I am awful nervous; I feel nervous, just the same as I did before I went out of the body—but they used to tell me it was because I was mediumistic that caused me to be so. I knew I felt things around me, but I never got developed. That is what they told me in the body, because I did not have the physical organism and strength enough for a spirit to work through me. I have a sister who is just like me; she is sick all the time, and nervous; I want to tell them that she will not pass out as I did, but, if she will let the spirits work through her, she would be better. That is why I want to come in this morning; because I think I can make them understand me, because they think they are Spiritualists. I suppose that does not sound pretty, but they seem to understand, and yet they don't give up. They are afraid that people will know it. I want to say to you, Martha, if you will only let the spirit work through you, you might be a good public medium; you might go out on the public rostrum. I want her to know how much happier she would be, and I know I should, for I see since I came to the spirit side that if I had interested myself and given voice to what I knew, I think I might have been better off. I don't want to say that I would have lived any longer, because that would not be right, because I feel that all life is limited, and I have learned somewhat of that since I have come to spirit, that the law of destiny has much to do with our career in earth-life.

I want to say that father is with me this morning, and so is uncle, and we have so many here. That is why we are anxious for you to seek and open up the channel at home, and we

won't bother you. She would be much better off if she would be more reconciled to the changes that come.

I don't want to send a long communication this morning, friends, because I know my people do not like public communications; but I think they will see my true mission in sending this through your valuable paper. Your paper goes to them, even if it is not seen in the parlor; but they have it, just the same, and they watch the communications, and I want to let them know I knew they did, and so, for that, you just put me down as being here, and I trust for them to feel my presence.

Frank W. Plummer.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. Well, I do think that this is the most beautiful school; our exchange of thoughts is so beneficial that it seemed to me this morning that never before has the fancy taken such a hold on me as the impression the last spirit left upon me—in our anxiousness to destroy the dark side of life and to bring light and comfort and strength to others.

I am not an absolute stranger to life and progress, for in the body I was a student. It is some years since I passed from the scene of action, and it is more acknowledged now—the communication of the spirit—than it was years ago. I was thinking, and in fact might say reviewing the past experiences, and conveying the idea of how many there are who really believe in Spiritualism—how many people really feel a consolation in the beautiful Philosophy the spirit figures can give them, and yet how they seem to hug it and hold it close to their breast, and feel encouraged by it, though openly they never acknowledge it; openly they never seem to speak of it to others unless they are perfectly satisfied it is some body in sympathy with them. It is this that made me take up this position through the privilege of your good President. The BANNER OF LIGHT goes to the home, but it does not lie on the table in the parlor. How many people buy this progressive paper and those progressive books, and they are put under cover or are laid away in darkness, and yet they are not afraid to display the family Bible upon the table; they are not afraid to have any of those novels or books that contain not the knowledge that the papers would; and yet in the hours of sadness, in the hours of bereavement, they will seek out the light that they have under the covers—they will bring out the books and papers; they will try to have their souls opened up, for the books that they have in view do not satisfy the heart when it feels badly. Then I should say to the people of the world: "Let your light shine, shine so that they may see the good work, and glorify the angels that brought it."

I sometimes feel, although I never was an orator in life, neither was I one who had a good flow of language, but I thank God he gave me a brain that I could think with, and it seems sometimes that if I could have had the opportunity, or even now if I could come in contact with a brain that could give forth my thoughts, oh! how much could both be said and done. It will not do, Mr. President, to take up too much of your valuable time in giving forth one personal idea, for there are so many that are just as good as mine is, although they will vary a little bit—but that is where we get our education, power and strength.

I have dear ones in earth-life whom I would like to bring to the consciousness, as I should many others. It makes no difference whether you are investigating a religion or science, or whatever it may be; give it an honest investigation, use your faculties as they are given you, and be your own judge; reason according to it, and I know that when you seek the truth to penetrate the philosophy of Spiritualism and the laws that govern spirit-control, you will have not only something to live upon but something to die upon. As the one who gave me faith and thought this morning, it will be like the physician; it will cure us, body and soul, and many times bring great consolation to the mortal. For we realize that the body is oftentimes destroyed by the power of the mind, by the mental conditions.

I have friends very close by here, and I was familiar in your city, especially in Medford, many years ago, because I have friends both in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. I think I shall be remembered, as I was always called Grandpa Plummer. My name is Frank W. Plummer, and you can put Medford for my home.

Levi Brown.

I hardly know how to introduce myself, but I suppose it is proper to let a person know who we are talking to—hence my name is Levi Brown. You will find my home in the western part of Massachusetts, more toward Great Barrington. I seemed to be wandering around this morning, as I have wandered many times before, to see whether it was best to meet the people of the earth-life, and let them know that I have not forgotten them. I don't hardly think I am forgotten. I was one of those men while in earth-life that did not believe or belong to anything that had a steeple house, or belonged to anything that was an Order. I was counted as a strange human being, but I was just as I was born, and I lived according to my ideas. I lived back a little ways in the country, and I was always more connected in farming and watching the natural laws of life. I could see a great deal even in my animals; in fact, I don't know but what it seemed to me I could learn sometimes more through my cows and horses than I did from half of the men that did the talking. So you see, Mr. Chairman, you have got a sort of a strange person here. It would not do for me to come back all electrical, and prove my identity. I have got yet two sons in the upper part of this city, and one of them is very much like myself—don't believe in much of anything—and hence I feel as if I would like to let him know that there is something more to life than just the existence of the few years that we occupy the mortal body; there is a good deal more to live for in life than for the mighty dollar. I have learned many things since I was separated from the mortal. That reminds me that I did not have much of an opportunity of settling up my business affairs, and things went very peculiar, but that is all over now. I am not so particular concerning that, but I would like the boys to know that there is yet something for them to gain after we get through even with death. I don't feel that I was any the worse, and I don't know but what I found just as much on the spirit-side as if I had put on more show; but as I have said, I want them to know that I am my own self yet, that I have neither found the golden throne, nor any particular hard, but

there is one thing I thank God for, I found my mother! I found her, good old soul, waiting for me with that same smile, with that same loving embrace, with that same consolation that she used to give to us when we were boys. I find also my companion, and my darling little girl that passed away years ago when she was only three and a half years old. I found all of them; so you can see, James, what a reception I had when I came to the spirit-life. I want you to know and be convinced that it is not what you do on the earth life, it is not the shame, it is the real heart that you carry with it; it is not really to give unto yourself praise, and get talked about, it is the true, honest heart that gains heaven—and, thank God, I gained that which I feel is so adapted to me.

