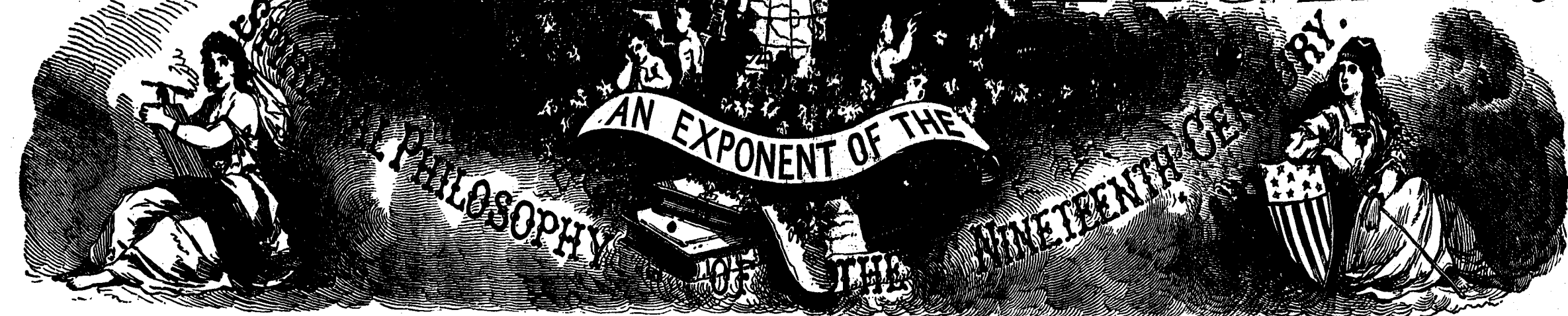


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CRUMBLING CASTLE WALLS.

On lifted hill, that looks away
O'er wood and fertile lands,
In lowly grandeur, grim and grey,
The crumbling castle stands.
Or from some cliff, that to the sea
Descends with sudden fall,
Rises in silent majesty
The crumbling castle wall.

From those grim heights what welcome met
The fierce attacking foe,
And how those dungeons echo yet
The sighs of long ago.
Within those walls what gibe and jest,
What dance and song had sway!
They're past—and passing like the rest,
The crumbling walls decay.

With dismal groan no longer swing
The heavy dungeon doors,
And mail clad feet no longer ring
On polished oaken floors.
Time's democratic hand has thrown
The proudest bastion low;
The moat, with daisies overgrown,
No longer stays the foe.

Over the fast decaying walls
That yield to Time alone,
The curls of the ivy fall
In proud protection thrown.
As though to hide from vulgar eye
The loss of former grace;
As old Imperial Caesar die,
His mantle o'er his face.

And yet a hundred years from now
Some stones shall mark the site,
To tell our children's children how
We're marching from the night.
And when the last is lost to sight,
Beneath the sweet, green sod,
The world shall dwell in broader light,
And nearer be to God.

For error hastens to decay:
Its strongest holds shall fall,
And superstitions fade away
Like crumbling castle wall.

BELLE V. CUSHMAN.

Written for the Banner of Light.

HEAVEN.

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

Among peoples known as Christianized, a prominent aim is what may be called world-bettering—men and women devoting to their time, thought, money, and in many cases making it their life occupation.

Note here that these earnest workers deal with what meets the eye. They see pauperism, drunkenness, prostitution, crime, the desperation of the unemployed, the dominion of wealth, the selfishness of business, the corruption of politics; and bring their various efforts to bear directly on these. But with Man, as with Nature, the processes are from within, out; so that in each what we behold is not something in and of itself, but is merely the unseen working out into appearance. Thus a man's conduct is not made on the outside, any more than are the apples of an apple-tree. Plainly, then, an effective world-bettering must concern itself not so much with acts and visible conditions as with what shapes and fixes these—with ideals, hopes, motives, standards, aspirations.

It is told of a city prominent in classic literature that the statue of a god was set up in a public place as a model of grandeur and perfection, and that it might be to the people a constant inspiration by bringing them under the domination of a high ideal. Now through-out Christendom the dominating thought has been of heaven and God. Thus our ideals of these are paramount in importance, since human life will be shaped accordingly. The prevailing ones are of heaven as a place somewhere above the skies, and of a Person who from his abode therein rules the world, and for whom is demanded our reverence and our obedience and our love. To become like him and to go up to dwell with him in heaven are considered the main objects of human existence. This has been authoritatively enforced by those highest in the religious world and possessing the largest opportunities for shaping thought. As to methods, they set up no visible image as a model, but their sermons, hymns and creeds have served the same purpose. In Edwards's "Seven Sermons on the Condition of the Wicked After Death," we are told that "God designed from all eternity to glorify himself in the damnation of multitudes of mankind." "If God hates any one and sets himself against him, what cannot he do with him? The proper tendency of hatred is the misery of the object hated, so that you may expect he will make you miserable." "When the saints in heaven shall look upon the damned, . . . with how much enlargement of the heart will they praise Jesus, that he was pleased so to distinguish them . . . who deserved no more than any others. . . . With what ecstasy will they sing! This is but a very small sample of the hardheartedness and vindictiveness portrayed in the volume, and, as Edwards was a leading preacher, his sermons give a true idea of the kind then generally preached, and to the accompaniment of hymns like this brief selection from Dr. Watts:

"Now like a lion shall his vengeance tear
Thy bleeding heart, and no deliverer near."

And our standard religious poet, Milton, whose writings are studied by young people as a part of their education, tells us that the Creator, after creating a perfect world and perfect human beings, deliberately allowed Satan to introduce sin, for the mere purpose of revenging himself on Satan by showing his own mercy to those who should accept certain conditions—himself ordaining that millions should not accept them, but should have to endure endless torments.

Up to a comparatively recent period, theological literature formed a large part of the people's reading, and Watts's Hymns were sung in churches and in evening meetings, read at firesides, and committed to memory by children. And we all know what power has been ascribed to the "ballads" of a country.

It may be urged that these things are not made the religion of our times. Yet it is but recently that a Christian man was forbidden to go as a missionary because he was not absolutely sure that without the Bible the heathen would be lost forever. Spurgeon is not far back, and some of his portrayals were of the same nature as those of Edwards. Should any human potentate exhibit the traits thus ascribed to God, he would be held up to execration; and remember that it is not merely the past, but also the prevailing religious doctrines and beliefs, which consign a majority of the human race to eternal misery—else, why so much talk about being "saved" and "lost," and all these efforts for the "heaven"? Our high authorities, our shapers of thought and establishments of ideals—are they presenting for our adoration and imitation a character abhorrent to the mind and in perfection below the ordinary human standard? Those ancients were far wiser. They set up no distorted fig-

ure to inspire their people with ideals of perfection.

Character influences character, and character rules conduct. Think, then, of the magnitude of the harm which has been done by exalting cruelty, hatred, vengeance, injustice, and ascribing these traits to a Perfect Being whom we are to love and trust and worship! Can we wonder at the exhibitions of these in human life?

Nor does it mend the matter to show such portrayals of Deity to be warranted by certain portions of the Bible, which they certainly are, together with much that is offensive to decency and morality—and printing in no book can make villainous other than vile, or wickedness other than wicked. Parents and teachers do not commonly select these passages for family and school readings, and this very avoidance implies condemnation.

We are told of a volume in use about a hundred years ago called "The Beauties of the Bible," made up of the purest and most excellent and most uplifting portions, and the actual human experiences of receiving strength and comfort from the Immanence we call "God." Such experiences are precious, for the reason that what has come to some human beings is possible for any of us, since all stand in the same relation and equal nearness to the omnipresent Life-Source.

Just such a volume is needed for family and school use, and for missionary work; and no doubt there will be one compiled some day. But meantime since, as has been said, the dominating thought is of "getting to heaven," cannot something be done, or at least begun, which will give worthier ideals of it—ideals which, worked out, into human living, will so change present conditions as to make needless this continuous effort in the way of world bettering?

For this, one great difficulty lies in the mixed meanings of the word heaven—as regards place and time. The literal meaning is "high, or raised up," and as the skies are raised up high above the earth, they came to be spoken of as "the heavens," and that being the highest conceivable position, heaven was naturally located there, and was made the abode of all beings above the mortal—as saints, angels, seraphim, cherubim; also of God, as a ruler, seated on his white throne; the whole situation embodying simply the highest worldly conceptions: pomp, ostentation, ceremonialism, crowns, music, musical instruments, with plenty of gold and unending rest. So much as to place. Then as to time. "Heaven" has always had an after-death significance, not only in connection with religious teachings, but mortals who have cast off the fleshly are spoken of as being in heaven. In spiritualistic literature certain experiences of those gone, or just going from the body, are called experiences of heaven, also the "departed" are said to be in the "Summer-Land," though no one of us can be sure that the after-death existence is an immediate summer-land for all, or whether people do depart when no longer visible to mortal sense.

Place and time ideas of a heavenly existence are rather out of keeping with the teachings of the founder of Christianity, for these show heaven to be within; a heavenly condition enjoyed in any place and at any time by such as are overflowing with a love that is shown forth in life, and who have risen high above self, and who recognize, as did Jesus, the oneness of mankind and their own spiritual oneness with, and dependence upon, the omnipresent Intelligence declared by Science and Religion to be immanent in Nature and in man, and called by both—God.

Could the attainment of a heaven of this kind become the dominant thought and aim in any community, it would soon work out the bettering now so laboriously striven for.

For this, as has been in matters of lesser import, the first step would be in the way of substitution. When advancement in methods of transportation were desired, we laid aside horse power and substituted steam, then electricity, thus obtaining wondrously better conditions by changing the motor-power. Why not try the same in dealing with the present undesirable human conditions? Change the motor power. Substitute a different and far more exalted idea of heaven. If, as the great Teacher said, and as many believe, heaven is within, an exalted condition of love and of spiritual blessedness, do let us cease talking and singing about it as a special location somewhere afar; also, as to time, let us drop the future-ness of heaven from our exhortations and our hymns and our speech, and think of it as an exalted conception to be worked into the whole conduct of human affairs. It hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive of all this would mean in the way of a high and joyous living! But that we have the conception shows its possibility.

Beyond measure is the debt of gratitude due to Spiritualism for what it has done in ridding religion of its horrors, removing the dread of death, softening the anguish of bereavement and comforting the bereaved. It can render still farther service by insisting more strongly than ever that heaven is an affair of the now, as well as of the "By-and-By," and that to find heavenliness "Over the River," we must take heavenliness with us, and that, with the chill of selfhood upon us, we shall find no "Summer-land" in this or in any other existence. It can also assist in the work of taking the future-ness from certain oft-sung hymns and familiar Bible passages. It hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive the glorious possibilities of this earthly existence, and the glorious preparation it may be made for what is to follow.

Capt. Yount's Dream.

H. L. Hastings, of Boston, America, relates the following in "The Guiding Hand," which should be of interest to every Spiritualist. It is the narrative of the experience of a trapper, Capt. Yount, to a traveler named Dr. Horace Bushnell, and is given by Mr. Hastings as a striking example of Providential guidance:

The trapper had a dream, one mid-winter's night, in which he saw what appeared to be a company of emigrants, arrested by the snow of the mountains, and perishing rapidly by cold and hunger. He noted the very cast of the scenery, marked by a huge perpendicular front of white rock cliff; he saw the men cutting off what appeared to be tree-tops rising out of deep gulfs of snow; he distinguished the very features of the persons, and the look of their particular distress. He woke, profoundly impressed with the distinctness and apparent reality of his dream. At length he fell asleep, and dreamed exactly the same again.

In the morning he could not expel from his mind. Falling in, shortly, with an old hunter comrade, he told him the story, and was only the more deeply impressed by his recognizing, without hesitation, the scenery of the dream. This comrade came over the Sierras, by the Carson Valley Pass, and declared that a spot in the Pass answered exactly to his description.

By this, the unsophisticated patriarch was decided. He immediately collected a company of men, with mules and blankets, and all necessary provisions. The neighbors were laughing, meantime, at his credulity. "No matter," said he, "I am able to do this, and I will, for I verily believe that the fact is according to my dream." The men were sent into the mountains, one hundred and fifty miles distant, directly to the Carson Valley Pass; and there they found the company, in exactly the condition of the dream, and brought in the remnant alive.

A gentleman present said: "You need have no doubt of this; for we Californians all know the facts, and the names of the families brought in, who now look upon our venerable friend as a kind of saviour." The names he gave, and the places where they reside, and I found afterward that the California people were ready everywhere to second his testimony.—J. Elmer, in Light, London.

Dr. Bland Answers a Question.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I am frequently asked what my medical views are and what system of medical practice is recommended in my book, entitled "How to Get Well and How to Keep Well."

This question is more often asked by readers of your paper than by others, for the reason, I suppose, that my book has been advertised and noticed in the BANNER OF LIGHT more generously than in any other paper—though the press as a whole has been generous in its praise, and the Liberal press more than generous. But to the question which is asked, "What system or set in medicine do you adhere to?"

To answer this question intelligently it is necessary to review, briefly, the history of medicine.

Before the days of Hippocrates, who lived some four centuries prior to the Christian era, medicine and religion were one, and the priests were the physicians for both soul and body. He attempted to separate medicine from religion and establish it upon a scientific basis. Three centuries later Galen founded upon the Hippocratic idea a system of medicine which was quite sensible, being based upon anatomy and physiology. His system was called eclectic; but it was in reality what is now called botanic.

This botanic system of medicine was the ruling system till the sixteenth century, when it was overthrown by a famous quack of Switzerland by the name of Paracelsus, who founded a school of medicine known as "the mineral school"—mercury, arsenic, antimony and other poisonous minerals being the chief remedies recommended for the cure of disease, though opium and other vegetable poisons were also recommended. The theory was that the only way to cure a natural disease is to create an artificial disease by giving poisons. The school took the name "Allopathic," which means "another disease." This school has by age and numbers become very orthodox and respectable. It is very dogmatic and bigoted, and it claims to have a monopoly of medical learning.

About a century ago Dr. Hahnemann claimed to have discovered that the Allopathic theory was false, and that instead of giving poisons to a sick person, which would produce a contrary disease from the one he had, the doctor should give poison which would produce the very same disease the patient had, if given to a well person. This is called Homoeopathy.

About the time that Dr. Hahnemann was converting the Allopathic doctors of France and Germany to his theory, Dr. Brown, of the Medical University of Scotland, was converting the people of Great Britain and some of the doctors also, to a new medical theory which he had discovered. This theory was that nature is the true physician, and the doctor should simply assist her. He should find out what the "vis medicatrix nature" (healing power of nature) is trying to do, and help her do it. Dr. Brown discarded poisons of all sorts from his list of medicines.

Dr. Benjamin Rush became an enthusiastic disciple of Dr. Brown, and through his influence this system got considerable start in this country in the early years of this century.

Samuel Thompson presented this system in his own crude way, and as a new discovery of his own. He got a patent upon it, and made quite a fortune selling Thompsonian patent pills. This brought it into disrepute, and justly so. Thompsonianism as a system of practice perished. But Brown's great truth, on which Thompson built his crude system, was taken up by men of eminence in the medical profession, and of broad unselfish views. Dr. Wooster Beach, Dr. Horton Howard, Dr. T. V. Morrow and Dr. Alva Curtis were the most prominent of those who abandoned the Allopathic school, and became leaders in the great medical reform started by Brown, introduced into America by Rush, and which finally took the name of "The Physio-Medical System," which means that it is a system of medicine founded on physiology.

I abandoned the Allopathic school early in my medical career, and took a regular course in "The Physio-Medical College," of which Dr. Curtis was Professor of the theory and practice of medicine at the time. I also subsequently took a regular course in the Eclectic College founded by Dr. Morrow. I am an Eclectic in the sense that eclecticism stands for medical independence, but in theory and practice I am a Physio-Medical physician, and my book is a Physio-Medical Family Physician, and Hygienic Guide to Health. My purpose in writing it was to enable the people to cure themselves if sick, and to teach them how to keep from getting sick again.

Dr. C. W. Cram, whose name is familiar to those who read the Medical Brief and other Allopathic journals, has an article in the arena for this month on the "Medical Crisis of the Eighteenth Century," which contains some startling statements. For example: Dr. Cram says that "medicine has no head. It looks to its prehensile tail, with its old theories, dogmas and traditions." He says: "In the fourteenth century the destructive tendency of medical practice was increased by the extensive use of mercury. The dogmatic triune had become a quartet whose deadly career was to abridge human life for four centuries more."

Dr. C. says that the death-rate is almost as great as it was hundreds of years ago, and he admits that this is due to the fact that physiology has not been made the basis of medical science. If Dr. Cram will read my book, "How to Get Well and How to Keep Well," he will find that the system of medical practice recommended there is based upon physiology, and is therefore the scientific and successful system he has been looking for.

T. A. BLAND.

120 West Concord street, Boston, Mass.

A London postman has ten sons, five of whom are in the post-office service.

Critical Review of Some Statements in Current Spiritualistic Literature.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In a book recently published by a leading Spiritualist writer and platform lecturer, the author says: "The old idea of the inertness of matter, that it is dead and inanimate, only moving when acted upon by superior force, has become obsolete." And in the same connection he says, "life is inherent in the atom." These are bold and startling assertions. But they do not surprise us. The materialist seems to have the peculiar faculty of eliminating from matter any stubborn quality which antagonizes his pet theory, and of putting into it whatever he desires to get out of it. If you will only let him define matter in his own way, he will endow it with powers and possibilities equal to all emergencies.

