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NO. 11.

THE SLANDERER.

I dreamed I stood outside of hell's
Dark walls, and cries and groans and yells
Came from a distance, deep within
That dark abode of pain and sin.
Louder and louder on the ear
Those murmurs broke, and grew more near
To be advancing, like the roar
Of some dark storm-cloud breaking o'er
A mighty forest, old and still;
And rushing on o'er vale and hill,
Curses and imprecations dire,
Terms of contempt and vengeful ire
From myriad tongues I now could hear,
Each moment seeming still more near.
Toward where I stood the tumult drew,
And hell's broad gates wide open flew,
Out rushed a being, sore in haste,
By demons, imps and devils chased.
"Drive him far off!" loud Satan cried.
"And you gate-keeper, woe betide,
If e'er within these walls is seen
Another being half as mean!"
A fiend came near. I said: "Pray, tell,
Is aught too mean, too vile for hell?"
Who can that wretched being be
That ye have forced so far to flee
From this dark den of sin and shame?
Tell whence he came and what his name."
He grinned a smile of ghastly mirth,
And said, "A slanderer from Earth."
SIMEON CARTER.

The "Anti's" Already at Work!

The Vice President of the National Anti-Spiritualist Association

WRITES A SIGNIFICANT LETTER TO
DR. H. V. SWERINGEN!

WHAT DOES IT MEAN!

Another Seybert Commission Report?

As is well known, the term "Anti" is defined to be "against," "opposed to." This opposition is supposed to be based upon the falsity and unsoundness of the thing opposed. We very naturally conclude, therefore, that every member of the National Anti-Spiritualist Association is in possession of knowledge of the falsity of the claims of Spiritualism, otherwise he would not have joined it. No sensible man would, by joining such a society, commit himself to the condemnation of that about which he knew nothing.

Indeed, one of the most prominent members of the National Anti-Spiritualist Association, if not the prime mover in its organization, the Rev. W. R. Covert, who recently presumed to publicly debate the question, rushing in where much abler preachers feared to tread—viz., the denunciation of the truth of Modern Spiritualism—this man, Covert, with the assurance that is always born of ignorance, publicly asserts that Spiritualism is all a "humbug, a cheat and a lie." The natural inference is, therefore, that all of his associate members of the Association are of the very same opinion or knowledge, based upon a satisfactory (to them) investigation of the subject.

Notwithstanding these considerations, the following letter from no less a personage than the Vice President of the National Anti-Spiritualist Association clearly indicates that he at least is not yet satisfied with his investigation of the subject, and desires to pursue it further. But I ask in all candor, how can he pursue it in an unbiased or unprejudiced manner, holding the position that he does? Perhaps the thought that he can do so. It is too supremely, self-evidently unnatural that he can. His letter reminds me of one that I received a few years ago from the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the *New York Christian Advocate*, in which he writes as follows:

"I will be obliged if you will write me a brief outline of the kind of phenomena which has satisfied you beyond all doubt of the truth of Spiritualism. I have been studying the subject for thirty years; have seen most celebrated phenomena both in Europe and America, and thus far am not satisfied that any phenomena have occurred that are not capable of explanation on natural grounds without assuming the return of the spirits of the dead."

It will thus be seen that after thirty years of study of Spiritualism the Rev. Dr. Buckley was still anxious to pursue his investigations further; still interested in its phenomena witnessed by others than himself, and still unable, I infer, to arrive at a positive conclusion as to their explanation.

I might say here parenthetically that no well-informed Spiritualist claims that any phenomena have occurred that are not capable of explanation on natural grounds. We have always claimed that the return of the spirits of the dead was perfectly natural, was in perfect accord with natural law, however little that natural law is understood. Spiritualists do not believe in the so-called "supernatural."

But here follows the letter of the Vice President of the National Anti-Spiritualist Association of America, the Rev. E. H. Caylor, D.D., of Columbus, Ohio:

91 EAST EIGHTH AVENUE,
Columbus, Ohio, 10, 23, 1897.

H. V. Sweringen, Fort Wayne, Ind.:
My Dear Sir—I acknowledge the receipt of pamphlet report of discussion on Spiritualism between Rev. D. W. Moffat, D.D., and yourself and others, and take this occasion to say that I was greatly interested in the reading of the publication.

It is lacking in, however, what too many such discussions are, candor, and seems to have little in it—or at least I think too little of effort to convince or be convinced, through a better understanding of what little we do know, and obtaining knowledge of that that is possible, but that we do not know.

You may perhaps know that I am not a Spiritualist (see enclosed circular), but I will concede that thus far, in public debate, the average weight of discussion, logically, is in favor of the Spiritualist. I also believe that it will remain so, so far as a doubt may influence the mind of the investigator, until some things are known, which will account for some at present inexplicable things.

This Fort Wayne discussion could hence af-

forded to have been more serious, as I think there was talent on either side, to have warranted it. There seems, however, to be a vein of candor upon the part of the party opposing Dr. Moffat that leads me to accept the proposition—that I shall append below.

You have well stated in several forms in this pamphlet that Spiritualism is a ruling question of the day; that it has come for recognition, which it will get—is getting. It is a problem that you cannot solve by ridicule, nor absolve its adherents by impulsion. The guessing and the doubt are all allied in sympathy with Spiritualism as a fact, and herein is the vantage of the Spiritualist.

I have been a serious investigator for many years interested in the truth—the fact involved in this question—having a great anxiety, but no fear in finding it. I have been able to search without prejudice, and find my mind so free from bias, and so eager for truth, that I think I am capable of reasoning safely to the extent of my intellectual ability.

I have reached conclusions, but not the end of investigation. I am decided, but I am not infallible. I am anxious to convince, but none the less anxious to be convinced. I have a zeal to bring the light to others, but not a zeal that puts out the light to myself. I am too little interested in the belief or teachings of any past age to adhere to them because they were the faith of our fathers; and yet possess too much homage for the truth, however ancient, to be too unduly influenced by more recent supposed discoveries.

You no doubt are aware of the recently organized association of which the enclosed circular bears some information. While its purpose is to oppose, it has no thought to persecute. It acknowledges no human infallible head, but embraces serious, candid, intellectual, capable, brainy men, whose attainments in knowledge have not made further knowledge seem dangerous. Its work is to inculcate truth, the some of which it does not profess to possess, but being human, and of same mind, is capable of correcting or being corrected, as the facts may discover. Let me not, however, deceive you into thinking that this association was formed for the purpose of determining for itself whether Spiritualism is true. Yet this does not detract from experiments in the mysterious occult forces of human life. I now say that:

I will accept the proposition in the name of the National Anti-Spiritualist Association, from the Psychic Science Society that you represent, to be present and witness the spirit manifestations that you propose to furnish to any serious, candid investigator. If this Society can be convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, it can do more, and will do more for that cause than any other agency in existence. Let me hear from you. Very truly,

E. H. CAYLOR.

Inasmuch as the foregoing letter was not written to me in confidence, and refers wholly to a question of public interest and to a proposition to be submitted to the Psychical or Spiritual Society of which I am a member, I am violating no law of courtesy in thus publishing it.

But what are we, as Spiritualists, to think of this letter, which will, no doubt, in the future be known as "the Caylor letter"? Had it been written by a man wholly untrammelled by and independent of creed and dogma; by a materialist, an agnostic or free thinker unconnected with any church or Orthodox creed, I would have unhesitatingly replied extending to him a most glad welcome, welcome invitation to be present at any of our Society meetings when for any cause, we had reason to expect spiritual manifestations to be produced, by appointment or otherwise; for we have not got them "on tap," to be "furnished" at will. We have come to look upon our absolute failures in "furnishing" phenomena as being as satisfactory as our absolute, grand successes; I say had this letter been received from such a person I could not have done otherwise than to entertain seriously the proposition it contains, for it is written, as will be observed, with at least the semblance of fairness and an honest desire to arrive at the truth. Coming, however, as this letter does, from a gentleman who is an Orthodox preacher in an Orthodox church not only, but the Vice-President of a National Society organized for the special purpose of opposing Spiritualism as a "humbug, a fraud and a lie," I think I shall pay no further attention to his proposition than to regard it as merely another attempt of the Orthodox Church to investigate(?) Spiritualism in the very same manner in which it influenced the memorable Seybert Commission of the University of Pennsylvania to investigate(?) it some years ago, when Spiritualism was much weaker than it is now.

Rev. Dr. E. H. Caylor's letter tallies very miserably with the circular of his "Anti" Association, which it encloses. From the address to the public this circular contains by the President of that Association, Rev. H. J. Becker, D.D., I note the following:

"There is an association in this country whose votaries are being taught to array themselves against the moral, social and scientific interest of our people. The acknowledged teachers of this society are flaunting the red flag of anarchy against obedience to the mandates of God and man. They are seeking to wrest from Holy Writ every page that contains precepts which inculcate the very principles upon which are established the safety and perpetuity of the government, and about which cluster the fondest hopes of the formers and supporters of good society."

They are assuming to receive communications from the sacred realm of departed spirits, the interpretation and application of which denounce the divine authenticity of the Scriptures, slander every cardinal doctrine declared by our merciful Heavenly Father to lift a fallen race into the bosom of divine repose, and, instead, set in motion contaminating influences of vicious heresies, which tend to throttle and destroy every elevating sentiment of those to whom has been committed the safety of Church and State. They foster and maintain a class of so-called mediums, claiming to be able, through the spirits of the dead, to set aside natural laws, to become omniscient as to the past, the present and the future, and to hold in their hands the TALISMAN of fate and the PANACEA of human ills. They demand the respect and support of the community for their teachers and mediums while they gull the victims of this delusion by their pernicious deceptions. These debauched

sycophants turn down every glimmer of light, so as to sweep them from being seen tooting on trumpets, thumping on musical instruments, writing on parchments and on slates, playing with baby dolls, and imitating the intonations of a charivari party in the outskirts of civilization."

Now, in the very face of this representation of Spiritualism (which is simply a medley of anger, prejudice, ignorance and falsehood), which the Rev. Dr. Caylor, as an Associate-President of the Association, necessarily indorses, he, the said Caylor, asks to be invited to the First Spiritual Society of Fort Wayne in the capacity of an "unprejudiced," "unbiased," "sincere" (?) "investigator" (?) of spiritualistic phenomena! I doubt very much if, in the elaborate series of contradictions contained in the Bible, there is one that can be successfully compared to this.

I have had some experience in the course of my life with "honest lags," and I do not feel inclined to extend it any further. As Spiritualists, we can survive if we do not court the further services of "unprejudiced," "unbiased," "honest," "sincere" investigators (?) into the truth or falsity of our phenomena. Spiritualism has now reached that point in its history at which it can stand alone and present to the world a bold front. In spite of all the malignant opposition and bitter persecution it has received in the past, it still lives and flourishes, and will continue to live and flourish.

We can now afford to be somewhat independent. If those who are not in possession of our truth desire to obtain it, let them get it as we got it. If they will say to Spiritualism, We will not let thee go until thou furnish us the proof of a future existence, they will get that proof sooner or later. "Seek, and ye shall find." I sought and found the truth of Spiritualism, and, although I found much of that truth adulterated with much of falsehood, fraud and error, yet I found the truth to my entire satisfaction, so far as proving a future existence is concerned. I knocked at the door of Spiritualism with the conviction that it was ridiculously and utterly false, but with the hope that I might possibly be mistaken, possibly obtain some evidence of a future existence; and that door was opened unto me. It was not such a door as opens into some so-called "Seybert Commission," or "Psychical Society," or "Committee of Scientists" (?) or "self-appointed investigator" from some "anti" association, waiting by appointment for phenomena to present themselves for investigation. No, none of these. It was a door that opened up to me the entirely unlooked-for, the unthought-of, the unexpected, yet nevertheless recognized as true and wonderful. I have no longer any sympathy with appointed so-called "scientific" investigations of Spiritualism as have been conducted in the past.

The truth of Spiritualism is not unlike the kingdom of heaven. "It cometh not with (vulgar or scientific) observation," necessarily; not with such observation as is characteristic of or attends the so-called investigations of the warped and prejudiced, the ignorant and intolerant "committees" or "societies," although these are, therefore, not to be despised, for it has not infrequently been the case that they have witnessed, to their entire satisfaction, the genuine manifestations of Spiritualism, and become convinced of its truth.

Those who are possessed of an intuitive mental grasp or perception of the spirit and genius of Spiritualism can readily discern spiritual things. On Sunday evening, Oct. 24, Mr. J. Frank Baxter gave me from the platform of the First Spiritual Society of Fort Wayne a message clear, specific, distinct, recognized in all its parts, in which a single word of two letters, an abbreviation of my name, was sufficient of itself to satisfy me that it was given to him by the spirit of a friend of my youth, whose name Mr. Baxter gave in full, and who died thirty-four or thirty-five years ago, and who always, and was the only one who addressed me by said abbreviated title, which Mr. Baxter could not possibly have known.

Rev. Dr. Becker charges us with denouncing the Scriptures. So far as I am personally concerned my position is this: The Bible contains much that is true, beautiful, instructive, grand, sublime and soul inspiring, and it contains much that is false, ugly, immoral, debasing, vulgar, degrading and contradictory. What I have here said of the Bible can also be said with equal truth of Modern Spiritualism. We should, therefore, seek only the good in both. I lay it down, however, as a self-evident, incontrovertible proposition, that the Orthodox preacher, whoever he is, that disbelieves Modern Spiritualism, also disbelieves the Bible he preaches, in whole or in part. It will be noted in the letter of Rev. E. H. Caylor, that even the Vice-President of the National Anti-Spiritualist Association inclines to this view, and tacitly acknowledges that in the recent debate between Moses Hull and Rev. W. R. Covert on the subject of Spiritualism, "our own Moses" got decidedly the best of it.

H. V. SWERINGEN.

QUITE A SPELL.

There is a farmer who is YY
Enough to take his EE
And study nature with his II
And think of what he CC
He hears the chatter of the JJ
As they each other TT
And sees that when a tree DKK
It makes a home for BB
A yoke of Oxen he will UU
With many hares and GG
And their mistakes he will XXQ
When plowing for his PP
He little buys, but much he sells,
And therefore little OO:
And when he hoos his soil by spells
He also sells his nose.

KLIFT.

HEAVEN.

SECOND PAPER.

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

It has been shown in a previous article that the word heaven simply means high, or "raised up"; also that we should think of heaven as an inward condition to be entered into at any time and place by such as become raised up above selfishness and filled to overflowing with a love that is lived out—just as naturally as the sun shines. Furthermore, "God is spirit," and as "the kingdom of God is within"—within all—heavenliness would imply recognition of the spiritual oneness of each with every other and of all with the unseen Omnipresence made manifest in nature and man. It was shown that if a present heavenliness were made, the object of our longing and striving, instead of the future one so generally held in view, the great change would bring to our earthly existence such blessedness as hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive the glories thereof, or the advanced preparation it would afford for the life to follow.

Should any object to change, as causing disturbance, let them be reminded that, as truth is infinite, the human perception of truth must be always a progressive one; therefore progress is the natural order. Such being the case, those who oppose progress are really the disturbing element; as a fixture imbedded in the stream, or tied to a stake, causes more disturbance than all the craft that move onward. To show that they themselves believe in change, ask if any modern audience would accept or even listen to such sermons as Edwards preached at Northampton, or if any modern choir would sing the cruel and revengeful hymns of that period.

To enforce the importance of the change, show that it makes a vast difference, we may say all the difference in the world, whether the blessedness depicted in some familiar hymns and Bible passages is to be gained here and now, or in some future existence of which we neither have nor can have absolute knowledge, the promised harps, crowns, wings, gold, rest, pomp, ostentation, being decidedly of the earth, earthy. And even our comprehension of more spiritual delights cannot possibly exceed the limits of present conditions. Indeed, this can hardly be otherwise, since no created object can have knowledge of conditions absolutely outside its own. A pebble could not comprehend the daisy's power of springing upward and blooming; neither of these could form an idea of the faculties whereby the creeping worm moves onward; the worm could not possibly imagine the winged freedom of the butterfly and bird; nor could these latter have conception of the distinctively human possibilities. The "heaven" of each, as with ourselves, would simply represent its own highest ideals.