I don't suppose this will look very well when it is printed, but as a man dieth they say so he liveth. I come to show my boys that father is still as natural and alive as in his own peculiar life, and has gained much knowledge, and can see where I could have improved in earth-life if I had taken certain opportunities. I want you to know that both father and mother are with you, and we are trying to show you that your own consciousness is the book that will face you when you get to spirit-life. I would like also to say to the boys, for I know they will hear from it (for your paper goes into the neighborhood, and I was so well known)—I would like them to send my message to Daniel away out in Colorado; they know who I have reference to, and I know it will do them good, and I know it has done me good.

Mary Guernsey Boice.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. I would like to send out a few words of encouragement to the dear ones in earth-life, and let them feel that there is still an arm of protection around them. I want them to know that the spirit has not forsaken them. There are many with me this morning, but I don't think I will intrude a great while, there are so many anxious ones trying; but, as our turn comes, it is so good to feel that we can communicate with our friends. I should like to say also that, while in the body, I had a consciousness that the spirit could return, because I was healed and assisted and helped years ago by the spirit-control, and it always left me to believe that the spirit could heal the body, for I know it can heal the soul. I want to reach those of my family.

My family now is pretty well scattered, because there are so few left in the earth-life—most are in the spirit. I want to say to Charles: "Do not get discouraged, for I can see where you have been so harassed in business. I can see how many times you have sought relief and found it not; where you have placed confidence in others and have not gained it—and you feel almost now as if you had lost faith in God and man. Oh! darling child, do not be depressed, do not give up in despair, for we are still with you; and I know you have sought assistance through mediums, and you may not have always got what you wanted, but if we can only come closer to you we can explain things."

I should also like to say to Ed.: "I, too, have known all the adversities that you have passed through and the many changes you have made, the many conditions that have surrounded you, but I have not left you. We have all been with you."

Mother is with me to-day, and I want to say to my companion: "If I only could come in contact with you where I could talk personally I think I could make you feel that the spirit is assisting in your material matters."

I should like to say also to Ella—that is my daughter—that I am glad to see the change she has made recently. I think it will help her. I have got so many others I would like to speak of, but I do not wish to get into personal matters here, because it is a public communication, so I merely want to give them courage and strength to make them feel that they are not stranded, even if those in earth-life have deceived them and not done as they agreed. You will find that the spirit will be true to the end.

My name is Mary Guernsey Boice, and my home was in Portland, Me. I shall be remembered both in Maine and in Massachusetts. I shall also be remembered some in the West, but my special section is in Maine.

Messages to be Published.

Oct. 2.—Emily Dodge; Joseph B. Beals; Lizzie Foster; Mary A. Jenney; Philip Emerson; Amanda B. Kendall; Charles Wood.

Oct. 3.—Francis Reed; Henrietta M. Jacobs; Frank Mayo; the Control; for Samuel F. Ferrol and Clara Miller; Clara A. Banks.

Oct. 16.—Benjamin Harris Bates; Rebecca Perkins; Agnes Davis Hall; Harry Adams; Hazeltine Kirk Morgan; Hubert E. Walden.

Oct. 25.—El Wilson; Joshua True; Sarah Lovejoy; Arthur Jones; Annie Spenning Kelly; Ella Wheeler; "Moth" or "Helen Woodhull."

Oct. 30.—David Carpenter; Israel Piper; Jennie A. Stamps; William J. Brown; Mary Donahue; Caroline Temple; Luther Colby.

Food for the Tired Brain.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It furnishes building material for brain and nerves (the phosphates) and imparts renewed strength.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From her home, in Beantown, Morrow Co., Ohio, Oct. 12, 1896, Mrs. LORINDA WEAVER.

In the early part of her life she was a zealous Methodist. At the time Horace Greeley published in the New York Tribune a report of the manifestations of spirits in the Fox family, she decided if friends departed from those on earth could return at Hydesville, N. Y., they could also return to her home in Ohio; so she commenced holding circles at her home, and after several months was developed as a trance speaking and seeing medium. This brought her into a full knowledge of the philosophy and religion of Spiritualism, and caused her to drop out of the church and live the life which she felt the spirit was in accord with her new ideas and faith.

She leaves a large circle of relatives and friends, who found in her the true medium, the wise counselor, a philanthropist and a truly divine interpreter of the phenomena and duties of life.

By her own and her friends' request, the writer was called to voice the grand truths of Spiritualism which she had lived for so many years at her funeral. J. H. RAYBALL.

313 West Town street, Columbus, Ohio.

It was the writer's privilege to be with him during his short illness, and to be numbered one of his many friends.

WM. J. MASTERS.

He will be remembered by a large circle of friends as the pianist of the Progressive Spiritual Church. He was known by many of his friends as "The Peacemaker," never having an unkind word to say of any one, no matter what the provocation, ever willing and glad to be of service to all requiring the same. His soul was attuned to the music of the spheres, as will be attested to by those who have heard him from time to time. He seemed glad to go, and had no fear of the change or death.

The funeral services (conducted by his friend and beloved pastor, Rev. Geo. V. Mordant) were held at the Russell undertaking parlors, No. 249 Cottage Grove Avenue, on Tuesday, Oct. 10, at 11:30 a. m. The final offerings from friends were most beautiful and numerous. The remains were taken to his brother's home in New Orleans, La., for interment.

It was the writer's privilege to be with him during his short illness, and to be numbered one of his many friends.