Since when has the inertness and lifelessness of inorganic, elementary matter become "obsolete"? What savant, during the last two hundred years, who has any scientific reputation to lose, pretends to say inorganic matter is not inert, or that "life is inherent in the atom"? No fact of modern physics is more firmly established than the inertia and lifelessness of inorganic elementary matter. All recent discoveries confirm and sustain it. If during the last two hundred years any law of physics has remained stable and unshaken, it is that of the inertia of matter. It has no psychical element whatever; neither has it power to produce psychical phenomena. No atom, molecule or body of matter, while at rest, possesses any power within and of itself to change its location. If moved, it has no power or force within and of itself to modify or arrest its motion. When two moving bodies collide, each resists the other, but neither possesses any power or force of itself to modify its own motion. Every body of matter continues in a state of rest, unless put in motion by some force foreign to itself; if put in motion by some outside impelling force, it must move in a straight line with the same velocity, unless its motion is modified or resisted by some force foreign to itself. It does not of itself possess the slightest sheering stress.

The inertia of matter as thus defined is the central fact of all scientific conceptions in modern physics. The laws of molecular physics are strictly chemical and mechanical. Science has reduced material phenomena to the mechanism of inert matter; and divested it of all conception of active properties and psychical attributes. Biology and psychology do not properly belong to the realm of physics; because they include qualities and attributes which definitely separate them from inert lifeless matter. To introduce into the definition of matter, spontaneity, life or any psychical attribute, is to deny the law of inertia, and demolish the whole superstructure of modern physics.

The vibrations and chemical forces within the atoms of each elementary substance are common to all atoms of their respective elementary substances throughout all worlds; and can be said to have life only in the sense that they are an expression of the infinite life. So far as all finite forms of life are concerned, outside of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, which are always organic, matter is void of life. Neither atoms nor molecules, as such, ever become conscious living entities. All life on our planet, as science takes cognizance of it, is manifest through material organisms. And to assume that it can be an inherent property, or possible to a single atom, is but the merest mythical fancy.

We quote again: "The organization of atoms cannot manifest any quality that does not reside in the single atom. Hence if matter in its aggregation yields the phenomena of life and consciousness, the atom must contain the possibilities of life and consciousness." No such conclusion follows: First, we deny that there is any evidence that matter "yields" the phenomena of life and consciousness. Second, it is not even chemically true that an aggregation of atoms cannot manifest any quality that does not reside in the single atom. What manifestation is there in water of the qualities of oxygen and hydrogen, or in sugar of the quality of charcoal? Even in chemical combination the qualities of the elementary substances disappear, and entirely different qualities manifest themselves. But we have previously shown that there is no life in inorganic matter—that it possesses no psychical element, and can therefore manifest no psychical phenomena. From what has already been said, it should be apparent that matter has no self-organizing capacity to form the simplest rudimentary living cell. You cannot evolve out of matter what is not involved in it. Life, as has been shown, is not a constituent element of matter. Analytically and synthetically the constituent elements of organic living forms have been determined. But by no chemical combination have these elementary substances ever been made to yield the phenomena of life. If it be really true that life is inherent in the atom, why should they not yield life? What analogy, what parity of reason is there between the purely chemical and mechanical relation of a concourse of material atoms, and sensation, thought, consciousness and will? Science has never fathomed the mysterious, occult essence of life—we know nothing concerning the date or conditions of its appearance—but we do know as surely as that nothing can come from nothing, that it is not an evolution out of that with which it has nothing in common. Life alone can be the source of life.

Tyndall says: "The most he (the materialist) can affirm, is the association of two classes of phenomena, of whose real bond of union he is in absolute ignorance. The problem of the connection of body and soul is as insoluble in its modern form as it was in pre-scientific ages."

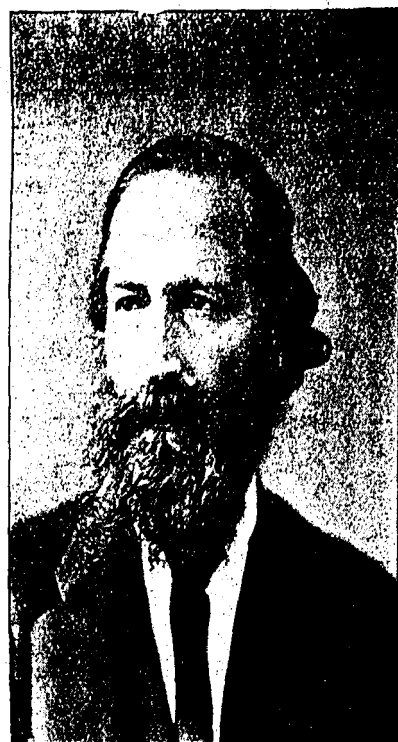
Spiritualism, so it seems to me, can have no logical basis in materialism. For if the human soul is but a material evolution from some primordial germ, if sensation, thought, consciousness and will are but results of molecular groupings and complications within the human brain, the questioning inference comes, unbidden and unwitted, what becomes of this material product, when disintegration sets in, and these molecular groupings crumble and disappear.

All life, let us believe, comes primarily from the Infinite Life; and secondarily from its ancestral seed, or egg, each after its kind—life from life.

F. H. BEMIS.

Meadville, Pa.

The City Council of Quincy, Ill., has decided to adopt a curfew ordinance, which provides that all girls and boys shall not be allowed on the streets after nine o'clock in the summer season, and eight o'clock in the winter season.



William White.

The picture we present above is one, the very sight of which is sufficient to awaken in the minds of Spiritualists—especially those past middle-age—the early history of the Cause, and the story of the earnest man who accomplished so much for its upbuilding.

Mr. White was born in Newcastle, N. H., and was, at the time of his decease, sixty years of age. He fitted himself for life's active duties in that school from which have graduated so many of America's sterling men and honored names—a printing office—at Concord, N. H.; he also, in time, carried on business for himself in that city, under the style of Boyd & White. Some time in 1840 he came to Boston, and was in 1842 located in Spring Lane, being associated with H. P. Lewis. In 1844 he extended his co-partnership under the style of White, Lewis & Potter, which was changed to White & Potter in December of the same year by the withdrawal of Mr. Lewis. In 1852 he obtained the contract as State Printer for Massachusetts, and bought out the interest held by Mr. Potter. He continued to fulfill the responsible duty with which he was charged till 1859, when, by reason of failing health, he disposed of his contract (which was to expire in 1862) to the firm of Wright & Potter. During the time of his State printing he also published the "Chronotype and Washingtonian," and among his most notable works for the Commonwealth were the publication of the Massachusetts and Plymouth records and the proceedings of the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention. He became interested in the BANNER OF LIGHT, then issued by Luther Colby & Co., some time previous to his giving up the State business, and, when his connection with that branch of industry ended, he applied himself with earnestness and energy to the upholding, financially and otherwise, of this journal. The interest in its welfare which he at first felt never slackened, but continued to manifest itself to the very close of his useful life. He was a man known everywhere as a peacemaker, unobtrusive, unambitious, industrious, and desirous only of what was rightfully his own by reason of an equivalent rendered.

The friends met at his late residence, 7 Indiana Place, May 1, 1873, and later on, in public, at Horticultural Hall, to pay their tribute to departed worth.

The BANNER OF LIGHT thus spoke of the occasion of his decease, in the course of a long editorial:

"William White, the senior partner of this firm, a good man in every sense of the expression, one whose purse was ever open at the call of charity, and whose departure from the material form will be lamented by many of his beneficiaries, a sympathizing friend, a citizen who was universally loved and respected by all who knew him, whether Spiritualist or otherwise, has heard with ready ear the angelic summons 'Come up higher,' and entered on the enjoyment of that grander state of existence for which his unremitting labor for the truth in the past has so clearly fitted him.

As the great apostle to the Gentiles hath it with regard to the Deity, so we confidently say of our ascended brother: 'I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from 'his love!'

At the close of its report of his funeral THE BANNER further said with feeling:

"A heart filled with that memory of the just which 'is blessed,' and the inculcations of Spiritualism, which are comforting in the fullest degree in the hour of trial, can but close this account of honors paid to a dear and respected friend, in the words of the distinguished Western poet-senator:

'Oh, no! they are not dead so soon,
The loved who sleep 'neath the vernal sod;
Their eyes have looked on eternal June,
And they live in the waking light of God.
With us they trod where our footsteps stand,
In the clouded valleys of night and pain;
But they're wandered off to the Summer-Land,
Where the suns that rise ne'er set again.
Oh! we miss them now, but shall meet them there,
Where the soul's best hopes shall immortal be;
Where eternal morning shall flush the air
With the 'light that was never on land or sea!'
O'er the stream of death, through the mystic haze,
Where palm trees wave on the fadeless shore,
We have left the throb of their angel lays,
And they sang of 'the loved and lost' no more."

There is not much difference between the morality of the man who gets his friend to sign his note as a surety intending to make him pay it, and the man who robs a bank.

Written for the Banner of Light.

I KNOW NOT.

I know not the road his feet have taken
Within that country dim;
I only know that my soul is shaken
With grief for love of him.
But surely the feet that walked in straight ways
Of pleasantness and right
Will falter on the paths of new days,
Nor stain their sandals white.

I know not the work his hands find to do—
Hands eager for the fray;
So ready to give honest help and true,
Strength-lifting for each day.
I only know they work still—those hands—
And sometimes reach to me—
A holy benediction from the lands
Of sweet idyllic.

I may not question how or why, but bear
Life's burdens as they are,
Content that blessings fall on him, though where
He dwells—if it be far,
If it be near, I may not this side know,
But through love manifest,
His presence some times goes the way I go,
Obeying love's behest.

God's way—that we may never surely know.
His way—that wondrous strength
Of spirit-power be given when griefs o'erthrow;
That, through the weary length
Of toiling days, our loved, unseen, return
And close beside us stand;
Yea, close. So, God, I less, though longings burn
For him within that land.

OLAH TOPP

31 Frank street, Indianapolis, Ind.

For the Banner of Light.

WITH ONE ACCORD.

A SPIRITUAL ROMANCE.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

CHAPTER XII.

A REMARKABLE SCENE.

"I RARELY get names when I am clairvoyant," said Mrs. Parrot, as she put down her teacup, and accompanied the others to the library; "but I see and hear what is often strangely convincing, that we are incessantly attended by other companions than those we can discern with our poor frail physical sensations."

"A favorite verse of mine has always been this stanza from Lucy Larcom:

"Hand in hand with angels ever let us go,
Brighter eyes are on us than we blind ones know,
Tenderer voices cheer us than we deaf ones own,
Never waver heavenward can we walk alone."

"Now, Harry, you start that beautiful hymn, and we'll all sing it together, and maybe that some voices not of earth will join in chorus."

In the dim old library, faintly lighted with a few flickering candles, the scene seemed ghostly indeed, but no one felt afraid. In rich, clear baritone Harry Paddersleigh's fine expressive voice rose and fell to the music of such sublime inspiring words as

"Hand in hand with angels ever let us go,
Clinging to the strong ones, drawing up the slow;
One electric love-chord thrilling all with fire,
Soar we through vast ages higher, ever higher."

The soloist sang each of the verses alone, then all the others repeated it in concert after him, but not until this last verse was rendered a second time was there any mysterious singing.

When the three ladies sang this stanza they were at first softly, and then more loudly accompanied by a sweet clear high tenor, whose thrilling accents rose above their own soprano and contralto notes like an overture on an instrument. The voice sang one verse only, and then the room seemed so still that the very silence grew palpable. Mr. Fitzlemonhoff had closed his eyes during the singing, and seemed to be sleeping while it continued, but now he opened both eyes widely, and looked earnestly before him, as though he expected to see some one who was not physically in the room.

Presently he spoke, saying: "Yes, I know it was my dear Charlie—you heard his voice, and I saw him. Thirty years ago that boy used to sing me to sleep at night whenever I was weary, and such music I never heard, not even in the grandest Italian opera. He used to sing on feast days at the old missions, and some of the priests told him he was an oblate of Gabriel the Archangel; and to think a grizzly bear ate up that poor boy's vocal organs, after hugging him to death near Stockholm when I was not with him, and he only twenty-five years old, with all his life before him!"

"It was that boy's going out as he did that broke me down more than the other fellow's treachery. I loved them both at one time, but Charlie was always my closest companion."

"And I am yet," sounded in bell-like tones across the room in the speaking voice of the phenomenal singer.

No one said, "Did you hear that?" or made any other commonplace remark, but all heard it as distinctly as though one of the visible company had spoken.

The gross materialist (had one of his kind been present) would probably have sneeringly muttered, "Oh! that woman is a ventriloquist; she looks like an actress, and probably ventriloquism is a part of her theatrical stock-in-trade," but happily there were no materialists present on that occasion to fling scoffing against all proof of spiritual ministrations their empty-headed sensualism, which denies out of sheer pigheadedness whatever lies beyond the range of simply animal appreciation.

To all who have enjoyed living experiences of a similar nature, this testimony to independent spirit-voices will not be particularly new or striking; but to one who, like Mr. Fitzlemonhoff, had been all his life in darkness concerning the blessed truth of the close proximity of spirit-friends and their constant interest in our welfare, such an assurance of the nearness of a dearly beloved friend, unseen by mortal vision, must ever come with almost overwhelming force of surprised conviction.

"Charlie" seemed evidently willing to be communicative on the subject of his entrance into spirit-life and his subsequent experiences therein. Not through the mediumship of any one of the circle, apparently, but through the agency of direct utterance through invisible vocal organs extemporized for the occasion, he spoke clearly and lengthily regarding his experiences on the *higher* side of things, while those on the *lower* side who listened eagerly to his every utterance, felt themselves rarely privileged to hear in so direct and phenomenal a manner from a denizen of the unseen country which envelopes earth and even saturates its atmosphere.

"I know," said the spirit speaker, "that you, my dear friend, and in some sense father, are very much concerned over the mode of my exit from the mortal clay. To you the thought has been ever present that I died an excruciating death too horrible to picture. This was not the case; Bruin was quite merciful, and dealt gently with me."

"Many distinguished naturalists on earth, including Wallace, declare that wild animals magnetize or hypnotize their living prey, and this is to a large extent true. For you know I was once nearly drowned, and told you afterward how the water exerted a soporific influence over me, so that I scarcely felt any sensation but one of drowsiness stealing over my earthly senses, while my mental perceptions became extraordinarily keen. It was the same when I was in the embrace of the bear: the animal's warm breath and magnetic exhalations completed stupefied me. I was bewildered, but not frightened. I probably swooned, and the first thing I knew was that I was no longer subject to previous earthly limitations. It is difficult to describe our life to you who are still living on the material plane, because we are on the other side of things from you."

There is far more meaning in the commonly employed term, 'the other side,' than some of you suppose. This other side is the *inside*, while you are on the *outside* of things. The lenses of observation common to you must be exactly reversed before you and we can see alike."

As the clear ringing utterance ceased suddenly as it had begun, a question shaped itself in the mind of Harry Paddersleigh, who, being by far the youngest member of the group, was the least familiar with such momentous phenomena as were then transpiring, but fearing lest it might be out of order to break silence, he refrained from even whispering to one of his companions. His mental request was to learn from the communicating intelligence whether such a spirit as had just been addressing them could see their physical forms, hear their material voices and discern the appointments of the place where they were assembled.

Almost instantly the sweet tones of the unseen speaker were heard, making the following deeply philosophical statement: "My dear boy, I can read your mental question, and gladly do I seek to answer it. Just as I see the thought pictures in your aura, and thus become acquainted with the questions you desire to ask me, so do I see your every thought, now that you and I have been brought into especially close relationship. When you are about your own material business, engrossed in things which are of no special interest to me, I may or may not be in some way attracted to you, and thus become aware of what you are thinking; but now that you wish me to know your thought, and reply to your inquiry, I become for the time fully conversant with all such thoughts of yours as are directed toward me. From my experience, I can say that on our plane of life we do not take cognizance of physical things as such, but we see their prototypes and also the mental images of them which are floating in the mental spheres of those with whom we are in special sympathy."

As much that followed during this amazing and highly convincing scene was of a purely personal character, and therefore of no special interest to the general reader, we will only say that, till a late hour of the night, the sweet, clear voice continued speaking at frequent intervals, and in that phenomenal manner were the plans and directions sketched out which served for the future conduct of the noble institution which was to take the place of the old Dromedary Hotel.

As the directions given to that end were of a singularly important and general character, we herewith transcribe them, not perhaps in the actual words of the communicating intelligence, but in perfect accord with their sentiment and purpose.

"Sanitariums and colleges," said the unseen speaker, "are indeed plentiful, but we have yet to witness in the present day and in this part of the world an institute such as we desire to see established. The new dispensation dawns apace, and to meet the pressing needs of the present hour steps of the most practical kind must be immediately taken to support a DEVELOPING COLLEGE in which sensitives can receive the assistance they specially need in the direction of their natural spontaneous unfoldment. To some ears the above sentences may sound almost contradictory, and some are sure to ask, how can you talk of assisting spontaneous development? The correct answer to this inquiry can only be made by those who are prepared to expound the reasonable philosophy of psychical expression, as follows:

"While all natural evolutions are spontaneous, spontaneity is checked wherever arbitrary impositions prevail, and the present conditions of society, alike in churches, schools, homes and business centres, are so cramping and confining that the dogmas of systems of religion, the rigid curricula of universities, the inflexible customs of rigidly-conducted homes, and, worst of all, the dishonest trading in the marts of commerce, all tend to stifle and repress native sensitiveness; we therefore need places where sensitive children and young people who are specially adapted for the ministry of the *Church of the New Age* can be surrounded with all those refined and helpful influences, which are as necessary to the normal expression of their innate powers as water, air, heat and soil are essential to the sprouting of seeds after they are deposited in the ground. Knowledge is always useful, provided it be genuine information, in accordance with the law governing the universe; but the kind of instruction usually given in theological and many other seminaries, cramps and dwarfs a great deal more than it educates the inborn gifts of the seer or seers."