Humanity's highest ideals of Deity are now, Love, Life, Truth, Wisdom, Strength, Power, Energy, Good, Intelligence, Perfection, Righteousness. The infinitude of these, together with a spiritual Omnipresence back of all manifest life, and the source of it, we call "God." But, as has been shown, notwithstanding this truly spiritual conception, the common representation of "God" has been that of a superior kind of human being, endowed with the best and worst of human qualities, infinitely magnified, and, in spite of the Omnipresence so religiously asserted, assigned a distant residence, whence to, "look down" or "draw near," as so requested. This has established the idea of separation between God and man. Words cannot express the destitution thus brought to earth-life, for thereby we have been deprived of much of that inmost upholding and guiding which many have experienced, and which are ours in greater or less degree according to our recognition, and to which we are entitled as children of God, and if children, then heirs.

There is much said about going out of time into eternity; but as eternity has neither beginning nor end we are in eternity now, and the pure in heart may now see or recognize spiritually the Omnipresence ever working in us to will and to do, and in whom we live and move and are. "That man who finds not God in his own heart will find him nowhere; and he who finds him there will find him everywhere."

"Within! Within!
Thy dearest Friend dwells deep within thy soul,
That heart and mind and sense he may make whole,
In perfect harmony."

"How far from here to heaven?
Not very far, my friend;
A single hearty step
Will all thy journey end.
Hold thyself where runnest thou?
Not heaven is in thee.
Seekest thou for God elsewhere,
His face thou'lt never see."

As the prevailing ideas of God are drawn from the Scriptural records, it will be helpful to learn from them just what the term meant to the Bible authors. We find there three names for Deity, namely: "God," "Jehovah," or "Yahweh," and "Shaddai." The root meanings of the Hebrew word "God" are "a powerful going forth; entering into; setting up motion; causing to revolve; ruling; guiding; directing; finally bringing about relations of beauty, strength and harmony, majesty and perfection." The second, "Jehovah," or "Yahweh," signifies "Being," "Life." The third, "Shaddai," translated "the Almighty," has various root significations, as "to shed or pour forth energy," also "that which nourishes or sustains life; the act of a mother nursing her offspring; brooding; principles of motherhood"; these giving ideas of love and protection.

The Scriptural Deity, then, is that unseen, immanent Life, by whatever name called, Source, Cause, Origin or Father; infinite in extent, and made visibly manifest as Nature and Man. The most ancient sacred writings bear helpful testimony to the truth of this conception of Deity. From the *Hindoo* we have: "Consider all things as existing in the Divine Spirit. . . . Supreme, omnipresent Intelligence, pervading all." "All things in the universe are merely the primeval heart of *Buddha*. This heart is universally diffused and comprehends all things within itself." "The Lord, . . . out of whom and through whom all things were and are and will be." "The whole world is but a manifestation of Vishnu." Egyptian: "God the beginning, the Father, the Spirit who animates and perpetuates the world by mixing himself with all its parts." Mohammedan: "God is the All." Our own Bible, "One Father," or First Cause, "of whom are all things." In regard to the God-life specially manifested in Man we have from our Bible, "In him we live and move and have our being." "It is

* The first paper was published in THE BANNER Nov. 14, 1896.

* G. Tastergen (1897-1898).

* Angelus Milius (1899).

the same God working in you all." "Through all, in you all." "The tabernacle of God is with man." "Ye are builded together for a habitation of God in the spirit." From the *Hindoo*, "I am pervaded by Thee; Thou containest me. Within, beyond, my God existeth." "In thee, in me, in every one, the Lord of Life resides." Peristan: "Soul of the soul, intellect exists by thee." Epictetus, a Pagan philosopher: "You carry a God about with you, poor wretch! and know nothing of it. . . . God is within." Dr. Channing spoke of "the everlasting Father, sustaining, quickening, renewing us." Theodore Parker: "As God fills all space, so all spirit. That which transports and melts my soul is to know that thou art the God of my heart. Thou art nearer to us than we are to ourselves." Emerson: "There is no bar or wall where man, the effect, ceases, and God, the cause, begins. . . . Let man learn that the Highest dwells with him."

Wonderfully interesting it is to know that science, too, is in agreement with all the above. And allowing this matter to rest entirely on science, leaving out the world's religion, philosophy and poetry to suit those calling themselves purely practical, what says science? Purely practical science, speaking through Darwin, says: "I am willing to allow that the ultimate cause beyond all motion is immaterial; that is to say, God." Faraday: "All force is will force." Herschel: "It is reasonable to regard the force of gravitation as the direct result of a consciousness, or a will, existing somewhere." Herbert Spencer asserts that we are "ever in the presence of an Infinite Eternal Energy, manifested within and without us. . . . stands toward our general conception of things. . . . as does the creative power asserted by theology." John Fiske speaks of this "omnipresent energy" as a "personality everywhere present," "a power of which all phenomena are manifestations." It is an axiom of Science that nothing can come from nothing. "All known life is derived from life like unto itself." This being the case, the highest known life, the human, can be no exception, and back of our finite intelligence, our love, energy, wisdom, strength, spirituality must be the infinite of these; and from this infinitude Emerson declares, "We may draw, at our will, inexhaustible supplies."

If Humanity could but know and get what this implies for our human world! No doubt that in the understanding thereof lies immensity of privilege. For this must have been the "Understanding" so often insisted upon, and so strongly, by those ancient writers. "With all thy gettings, get 'Understanding'." "She is a tree of life to all that lay hold upon her." Suppose we inquire further into this matter. For who knows that by so doing we may come upon a religion that will actually be to us a "Tree of Life," a religion devoid of ecclesiasticalism, creeds, ceremonials. But what think ye is "religion"?

This query is of as much import to Spiritualists as to others, for although Spiritualism is often claimed as a "new religion," its commonly accepted meaning is an assurance of intercommunication between persons still in earth life and those who have passed from it. As given by an accredited organ, "A Spiritualist is one who asserts the possibility of intelligently communing with exanimate spirits." But can any communing be called religion? Perhaps learning the exact meaning of the term may help us to that Understanding which, when made general, will solve our problem of world-betterment, spoken of in a previous article.

Government by Injunction.

BY ALEXANDER WEDDER.

I was greatly delighted with the editorial article in a recent BANNER upon "Government by Injunction." It attacked the great abuse of the century. With the increasing usurpations by the courts, and the reprehensible legislation now in active motion under the pretext of "police power," the safeguards of the Constitution are little more than waste paper. The laws oppress; but they fail to protect. Of all dangerous methods judge-made law is most obnoxious of all to the rights of individuals.

Thomas Jefferson declared in 1821 that "the germ of dissolution of our Federal Government is in the constitution of our Federal Judiciary." This he forcefully and truthfully describes as "an irresponsible body, working like gravity, by night and day, gaining a little to-day and a little to-morrow, and advancing its noiseless step like a thief over the field of jurisdiction, until all shall be usurped from the States, and then all be consolidated into one."

The experience of the past century has amply fulfilled this sorrowful prediction of Mr. Jefferson. The safeguards of the Constitution which had been inserted in behalf of popular liberty and the protection of personal rights, are steadily disappearing before the encroachments of the Supreme Court. To show this it will be sufficient to enumerate a few examples. It was a decision of that Court in 1843 that enabled Congress to enact the Fugitive Slave Act of 1851. Before that, as Daniel Webster himself admitted, such a measure was regarded as unconstitutional. In 1837 the Dred Scott decision filled the country with alarm, and hastened the drawing of the lines which culminated in the Civil War. It was then learned that a portion of our population was hopelessly excluded from the protection of the law.

The annulling of the Civil Rights Act was a measure of like character. Significantly it was not undertaken till Charles Sumner was dead. New men were at hand. "There arose another king who knew not Joseph."

The Convention of 1867 aimed, by means of constitutional inhibition, to assure to the country a stable and uniform currency. The States were distinctly prohibited from emitting bills of credit, and from making anything but gold and silver a legal tender. It was designed to keep all these things within the purview of Federal legislation. But this safeguard was removed; a decision giving State Legislatures power to authorize a bank-note currency, and the result was an almost unlimited creation of "wild-cat banks." A man traveling from one State to another found his money uncurrent, and was subjected to the annoyance and expense of exchanging. In several States the banking circulation was of little more value than counterfeit money.

Mr. Jefferson even believed that the establishing of a national bank exceeded the constitutional power of Congress. So, too, did Mr. Madison, who had been active in the Convention that framed the Constitution. And when the act of 1862 declared the "green-back" notes a legal tender, Mr. Chase himself, then Secretary of the Treasury, regarded

It is as being in violation of that instrument, and only valid as a "war measure" when no law may stand against the public safety. Afterward the Supreme Court, with him as Chief Justice, declared that provision unconstitutional; nevertheless, some years later, that Court, having some new Judges on the bench, reversed that decision.

We have witnessed a like tergiversation in regard to the Income Tax. To this must be imputed, in strict justice, the failure of the legislation of 1893 to provide sufficient revenue for the support of the government. Congress, representing the people of the United States, had done its whole duty in that respect; but the tortuous action of the Supreme Court defeated that endeavor.

Not many years since a decision took from the Legislatures of the States their jurisdiction over the railroads which had been constructed by their authority in those States, in case that such roads had, by consolidation or otherwise, extended their lines into other States. The effect of this has been to enable the federal judges to interfere with matters of railroad management. Along with this is the facility with which railroad attorneys are appointed to seats on the Bench. It used to be in England that butchers should not sit on juries where capital cases were to be tried. A parity of reasoning might exclude these attorneys from places on the Judiciary.

These historic facts are entitled to their full influence in alarming the public mind in regard to the mortal peril of constitutional liberty. The animal in the kennel, when her family had become full-grown, bade defiance to the lawful owner. Something like this now appears. The effort of courts to settle labor disputes by writ of injunction must manifest itself to every thoughtful mind as a stretch of authority dangerous in the extreme. No action of the British Government that produced the American Revolution was as flagrant, as daring, as threatening to the liberties of the citizen.

The pretext has been put forth that the laws now in force are not sufficient, and so the courts must make the law—or what is the same thing, make the law for their own guidance. Were not the unfortunate nineteen persons hanged in Salem in 1692 on such kind of law? Let the shade of Rebecca Nurse furnish an answer. It is certainly a hollow and dangerous pretext. All the past season, there has been no such peril to life or property as to justify extraordinary action.

The charging of Legislatures with remissness in providing for the public safety appears to be a very lame argument. There are so many statutes now in existence that few can obey them all, or even understand their purport. If there is deficiency, the legal gentlemen are largely to blame for it. They had official position; they hardly constitute a profession, for they are all sworn officers of the Courts. They manage to be elected to all the legislative bodies, and have a large influence in shaping the bills that are enacted. The laws hardest for a layman to understand, and over which the most costly litigation takes place, are generally those prepared by lawyers. Have they been derelict as lawmakers? Is the old allegation true, that the laws are made, not for the benefit of the public, but rather for the promotion of litigation, and business for lawyers? It is deplorably true that the people were generally seen to be losing confidence in representative government. The constitutional amendment restricting the Legislatures to biennial sessions is burning evidence of this. Certainly the trend of legislation has been to curtail the rights of individuals and to strengthen privileged bodies and monopolies.

When constitutional authority cannot be found, the pretext set forth is "police power." We once heard of this police power in South Carolina, under which colored sailors from Massachusetts were put in jail in Charleston, and if the expenses of this were not paid, were sold into slavery. Massachusetts sent the Hon. Samuel Hoar there in 1845 to institute legal proceedings to test the validity of this procedure, and he was compelled to leave by threat of personal violence.

We have numerous unconstitutional laws now in operation, under this same pretext of police power. Heaven grant that another civil war may not be necessary to wipe them out of existence. But they must go, or the country will become unfit for a self-respecting man to live in.

Government by injunction is a part of this peculiar assumption of "power." Like necessity, it "knows no law." Like the Pharaoh in the Book of Exodus, it respects none.

Perhaps some day the men who are now assailed by these extraordinary procedures will become able, by voting, to grasp these powers in their turn. Then they will have the precedents before them; and, like the good ox, they will be able to gore those who are now goring them. Judges of the school of Eugene V. Debs and Herr Most are by no means impossibilities. The game is one at which two can play. The lesson has been given in such terms as to be long remembered. Government by injunction can be used with as much effect on one side as the other. The seed has been sown from which a harvest may be coming.

At present the danger is as Mr. Jefferson depicted: that the Courts will go on arrogating new powers till the rights of individuals, which are the most sacred of all human rights, shall be regarded as only dust in the balance.

In the days of the Anti-Slavery movement there lived a staunch advocate of slavery in Pennsylvania named Elliott Cresson. He died about 1860, making a gloomy survey of the impending conflict. He left behind him an epitaph for the country very like this:

"Here is the grave of a nation that gave freedom to black men and enslaved the whites."

Reading Circles.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It is a pleasure to learn from the report of the Convention of the National Spiritualists' Association that the members of that organization are discussing the subject of a special education for those intending to serve in the spiritual ministry, and that the subject of a literary circle, to help enlighten those to be ministered to, has also been suggested.

About a year ago two persons, living in different States, decided to form a small reading circle for the purpose of learning. As yet the circle numbers but six, as the Secretary could not well attend to correspondence with a larger number.

The subjects of "Peace by Arbitration," and "Evolution," have received attention, but "Astronomy" has given the keenest enjoyment and greatest satisfaction. Some of the books read are:

1. "The Pith of Astronomy." 1896. By Samuel G. Bayne; has 122 pages; good.
2. "The Constellations, and How to Know Them." By William Peck. Shows position of constellations every night in year. Invaluable. Price, \$1.25.
3. "In Starry Realms." 1892. By Sir Robert S. Ball. Consists of lectures, each of which would make a delightful and instructive evening's reading.
4. "Popular Astronomy." By Camille Flammarion. Published within a few years. Has 686 pages. Can be expanded and enlighten the intellect, and benefit the soul.

Books by other authors are to be read. There is much in astronomy to teach the existence of a higher intelligence, and higher intelligences than ours.

Reading circles, either small or large, might well be formed, to begin work by reading on this subject, each member to read whatever author he wishes. If convenient, stated meetings might be held, but in the circle already formed the discussions are carried on by correspondence only.

The name chosen is Orion Circle. The belief is: "The heavens declare the glory of God."

ELOISE WINTHROP OWEN.

Is your Brain Tired?

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It supplies the needed food for the brain and nerves, and makes exertion easy.

Literary Department.

LOOKING GOD IN THE FACE.

THE STORY OF THE POOR.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY MARY T. LONGLEY, M. D.,

Author of "Outside the Gates," "Nameless," "When the Morning Comes," "Only a Step," Etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

"SHE IS NOT DEAD."

"Come in, lad, come in; she's all I had, and she's gone. Gone, because of the want and the toil. I took her to care for and to love. I did love her, God knows, but wretched days came. I could not give her proper food and care, and now she's gone!"

"To a better land, Joe, to a better land. Poor girl! she could not be well and happy here. You did all you could for her, my friend, and so did we all. I am sure she wanted for nothing, and I am glad to remember that we were able to provide for her simple wants. I feel that she is at rest now, where sorrow and pain can have no hold upon her life."

"They stood beside a narrow bier in the little domicile of the Parkers. Upon it, covered with a white sheet (one end of which was turned back, exposing the sweet, quiet face of the dead), reposed the body—poor, emaciated, worn-out body—of Elizabeth. It was morning. The body had rested here for two days. In the afternoon a simple service would be held above it by the missionary, when it would be borne to its last resting place. Already the undertaker was at the door with the narrow coffin, and the two men—Joe, crushed and bent with his burden of woe; Franklin, helpful and sympathetic—stood aside while the man and his assistant placed the beloved body in its narrow bed."