Blessed is the man or woman who has the faculty of forgetting disagreeable things. Harrowing scenes will now and then obtrude themselves upon one's vision, but why should you hang them upon the walls of memory's picture gallery?—The Watchman.

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.

California.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Miss Nellie E. Dashiell writes: "I am ever in sympathy with your able efforts, in which I join in hearty cooperation to lighten the darkness."

I would take occasion to be heard by acquaintances throughout the country, too numerous to reach by private correspondence. Many of these are honest hearts of old Maryland, Virginia, and the Capital City, who are yearningly reaching toward the light; others are from North, East and West. With your kind permission, I would like to send them each and all a word of cheerful greeting through THE BANNER, bidding them encouragement and God speed.

And right here I must thank you, in the name of every appreciative reader, for the Souvenir Number of THE BANNER to Robert Burns, but recently received, eagerly perused, and which even now lies before me. The occasion of celebration has been crowned with so much honor, ability and beauty, in worthy tributes of justice and love, from such a galaxy of true noble souls, that not another word is needed to embellish their delineation of the character of Robert Burns as a man and a poet, yet in spite of this, and although it is many, many days after the feast, I cannot refrain from adding a little word to obey an impulse, rather than with the hope of saying anything new. Loving, generous, sensitive and sympathetic, truthful, earnest, tenderhearted and brave, Robert Burns was cast in a great mold, which material environments and conditions impinged upon and modified, but could not dwarf. He was born to his estate, that of being of lasting benefit to his race, which carving, critics in days gone by could not wrest from him, and to which he still holds a clear title against future violation.

He was not a hard, sterile nature, but one prodigal in fruitfulness and abundant in capricious plenty. Strongly individualized, yet the fruit was not ripe, though it had its sun-speckled side, it was the latest excellence so near to unfoldment that made the conflict fierce for moral supremacy.

Among the friends that I visited on my journey across the continent was Salt Lake, where I spent twenty-four hours so replete with activity and interest that I did not stop to breathe until sleep came to my rescue. I will ask you all to accompany me, in thought, to the Great Salt Lake, on that particular Sunday afternoon of my memorable visit.

It is a lovely day. A dazzling sun, a bright blue sky, and just enough cloud loitering in deep remnants about the midway summits to promise a brilliant setting. We take the local train that runs at frequent intervals to Salt Air Beach, now eighteen miles distant, but the heavy beach marks, impressively conspicuous on all the mountain walls surrounding the extended area of Salt Lake Valley, as well as on the hills, also, that were once again, snow without cavil that a vast sea once covered this fair Canaan which, less than fifty years ago, Brigham Young selected as the site on which to build the new "City of Zion."

Our forty minutes' ride is both exhilarating and interesting, as the invigorating salt breeze blows up from the great sea, and the wonderful salt beds, consisting of immense blocks of salt, deposited from forced overflow, flank the track ready for the rednecks, and glitter in the sunlight like huge mounds of chrysolite. We reach the shore and silently drink in the mysterious greatness of the scene. A smooth sheet of liquid salt, in which nothing can sink, and nothing can live, stretches before us, now grand, its great altitude, its unknown outlet, the numerous fresh streams that pour into it from all sides—yet it maintains its constituency, and never overflows. All this we contemplate with absorbing wonder. An area of twenty-five hundred square miles of unrolled expanse meets our vision, reaching far beyond the horizon line in some directions, and covered by snow-girt heights in another, while the stupendous, snow-gray, formidable and imposing stand in advance of the smaller islands, and loom aloft in the salt sea waste like deployed sentinels.

Was ever a sky more radiant with promise? But lo! a wind storm, a very cyclone, suddenly sweeps in from the unseen. The clouds that strayed in restless dalliance along the horizon, are now driven by snow-girt heights in another, while the stupendous, snow-gray, formidable and imposing stand in advance of the smaller islands, and loom aloft in the salt sea waste like deployed sentinels.

And now we watch the glowing tints grow pale, and one by one returns to a somber hue, while peace returns again to bless the scene.

As stars of hope gleam forth from out the blue.

Receding now from lake and lighted pier, With its electric radiance, as strong as sweet— Through the dim distance time has left behind, We can but think of Scotland's kindred Star.

How sharp the contrasts of this day have been! High lights and deepest shadows fall by turns Athwart its life like page, and we exclaim, So like the checked life of Robert Burns!

Oh! that we may in future ages meet In bodies glorified; let's all essay Full-rounded characters, as strong as sweet— Repellant angles all been smoothed away."

New York.

BROOKLYN.—E. F. K. writes: "The Woman's Progressive Union of Brooklyn began the season's work under very favorable auspices, having as the first speaker Mr. Edgar Emerson of New Hampshire."

Mr. Emerson spoke to an interesting as well as intelligent audience, answering individual questions to a highly educating manner; he propounded the various themes and subjects tendered to him or his guests for consideration very commendably.

We will be pleased to welcome Mr. Emerson at any time, as speaker, medium, co-worker, friend or brother; whenever he may come to us, he will always find a most cordial greeting from all the members of the W. P. U.

We look forward with a great deal of pleasant anticipation and interest to our speaker for the month of November, Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings, who comes to us highly recommended from many sister societies, and individual co-workers as well."

GENEVA.—H. L. Syrdam writes: "The first of September we had Mrs. P. Wriedt, materializing medium, of Dayton, at our house for a few days, with most wonderful results. At one séance, where there were fourteen present, among others my daughter Lulu, who passed on over ten years ago, came."

BUFFALO.—J. W. Dennis writes: "Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing has just closed a month's engagement with our Spiritual Society. She succeeded in filling the Temple full to the doors, and many had to stand up for want of seating accommodation."

The temple holds about four hundred, and if it were twice as large it would be filled every time that she held a meeting. There is something so motherly and kind and lovable about Mrs. Twing, that all of our people like her, and her lectures are motherly and homelike, and they reach the hearts of our families so well that she has no trouble in getting large audiences; then she always leaves the treasury with more money in it than when she came. She improves with years, and we like her better every time that she lectures for us.