"Sensitive children are repressed at every turn by the ignorant, the careless and the bigoted, for as soon as their spiritual gifts begin to show themselves, one or other of three false statements is made concerning natural mediumship, for it is conventionally attributed either to the devil, disease or imposition."

"Happily the day has now dawned when a considerable number of enlightened persons all over the world are ready to afford better conditions than ever previously for the candid investigation of the psychic problem in general, as it is fashionably termed."

"The home and college we desire to aid you in establishing in this city will be one of the first of a large number of similar institutions in which seership will be neither repressed nor forced, but simply invited to unfold, and we promise you that if you are faithful in your adherence (as we know you will be) to the plain directions already offered for your acceptance, results will exceed your highest expectations."

"Singularly sensitive persons differ from those less so in the important respect that they are not so amenable as others to external educational influences of the common type, but far more than ordinarily susceptible to mental influences which they imbibe by a purely psychometric process. The knowledge possessed by people about them they absorb far more readily through thought currents than by means of books and object-lessons."

"This being the case, it is of the first importance that they should be placed in singularly congenial mental surroundings, as their unseen environment has far more to do with their harmonious development than any ostensible circumstance."

"Keep one room entirely devoted to the work of silent education. Let it be the absorbing apartment, where in a quiet, restful atmosphere sensitives can feel free from distraction. Ventilation and light are of course necessary, and, to the end of securing both as freely as possible, the room should be at the top of the house, and a good ventilator should be placed in the roof; there should also be a skylight through which the sun's rays can pour freely by day, and the light from stars and moon enter by night. In that room you may have a good organ, also a piano and other instruments, if you desire; but musical practicing of the ordinary kind must be done elsewhere, as the instruments in this Psychometric Room (as it may well be called) are intended for giving opportunity for inspirational music, though the rendering of selections with which you are familiar is not forbidden."

"The furniture of the apartment must be extremely simple, though it may be as handsome as your means and tastes dictate. There must be no carpet, curtains or anything else to collect dust, and the seats must not be upholstered. The floor can be of plain, scrubbed boards, or of beautiful inlaid woods. Paintings and statuary, provided they are suggestive only in the right direction, are agreeable accessories, and in the coloring of the walls you may introduce in any artistic form you please all the colors of the rainbow."

"Chatter or gossip must never be permitted within the consecrated precincts, and it is well for you to leave your business coats outside before you enter a room devoted to the work of interior development."

"Any hour of the day or night is a good time for spiritual experiences, provided your mental frame is such that you are prepared to lay aside distractions and receive from the inner realm whatever is communicated to your outer comprehension."

The pleasant, peaceful, though in one sense exciting hours of the eventful evening, glided all too swiftly by, and when at length the unseen but plainly heard visitors from the spiritual state made their adieux it was found to be fully eleven o'clock. Hot lemonade and Madeira cake were quickly served in the dining room, and soon the carriage

wheels were heard announcing the arrival of the portly vehicle which had been ordered at 11:30 to convey the visitors back to Chignon House.

Left to himself once more in the once sad but now happy old house in which he had passed so many lonely, gloomy, selfish years, Mr. Fitzlemonhoff soon fell asleep in his worm-eaten, four-posted bed, beneath the old-fashioned coverlets which reminded him forcibly of days never to return, and, soon wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, he slept a quiet sleep for ten long hours, and then awoke to greet the third day of the new year, full of thankfulness and aglow with determination to devote himself henceforth unapprisingly and unremittingly to the work to which he had so completely dedicated his fortune, as well as his affection, time, and whatever talents he might possess.

CHAPTER XIII.

A COLLEGE OPENING.

It took three weeks to get the Dromedary House in good condition for a formal opening, to which all the people were invited who could possibly be accommodated within its spacious, though not elastic walls.

Saturday, Jan. 25, was the day set apart for the inauguration of the new work, and very attractive did the place look when at 2 P. M. the invited company began to assemble in the Conference Hall, which had been arranged to seat two hundred people by cutting away two wood partitions, and throwing three rooms on the ground floor into one. Miss Leech had been secured to deliver one of the opening addresses, and as her brother had business which called him to San Francisco, they both decided to leave their home in Portland in charge of competent friends who would carry on the work in their absence, and spend at least a month in the greatest city of the Pacific Slope, where there is an immense field for practical good work of every variety.

Mr. and Miss Leech arrived on Friday, so they were comfortably domiciled at Dromedary House before the opening exercises.

Miss Sherrington was unanimously chosen as Directress of the new Institute, and she did indeed prove herself the right woman for the place.

Mrs. Parrot presided over one of the departments (that which especially related to Psychical Investigation), while Miss Leech immediately took charge of the Department of Spiritual Therapeutics. Mrs. Parrot and Miss Leech were very different women in all respects; they looked at matters from different standpoints, and they were qualified, both by natural disposition and training, to fill widely different roles; but while they differed they did not disagree, and though Miss Leech's tastes were quieter, and her manners far less theatrical than Mrs. Parrot's, the two ladies were quickly at home with each other, and entered into each other's plans with genuine mutual appreciation.

It was on the evening preceding the day of opening that these co-workers met at a pleasant, informal tea given at Dromedary House by Miss Sherrington, who dearly loved to see fellow-workers meet together and learn of each others' ways and feelings. Mrs. Parrot (who was accompanied by Mrs. Paddersleigh and Harry) wore an actress's flounced silk gown, decorated with artificial rosebuds, and a white lace shawl over it; her bonnet was covered with yellow roses, and her manner was rather too excitable to attract Miss Leech at the moment of introduction.

Mrs. Paddersleigh appeared stiffly English, conscious in the extreme of her reflected glory as Mrs. Parrot's sister, while Harry, who had very carefully attended to every detail of his toilet, appeared a little too aggressive and officious to suggest that perfect repose of thought and manner which was, in the eyes of Miss Leech and her brother, essential to the establishment on earth of the kingdom of heaven.

Miss Sherrington for a moment felt a little tremulous for the future of the work, when she saw plainly for the first time what seemingly incongruous elements she had brought together; but as she knew she had done right, as she had closely followed the highest available guidance, she soon dismissed her fears and confided the issue to wiser minds than hers.

Though she loved and respected Mrs. Parrot, from whom she had received only the truest kindness, she was sorry to see arrogance of manner and unnecessary display of dress on an occasion when she felt that all the workers should unite gently and lovingly as a band of equals.

Mrs. Parrot's besetting weakness was love of rule, and it seemed almost impossible for her to take part in anything unless she was assigned the chief position, and in this mental attitude she was uncompromisingly supported by her sister and her nephew, both of whom thought and spoke of her as the greatest intellectual woman of the age.

As our readers are by this time fully aware, Miss Leech was in no sense a narrow-minded woman, nor was she, in any objectionable sense, a person of one idea. Her views of life were definite and decided, and she concentrated her energies at a focal point; but she was quite broad and liberal enough to embrace within the scope of her sympathies all movements whose intention was to extend human knowledge in some useful, elevating direction.

After Mrs. Parrot had slowly partaken of four cups of tea in Miss Leech's company, the two ladies began to understand each other, and soon all reserve melted away, and they began comparing their distinctive views and analyzing their modes of work, to see wherein they agreed, rather than to discover wherein they differed.

Mrs. Parrot's thrilling narratives of her own clairvoyance were well matched by Miss Leech's recitals of her no less wonderful experiences in connection with psychic healing; so instead of setting up two opposing schools of thought, they soon came to the decision that they had long been fellow-workers in the spiritual vineyard; and now it was well for them both to clearly understand how their respective efforts could be outwardly as well as psychically united.

During the course of an interesting and edifying conversation, which occupied the entire evening, plans were carried into effect and an interesting program arranged for the following day. The program provided for the successful inauguration of two distinct departments of work.

Miss Leech was to speak at three o'clock on "Psychic Healing," and Mrs. Parrot at eight o'clock on "The Universal Significance of the Present Metaphysical Movement." Following Miss Leech's address in the afternoon, testimonies were to be invited from all present who felt impelled to acknowledge the blessings they had derived through spiritual healing ministry of one form or another, and in the evening short didactic and congratulatory speeches were to follow Mrs. Parrot's oration.

On Sunday afternoon Miss Leech would conduct a meeting at three o'clock, similar to the one described as having taken place at her home in Portland.

The Buckingham and the Monkwearmouth sent letters of warm appreciation of the new work, coupled with regrets that they could not bodily attend. Mr. Geike and other friends also sent congratulations and words of cheer, and as the postman delivered all these letters while the party were at tea on Friday evening, everything was discussed beforehand, and the program carried out on Saturday without a hitch.

By 2:30 P. M. the lecture hall was quite full, every one of the two hundred chairs being occupied, and precisely at that moment Mr. Leech opened the exercises with a beautiful dedicatory ode, words by his sister, music by himself. In clear, full tones he sang the solos, the whole audience joining in the chorus.

The following are the words they sang, contained on the printed slips, which were distributed as mementoes of the occasion:

Hail the dawn of light celestial,
Breaking o'er the earth,
Hail the gospel of our freedom
From the lower birth;
Welcome to the powers celestial,
As they now draw nigh,
Praise the one Eternal Giver,
Source of all supply.
Freely recognize God's goodness
Manifest around,

In the mountains and the ocean,
And the birds' sweet sound;
Recognize in human nature
God's own dwelling-place,
Turn within for heavenly guidance,
Light and truth and grace.

Here we dedicate an altar
Unto truth alone;
Here we build a lasting temple;
Our foundation stone
Love to God and all his children.
We in love agree
To be faithful to our motto—
Peace and Liberty.

With the boundless hosts of angels,
Who united sing
Praise to the Eternal Giver,
Let our voices ring.
Happy be our onward pathway
As we forward move,
Every hour, through work for others,
Life's great joy to prove.

Following the hymn, which was sung heartily in chorus by all assembled, Miss Leech suggested that ten minutes be devoted to silent aspiration and meditation, at the expiration of which delightful and profitable exercises she quietly rose and repeated the Ascription of Faith, modelled upon the "Lord's Prayer."

Then followed an anthem, sung in rich harmony by four of the best vocalists in San Francisco, accompanied by Mr. Leech on the organ. The words began with the stirring prophecy:

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be made glad," and as the noble ancient words rang out in glorious fullness of soulful expression it seemed as though the very roof and walls of the building disappeared, and the great temple of the spiritual universe was the only dwelling-place of those privileged two hundred who listened to those entrancing strains.

When Miss Leech commenced her address there was not a rustle or movement of any sort to be heard in the room. The company assembled on that occasion were not a crowd of frivolous amusement-seekers, or ill-behaved bores, who "applaud" sacred music as though they were in a dime museum delighting in comic ditties, therefore the speaker found conditions perfectly in keeping with the time and subject; and though it is quite true that Mental Scientists and others declare that we can make our own conditions mentally, as we certainly can, it is never out of place to remark that a harmonious, quiet, receptive frame of mind in an audience always facilitates the outpouring of the highest and clearest statements through the lips of any and every inspirational or even simply extemporaneous speaker, and it is really not going too far to say that the effectiveness of a written essay is greatly enhanced when it can be read in an atmosphere favorable to the most perfect delivery.

[To be continued.]

Our Duty.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

We who have experienced the great contrast between the bondage of creed and the charms of Modern Spiritualism cannot but rejoice continually.

At the same time there is no little danger of our running into the opposite extreme, and of failing to apply the divine principles it so persistently and rigorously enforces. Too many Spiritualists use their phenomena as a mere diversion, and the philosophy as a very liberal, easy-going code to live by—ignoring the fact that underlying all these happy phases it reveals are obligations and responsibilities, the observance of which alone can give the enjoyment we all crave.

In the life to come, as here, happiness and misery are in degree—not of location. The higher we rise in the scale of moral development the finer and more enduring our happiness. The phenomena are merely a means to an end; a means of transmitting very much needed instruction, of correcting the errors of superstition, and also afford an opportunity to visit with our so-called dead. But, if, after listening to these messages, we fail to apply their teachings, then we simply add to our misfortune by way of neglect.

Spiritualists rejoice that their Cause is spreading; that the glorious truth of immortality and the neighborhood of the two worlds is fast becoming established; but if the religion of this New Dispensation be underrated and neglected—if every convert to our philosophy becomes no better nor purer nor kinder nor more charitable nor truthful—it he does not become a factor for the improvement of society, of business methods and morals; if his influence in politics, in every public and private enterprise is not shown, then he has failed to detect the real purport of Spiritualism, and in time to come will and must surely reap the regret of wasted opportunities.

Because we find we are not to be consigned to an abyss of burning brimstone, does not erase the fact that there is penalty for every misdeed and every omission of duty—the penalty of remorse and regret. Spiritualism is bathed in light and undying beauty, and promises only to those who bestir themselves to live up to its golden teachings.

We may build costly temples of service; we may organize the work over for increase of power and recognition; but all this is a dead letter, a mere mockery, if every member thus engaged does not go down into the depths of his or her own heart, rooting out pride and prejudices, supplanting as rapidly as possible the choice untidying foliage of love and sympathy, of truth and fidelity to every human soul.

Spiritualism condemns, as well as liberates, and it plainly says: We only reap what we sow. Hypocrisy does not count, for we are accountable to ourselves, and we must settle our own accounts. ELIA LUCY MERRIAM, Los Angeles, Cal.

Spiritualism in Washington and Baltimore.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The course of lectures delivered by Hon. L. V. Moulton in Washington concluded with the services Oct. 21. Mr. Moulton always secures an intellectual audience, and never fails to give to them advanced ideas in regard to Spiritualism. Mr. Moulton's self-sacrificing and devoted labors for the National Spiritualists' Association have endeared him to all the hosts of friends of our organization.

Mr. Edgar W. Emerson is now filling a successful engagement with the First Association.

P. L. O. A. Keeler is very busy, and is to give a public séance at Masonic Temple.

The Ladies' Aid Society is flourishing, and the reception given under its auspices at the close of the National Spiritualists' Association Convention, under the direction of Charles W. Sullivan, was a splendid success.

Landlord Burch of the Ebbitt House says he never had a better class of people in his house than the delegates to the National Spiritualists' Association Convention.

Miss Maggie Gaulle has largely attended meetings every Friday evening in Washington, and Sunday evenings in Baltimore.

Romer Altemus on Tuesday evenings always gives communications to a hall full of people.

The Religio-Philosophical Society, Baltimore, has recently been listening to the inspired words of Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock; local mediums, Mrs. Phillips, and others, are to conduct services this month. Chas. Stanglen and Mr. Reed have been doing effective missionary work in Virginia recently.

The First Spiritual Church, Rev. Mrs. Walcott, pastor, is also accomplishing a good work. The President, Mr. Fred Fiekey, one of the best known business men of Baltimore, was honored by being made a member of the Board of Directors of the National Spiritualists' Association at the last Convention. Mr. Fiekey is an able financier, and an intellectual Spiritualist of the most advanced kind. F. B. Woodbury, Sec'y National Spiritualists' Association, gave a talk on "The Religion of the Poets," before the Society, Nov. 1.

Arrangements are being perfected for a grand Mass Meeting in Baltimore at an early day. Baltimore has among its societies some able and progressive young men, notably Chas. Schirm, Esq., Mr. Walker, Henry Scharfetter, Chas. Stanglen, and Mr. Reed. REPORTER.

The First Spiritualistic Temple in Europe.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Thanks be to God and the high spirits that, through their influence, it has at last become possible for us to ground a Temple in one of the most beautiful parts of Europe—at Bodensee, Ober Wald, St. Gallen, Switzerland. It is at the same time an academy for psychological search in every direction, and thus fills a long-felt want. It will be open summer and winter, and possesses every convenience for visitors.

Private rooms, with excellent board, will be rented very reasonably. The building also possesses large halls, for lectures, etc.

For terms and particulars, address

PROF. LUCIAN PUSCH, Director, Ober Wald, St. Gallen, Switzerland.

LYCEUM AND HOME DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. J. S. SOPER.

SPECIAL REQUEST.

Will Conductors of Lyceums throughout the United States send to this Department an out line of their method of conducting their Lyceums, as applied to the younger groups?

Written for the Lyceum and Home Department.

"COME TO ME, OH, YE CHILDREN!"

BY ELIZABETH FISKE.

Come to me, oh, ye children!
Come once again to me;
Come as of old you clustered
Like flowers about my knee!
At morning and at noon, and
And again at peaceful eve,
And into my yearning heart and arms,
Let me your loved forms receive.
I grieve for the oldtime music
Of the children at their play;
Oh, for sound of their happy laughter,
To drive all care away!
And I dream sometimes—but I waken—
That the past has come back again,
With its crown of happy merriment
That never is worn in vain.
Oh, come to me, happy children!
Let me dream my dream to-day,
That the babes I loved are near me,
That God did not call to stay;
And if, 'mong the happy angels,
Father, let them draw near once more,
Let my love for my little children
Once more their forms restore.