"Then the strangers retired, and the two again stood gazing upon her marble face. How sweet and fair she looked! as if a light from the eternal glory had been caught and imprisoned upon her face. She had suffered, suffered more than words can tell; but no trace of it lingered upon cheek or brow. It was over now—all the pain and woe—and poor Joe, in his blind, dumb sorrow, felt as if the world had crumbled beneath his feet."

In his true brotherly way, Franklin talked to his humble friend, pointing out to him the blessings which had come to "Lizbeth" by the deliverance from disease and pain. The man listened, but as one in a dream, until some gentle remark of the speaker aroused him, and he said:

"You know how I loved my wife. She was the apple of my eye. I would not see her suffer if I could help, and I know it is best for her to go where there is no pain; but it is hard, hard to lose her out of my life, out of here where she made light and sunshine for me."

"Yes, Joe, it is hard, very hard. You will miss her day and night. The whole neighborhood will miss her, for she was well beloved. Little Nannie will miss and mourn for her. I will miss her gentle face and kindly word, for she was much to me, my friend."

"Ay, I know, you loved her, too. I knew that you cared for her, lad; that you were happy when you were by her side, listening to her sweet voice and looking into her pleasant eyes. I knew you loved her, too."

"Yes, Joe, I did love her, but only as an honorable man loves a pure and noble-minded woman that he considers a type of all that is gracious and good. My love for Lizbeth was no dishonor to you or to her."

"I know, I know, lad. Do not distress yourself for fear of me, I am misunderstanding. I saw it all, and I had no blame for you. You were ever honorable and good. You could not love loving my Lizbeth; how could you? Did n't I know it was because she was so good and sweet, and you felt the power of her pure womanhood? Did n't I know it was because she was so talented and lovable, that when you saw so much of her your heart went out to her as the flower goes out to the sunshine that warms and blesses it?"

"Oh, I'm a rough fellow, lad, a poor sort of a man that's had little education and not much culture, but I know that my wife was one to attract only the pure, good love of a man or woman; and I know that if you loved her—as I saw you did when you looked at her, with a light and benediction in your eyes—it was with a feeling that came from heaven, or some good place, and had no evil in it; so, no, do n't think, lad, I bear you a grudge; no, no; here by the dear dead body of the one we love, I tell you that I have always trusted you, though I knew for three years she was the one who held your heart."

"God bless you, Joe! You are one of Nature's true noblemen, too grand in spirit and generous in character to harbor distrust or dislike of your brother man. I honor and respect you, my friend. I have loved Elizabeth, but with an affection that angels may look at and approve. I honored and respected her; not more do I hold her in reverence now that she is among the blest, than I did when she was a poor, patient mortal, toiling in suffering and want. She has always been as pure as heaven and bright as the stars in my sight, and I only pray that we—yours and I, my brother—may be deemed worthy to meet her by-and-by, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage."

"Amen! Amen!" solemnly responded the bereaved husband, just as Grace and Hagah entered the room to put a few finishing touches to the body of their friend before it should be conveyed to Mission Hall.

At two o'clock the simple service was held. How beautiful she looked in her pretty marriage gown, that had never been worn since her wedding day, and which had been laid away in the old trunk that Pat had saved from the flames. The lovely scarf of old rare lace, that had been her own and her mother's bit of wedding finery, had been passed over her faded tresses, and knotted gracefully under the chin by loving, tasteful fingers, veiling the poor shrunken throat, and softening the emaciated lines of cheek and brow. A cluster of tiny violets at the neck scented the atmosphere with a dainty perfume, while one snowy lily, regal and beautiful, which Franklin had laid upon her breast at the last moment, shone in peerless beauty, like a star of hope and peace.

The service was such as Lizbeth would desire. The soft and sweet singing of spiritual hymns by Ruth Henderson—now Mrs. Turner—and the missionary, a few tender and appropriate remarks by her friend, Grace, supplemented by hopeful, consoling words from Franklin, such as all could understand and appreciate, and the reading of the following pathetic little poem from a volume of cherished gems that she had prized:

She is not dead, the angels say,
And yet I see her not;
I cannot think her far away
From my poor earthly lot.
I see her smile upon the chair,
Where once she used to sit,
While love in meekness sweetly fair,
Our hearts together knit.

I see her basket on the stand,
Her pen upon the shelf;
With which she plied her tiny hand,
And wove her very self
In every portion of her work,
Until the task was done,
No duty did her spirit shrink,
From morn till set of sun.

She is not dead—for such as she
Could surely never die;
Such souls as hers can only flee
To mansions in the sky.
Earth holds them for a little while,
And then, with noiseless flight,
Lured by an angel's winning smile,
They soar to realms of light.

She is not dead, but oh! my heart
Beats with its rapid pain;
While burning tears drop slowly start,
And fall like crystal rain.
The stars shine brightly forth at night,
The moonbeams slide the air,
The sun tints morn with golden light,
But, oh! she is not there.

And yet, my soul will oft repeat
The tender, low refrain,
"She is not dead," her spirit sweet
Returns to earth again.
She walks an angel, by my side,
After she could not stay;
She comes in blessing pure, to guide
My soul to endless day.

There was a sound of subdued crying in the room—when he paused, and faces, tear-stained and wet, looked at him with silent awe. He had read the words in a low, thrilling tone, as if each had come from the very depths of his soul, and every listener in that company felt that he or she had thought and lived that poem even though they had not written it, for he had made it a personal heart cry from each one.

That was all. The service was ended, the dead had been borne to its last home, but all felt and believed, in spite of creed or sect and in spite of lawless unbelief in God or sacred things, that Lizbeth in spirit lived and loved them still.

Here had been a quiet passing out—she had simply faded away. Her last word had been one of blessing for poor unhappy Joe; her last smile had rested sweetly upon little Nannie, and her last tender look had rested peacefully upon her friend, Franklin, the missionary.

At Joe's request the friends of his wife, Hagah and Grace, consented that Nannie should remain with him, provided that they might look after her needs from day to day; and so the little thing, who was now five years old, began in her old-fashioned, busy way to "keep house" for her poor papa, and to study his wants that she might minister unto them.

She and Rufus, who lived with Franklin upstairs, were great friends, and they passed many happy hours together discussing grave subjects and in playing in a quiet way.

"Rufus," suddenly said Nannie one day, as they sat upon the floor of the latter's room at play, "Rufus, don't you b'lieve my lady mother sees me from her pretty home in the sky?"

"Why, Nannie, what makes you?"
"Oh! 'cause sometimes I see a big light, all like a great sun, only it's night an' the sun isn't shining, an' then right in the light I see a pretty lady's face looking at me, an' it's just like my lady mother, only it isn't, 'cause it's brighter, an' it don't look tired an' white like hers did. Say, Rufus, don't you b'lieve my lady mother sees me?"

"Yes, I guess so. I think the angels can see little girls and boys, and I think they like to see 'em when they be good."

"So do I. Once when I saw the light I did n't see the pretty lady's face; but I heard somebody speak, an' it was just like my lady mother. I heard her say 'Dear Nannie! Nannie is a good little girl. Nannie, will you stay with poor papa and never leave him, and take care of him every day?' and I said 'Yes, mam.'"

"Sometimes, Rufus, when I go to bed"—Nannie slept with her papa now; he had grown too large for the crib, which had been sold—"I smell such lovely flowers! they be so sweet—just like the violets auntie Grace put on mother's dress the day they sang for her, don't you know? An' sometimes in the night, when I wake up 'cause my poor papa snores so loud, I see pretty little stars all 'round his head, an' I hear singing, too. Once I told papa about it, an' he said I was a dear little lass, and that my lady mother had left me to him as a precious legacy. I don't know what it is, but I guess it's something good, 'cause she left it to me."

Now, Rufus, let's play that I died an' went to heaven. You go over in that corner an' make b'lieve you are left here; an' I'll stay in this corner, an' p'ntend it's heaven; then I'll come over there, an' smile at you an' sing. Then don't you cry, Rufus, no matter if you is lonesome, an' wants to see Nannie, 'cause Auntie Grace says I must be a brave little girl, an' not cry for lady mother, 'cause that would make her feel bad in heaven; an' then you try an' sing, an' I'll come to you."

"All right, Nannie. Now I'm all alone in the dark place and you've gone to heaven. It's awful lonesome here, but I won't cry, I'll sing!"
"Angels bright are ever high,
Filling earth and air and sky,
Bringing joy and peace and love
From the fount of God above."

The sweet, boyish voice rang out through the gloom of that murky room like a chord from some celestial sphere; then presently Nannie rose from her corner and stole toward the crouching boy.

For a moment she looked at him with a smile, and then her lips parted, and these words, never before uttered by mortal tongue, rippled forth in sweetest song:

Gently from the angel-world
Falls a ray of heavenly light,
Bringing, children, dear to you,
Messages of love to-night.
See, it takes away all gloom,
See, it makes the air glow,
Bringing beauty forth above
To this little spot below.

Harken to the angels now,
Singing words of sweetest joy,
As they levey flowers bring
To this little girl and boy.
Heaven is very near to us,
Angels are not far away;
They will lead you to the light,
Where they live in endless day.

For half an hour she sang sweet little songs, that seemed to pour from her throat, as naturally as would the warble of a songster of the wood, sang until the room, which had grown dusky from approaching twilight, became illumined with a golden splendor, from the midst of which shone out a lovely woman's face that beamed upon the little waifs with a tender smile.

CHAPTER XXII.

FRIENDS IN NEED.

"Here, there! What are you doing, you young thief? Don't you know you can be hauled up, and put in the lockup for stealing? Get away from here quick, or I'll have you taken care of!"

The words were severe enough, and the voice harsh when its tones first awoke the air, but before they ceased it had softened, for the pale, wan little face with its tear-dimmed, blue eyes and appealing expression of pathetic hopelessness went straight to the heart of the young man, and caused it to vibrate with sympathy.

"Arrah there, Charlie, wot's yer frightenin' the child out of his skin fur? Wot's a few pertaters anyhow that's fell ter the ground cos there's so many the sacks won't hold 'em? Sore, the kid wudn't be a takin' 'em if he did n't need 'em purty bad. Cooom here, sonny, an' do n't be skeered. It's only foolin' he wur wid yer. Wot's yer name, an' whar der yer live?"

The scene was on a side track of the railroad where carloads of potatoes that had been brought from a distant point were waiting removal to the commission house to which they had been assigned.

Pat and others were busy loading the great bags of tubers into teams that were waiting to receive them. These workmen were presided

over by a young man, Charlie Johnson, as he was generally called by his fellows, a genial, good-natured man, with whom the workmen were usually on familiar terms.

In the removal of the potatoes to the wagons a few had burst from their confinement, dropped to the ground, and rolled a short distance away. They were large, clean and wholesome looking, and a veritable prize to the shabbily dressed little fellow of about eight years of age, who had happened on the scene with an old basket on his arm, into which he had proceeded to gather the scattered vegetables. But at the sound of rebuke and command that issued from Charlie's throat, the child had dropped basket and contents, and stood looking in mute appeal at the group of men.

Now, at Pat's invitation, he came forward, a little mite of a thing, with an air of neatness about his shabby, patched clothing, and something of a nameless refinement in face and manner that was very different from the usual heedless and lawless bearing of the street Arabs who infested the slums. Evidently the boy had had good training, and his associations had not been of the worst.

"Please, sir," said he, in a trembling voice—looking at Pat, but addressing his words to Charlie—"I did n't mean to steal; I thought no one wanted the 'tatoes; they were rolling off, an' you did n't seem to notice 'em. So I thought they would be so nice to bake in the oven. I got a lot of chips and old shoes to burn; it's so 'ramp, my mother's 'sawful sick, an' if we do n't have a fire when it's damp like this, she's worse. She can't work now, sir, 'cause she's so bad, an' Ellen an' I have to do the best we can. Ellen's my sister, sir; she's twelve years old, an' she does anything she can, odd jobs for the people that want their floors scrubbed, an' steps, an' such things. We do n't like to beg, an' we don't mean to steal, sir. I thought the 'tatoes were for nobody."

There was a sound of tears in his voice, and he swallowed a sob that threatened to choke his utterance, but the little fellow was manly, and he looked at Charlie with an open and honest gaze.

"Well, hell, I guess you are a good boy after all, and don't mean to steal. I don't know but you can have the potatoes; no one will mind them."

"No, sir, I don't want to take 'em if they b'long to someone. I—"

"Oh, yes, take 'em along. I'll pay for 'em myself if they are to be accounted for. How many are there, boy? Pshaw! not more'n a dozen all told. Just carry 'em home, and I'll be responsible for 'em. Where did you say you live?"

"I didn't say, sir, but it's down in Starr Place, off Jenkins street, sir. It's not as nice a place as we used to live in before father died, but he's been gone three years, sir, and mother's been sick two years, an' we've had hard times to keep along."

"Yes, I dare say, my boy. What's your name?"

"Eddie, sir. Eddie Cutter."

"Well, Eddie, take the potatoes home, and let your sister bake them up piping hot for your dinner. What do you eat on 'em? Butter?"

"Oh, no, sir! Just salt; but that's good. We don't ever have butter at our house, now."

"You don't, hey? Well you will this time, just for a change. Here's a quarter. Get a bit of butter for your potatoes, and I'll come round to-night and see your mother. I'll bring my wife along; maybe she can help your mother a little."

"By that same token Oi'll be 'round after a while myself," cried Pat, "an' see wot I kin do. Here, Eddie, don't be in a hurry; let's see, lad," addressing the three laborers, who had stood by while the little fellow had been the centre of observation, "can't we spare a dime fur the poor sick leddy, or a pickle, if yez hasn't a doime? Sure, we've kin git 'long widout a beer when we wants it, lad."

A diving into sundry shabby pockets brought out a few loose coins, and the generous contribution of generous folk, those poor, hard-working men to make-of forty cents was collected.

"Here yez are, me boy. Roon along home now an' give 'suthin' that yez poor mother kin eat. Sure, Oi'm thinkin' she'll not be able to munch the baked pertaters. Lads, it's a hard world we're in, but glory be ter God, we'll thryer make it a little bit brighter fur such a poor lad as yezself. Roon on, now."

The boy needed no further urging, but, thanking his benefactors with a grateful heart, he picked up his fallen basket and hurried from the spot, leaving the men to return to their work, feeling the satisfaction that always comes from doing good.

That evening, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson called upon the Widow Cutter and her two children. They found them living in one room, with a little closet off it, which served as a sleeping place for the boy. The mother, a worn and faded woman, about thirty-five years of age, was ill in bed, and a glance sufficed to tell the visitors that her days were numbered on earth.

Mrs. Johnson was at once interested in the little family. She was a mother herself, having three children, from six to twelve years old. She was sure that she could pick up a goodly bundle of half-worn clothing that would bring comfort to these two children, whose garments were so patched and shabby, and that she could contrive to spare other needful articles that would brighten up this humble home. The Johnsons had brought a large market basket with them. This contained a supply of tea, sugar, crackers, and other groceries, a jar of honey, a can of condensed milk, a few eggs, and a piece of bacon.

"Well, Eddie," said the man, turning his attention to the children, while his wife conversed in a low tone with the sick mother, "did you get the potatoes baked, and were they good?"

"Yes, sir, they were fine, an' we had a little butter on them, too. I bought a pat of butter, sir, as you told me, an' I got some milk an' white bread for mother, an' a little tea an' a couple of eggs. She did relish them so much, sir. She said she had n't tasted anything so good for a year, an' Ellen an' I ate our baked 'tatoes an' had a slice of bread an' butter—oh my! We haven't had anything like that for ever so long."