She is engaged in New York City for two months to come, and for Buffalo again in 1897."

Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE.—James Wilson writes: "We held a circle at my home in the latter part of April, at which was present a lady friend who was on a visit to us from England. During the evening one of the controls of Mr. Parmelee told this lady, as her visit was about over and she was going back home soon, that he would go home with her and make himself known to her by raps. He told her she would find some one at home sick when she got there."

I have received a letter from this lady since she got back home, and in it she says on her reaching there, she found her brother sick with rheumatism. He had been sick eight weeks. She also says that she and her sister were waked up in the night by hearing raps on the headboard and in different parts of the room. They could get no satisfactory answers to their questions till they asked if it was the control at Mr. Parmelee's, when he said it was. Then they received all the gratification they wished. The reason I write this is that I am knowing to the facts and heard what

Half a Cent

for a baby! The cost of the few drops of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral that will cure croup, whooping cough and any other cough, if administered in time is perhaps half a cent. It may prolong baby's life,

Half a Century

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1896.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Boston Spiritual Temple meets in Berkeley Hall every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Speaker for November, Mrs. A. E. Sheets of Grand Rapids, Mich.; tests by Mrs. J. J. Whitney of Culler's, Mich.; J. H. Lewis, President; J. B. Hatch, Jr., Secretary, 115 Broadway street, Boston, Mass.

Boston Spiritual Temple meets in Berkeley Hall every Sunday at 1 P. M. All are welcome. Send the children. J. B. Hatch, Jr., Secretary, 115 Broadway street, Boston, Mass.

The Helping Hand Society meets every Wednesday afternoon and evening—supper at 8 o'clock—in Gould Hall 3 Boylston Place. Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch, President; A. Augusta Eldridge, Secretary.

First Spiritual Temple, Exeter and Newbury Streets—Spiritualist meetings, Sundays at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M., séances for full-time materialization, etc., through the mediumship of Mrs. O. L. Conannon. At 2 P. M., lecture through the mediumship of W. J. Colville. Wednesday evenings, at 7 P. M., social, conference and phenomena. Other meetings announced from the platform. A. B. Sherman, Sec'y.

Bathbone Hall, 694 Washington Street, corner of Kneeland—Society of Ethical and Spiritual Culture (Bible Spiritualists). Meetings Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.; Tuesdays at 3 o'clock. Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, President.

Allerton Hall, 1284 Washington Street—The United Spiritualists of America (Incorporated) hold meetings Sundays at 11 A. M., 2 P. M., and 7 P. M.; Tuesdays at 3 and 7 P. M.; Dr. George E. Dillingham, President.

Exeter Hall, 520 Washington Street—Meetings Sunday 11 A. M., 2 P. M., and 7 P. M.; Tuesdays, 2 P. M.; Wednesdays, 2 P. M.; Fridays, 2 P. M.; Saturdays, 8 P. M.; Mrs. A. R. Gilliland, Conductor.

Eagle Hall, 616 Washington Street—Meetings at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.; Thursdays at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.; Wednesdays at 7 P. M.; Mrs. A. E. Parrott, President.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society meets every Friday afternoon and evening—supper at 6 P. M.—at Tremont Temple, 115 Broadway street, Boston, Mass. J. B. Hatch, Sec'y, 74 Broadway street, Boston.

Harlow Hall, 241 Tremont Street—The Gospel of Spirit Return Society—Minnie M. Soule, Pastor—will hold services Sundays at 2 P. M. and 7 P. M.; Thursdays at 2 P. M.; Saturdays at 7 P. M.; conference meeting (seats free in the evening).

Harmony Hall, 724 Washington Street—The Band of Harmony Meetings, Sunday 11 A. M., 2 P. M., and 7 P. M.; Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2 P. M.; Mrs. A. E. Parrott, President.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington Street, corner of Kneeland—Meetings every Thursday, 2 P. M. N. P. Smith, Chairman.

Friendship Hall, 12 Kneeland Street—Meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M., 2 P. M., and 7 P. M. N. P. Smith, Chairman.

America Hall—Meetings Sunday morning, afternoon and evening. Eben Cobb, Chairman.

Facets Meetings, 74 Washington street, every Monday at 6 P. M. Supper at 6 P. M.

The Home Mission Society (Spiritualists) meetings will be held every Sunday and Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Dr. E. M. Sanders, President, 21 State street, Charlestown.

Good Templars Hall—1 Johnson Avenue, Charlestown—Wednesday and Friday evenings. F. W. Peck, Chairman.

Chelsea—Spiritual meetings every Sunday evening at 7 P. M. at 226 Broadway. Charles H. Hayner, Chairman.

Grand Army Hall, 573 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridgeport—Sundays, 11 A. M., 2 P. M., and 7 P. M. Mrs. L. J. Akerman, Conductor.

Cambridgeport—Massachusetts Avenue, Temple of Honor Hall—At 2 P. M. and 7 P. M. Seated speaker, Mr. J. W. Kenyon, and test medium, Mrs. J. W. Kenyon.

Owing to the great increase of meetings in Boston, THE BANNER—in defense of the rights of its readers outside of Massachusetts—is reluctantly compelled to announce that reports of services held on Sunday only can be noticed in this paper. In the case of meetings, though an exception will be made in the case of Societies which hold only week-evening meetings.

Our directory of Boston meetings will, however, be continued as heretofore.

Boston Spiritual Temple, Berkeley Hall—J. B. Hatch, Jr., Sec'y, writes: Sunday morning, Nov. 1, 1896, the largest audience that has gathered at Berkeley Hall this season was in attendance to welcome Mrs. A. E. Sheets of Grand Rapids, Mich., and as Mrs. Sheets advanced to the platform it was amid applause.

The meeting opened with a piano solo by Mr. Watson, after which Miss J. A. Wells of Boston rendered a beautiful song.