Written for the Lyceum and Home Department.

Little Johnny's Great Riches and Happiness.

A True Story of an Isip, Long Island, Flower.

BY SYLVANUS LYON.

"Oh! golly—aint I rich—and proud—and great? the biggest feller in all Park Alley. Yes, by jingo, I am going to plant a real garden, grow my own bouquets—will sell heaps of flowers. Jist see my real tree of sich nice beauties; and 'tis a bush, chuck full of nice growing (not dead) flowers."
And then the little boy ballooned and jumped for joy. He was little surrounded with a group of little tots, wee urchins, all clamoring and pulling, yelling, "Oh! Johnny, please divide, give us one of your beauties."
It was a motley group—all ragged, dressed anyway, shoeless, and many hatless and coatless. Some of the faces were really beautiful, but with tangled locks and filth, dirt and rags, fully representing the common pictures of many street scenes amid the homes of poverty, vice and crime.
And yet these were humanity's true specimens, with feelings, hopes, and possessing souls—God's little sorrow-children, "always with us." They all showed their love of the beautiful and longings for fair flowers.

And this to them (treasure of Johnny's) was only a spray of wild, blue aster, growing now so luxuriantly in many places by the wayside in the country, that in riding or passing one would scarcely deign to notice it, and it is often destroyed as a useless weed. This (Johnny's tree) came as filling to a case of Isip, Long Island's, most generous contribution of thousands of bouquets for the Moderation Society's weekly grand distributions at the Five Points Missions and slums of New York.
How circumstances, times, feelings change—increasing or destroying our possessions. We are rich or poor as we rightly receive, value and love these, and it is in the use of them that we bless or curse many.

This was the Society's two hundred and fifty-sixth weekly giving. Willing hands had aided. The beautiful flower gifts had delighted the hosts of the poor, squalid, old, young—the dwellers of poverty's homes and dark alleys. Paradise Park really was decked with sweet flowers "blooming like the rose," thus fulfilling the Scripture. With these our hero (little Johnny) found joy and riches in his vast possession (a sprig of wild, blue aster), whilst a crowd of street Arabs coveted his flower treasure.

And seeing this scene, thus we pondered, saddened and wondering: Oh! why these rich treasures of nature, forests, streams, green fields, fair, lovely flowers, with pure air and plenty of good food—and these denied (all unknown) to so many? Alas! how few know of the blessing of thus reaching down from comfort and plenty to do kindly acts and loving deeds—for surely the beautiful Christ teaching is all true, "for as much as ye do it to the least of these, ye do it unto me."

And if it is thus that this wild, blue aster flower, so mean and little, growing by the wayside, could delight troops of little waifs—meanly clad—God's poor children, making many so happy, should we not minister to some of these sorrowing ones?

I do not know the blue aster flower's first or last history. God and the loving angels must keep and care for many poor little Johnnies—the toughs (the scabs, guttersnipes, newsboys and homeless ones of all our great cities); but this I do know—that somewhere, at the right time, in sweet ministrations or some timely aid, or intuition, a feeling or a new-found joy will surely come back to repay each loving act or kindly aid, seeking to bless the poor and lowly, and rejoice the givers with "Good measure, pressed down, running over"—a thousand fold is the promise here—and hereafter each good deed or loving thought will add to our eternal reward.

Written for Lyceum and Home Department.

Lyceum Entertainments.

DEAR MRS. SOPER: I noticed your kind mention and recommendation of "Angell Prize Contests" as a speedy method of diffusing a humane spirit toward all living creatures. I believe it to be in direct line with the highest aims of the Lyceum movement, which is to produce men and women who are endowed with self-control, self-reliance and sympathy, which enables them to put themselves in others' places, and makes them quick to feel the wrongs and suffering other organisms are enduring, whether they be human beings or the lower races.

I shall feel greatly honored and delighted if every Lyceum in the United States, and in the world, in fact, will hold one "Angell Prize Contest," to advance humane education during the coming winter. I am sure they will prove light-bringers as well as money-bringers,

and that when once tried one will be given yearly.

I especially wish the Boston Lyceums would do this at an early date, as Boston is the head-centre of humane work in America. I should be most glad if one, first-class in every particular (and you have talent sufficient for it), could be held, and Mr. George T. Angell, who is the patron of this new method, be invited to attend and witness it. He would certainly do so if his health will permit.

We have a beautiful sterling silver medal now, which is appropriately engraved, and is a decoration to be worn with pride and honor when won.

We are giving these contests in Ohio, and find they awaken great interest. I will give you a glimpse of one held at Milan, Oct. 15, in which four Lyceum scholars from the Free Thought Temple at Avery, O., took part: A class of nine trained contestants recited on the following subjects: "Egypt and Cleo"; "Sympathy"; "The Band of Mercy as an Educational Force Against Crime"; "Flash, or the Fireman's Story"; "The Chemistry of Character"; "A Legend of the Northland"; "How Christmas Came to the Poorhouse"; "Dead Birds on Ladies' Hats and Bonnets"; "My Horse Mary: A Story of Vivisection."

The selections are all from my new book, "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," which contains seventy four pieces, and explicit directions for getting up the entertainments. You can get the books from me, or from George T. Angell, 19 Milk street, Boston, Mass.

The Superintendent of Public Schools was our Chairman; Rev. C. Gollimore, Prof. Shivers and Prof. Lynn of Sandusky acted as Judges. They sat on the stage during the preliminaries, and were introduced to the audience before going down to begin work.

After an overture and invocation, Hudson Tuttle made a five-minute speech on the work in hand. The program was brightened by a comic singer, who gave new and catchy songs, and by Miss Clair Tuttle's dramatic ballad-singing. These were interspersed between the recitations.

The medal was won by Clara Cooke, on "Flash: A Fireman's Story." A gentleman in the audience was so pleased with the rendition of "Sympathy," that he sent the speaker a silver dollar. "Tell her a friend sent it," he said tearfully. The judges went down in their pockets and gave two prizes—a silver dollar to the speaker who gave "My Horse Mary," and one to the one who gave Lizzie Doten's "Chemistry of Character." You see it was quite exciting.

EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

WHAT MAKES HOME.

Our little lad came in one day
With dusty shoes and tired feet;
His playmate had been hard and long,
Out in the summer's noontide heat.
"I'm glad I'm home," he cried, and hung
His straw hat on the hall,
While in the corner by the door
He put away his hat and ball.
"I wonder why," his auntie said,
"This little lad always comes here,
When there are many other homes
As nice as this and quite as near?"
He stood a moment deep in thought,
Then, with the love-light in his eye,
He pointed where his mother sat,
And said: "She lives here; that is why."

With beaming face the mother heard;
Her mother heart was very glad.
A true, sweet answer he had given,
Thorough, thoughtful, to the little lad,
And well I know that home of his
Are just as loving, true and dear;
That they would answer as he did,
"Tis home; for mother's loving here."
—Christian Advocate.

The Boston Spiritual Lyceum.

Sunday afternoon, Nov. 1, this Lyceum held one of the most interesting sessions of the season.

"What are the Fundamental Principles of Spiritualism?" was the topic discussed, and many of the excellent answers given were received with enthusiastic applause. That all had studied the question, the following excerpts will exemplify:

Eddie Hanson said: "Spiritualism teaches us that we are spirits, and can never die."
Emily Granville thought that "the return of the spirit was its fundamental principle."

Charlie Hatch added: "Truth and Justice."

Eddie Hatch thought that "Spiritism was broad enough to embrace everything it was good."
Mr. Snow gave "Evolution and Immortality," and very truthfully added: "that one of the fundamental principles of this Lyceum was the (tabooing of long and prosy speeches)."

Mr. J. S. Soper mentioned "Progression in the life to come as a fundamental principle of Spiritualism" that he pleaded most forcibly for.

Miss Maude Beckwith cited Moses' (11th) three cornerstones of Spiritualism: "Evolution, Progression, and the eternal progression of every living creature."

Mr. Severance, a visitor from the Seaside Lyceum, thought that the "Spiritual education of the children should be incorporated into the fundamental principles of Spiritualism." Amen, Mr. Severance.

Master George Simpson sent in his answer, and it was read by the Clerk.

Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse, Mrs. M. A. Lang, Mr. Elmer B. Packard, and the Assistant-Conductor, Dr. J. K. Root, also spoke on the question.

For the younger groups "Kindness" was the subject. Answers were given by Winnie Ireland, Mabel Emmous, Carl Leo Root, Johnnie and Nutter Ormsbee.

After the grand march, the following program was presented: Miss A. C. Remick, song; Abigail R. Wait, remarks.

Mrs. J. S. Soper read a letter from Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle, descriptive of a very successful entertainment that was recently given by an Ohio Lyceum, where the selections recited were all from Mrs. Tuttle's new book, "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," and this Lyceum hopes to be able to carry out Mrs. Tuttle's suggestion, and treat the Boston public to something similar in the near future.

Miss Maude Beckwith gave a recitation, "The Angel of the Railway Train," a very appropriate selection, that was recited in a highly creditable manner. The Conductor surprised our friends, Mr. Fred H. Watson, by calling upon him for remarks, and Mr. Watson surprised the Lyceum by telling how he had been converted from Methodism to Spiritualism by the development of his own mediumship since coming to play for us a little over a year ago.

Mr. Elmer B. Packard read an original article entitled "Is It True?" that we well received.

Subject for Nov. 15: "How Does Spiritualism Educate us?"

Come, and bring the children. You will be entertained and they will be instructed. There is plenty of room and a hearty welcome for all.

A. CLARENCE ARMSTRONG, Clerk.
17 Leroy street, Station K.

In a primary school, not very long ago, the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils the idea of the use of a hyphen. She wrote on the blackboard, "Birds' nests," and, pointing to the hyphen, asked the school, "What is that for?" After a short pause a young son of the Emerald Isle piped out, "Plaze, ma'am, for the bird to roost on!"—Selected.

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.

Michigan.

DETROIT.—C. W. Burrows writes: "Throughout the length and breadth of our beautiful 'City of the Straits,' there is a general awakening, and the deepest interest is being manifested pertaining to Spiritualism—if the new movements now on foot, such as family circles, public organizations, and a general spirit of inquiry are any indications. Detroit will soon take an advanced place, and become a shining light in the great cause of spiritual advancement."

Through the efforts of some sincere and spirited brethren in the western part of our city we are to have for the month of November, three times a week—twice on Sunday and one week-day—Mr. Frank T. Ripley, so well and favorably known as a fearless and clear exponent of our cause.

The Central Spiritual Union, which was kindly notified by you at the time of its birth in June last, although but a few months old, has had a phenomenal growth, numbering among its members some of the brightest and most progressive people of the city.

The Union has secured Star and Crescent Hall, corner of Second and Spencer streets. Meetings are held every Wednesday evening. The following course of lectures will be delivered by Dr. C. W. Burrows, Conductor, on the first and third Wednesdays of each month, beginning on Nov. 4, with: "Are Thoughts Things?" Nov. 11, "The Evolution of Man in Religious Thought"; Dec. 2, "The Religion of Man and the Religion of the Universe"; Dec. 9, "The Bible as a Guide to Spiritual Culture"; Dec. 16, "The Bible as a Guide to Spiritual Culture"; Dec. 23, "The Bible as a Guide to Spiritual Culture"; Dec. 30, "The Bible as a Guide to Spiritual Culture."

1897. Jan. 6, "Primitive Christianity, or the Teachings of Jesus"; Jan. 13, "The Door to Occultism, or How to Become a Psychist"; Feb. 2, "The Religion of the Future"; Feb. 9, "The Religion of the Future"; Feb. 16, "The Religion of the Future"; Feb. 23, "The Religion of the Future"; Feb. 30, "The Religion of the Future"; Mar. 6, "The Religion of the Future"; Mar. 13, "The Religion of the Future"; Mar. 20, "The Religion of the Future"; Mar. 27, "The Religion of the Future"; Apr. 3, "The Religion of the Future"; Apr. 10, "The Religion of the Future"; Apr. 17, "The Religion of the Future"; Apr. 24, "The Religion of the Future"; Apr. 30, "The Religion of the Future"; May 7, "The Religion of the Future"; May 14, "The Religion of the Future"; May 21, "The Religion of the Future"; May 28, "The Religion of the Future"; Jun. 4, "The Religion of the Future"; Jun. 11, "The Religion of the Future"; Jun. 18, "The Religion of the Future"; Jun. 25, "The Religion of the Future"; Jul. 2, "The Religion of the Future"; 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BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, located at 14 Franklin Street (formerly Montgomery Place), corner of Province Street, Boston, Mass., keeps for sale a complete assortment of Spiritual, Progressive, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Books at Wholesale and Retail.

TERMS CASH.—Orders for Books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by all or at least half cash. When the money forwarded is not sufficient to fill the order, the balance must be paid C. O. D. Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must invariably 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 Purchasing 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 issuing the order, which is one 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 impersonal free thought, but we do not endorse 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 guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return cancelled 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.

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

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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. 79.

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 BANNER will next week present to its readers a verbatim report of a lecture delivered by **Mr. J. J. Morse**, at San Francisco, for the **California Psychological Society**. Its title is

"MAN'S LATENT FACULTIES, AND WHAT THEY TEACH."

It will be read at every hand with the high estimation it merits.

A Preacher Who Won't Preach Hell.

A year ago, a graduate of the University of the Northwest, the Rev. Henry C. Meyers, was sent to Schuyler, in Colfax County, a city of about twenty-five hundred people, as pastor of the Methodist church there. There was a party in the church that wanted their old pastor returned, and because he was not began to make trouble for the new comer. He proved to be an eloquent man, and a man of force, and drew audiences larger than the church would hold. He preached no hell, and they started a petition to the Conference to be held a month later, asking that he be not returned for another year. When the appointments were announced it was found that he had been transferred. This action of the bishop caused more trouble in the church, and the preacher's friends made ineffectual appeals for his return. Then Mr. Meyers declared that he would not be transferred. His successor took possession of the church without any physical disturbance, and the deposed minister began at once the work of building up a church of his own at Schuyler, his first services in late October being largely attended. In his letter of declination to the presiding elder he has much to say about "ecclesiastical bosses," and why he has done as he has.

In the first place, he says, he can no longer subject his thinking to the thoughts of "a few sectarian bosses." He says his motto is: "Reason is the lamp in the light of which every man must walk for himself." The Dantean hell of the past is no longer reasonable. To preach men into hell who do not bow down to the creed of the Church is as unreasonable as the mind that pictured it. He asks who made the thinkers of a hundred and more years ago infallible, so that their thoughts possessed unchangeable principles and left future thinkers to the fate of their human weakness? Is the creed of the Methodist Church an infalli-

ble rule? If it is, then Christianity is not Christianity, he declares, unless it is labelled Methodist. The advocate of creeds will reply that Methodism numbers millions. Yes, he answers, so did the Roman Government, but the Roman Empire came to an end. Number does not establish infallibility. Truth is small and despicable show, but moves quietly forward to the conquest of the world. Creeds must shake off their dead leaves; churches must move in the direction of ultimate truth or die and decay with the past. Good is good, whether found in character built by church creeds or by faithful allegiance to duty and right. Methodism is declared to be controlled by a set of ecclesiastical bosses, and all undergraduates are their tools.

All ordinary preachers, Mr. Meyers tells the presiding elder, are instantly crushed to death unless they salute the rulers. All kinds of chicanery and infidelity are practiced by the leaders under the cloak of ecclesiastical and religious duty. The church guillotine stands upon the platform at every Conference, sharpened and ready to decapitate every preacher who prostrates not himself to the gods. Unless they become professional beggars they are immediately relegated to the rear. The man of brains must seek his field for himself, while the beggar rides his circuit gathering supplies for bosses. Millions of dollars are annually collected and carried to foreign fields to build up personal enterprises, at the expense of privation, suffering and beggary in our home country. Mr. Meyers asks: "What have been the results of three hundred thousand dollars begged of the children and poor of this country and sent to Bulgaria? What of the millions sent to China? Why send millions of money needed by the poor and destitute of this country to China to no purpose?" His answer is—to keep missionary secretaries in lucrative positions. To this end the leaders of the church will crush out of existence all preachers who do not endorse the movement. Book concerns are run by this gigantic institution, and all preachers are required to purchase their literature from them at enormous prices, so that the bishops can come and draw large salaries, ride in Pullman cars, stop at costly hotels and build fine mansions.

And, says this independent Methodist preacher, all this comes from the self-sacrificing preachers, who live for the most part upon from two to three hundred dollars a year. And, he adds, "Thousands of dollars passed out of Nebraska during the hardest times ever seen to fields, rendering large support to the bosses of the church, while the citizens of Eastern States were appealed to to assist the needy to keep from starvation." These, says this preacher in his letter, are but a small number of the reasons he has for withdrawing from the Methodist Church.

The trouble started with his independent and fearless preaching. He told his hearers not to be frightened any longer by this talk about hell, for there was no such place as was depicted. And he is punished for it by depriving him of his church and packing him off to a prison of a place to which he refuses to be transferred. The opportunity was thus given him to tell a number of ecclesiastical secrets and tricks that are better on the surface and in the light. It must be "hell" for the "ecclesiastical bosses" to have to read such statements, knowing them all to be true.

Salvation After Death.