"Well, that's good! I'm glad you did so well; now we have brought you something to eat with your potatoes. You and sister had better empty that basket, and I'll take it back with me, for it might happen to get filled up again one of these days. I suppose you spent all the money you got to-day, my boy?"

"Oh, no, sir! I had twenty-five cents left, an' I gave it to mother. She put it away towards the rent, sir, with a little more she'd been savin', an' we feel as if we were rich."

"H'm! I suppose so. Well, my boy, you'll have good friends after this who will try to help you out a bit. Keep up your courage. Be a good boy. I don't think I've got much wealth; but if you think you're rich on a quarter and a little more for rent, you would consider me a bloated plutocrat, with my little home free of debt and my weekly wage."

The boy looked at him as if he were talking Greek or some other foreign tongue, but the man went on:

"Now, Eddie, I know a nice widow lady, who lives alone in a brick house near my home. She is lame and not able to go out much, and she sometimes wants a little boy to run errands for her. I am going to see her to-morrow, and tell her about you and sister, and I think she can sometimes find something for one or the other of you to do, so you can earn a little toward your living; what do you say to that?"

"Oh, goodie, goodie, it's just splendid!" cried the boy, while Ellen, a tall, quiet, brown-eyed girl, looked at him with her heart in her eyes, and smiled contentedly.

The next evening brought Pat Murphy to the home of the Cutters, and with him came the missionary, whom he had interested in the case.

The result of this visit was that Grace and Hagah soon after found their way there, also, and the sick woman and her two children had found good friends.

"Oh! begorra," said Pat, "ter think av the poor woman sick, and mayhap dyin', an' niver a friend ter giv her decent aid. Wall, glory be ter God, we've 'll do all we kin fur her till the end. Tbin the child'n mus' be looked after, sure."

As good as his word, Charlie Johnson interested himself in the case, and through his efforts both Eddie and Ellen found opportunity of earning about a dollar a week each, which went a long way in helping pay the expenses of the little family. The Salvation Army ladies secured some fuel for them, and other necessities, and, through the efforts of the good friends raised up for them in their need, life assumed a brighter aspect for the widow and her children.

"Must-r Franklin! Must-r Franklin! Glory be ter God, but whar's the Saint? Oy, yez be at home. Well, it's wanted yez are doon at Cutter's. Sure the b'y's coom ter tell me that his mother's a-dyin', an' she's axin' fur the missionary. Yez better be a-goin' to aise her off, poor sowl!"

"All right, Pat, I'll go at once, and you had better go for Hagah or Grace to come along. A woman will be needed there in this trying hour. There, children, finish your supper, and then stay here till I come back, unless, Nannie, your father calls you, or I stay too long; if I do, go downstairs together to Nannie's room, and wait for me there."

It was a pretty scene that the good-hearted Irishman had entered upon in the attic home of Franklin. Seated at the old table, with a bowl of rice and milk before him, the man was busy feeding the children as if they were two birds, alternately, with the foot from the bowl and with bites from a huge red apple he had in hand.

Rufus had climbed on the back of the missionary's chair, where he perched, bending over his foster father, his face pressed close to that of the elder, his arm around the latter's neck; while Nannie stood close by, her pretty lips parted to partake of the food as it was passed to her by the happy man who had given himself up to the merry abandonment of the children in their frolicsome play.

The children, left alone, finished their rice and milk, then played together until the twilight shadows lengthened into gloom. As Franklin had not returned, they descended the rickety old stairs hand in hand to Parker's room, just as Joe, coming in from the day's work he had found at shoveling coal, lighted the lamp, and placed his supper of bread and cheese upon the table.

"Well, my little lass," called he as he caught sight of the children at the door, "I reckon you are hungry enough to eat a good share of this loaf; set by, and take hold, and Rufus, too, he's welcome to eat hearty. I've done wot he's told me the last three days. It's hard work, but it's something to get it to do; if I keep on having luck at such jobs I'll have earned three or four dollars by Saturday night. That will be prime luck. At that rate, children, I could give you both good living every day. But why don't you fall to, and have a bite?"

"Oh! Papa Parker, we've been to supper, and we had it with milk, and a great big apple between us; we did have just the nicest time. Mr. Franklin's gone out now to see a poor lady that's dyin', and so we come down to stay with you."

"That's right, lass: Mr. Franklin's a grand soul. There's none like him anywhere. I don't know what the poor people of these parts would do without him. He's made Scrap Iron District—he and the Salvation folks—into a decent sort of a place to what it would 'a been. To be sure, there's plenty of poverty and misery hereabouts, but it's nothin' to what it yere before the good people came here. As for myself, I'd a died or gone to the bad long since but for him, and you, my pets. Well, I try to be an honest, decent man, and I keep myself so I'll be fit to meet Lizbeth when I go."

He was talking partly to the children, and partly to himself now, finding a satisfaction in the thought that in spite of want and woe he

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 outline of their method of conducting their Lyceums, as applied to the younger groups?

Written for the Lyceum and Home Department.
TO KEEP OUR CONSCIENCE CLEAR.

Is it enough to keep our conscience clear
From unjust feeling, word and deed,
From hurt and wrong to fellow-mortals here,
Who brothers are, although not of our creed?
Shall we not stop to lift the burdened ones,
Can we not by help and love make life less hard,
And heaven near to all those weary, waiting souls,
So, while yet we live, our conscience clear, we may
dwell with the gods?

Our conscience clear! Never can it be so
If we neglect the least of these who dwell below,
Whom fate hath marked out for a life
Of loneliness, toil or wearying strife,
To earn the means to keep the body still in plight
To suffer on, nor ever grow to higher light,
Where souls may culture have, and pure desires
Shall cleanse the heart from earthly things,
Of passion, greed and sin, and let the angels in.

BEATRICE BASSETT.
Greater New York, Nov. 2, 1897.

Angels' Charge.

BY MAZIE HOGAN.

"Say, Arthur, I don't much believe in angels, do you?"

The choir practice was just over, and the crowd of boys released from duty had scattered hither and thither about the street. These two, always chums, had turned a corner and seated themselves on a bridge in a somewhat deserted street, after the fashion of school-boys. They had been practicing the music for St. Michael's Day, and the tenor of the hymns and anthems had suggested the remark.

The speaker was a stout, sturdy, rough-headed boy of twelve, whose appearance seemed utterly unmusical. Nevertheless, he was the possessor of the sweetest voice in St. Michael's choir, and, very much to his own disgust, was chosen for many of the solos, necessitating extra time spent in practicing. The boy whom he addressed was smaller and slighter, with fair hair and blue eyes; St. Michael's crucifer, much admired by the congregation, and called "angelic looking," though it was easy to see that there was plenty of spirit and determination in the prettily curved mouth.

"Oh! yes, Fred," he answered quickly, "I believe in angels fast enough, but I don't know much about them. Don't you know the Bible is always saying something about them?"

"But what good are they, anyway?" asked Fred. "I don't like to believe in anything I can't see."

"Oh! they're lots of good," affirmed Arthur; "they take care of us and keep us from getting into harm and doing wrong. Don't you know the hymn says—

"God shall charge his angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep?"

"Do you think that means sure enough angels?" persisted Fred, a veritable little materialist, who, having once learned to disbelieve in fairies, giants and genii, now relegated angels to the same limbo.

"Of course it does. The Bible tells about them," repeated Arthur, very sure that he was right, but lacking argument.

The rector, who had been present at the practice, had turned the corner some minutes before, and, walking slowly, had overheard most of the conversation.

"Boys," said he, "would you like me to tell you something about the holy angels?"

The boys, though a little startled at first, smiled, well pleased, for they were very fond of the rector, who was always kind to the choristers.

"Oh! yes, Mr. Kendal, I wish you would," said Arthur. "Fred, here, doesn't believe in them."

"Suppose we come into the rectory, it will be cooler than out here in the sun," and the boys, looking a little shamefaced, followed him across the street and into his large, airy study, whose walls were lined with books and pictures. Mr. Kendal sent his little daughter to bring them iced lemonade and cake, and over this the boys' temporary shyness was dissipated, and they soon began to talk very freely.

"Now, Fred," said Mr. Kendal, "why is it you don't believe in angels?"

Fred looked a little abashed, but answered readily enough. "Well, Mr. Kendal, it always seemed to me that things that you can't see or know anything about of yourself are not much good."

The rector smiled.

"There are a good many things we can't see, Fred, that yet are very real. Air, for instance, and sound and electricity. And you know we all believe in God, yet no one ever saw him, and in Jesus Christ, though we must depend upon the word of other people who saw him. So don't you think we ought to be willing to believe what the inspired writers tell us about these holy messengers of God?"

"Mr. Kendal," broke in Arthur, "please tell us what the Bible says about angels. I know it says a good deal, but I could n't remember what to tell Fred."

"The pages of the Bible are quite full of accounts of angels, and from them we gather a great deal about their work. The word angel means messenger, and that is just what they are, messengers to do God's will. He sends them about from place to place, and they always do what they are told. They are created beings like us, but unlike us they have no sin."

"But didn't some of the angels sin?" asked Arthur.

"Yes," answered the rector; "the Bible tells us that some of the angels rebelled against God, and there was war in heaven. Michael, we are told, is the chief of the angels. It is for him that our church is named. He, with all the holy angels, fought against the devil and his angels, and conquered and drove them out of heaven. Those that were left have done much service, of which we are told in the Bible. One was placed at the gate of the Garden of Eden with a flaming sword, to keep out Adam and Eve."

"Jacob dreamed that he saw angels going up and down a ladder extending from earth to heaven. He also met angels in his way, and once he wrestled with one till he prevailed on him to bless him. Daniel had many visions of angels."

"An angel announced to Zacharias the approaching birth of St. John the Baptist, and to the Blessed Virgin that of the Savior. An angel proclaimed to the watching shepherds the birth of the Christ, and a host of them chanted praises. An angel comforted Christ when he was staying in the garden, and angels rolled away the stone from the sepulchre and announced our Lord's resurrection to his followers. An angel opened the prison door and released St. Peter, restoring him to his friends. And so it is all through the Bible. We find the angels acting as God's messengers, and going hither and thither on errands of mercy."

"Mr. Kendal," asked Arthur, "what are guardian angels?"

"There has always been a belief among many persons that for each human being there is an attendant angel, who watches over him from birth to death, guards him from physical and spiritual danger, rejoices at his good deeds and mourns over his faults. We do not know that this is true, but it may very well be so, and it is a very pretty thought. It is said in

one of the Psalms: 'He shall give His angels charge concerning thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.'

It was growing late, and though the boys had listened attentively, they were becoming a little restless, so Mr. Kendal said:

"I suppose you boys are growing anxious to go home, so I shall not talk any longer, but perhaps what I have said will make the St. Michael's Day services mean more to you."

"I am sure it will, Mr. Kendal," said Arthur, his blue eyes dark with earnestness.

And it is well to remember that in danger, both bodily and spiritual, we have angels all about us to help and guide us. Will you remember that, Fred?"

Fred was much more shy than Arthur, and looked down, murmuring something unintelligible, and Mr. Kendal went on:

"And let us all try to do angels' work, that is, to do God's will perfectly, and to help other people."

The boys thanked Mr. Kendal, and ran home. On the way Arthur asked:

"Do you believe in angels now, Fred?"

"I'd rather be like them than believe in them," said Fred, rather gruffly, but Arthur gathered that his views were changed.

That night Arthur lay awake long and thought of Mr. Kendal's talk, and with his vivid imagination pictured to himself the white-robed messengers of God. When at length he fell asleep he had a beautiful dream. He thought that through one day of work and play he saw angels all about him, and the work they did. He saw them helping tired feet along, and whispering words of cheer to discouraged hearts.

A little child fell on the pavement, but the gentle angel hands upheld him, so that he was unhurt. Two men were quarreling, and, after rough words, one raised his hand for a blow, but one of the calm-faced scraps stayed his hand and whispered in his ear, so that he muttered an apology, and peace was restored.

He looked into a room within which a little child lay dying. One angel stood ready, and, as the last breath left the little body, received the pure soul and bore it aloft, while another knelt beside the desolate mother, and consoled and strengthened her, till with tear wet eyes and trembling lips she could say: "Thy will be done!"

And so it was all day. White winged angels were everywhere visible to him, aiding, rescuing, consoling, and through it all a wish kept growing in his heart, "I, too, want to do angels' work."

After what seemed to him a long time, he thought that he went outside the city to a meadow where there were grass and flowers. On one side was a railroad track, and from its edge ran down a steep embankment. A baby girl, Arthur's little sister, was playing in the meadow, gathering the flowers, and twining them into garlands. When her hands and arms were full she sat down on the track, and talked to herself and to the flowers.

Suddenly a train approached, and there were no angel hands ready to rescue the little one. A voice whispered in Arthur's ear, "Angels' work," and he rushed forward. Amid the noise and tumult of the engine he ran upon the track, seized the baby, and threw her, unhurt, upon the soft grass, but in springing from the approaching cow-catcher he fell over the embankment, and went down, down—how far he was!

But what was it holding him up? Angel faces bent over him, angel hands upheld him, and he heard whispered in his ears, "They shall bear thee up in their hands." They laid him gently on the ground, and he awoke. Where was he? Not in his bed beside his little brother, but lying on the ground with the stars shining down upon him, and the katydids singing about him. Frightened and bewildered, he called, "Mother, mother!"

His father came, much alarmed, and carried him upstairs. So strong was the impression of his dream that when questioned all he said was, "The angels put me there." It was not hard to understand how it had happened. Arthur had often before walked in his sleep, and it was evident that under the influence of his dream he had left his bed, opened the closed blinds, and jumped or fallen from the second story window down upon the ground. That he had escaped death, or at least serious injury, seemed a miracle, especially when it was seen that the place on which he was found was the one grassy spot amid many stones and broken bricks.

His parents were not content until he was examined by a doctor, and pronounced unhurt. "Indeed, it must have been the angels," said his mother, unnerved and trembling at the thought of the danger so wonderfully escaped. "That part of your dream must have been true, my darling," for Arthur had related it. "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee."

"Yes, mother; I could feel their hands and see their wings. They held me up, and laid me down so gently!"

The sudden waking from the somnambulic sleep had dazed the boy, and it was not until the next day that he clearly understood what had happened, and then his faith in the angel hands remained unshaken.

For no marvelous escape from death there must be thanks given in church, and it seemed strangely appropriate that the next public service should be on St. Michael and All Angels' Day.

Many eyes were bent upon the sweetly serious face of the fair-haired little crucifer, who, with reverent, earnest eyes uplifted to the glittering cross, led the white-robed choristers, for the story had been widely told and wondered at. Mr. Kendal's voice trembled as he returned thanks for a child's "deliverance from bodily danger," and when, in the collect for the day, he prayed, "Mercifully grant that thy holy angels always do thee service in heaven, so by thy appointment they may succor and defend us on earth," there came a thought of the child's dream of the upholding hands saving from death.

Fred's voice, sweet and clear and lark-like, rang out in the solo,

"God shall charge his angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep."

At its close he nudged Arthur behind his hymnal, "Say, Arthur!" The other nodded, "I believe in angels now."—The Churchman.

The Boston Spiritual Lyceum.

Sunday afternoon, Oct. 31, discussed the leading question of the hour, "Is Spiritualism a Religion?" From the Intermediate Groups, Winnie Ireland, Edith Gerold, Clarence Dutton and Willie Sheldon answered in the affirmative, while Charles L. C. Hatch expressed opposite views. Miss Alice P. Bill, in a brief but able essay, affirmed. Mr. J. S. Mansergh presented this argument: "The literal meaning of the word religion is to rebuke or rebuke. Spiritualism rebukes us with our spirit friends, rebukes us, as it were, with the world of spirit, and is, therefore, a religion." Mr. Fred H. Watson and Mr. Packard also expressed an affirmative opinion, the latter quoting from the writings of Hudson Tuttle to sustain his position. Mr. Edward W. Hatch took issue with them, and vigorously maintained that Spiritualism was not a religion. Mr. J. R. S. G. W. A. R. Watt also thought it was a religion. Mrs. M. A. Lang said she did not know whether it was a religion or not. Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse thought it was a good religion. The Clerk argued that Webster's definition of the words religion and Spiritualism held nothing in common; that religion pertains to the reverence and worship of the gods, of whom absolutely nothing is known; while Spiritualism was a knowledge of phenomena, and an explanation of the causes and reasons therefor; in other words, a philosophy.