The Chairman, Vice-President E. L. Allen, then introduced Mrs. Sheets, who said:

"Friends, this, as you know, is the first time that I have had the pleasure of speaking to a Boston audience. I felt that in coming before you this morning we are not strangers. As we come together, our souls have gone out to the great beyond in spirit. We have sat at the same table and partaken of the same spiritual food.

The success that awaits us depends upon you, and the guides without your help cannot expect to succeed.

I wish to feel that we are being mutually felt and that our heaven is where we make it."

Following these preliminary remarks, Mrs. Sheets read a poem entitled "Transition," by Dr. U. D. Thomas.

After another song by Miss Wells, Mrs. Sheets gave one of the grandest lectures on "Spiritualism" that has been given by any lady speaker, and said in part:

"The world is demanding that nothing should be hidden away; and when man demands, there is a way open to knowledge. We find in coming before you this morning that there is a mist of ignorance. If anything is given to you we shall be contented."

When in the past the sister who has stood upon this platform has done so much, we find that we can do but little more than has been done. Spiritualism has come to unite human interests. It came to build up no grand organization at the expense of human liberty and human life. It comes to bring all the world to a higher level.

The justice of Spiritualism is so true that when we apply it even the lowest of God's children must meet justice. Spiritualism is destined to go down into the lowest and build its temples. I know of many churches that do not give to the hungry souls that which is needed.

We come to plead for a higher spiritual truth, and to make man and woman worthy of the reward above. Spiritualism takes away all that is false and plants a little germ that can never die.

You know what Spiritualism told to the world through those little children. It told us that human slavery is wrong, and that he who is a master of his fellow man is a slave to the world. The men of old days would go on as before. The men of today to the spirit-world; you know they did not die; then they joined together and said: How can we make it known that we are not dead? A voice whispered a sweet and tender message. They came and knocked at the door of the little children, and they heard the voice. Then came the response, and it has come to you with love and roses.

Spiritualism has come in with justice, which gold has not swayed either way. We ask all to be true to the spirit that underlies this religion.

Spiritualism is an object of that which is good, and it lifts you up into the glorious kingdom. We know that true Spiritualism is exact justice.

Spiritualism in its divine justice makes it possible for each one of you to see your dear friends again and to hear their voices.

You can make for yourself your own reward, which no one can make for you.

In the quiet influence that appears this morning, I feel that we have those with us to-day that we cannot see. Do not for a moment think that Spiritualism came here to build up ambition to gain money. It did not. It so, those that are behind you are not of the highest standing.

Welcome all that comes into your soul that will make a man or woman of you. Spiritualism has come to us as the Rock of Ages. Cling to it, though you stand upon the rock alone. By your heart and by your soul you make the gladness of this world.

At the close of the lecture the audience joined in singing "America," and Mrs. Sheets closed the meeting with a benediction.

Expressions of praise were heard from all parts of the hall, and all seemed to have been made happy for being present at the meeting and listening to the grand truth as expounded by Mrs. Sheets.

The late-comers at the evening meeting were obliged to stand, as all the seats were taken long before the meeting commenced, and it looked as if our hall was going to be far too small to accommodate all who wished to attend during this month.

After a piano solo by Mr. Watson, Mrs. Sheets read a poem which was followed by a song by Miss J. A. Wells. Chairman Allen then presented Mrs. Sheets as the lecturer for the evening, and for an hour she held the closest attention of the large audience, being interrupted many times by applause. At the close of the lecture Mrs. J. J. Whitney gave a large number of tests to the great satisfaction of the audience.

The Boston Spiritual Temple Society are always trying to get the best to present to their patrons. So this month, besides that able lecturer, Mrs. Sheets, they have secured the services of that celebrated medium from California, Mrs. J. J. Whitney, who will be at Berkeley Hall every Sunday evening during this month. Mrs. Whitney's work Sunday night was of the highest order. The tests or messages given through her guides were distinct and clear, and all were very convincing. Many told the writer as they passed out of the hall that they thought Mrs. Whitney was the best test medium that had been at the hall, and a number wanted private sittings.

Both Mrs. Sheets and Mrs. Whitney are to be here but one month, and those wanting good seats should come early.

I wish to inform the patrons of these meetings that the BANNER OF LIGHT is always for sale at this hall. The early comer can pass away the time to no better advantage than to secure a copy of that paper, and by so doing get all the news of what is taking place in all parts of the country. This week's number contained a good report of the doings of the National Spiritualists' Association Convention. It will be interesting reading to all Spiritualists. You should secure a copy.

Prof. W. H. Lockwood will be the speaker during the month of December.

The Helping Hand Society meets every Wednesday afternoon and evening at No. 3 Boylston Place, Gould Hall. Supper at 6 P. M.

The Veteran Spiritualists' Union will meet with the Helping Hand Society Nov. 11. Mrs. A. A. Eldridge, Sec'y.

First Spiritual Temple, corner of Exeter and Newbury Streets—A correspondent writes: At 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., séances were given by Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Conannon.

At 2:30 P. M., lecture by W. J. Colville.

Large attendance at each of the above sessions, and in the evening many were turned away for lack of room.

Next Sunday, Nov. 8, Mr. and Mrs. Conannon will be present at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., and Mr. Colville's guides will speak at 2:30 P. M., also Monday and Friday evenings at 7:30.

Another correspondent writes: On Sunday, Nov. 1, W. J. Colville resumed his public work in Boston, after a protracted absence, by lecturing to a very large and deeply-interested audience in the Temple, corner Exeter and Newbury streets.

The occasion was also the eighteenth anniversary of Mr. Colville's first appearance before a Boston audience.

Long-time readers of THE BANNER will remember the extended report of his opening exercises in Parker Memorial Hall, on the afternoon of the first Sunday in November, 1878.

The subject of the lecture last Sunday was "Communion of Saints and Redemption of Sinners in the Light of Spiritual Philosophy."

The speaker called attention to the widespread conviction, now universally extending, that humanity cannot be well divided into two distinct sections, called respectively saints and sinners, unless by the first term is meant those who are highly advanced morally and spiritually, and by the second those who are yet in a lower stage of development.