In the revised edition of a discourse on this subject, by John Page Hoppis, of England, Mr. Gladstone is quoted as holding that revelation is closed, and as shrinking from our "raising that curtain which the hand of God let fall." Mr. Hoppis refuses to believe in the solitary raising and final dropping of any curtain. It is not Nature's way, and therefore it is not God's way. Revelation is discovery, and discovery is dependent upon the gradual enlightenment and sensitiveness of man, and is attained only in harmony with God's laws. And the raising of the curtain never ceases. It is neither arrogant nor presumptuous to say that there is much which is clear to us that could not be clear to the writers of the Bible. Jesus himself said to his disciples: "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." There is a sense in which God is ever saying that. The process of revelation is as unceasing and progressive as the process of evolution—and, in truth, the two are one. The popular mind has been filled with dramatic representations of "a great ascent," a judgment seat, an open book, and an actual division of mankind into two mighty groups before a great white throne. This is all extremely crude, and will not bear reflection. Salvation is held to be the escaping from one of the two places into which the unseen world is divided and admission into the other.

Sin may be prolonged and yet be not necessarily eternal. We might reasonably say that the natural consequences are as likely to be the sinner's ultimate weariness of sin and his longing for emancipation as the prolonging of it to all eternity. The question is, whether any such weariness and longing can come after death, and whether, if they could and did come, they would be of any avail. If they are of no avail, then something in the government of God prevents it. And if that is so, it is hard indeed to see how that can be made to harmonize in any way with the goodness or even the barest justice of God. While in all Christian times people have said that God is just, they have credited him with an injustice such as transcends all human injustice it is possible to conceive. Millions of children are born with sorrowful inheritances of evil in their very brains and blood; with taints and degradations and half-insanities that make life a cruel struggle; whose earthly lives call aloud to the Creator for explanation and recompense, not punishment and hell. What if death is an advance for every living being, one more great step onward in an orderly development of life? What if, when the next great step is taken, the light will shine in upon the open spirit-eyes as it never could shine in here? If salvation is not possible after death, something will be done to change the nature of man. Is it conceivable?

Sometimes we are told that salvation depends upon opinion or belief, and that heresy or unbelief may carry condemnation with it. Or we are told that failure to believe in God's mercy will deprive men of it, and that disinclination to receive a special plan of salvation will involve the loss of salvation entirely. Or we are again told that condemnation is the result of sin. Then we may be lost for being honest, sensitive, resolute, or even reverent, for these have all led to the rejection of doctrines regarded by the great majority as vital and essential. A thoughtful seeker after truth can have nothing to fear from God. He has

own love of truth; why, then, should he not spiritually reap the finding of it? And no one has ever shown why God's love should cease when it might shine the brightest, or come to an end when it might come home with most penetrating power to the heart of the one neglecting it. Is it possible to believe that the love of the Heavenly Father has turned to ice or hate, and yet to really think, adore and love?

Of sin we may say, while it lasts, that it must exclude the evil from spiritual communion with the good; but what reason is there for saying that he who ends as a sinner here, however impenitent, can never come into relations of mercy and helpfulness with holy spirits? And who is to put true values on the full flow of virtue that comes without much effort, and the pulsations of longing for better things that may represent the agony of years of struggle with easily besetting sin? Much of the sin of the world is but a part of the stupendous process of evolution, the working out of the brute animal, in order that the man may be evolved into harmonious and beautiful life. Man is not yet created here; he is only being created; and many forms of sin are incident to his march out of darkness into the marvelous light. What, then, if this is only one stage of his great existence, a rough marking out of the lines of his glorious life, to be filled in and perfected elsewhere? Here is a way of escape from that dark thought of God which is now becoming unendurable—a way of escape only to be gained by absolute confidence in his wisdom, justice, love and power. It gives us every needed motive for exertion, yet saves us from despair. It presents us with a view of the hereafter whose influence may be felt, and felt for good, in everything relating to man's life here. Before the darkest problems of earth it will enable us to hold on our way, no longer oppressed by the terrible thought that this little life is all. And in the valley of the shadow of death it will give us the most absolute hope and confidence in God.

Visible and Invisible.

The unknown said Mr. H. W. Beecher in one of his later sermons from Plymouth Church pulpit—the unknown in human life, when you come once to fasten your mind upon it, is far greater than the known. It is mysterious. How many ride people, how many inelegant folks, how many persons that have no savor of sanctity, no indication of heroism in their external appearance, are really living lives as deep as the soil itself. We do not know our fellow-men. Judge not, that ye be not judged. It may be that behind every offense there is a sanctuary, and that within there is an altar whose light inspire and is fed of heaven. We are not to judge too severely those that are round about us, although we judge righteous judgment. A man may see a mansion and yet not see its contents. It is not till one is admitted into the still further interior of the lives of those that dwell there, that he has seen what the mansion is and what it contains. There are royal houses with mean folks living in them; and there are mean houses with royal folk living in them; and it is for us not to be blinded. There is something even in pride that bids a man quietly to rejoice when nobody understands him, and when they ascribe to him wil things and purposes which he knows in the depth of his soul he is as far from as heaven's from hell.

God knew, when we came here, that he was going to send us to school, and what we do not know is not the measure of what we are doing in that school. Is the earnest and ambitious scholar to be counting all the time what he does not know? We go through life moaning at what we haven't. Has there been in our life nothing of (ivine disclosure? No hope, no love, no faith? Are we to have no flavor of joy in acquisition, even if it be only in part and partial? We know too well that there are a great many things in our lives that are weights, yokes, blemishes, and wrong doings; but we cannot form any consistent conception of what we are really to be when we are disrobed of the flesh. When the inward and mysterious life that has been working out in us all these many years shall be disclosed to us, we shall hardly dare to say it is ourselves. Then shall have disappeared all that in life misled our souls, whatever poisoned our peace, whatever warped and biased us. All these will have been left below and behind. We shall no longer need to live by sight, by the rules and regulations that do help outward and lower life here. It is a great consolation to think what an equivalence there is after all, when we look upon the inequalities of this life.

For example, we see nurses who devote themselves with indefatigable fidelity, tenderness and love to those from whom they get no equivalent whatever. Heroic souls they are, though nobody ranks them high; homely saints that never have any niche or any biography in this world. Servants that do the menial offices of our lives, humbling themselves willingly, will be greater than we that are greater than they in the world's esteem. Radiant persons that teach the world patience, all bereaved mothers that know how to give forth the light of joy and hope in the midst of sorrow, imprisoned wives of drunkards who, on earth for love's sake, have lived in hell—if there is one place higher in heaven than another it shall be theirs. Who ever dreamed of that which is thus to take place? or what artist can draw it? or what prophet discern it? or what poet depict it in language? Men are concentric, that is, there is a life within a life all the way through; and that takes place just in proportion as men are rich in development. The man who has nothing but his perceptive senses cannot be very much subject to the inner life; nor can men that are purely philosophical, without outflow or inflow of emotion. A man is a man in proportion to the number of separate cells that he has unfolded within himself. A life within a life is not, therefore, mystical.

It is common, and it is inevitable. We may trace it up from its ordinary forms, all the way through to the highest stages of human experience. There is a subtle play between the inward consciousness and the outward physical facts of human life. The real, essential you is within you, and you know that that you, the inner one, and the nobler in all respects, is all drawn out of the physical and the actual visible world, and is in communion with and in perpetual life with God. We take refuge in it from the rude happenings of the outer life. We are perpetually going home to hide ourselves in the refinement of the inner life. The true man hides behind this outward mask of the flesh. What we cannot see is of far more value than what we can see. What we cannot touch is more real than what we can touch. No man is so poor as he who has but one coating of his nature.

God's Witnesses.

If we pause to reflect on it, there are no such convincing witnesses to the existence and the loving care and guidance of God as the spirits of men. No more stable basis of belief in God can be conceived than is to be found in the human spirit. Belief in a deity was always blended with belief in an invisible world and the obligation man is under to a moral law of some kind. The revolt of Science against Religion and its assumptions is but the revolt of common sense and common humanity. The most lasting basis of belief in God is to be found in the human spirit itself. The revolt of common humanity is not against religion, but against the ruling power of organized ecclesiastical terrorism. Naturally the Church must hate Science, even when it most fears it. The Creator has ceased to be a sort of ecclesiastical mechanic, outside of the world and of man. Evolution is everywhere taking its place.

Still, we have the Materialist yet to contend with. He warns us not to go beyond our knowledge in our efforts to establish a truer and better belief. Within the phenomena he does not and will not recognize the noumena. The psychical is without meaning or significance to him. He regards all phenomena as only manifestations of force. This world that we see is all there is to him, and our earth life is the whole story.

Where the Materialist utterly fails is in his failure to find any bridge that unites physical forces and mental operations. Beyond the human limits, the Power that is revealed in the existence of the universe cannot by any possibility be described in terms that belong to the inorganic world. In the language of Professor John Fiske: "The Infinite Power manifested in the universe is psychical in its nature—in other words, between God and the human soul there is kinship, though we may be unable to render any theoretical account of it."

John Fiske speaks of Herbert Spencer's "luminous exposition of life as the continuous adjustment of inner relations to outer relations" as an exposition of the doctrine of natural selection, and at the same time a prophecy of things to come. "The survival of the fittest" is only the working out of the process of creation, which takes place by "continuous adjustment of inner relations to outer relations." Thus have the senses been evolved, and consciousness, and the arts, and music, and literature, and clairvoyance or seership. And we are still going forward, with no miracle, but with development everywhere. Function everywhere predicts fulfillment, and external conditions tend to create or develop function. The internal adjustment—mental movement, sensation, consciousness—has been so brought about as to harmonize with existing outward facts.

This law applies to human experiences in the higher planes—to psychical spheres of insight and activity. At a "critical moment," as Mr. Fiske calls it, in man's development, he is discovered to be reaching out for something behind phenomena and coming in contact with it. It is the human consciousness of presences invisible, of unseen powers and obligations, which have had everything to do in human history, so that Mr. Fiske seriously declares that "what history would be without it is quite beyond our imagination." The question arises whether this summit and climax of human thought and feeling is nothing more than a vain imagination. If it is, says Mr. Fiske, "it is something utterly without precedent in the whole history of creation. All the analogies of evolution, so far as men have been able to decipher it, are overwhelmingly against any such supposition."

The conclusion of Mr. Fiske is that "the lesson of evolution is that through all these weary ages the human soul has not been cherishing in religion a delusive phantom; but, in spite of seemingly endless groping and stumbling, it has been rising to the recognition of its essential kinship with the ever-living God. Of all the implications of the doctrine of evolution with regard to man, I believe the very deepest and strongest to be that which asserts the everlasting reality of religion."

More Ministerial Heresy.

Now it is Rev. Dr. Tomlinson of the Central Baptist church of Elizabeth, N. J.—who recently preached the doctrinal sermon before the Baptist Ministers' Association Convention in New Brunswick, N. J. The especial dissent aroused was caused by his statement that from his youth up he had not believed in the substitutionary work of Jesus Christ. He also stated his belief in the doctrine that "we cannot conceive how the sins of the guilty can be laid upon the innocent." He was taken to task immediately after his sermon by several of the Baptist clergymen for his alleged heretical utterances, and said in his defense that he had spoken without notes, and that perhaps some of his theology would profit by revision! As the sermon of Dr. Tomlinson was preached in the pulpit of Rev. Mr. Jenkins, the latter preached a sermon in reply on the "Vicarious Sacrifice of Christ," in which he told his hearers that if they rammed him into a cannon and shot him out, and he should still be alive, he could never deny the "fundamental principles of our redemption, and the sacrifice that bought me with his blood." Then Dr. Tomlinson wrote a letter from Elizabeth, explaining his reasons for delivering the address.

He protested that it was not delivered in a controversial spirit, yet it was a doctrinal sermon. He had no thought of being a frebrand, and had no desire to pose as an Ishmaelite. It was, he said, a sermon he had recently given to his own people, and it was at their suggestion that he gave it before the Ministers' Association. His only aim was "to stir up the slates, not to arouse the devil." He further stated that he tried to show that the atoning work of Jesus was not "a mere contrivance to satisfy the vengeance of a God who must punish some one—the innocent if not the guilty." He thought this was less than an earthly father would do, and certainly was not the character of our Heavenly Father, whom Jesus came to show; that the scheme of Christ's sufferings lay in the fact that God so loved the world that he gave his only son. Sacrifice is the measure and expression of love. Dr. Tomlinson protested that he had no desire to judge the Pharisees or to stir up the leaders of the Protestants. He was entirely willing to accord to men the same liberty he claimed for himself of interpreting the Bible according to the light of their own consciences. He believed the churches needed some such words, and humbly confessed that others may know far more of the truth than he did. He closed his letter with the pointed remark that in all charity if the message that called him into the ministry be heterodoxy among the Baptist churches, then so much the worse for those churches.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

A little work, a little play
To keep us going—and a good-day!
A little warmth, a little light
Of love's bestowing—and so good night!
A little fun to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing—and so good morrow!
A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowing!—And so—good-by!
—George Du Maurier.

The cemeteries of the city of Brooklyn occupy nearly two thousand acres of land. A thoughtful eminent physician gives it as his opinion that the prevailing southwest wind, blowing over these corruption-festering plague resorts, carries to Flatbush the germs of typhoid fever and diphtheria, and swells the death rate of that city to its present alarming magnitude. The more one considers cremation the more one wonders how it has come to pass that we practice burying the bodies of the dead.

Virginia has just enacted a law making it a misdemeanor to sell intoxicants to any student of an educational institution in that State.

Prof. J. Jay Watson and daughter, Miss Annie A. Watson, discoursed their delightful and interesting piano, violin and guitar selections before a very large audience at the Grand street vestry, Oct. 2. Prof. Watson still retains his wonderful vigor, and this, infused into his playing, at once appealed to his audience, which dealt out their plaudits generously. Miss Watson never fails to entertain, and her gift for producing sweet music from the various instruments she so cleverly handles was—readily conceived last evening and highly enjoyed.—*Gloucester Daily Times*.

SEERS OR PROPHETS?—We note with satisfaction that Mr. J. Page Hoppis has issued a new edition of his valuable little pamphlet on "The Seers or Prophets of the Old Testament." Many good, simple souls have been sadly perplexed by the anomalous aspects under which seers or prophets are depicted—often outraging every sense of justice and right and truth, and yet all claiming to speak with "Thus saith the Lord." Mr. Hoppis clears the way for a correct apprehension of the facts, and solves the difficulty in a way which must commend itself to all Spiritualists, and should be acceptable to every honest student of Biblical history.—*Light*, London.

Absolute morality is the regulation of conduct in such a way that pain shall not be inflicted.—*Herbert Spencer*.

A special despatch to the *Harford Times* says that the cathode ray was used at the Backus Hospital to learn the exact condition of a fracture in the leg of Eddie Cox, a patient. The result is that the limb will be amputated. It was found impossible to set the bone. This is the first time the X-ray has been used at the local hospital for practical work.

The London Road Car Company, which runs nine hundred omnibuses, intends to eventually do away with the use of horses in its business, and to run motor omnibuses. A hundred of these vehicles will be placed on the streets this month, and three hundred more in January.

The man who thinks all the time and never acts accomplishes nothing. He is the dreamer to succeed. The man who acts all the time and never thinks is a plodder. He does what others tell him, but does nothing that he tells himself. The successful man not only thinks all the time, but backs up his thinking with acting.—*Printer's Ink*.

Secretary of War Lamont will soon have laid before him the plans of a travelling crematory to incinerate the dead upon the field of battle. The objections to cremation do not apply to deaths upon the field of battle. After a battle the dead are left upon the field, while the remnant of the army marches or retreats. The oven of the travelling crematory can be heated to twelve hundred degrees in an hour. It can also be used in towns.—*Sedgwick (Kan.) Pantagraph*.

The *Companion Calendar*.—It is said that the expense of making the *Companion Art Calendar* for 1897 was so great that had it been published in the usual quantity it could not be sold for less than one dollar. Four beautiful female figures are reproduced on four folding pages. Each figure is lithographed in twelve colors, being a true reproduction of the original water-color painting. The size of each of the four folding pages is 10½ by 6 inches. It is by far the best piece of color-work the *Companion* has ever offered. It is given free to all new subscribers sending \$1.75 to the *Companion* for the year 1897, who receive also the paper free from the time the subscription is received till January 1, 1897. Celebrating in 1897 its twenty-first birthday, the *Companion* offers its readers many exceptionally brilliant features. For free illustrated prospectus address, *The Youth's Companion*, 205 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

The use of the dynamite gun by the Cuban army seems to have disclosed to the Spaniards a considerably. The civilized world is likely to show some doubt as to the propriety of the use of dynamite in war; but that some such result is likely to be brought about in the near future seems more or less certain. Dynamite projectiles are already used in coast-defense guns, and in naval torpedoes. If feasible methods can be devised for the use of dynamite projectiles in military operations, it is safe to say that such projectiles will eventually be used in civilized warfare.—*Advertiser*.

If you take work as the holy and noble law of life, it shall save you from a thousand petty annoyances, a thousand sickly day-dreams and morbid discontents.—*Farrar*.

"I see you have n't your clerk any longer," said the store keeper. "No," said the grocery-and-general-store man. "A woman came in and asked for a stove-lifter." "A stove-lifter?" "No," he handed her a plate of kerosene.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Verily "music hath charms." But that fails to adequately express J. Jay Watson's wonderful performance on his two hundred and eighty year old Cremona violin, the one on which Old Bull established his world-wide reputation, and finally presented it to his friend and pupil. The spirit of Old Bull abides in the violin, at least when Prof. Watson manipulates the bow, accompanied on the piano by Miss Annie Watson. The Professor has a warm place in the hearts of Gloucester fishermen. He was one of them. By his genius he has honored the town, and he also wanted a share in his triumphal notes. How the old school-mates and ship-mates did gather around him on Sunday and again on Wednesday evening in the Fishermen's Bethel.—*The Fisherman*, (Gloucester, Mass.) for October.