Mr. Mansergh and Mr. N. B. Austin replied to the

negative speakers, and the negatives, in turn, had the last word.

Conductor Hatch said he "was pleased to see the Lyceum take such a deep interest in a question that has been discussed everywhere among Spiritualists."

Assistant Conductor Root discoursed upon the question, but failed to venture an opinion on either side.

Following a stirring grand march, Harry Gilmore Greene, Rupert Davis and Esther M. Hotts gave recitations. Mrs. Hanabial, a visitor, was called upon, and responded with a few words. She also sang for the children. Mr. Packard read a poem, entitled "Threads of Gold." Mrs. Helen Stuart Richings spoke to the children, and discoursed briefly on the question. We wish all speakers could take the deep interest in Lyceum work that Mrs. Richings does, for her generous contributions have added much to our program this month, and the rising vote of thanks given hardly pays our debt of gratitude to her.

Question for Nov. 14: "How Should We Purify the Exemplification of Spiritualism?"

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at the hall.

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

Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1

Met in Red Men's Hall Sunday morning, Oct. 31, Conductor Brown having charge of the exercises.

Mrs. Brown said she had visited Mr. Angell, Superintendent of the Band of Mercy Society, and he proposed we call our Band of Mercy the "Lyceum Band," and before very long he will visit the Lyceum.

The other groups returned to the Lyceum room, where they had a very interesting discussion with their leader, Dr. Hale. The responsive exercises were then taken up, after which the Grand March was executed. The following children took part in the entertainment: Recitation, Israel Newhall; song, Joe For-yth; recitation, Iona Stillings; duet, Sadie Falkner and Mabel Marchant; "Two Merry Hearts Are We," recitation, Mabel Emmous; song, Almira Osgood; recitation, Lottie Weston; duet, by Little Eddie and Marie Antoinette Cyr; and by special request Little Eddie sang "Tiny Hands," the school joining in the chorus; recitation, Lizzie Whitney.

Dr. Hale made a few remarks which were interesting and instructive; also announced there would be a social for the benefit of the Lyceum in Red Men's Hall, on or about the 15th of this month. He said one of the finest elocutionists had volunteered to give some of our Lyceum children lessons each Sunday morning, and fifteen of the children present expressed their desire to be members of the class.

The second week in December we shall hold a Fair. Lyceum closed with the Banner March.

ANNE F. THOMPSON, Sec'y.
39 Sydney street, Boston, Mass., Station K.

Marlboro Lyceum.

DEAR MRS. SOPER: Thinking some of the readers of THE BANNER Lyceum Department would like to hear something from the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Marlboro, I send you the following:

We started two years ago, in December, through the efforts of Pequa, the dear little guide of Mrs. H. M. Cory of Newtonville, assisted by Mr. H. M. Cory and children of the Waltham Lyceum. We started with four or five children, and we have steadily increased until now we number about thirty members. Our Conductor is Mr. C. Gould; our Guardian is Mrs. B. W. Belcher. We have an average attendance of twenty-five every Sunday.

The Lyceum held an entertainment and social Friday evening, Oct. 29, in I. O. G. T. Hall, Main street. The following is the program rendered:

Song, Lyceum; recitation, "What Jane Brown Said," Kittle Bowden; song, Bernice Sherman; table-talk, Evening Prayer; recitation, "The Squirrel," Ida Bowden; tableau, "Grandmother of yore Olden Time," Agnes Fish; instrumental music, Annie Fish; tableau, "Summer Time"; song, "Come and Join Our Lyceum," Lyceum; recitation, "Rock of Ages," Carrie Gould; encore, "The Sewing Circle"; song, Ida Bowden; recitation, "Mr. Bowser Among the Dress-makers"; encore, "The Ballet Dances," Myrtle Spaulding; song, "Come, Darling, to the Spirit-Land"; encore, "Do You Love Me?" Mabel Cutler; tableau, "Miner's Return"; song, "The Quaker's Courtship," Fred and Kittle Bowden; tableau, "The Better Land"; song, "Stars of the Union," Agnes Fish and Carrie Gould; tableau, "Florence Nightingale"; recitation, Ida Bowden; skirt-dancing, Carrie Gould; song, Lyceum.

We meet at 1 P. M. every Sunday, in G. A. R. Hall, Main street. All are welcome.

F. A. SPALDING, Sec.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum,

Of Norwiche, Conn., met as usual at 11:45 A. M. on Sunday, Oct. 24, a large number being present. The Lyceum was saddened by the passing to spirit-life the past week of little Alice Bailey, a bright and beautiful child of five years of age, of diphtheria, after a brief illness. Remarks of sympathy and friendship were offered to the devoted mother, who, with her little daughter, has been a faithful member, and the Secretary was authorized to formulate and forward to the family suitable expressions of the fraternal sympathy and good will of the Lyceum.

The subject for general discussion was, "Is What-ever is Right?" continued from the preceding Sunday, and an animated discussion followed, the majority contending that as whatever is right expresses the eternal principles of the universe, it must be right, and that every event of our lives, if we study its cause carefully, is but the outward expression of these same principles, either obeyed or violated.

We enjoy our new, clean and pleasant home in the Spiritual Academy, and have cause to feel that our power for good will be widened, and Spiritualism receive more of the respect which is its due.

Oct. 29, 1897. MARY P. CLAPP, Sec'y.

Newburyport Lyceum.

Sunday, Oct. 31, a Children's Progressive Lyceum was inaugurated by the Spiritualists of this city, and a deep interest was manifested by all. The officers as elected to conduct its affairs are: Conductor, Mrs. Grace Patten; Assistant-Conductor, Mrs. Batchelder; Treasurer, Mrs. Ann B. Manson; Secretary, Mrs. Nellie Morrill; Musical Director, Mrs. Carrie Manson; Guards, Mrs. Wm. Poole and Mrs. H. Little. The Lyceum will hold its meetings in Lower Odd Fellows Hall, 69½ State street, Sunday afternoon, at 2 P. M.

We were ably assisted in forming our Lyceum by Mrs. Jones, the Conductor of the Haverhill Lyceum, to whom we feel under obligation for the kind assistance rendered, and we hope that all Spiritualists will now send their children to a Spiritualist Sunday school to learn of spirit return: Spiritualists, come and help us on our grand philosophy of life after death, or that there is no death.

F. H. F.

Original Riddles or Charades from young people of all ages will be gladly received. Address this Department, BANNER OF LIGHT.

Whither Are We Drifting?

BY JULIA STERLIMAN-MITCHELL.

What a grand display of diversified thought-flowers is to be found in the field of spiritual research, especially along the stable-path of mediumship. It is more than passing strange, too, that those who can give us all knowledge of what may be found along this path? are they who can give us no proof of their having walked therein. And so long as this is the rule, the pseudo-medium will keep many true sensitives from giving of their light to the world.

Here we have a writer—scientist perhaps—who informs us that mediumship is a gift to the few; that it may be improved or developed, but never taught. Query: Can a true Spiritualist or scientist afford to state as a fact what man may or may not yet accomplish along the line of mental development? We think not.

The spiritual light which illumines my path is small, and at times dies away beyond the horizon of all I long to know. Yet even then, in the hazy light, I am shown that the great enemy of Spiritualism—fair star of hope for the human race—is our ignorance of the science of mediumship. And our lack of knowledge on this point is the hammer that builds the platform of the Anti-Spiritualist Association, which, we are told, has been organized in Indiana. We have nothing to fear, but much to learn, from the steps which the skeptic may take, and the strongest weapon against the above mentioned Association will be the knowledge of how to bring about clairvoyance for self. The process might be slow with some people, especially so for those whose forehead is narrow at the top, with the eyes set close together; but Mother Nature, though seemingly slow, is pretty sure, and there is hope for all. For 'tis easy to study the distant stars when we have learned to construct the assisting lens!

True, many of our most eminent scholars have said that there is no way by which one may become a medium unless by nature so

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Three generations of physical perfection! What robust strength and overflowing happiness! What invincible advantage in the battle of life! Have you inherited imperfections from your ancestors, or have your children inherited imperfections from you? In the light of advanced science the taints of heredity have lost their terrors. The nervousness, the restlessness, the wakeful nights, the twitching of eyelids and muscles—all indicative of incipient epilepsy or St. Vitas dance—are overcome by Dr. Greene's Nervura remedy for the nerves and blood.



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fectedly adapted for the successful treatment of children. The Nervura is vegetable in compound and entirely harmless. It is not a patent medicine, but a scientific prescription evolved from years of special study and practice. It has effected more cures and received more commendations from people of prominence than any other remedy in the world. Parents should give their children the benefit of Dr. Greene's great contribution to science and humanity.

If you feel the need of expert advice, consult Dr. Greene, personally or by letter, at his office, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. No charge is made for consultation.

pecially endowed; but great people have told us, too, that the door of inspiration has long since been closed to man, and yet with mine own eyes have I oftentimes beheld it ajar.

And we believe, too, that in seeking audience with Dame Nature, eminence or numbers have not been given precedence—the book of nature turning its own leaves for our perusal as we advance to the comprehension of the terms thereon. And at no distant day there will be a leaf turned on which we shall behold a magnificent picture—begun by the illustrious hand of Century Nineteen—representing mediumship being taught in our schools. Had I a competency for myself and family, I would be glad to take charge of a class of blind children of from ten to twenty years of age, and learn what I could toward teaching them to see objects at a distance. The reader may have doubts of our success; but doubts are good companions; the skeptic and doubter are ever my friends—it is for them we labor. To remove the scales from before the eyes of the materialist should be our first ambition, for he who sees no ray of light beyond his breath is indeed in darkness!

The medium should be wary of claiming to be able to bring about for others what he cannot himself accomplish. Therefore our spiritual papers should give the following advice to the public: When one offers to teach you how to develop psychic powers, for which he is to receive compensation, insist that he—under absolute test conditions—prove that the lessons which he has for sale have developed him as a medium. If he cannot do this, he is in the position of the man with a bald head selling hair-restorative. Say to him, "Physician, heal thyself!"

He of whom we should beware is the one who is ever complaining of "conditions" not being good; who tells you that you must wash the slate or you get no manifestations; who claims that some great and noted personage is his guide, and this same guide never leaves him for a single moment. The writer knows of three mediums, each declaring that Abraham Lincoln is her guide, and that he is her constant companion. Poor Abraham! He who can prove that he is assisted by any spirit is fortunate; he should not intrude the individuality of the guide upon the public. The world has the history of the guide's achievements on earth while in the mortal form; and according to the reports, in most cases, the mundane history is the superior biography, because of the incompleteness of the human brain, and its lack of knowledge of how to receive a message from spirit-life. Therefore, while those gone before are kind enough to turn from their interests in the higher life to labor for our benefit, it is no more than just that we allow them to do their work—laboring as they do under great disadvantages—incognito. The wise medium does not trouble self nor the public concerning the identity of the spirit-assistant, it being results we are seeking, and not so much the knowledge of who does the work. It is principles which the spirit world is endeavoring to establish in the brain of mortal man; facts concerning the theological principles of life, and one of these facts is contained in the sweet word, SPIRIT COMMUNION!

Let the reader note the faces of our esteemed co-workers, which have appeared in our spiritual papers the past year or two. It will be noticed that those who claim to be mental mediums are wide between the eyes—not abnormally so, but they are not narrow—and the eyes are round (studying clairvoyance raises the upper eyelid, depending on inspiration lowers the same), and the head full at intuition. This combination is found with the clairvoyant, but if the head is narrow at the base, clairaudience will be deficient. There are those who are clairvoyant, but who measure low from the centre of the ear up, and broad at base of brain between the ears; these are they of whom we should demand test conditions when before the public; this

would aid them and develop honesty. If—who has large idealism, benevolence and spirituality, combining with the nervous, sanguine temperament, receives inspiration; and he who has the combination of all the above well developed is the inspirational speaker and clairvoyant test medium. If we know how—and there lies the secret of teaching mediumship—we can in one, two or three years so change the physical that we may furnish the spirit-world with the requisite machinery for all working purposes, and at the same time give our souls a more beautiful and far more useful palace wherein to dwell; a home from whose windows we may look forth and realize that the mists enveloping mankind are slowly but surely clearing away.

Newport, Kentucky.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From his residence, on East Cache la Poudre street, Colorado Springs, Oct. 28, 1897, DR. E. C. KIMBALL.

The immediate cause of Dr. Kimball's death was due to heart failure, superinduced by a complication of diseases. Everything that a loving wife and son, sympathetic members of his profession, and steadfast friends, could do for him, was done up to the last hours of his life; but the dread disease could not be arrested, and the patient sank until the end came peacefully.

The poor of the County have lost a valuable friend, the mechanical profession a shining light, Spiritualism an earnest supporter, and the world at large one of the noblest works of God.

He was President of the Spiritualist Society, organized here some years ago, which he labored hard and long for until poor health would not admit of further service. He will long be remembered for his unselfish labors.

HELEN F. WAY.

From the home of his son, 410 N. Central Avenue, Austin, Ill., Oct. 27, 1897, SAMUEL SILSBER, M. D., in his 78th year.

He was formerly of Cincinnati and New York City, at the latter of which he was once President of the Spiritualist Ethical Society.

Servises were conducted by Emma Nickerson Warner, and followed by cremation, as he directed. His life companion for fifty-seven years survives him.

(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.)

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Catarrh is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in its great work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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ETIDORHPA; OR, THE END OF EARTH.

BY JOHN R. LLOYD.

The present is an age of expectancy, of anticipation and of prophecy; and the invention or discovery of production that occupies the attention of the busy world, as it rushes on its self-observed way, for more than the passing glaze of days' wonder, must needs be something great indeed. Such a product, it has now appeared in the literary world in the form of the volume entitled "Etidorpha, or the End of the Earth," the very title of which is so striking as to arrest the attention at once.—B. O. Flower, Editor of The Arena, Boston.

Prof. Lloyd, the author of "Etidorpha," is one of the deepest students and is well known as a profound writer on subjects pertaining to his profession, as well as one who has taken much pains in studying the occult sciences.—Cleveland Leader.

We are disposed to think "Etidorpha" the most unique, original, and suggestive new book that we have seen in this last decade of a not unfruitful century.—John Clark Ridpath, LL. D.

"Etidorpha, or the End of Earth," is in all respects the most brilliant presentation of occult teachings under the attractive rubric of fiction that has yet been written.—New York World.

The illustrations were drawn and engraved expressly for this work, and consist of twenty-one full-page, half-tone cuts, and over thirty half-page and text cuts, besides two photographs. The best artistic skill was employed to produce them, and the printing was carefully attended to, so as to secure the finest effect.

Boyle's Illustrations, price 25c. 00.

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In quoting from THE BANNER care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of important free thought, but we do not endorse all 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 canceled articles.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1897.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

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TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

The management of the BANNER OF LIGHT has reduced the subscription price of the paper to Two Dollars per year former price \$2.50).

We trust that Spiritualists everywhere will cooperate heartily with us in the step which has been taken, and that regular subscribers for THE BANNER will make an effort to increase its circulation. If every one now on our subscription books would make it his or her business to obtain one new subscriber to this paper for 1897, the heretofore high standard of THE BANNER could easily be maintained, the value of its contents and the practicality materially enhanced, and the Cause which this paper has so long defended and upheld greatly strengthened.

The "Anti's" at Work.