Saints are holy people; and by holy is properly intended well-rounded or symmetrically unfolded individuals. Sanctity does not lie in any particular line, nor does it consist in abstention from the duties of one's state, whatever those obligations be. It is often far more difficult to be saintly in a quiet than in a public manner, as frequently needs to be borne in mind by those who are called upon to be saintly in the latter case.

The word communion is a beautiful and highly expressive one, as it suggests much more than can ever be conveyed by the thought of mere external proximity. We are often led to think of heaven as arbitrarily realized in space, whereas the truly heavenly mind is one that, regardless of place, can dwell in a celestial habitation, which is everywhere transportable.

The purest joy must invariably spring from the blissful consciousness of good accomplished, therefore it is not the province of those who have attained to exceptional heights of spiritual advancement to keep aloof from the less-developed brethren. On the contrary, it is their pleasure and privilege to work unceasingly for and with those who are properly their pupils and younger brethren.

The musical metaphor employed in the Apocalypse which is ignorantly ridiculed by those who fail to perceive its aptness, suggests at once to all students and lovers of harmony, the exquisite thought of blended activities resulting in glorious concerted action of the highest sort.

There can be no grand music unless different parts are ably sustained by competent performers, so there can be no expression of heavenly love and use unless many distinct occupations are allotted to various souls and groups of souls, all of whom, though differently, appreciate each other's work, all deriving added blessedness from the joint activities in which they are peacefully and restfully though always actively engaged.

To those who have not thought deeply on the question it may appear that work for those in lower states must be done in space, whereas the truly heavenly mind is one that, regardless of place, can dwell in a celestial habitation, which is everywhere transportable.

The purest joy must invariably spring from the blissful consciousness of good accomplished, therefore it is not the province of those who have attained to exceptional heights of spiritual advancement to keep aloof from the less-developed brethren. On the contrary, it is their pleasure and privilege to work unceasingly for and with those who are properly their pupils and younger brethren.

The musical metaphor employed in the Apocalypse which is ignorantly ridiculed by those who fail to perceive its aptness, suggests at once to all students and lovers of harmony, the exquisite thought of blended activities resulting in glorious concerted action of the highest sort.

There can be no grand music unless different parts are ably sustained by competent performers, so there can be no expression of heavenly love and use unless many distinct occupations are allotted to various souls and groups of souls, all of whom, though differently, appreciate each other's work, all deriving added blessedness from the joint activities in which they are peacefully and restfully though always actively engaged.

To those who have not thought deeply on the question it may appear that work for those in lower states must be done in space, whereas the truly heavenly mind is one that, regardless of place, can dwell in a celestial habitation, which is everywhere transportable.

The purest joy must invariably spring from the blissful consciousness of good accomplished, therefore it is not the province of those who have attained to exceptional heights of spiritual advancement to keep aloof from the less-developed brethren. On the contrary, it is their pleasure and privilege to work unceasingly for and with those who are properly their pupils and younger brethren.

The musical metaphor employed in the Apocalypse which is ignorantly ridiculed by those who fail to perceive its aptness, suggests at once to all students and lovers of harmony, the exquisite thought of blended activities resulting in glorious concerted action of the highest sort.

There can be no grand music unless different parts are ably sustained by competent performers, so there can be no expression of heavenly love and use unless many distinct occupations are allotted to various souls and groups of souls, all of whom, though differently, appreciate each other's work, all deriving added blessedness from the joint activities in which they are peacefully and restfully though always actively engaged.

To those who have not thought deeply on the question it may appear that work for those in lower states must be done in space, whereas the truly heavenly mind is one that, regardless of place, can dwell in a celestial habitation, which is everywhere transportable.

The purest joy must invariably spring from the blissful consciousness of good accomplished, therefore it is not the province of those who have attained to exceptional heights of spiritual advancement to keep aloof from the less-developed brethren. On the contrary, it is their pleasure and privilege to work unceasingly for and with those who are properly their pupils and younger brethren.

The musical metaphor employed in the Apocalypse which is ignorantly ridiculed by those who fail to perceive its aptness, suggests at once to all students and lovers of harmony, the exquisite thought of blended activities resulting in glorious concerted action of the highest sort.

There can be no grand music unless different parts are ably sustained by competent performers, so there can be no expression of heavenly love and use unless many distinct occupations are allotted to various souls and groups of souls, all of whom, though differently, appreciate each other's work, all deriving added blessedness from the joint activities in which they are peacefully and restfully though always actively engaged.

To those who have not thought deeply on the question it may appear that work for those in lower states must be done in space, whereas the truly heavenly mind is one that, regardless of place, can dwell in a celestial habitation, which is everywhere transportable.

The purest joy must invariably spring from the blissful consciousness of good accomplished, therefore it is not the province of those who have attained to exceptional heights of spiritual advancement to keep aloof from the less-developed brethren. On the contrary, it is their pleasure and privilege to work unceasingly for and with those who are properly their pupils and younger brethren.

The musical metaphor employed in the Apocalypse which is ignorantly ridiculed by those who fail to perceive its aptness, suggests at once to all students and lovers of harmony, the exquisite thought of blended activities resulting in glorious concerted action of the highest sort.

There can be no grand music unless different parts are ably sustained by competent performers, so there can be no expression of heavenly love and use unless many distinct occupations are allotted to various souls and groups of souls, all of whom, though differently, appreciate each other's work, all deriving added blessedness from the joint activities in which they are peacefully and restfully though always actively engaged.

To those who have not thought deeply on the question it may appear that work for those in lower states must be done in space, whereas the truly heavenly mind is one that, regardless of place, can dwell in a celestial habitation, which is everywhere transportable.

The purest joy must invariably spring from the blissful consciousness of good accomplished, therefore it is not the province of those who have attained to exceptional heights of spiritual advancement to keep aloof from the less-developed brethren. On the contrary, it is their pleasure and privilege to work unceasingly for and with those who are properly their pupils and younger brethren.