Extending workshops, Cleveland, O., is the second shipbuilding centre in the world, the Clyde, below Glasgow, alone surpassing it. Cleveland's lake commerce is ten million tons, New York's ocean commerce only twelve million tons.

IN THE NEAR FUTURE.—*Lawyer*—"I now offer in evidence a photograph of the broken heart of the plaintiff, taken by the Röntgen process." Judge—"Admitted. Let it be marked 'Exhibit X.'"—*Puck*.

A thread of witty sarcasm runs through the remark of a medical writer in the *New Orleans Medical and Surgical Journal*, when, in speaking of the gratitude of the patient for the physician, he explains that the feeling of gratitude is part of the disease: "It comes on with the fever, it improves during convalescence, and is cured by return to health."

The Falmouth, Mass., clergyman who took his turn on a recent Sunday at denouncing Sunday newspapers, seems to have been at least as "sensational" as the newspaper he denounced. He carried the paper into the pulpit with him, and when he had sufficiently denounced it in detail, he tore it in pieces, threw the scraps down in front of him, and declared that while the saloon had slain its thousands, the Sunday newspaper has slain its tens of thousands.—*The Harford Times*.

Good pay for good work will stand against the world, and good wages wisely spent are the best guarantee of prosperous and continuous employments.

DeWitt C. Hough will hold public circles every Tuesday, at 8 P. M., at 323 West 34th street, New York City. He answers questions in folded ballots in writing—names given in full. Every one present receives communications from spirit-friends.

The meetings at 3120 Forest Avenue, Chicago, writes a correspondent of the *Progressive Thinker*, have such a pronounced character that they deserve more than passing mention. Mrs. Ada Foye, who has been its pastor for nearly two years, still officiates, and her work is a marvel. I have attended scores of her meetings, and in her test-giving have yet to witness the first failure.

The Chicago (Ill.) Vegetarian Society will hold its Second Annual Holiday Banquet at the Auditorium Hotel of that city on Thursday evening, Nov. 26, 1896.

Dr. G. W. Fowler, of Lynn, Mass., has taken rooms at 283 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston. See his advertisement upon page five.

A letter by G. C. B. Ewell has been received, but must wait for publication till next week.

Letter from Bro. Dalley.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It is not often that I seek the columns of our spiritual journals for publications from my pen. There are now so many who have so much that is of interest, unless something comes to my knowledge of more than ordinary moment, I do not wish to occupy valuable space. My silence is not because of a lack of interest in spiritual things, for I was never more impressed by their importance than now.

I have realized, however, that in the early days of the new Spiritual Dispensation we were too sanguine, and anticipated too much. We planted fresh seed from stock as old as humanity amid others the growth of the ages. The world had so long partaken of foreign fruit, grafted on the parent stock, that it did seem that food by nature adapted to the soul's want would be welcomed everywhere. We have learned that human appetites can become so accustomed to unnatural nourishment that a second nature may lead us to repel the most wholesome to both soul and body. So long has error been taught that the truth has seemed a lie, though spoken in the ear by angels and proclaimed by messengers of the most high. The work of dispensing light and knowledge has been assumed by all who dared the undertaking, and they have been many. It is the privilege of all; it is the duty of those whose words are those of wisdom. We have learned the folly of eating pearls before swine, and that those who thrive from the credulity and ignorance of others, are not too quick to lead them into the ways of truth. Our experience has been useful, but it has not lessened our unreasonable exactions upon the frail but mighty ones in voicing the utterances of angels, who are keen in discerning the visions presented from the encampments on the plains of Paradise.

I have ever been, and always shall be, opposed to mere semblances of truth. If my mother comes to me, she will be welcomed with all the love my soul can feel; if some other woman comes in the semblance of my mother she will not be so received. I had rather pay for a dozen failures than one fraud. Those who give their time and strength in efforts to convey to us answers to our desires, are as fairly entitled to compensation as the lawyer who fails in the cause of his client; as the doctor whose patient dies; as the clergyman whose prayers are unanswered. When Saul sought information as to his father's assent of the seer, he hesitated because he had nothing to give in return for the information. His servant loaned him the requisite fee, and Samuel anointed him king over Israel.

I have now had so many years' experience with mediums, and have watched them so critically, that I am not ignorant of their frailties, nor unaware of the terrible strain that is placed upon their energies, nor of the unreasonable exactions from which they suffer. Their work is abnormal. To see beyond the boundaries of the material world, as it were, a candle is lighted, whose flame feeds upon the energies of the poor sensitive, and at the end of a long lecture or séance, the medium is limp, tired, exhausted, and is liable to be assailed by those which could and would be repelled when in a normal condition. I could recite numerous instances of this character, were it requisite, to prove my assertion.

My purpose in this communication is to supplement a portion of what I have said with a brief recital of our recent experience with Mrs. May S. Pepper, the well-known test medium, of Providence, R. I. This lady is one of the most marvelous test mediums I have ever known. Like most others, she is but little understood. Though large in stature, and somewhat fleshy, her complexion is ashy and her lips pale. A severe injury to the back of her head has so seriously affected the nerves connecting with her eyes as to diverge her line of vision and cause intense suffering. Her body is insufficiently nourished with blood to give her the required vitality. With little physical exertion she is so completely exhausted as to require immediate rest. If she ascends stairs rapidly, her lips become purple, heart action uncertain, and symptoms alarming. Her usual control is "Bright Eyes," a Kickapoo Indian maiden, only, however, one-fourth the blood of the red man. There are many now living who knew her in life, when she traveled through the country with her parents giving exhibitions. This experience has served her a useful purpose since she passed, at about the age of twelve years, into the spiritual world. She is now inseparably identified with the life of her medium. Of course, she and a great number from the spirit-side are interested in prolonging the days of Mrs. Pepper's usefulness as much as possible. Mrs. Pepper is here to consult Dr. Hermann Knapp, the eminent eye specialist, in New York. Yesterday, after making several unsuccessful efforts, she obtained a consultation. The doctor, after a critical examination, declined to assume the responsibility of an operation to relieve her suffering, owing to her low physical condition, to which I have already referred. What the conclusion is must be apparent to the public, and will be a source of regret to her many friends. To go on and meet her engagements means speedy death. A comparative cessation from platform work for a prolonged period alone can preserve her life. We talked the situation over to day, and I have deemed it my duty to write this article for public information. In the midst of our conference she was possessed by "Bright Eyes," who burst into tears. "Where," said she, "shall I go to find another through whom I can come back on my mission if she dies?"

We have impressed her with, and she fully realizes, the importance of extreme caution and care in the management of her medium, that she may be restored again to health, and her days of usefulness be extended. I repeat that the exactions of societies and individuals upon our best mediums are often unreasonable and cruel. I have listened to recitals of some of the hardships to which they are subject. The majority of persons have little idea of what is requisite to the exercise of the gifts of the test medium. These persons, abnormally sensitive, are dependent upon the ability of their spirit assistants for a moderate degree of success. The honest medium is always apprehensive of failures, while the dishonest one depends upon his unfeeling stock-in-trade. The tension upon the genuine psychic is intense, and the exhaustion often extreme. The enthusiasm of success is followed by depression and reaction.

Mrs. Pepper's guides have never failed her, and yet she is in constant apprehension lest they may. Writing to Mrs. Dalley of her recent engagement in New York, she expressed her apprehensions of failure; but, like all others, it resulted successfully. She was our guest at the last meeting of the psychological branch of the Medico-Legal Society of New York, where she made a short but impressive address. To the students and guests she was a stranger. She fearlessly declared herself a psychic, but only whetted curiosity by informing a fond mother that her boy, who had died, had been crowding against her all the evening, asking recognition. He was recognized. Last Thursday evening we invited a couple of friends to meet Mrs. Pepper at our home, and they unexpectedly brought several others who were entire strangers to her. One was a young man whose father, a few months ago,

had fallen dead. Being ignorant of the fact, and resolved not to submit to any influence, Mrs. Pepper resisted until she was forced to flee the room to avoid the persistent efforts of the father to speak through her to his boy. She was persuaded to return and yield, and then for nearly two hours, through her, friend spoke again to friend, fathers to their children, and seemingly broken households were so no longer.

Last Sabbath the little spirit, "Bright Eyes," said that at nine o'clock on the evening before a friend had mailed, in a distant city, two packages to Mrs. Dalley, and that they would reach her in the first mail Monday morning; that one was a likeness of "Bright Eyes" herself, taken in this life, when twelve years of age. It is needless to say there was great curiosity and not a little anxiety on the part of Mrs. Pepper to know the result. But promptly at eight o'clock the postman delivered both packages, as promised.

No one feels so keenly as Mrs. Pepper the misfortune which has befallen her. She has experienced the ungenerous criticisms of those who have suffered from unavoidable failures by sickness before, and I trust that her friends, one and all, will extend to her their prayerful sympathy and best wishes for her speedy restoration to health.

A. H. DAILEY.
Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1896.

Onset.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The years roll merrily on, and although the beginning of the camping season of '96 was wet, cold and backward—which, with the political condition of the country, gave a very unpromising outlook financially—still, the season has been quite a successful one. The lectures and conferences at the camp have been instructive, very interesting and well attended. Many new faces are seen each year, while some of the old and most active have been added.

One of the most prominent features of Onset Camp is the Harvest Moon Festival, a celebration peculiar to Onset, and well known and understood by Spiritualists throughout the United States. Onset and her friends have been attended by Spiritualists from every State in the Union.

The Wigwam Co-workers have just closed their annual festival, which was held at the full of the Harvest Moon, Oct. 21. That, too, has become an essential feature of Onset, as well as all the Wigwam work of free healing, and the good done by these earnest workers has been broadcast, which will spring up and develop the same good work at other camps. Already inquiries are being made of their methods, etc.

The interior of the Wigwam has been thoroughly renovated since the meetings closed, under the supervision of Mrs. Weston, the President of the Society—four furnished with clean and comfortable beds, and new and modern appliances. The new and modern appliances, the peculiarly rich coloring of which we find at no other season of the year, harmonized beautifully with the surroundings. Donations of pictures of prominent Spiritualists have recently been added. Two slates of independent writing by Dr. Colby, and presented to the Wigwam by Col. Dexter, containing seventy names of prominent Spiritualists, were received, after which the exercises of the day were opened by singing, "Joy and Gladness." Five minutes were given to silent thought to concentrate the forces, when an invocation was given by the President, and a song written by Mrs. L. A. Judkins, and dedicated to the Wigwam and the Red Man, was then sung by the congregation. Glass was then raised. The President, Mrs. Weston, made a very impressive remarks. She said: "Once more under the flag of our country we have assembled to celebrate the Red Man's Day. The angel world has stood back of us to bless us in our season's work. We have tried to be faithful to the trust imposed in us, and our work has been a positive one. We know that unless we can be true to our work, we may as well retire and give place to some one who will."

We have had almost every State in the Union represented with us this summer, and they and those who have been working with us have carried away a power with them, and so the seed sown has been carried to every part of the United States to take root and grow and bring forth a harvest. It will be long before numerous Wigwams will be planted all over the States. Forty-eight thousand pictures of this Wigwam have been scattered all over this country and across the big waters. Every fibre of our being responds to the thought that this work will stand, because it is founded upon divine principles and is a philanthropic spirit. It is a work that will be able well. We have brought the land surrounding us, so that we may not be crowded, but have room to grow and enlarge when we are ready. The better element is with us, they know the sincerity of our purpose.

The Red Men have not been treated right. So long there is oppression where, it is a stain upon our Constitution. The Indian agents who have been employed by the Government to care for the few remaining Red Men, have grown immensely rich upon the appropriations sent to the Indian in the West. Prof. Caldwell said the motto, "America for Americans," meant nothing if not to the Indians, for they were the true Americans. Massages received during the last few days of the festival, and the whites in the early days, who would have starved for him. William Penn's treaty with the Indians was the only treaty made without an oath, and his the only one kept—no wonder the Indians loved him. In all of their massacres they never shed a drop of blood of those who were Quakers or descendants of Quakers. Their reverence for the command to do no evil, and to do good, was something to them. They held deliberate councils, and chose their medicine men with great caution. They select those who have strong clairvoyant powers, and who are wise. They would have made valuable citizens had they been properly supported. Our charitable societies are sending thousands upon thousands of dollars worth of goods to the Indians, and we are not to be deceived. We believe the time is coming when the scales of justice will be balanced, and the red brother receive his due: when the Stars and Stripes will be floating over every encampment, and Freedom be the Watchword.

"From the Fort" was then sung. Dr. Proctor of Middletown, Ct., who was present, was controlled by "Red Feather," who made some remarks, also by "Sampson," his favorite colored control, who sang a song with great feeling and pathos, and who said he felt as if he had "just dropped from a big Christmas tree." His mirthfulness was indeed cheering. Mrs. Thomas' remarks from Topsy were very "leaving." "Rolling Thunder" and "Red Feather" were also present. Mrs. Dick, Mrs. Lucas was also controlled. Mrs. Westgate's "Lilly" sang a song. Corliss of Boston gave some very satisfactory tests. Mr. Westgate's ancient control was heard from; some visions were given. "America" was sung, and the benediction closed the morning exercises.

Afternoon services opened singing "Indian, Dear Indian," written by Mrs. L. A. Judkins, and dedicated to the Wigwam and the Red Man. Juveation by Rev. Mr. Tucker, of the Unitarian Church, Middleboro. A vote of thanks was given the husband and son of Mrs. Henrietta Bullock for the loan of her picture for this occasion and the coming of a copy. She was well known in all reform movements, and was particularly interested in the Wigwam at its first inception. Her form was seen by Mrs. Dick, clairvoyantly, standing in their midst.

Remarks were made by Dr. Wyman, the Vice-President of the Wigwam Society, followed by a song by Dr. Proctor. Tests were given by "Red Feather," "Rolling Thunder," and "Red Feather" in an impromptu poem by Mrs. Dick; song, "America"; benediction by the President.

Supper was served at 6 o'clock in the Temple. Mrs. Dr. M. Wyman, who was Chairman of the Supper Committee, assisted by Mrs. McEntire and others, made the supper a complete success. One hundred and sixty-three were seated at the tables. The tables were set with quantity, quality and variety. Complete order reigned, and all were well served. From 8 to 9 o'clock an entertainment was given by the children, under the instruction of Mrs. L. A. Judkins, which was very pleasing, and much credit is due Mrs. Judkins for her skill in drilling the little folks so entirely. The entertainment was opened by the Smith's Orchestra, flute solo by Mr. Smith, piano accompaniment, Miss Hathaway; "America," full chorus, ladies and children; concertina medley, by Mrs. Judkins; "Swanee River," by Onset Juvenile Quartet—Flora Tallow, Sadie Parker, Sidney Trask, Johnnie Waters—piano accompaniment by Mrs. Judkins; violin duet, "The Master Baker," by Master Trask and Miss Flora Tallow; song, "The Prisoner," by little Horace Tripp; recitation, "Peter at the Golden Gate," by Mrs. E. C. Wilder; sleepy drill by eight children—Flora Tallow, Dora White, Sadie Parker, Gladys Bolles, Karl Bolles, Joey Tallow, Karl King and Percy Tallow.

Dancing commenced at 9 o'clock, with Smith's Orchestra for music; Frank Whitwell, prompter; Mr. Edw. H. Stanton took tickets at the door. The fancy table, presided over by Mrs. Tripp, was handsomely decorated and well patronized. Fancy baskets, souvenirs and knickknacks were displayed to a tempting advantage. The Temple was handsomely decorated with fruit, flowers, vegetables and autumn foliage, looking very beautiful, and giving much credit to those who had been for two days previously engaged in the work of decorating. The ladies, and all connected with the affair, discharged their duties well. The celebration of '96 was a complete success in every way and one long to be remembered.

Onset, October 23, 1896.

AUGUSTA FRANCES TRIPP.

"Who Will Volunteer?"

An Appeal for a Young Peoples' Spiritualist Association.

All young Spiritualists are requested to send their names and addresses to the undersigned if they desire to help the grand and glorious cause of Truth! Do not stand back, and say, "I can do no good." You can do good, you will do good! You can do good if you but rise up to the occasion as our forefathers did in the but shortly gone days of 1776. Why stand back any longer? Are you too timid? No! There are strong hearts and hands among the young Spiritualists of our real country.

The object which I am pleading for is a "Young Peoples' Spiritualist Association" in the young Spiritualists in the United States. The start has been made, many names have been sent in, and it is but to carry through to the glorious end the task undertaken. Who will help me form a strong union of our young Spiritualists? Who will volunteer in the great cause first?

Though but a boy, and raised up among neighbors of the most blessed kind, the seed of truth planted by spiritualistic parents, and nourished in its infancy, has grown until to-day I am a Spiritualist in heart and soul. There are others, many others! Let them step to the front, and we shall have an association that shall equal the "Young Men's Christian Association," the "Epworth League," or the "Christian Endeavor." Come, come, all in the field. We have need of all of you. Let us work for the grand cause of Truth and Enlightenment! Let us work for our sacred Cause!