The National Anti-Spiritualistic Association has begun a vigorous campaign against Spiritualism and Spiritualist mediums. It is planning to organize State and local societies throughout the Western and Pacific coast States, for the express purpose of putting mediumship down. It has begun to look up the records of many of the most prominent mediums in Europe and America, and hopes to make a concerted attack on a given date upon them all. The "Anti's" have secured several allies in the persons of some ex-mediums, who now unblushingly confess themselves the worst kind of criminals, and also in one of the "blue-books," used by the counterfeit mediums in giving their so-called public tests.

It will be an easy matter to dispose of the attacks of the ex-mediums. The battle will be waged most fiercely along the line of fraud and charlatanism. The discovery of the iniquitous book of false tests is a good thing for Spiritualism, if Spiritualists do their duty in the matter. It should unify them in an earnest defense of all worthy test mediums, and give them (the true mediums) a chance to prove their genuineness and honesty to the world. In writing upon this subject not long since we stated we were glad this Anti-Spiritualistic Association had been formed. We can find no good reason for changing our mind. If it leads to the discovery of fraud and chicanery in our ranks, it will be a good thing for Spiritualism, because it will lead to its prompt removal by the Spiritualists, who are anxious to have right prevail.

The activity of the "Anti's" renders it necessary for the Spiritualists to be on their guard on all sides. It reveals the duty of the hour in unmistakable terms, and makes it imperative for us as a people to see to it that there are no weak spots in our armor. Our first duty is to close up our ranks as one body, working together in harmony. To strengthen our own organizations is or should be our paramount object at the present hour. The second step is to test the strength of our fortifications to see if breaches can be easily made in the walls by our enemies. If questionable phenomena, given by half-developed mediums, or by those who pretend to be mediums, be found at the front, then let them be given their true place, and have the unquestioned truths of spirit-return placed in the lead. An Evans, a Keeler, a Mansfield, a Mrs. S. J. Finck can give that which no critic can ever successfully attack.

We should next place sentinels on guard on all sides of the fortress of spiritual truth to watch the movements of the enemy, and to see to it that no unexpected assault is made upon the works by those who have the weapons of half-truths in their hands. It is our duty to do this if we love Spiritualism with a love that is born of a desire to benefit mankind. We need sentinels so keen of sight, so brave in soul, as to be able to detect counterfeit phenomena, and dare to expose them on any and all occasions. When this is done the "Anti's" will have nothing to do, because they cannot make any progress in fighting God's sacred truth. But, inasmuch as we have genuine mediums classed with the counterfeiters by our opponents, it is necessary for us to rally to their defense, and to render it impossible for them to be crushed by any organized body. We therefore feel that some one should be selected to defend all such worthy mediums, as well as the Cause itself, from the vicious as-

saults of organized ignorance and religious bigotry. We, therefore, applaud the efforts of Editor Francis of the *Progressive Thinker*, in this direction, and wish him success in his good work.

A Good Move.

The arrest of Henry B. Foulke of Onset, Mass., by Special Officers B. J. Loring and Edwin R. Smythe, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, carried with it no little weight. Excitement will run high for a time, but will gradually die out, as it did in the case of Oscar Wilde, who was tried and convicted in England for the same crime. Officers Loring and Smythe have no doubt of Foulke's guilt, and say that about fifty persons will be implicated in this one case.

Although a resident of Onset, Foulke is not and never has been recognized by the representative Spiritualists at that place. He was expelled from the American Theosophical Society two or three years ago, since which time he has been endeavoring to start a new religion, with himself at its head, and the equally notorious Madame Diss DeBar as his assistant. His arrest will no doubt be followed by a speedy conviction, and will lead to the apprehension of many others engaged in the same horrible practices. If he escapes, it will not be the fault of the painstaking officers, whose efforts in behalf of morality should be applauded by every lover of decency and good order.

The secular press has endeavored to cast odium upon Spiritualism because of Foulke's crime and alleged connection with Spiritualism. Foulke has never claimed to be a Spiritualist, and during his sojourn at Onset has not been seen at one of the Spiritualist meetings there. He has denounced Spiritualism at every opportunity, and his ex-convict associate, Madame Diss DeBar, now says that his arrest is due to the Spiritualists, because of Foulke's opposition to them. It is a matter of rejoicing that Foulke has never been identified with the spiritual movement. Even if he had been, his crimes could not be laid at the door of Spiritualism, any more than the like crimes of a Harvard professor, a minister of the gospel, and a superintendent of public schools, could be laid to Christianity or the schoolroom. His alleged connection with Theosophy can be answered in the same way. All honest Theosophists and Spiritualists alike rejoice in the fact of his arrest, and hope for his conviction if he be guilty, of which there is little or no doubt. His preliminary trial resulted in finding him probably guilty, and he has been remanded to jail in default of twenty-five hundred dollars bail, to await his trial at the February term of court. He will remain in Plymouth Jail until his trial takes place.

The officers have made a good move, and all lovers of home purity should give them every possible aid in ferreting out this nest of criminals now menacing society. Foulke is not alone under suspicion. There are others in Boston and vicinity under espionage, and it will be surprising if further revelations are not made to the public upon this subject. It is now time to act in this matter, and to demand punishment and restraint for this special class of malefactors. Crimes against nature of a nameless order are not pleasant things to contemplate, but they cannot be removed by closing our eyes to them, nor by refusing to hear the painful accounts of them. The Upas-tree can be dug up from the root, and the offenders placed under restraint. If clergymen, theosophical teachers, mediums and laymen are engaged in this horrible vice, they cannot too soon be placed in duress. We wish officers Loring and Smythe every success in their good work.

Glaring Falsehoods.

The Boston Transcript of Nov. 1 reproduces the statement of President H. J. Becker of the Anti-Spiritualistic Association, that the end of Spiritualism is near. President Becker says that Sec'y Hagaman, of his new Association, was for years one of the best known mediums in the country, and that he (Hagaman) holds certificates of endorsement from eighteen State Spiritualist Associations, and one from the National Association in Washington, all stating that he is a good medium.

These statements are false in every particular. Hagaman at one time claimed to be a medium, but never had any following among the Spiritualists. His fraudulent practices were too apparent to give him any standing among them. As there are but fifteen working State Associations in the United States, six of which have been organized during the past fifteen months, Hagaman cannot possibly hold certificates from eighteen of them, despite his claim to that effect. As a matter of fact, we do not believe that he holds a certificate from even one State Association. He was "ordained" (?) by the Southern Spiritualist Association in the early eighties, and given a certificate of fellowship. This Society soon became defunct, as it was shown that its charter was clearly illegal.

The National Association has just entered upon its fifth year. During its entire existence it has had but one President, and two Secretaries. These officers know that no certificate of endorsement has ever been applied for by J. D. Hagaman, and that none has ever been granted him. It is true that he has used Pres. Barrett's name as a reference and as an endorser of his work, on numerous occasions; but such use was wholly unwarranted, and a clear case of false pretense. Hagaman has been convicted of perjury in several courts, is a self-confessed criminal, and does not hesitate to resort to falsehood and forgery whenever it suits his purpose. Such a man is well qualified to be Secretary of a Christian organization, whose sole aim is the suppression of Spiritualism. Will the secular papers please give this man's record to the world?

The management of the BANNER OF LIGHT returns sincere thanks to the multitude of friends throughout the land for their letters of hearty endorsement of the stand the journal has taken for honest, upright mediumship, and to each and all Spiritualist societies for their resolutions of sympathetic approval. With the cooperation of the progressive Spiritualists of the country, THE BANNER feels assured of success.

Justice, equality and fraternity are possible for the race only when a religion based upon pure love is established on the earth. Spiritualism can be that religion when its followers become more spiritual, just and fraternal in their associations with one another, and seek to maintain the spirit of harmony in all relations of life.

The Telemicroscope.

Prof. Elmer Gates of Washington, D. C., has invented an instrument that increases the power of the simple microscope as much as that instrument extended the vision of the naked eye. He calls his new invention "The Telemicroscope," by means of which the heavenly bodies will be brought much nearer the earth than is now possible with the very best telescope, not excepting the Lick and Yerkes instruments. Prof. Gates says that the toy instrument, with its lowest powers he has thus far used, gives a magnification of twenty-five times that produced heretofore. The name of the new invention tells the readers its true nature. It means that a combination of the microscope and the telescope has been made in such a manner as to produce an instrument partaking of the nature of both, whose value to science cannot well be estimated.

A ten-inch telescope magnifies about five hundred to six hundred times, and brings the moon from one hundred to five hundred miles of the earth. By applying the telemicroscope this same ten-inch telescope can be made to magnify 25,000 times. If the new method can be applied to the best existing instruments it will increase their power twenty-five times. Through a ten-inch telescope with a microscope attachment the moon can be brought within a distance of from twenty to fifty miles of the earth. Applied to a large telescope, objects thirty feet wide can be seen on the moon. Prof. Gates thinks that if the new instrument gives the results it now promises, objects the size of a man can be seen upon some of the planets.

Prof. Gates's account of his invention, published in full in the Boston Herald of Oct. 31, is of interest to every lover of science. His invention, as the Herald aptly remarks, makes the impossible of yesterday the reality of tomorrow. The telemicroscope may prove the medium through which actual communication with other planets may be made possible, as well as the open doorway to discoveries of the greatest importance in connection with the starry heavens above. Such inventions lead to the conclusion that the realm of the impossible is being rapidly abridged, and that it will soon be measured by the practiced eye of science. Material science holds the key to the explanation of the physical universe, and it will not be very long before it will be compelled to turn its attention to the psychic or spiritual realm. Perhaps a subtler instrument than the telemicroscope will yet be invented by means of which even the purblind materialists can see the faces and sense the love of their arisen spirit friends.

Attention, Mediums!

In view of the fact that the officers of the National Anti-Spiritualistic Association are busily engaged in securing a complete list of the names of all mediums—classing good, bad and indifferent together—we venture to suggest that it is time for the genuine mediums to assist in their own defense. Article VI. of the By-Laws of the National Spiritualists' Association makes special provisions for the defense of all worthy mediums in the event of arrest, prosecution, persecution, slander or other injury on the part of their enemies. A special fund to defray the expenses of such a defense has been provided, and a few hundred dollars stands to its credit upon the books of the treasurer of the National body.

By taking out beneficiary certificates under Art. VI. all honest mediums become entitled to immediate aid, in case of trouble, from the National Spiritualists' Association. These certificates cost five dollars per year, but the medium agrees to pay fifteen dollars more per year in case any of his brethren need assistance in the courts. This provision for the defense of true mediumship has been in force for two years, but up to date not one medium has even applied for a certificate. Now that the "Anti's" are determined to crush mediumship, those who possess that sacred gift may awaken to the necessity of securing such certificates. The "Anti's" are looking up the records of all public and private mediums and speakers. They make no discrimination between the genuine and the counterfeiters; hence true mediums should do this for themselves. By at once enrolling themselves under the banner of the National Spiritualists' Association, armed with a beneficiary certificate under seal, they prove to the public that they mean to be true to their mediumship under all circumstances. By rallying to the National Association, all true mediums secure a friend who has a standing in court, and is willing to defend them with both money and influence.

"Borderland."

After a successful career of four years, Editor Stead announces the suspension of his occult quarterly, *Borderland*. He states that many of his reasons for taking this step are of a personal nature, chief of which is the fact that he considers original investigation of more importance than the publication of a quarterly survey of the psychic field. He will, therefore, devote the time hitherto given to *Borderland* to the study of psychic phenomena. After one or two years he hopes to meet the patrons of *Borderland* again, feeling that he will then be better equipped to discuss all occult questions than he is at the present time.

Borderland will be missed on both sides of the Atlantic, but if its temporary suspension results in giving its intrepid editor the scientific evidence of the truth of Spiritualism for which he is seeking, the result cannot be otherwise than beneficial in every respect. It does seem, however, that after fifty years of careful study and scientific investigation on the part of some of the greatest scholars of the world, the truths of psychic or occult science are well enough established now to preclude the necessity of the even temporary suspension of such an influential periodical as *Borderland*. We hope Mr. Stead's investigations will be satisfactory.

We are in receipt of an interesting work entitled "Facts from Florida," from the pen of one who has witnessed the scenes described through personal observation. The stories are graphically told, and are of thrilling interest to all lovers of justice and fair play for the blacks as well as for the whites. It is for sale at the New England News Agency, and the Corner Book-Store.

The résumé of the excellent lecture by Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings delivered in Berkeley Hall, Oct. 31, is unavoidably crowded out of the present issue, by matter of great importance. It will appear next week, and will be worth reading.

Nineteenth Century Inhumanity.

The recent outrage upon Mrs. L. A. Shorey by the authorities of the town of Rockland, Mass., is in keeping with the worst form of medieval barbarism recorded in history. Mrs. Shorey had been ill for a long time with a cancer, which was not incurable. Her husband was forced to call upon the town for aid in the payment of doctors' bills and nurse, as he and his friends had exhausted their means in the employment of a most excellent nurse and skillful physician, under whose care Mrs. Shorey was improving. The town authorities ordered her removed to the Massachusetts General Hospital, utterly disregarding her welfare and life, furnishing a case seldom paralleled in this State.

Mrs. Shorey was sick in bed, and absolutely unable to take the journey to the hospital. Despite this fact, the inhuman officials peremptorily ordered her removal, refused to allow her regular physician and nurse to attend her, turned her over to a doctor who removed the cancer with a knife, from the effects of which operation Mrs. Shorey passed to spirit-life a few hours later. Our valued correspondent, Mr. E. H. Hastings, pronounces it an outrageous case, and says, "Well may there exist a need for a mediums' aid fund, so that when the workers fall by the wayside they may not be compelled to ask assistance of sordid, unsympathetic creatures, who do not care whether our mediums live or die, and who do not bestow upon them the care they would give a sick horse." Says the *Winchester Star*:

"Mrs. Shorey had gained steadily under the treatment of her physician, a specialist and regular practitioner in Boston, and her recovery was considered possible and probable, but she died within about sixty hours from the time she was torn from her home in this seemingly inhuman manner, contrary to the dictates of kindness and sympathy. The appearance of these parties, announcing a design so unexpected, and for which not the slightest warning had been given, was such a shock to the invalid and to Mr. Shorey that neither had the presence of mind to protest or assert their right of refusal for such a fatal step to be taken. Mrs. Shorey was a rarely-gifted woman, a deep thinker, and a medium of rare endowments, ever ready to do and to sacrifice for the cause of Spiritualism. She had won the esteem of all and the friendship of many during her brief residence among us, and her untimely death brings a shadow to many hearts, while all conversant with the circumstances will burn with indignation at an act apparently outrageous in its absence of all consideration and mercy, and whose consequences cry out through the bereaved husband, the motherless child and the stricken sister for vengeance; if not at the hand of man, then from that higher power in whose care this arisen soul now rests, secure from earthly persecution and assault."

Girard College.

It is reported that the heirs of Stephen Girard purpose instituting a suit to recover the Girard College property. They claim that the provisions of the great philanthropist's will have been violated, and assert that proof to that effect can be produced in court. Inasmuch as Girard's will strictly prohibits clergyman of all denominations from entering the college, it would seem that the heirs have good grounds for their suit. The Episcopalians hold religious services there, under the leadership of priests who have not been "ordained." They have secured an entrée to the college under the specious plea that a minister is not a minister unless he has been "ordained." It is another instance of the power of the priesthood to obtain that which neither the testator nor the laws of the land intended to give them.

It will be hard for the orphans to whom the Girard estate is, and has been for many years, the gateway to a manly independence, to have the will set aside. But if Stephen Girard's express wishes have been disregarded, if priestcraft has arrogated to itself powers not its own by right, then let the will be set aside, and the orphans deprived of their heritage, losing which they also are freed from the domination of priests thrust upon them by no legal power whatever. We hope, however, that sectarian instruction, priestcraft and pseudo-religious services can be excluded from the college, and the bequest used as its donor intended it to be, for the good of the race.

State Organization in Arkansas.