The musical metaphor employed in the Apocalypse which is ignorantly ridiculed by those who fail to perceive its aptness, suggests at once to all students and lovers of harmony, the exquisite thought of blended activities resulting in glorious concerted action of the highest sort.

There can be no grand music unless different parts are ably sustained by competent performers, so there can be no expression of heavenly love and use unless many distinct occupations are allotted to various souls and groups of souls, all of whom, though differently, appreciate each other's work, all deriving added blessedness from the joint activities in which they are peacefully and restfully though always actively engaged.

To those who have not thought deeply on the question it may appear that work for those in lower states must be done in space, whereas the truly heavenly mind is one that, regardless of place, can dwell in a celestial habitation, which is everywhere transportable.

The purest joy must invariably spring from the blissful consciousness of good accomplished, therefore it is not the province of those who have attained to exceptional heights of spiritual advancement to keep aloof from the less-developed brethren. On the contrary, it is their pleasure and privilege to work unceasingly for and with those who are properly their pupils and younger brethren.

The musical metaphor employed in the Apocalypse which is ignorantly ridiculed by those who fail to perceive its aptness, suggests at once to all students and lovers of harmony, the exquisite thought of blended activities resulting in glorious concerted action of the highest sort.

There can be no grand music unless different parts are ably sustained by competent performers, so there can be no expression of heavenly love and use unless many distinct occupations are allotted to various souls and groups of souls, all of whom, though differently, appreciate each other's work, all deriving added blessedness from the joint activities in which they are peacefully and restfully though always actively engaged.

To those who have not thought deeply on the question it may appear that work for those in lower states must be done in space, whereas the truly heavenly mind is one that, regardless of place, can dwell in a celestial habitation, which is everywhere transportable.

The purest joy must invariably spring from the blissful consciousness of good accomplished, therefore it is not the province of those who have attained to exceptional heights of spiritual advancement to keep aloof from the less-developed brethren. On the contrary, it is their pleasure and privilege to work unceasingly for and with those who are properly their pupils and younger brethren.

The musical metaphor employed in the Apocalypse which is ignorantly ridiculed by those who fail to perceive its aptness, suggests at once to all students and lovers of harmony, the exquisite thought of blended activities resulting in glorious concerted action of the highest sort.

There can be no grand music unless different parts are ably sustained by competent performers, so there can be no expression of heavenly love and use unless many distinct occupations are allotted to various souls and groups of souls, all of whom, though differently, appreciate each other's work, all deriving added blessedness from the joint activities in which they are peacefully and restfully though always actively engaged.

To those who have not thought deeply on the question it may appear that work for those in lower states must be done in space, whereas the truly heavenly mind is one that, regardless of place, can dwell in a celestial habitation, which is everywhere transportable.

The purest joy must invariably spring from the blissful consciousness of good accomplished, therefore it is not the province of those who have attained to exceptional heights of spiritual advancement to keep aloof from the less-developed brethren. On the contrary, it is their pleasure and privilege to work unceasingly for and with those who are properly their pupils and younger brethren.

The musical metaphor employed in the Apocalypse which is ignorantly ridiculed by those who fail to perceive its aptness, suggests at once to all students and lovers of harmony, the exquisite thought of blended activities resulting in glorious concerted action of the highest sort.

There can be no grand music unless different parts are ably sustained by competent performers, so there can be no expression of heavenly love and use unless many distinct occupations are allotted to various souls and groups of souls, all of whom, though differently, appreciate each other's work, all deriving added blessedness from the joint activities in which they are peacefully and restfully though always actively engaged.

To those who have not thought deeply on the question it may appear that work for those in lower states must be done in space, whereas the truly heavenly mind is one that, regardless of place, can dwell in a celestial habitation, which is everywhere transportable.

The purest joy must invariably spring from the blissful consciousness of good accomplished, therefore it is not the province of those who have attained to exceptional heights of spiritual advancement to keep aloof from the less-developed brethren. On the contrary, it is their pleasure and privilege to work unceasingly for and with those who are properly their pupils and younger brethren.

The musical metaphor employed in the Apocalypse which is ignorantly ridiculed by those who fail to perceive its aptness, suggests at once to all students and lovers of harmony, the exquisite thought of blended activities resulting in glorious concerted action of the highest sort.

There can be no grand music unless different parts are ably sustained by competent performers, so there can be no expression of heavenly love and use unless many distinct occupations are allotted to various souls and groups of souls, all of whom, though differently, appreciate each other's work, all deriving added blessedness from the joint activities in which they are peacefully and restfully though always actively engaged.

To those who have not thought deeply on the question it may appear that work for those in lower states must be done in space, whereas the truly heavenly mind is one that, regardless of place, can dwell in a celestial habitation, which is everywhere transportable.

The purest joy must invariably spring from the blissful consciousness of good accomplished, therefore it is not the province of those who have attained to exceptional heights of spiritual advancement to keep aloof from the less-developed brethren. On the contrary, it is their pleasure and privilege to work unceasingly for and with those who are properly their pupils and younger brethren.

The musical metaphor employed in the Apocalypse which is ignorantly ridiculed by those who fail to perceive its aptness, suggests at once to all students and lovers of harmony, the exquisite thought of blended activities resulting in glorious concerted action of the highest sort.

There can be no grand music unless different parts are ably sustained by competent performers, so there can be no expression of heavenly love and use unless many distinct occupations are allotted to various souls and groups of souls, all of whom, though differently, appreciate each other's work, all deriving added blessedness from the joint activities in which they are peacefully and restfully though always actively engaged.

To those who have not thought deeply on the question it may appear that work for those in lower states must be done in space, whereas the truly heavenly mind is one that, regardless of place, can dwell in a celestial habitation, which is everywhere transportable.

The purest joy must invariably spring from the blissful consciousness of good accomplished, therefore it is not the province of those who have attained to exceptional heights of spiritual advancement to keep aloof from the less-developed brethren. On the contrary, it is their pleasure and privilege to work unceasingly for and with those who are properly their pupils and younger brethren.