Full particulars of the plans already formed can be had by sending your name and address to the undersigned. To the doubting I say, "Come and investigate," to the fearful, "Come, join." "Come, join with us, we will succeed, we must succeed," while the strong in heart I only repeat, "Come, for your cause!" That were sufficient to call forth every gallant young heart in the United States!

Yours fraternally for Truth,
Huffon, S. C. AUGUST MITTELL.

PENNsylvania.

Philadelphia.—F. C. Morrill, Sec'y, writes: Our Association—the First—which was founded in 1862, has passed through many vicissitudes in the many years which have elapsed, and many of our influential members have been passing the border-land between the worlds. Our constitution and by-laws provide for only voluntary contributions, so that even the poorest may become members by being properly endorsed and subscribing to our constitution.

This year we are much encouraged. The arrest of our mediums has drawn us closer together, and many who have held aloof from the local work for years have stepped to the front, and are helping financially to place the First Association on a firm foundation. We have secured a commodious hall in the centre of the city, and are holding meetings with great success.

During October the well-known and inspired orator, Mr. A. E. Tisdale, lectured twice each Sunday, and rendered many of his inspiring songs to the great gratification of large audiences.

We have issued tracts for general distribution containing a short address by Pres. H. D. Barrett, of the National Spiritualists' Association, presenting the principles of Spiritualism in a manner which has commanded the interest of all. In connection with our Association we have organized a Helping Hand Society, which is a "Young Peoples' Spiritualist Association" of each meet once a week, and the interest is increasing.

Through the winter it is our intention to hold a series of mediums' meetings and young peoples' services in connection with the Lyceum work.

Our people are loyal to the National Spiritualists' Association, and do all they can to support it financially, but owing to the call for means to sustain the cause of our mediums here have not been able to contribute as much to its treasury as in former years. Some of our mediums here have been in destitute circumstances on account of the persecution and the ban placed upon them, and we have had to take special measures to aid them in their temporary embarrassment.

It is our duty and privilege to say that the present encouraging outlook is largely due to the tireless efforts of our Vice-President, Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, who, by her faithful work for the mediums here and the Cause generally, has aroused a greater interest, and to this cause we are indebted for the many who have signed their intention to subscribe financially toward the expenses of our meetings.

MICHIGAN.

Grand Rapids.—Wm. B. Morrison, Sec'y, writes: Mrs. Amanda L. Cuffman, in this city, has lately shown increased ability as a speaker; her public work in spirit descriptions, messages and readings, is of a very remarkable character, fully equaling in clearness, variety, and positive identification, any work previously done here by the most famed mediums, of whom we have had many of the best. She certainly stands to-day second to none, and we should be faithful to duty did we neglect to let others know of any medium's growth and unfoldment. Mrs. Cuffman's labors are and have been connected with the Band of Harmony, a new Society lately formed here, who have for their speaker at the present time the thoughtful Dr. Dean Clarke, who is doing a good work in interesting thinking people.

INDIANA.

Indianapolis.—A correspondent, "Scribe," says: The First Church of Spiritualists, which was dedicated the second Sunday of last month, is, for three months, being ministered to by that ever-earnest worker for the Cause, Mr. F. A. Wiggin, of Boston. Our new church has a seating capacity of about four hundred and fifty, and the size of our audience is limited only by the seating accommodations of the church. Mr. Wiggin, for the past three Sundays, has been delivering a series of lectures which have proved very interesting and instructive, and have had the effect of calling out good audiences of thinking people. We have organized a Lyceum in connection with the Church, and this, as well as the regular church work, looks promising and hopeful.

A Tobacco-Poisoned Heart

Is a frequent coroner's verdict on sudden deaths. To overcome the desire for Tobacco, take SURE-QUIT, an antidote chewing gum. 25c. a box, nearly all drugists. Booklet free. It is an honest remedy highly recommended. Try it to-day. Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

On the evening of Wednesday, Nov. 4, W. J. Colville gave a public lecture to a good audience in White's Hall, Stoughton. The audience chose four subjects for the lecture, on which the speaker expressed many advanced ideas, concluding with a fine impromptu poem.

G. W. Kates and wife will be at No. 16 Greig street, Rochester, N. Y., during November; at Buffalo, N. Y., during December. Will accept engagements in Ohio for test meetings during January in as many localities as they can reach.

On Sunday evening, Nov. 8, at 7 P. M., W. J. Colville lectured to a large audience in Brockton. Sundays, Nov. 15 and 22, he speaks at 7 P. M., in Waltham, and on Sunday, Nov. 29, again in Brockton. Address all letters, etc., care BANNER OF LIGHT.

Mr. H. A. Vallancourt and W. L. Jack, M. D., wish to tender their thanks to the kind and numerous friends of the City of Portland for the reception and courtesies they extended to them while there—also the friends there who so kindly opened their elegant parlors to tender them both a welcome there.

Mr. Vallancourt has met with decided success in his gift of healing, and accomplished some satisfactory and remarkable results. THE BANNER is a choice paper here, and taken by our best people."

No cause ever did succeed unless the advocates of that cause were supported and aided by those adherents who do not take such an active part in the advancement of the cause. The spiritual papers stand in the front rank battling for the cause of religious liberty and emancipation from the intolerance and bigotry of the orthodox churches. It does seem that these papers should be given a liberal support. —The Dawning Light, San Antonio, Tex.

Dr. C. W. Hidden of Newburyport, Mass., is meeting with pronounced success at his Boston office, Hotel Plaza, Columbus Avenue. In addition to his practice Dr. Hidden is prepared to give individual and class instruction in hypnotism, healing and psychic development.

The Heart of Barley.

The heart of the barley grain was long ago discovered to be rich in all the elements that go to make up the human body, and the fact that every preparation of the nutritious grain contained much that was indigestible prevented its being generally used. Messrs. Farwell and Rhines, of Watertown, N. Y., have put in operation a process by which the nutritious part alone of barley is put in attractive form to tempt all the appetites of sick and well. The manufacturers will send a cooking sample of Barley Crystals free to any one sending name and address.

Hudson's "Discoveries."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

If where all is good it is not invidious to particularize, we would specially commend to the reader's attention the two instructive articles on the first page of your last week's issue. We refer to those thoughtful, critical expositions by Bro. Edmund S. Holbrook and Giles B. Stebbins respectively—the former controverting the positions taken by Thompson Jay Hudson in his "Scientific Demonstrations of the Future Life" (which to the writer are anything but satisfactory), and the latter, calling in question the validity of certain abstract propositions which recently appeared in THE BANNER from one of its most intelligent, metaphysical contributors.

Both articles are pertinent and timely, discriminating and instructive, while the spirit in which they are written is every way commendable.

Mr. Hudson's "Scientific Demonstrations of the Future Life" unfortunately lack two necessary qualifications: first, the "demonstrations" do not manifest; second, the "science" is "not in it." In place of these essential elements to make his title clear, there is a plentiful supply of assumption and personal opinion.

These "Scientific Demonstrations" appear to be chiefly based on the unproved assertions of an orthodox believer in the personality and divinity of Jesus. It would be very much in evidence for him to first prove his historic Jesus—to demonstrate his fundamental postulate.

In place of this he seeks, with a great display of words, to dignify his interpretation of certain biblical passages as the full equivalent or dictum of science.

Mr. Hudson's "Scientific Demonstrations" would make such a scientist as Huxley green with mortification. In his "Law of Psychic Phenomena" he claims that his "law" governing all operations is based on the assumption that man has two minds, subjective and objective, which is as fatal an error as is the old-time specimen of false logic, of which this reminds us. "No man has two heads—one man has one head more than no man; ergo, a man has three heads!"

G. A. B.
Nov. 8, 1896.

"Turn the rascals out"—the familiar party cry—may be applied to microbes as well as to men. The germs of disease that lurk in the blood are "turned out" by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, as effectually as the old postmasters are displaced by a new administration.

Providence, R. I.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The People's Progressive Spiritualist Association, which holds such excellent meetings at B. T. Hall, No. 728 Westminster street, had one of the largest attended meetings of the season on Sunday evening, Nov. 8. They had for their speaker on that evening Mr. F. H. Roscoe of this city. The subject of his lecture was, "The Conflicts of Life." Mr. Roscoe is giving a course of lectures here, and the audiences increase with every effort.

Miss Gertrude Laidlaw of Boston sang acceptably two fine solos.

Miss Olive Hunter, vocalist for the Society, also sang two solos in a pleasing manner.

Mrs. Cummings, at the conclusion of the lecture, gave many tests that were recognized.

We were pleased to notice in our audience Dr. and Mrs. St. Johns, of Lawrence, Mass.

We are in hopes to have on Sunday, Nov. 15, as our test medium, Mrs. Ida E. Downing of Boston, Mass.; she is considered here one of the best test mediums now upon the spiritual rostrum.

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 Leilaone F. Thrall of Poquonock, Conn., eloquentist.

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.

Farm Help and House Help.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As it is hard to get good help on a farm, and especially hard to get good help in the kitchen, some of your readers might like to employ one of the Armenian laborers who have lately arrived in Boston.

They are sober, intelligent, and industrious, and they are willing to work for small wages while learning the language. They do either farm work or housework, as desired. They have no objection to going into the country.

Persons near Boston are invited to call at the temporary home, 12 to 16 Waltham street, and select a man for themselves. Those at a distance are requested to communicate with Miss Alice Wood, Blackwell, Dorchester, Mass.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Jan. 4.

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 Onaburgh 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.

Mrs. E. J. Wells, MEDICAL and Business Test Medium; successful practice in Charlestown 36 years; can be consulted at 332 Tremont street, Boston, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Intervening days at home, 10 Adams street, Charlestown, Nov. 14.

For Home-seekers and Investors, is described in a handsome illustrated book, which you can obtain by mailing a two-cent stamp to J. H. FOSS, 1 Wabeno street, Roxbury, Mass. Jan. 4.

The Attitude of Scientific Men Toward the Spiritual Phenomena.

An Address delivered before the National Spiritualist Association, during the Third Convention in Washington, D. C., Thursday Evening, Oct. 17, 1885, by GEORGE A. BACON. Pamphlet, pp. 21, price 3 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Humanity's True Judges.

AN INSPIRATIONAL LECTURE DELIVERED BY W. J. COLVILLE.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST. Pamphlet, pp. 19. Price 5 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Ingersoll and Bland.

THE great debate between COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL and DR. T. A. BLAND on the Money Question can now be had for 25 cents per copy. It is a most timely work, which every voter should read now. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

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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. 4w† Nov. 14.

Works on Hypnotism, Animal Magnetism, Spiritualism, Theosophy, Christian Science, Occultism, Astrology and Free thought.

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PHRENOLOGY Magnetic Healing, Developing, WHISTONOMETRY, Written messages, by mail, or otherwise. Trance Mediumship, tests, messages, and advice upon all affairs of life. Consultation free. Terms: According to service rendered. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, at 28 Columbus Avenue; hours 9 to 5. Other days at 17th Mass., 44 Brownville Avenue. D. R. G. W. FOWLER. Nov. 15.

READ THIS.

We want to secure a large number of new subscribers to the BANNER OF LIGHT, and in order to accomplish this end without fail, make the following liberal offer for a limited time: To any person not now a subscriber to the BANNER, who will send us 50 cents, we will not only send the paper for three months, but also one copy of

A Fine Musical Tribute

TO OUR ASCENDED WORKERS, LUTHER COLBY, MRS. CLARA H. BANKS, DR. ARTHUR HODGES.

This memorial sheet contains three new and choice compositions—words and music—printed upon the finest paper, full music-sheet size, by the well-known composer, C. Payson Lounley. The beautiful song dedicated to the memory of the veteran editor, Luther Colby, is a companion piece to that standard melody, "On a Thin Veil Between Us." That subscribed to Mrs. Clara H. Banks bears the title "Only a Curtain Between," and that to Arthur Hodges, "Oh! What Will It Be to Be There?" It has a handsome litho graphic title-page, which bears a faithful likeness of each of these three lamented and ascended workers in the Spiritual Cause, which of itself makes it of value to all Spiritualists.

We will furnish free one copy of the Musical Tribute to any one that is already a subscriber to the BANNER who will send us and send us the names of two new three-months' subscribers and \$1.00, besides sending the paper for three months and a copy of the Music to each of the two new subscribers.

RECEIVED FROM ENGLAND.

SPiRiT 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 Counting-Room for answer. It should also be distinctly understood in this connection that the messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of Truth as they perceive—no more.

It is our earnest wish that those on the mundane sphere of life who recognize the published messages of their spirit-friends on this page, from time to time, will verify them by personally informing us of the fact.

JOHN W. DAY, Chairman.

SPiRiT-MESSAGES.

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Séance held Oct. 2, 1896.

SPiRiT INVOcATION.

Oh, Spirit of Love, we again bring our-elves in silent communication with both the spirit and the mortal. When we use the word spirit, we know the power of silent force, and we realize how much the spirit is doing for the mortal, unknown and unseen, as far as the external goes. We look oftentimes and feel that there is so much working in our life for distance, anxiousness and trouble, and oftentimes the mortals feel that they are left alone. Oh, then blessed Spirit of Life, how thou hast rendered the veil, hast broken up that dark door of superstition, and thou hast penetrated through all conditions to bring back light, love, consolation and encouragement to those who have looked on the chance called death as a separat on. We hear the voice oftentimes speaking to the soul and saying: "We have conquered death and the grave."

Now this morning we open up the doors once more, so that such may shade their bright light and bring back evidence of the immortality of the soul. Hear us this morning, oh, thou great Divine Spirit; bless each one as thou seest we need; we are all weak, but we know the spirit is strong. Guide us and give us wisdom, direct us and give us understanding, give us that knowledge that we may comprehend thy divine power, that we may look on it in a natural way. Oh, lift the shadows from all such hearts as may mourn those who are gone; help them realize there is no death; what seems so is only transition. We know that the long penetrating power of darkness has been pierced, and the sunlight of knowledge has made way. We know thy glory shall live through eternity. Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Emily Dodge.

Good-morning, Mr. President. I am very glad to be here. It has been some time since I passed over on the spirit-side (that is, as the mortals look at it), and yet for us to observe on the spirit-side it is not so very long after all. I have been very much interested of late in meeting so many of the old co-workers of the past in spirit life, for when I was in earth-life, I thank the good angels I was not entirely ignorant of the assistance we could be one to the other—that is, the spirit and the mortal combined. I was conscious of the beautiful philosophy. I have been watching the progress, the advancement, that Spiritualism has made, not only in Boston, nor yet in America, but also all over our planet. It seems that the voice of the spirit is heard both on the mountains and in the valleys, that is oftentimes rising up and calling them; and so this morning, although there are not many perhaps left as far as relationship goes to welcome my spirit-message, I want to send it out to those that we have met in spirit and become acquainted with through that wonderful law of friendship and cooperation.

I see many, many that are working in our spiritual field that were not in it when I was in earth-life. Most of our old veterans have gone to the shores beyond; yet there are still a few left, and I would like to send forth a word of encouragement to all that will remember me in Boston, and especially in South Boston—for I was well-known in many places. I have been out of the body quite a number of years. I lived until I was of a good old age, and by that I feel as if I had wonderful experience on both sides of life, as we might term it. I would like to send a few encouraging words especially to those that have worked for humanity—worked for the liberation of the spirit, and to bring consolation to those that were in darkness. And it seems that as they labored they oftentimes met with environments—even met with those that are not directly honest; yet I say to you all: "Falter not, fear not; let every medium, let every minister, let every teacher, whatever he or she may take up, be honest with themselves. Be true to your own soul, and the spirit-world will enlighten you and teach you the way. Severe trial comes to those that try to struggle the hardest."

I would like, Mr. President, to send these words of encouragement to my old friend, William Foster, of Providence, R. I., as I oftentimes stand by his side and hear him debate the justice and the injustice of life, and see how oftentimes he is striving to lift others through his thoughts in his independent life. I would like to mention many others, as I have got many, and even some relatives, yet left; but I would rather say to all, as this is the voice of one who feels the work is not yet done—one that feels and has an interest in the welfare of life; for I, like one of old, feel that all men are my brothers and all women are my sisters, and believe in the great universal law of life, that we must stand one by the other.

I am glad, Mr. Day, to meet you, for many years ago I knew you, and also Mr. Colby, who is many times around you, and is here this morning—for he is always present in your circle, with Dr. Gardner, and also many that labored for the emancipation and the uplifting of Spiritualism years and years ago in this city.

I will not take up too much of the time,

but send God's blessing to all, and I hope that when we are all through with our work, and meet to understand each other, it will be, and we shall be recognized by the work we have done. I was known best in South Boston, and my name is Emily Dodge.

Joseph B. Beals.

Good morning, Mr. Chairman. It seems very hard for me to take control this morning; it brings me so close to the last conditions as I passed out of the body. It reminds me of so many familiar scenes and so many familiar conditions that it seems almost as if I was passing again through that torture. I should like to say that when I say torture it was not the dread of death that made it such, it was not what the mortal might say fear, but the body was racked with pain, and I suffered intensely. God knows, and he alone can see what I went through. I had what the doctor called cancer of the stomach and bowels, hence there was a good deal that could not be explained; yet I feel this morning as I look back in all my distress and suffering, how after all I clung to earth-life with the hopes that I was still going to live and become benefit to others—but I could not, hence the spirit took its flight some years ago, and I left behind me my wife and four children, that I am very anxious to try and communicate with.