We learn with great pleasure that the Spiritualists of Arkansas are taking steps to form a State Spiritualist Association upon the Michigan plan early in January. Mr. Benjamin Campbell of Little Rock is the prime mover in this good work, and will, without doubt, have the earnest cooperation of J. L. Lea of Van Buren, J. R. Alter of Stuttgart, Dr. J. A. Meek of Jonesboro, and other leading Spiritualists in the State. The National Spiritualists' Association will do all in its power to make the new movement a success.

Now that Arkansas is coming to the front, why cannot the Spiritualists of New Hampshire, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana and Illinois, follow her good example? State Associations are needed in all of those States, and it is a good time now to organize them. "In union there is strength," and our people cannot unite their forces too soon. A conflict is coming, and organization is the only safety for our Cause everywhere. With a solid front we can successfully meet and cope with every enemy. Let us act at once.

Massachusetts State Spiritualist Association.

The quarterly meeting of the Massachusetts State Spiritualist Association will be held in Newburyport on Tuesday, Nov. 16. Meetings will be held morning, afternoon and evening, to which the public is cordially invited. As this is the last meeting to be held prior to the election of officers in January, it should be largely attended. We urge our readers to be on hand on Tuesday at the Newburyport meeting. Good speakers will be in attendance, and a rare intellectual treat is promised to all. On the first Tuesday in January the regular annual meeting will be held, at which will occur the election of officers and the transaction of the business of the Association. We suggest that it is a good time now to join the Massachusetts State Spiritualist Association, and urge our readers to attend to this important duty at once.

Spiritualism is the only religion that positively demonstrates a future life. Such being the case, this demonstration should be given to every living soul. Knowledge should not be hoarded for selfish purposes, but should be freely diffused to give joy and comfort to the race. Spiritualism, then, ought to have its teachers in every hamlet on the globe. Through cooperation this much to be desired result can be obtained.

Mrs. Diaz's Second Article.

It is not necessary to direct the attention of THE BANNER readers to the second paper of Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz in the present issue on "HEAVEN." Both the subject and the author will attract without any special comment of ours. Mrs. Diaz enjoys the foremost reputation among women writers and lecturers as a clear and penetrating thinker, an effective combiner of ideas freighted with stimulating vitality; one who illuminates her thinking with strikingly apt illustrations, and eloquently impressive from the realism of her sincerity. The quality of her thought is strong and robust, aggressive in its persuasiveness, stimulating while comforting, and equally suggestive and satisfying. Her second article on "Heaven," in continuation of a former one, that compelled the serious attention of the readers of THE BANNER, will prove to be worthy of its predecessor, and ranging on the same high level, over which the airs of heaven are continually pulsing with their influences. The character of such a strain of reflective thought will be fully appreciated by all readers of similar tendency, and will elevate and enlarge the conceptions of those who need help in this direction.

The Anniversary in Boston.

The Massachusetts State Spiritualist Association has secured the Bijou Theatre in Boston for March 30 and 31, 1898, for the purpose of holding a grand celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism. All of the local Spiritualist societies and gatherings in Massachusetts will be invited to take part in the exercises through duly accredited delegates. It is to be made the grandest event in the history of Spiritualism in the city of Boston, and all friends of the Cause are cordially invited to participate. Good music, excellent mediums, and the ablest speakers upon the platform of Spiritualism, will take part in the meetings. It is to be made a fitting introduction to the great International Jubilee, to be held in Rochester, June 1-8, 1898. Let us unite heart and soul to make both gatherings a credit to Spiritualism, and the successfulness of their importance warrants they should be.

A Church Fair.

The Gospel of Spirit-Return Society held its first annual fair in its parlors, at 94 Appleton street, Thursday, Nov. 4. The attendance was large, and the sales numerous. All of the members of the Society took an especial interest in this fair, and cordially cooperated their efforts to make it a grand success. A lunch was served to all who wished, while baskets, mystery boxes, etc., found a ready sale. The proceeds of the fair are to be devoted to a building fund for the Society. The results must be very encouraging to the pastor and her co-workers, as a goodly sum was realized from their united efforts. Mrs. Soule and her friends are to be congratulated upon their success.

Caution.

The man who broke up a strong Spiritualist society in Augusta, Maine, some two years ago, and was thoroughly exposed in Bath, Me., about the same time, is now operating in Onset, where he is expected to remain during the winter. We are informed that he is holding séances of a questionable order, hence we venture a friendly word of caution to all Spiritualists and investigators to be on their guard lest they be deceived, even as he has deceived others by his claims to mediumship. We referred to him in plain terms in our issue of September 25, and we have nothing to retract from what was then said. Beware of him wherever he appears.

A large number of reports from local societies came too late for this issue, while an avalanche of very important matter has carried over a series of articles of great merit. Our correspondents MUST make their letters brief and to the point. Space is valuable, and we cannot devote the entire paper to the exclusive use of the one hundred or more societies who send us their reports. News is welcome, but it should be succinctly told. Your reports should be on hand by Monday noon of each week. Our patrons are assured that we shall endeavor to be just and fair to all: A little patience and all will be well.

Do not fail to read Dr. H. V. Sweringen's scholarly article upon the first page. Then follow it with a careful perusal of the instructive essay by Alexander Wilder. In fact, read the entire paper, then pass it on to a friend with the remark that it is a good time to subscribe for the best Spiritualist paper in the world.

A gentleman called at THE BANNER office last week and drew his check for five dollars toward the fund of one thousand dollars for the benefit of Mrs. A. H. Colby-Luther. He has set a good example for one hundred and ninety-eight others to follow, and we earnestly hope they will do so at once.

Isn't it about time that some of the liberal-minded friends of our Cause remembered THE BANNER'S "God's Poor Fund"? Winter is coming, and the needy will require aid. Send in your contributions.

Works must be the test of the soul. Then let every soul be filled with high aspirations for the good and true, that all its works may bear the stamp of purity and integrity.

Attention is called to the special notice of our circle medium, Mrs. Jennie K. D. Conant, upon our fifth page. Surely her words cannot be misunderstood.

Notice.

THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE ASSOCIATION mass meeting will be held Tuesday, Nov. 16, at Newburyport. All who are interested in this work should make an effort to be present, to give encouragement to the officers. Some of the best talent has been secured for the occasion. Among those who are to be present are Dr. G. A. Fuller, Harrison D. Barrett, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, J. B. Hatch, Sr., Mrs. E. I. Webster, Dr. C. W. Hidden.

The meeting is to be held in Fraternity Hall. The ladies will furnish dinner at Lower Odd Fellows Hall. Good music is expected.

Trains leave Boston for Newburyport: 9, 10, 10, 12, 30, 3, 30, 4, 45, 6, 7. Leave Newburyport for Boston: 3, 10, 5, 40, 8, 18.

MRS. CARRIE L. HATCH,
MRS. STAPLES,
MR. F. H. FULLER,
MR. J. B. HATCH, JR.,
MR. N. B. PERKINS,
Com. of Arrangements.

It is a *renewer*, because it makes new again. Old hair is made new; the gray changed to the color of youth.

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 Journaling-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.

SPIRIT-MESSAGES, GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Séance held Oct. 1, 1897.

Spirit Invocation.

Our Father, who art in heaven, we come to thee in humble supplication this morning, asking thee to teach us what heaven is. We ask thee to assist us to recognize thy great divine law of harmony and peace. Where thy divine spirit reigns love abides. Help us to throw out our influence, clothed with loving thoughts, that harmony may over come all discord, and bring us to a consciousness of divine light. We know thou art not an angry God, without compassion upon thy children, but a loving Father, and we seek to do thy will. Thou Great Spirit of Life and Light, teach us to understand ourselves, so that we may comprehend others better; take the scales from our eyes, that we may see with the eyes of the spirit within; instruct us in the truths of nature and of the spirit. Guide us this morning. Give us strength to do our work, and may thy work go on, and may the influence of those who have worked for Spiritualism remain with us forever. Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Rev. Foster Hendrey.

Good-morning. I feel this morning like returning to earth-life for a minute or two, to try, as it were, to bring some comfort and consolation to those in earth-life, while I realize that many will not believe that I would undertake such a thing. I feel that I owe all that I understood in earth-life, and a great deal of consolation, to the spirit-world. Although I was not a Spiritualist. I was not what is reckoned a Spiritualist. Being a servant of the living God, I felt that the blessing of the spirit-world was around me; that I was baptized and anointed by the spirit of Christ, and I labored to that end to save mankind. Since I have separated from the material body, and have grown in likeness unto him, I feel like returning to the many friends and relatives in earth-life, to say to them that the spirit works much, and that we are all Spiritualists, for we realize the communion of spirits.

I feel also that there is much I would like to say to the brethren of earth-life, but time is so limited, and the avenues are so crowded with souls anxious to testify, that I must not linger too long; but being interested in the welfare of humanity, I find I am still interested in progress. I have so many, both of my own and those who were drawn close to me through the spirit of Christ here this morning, that it seems like having one of our old congregations together and having a regular love-feast. I feel like rejoicing, for I find beyond the grave even more than I expected.

I was very much interested in the Baptist faith. I think I will not be forgotten, although I have been gone from earth-life quite a number of years. I shall be remembered in New Hampshire and Vermont especially. I want to say to all that it does not make any difference when you come to spirit-life what church you belong to if you believe in the true spirit, if you have worked with the spirit of liberty, and striven the best you knew how to lift mankind.

You can just say that the Rev. Foster Hendrey was here. You will find my home in Hinsdale, N. H. I wish to send loving greetings to my daughter, and say to her, "Father is still with you."

Honora E. Powers.

Well, I would like to send out a few words this morning to those they may reach, and perhaps be instrumental in bringing a little comfort, too. I wish I could make all of my friends think what a sweet thing it is to die, but I wish to say that when we lay the physical body aside we have only commenced to know how to live. I desire those that will remember me to do so for just what I have done. We know our friends realize in us much more good than we do sometimes ourselves; but this morning, when the good Chairman said that I might send forth a few words, I have felt what a beautiful privilege it was to meet our friends in earth again, that we do not need to wait until all of our friends pass over the river Jordan, but that the pathway is open, and we can return under proper conditions and demonstrate ourselves to our friends. Where we are happy, that is heaven; where we are contented, where we love the dearest, and work and enjoy it the most, that is our heaven.

The reason I speak of that is, I have heard so many times rising from the bosom of our Christian friends the question as to where heaven is located, where do our friends go when they pass from this sphere of existence, where does God dwell, and where are the angels? I wish to say to those that have inquired, that our heaven is within us, that heaven is a condition, and not location; so, perhaps, you will comprehend that when you are happy, when you are contented, when you are with those you love, when you are where you feel satisfied, then you can get a glimpse of what heaven is to the perfect spirit.

I feel my work was not done when I left the body, and I am still laboring for the benefit of others, but I wish all to know that I come this morning with my blessing, asking that I can make myself more tangible, and that they will feel my presence more. I am satisfied with what was done, both while I was in the body and also since I left the body. Just

say I suffer nothing now except when I come in contact with those that do suffer, then sympathy brings us close together. Just say that father and mother are with me this morning, and so many of the dear loved ones, and that they may manifest later.

I thought this morning I would improve the allotted time. Just say that Honora E. Powers is here, and you will find my home in Westboro, Mass., where I think I shall be remembered, as my brother, John Powers, is well known there, and it was from his home I took my flight. You might say, also, that I found my brother and all the loved ones that waited on the spirit side.

Thomas L. Loring.

Well, as one goes out, another comes in; that seems to be the natural law of life. It is said as one goes out of the world, another comes into it; if one place is vacant, some one else can fill it; and so it is all through life that these changes come; and it seems when they come there is darkness sometimes, and yet there is a blessing in it.

I have oftentimes wished I could send a message through your paper, although time has elapsed, and as the excitement of one passing away has ceased, you might say he is forgotten; but what is registered in the living heart is never forgotten, and I think I have those in Portland, Me., who have not forgotten me. I think I was well enough known there, as I was interested in the druggist business, and I had a large circle of friends. I felt many times since passing away I would like to let them know how I arrived home, but there are many who have also joined me in spirit since I passed away, and I had a very peculiar death that perhaps will live in the minds of friends better than if I had been taken out of the body by some natural disease. I had a very sudden call through an accident, and a peculiar call as the world would term it; but there is nothing peculiar in the destiny of man; man is destined to go through so much, and then the end comes. That end may be one way, and it may be another; but the great spirit of life and the advancement of thought brings us to a condition that there is nothing accidental; everything is natural.

I don't believe the theory that some claim, that, because men or women have lived their natural lives as far forth as they knew how, some angry God is going to cut them down as he would the grass, and sacrifice mortal to make some one else draw near to him; but I believe that when a man's time comes it makes no difference whether he lies in a bed of pain or whether, as it was in my case, walking along the sidewalk, seemingly perfectly safe, when a great gust of wind rose up and brought such force to bear upon the trees that some weak tree was not able to stand the force, because it bent and broke off, and fell upon me, and I was carried to spirit-life.

It may look strange and peculiar, but my time had come, and I wish to say to all that when the quick summons came I was not conscious that I was so near my end; and I wish to say to the dear ones whom I left behind me, that the only sadness that has come to my spirit was the sadness of those in earth-life, not the sadness of my own at going to spirit, for I was so happy when I woke up and found my dear old mother with her arms clasped around me, calling to me that I had come home.

I wish all of those, especially in the city of Portland, Me., to remember that I am still with them. You can just say that Thomas L. Loring was here this morning.

Hiram Austin.

Well, I feel this morning I would like to identify myself, and you can put me down as Hiram Austin. I am not familiar with your way of manifesting, but the true love of the spirit will always draw into places that we would not be in if we did not have an interest. I was quite well advanced in years before I was called to spirit life, and I feel that while there was much done, there is still much to be done, and I like to see harmony, and I like to see peace, and I like to be where people are happy. I find a great deal of happiness in connection with my passing away, for I was pretty high eighty years old when I stepped over on the other side, and it seemed to me just like going to sleep, though I suffered somewhat, more than that any one was conscious of, but I feel I was assisted a great deal by the spirit friends that had gone before me, although not realizing fully how close we can draw toward each other. I have been out of the body some time, but I felt that I should like to return, as I have those beyond connected with me; some of the young people will remember grandpa, and some of my associates in the military, for I was some interested in the militia when I passed out, and I feel I am still interested in the workings and protection of both country and state. I got this privilege this morning, and I thought it would be well to identify myself, and make them feel the mistake we made when we used to advocate that when a man passes away he never returns again, but that is one of the many mistakes that ignorance is ever apt to make.

It is a beautiful morning, and I could not resist the temptation of trying to control this medium, although, as I said before, I am not familiar with the working of another's brain, but I have tried to do what I could, and I wish all those that come in contact with me, and especially the members of the Congregational church in Hooksett, N. H., to know that there is much to be learned yet, that truly one has to live several lives to understand how to live.

Just say that I am here this morning, and will be pleased to have some one reply if any one sees fit to, and also give me an opportunity, and I will satisfy them that I am not the man of eighty years, but the youth in spirit where knowledge, love, perseverance and determination have accomplished much.

Morris Lynch.

Good-morning. I don't feel a stranger in your city, neither do I feel a stranger to this place. Although I cannot say I was personally interested in Spiritualism, I felt it made no difference what a man or woman was or what nationality or religion they claimed, as long as they were desirous of reaching those in the mortal.

We often find it beneficial to have an opportunity to meet our loved ones, or to send, as it were, a letter to them through whatever channel we can reach them best. I wish that I, in my feeble way, could be able to bring some light to those in mortal. It is a great privilege to have an avenue that we can come in contact with our friends, who often close the gates and we cannot enter.

I think I shall be better remembered when I

tell you I was for a great many years connected with the Ivere House in your city, where I had a large experience with all classes and conditions of people.