The musical metaphor employed in the Apocalypse which is ignorantly ridiculed by those who fail to perceive its aptness, suggests at once to all students and lovers of harmony, the exquisite thought of blended activities resulting in glorious concerted action of the highest sort.

There can be no grand music unless different parts are ably sustained by competent performers, so there can be no expression of heavenly love and use unless many distinct occupations are allotted to various souls and groups of souls, all of whom, though differently, appreciate each other's work, all deriving added blessedness from the joint activities in which they are peacefully and restfully though always actively engaged.

To those who have not thought deeply on the question it may appear that work for those in lower states must be done in space, whereas the truly heavenly mind is one that, regardless of place, can dwell in a celestial habitation, which is everywhere transportable.

The purest joy must invariably spring from the blissful consciousness of good accomplished, therefore it is not the province of those who have attained to exceptional heights of spiritual advancement to keep aloof from the less-developed brethren. On the contrary, it is their pleasure and privilege to work unceasingly for and with those who are properly their pupils and younger brethren.

The musical metaphor employed in the Apocalypse which is ignorantly ridiculed by those who fail to perceive its aptness, suggests at once to all students and lovers of harmony, the exquisite thought of blended activities resulting in glorious concerted action of the highest sort.

There can be no grand music unless different parts are ably sustained by competent performers, so there can be no expression of heavenly love and use unless many distinct occupations are allotted to various souls and groups of souls, all of whom, though differently, appreciate each other's work, all deriving added blessedness from the joint activities in which they are peacefully and restfully though always actively engaged.

To those who have not thought deeply on the question it may appear that work for those in lower states must be done in space, whereas the truly heavenly mind is one that, regardless of place, can dwell in a celestial habitation, which is everywhere transportable.

The purest joy must invariably spring from the blissful consciousness of good accomplished, therefore it is not the province of those who have attained to exceptional heights of spiritual advancement to keep aloof from the less-developed brethren. On the contrary, it is their pleasure and privilege to work unceasingly for and with those who are properly their pupils and younger brethren.

The musical metaphor employed in the Apocalypse which is ignorantly ridiculed by those who fail to perceive its aptness, suggests at once to all students and lovers of harmony, the exquisite thought of blended activities resulting in glorious concerted action of the highest sort.

There can be no grand music unless different parts are ably sustained by competent performers, so there can be no expression of heavenly love and use unless many distinct occupations are allotted to various souls and groups of souls, all of whom, though differently, appreciate each other's work, all deriving added blessedness from the joint activities in which they are peacefully and restfully though always actively engaged.

To those who have not thought deeply on the question it may appear that work for those in lower states must be done in space, whereas the truly heavenly mind is one that, regardless of place, can dwell in a celestial habitation, which is everywhere transportable.

The purest joy must invariably spring from the blissful consciousness of good accomplished, therefore it is not the province of those who have attained to exceptional heights of spiritual advancement to keep aloof from the less-developed brethren. On the contrary, it is their pleasure and privilege to work unceasingly for and with those who are properly their pupils and younger brethren.

The musical metaphor employed in the Apocalypse which is ignorantly ridiculed by those who fail to perceive its aptness, suggests at once to all students and lovers of harmony, the exquisite thought of blended activities resulting in glorious concerted action of the highest sort.

There can be no grand music unless different parts are ably sustained by competent performers, so there can be no expression of heavenly love and use unless many distinct occupations are allotted to various souls and groups of souls, all of whom, though differently, appreciate each other's work, all deriving added blessedness from the joint activities in which they are peacefully and restfully though always actively engaged.

To those who have not thought deeply on the question it may appear that work for those in lower states must be done in space, whereas the truly heavenly mind is one that, regardless of place, can dwell in a celestial habitation, which is everywhere transportable.

The purest joy must invariably spring from the blissful consciousness of good accomplished, therefore it is not the province of those who have attained to exceptional heights of spiritual advancement to keep aloof from the less-developed brethren. On the contrary, it is their pleasure and privilege to work unceasingly for and with those who are properly their pupils and younger brethren.

The musical metaphor employed in the Apocalypse which is ignorantly ridiculed by those who fail to perceive its aptness, suggests at once to all students and lovers of harmony, the exquisite thought of blended activities resulting in glorious concerted action of the highest sort.

There can be no grand music unless different parts are ably sustained by competent performers, so there can be no expression of heavenly love and use unless many distinct occupations are allotted to various souls and groups of souls, all of whom, though differently, appreciate each other's work, all deriving added blessedness from the joint activities in which they are peacefully and restfully though always actively engaged.

To those who have not thought deeply on the question it may appear that work for those in lower states must be done in space, whereas the truly heavenly mind is one that, regardless of place, can dwell in a celestial habitation, which is everywhere transportable.

The purest joy must invariably spring from the blissful consciousness of good accomplished, therefore it is not the province of those who have attained to exceptional heights of spiritual advancement to keep aloof from the less-developed brethren. On the contrary, it is their pleasure and privilege to work unceasingly for and with those who are properly their pupils and younger brethren.

The musical metaphor employed in the Apocalypse which is ignorantly ridiculed by those who fail to perceive its aptness, suggests at once to all students and lovers of harmony, the exquisite thought of blended activities resulting in glorious concerted action of the highest sort.

There can be no grand music unless different parts are ably sustained by competent performers, so there can be no expression of heavenly love and use unless many distinct occupations are allotted to various souls and groups of souls, all of whom, though differently, appreciate each other's work, all deriving added blessedness from the joint activities in which they are peacefully and restfully though always actively engaged.

To those who have not thought deeply on the question it may appear that work for those in lower states must be done in space, whereas the truly heavenly mind is one that, regardless of place, can dwell in a celestial habitation, which is everywhere transportable.

The purest joy must invariably spring from the blissful consciousness of good accomplished, therefore it is not the province of those who have attained to exceptional heights of spiritual advancement to keep aloof from the less-developed brethren. On the