I cannot say with the spirit that preceded me, I was acquainted with your beautiful philosophy or your phenomena, but I have been held to earth-life by the attractions of those that are still here, and oftentimes seem to suffer on my account—that is, they sometimes feel I had not passed out at the time I did conditions in earth life might have been better; I want to say to you, Nellie, it could not be so; it was much wiser for the Great Divine Spirit to take me out of my suffering and also relieve you of the care, and I see where I can be of much more help to you in the spirit than I could if I was in the body. I have learned many, many things since I came to spirit life. I sometimes look back and think of how little opportunity the poor man or woman gets to prepare their soul for death. When their mind is all harassed by the necessities and responsibilities that they have to contend with, when they pass out they do not have an opportunity oftentimes of seeing the whys and wherefores. I feel this letter will be received with gratitude, and I am in hopes it will be like the angel of light, that it will lift up the heart and encourage it, and say to my children: "Father has not left you; I behold you as you are; I am many times around you and when you least expect it." I want to say I realize the many changes that have come to you in the last four or five years, but I am satisfied, for from our side of life we see where it was best. Now be of good cheer; you will soon be liberated from the environments you are now in, and you will feel better; I want you to follow out your own impressions, and you will find it will be better for you. Tell father that the days are numbered, and it will not be long before we are together, for he is now getting well along in years. Say that mother is with me, also my brothers. I have got three brothers on the earth-plane, and would like also for them to know I will do all I can for them under the circumstances, and if they will open up an avenue so that I can make myself more personal, I will try and do so.

Mr. President, my name is Joseph B. Beals, and my home was in Lincoln, Me.—but I will be known also in Massachusetts, for my family is now in this city scattered around somewhere, and as we have Spiritualists connected in the family, I took this way of trying to reach those I am most interested in.

Lizzie Forster.

I suppose they will say "Better late than never." I have been waited for this morning through the thoughts of those in earth-life, and especially when we see those that we love and those that we have an interest in in earth-life, for we hold the same interest in them in spirit. I feel that I would like to come in contact with the companion whom I left many years ago, and say to him, Do not be so discouraged, I see that he has been very much depressed of late, both in connection with business and many other conditions that have not gone on to suit him; but I do not wish to be personal this morning; neither do I care to get in directly to his material conditions—only to let him know that I am still interested in him. It makes no difference what changes the mortal goes through, and what conditions they may take up; where the spirit sees the necessities of those changes it makes us oftentimes cling closer within through our heart. It does not separate us.

I should like to say that my husband is a Spiritualist, and to a certain extent is conscious of spirit power around him; but he has got so melancholy lately, and he seems to be so discouraged, that it seems to us on the spirit side that he feels at times that we have all left him, that there is nothing left for him. I want to come in contact with him more, and I want to encourage him, because he always was kind; and also my boy, I want him also to know that although times have changed, and he has grown up in both physical and in mental experience, mother has always been with him just the same. I want to encourage you both, for we are laboring for you, and by-and-by conditions will change, and you will find things much better.

I would like to say that I am right at home here in Boston, and my husband is here in town now.

I am not going to send a long communication, but merely to renew his thoughts of knowing that I have not left him, and have still an interest in him; and with that I would say I send forth love and encouragement to all my old friends and associates and relatives, for I had many. There have been many changes; many have passed out since I have been gone. I think I have been gone somewhere in the neighborhood of fourteen or fifteen years—although I cannot reckon it as the mortal does. I would like to say to all: "I am so glad that Spiritualism is still progressing, and that the conditions that surround mortals will be more understood as they investigate deeper and know how much the spirit works with them when they do not understand it."

As I said before, I am not going to send a long message, because I would like to come in contact with them more personally and I can do them more good.

Put me down as Lizzie Forster. My husband's name is James.

Mary A. Hayden.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. This is truly the happiest moment of all my experiences;

and that is to feel that I can send a public communication to my dear husband and children; because I could not help thinking when our sister was speaking of the companion she left behind her, how close these things come to ourselves. It seems so this morning, as I have listened here to her and many others who are desirous to express their encouragement to their friends in earth life.

I felt that this was something I could not resist, because I, too, thank the good angels that there are those connected with me who are absolutely conscious of spirit control, and know they are capable of giving consolation to others; yet it seems that they do not get through others what they desire themselves. My husband has not been very well of late, both physically and mentally, and I have been anxious about him, for he feels the responsibility so much; and I see he misses me so much externally that I want to encourage him. I want to say to every one, both my brothers and sisters, and all the dear loved ones, that I am trying to help you all, and I know you have heard from me. I have tried to manifest so many times, and yet I felt as if I did not do all that I ought to have done.

Mr. President, I was called away very suddenly from the body, hence I left nothing prepared; but my dear mother and father welcomed me on the spirit side, and I want to say it was a happy greeting. I know we are trying to sustain and uphold, enlighten and encourage the friends in earth-life all we can, but, Mr. President, even those who believe need encouragement, they need a little bit of encouragement through some one else, so that they can realize it with more force; and Joseph has oftentimes said: "I know Mary is here, I feel her, I see her, I know her." I want to say: "My dear brother, I am there; I want you to know I have watched you and cared for you, and will try still to do so—sustain you in all the little changes that may come, and the unpleasant feelings that sometimes come to us in earth-life that are awful hard to bear." I want to say to Nelson—that is my husband—that I want him not to feel that he is left all to himself; that what he does is not right. I want to say I feel you have done just right, and if you will only be strong, and not think so much, you will feel both physically and mentally better. Another thing, I see you worry so much over the material things. I see where the children oftentimes worry you now. I say, don't fret, don't worry, because it does not help you; give them what advice you can, but let them grow and understand their own responsibility and get their own experience, and I know that all will feel better; and by-and-by, when they are both laid away, and all is over, and their work is completed and we all meet in this home, in this bright spirit-land, oh! what a meeting it will be; it will bring us so that we will understand each other; we will comprehend each other, and then there will be no misunderstanding, there will be no questioning, there will be no doubting, and we shall be then where we know what happiness is ours.

I would like to send a word of encouragement and consolation to the dear friends that I knew through acquaintanceship; for I felt I had many friends, although, unlike myself, reserved; I tried to do my duty, and tried to do all that was right as far as I understood it.

Father wants me just to say to the children in earth-life, years have passed and changes have come, yet we have never been separated. Mother also expresses herself as being glad to have an opportunity to demonstrate herself through the columns of your BANNER, for we feel that this is one of the most beautiful avenues the spirit travels in; for all are made welcome, whether believers or unbelievers. I hope this communication will not only be received, but I feel my friends will feel it and know it before they get it, as I have been requested through thought to come; and also those who disbelieve; those who have not got the light yet. I would say to them: "Look thou diligently, and thou shalt find the truth." Mr. President, I shall be recognized especially in South Braintree and Weymouth, and many can place me through the South Shore. My name is Mary A. Hayden.

Philip Emerson.

I am glad to have this opportunity this morning, as I have lingered around this place for a long time. I feel truly you are doing a good work, and perhaps a better work than you get credit for, for if there is anything that gives the mortal consolation it is to hear some news from absent friends. It seems to me this morning if the mortal could only feel that the death of their friends was only a sort of absence, and not gone, there would be less tears shed, and a great many happier hearts. I assume that as the old expression used to be said, "We have to creep before we can walk," and I suppose that is why people do not understand Spiritualism; they allow the natural courses of things and events to happen, and they never prepare for anything until they are forced to. I think that is one reason, Mr. Chairman, that I came in for this morning. I felt the circumstances and conditions sort of prepared me to prove my identity beyond the grave—for I either did not have the opportunity, or did not take it. I knew there was such a thing in existence as a class of people who believed in spirit return, and I know they used to tell pretty big stories, and it seems to me that I did not have time to throw away on such extreme foolishness; hence when I was called to the spirit life I found it a sudden call, and I was very much unprepared for death.

There are sometimes I think that they feel it is necessary to believe in some church; death comes rapidly, and few are really prepared for it—for it usually comes when it is least expected, and that was my case. I see that in the way I was called home I was not prepared, but left my things in earth-life very unsettled. I see that there are those who are left that are very unhappy; they question what I would do if I was here; and I thought, as I have oftentimes done since being on the spirit-side, if I could come in contact with them somehow, so that I could perhaps relieve their mental conditions, I would try and do it anyway.

I thought if I could send a few words out I could perhaps start up a line of inquiry. I might be able to assist them in better conditions. I will not go into details this morning, neither will I carry out any personality, but if they care enough, as I think they will, to investigate, I would like to prove to them that they have their own faculties and consciousness after they have separated from the body.

Mr. President, I shall be known especially in Utica, N. Y., and my name was Philip Emerson. I think I shall be recognized in Buffalo. If they will open up an avenue I feel all will be well.

Amanda B. Kendall.

Good-morning, Mr. President. We have had just a lovely time this morning; everything here seems so quiet and homelike that I felt that I, too, would like to come in and send a few words of encouragement to those who are left in the earth-life. I am not so very, very far from home in this city; but there is one beautiful thing in the spirit, that to it space is nothing. I think that is why the mortals oftentimes look so weary and disappointed, because they want things to develop and come to them at the time that they look for them; but it seems to me this morning as I look upon these beautiful flowers—the emblem of life—it seems to take time for them to blossom; it takes time to take care of them; and so I would like to say that the spirit is doing all it can for you—it takes time for you to grow; it takes time for you to blossom. You may say sometimes, why don't the spirits return to us—why don't they come to one just as well as they can to another? I would like to say, we only come where we can; we come when the conditions are right; we try to assist our mortal friends, but oh, it is so hard; it is so hard for them to see and understand and comprehend unless it is something clothed with material, something they can see, something they can handle, something they can look at; and yet they say they can be positive because they can see it, they can feel it, and they cannot comprehend why the spirit does not make itself more tangible; and yet I would like to ask them, as reason and common sense will oftentimes teach us more than anything else—if the mortals can be deceived, even if they are looking at things, they are oftentimes positive when they are handling things, and they are oftentimes misled by what they call the material object; then why should they be so persistent that the spirit must name each one, that the spirit must prove all the little details concerned with the memory and concerning the material, so as to prove their identity?

I want to say to the dear ones this morning that time has elapsed, and truly I have not made my voice heard perhaps so much as I should if I had had better conditions; but I have done what I could this morning. I was told I might embrace this opportunity, and truly it is a happy moment, for I feel now that I perhaps can encourage those who are left, more because I have been able to clothe my thoughts materially and place them, or have them placed (through your assistance), in the paper, so the material eyes can read them. The brain may be able to comprehend it, and you may feel that there is a blessing from it.

I want to say we are all together. I have met them in spirit-life, and I am waiting still for others. I would say time is too precious and too sacred to give too much unto the material things that annoy you; but I want to say: "Wake up, have the spirit predominate, trust more to the influence that surrounds you, and you will find that all is well."

I have a sister yet in earth-life, and I would like her not to be so depressed—all things work together for good. I should also say to my boy Frank: "Oh, Frank! seek well to develop your own individuality; don't be too positive; don't hurt yourself merely trying to have your own way, but think well, consider well; you may feel you have been hurt, but you may have hurt others also. I say: Be cautious; you know, Frank, just what I mean." I want to say to all who are near and dear to me that I am still with you and that I am still assisting you, and will do what I can. Mr. President, I shall be known in Bethel, N. H., and my name is Amanda B. Kendall.

Charles Wood.

Well, Mr. President, if I don't infringe on your time this morning I should like to send a few words to those that are still laboring with their adversities of life. I have those I am very much interested in, and I can see where in the spirit is working with them, although there are some that are not conscious of it. I have those in earth-life, especially a daughter, that is very miserable, as far as the physical life is concerned, and I also have an aged companion that I am very much interested in who is not physically what might be, and yet all that may be expected.

I do not wish to send a long communication, but merely to say all things are right, and I want to be remembered, especially in Plymouth, Me., where my home was, and where I was known for many years, and where my friends live now. I also would like Charles to know that we have not forsaken him, that we are glad he has taken up the work he has, and that we are happy because we know the spirit works mysteriously sometimes. We give more assistance, even if we are studying science, than you think we do; and yet I feel that you are conscious that the influence has not left you. I would say to all, "It is well." I should say, Mr. President, this is new to me, new in one way, and old in another, for while in earth-life I was not what is so called a Spiritualist, but through investigation my friends have made, they have called back the spirit many times for consolation and assistance, and it is with that I have learned to know the value of spirit return, and an anxiousness to help those in earth life.

I said I was not going to hold you a great while, neither shall I infringe long. I only want them to know I have been here, and they may give me an opportunity to speak with them in private, as I see changes approaching that will make material differences. Put me down as Charles Wood of Plymouth, Me.

Messages to be Published.

Oct. 9.—Francis Reed; Henrietta M. Jacobs; Frank Mayo; the Control; for Samuel F. Ferrol and Clara Miller; Clara A. Banks.

Oct. 18.—Benjamin Harris Bates; Rebecca Perkins; Agnes Davis Hall; Harry Adams; Hazeltnie Kirk Morgan; Hubbard E. Walden.

Oct. 23.—Eli Wilson; Joshua True; Sarah Lovejoy; Arthur Jones; Annie Josephine Kelly; Ella Wheeler; "Mother" Helen Woodhull.

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

Nov. 6.—Hervey Van Wageningen; Lewis B. Wilson; Sarah Otis; John Warren Tuttle; Idaline F. Martin; Amasa Bailey.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Stoughton, Mass., Nov. 2, LAURITZ H. PETERSEN, aged 28 years and 6 months—a native of Denmark, who had been several years in this country.

Mr. and Mrs. Petersen had been for some years prominently engaged in the public and private work of Spiritualism in Stoughton, and as they were well known and highly respected, the funeral services, held on Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 2 P. M., were very largely attended.

At the special request of the departed brother, W. J. Colville's services were secured for the occasion, and the words of comfort and instruction spoken through his lips produced a very helpful effect upon the many sorrowing friends, who but recently mourned the early transition of one who gave rich promise to be a workman and a citizen.

The remains were taken to Philadelphia, where the mother of the widow resides.

The arrangements were carried out admirably by the firm of Widdington & Co. The floral tributes, though simple, were very beautiful and appropriate.

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

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By Mrs. Rameses Browne, Washington, D. C.] 1. What is the difference between illumination and inspiration? Also, between impression and intuition?

2.—What is the difference between dreams and visions?

3.—Are we ever unconscious?

ANS. 1.—We teach that as inspiration means an inbreathing of life or knowledge, while illumination signifies interior enlightenment, the distinction between those two terms is clearly evident.

When sensitive or mediumistic persons are inspired, they are recipients of influx from spiritual states external to their own conditions, whereas illuminated seers and sages are those who, through conscious individual attainment, have reached states or degrees in knowledge where they are in conscious possession of the truth for which they were but vehicles in earlier stages of their development. Inspiration and illumination are not in the least discordant, for there is always room for both in the experience of any individual life.

Inspiration proceeds from without, and is therefore an influx from other minds; such will always continue to some extent, and must be supremely true when the word inspiration is applied to man's relation to the Infinite mind.

Illumination is, however, in itself a superior state to inspiration, when judged from the standpoint of individual unfoldment, because it is impossible for any one to be illumined with the perception of truth unless he has individually passed through all stages of growth necessary to the attainment of that state.

When you are illumined to the point of understanding any spiritual proposition, it is as much a part of your own knowledge as any statement in mathematics which you have learned to demonstrate by actual practice. When you are once fully aware of any truth you cannot forget it or subsequently disown it, whereas if you are ever so highly inspired at certain times, you may at other times be totally unmindful of the truths uttered by or at least through you, in your inspired moments.

There is no backsliding or forgetfulness implied in this, for you have but to realize that if you are sufficiently sensitive to be made the efficient mouthpiece of any truth at any time, you are not necessarily aware in your own ordinary consciousness of what you express only when the *afflatus*, or "divine frenzy," is upon you.

Persons should be careful ere they pass judgment upon sensitives to discriminate between a state of individual conscious attainment, and one of susceptibility at intervals to inspiration from above.

Concerning the difference between intuition and impression we have but to say that impressions are received from without, while intuitions are discernments from within. Exterior objects make their impress upon the physical body first, while interior realities are first made known to the spiritual sense, which is all-inclusive.

When you are impressed that something is the case, you are being acted upon by some intelligence foreign to your own.

Impressions are always worthy of consideration, but they should in every case be submitted to reason, either for confirmation or rejection. Persons are at any time liable to be led in contrary directions by impressions, because sensitive people feel the thoughts of their seen and unseen neighbors often vividly. Genuine impressions can often be traced to the source whence they have proceeded, and when they are thus traced they serve to illustrate many important phases of telepathy and kindred mental phenomena.

When it appears difficult to judge of the nature and value of impressions in any other way, it is universally best to inquire into their moral trend, and to note well the influence accompanying them. Every impression which elevates or tranquilizes the recipient is beneficial in some degree, while every discordant influence reveals its character and proves its source by the discordant feelings it engenders. Intuition is the direct vision of the spirit, and it ought not to be very difficult for reasoning people to discriminate between what they are told and what they directly apprehend by means of their own faculty of perception.

Intuition is always certain, while impressions are often dubious.

On the spiritual plane of realization, when you perceive a truth to be such, you can have no doubt concerning it, any more than you can doubt on the plane of external observation.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is GOOD

for all diseases that have their origin in impure blood. It is

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than other sarsaparillas, better made, of better ingredients and by better methods. Its record of cures proclaims it the

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