As I enter this morning I see the large congregation of spirits who meet here week after week waiting and watching for an opportunity to send some little crumb of comfort to their earth ones, and it looks to me like that great hotel I was so long connected with. It seems that all who come here have their own business, their own ideas and their own conception of things, and so it was down there; some attended to their own business, while others would rather attend to some one else's. So you see it was made up of all kinds and classes, and it didn't make any difference whether American, Irish or English, all had the same privileges and the same opportunities, provided they could come up to the conditions of the hotel, and I find it so in this circle room; all are made welcome and all have the same privilege, independent of what they were or what they have gone through, provided they are capable of controlling the instrument and giving forth their messages in a proper and reasonable way.

I should like to say to all that I am very glad for these few minutes allotted to me this morning. While I claim Boston as my home I did not pass away in Boston, but in New Jersey. I wish to state it, because I know how skeptical some are who will read this message. They will say, "Well, that is funny; he did not die in Boston," for I did not, but I know where I died.

I merely say this morning I am doing my level best to assist and help them, and that Morris Lynch is still here, and has tried to do the best he could.

Walker R. Littlefield.

I should like to say this morning that I too feel I am not forgotten, even if my body was laid away. I know that when a man gets to be sixty and seventy years old they claim he has pretty near worked out his earth-life, and is ready to receive the summons to the better land. I could not help thinking when my old friend from Portland, Me., was talking this morning, how peculiar the people would read a message that was sent out, but as that was my home also, I feel I would like to identify myself, and while I was well known there I have a great many friends scattered all around, and also in the State of Massachusetts. I feel a few words from the spirit sphere would set them to thinking, and there is another old friend that I am very much interested in just now, knowing that he will soon pass on to his reward, and I feel like sending this message to my old friend Neal Dow. I see from my spirit home where the physical has got pretty well worn out, and we were close friends in the temperance cause, for I was very much interested in temperance and prohibition; while in the body I had no sympathy for the rum-seller, and the only way to redeem the drunkard and to promote the cause of temperance is to educate the young spiritually, that they may know how to resist that awful temptation that pulls down all men intellectually and spiritually.

I know your good paper is scattering the seeds of kindness in the byways and highways, and I hope by sending these few words through its channels that I will be able to comfort and draw near those that are yet in earth-life, and especially those that are laboring for the cause of humanity. It makes no difference what that cause is, or what branch it may be, if we can only lift the human family, and bring them to a more God-like life, and to realize we are all God's children. I should say to our brother who has labored so gloriously and unselfishly for the cause of temperance in the State of Maine, that while there are many of the old workers gone to their reward, they are still banded together, helping those that are struggling with ignorance and prejudice in earth-life. I hope this message will reach Bro. Dow before he goes to spirit-life, but if not, he will recognize it, and the friends that are around will recognize that there is no separation when spirit is worked in love and in union.

I am so pleased at this privilege this morning that I have neither voice nor language to express my gratitude to all that have assisted me in coming this morning.

I am not forgotten, and you can put me down as Walker R. Littlefield, of Portland, Me. I also got a sudden call to spirit life, as the spirit left the body while in sleep.

Messages to be Published.

Oct. 8.—Mary Maloney; William Parmenter; Jessie McFarland; I. P. Greenleaf; Sarah E. Beare; Abigail Howe.
Oct. 15.—Caroline Haynes; Walter Watson; Jeremiah Logan; E. P. Wilson; Charles Butler; George Pettigall.
Oct. 22.—John W. Powers; John Olds; Charles T. Whitney; Mary C. Nelson; Francis Volk; Mary Alice Stewart.
Oct. 29.—Ellen L. Ames; William Wallace Halstead; James C. Abbott; Ernest Stewart; Joseph C. Lindsay; Charles Ranges.
Nov. 5.—Mary A. Hunt; William Scribner; Hannah S. Perkins; James McFarland; William Smith; Carlo Miller.

Verifications of Spirit Messages.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I wish, through your paper, to acknowledge a communication under date March 20, at a séance held Feb. 5, 1897, from MARY DAVIS of Port Huron, Mich. You have it Port Hudson. There is no such place as Port Hudson in Michigan. She sends a special message to our Lib-eral Association; it should be Library Association, of which she was President, and at her demise held the office of Treasurer. Mrs. Davis passed away in the month of February, of paralysis, as she states. She says her husband's name is Frederick, which is correct. Thanking you for your kindness, I am,
Very truly,
F. H. DAVIS.
Port Huron, Mich.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the Spirit Message Department of THE BANNER issue April 24, SPIRIT ANDREW VICKERY gave, in many respects, what is remembered as characteristic of him in earth-life, sixty five years ago, when the writer of this was his classmate at the little red schoolhouse, where they gave us each year three months' instruction and nine months' vacation, besides lessons in "hooky," which we furnished gratis, and which Andrew and myself well remember. Spirit Andrew is not forgotten, and the best opportunities procurable shall be given him for further manifestations. Fraternally,
FRANK PERKINS.
No. 117 Jones street, San Francisco, Cal.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It gives me great pleasure to recognize and verify a communication given by N. W. BONDNEY, in issue of April 24. I had acquaintance with him for more than twenty years, and every sentence in his message is characteristic of the man.

My acquaintance with him was in Lewiston, Me. About seven years ago he went to Oregon for change, and, after staying there less than a year, he went to Hill City, Tenn., where he went into business, and in about two years suddenly passed away in his full

strength, mentally and physically, just as he hoped he might.

He always felt sure that he should be able to send a message through THE BANNER, and, although almost four years have slipped away since he left, I am more than pleased that his effort has been successful. He left the record of an unblemished character. He was an ardent, faithful and consistent Spiritualist, always true to the Cause he loved best, and stood manfully by his colors when to be a Spiritualist meant much. His heart was large enough to take in all humanity, and he never withheld a dollar, if he had one, if it would make a burden lighter for the weak and weary. He did all he could for mediums, and stood by them when persecuted.

I hope my recognition of this will help him to try again to manifest himself. Many thanks to the BANNER OF LIGHT, that has done so much to enlighten mortals and immortals.

Respectfully yours,
ELLEN B. PARKER.
Ellsworth, Me.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In a recent issue I saw a message from an old friend of mine, ALBERT LOVEJOY. I knew him when quite a young man in Concord, N. H. He was then employed at the Earle Hotel as coach driver. Later on I knew him at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York. He was there for many years. To learn that he had passed to spirit-life was a great surprise to me. His communication, stating he took his own life, should be a warning to all who contemplate suicide.

We all enjoy reading THE BANNER, and shall do all we can to advance its interests.
Respectfully,
E. R. ABBOTT.
Beachmont, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In THE BANNER of May 29, 1897, there was a message from my dear husband, PERRY BULLARD, which was very characteristic of him, and we all acknowledge it as being from him. We also acknowledge the message from DR. EDWIN SCHOFIELD. I think it the duty of all who receive a message to acknowledge it, long as THE BANNER lives and send forth its words of comfort to all, in my sincere wish.
MR. O. E. BULLARD.
143 Marcella street, Roxbury, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Through the kindness of friends I received the message that was given through your medium and published in the BANNER OF LIGHT sometime in August, from HARRIETT MILLER of Paw Paw, Mich., and am pleased to write that the message corresponded with the date of the death of my father and mother, Alonzo W. Miller and Harriett Miller were my parents, and both passed away, one on the 20th and the other on the 25th of April, 1896.
SYCAMORE, ILL. MRS. THOMAS SOLOMON.

DEAR MRS. CONANT: I feel greatly indebted to you for a communication I received in the BANNER OF LIGHT, April 17. It truly is my dear boy, FRANK J. HOUSTON, just as he stated through you in séance of March 8. There is only one thing he said that I think is a mistake in printing: "Mother and I are now together," as I am still a sufferer in earth-life. I cannot find language to express my joy for your kindness in giving my dear boy the privilege of writing to mother.

You are doing a great work. Many thanks to you, and may God and bright angels ever bless you here, and when on the other side of life, deck your brow with a crown of immortal glory.
Lovingly yours,
MRS. S. J. HOUSTON.
79 Poplar street, Boston, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have read the message from JOHN G. WEBSTER, of Lea Centre, N. Y., and have shown it to some of the brothers and sisters, who agree that it is genuine and just like him. As I have not seen any notice of it in THE BANNER, perhaps they have not acknowledged it, as promised. The message was published March 27.
WILLIAM HODKINE.
Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In THE BANNER of May 29, 1897, is a message from a dear old friend of ours, BETSEY WELLS, of Norwich, N. Y., and her husband's name was Reuben Wells. We knew them well. She passed out with cancer of the stomach, as stated, in 1878. She and he were strong Spiritualists, and had many gatherings in their house of the old-time workers, and were subscribers to the good old BANNER for many years. We feel it a duty as well as pleasure to verify the message, and also extend thanks to the medium through whom our arisen ones can return to loved ones below, and also to THE BANNER for sending them forth on their errands of love. We hope many others will respond to our spirits' call. Fraternally,
MR. AND MRS. J. H. HADLOCK.
Sherburne, Chenango Co., N. Y.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the BANNER OF LIGHT for April 24 you published a spirit message from WILLIAM PALMER. From many things contained in that message I recognize it as being from my father. He also speaks of my mother as being with him still in the spiritual work, as while on earth they worked together for this truth, which they felt was worth more than life. He said they would be remembered in Elmira, N. Y., and in surrounding places, as workers in the spiritual field. Many who have seen this message immediately recognized it as coming from William Palmer, as he and mother were long identified as pioneers in this part of the country.
MRS. B. RHODES.
Big Flats, Chemung Co., N. Y.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The message from my daughter, LIZZIE J. RYDER, which came in last week's paper, is quite correct, and I thank you very much, also the medium, Mrs. Conant, and hope she may live to be the means by which many more may be comforted by cheering words as I have been. I feel that my daughter's spirit is very near me, helping me to be patient and hopeful while in this life.
Yours truly,
SARAH W. PRATT.
Worthington, Minn.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

For myself, and in behalf of her many other friends, I write to acknowledge the message of MRS. ABBIE FITCH of Sterling, Mass. Her friends deem it very characteristic of her; especially is this expressed desire like her: "To encourage some pilgrim on life's pathway." She was ever thoughtful and helpful in earth-life, in fact it was while so busy in kindly ministrations to others that, forgetful of self, she heeded not so quickly as she ought the approach of the disease which freed her own spirit from earth.

Yes, there have been many changes; the home which had been in her husband's family for nearly or quite a hundred years has passed into other hands.

The last members of that household band have passed over the river, and doubtless she gave them loving greetings as they entered spirit-life.

She has given her husband's name correctly, and we are glad he, too, sends a thought to us. To the BANNER medium, and to the spirit-friends who have manifested their loving thoughts for us, we would return our sincere thanks, with the assurance that their coming will be ever welcome.
L. M. POMEROY.
Sterling, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Some time since I saw in THE BANNER two communications from two young friends, MINNIE GARDNER and KATIE LEOPEL. I supposed their friends would recognize them before this time. Minnie Gardner, in a fit of despondency, took her own life by poison,

leaving a father, brother and sister to mourn her untimely end.

Katie Leoper was the daughter of Captain Leoper, of Pepperell, Mass. She was a gifted young lady, and was in the Waltham Watch factory. She joined the Boston Opera Company, studying for the stage. At one of their rehearsals she took a violent cold, which ended her days in the mortal. She had a sunny, cheerful disposition, and was the life of every circle. Her father is one of the old Spiritualists, and is now an invalid. He was one of our captains of cavalry in the Rebellion.

Three weeks ago came a communication from HENRY MICHELLE. His mother said when she read it: "That is Henry. It sounds just like him." He was always an invalid. We knew him from childhood. We all miss him, and we are glad to hear from him through your medium and the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Yours for the truth,
MARY L. FRENCH.
Wildwood, West Groton.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In June last there appeared in the columns of your paper a very correct communication from my late husband, DR. EDWIN SCHOFIELD, of Worcester, Mass. The message was clear in every detail save one, which was doubtless a mistake in the printing. He often visited Boston, and was the recipient of many convincing proofs of spirit-return through every phase of mediumship. No pains or means were spared to gain the most divine and holy proofs of the immortality of the soul.

His allusion to the expression used by the sons was strictly true, also the falling health of his wife—all clear proofs of his close proximity to those he held most dear.

He ever upheld the Cause, and was a true Spiritualist in every sense of the word. THE BANNER was prominent among all other literary matter in his library. Respectfully,
MRS. E. SCHOFIELD PEYSER.
Providence, R. I.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The communication of MARY H. HOOKER in the BANNER OF LIGHT of Sept. 25, is an attestation of, first, the fact of the verity of spirit communion; second, the reliability of Mrs. Conant as an instrument of dearnated spirits, enabling them to come in touch with the sphere of mortal life, with their words of cheer affording unmistakable evidence that death does not end all. I fully recognize the communication, for I was well acquainted with her, and in almost daily communication with her for many years, as she was an inmate of my son's family. It was true, as she expresses it, that "the body was well worn out," causing much discomfort. Yet she had an abiding faith that spirit disconnection was only an entrance upon a newer, a better, a never-ending life. There is one word which seals the communication, "grandma," for not only the children, but friends, almost invariably addressed her as "Grandma Hooker." Well, her words strengthen me, and add another link to the chain of evidence which irrefragably demonstrates the truth of Spiritualism, and its possible momentous outcomes even on the earth-plane—momentous outcomes if Spiritualists themselves act wisely, and subordinate selfishness, greed and jealousy to the furtherance of the Cause.
WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.
12 Peace street, Providence, R. I.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Please grant me space in your valuable paper to express my thanks for the publication in THE BANNER of June 5, '97, of a message given at some one of your circles by the controlling spirit of MAHON S. RICE, of Kalamazoo, Mich. I hereby do gratefully acknowledge the same to be from my dear departed wife, who passed from earth-life July 3, 1885. I am, and ever will remain, a friend and advocate of the Cause. Am something of a pioneer, as well as my wife, having commenced the investigation of Spiritualism November, 1862. I do not take THE BANNER, but have taken some Western spiritual paper for thirty or more years. By the courtesy of Lewis S. Burdick of Texas, this County, who takes THE BANNER, the message was cut out and mailed to my daughter, Mrs. Electa B. Perkins, who, with her husband, keeps the home for me.

I am respectfully yours,
ELIJAH F. RICE.
1832 South Burdick street, Kalamazoo, Mich.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In your issue of Oct. 23 I note a message from my father, HEMAN SNOW. I read it with pleasure, and recognize it as the truth, and from the one whose name is given. Thanking you for publishing the message, I remain,
Yours respectfully,
NATHAN W. SNOW.
24 Marlboro street, Chelsea, Mass.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

Ques.—[By Fraser Moncrief, Denver, Col.] Which is the higher and more comprehensive term, "soul" or "spirit"? Some writers speak of the soul as the vehicle or instrument of the spirit, others speak of the "soul of things," meaning, I suppose, the innermost or primal expression of being; St. Paul asserts that there is a "spiritual body" in contradistinction to the "natural body"; Franz Hartmann, the German Theosophist, says, "the object of his [man's] existence is to render the unconscious spirit conscious, and the mortal soul immortal"; and in "Old and New Psychology" the following phrase occurs: "This higher self, or abiding ego, the true entity, which is in reality the soul." Authorities seem to differ in regard to the definition of these two words, and a confusedness of thought arises in the inquiring mind.

Ans.—This controversy is so very persistent that it threatens to be endless, and there really seems no way of finally concluding it, because writers and speakers persist in using terms either interchangeably when they are not synonymous, or else in attaching to them meanings directly the reverse of those given to them by others.

For clearness and comprehensiveness of statement on this subject we know of no accessible book which puts the matter more plainly than Mrs. Richmond's series of "Teachings on the Soul and its Embodiments." Not having any new or divergent views on this question to express, we merely in this connection transfer the language of that book to these columns in the following definition:

Soul, finite, immortal, conscious entity; all

